THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

VOLUME LXV.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND.
1888.

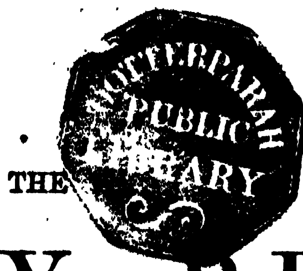
PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
LONDON



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THE
SATURDAY REVIEW
OF
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No. 1,680, Vol. 65. January 7, 1888. [Registered for Transmission abroad.] Price 6*d*.

WORK FOR THE YEAR.

HER MAJESTY'S Ministers begin the New Year with every reason for anxious consideration of the work before them, but with absolutely none for want of confidence in their ability to carry it through. A twelvemonth ago the more sanguine spokesmen of the Opposition were openly "giving the Government six months" to lose the support of the Liberal-Unionists, to quarrel among themselves, to see the secession of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL result in a formidable Cave among their own followers, to fail in carrying through their Irish legislation, to fail in every possible and impossible manner. The twelve months have passed, and though there is still, of course, no lack of loudly-professed confidence on the Gladstonian side, not a single one of the prophecies of evil has been fulfilled. Ministers are (within rather less than the usual diminution which the customary wear and tear of bye-elections brings on all Governments) as strong numerically as they were then, and the first election of the new year at Winchester has been a conspicuous triumph for them, while they are infinitely stronger in the fact that twelve months' difficult work and unscrupulous opposition have failed to discover a single weak place. There has been no public dissatisfaction with such prospects of domestic legislation as Lord SALISBURY has been able to hold out, and on the subjects of foreign and Irish policy there has been no sign whatever of discontent with what the Government has done. If any tolerably cool-headed Gladstonian will ask himself what would have been his feelings if the actual results of the last twelve months had been predicted to him twelve months ago, he will probably be able to ascertain (not without the proverbial sense of "cold water down the back") what is the real state of a party which triumphs over the secession of Mr. EVELYN as representing the strength of the Conservative party, and exalts as a memorable victory the polling of one hundred less Gladstonian votes at Dulwich than were mustered two years ago.

If it were conceivable that Ministers, after not too hastily or recklessly putting their hands to the plough, should look back, the last chance of any such conduct on their part should surely be barred by the reported utterances of Mr. GLADSTONE in Paris. So reckless were those utterances that, in regard to Ireland, his own chief supporters in the press indiscreetly asserted that there must be some mistake—that Mr. GLADSTONE could not have said what he was reported to have said in reference to the Irish landlords. Alas! the bounds to what Mr. GLADSTONE could have said or could not are better known to his enemies than to his supporters; and, after the celebrated, the unrevealed, and the impossible "other meaning" which he attached, by his own account, to his unmistakable language about Colonel DOPPING, there can be little doubt as to the possibility of his having said anything to M. HERVÉ. With regard to the not less mischievous, though less categorically disprovable, assertion as to the probable conduct of England during a great war, Mr. GLADSTONE's language simply emphasizes more unguardedly what he had already said at Dover. Both he and his supporters would exclaim in horror or disdain at the suggestion that a great European war would be a godsend to Mr. GLADSTONE, because he could in almost any case make political capital out of the conduct of the Government, and either claim credit for influencing abstention or repeat the tactics of eleven years ago if the Government showed signs of acting. They will find few cool-headed observers of politics to share their horror or their incredulity.

But, however Lord SALISBURY and his colleagues may protest, and sincerely protest, that they will not allow Ireland to stop the way, few people can doubt that the maintenance of the late happy change of policy in that unhappy country will be their chief and most important task. The difficulties in the way will not lie in the direction of argument, for there the Unionist policy is absolutely invincible. They will not lie in the keeping up of a Parliamentary majority, for there is little fear of any more weak brethren following the example of the weakest. Active resistance is as little to be feared in Ireland, despite the wicked attempts of English Radicals to stir it up; and the cool pursuance, without vindictiveness and without relenting, of the policy of reasonably punishing evildoers is sure to meet with that success which even in Ireland has never failed to reward it. The danger is in the endless powers of mendacity possessed and exercised by the Nationalist party, in the absolute unscrupulousness of the English and Scotch Gladstonians, and in the effect which these two things may have on the gullibility and the fickleness—two serious defects—of the English people. When the motives of the unjust judge are avowed openly and almost in so many words by such a man as Lord SPENCER, it would be a rash thing to trust in the resolution and clear-sightedness of the average voter in England. When an evidently well-meaning person like Mgr. O'REILLY writes at enormous length to the *Times* imploring England to treat his country with "justice," to treat her with "conciliation"—first, as if justice and conciliation were not, in at least conceivable cases, mutually exclusive things; secondly, as if conciliation had not been tried *ad nauseam*, and with the result of constant failure, for a hundred years; thirdly, as if the present *régime* were not the first during at least that time under which Ireland has been treated with justice, absolute and even-handed justice, which treats every evildoer without fear and without favour:—when such a person writes in such a way, it may seem rash to trust the average man in the omnibus to see the facts straight and coolly. But, with due trouble taken, there can be little doubt that he can be made to see them. And fortunately, with Mr. GLADSTONE standing by, his sleeve full of over-trumps in the event of any possible attempt at "conciliation," prudence no less than honour dictates a simple adherence to the way of justice.

In the event of that war which Mr. GLADSTONE is doing his best to hasten, but which fortunately seems to be less probable than it was, the path of the Government is not so clear absolutely, and the fact that very conceivably the situation might be such that at the opening England could not strike in either with reason or with effect supplies Mr. GLADSTONE himself with his usual pretext of truth to veil a substance of falsehood. But, as there is no possible doubt what the ulterior objects of the only Power at all likely to begin are, and as these objects clash at once with the interests of England and with her treaty obligations, neither the excuse nor even the possibility of inaction could last long. Purely domestic matters must almost of necessity, and failing some accidental disturbance, be of much less importance. No legislative reform of any magnitude is really wanted; and the only reform of such a kind likely to be tried—innovation in local government—is eminently the kind of thing which is a case for judicious management. By injudicious management the Government

might incur a serious check; but the failure to carry any proposed Bill, or the carrying of it in a much modified shape, need involve no disastrous result, and can hardly be otherwise than advantageous, as compared with more sweeping alterations, to the country. It is impossible to say as much of departmental and administrative reform; and here is the greatest, but also the most difficult, chance of the Government. Few people, except Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, expect a positive reduction of expenditure on the army and navy; but what, if not expected, is at least desired, is the provision of more efficiency for the same expenditure. If we can get more guns, more ships, more men ready for use, more forts and ports in a state of defence, at the cost of some reduction in the immense clerical and non-combatant staffs of both forces, and the huge army of persons who are perfectly willing to do something for their pay, and who are at present forced to take pay and do nothing, all reasonable men will be satisfied. With the third great spending service—the Civil Service—it is perhaps different. Between overmanning and corruption there ought to be a mean; but it is notorious that, in the opinion of many very good judges, it is a mean hard to hit. Yet it is here, if anywhere, that the opportunity of retrenchment lies.

WELSH NATIONALITY.

MR. OSBORNE MORGAN has published in the *Contemporary Review* a spirited essay on the Nationality of Wales. A reader who neither knew the political opinions of the author nor had read the newspapers for the last three or four years might fail to discover the practical object of an ingenious and eloquent disquisition. Like other zealous adherents of Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN tacitly declines to join in the demand for the independence of the Principality. He admits that Home Rule for Wales is an idle project, or he suggests, as a mild alternative, that it is at least premature. His complaint that the Welsh members are outvoted on questions relating to Wales is not sufficiently definite. It is not known that the alleged oppression extends beyond the single question of the Established Church. Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN is probably not disposed to identify himself with the anarchic and treasonable language of a few Nonconformist ministers who are also newspaper editors. Insults to the QUEEN, denunciations of landlords, proposals of borrowing the methods and the doctrines of Irish Fenians are as applicable to the rest of England as to Wales. To do Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN justice, he takes no notice of the revolutionary declamation which is habitually used by the professed organs of Welsh nationality. Though he probably intends only to strengthen the case against the Church, he ostensibly confines himself to assertions of the claim of Wales to recognition as a separate political community. He would perhaps be satisfied if Parliament invariably deferred to the majority of Welsh members. In one passage, indeed, he finds a grievance in the supposed discouragement of the claims of Welshmen to official promotion. He says that "he cannot call to mind a single Welshman who is at "the present time a Minister of the Crown, an Ambas"sador, a Judge of the Supreme Court, or a Governor of a "British colony." There was lately a Welsh judge of the Supreme Court, and a Welsh Under-Secretary for the Colonies had previously served as Judge Advocate-General.

It is true that only a few Welshmen have at any time held the great offices of State. Mr. CHARLES WYNN was the last member of a Welsh family who attained Cabinet rank; and it can certainly never have occurred to him or to his contemporaries that his connexion with the Principality had been an impediment to his career. Among possible Ministers no distinction could have even unconsciously been drawn between Welsh and English candidates for office. Competent candidates of Welsh descent must always have been few. It would be found on inquiry that Welshmen have had more than their share of success as tradesmen in great towns, and especially in London. It may be confidently stated that for hundreds of years no prejudice has been entertained in England against Welsh candidates for public or private employment. SHAKSPEARE himself, while he was amused with the peculiarities of FLUELLEN or Sir HUGH EVANS, evidently regarded Welshmen with strong partiality. In many parts of England Irishmen are unpopular, and possibly the success of the Scotch in certain departments may excite feelings of jealousy. Welshmen are habitually regarded as members of the general community. Until lately Welsh farmers, bearing to their landlords precisely the same relations which existed in the rest of England, never thought of agrarian agitation, or of combinations to resist the payment of tithes. It is unfortunately true that when popular passion has been excited by demagogues, the use of a separate language furnishes great facilities for the propagation of discontent and disorder.

Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN perhaps exaggerates the importance of the vague and varying feeling which he calls "the "sentiment of nationality," but nothing would be gained by a discussion of the force and tendency of an influence which, though real, is indefinite. It is, as Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN admits, difficult to answer the question "What "constitutes a nation?" Perhaps it would be a pardonable paradox to reply that in the world, as it now exists, a million of inhabitants of a small district cannot constitute a nation. It is under English laws, and by unrestricted intercourse with England, that the Welsh people have prospered as fully in proportion to their material resources as the inhabitants of any other part of the kingdom. Their partial backwardness in civilization may be attributed almost exclusively to their use of a language only understood by themselves. Mr. MORGAN truly says that similarity of language does not necessarily constitute a nation. It is also true that community of race and of religion is equally inconclusive. Mr. MORGAN oddly recognizes the independent nationality of the Jews. It seems that "the Hebrew race, "dispersed as it has been over three continents, and per"secuted with unrelenting severity in each of them, still "remains about as much a nation as it was in the days of "the Mosaic dispensation." The history of the Jews is sufficiently remarkable, but in a political sense they cannot be said to constitute a nation. They have no territory of their own, they have no language of their own in common use, and they take an active part in the public affairs of the countries in which they happen to reside. There have been English and French Ministers of Jewish blood. A Jewish family has lately been raised to the highest social rank in the most ceremonious Court in Europe. The Welsh, including an indigenous aristocracy, approach more nearly to the character of a nation than the Jews who are scattered over Europe and Asia. A Welshman may be, or may believe himself to be, enthusiastically patriotic when he thinks of the narrow sphere to which he belongs; but he has another kind of patriotic claim extending to all the rights and privileges of an English subject. When Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN held office, he certainly never suspected that any of his colleagues had inherited a better right to public employment than himself. To have been a Minister in a Welsh Cabinet, if such an office had existed, would have been a poor object of ambition. He is of opinion that the bilingual difficulty may be overcome, so that Welshmen will at the same time communicate with one another in their own language and be on an equality with their English neighbours in the advantages which are derived from free intercourse with the world. It is not known that the popular use of two languages has ever been found possible, except perhaps during a short period of change. However this may be, the bicivic relation, if such a word may be coined, would prove to be wholly untenable. The Welsh members, who at present are almost unanimous in their devotion to Mr. GLADSTONE, can scarcely be allowed to exercise political influence in England and to regulate at their exclusive pleasure all the affairs of Wales. Some of them were, until they discovered at the last election the expediency of changing their convictions, strongly opposed to the disestablishment of the Church. It is not known whether they will, for similar reasons, become members of the offshoot from the Irish National League which has been planted by DAVITT in conjunction with a certain number of Dissenting ministers. Those Welsh members who happen to own considerable landed estates in the Principality may perhaps not be disposed to encourage confiscation of their property, even if they are rewarded by continued possession of their seats in Parliament. Other political adventurers, who are not connected with Wales by birth or property, may perhaps be more conformable, unless they fear that the example of plunder will be followed in the rest of England.

The essay is, as has been said, clearly and pleasantly written; but it is almost exclusively designed to promote the

destruction of the Church of England in Wales. It is, of course, certain that the same mischievous measure would be applied to the Church in general as soon as a precedent had been established in Wales; but Mr. Osborne Morgan and his friends are for the present indifferent to the maintenance or abolition of the most beneficent of institutions, except within their own district. Possibly the preachers who support them would see with complacent feelings the temporary inferiority to themselves of their English brethren. One main reason for pushing on the Welsh agitation at the present time is the rapid advance of the Church in popularity and influence. The clerical demagogue who is the principal promoter of the Welsh National League imprudently discloses his bitter resentment at the frequent conversion of the younger Nonconformists to the doctrine and discipline of the Church. To him the resolute or hesitating proselytes are as odious as the clergy, the gentry, the Royal Family, and the other numerous objects of his hatred. Mr. Morgan writes as if the Welsh, like the Irish, had adhered to an ancient form of faith which is opposed to the teaching of the Established Church; yet he is well aware that the founders of Welsh Dissent were, for the most part, ordained members of the Church, and that their secession is little more than a century old. It seems but reasonable that the Establishment, now effectually reformed, should be allowed to try the experiment of reunion. Its enemies, with impartial candour, proclaim their hostility to many forms and institutions which have no religious or sectarian character The landowners, who have hitherto been on excellent terms with their tenants, are to be expropriated by the same agency which has been organized for the purpose of attacks on the Church. It will be interesting to learn whether Mr. Osborne Morgan is disposed to legislate for Wales according to the demands of the newest school of agrarian demagogues.

THE FORGED LETTERS.

THE story of the forged letters from Prince Ferdinand to the Comtesse de Flandre is, of course, sufficiently curious; yet it has in it certain things which are familiar enough to the historical student. To begin with, the fate which seems to rest on all such mysterious documents, from the *Liber De Tribus Impostoribus* downwards (except that the real *Liber De Tribus Impostoribus* had the good fortune never to be discovered at all), has attended these epistles. The memoirs which are so anxiously expected, the revelations which are confidently supposed to lurk in archives and muniment chests, almost always turn out to be *secrets de Polichinelle*, and the really astonishing and significant discoveries are things which were never discussed beforehand at all. In this case it has suited certain journalists, who may have their reasons for not blowing with too eager and nipping breath on the popular tendency to believe in mares'-nests, to talk about the "consummate skill and "knowledge" of the forgers and the wonderful dexterity with which they achieved their object. Now, in the first place, the achievement of that object—the sowing of distrust of Germany in the mind of a strongly anti-German and extremely suspicious prince—can hardly be regarded as in any case a very herculean task. In the second place, the officially published history of the documents is wanting at exactly those most interesting points at which such histories of such matters always are wanting. It is obvious that, if the letters did not come from the persons and were not sent to the persons from and to whom they purported to be sent, their value was, if not *nil*, reduced to something which it is not very difficult to appraise. But, though we have the highly respectable authority of the Prussian, or rather German, *Gazette of the Empire* telling us that they were not written by Prince Ferdinand, that they were not written to the Comtesse de Flandre, that the document attributed to Prince Reuss was (by the way, this is an odd form of disclaimer) "never made by letter," and that "the parts ascribed in these documents to other august "personages have proved to be mere inventions," what the *Reichsanzeiger* does not tell us is the positive side of the matter, which would be much more interesting than these negatives. Who did write the letters? How did the Czar, who, if nervous and suspicious, is not supposed to be either ignorant or unintelligent, come to believe in the truth of an unaccredited tissue of lies? How did Prince Bismarck come to make or sanction a definite, not to say offensive, charge against one of the most illustrious Royal families of Europe—a charge, be it remembered, which, though its precise bearing was then unknown, was insinuated, to the surprise of Europe, long before there was any public talk of the forged letters at all? To know all this would be really interesting, if not really important; and it is here exactly that the official newsman becomes an Official Know-nothing.

The text of the communications will not reward the gobemouche unless the mention of distinguished personages is by itself sufficient to delight him; but it is not without a certain interest to the political student, who will not be long in discovering where the sting, to the Czar, of the correspondence lay. The writer, whoever he was, may have taken the names of distinguished personages as audaciously in vain as the *Reichsanzeiger* pleases, but he knew what he was writing about; and, leaving out names, special occasions, special personages, and so forth, it would take a great deal more formal and complete repudiation than is at all likely to have come or to come from Prince Bismarck to make us disbelieve in the general accuracy of the view taken by the sender, whoever he was, of the correspondence. It is expressly asserted to have been translated by some one from German into French, a process which would enable expressions to be heightened or softened for the special purpose with great ease; for have not international difficulties turned, or been like to turn, on nothing more solid than the difference of sense of the word "transaction" in two different languages? Indeed, the very frankness and accuracy of the exposition might have thrown doubts on the authenticity. It is true that Prince Ferdinand and Bulgaria itself are "pawns in "Prince Bismarck's game." It is perfectly true that Germany could give no open support to Prince Ferdinand, and yet might secretly consider the Prince's action by no means wanting in conformity to German interests. It is, if possible, even truer that upon "the grave questions of interest "existing between Germany and Russia" depend the utterances rather than the sentiments of the youngest Empire in reference to the youngest Principality. And, if we are confronted with Prince Bismarck's denial (the exact terms of which, be it remembered, no one knows), it is quite clear that this settles very little. We have not the slightest doubt that Poins was quite right in declaring that he "never said so": Sir John was capable of more audacious inventions than that. But Poins himself admitted that he should have had no extraordinary objection to be Prince Hal's brother-in-law. That Prince Ferdinand, for all his shocking actions, "may have no worse fortune" than to get the better of His Majesty the Czar of All the Russias is a wish which most undoubtedly has nothing in it but what is consonant with sound German policy.

If, however, Russia and the Russians are satisfied with the attribution to some persons unknown of a set of documents the authorship of which can fortunately, and no doubt with a good conscience, be denied by persons known, no one else has a right to object. It would seem that the Russian mind is passing through an edifying state of moderation and charity. Germany, it is admitted, has behaved quite charmingly. With regard to Bulgaria, nothing is wanted but a recurrence to the Treaty of Berlin, pure and simple; with respect to England, nothing is wanted but that Lord Randolph Churchill may bring us all to a better mind and to the arms of Russia. These amiable aspirations are too consonant to the season to meet with disrespectful or churlish treatment. It is, indeed, true that the longest and most diligent study of the Treaty of Berlin will fail to discover therein the slightest authorization of Russian preponderance in the Bulgarian Principality. There is no kidnapping there, no mission of General Kaulbars, no "lieutenant-prince," nothing, in short, that Russia has been striving for months and years to obtain and do. But there are provisions which, in private law, would certainly be interpreted by any code or court in any country in a sense unfavourable to Russia's pretension of keeping Bulgaria prince-less. It is also true that, as has been frequently pointed out, it depends solely on Russia whether or no England shall be friends with her. The secret of that friendship is to be found in a single text of Holy Writ:—"Let him that stole, steal no more." We want nothing of Russia's, we do not even demand that Russia shall retire from territory which she has occupied in continuous and flagrant disregard of understanding after understanding with England. The "Russophobia" which is feigned by some interested persons to exist in England is for the most part, if not wholly, a silly fable. It depends absolutely on

the conduct of Russia for a few years whether the enmity which at present exists on her side, and the too well-founded distrust which exists on ours, shall be replaced by an understanding at least as solid as that which exists between Great Britain and any other Power whatever. But words will not do it, and nothing that Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL or any one else can say will do it. The spectacle of one neighbour imploring another to come and fall upon his neck all the while that the imploror is pulling down fences, and removing landmarks, and enclosing common ground, and diverting watercourses, and impounding cattle, and so forth, is, no doubt, merely, as political comedy, an agreeable one, though it can hardly be exhibited to an admiring world without some loss of dignity on the part of both actors. "If you want good neighbourship from us, "be a good neighbour yourself and have done with it," is the only reply that Lord RANDOLPH or any one else who knows the facts can make to Russian plaintiveness.

A RIGHT PATRIOT.

IT is not an easy thing to be a patriot with sense and grace, and perhaps it is particularly difficult to be a Scottish patriot. Such a one is tempted to show his mettle rather by attacking the adjacent kingdom of England than by peacefully loving his native country. The translator of HORACE who calls himself HUGH HALIBURTON is a patriot of another sort—of the right sort. His little book, *For Puir Auld Scotland* (Edinburgh: PATERSON), is choicely good, as WALTON says, full of excellent prose, and of tuneful piping on the Doric reed. Mr. HALIBURTON slips, in one piece, "A Holiday in Arcadia," into the faults of the old garrulous *Blackwood* manner, and he makes KEATS talk of PIZARRO where he really speaks of CORTES. Indeed PIZARRO will not scan in the sonnet on HOMER, as Mr. HALIBURTON will find, if he tries. He has got the whole quotation wrong; and from this, and the style, we may conjecture that the rhapsody above St. Mary's Loch is an early essay, uncorrected. It is when he comes to Scottish rural life, Scottish literature, the Scottish language, that Mr. HALIBURTON will charm alike his countrymen and "the "Puds," as Sir WALTER rather briefly styles persons born south of the Tweed.

Mr. HALIBURTON thinks that the Scottish language is dying out, and that Scottish literature is neglected. For the first complaint we fear there is no remedy. Melancholy it is, if quite true, that the Scotch are beginning merely to talk English with a local accent, and are losing their old words and old idioms. The old proverbs, at least, are likely to survive; no educated Scot will forget them. "I'll "no keep a dog and bark mysel'," is capital; and entirely Theocritean is "The thrift of you, and a dog's woo', would "mak a braw wab." This is exactly in the style of GORGO in the *Adoniazusæ*:—

> φθόρος ἀργυρίω, Διοκλείδας
> Ἑπταδράχμως κυνάδας, κ.τ.λ.

"He bought what he meant for five fleeces, and paid seven "drachmas apiece for—dogskins." Here is another saw not likely to be lost in the North:—"They speak o' my "drinking, but ne'er think o' my drouth." "Corn's no "for staigs" is applied by the crofters as a Southron pock-pudding might understand it; but "staigs" are not stags; they are colts. "His eggs hae a' twa yolks" is a version of our proverb of geese and swans. Home Rulers do not apply to Liberal-Unionists this—"They are far ahint that "canna follow." It would often have been well for a litigious people to remember this:—"Hame's ay hame-like, "quoth the Deil in the Court o' Session." The language may be wearing away, but the poet is a pessimist when he writes:—

> Oor nationality, oor name,
> Oor patriotic love for hame—
> I 'maist could greet; I can but sigh—
> They're wearing oot, they're a' gaun by.

Not a bit of it! Mr. HALIBURTON's verse and prose prove the reverse; and so do Mr. STEVENSON's Scottish poems, which are, we think, not quite so correct in language, and more resemble compositions in a foreign tongue than this minstrel's artless and candid effusions. He speaks of old times—

> When ne'er a lisp was tolerated,
> And "lock" for "loch" like Satan hated,
> And aye the "r" though crank awee,
> Gaed birlin' aff the mooth-ruif free.

Well, who does say "lock," except the men and women who make Dumfries rhyme to HUMPHREYS? Is Mr. WILLIAM BLACK not in the land? and is his Scotch not good enough? We speak not of Mr. GEORGE MACDONALD, whose Scotch may be excellent "Aberdeen awa," but whose sentiments were never nursed on parritch. The Shorter Catechism, or "Carritch," one cannot pretend to regret, though BURNS taught it to his herd-lads, as Mr. HALIBURTON reminds us; and a funny thing to see must these lectures have been:—

> And aye on Sundays, duly, nightly,
> I on the Carritch targe them tightly;
> Till, faith, wee Davoc's grown sae gleg,
> Though scarcely langer than your leg,
> He'll screed ye aff *Effectual Calling*
> As fast as ony in the dwelling.

This has a pleasant antique sound, but the Carritch was a frightful nuisance. Either you did not understand one word of it, in which case your condition was the more gracious, or you did understand it, and were possessed by all the horrors of Calvinism, beheld with the distinctness of a child's imagination.

Whatever is wrong is the fault of railways, Mr. HALIBURTON says with perfect truth. And for railways there is no remedy till the Ragnarok of industrial society comes. Other causes, chiefly wire-fencing, have made the herd's occupation gone. The long-legged Highland boy is no longer needed to keep the kye out of the corn. He does not sit and sing "on ilka hillock" as of old. His humble fare of porridge and pease bannocks is not spread for his great appetite. The herd is gone, like the Brownies, and there is less employment, less health, more crowding, more misery. The herd sometimes became a learned man. In a beautiful glen of Galloway, scores of miles from railways, a pillar crowns such a hill as Greece often crowned with an acropolis. It is the monument of MURRAY, who from a herd-boy became a renowned Oriental scholar. FERGUSSON and LEYDEN are other examples of promotion. They met the Muses, like THAMYRIS the Thracian, in the hills; but were more humble and more fortunate than he in this encounter.

As to Scottish literature, we fear that Scots know it but little. DOUGLAS and DUNBAR, LYNDSAY and BARBOUR, at least, are little read. But so, to be sure, is CHAUCER. Mr. HALIBURTON proposes a Scottish Chair in one of the Universities; and, if we have Chairs of Celtic, why not of Scottish? Where is Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE? Here is his chance. Principal SHAIRP, it is true, nearly turned the Oxford Poetry Chair into a Professorship of Scottish Literature.

THE SUGAR BOUNTIES.

THE controversy on the effect of the sugar bounties has the less importance because the system is apparently about to be discontinued. The delegates who attended the late Congress, though they had no power to conclude a definite agreement, would not have declared their own opinions so distinctly if they had not known that they were expressing the deliberate policy of their respective Governments. In this case the other States are indebted to England for helping them out of a difficulty which they had imposed on themselves. The motives, indeed, of the English Government in procuring the assemblage of the Congress were, as in almost all international transactions, not exclusively disinterested. An important branch of English industry had been in some places destroyed, and elsewhere injuriously affected, by the perverse legislation of foreigners. The sugar refiners and the workmen whom they employed were not the only sufferers by the artificial derangement of the trade. One of the main objects of the grant of bounties was to favour the beet-root sugar of the Continent at the expense of the superior material produced in the West Indies. Both the manufacturers and the sugar-cane growers had repeatedly pressed on successive Governments their claim to redress, and the justice of their complaints had always been acknowledged. It seemed reasonable that the country which enjoys a monopoly of the doctrine of Free-trade should undertake the conversion of other communities, especially when it could rely on the conclusive argument that they were injuring themselves. On the other hand, the Continental States were slow to believe in the sincerity of a competitor who professed to relieve them from an onerous liability. It was only after many refusals or evasions that Lord SALISBURY succeeded in persuading the bounty-giving Governments to discuss the question in an amicable manner, with the hope of arriving at an agreement.

The FOREIGN SECRETARY may perhaps have ascertained that he was preaching to a body of converts who at last understood a few of the rudimentary truths of political economy.

The English proposals were so obviously reasonable and just that the resolutions of the Congress have been generally approved at home as well as abroad. The greatest happiness, or the cheapest supply of sugar, to the greatest number will obviously be promoted by fair and equal competition in the markets of the world. Perfect freedom of trade can never be attained until it becomes cosmopolitan. The universal practice of adjusting supply to demand, and of selling in the dearest market and buying in the cheapest, would increase universal prosperity. At this point some economists have suggested that the interests of a single country in a specified trade or industry are not always or necessarily coincident with the general welfare of mankind. The bounties have had the effect of providing English consumers with sugar at a lower price than the natural cost of the commodity. The artificial reduction of price has been estimated by some writers on the subject at no less than two millions a year, and the professed representatives of national selfishness assert that the boon to English purchasers is worth more than all the capital which was in former times invested in the manufacture. Mr. LEVESON GOWER, who began the discussion, contended that the soundest principles of economy were not inconsistent with the acceptance of a voluntary gift. It was true that the donors of the bounty lost as much as the recipients gained; but Mr. LEVESON GOWER assumed, for the purpose of his argument, that the English representatives in the Congress had no concern with the general interests of Europe. If the bounties had not the effect of cheapening sugar in the English market, domestic manufacturers had no reason to complain of unequal competition. Other disputants on the same side have illustrated their propositions by supposing that foreigners might gratuitously supply England either with sugar or with other articles of general consumption. It would scarcely be suggested that such an offer ought to be rejected because it would indicate absurd blindness on the part of the proposers. Mr. LEVESON GOWER and a "Puzzled M.P." who has taken part in the controversy fail to understand the expediency of inducing foreign producers not to offer a large gift to English consumers. They would be still more confident of the soundness of their judgment if they were not opposed to the respectable authority of Sir LOUIS MALLET. Perhaps he might with advantage have been less contemptuous in his rejection of an opinion which assuredly rests on plausible grounds.

Sir LOUIS MALLET explains in the clearest manner the mischievous results of arbitrary interference with the ordinary course of manufacture and trade. The preference which is given to beetroot sugar over a commodity which is intrinsically more valuable undoubtedly involves a heavy loss to those whom it affects. The bounties are intended to operate as protective duties for the benefit of farmers, and they are of course liable to all the objections which apply to other industrial anomalies. It is only surprising that a dozen civilized States should, in one instance among a hundred, have learned by experience the cost and inconvenience of creating artificial monopolies. It is less easy to follow Sir LOUIS MALLET when he anticipates either the maintenance of present prices or even a reduction in the cost of sugar to the English consumer. If he could establish the probability of so paradoxical a result, his opponents would gladly withdraw their adverse judgment. It is not improbable that the abolition of a vicious system may to a certain extent cheapen production; but, if prices on the Continent maintain their present level, it would seem that the West Indian planter and the English sugar-refiners must be as incapable as at present of sustaining competition with France, Germany, and Belgium. It is true that in the supposed case the Government would be no longer troubled with remonstrances against arrangements which would have become reasonable and just. The Foreign Office and the Board of Trade evidently anticipate a different result. Baron DE WORMS expressed the well-known opinions of Lord SALISBURY as well as his own when he congratulated the Congress on the conclusions which it had formed. It might have been thought that the Government regarded too exclusively the interests of producers, if Sir LOUIS MALLET, who has long been the most orthodox of political economists, had not protested against unfavourable criticisms on the work which has been accomplished. Almost all parties will agree in approval of the avoidance of any reference to import duties which may be imposed. The Continental Governments retain the right of giving their own subjects a total or partial monopoly of the sugar trade. The negotiations would probably have broken down if any attempts had been made to interfere with the exercise of their discretion.

The controversy which has followed the decision of the Congress has been, to the knowledge of the disputants on both sides, only interesting as it turned on an issue of theory or of principle. It was not to be expected that the English Government would repudiate the opinions which it had succeeded in maintaining to the satisfaction of all the foreign delegates. It is possible that Sir LOUIS MALLET may be right in approving of the Convention, though he has not succeeded in confuting Mr. LEVESON GOWER. There was substantial advantage in appealing rather to a body of representatives of the several Governments than separately to each of the Powers concerned. If the sugar manufacture and the West Indian trade can be revived, confidence will be more readily reposed in the Convention than in any commercial treaty which could have been proposed. As between England and the other parties to the agreement the Convention might be criticized as a one-sided bargain, or *nudum pactum*. Lord SALISBURY would perhaps not have regretted an opportunity of exchanging concessions in a commercial compact; but the country which had offered no bounties or exceptional benefits to any branch of industry had nothing to yield. It fortunately happened that the other States arrived at the sound conclusion that they might as well surrender an obvious disadvantage. The negotiations which are now proceeding at Washington will be much less simple. The chief English plenipotentiary is a sound economist on questions of protective duties. There is no probability of any concession on the part of the United States in the form of a reduction of the tariff. When Mr. CHAMBERLAIN prophesies at a public dinner the future abandonment by the United States of protective duties, experienced politicians reflect that there are disadvantages in amateur diplomacy. A member of the profession might have other disqualifications, but he would not talk so freely or so often. Since Mr. CHAMBERLAIN landed in America he has been too ready to take all the world into his confidence.

Mr. LAURENCE OLIPHANT, in his *Episodes of a Life of Adventure*, gives an amusing account of Lord ELGIN'S negotiation of the last reciprocity treaty between the United States and England as representing Canada. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN would have little difficulty in reviving the arrangement, but he has neither so simple a policy to promote nor so free a discretion to exercise. Lord ELGIN had no Sir CHARLES TUPPER to consult, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will scarcely obtain the assent of the Canadian Government to simple reciprocity. Concessions as to the Canadian Fisheries might probably purchase corresponding advantages; but on this point Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will not be at liberty to give way. The main object of the American Government is to establish a Customs Union with Canada, which would involve the imposition of differential duties on English produce. It might have been expected that the proposal would excite strong repugnance both in Canada and in England. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH is the ablest Canadian advocate of a measure which would at once put an end to all schemes of Imperial Federation. In this controversy he seems to assume the position of a colonist; though he would probably not willingly support any policy which he might regard as disadvantageous to England, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has taken more than one opportunity of denouncing a proposal which in his opinion tends directly to the separation of Canada from the Empire. It is strange that Protectionist communities are, for the most part, not unwilling to enlarge the area of internal freedom of trade. A Customs Union with Canada would bring within the provisions of the American tariff a country as large as the United States, though its population is comparatively small. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH declares that the arrangement is consistent with natural and geographical laws. The Canadian Ministers and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN protest against the regulation of Canadian Customs duties by the American Congress. In some respects the issue resembles the comparatively trivial question of the European sugar bounties. It is possible that Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH'S policy may tend to produce the greatest good to the largest number; but the majority of Englishmen will probably agree with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN in deprecating a measure which apparently tends to the disruption of the Colonial Empire.

ODIUM ANTI-MEDICUM.

IT is a great misfortune for the public that Lord GRIMTHORPE is not compelled to write for his living under a vigilant and responsible editor. In that case his exuberant vitality might be turned to good account, and his zeal would not be allowed to run away with his discretion. Lord GRIMTHORPE has been passionately excited by a very commonplace lawsuit decided by Mr. Justice MANISTY at the end of the Michaelmas sittings. In that action Mr. KENNETH MILLICAN obtained an injunction against the Governors of the Queen's Jubilee Hospital, Gloucester Square, to restrain them from dismissing him as one of the medical staff. The ground of Mr. MILLICAN's dismissal was that he had connected himself with the Margaret Street Infirmary, where treatment by homœopathy is practised, if the patients desire it. But Mr. Justice MANISTY's decision, against which an appeal has been entered, was based rather on certain irregularities in the mode of Mr. MILLICAN's attempted removal, which in the opinion of the Court were unfair to him, than on the reasons given by his employers for their conduct. It would indeed be obviously beyond the province of a legal tribunal to decide between homœopathy and allopathy; nor would a judge's view of the matter be worth more than anybody else's. So far as we can understand Mr. MILLICAN's rather confused letters in the *Times*, he does not practise homœopathy himself, but only maintains that homœopathic practitioners do not get fair play, whatever that may mean. These simple facts, of no particular interest except to the parties concerned, might have seemed rather unpromising material for a fiery controversy, at least to ordinary men. But Lord GRIMTHORPE is not an ordinary man. He is, as Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD says of SHELLEY, though in a different sense, "inflammable," and the fire is apt to kindle before he has mused sufficiently. Lord GRIMTHORPE's rage against the medical profession is probably not inspired by any particular dislike of doctors. The fact is that he hates all professions, except the legal one, and "bangs them most severely," whether they consist of clergymen, doctors, architects, or clockmakers. If Lord GRIMTHORPE ever suffers from the physical ills to which flesh is heir, he may, for aught we know, take his blue pill, or his pink medicine, with Christian resignation. But doctors in the lump he holds to be bad. He denies their right to say that they will not act with homœopathists, he threatens them with an indictment for criminal conspiracy, he would apparently be glad to see the gaols full of orthodox physicians and surgeons. How much law Lord GRIMTHORPE knows is, we believe, a question open to considerable doubt. His career at the Parliamentary Bar did not require much legal learning, and a Vicar-General may, we presume, confine himself to the principles of ecclesiastical jurisprudence. He certainly seems to have missed the point of Mr. Justice MANISTY's judgment.

Lord GRIMTHORPE, however, with all his swagger, sometimes meets antagonists who are more than a match for him. Such, if we are not mistaken, was Sir JOHN HAWKSHAW in the witness-box. Such certainly is "R. B. C." in the columns of the *Times*. As DRYDEN said of ELKANAH SETTLE, Lord GRIMTHORPE's prose is boisterous, and his style incorrigibly lewd. "R. B. C." writes with composure, and differs from Lord GRIMTHORPE in sometimes pausing to take breath. Moreover, he keeps his temper, and therefore does not lose his head. Lord GRIMTHORPE altogether fails to show, indeed he has made no serious effort to show, why doctors should co-operate professionally with men whom they believe to be dangerous impostors. They may be wrong, of course. But they are bound to act upon their own convictions, and not to trifle with their patients' lives by sanctioning what they regard as a fraud. One instance cited by "R. B. C." will explain the medical standpoint as well as a thousand. "Belladonna," he says, "was adopted [by the homœopathists] as the cure for scarlet fever, because it was said to produce a red "rash upon the skin. Belladonna was also recom"mended by HAHNEMANN as a cure for hydrophobia, "because it produces a dryness of the mouth, which leads "the patient to make efforts to relieve himself from the "annoyance of viscid saliva. But there is no real resem"blance between the belladonna rash and the rash of "scarlet fever, nor between the viscid saliva produced "by belladonna and the condition produced by hydro"phobia. Nor, after the lapse of eighty years, has there been "any instance of a cure of either disease by the reputed "remedy." This is putting the matter plainly, and it ought to be decisive. Either the whole of medical science rests upon nothing, or homœopathy is utter nonsense. In these circumstances it is ridiculous to expect that allopathists will consort with homœopathists. An honest and competent man cannot work with a person whom he believes to be either a fool or a knave. No one objects to the practice of homœopathy by those who put faith in it, and any one may resort to them if he thinks fit. But even Lord GRIMTHORPE can hardly suppose that it is in the power of the Law Courts, or even of Parliament, to make men of scientific training consort with ignorant quacks. It would not be tolerance, but scandalous indifference to truth and to human life, if doctors were to follow Lord GRIMTHORPE's advice and treat homœopathy as an open question. Lord GRIMTHORPE says that homœopathy has never been formally condemned by the medical profession as a whole. We doubt whether the Society of Architects have met together and solemnly affirmed that the law of gravitation is sound. If Lord GRIMTHORPE thinks that any drug which will produce certain symptoms in a healthy person will cure the same symptoms in a diseased person, and that a cough or a rash is always due to the same cause, he is entitled to his opinion. But he cannot make a doctor share it, or force him to pretend to respect those who do.

ITALY AND ABYSSINIA.

THE inevitable consequence of the Italian occupation of Massowah has finally come. It has not been hasty in coming, but it is at hand at last, and Italy has a little war to conduct as the first, and too probably the chief, result of its acquisition of a port on the Red Sea. The efforts which England has made in the interest of both parties have been unsuccessful, and could hardly have been other than unsuccessful. The Abyssinians have been encouraged by the victory at Dogali, and will be satisfied with nothing short of Massowah, which the Italians will not surrender. The adventure of Italy is one which Englishmen ought to take an interest in, not only because it affects them more or less, but because they have both directly and indirectly promoted it. Italy was practically invited into the Red Sea by this country as part of a policy which was neither very consistent nor yet very dignified, but which may be said to be intelligible, on the ground that, since we must have European neighbours in those parts, it suits our book better to have two who can be played off against one another than to be compelled to endure a single rival. The suggestion—or perhaps it was only the ready consent—that the Italians should occupy Massowah was our direct share in originating this little war. The indirect share was contributed by our example. On ordinary business principles it is impossible to justify this Italian venture. It passes the ingenuity of man to show that such a place in such a region can be of any real use to Italy. But, in fact, ordinary business principles have very little to do with this intervention. It can only be politely explained in one way. There are on the continent of Europe many, otherwise reasonable, people who appear to argue in this fashion:—England has a vast Indian Empire, and is vastly rich; Holland has still great possessions in the Indian Ocean, and, though somewhat *déchu*, it is the more considerable for owning them; therefore, all you have to do in order to become richer and more considerable is to get hold of a spot of ground somewhere in the East, no matter what it is and no matter where, provided only it is large enough to hoist a flag in, and lies conveniently near to still unconquered barbarians. Whether the desired possession is worth having, and whether the barbarians will not give a great deal of costly trouble, and yield no tribute worth having, are questions which these politicians do not apparently ask themselves.

The Italians being a remarkably cool-headed and calculating people, it must be presumed that they have counted the cost before embarking on their little war of conquest. It is true that they protest they are not going to conquer Abyssinia; but a universal experience shows what is the value of protests of this sort when a civilized Power comes in contact with barbarians. Before very long Italy will either have retired defeated or will be engaged in efforts to bring Abyssinia under a protectorate. There is at least some probability that the Italians, being influenced by the delusion described above,

have hardly sufficiently considered what this means. If they are encouraging themselves by the recollection of our expedition against THEODORE, they are certainly making a considerable mistake. That campaign was, in fact, much such a raid as the bold BUCCLEUCH executed on behalf of his friend KINMONT WILLIE, though on a larger scale and with a more elaborate apparatus. When once Lord NAPIER had released his prisoners he was at liberty to march back to the coast and sail away with men and stores. Moreover, THEODORE had contrived to make himself so hateful to his vassals that the Abyssinians generally stood neutral in what fighting there was. The Italians will not be able to go away, and there is nothing to show that the present NEGUS is as cordially detested as his very high-handed and violent predecessor. If the Italians will make a slight study of the French occupation of Algeria, or of the Dutch war (still going on, we believe) in Acheen, or even of our own recent troubles with Upper Burmah, they will see that it is one thing to march into a savage country, fight a battle and come out, and quite another thing to occupy it seriously. As things stand with them, they must occupy Abyssinia, or at least a considerable part of it. The country is a difficult one to operate in, the natives are exceedingly courageous, and, as the Italians had occasion to learn at Dogali, their tactics are not the most barbarous thing about them. We would wish to be polite, but after all it is a fact that the Italians have not shone as a military people at any period of their history, though they have been abundantly clever as officers. On the whole, when the nature of the country, of the enemy, of the invader, and of the problem to be tackled are considered, it seems at least probable that the Italians are undertaking an enterprise which will require the employment of some fifty thousand men first and last to supply the army in the field, the necessary reserves, the indispensable garrisons, and the equally indispensable protection of convoys and the communications. Of course the expense will be in proportion. Our expedition cost a number of millions which is disputed according to different systems of calculation, but which has never been put lower than nine, and has sometimes been put as high as twenty. The Italians may be more economical, but if they go through with their enterprise, which is from the nature of the case larger still, they will have to spend at least as much, if not more, before they are done with it. To foreigners it appears a piece of dubious wisdom to put such a burden on the already heavily-weighted Italian taxpayer.

THE SHOW AT PORTUMNA.

NOTHING seems to have been wanting to the completeness of the performance just given by Mr. WILFRID BLUNT and his travelling company in the Courthouse at Portumna. The manager's own "get-up," with the "green favour" in his button-hole, is described by good judges as faultless, and the pose of another member of the company, in an attitude understood to have been studied after a well-known historical picture, was universally admired. The mere presence of Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE and Mr. EVELYN constituted a dramatic "point" of the highest value; and, though some think that the speech of the gentleman from Colchester who took the opportunity of informing the public that he was "an "English lawyer" was somewhat in the nature of "gag," it would be hard to deny an innocent opportunity of self-advertisement to a meritorious member of the troupe whom his ill-luck had fitted with too insignificant a part. We have all heard of the actor who, having announced that the carriage was at the door, proceeded to add that "the man "who would lay his hand upon a woman, save in the way of "kindness, was," &c.; and it was perhaps this spirit that impelled the gentleman from Colchester, dissatisfied with the task of merely introducing a deputation to Mr. BLUNT, to declare publicly that the Irish constable who laid his hand upon a crowd, save in the same way, was unworthy the countenance and approval of an English lawyer with an Irish name. Anyhow, his interruption was not more absurd, from the theatrical point of view, than the whole proceedings at Portumna, of which it is difficult for any one who has not gone as mad with childish vanity as the whole company of actors and actresses themselves to regard with any other feeling than that of disrespectful mirth. That it may please the Irish themselves, who are always acting even in their most serious moments, is likely enough; but if the average Englishman, with his inbred disdain of attitudinizing and his keen eye for exaggeration, be moved by it—we care not whether he be Radical or Tory in his sympathies—to anything but contemptuous laughter, we can only say that all the healthier and manlier qualities of the race must have undergone a most unhappy change.

For what, apart altogether from the political rights and wrongs of the case, does Mr. BLUNT's exploit at Woodford amount to? What was there in the least degree heroic in the matter? A body styling itself the English Home Rule Union—and the proper sphere of whose operations therefore would, one might have thought, have been England—announced on the 23rd of last October that an indignation meeting would be held "to protest against the cruel and "heartless evictions to be carried out on the property of "Lord CLANRICARDE" during the ensuing week. This meeting the Irish Executive promptly, and, in our opinion, most properly, proclaimed; and upon that there were two courses, and two only, open to a man of sense and self-respect, as distinguished from self-esteem. He might have bowed, with or without verbal protest, to the orders of constituted authority, and issued notice that no attempt would be made to hold the prohibited meeting. Or—a much less becoming course, but still one which could with a certain amount of plausibility be defended—he should have presented himself at the appointed time and place of the meeting for the purpose of formally attesting the fact that he was prevented from holding it by *force majeure*. It might be difficult to do even this in certain cases without some risk to the public peace; but, assuming that the convener of the meeting succeeded in inducing it to disperse quietly, his action would perhaps be held justified by its results. These two alternatives exhaust the courses open to an orderly and law-abiding citizen. Still, it is, no doubt, possible for a man to incur disapproval as a disorderly citizen without forfeiting all the sympathy which attaches in most minds even to a mistaken exhibition of tenacity and courage. But whoever would retain this sympathy must show that he really has the courage of his misguided resolves. If he calls the attention of the world to the fact that he is about to run his head against a stone wall, he must really perform the feat. To interpose a buffer of some soft material at the last moment, and to endeavour to gain the applause of hardihood—or hardihead—while clinging to the undoubted comfort of a whole scalp, is to put himself in an ignobly ridiculous position. Yet this is precisely what Mr. WILFRID BLUNT did. Having written to Mr. BYRNE to inform him that he intended to hold the meeting in defiance of the prohibition of the Executive, he added that extraordinary warning, worthy to stand in history as marking the lowest descent of the business of "patriotism" in Ireland to the contemptible, that "there will be ladies as well as gentlemen present on "the platform." After which warning Mr. BLUNT went to the meeting, and when the police interfered and forbade him to address it, lay down, and kicked, his wife disposing herself in an effective attitude between him and the officers of the law. And then, after a few stage-whispers to each other—a proceeding which one of the police witnesses regarded, and recorded, with not unnatural surprise—Mr. BLUNT allowed himself, or was allowed by his wife, to be taken into custody, and secured his selection by the Deptford Caucus as Gladstonian candidate for that constituency. So many performances, similar in spirit to this, if differing from it in circumstances, are to be witnessed daily among us, in that eager pursuit of notoriety which seems to be the most marked characteristic of our time, that even people who are not given to practising these arts themselves have learnt to regard them with a sort of contemptuous toleration. But out of Ireland, or at any rate outside that circle of English politicians who are just now swelling with a sort of flatulent Pharisaism of benevolence towards a people who they hope will help them back to office, and whom they have consequently just discovered to be their brothers, is there any one who can possibly look upon this cheap posture-making as heroic?

We deal thus freely with Mr. WILFRID BLUNT's case, the result of which is not yet known, because the nature of that result has no business to affect any sensible man's view of Mr. BLUNT's action. Even assuming, what we have no reason whatever to expect, that on some technical ground or other the defendant's conviction should be quashed, the fact would remain that an English gentleman who should

know better has placed himself, for the mere ends of self-display, in a position which only "fools or fanatics," to quote a classic classification, of perverted intelligence can regard as other than ridiculous. We say for the mere ends of self-display, because the pretext of public purposes which has been put forward by Mr. BLUNT in excuse for his Woodford *escapade* is so preposterously flimsy that, without ascribing to him that inordinate vanity which makes the desire of self-display unconscious, we cannot believe him capable of being deceived by it himself. To suppose him capable of believing—like men more foolish, or, as in the case of the patrons of metropolitan disorder, more evilly-disposed than himself—that the right of public meeting was seriously endangered by the prohibition of a public meeting at Woodford on the eve of an eviction is impossible. He must know perfectly well that the circumstances of that and similar cases in Ireland are, so to speak, indigenous to that country; and that to the general question of the right of public meeting and its limits they have literally nothing whatever to say. And as to his contention that his object in wishing to address the Woodford tenants was to exhort them to be patient and to refrain from violent resistance to the officers of the law, it is simply amazing that he should think it capable of being entertained by any Executive Government alive to its duty with respect to the maintenance of the public peace. If Mr. BLUNT had preached obedience to the Woodford tenants—and, as he tells us that he meant to do so, we accept his assurance—it is as certain as anything can be that many, if not most, of his colleagues on the platform would not have confined themselves to that text. But, even if they had, what then? Can Mr. BLUNT really expect us to believe that, if the Woodford tenants meant throwing boiling water on the sheriff's officers and the police, they would have been dissuaded from doing so by the eloquence of Mr. BLUNT and his friends? And if they did not intend any lawless proceedings of this kind, what would have been the use of addressing to them dehortations which, if they were not altogether superfluous, might very possibly have been accepted as hints at earnailing accompanied with sidelong glances at the pump? "Is it not a queer country," asked The MACDERMOTT, the other day, referring to the "Island of Saints"; "the con-"stable got a blow for his success in courtship, and Mr. "ROCHE was sent to gaol for his success in keeping the "peace?" Yes, The MACDERMOTT, it *is* a queer country, but it is not as queer as the last part of your question would imply. People who profess anxiety to keep the peace are, indeed, sometimes sent to prison, but only when their method of keeping the peace is calculated, if not designed, to provoke disorder. And, whatever may be the case with Ireland, England has not yet become so queer a country as that one of the QUEEN's regiments should co-operate, as Dr. TANNER seems to have expected the 4th Hussars to do, with the Irish practitioners of a system which the QUEEN's Government in Ireland are using every effort to put down. If Dr. TANNER's constituents can succeed in stopping the sport of the Hussars' Hunt, as a certain number of them have now pledged themselves to do—why, so it must be. But Captain KINCAIRD SMITH did no more than his duty as an English officer in curtly, but politely, declining on behalf of the regiment to enter into any negotiations with Dr. TANNER on the subject.

MR. STANHOPE ON THE COLONIAL DEFENCES.

IT is with the most entire sincerity that we express our sympathy for Mr. STANHOPE. The position of Secretary of State for War, when he happens to be a modest man, is not in all respects pleasant. He is compelled by official decency and the rules of the game to take it for granted that he is really engaged in supplying this Empire, on which, as we have been informed, the sun never sets, with an efficient army and adequate defences. It is also one of the rules that he must talk as if his department is to be perfectly trusted, and is entitled to be left alone to go on doing good work undisturbed by critical and inquiring outsiders. But, unfortunately, these two conventions are very hard to maintain. Something is always happening to show that our army is badly in want of this or the other necessary, and as for our defences, they may be coming, but it is like Major DALGETTY's promotion, "slow dooms slow." When attention is called to these facts in some noticeable way, the Secretary for War is in a disagreeable position. To confess the truth is painful, to deny it with any chance of success nearly impossible, so that the poor gentleman is reduced to the painful necessity of getting up, and asking the public to show him a little consideration and give him a little time. When the Secretary is gifted with the necessary nerve, he can brazen it out, of course; but then it is not every Minister who has the *aplomb* of ROBERT MACAIRE, and there are times when nothing else will do. Mr. STANHOPE has certainly not enough of the quality of the hero immortalized by DAUMIER; and when he is compelled to speak for the army his utterances are wont to be decidedly more of the pathetic than of the audacious order. It would be unfeeling to jeer at his difficulties, and so, as we said before, we regard him with a certain sympathy, and rather wish that the War Office were different than that the War Minister were.

The speech which Mr. STANHOPE has just delivered at Spilsby is very characteristic of the unreformed War Office. Lord BRASSEY has been going to and fro, and increasing his knowledge of the state of the coaling-stations. He has come back, and said his say about them in a letter to the *Times*, which received its due allowance of comment. Like every other witness, Lord BRASSEY had to report that the coaling-stations were partly unfortified and partly insufficiently fortified; that in most places the works were not finished; and that where they were ready, or nearly so, the guns had either not been supplied, or, when guns were sent out, they were not the best weapons science has invented. Lord BRASSEY also noted that in some places where fortifications seemed likely to be necessary there was not even a beginning made in supplying them; and he, in common with many others, did not quite see how garrisons were to be found at need. These are very plain matters, and important too. A Secretary of State for War in the reformed War Office of the future will doubtless make answer to their like plainly and to the point. Mr. STANHOPE answered in what is still the recognized style. He said in so many words that it was very rude of Lord BRASSEY, an ex-official person, too, to come and spoil the fun. Obviously Lord BRASSEY's duty was to remember that a Secretary for War is liable to be upset and unnerved when indiscreet tourists blab in the newspapers. But even Mr. STANHOPE felt that this would not be enough. The War Office must do something more than merely express its dislike of inquiring ex-official persons in yachts. So he did the traditional thing. He assured his hearers that the War Office has a plan, and that all will be well in time. We do not know what they thought about it at Spilsby; but, for our part, this famous plan for the proper protection of our trade routes reminds us of nothing so much as of a certain General TROCHU of whom Mr. STANHOPE has heard. There are good reasons at times why a Ministry should not publish information for the benefit of all the world; but we can see no reason why the War Office should be afraid of saying what it is going to do to secure the coaling stations. The fact that fortifications are being raised cannot be concealed; neither can the fact that they are not being built. If foreign War Offices want to know what ought to be done, they have no need to come to ours to ask. All they have to do is to consult a map; and, if they have not a sufficiently good one at hand, their military attaché in London can buy one full of the most instructive information as to the course of maritime commerce in Cockspur Street for a sovereign. With that before them, the War Offices and Admiralties of the Continent can easily learn where we are vulnerable and where we ought to be protected. We do not ask Mr. STANHOPE to publish minute accounts of the construction of the proposed forts. On such points the War Office can be as silent as it pleases. But, if it were to let everybody know what points it proposes to fortify, and what regular progress it intends to make, it would teach the foreigner nothing which he cannot easily learn, and it would secure a degree of confidence it does not at present enjoy. If we had such a statement to refer to, we could see, for instance, whether the War Office has or has not a fair excuse for neglecting Port Darwin. As it is, the famous unpublished plan has a very ugly resemblance to a mere stock excuse for doing as near as may be nothing.

BUNYAN GONE FANTEE.

JOHN BUNYAN has "gone Fantee." People who do not know what this means cannot have read the deplorable falling-off of the Rev. JOHN CREEDY, B.A., Oxon, as narrated by precious Mr. GRANT ALLEN. Mr. CREEDY was a second-class man, of Exeter, we think, a Fantee by birth, and a great student of Mr. HERBERT SPENCER. In consequence, perhaps, of these readings, he relapsed into heathendom when he went out to convert his benighted brethren, he discarded trousers, and danced through the kraal with a brandy bottle in one hand and a serpent in the other, shouting "Evohe" and similar pious ejaculations.

This was called "going Fantee," and a daring philologist has hence derived the obscure performance spoken of in *Pickwick* as a Fanteague. But the Fanteeing of JOHN BUNYAN is a much more respectable affair. *The Pilgrim's Progress* has been rendered into Fantee, "under the superintendence of the Rev. W. M. CANNELL and Mr. ANAMAN, "a native teacher." The Religious Tract Society are the publishers, and we sincerely congratulate the Fantees on this edifying and humorous addition to their literary resources. Concerning native Fantee literature we have no information; but it is not bad if it is half as good as the ballads and tales of Senegambia, lately translated into French. The idea of translating our European literature for savages in general is full of charm. We rather think a Cafroc would relish *Candide*, and the Ovahereroes could not but take pleasure in the *Waverley Novels*. The subtly metaphysical Maori may soon be poring over the *Pensées* of PASCAL, and the untutored Murri would welcome *The Cricket-field* in Kamilaroi. Here, indeed, is a field for missionary enterprise. Why stop short at *The Pilgrim's Progress*? The Fantee who has thoroughly mastered it will be ready to appreciate *Vanity Fair*. A Zulu edition of *King Solomon's Mines* would be cordially welcomed by the countrymen of UMSLOPOGAAS. The Zunis, who have lots of leisure, might get through *Through One Administration*, and the Solomon Islanders would never go about except with MARRYAT in their breech-cloths.

The truth is that we have hitherto given savages too narrow a view of our literature. The poor black man has abundance of excellent stories and songs of his own. For all exchange, we give him a Bible—and tracts. The Maoris were very fond of the Old Testament, and started a new religion of a military character, based on the exploits of JOSHUA. But secular literature is no less a need of savagery than of civilization. The rendering of *The Pilgrim's Progress* is a step in the right direction. Why not SHAKSPEARE next; or, if SHAKSPEARE be too difficult, why not *Tom Jones*? English life in FIELDING's time is quite as like society in Fantee as English life in BUNYAN's. It may be urged that *Tom Jones* is not essentially a religious work. But all religion and no literature maketh SAMBO a pot-house haunting loafer very often. He loses his native virtues, he acquires European vices, and he thinks that as long as he snuffles a few stale bits of the patois of Little Bethel he is a highly moral character. All black converts are not like this; but who will deny that very many are? This is the place where literature should step in. The missionary often discourages the old traditional mythical literature, of which Dr. CALLAWAY found so much in Zululand, and Sir GEORGE GREY in New Zealand. If that is taken away, the savage needs something else. A Fantee translation of GRIMM's *Kinder und Haus Märchen* would be the very thing for him to begin on, when he has finished the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Then he might rise to SCOTT, DUMAS, and even VIRGIL and HERODOTUS. The Religious Tract Society is in the right path, and we soon hope to welcome a Choctaw version of *Treasure Island*.

THE WHOLE DUTY OF TRADE-UNIONISTS.

LORD MACAULAY, after quoting a violent Scotch Highlander, put an aggravating little note to express the satisfaction it gave him to reflect that in these days such angry passions as filled the bosom of his author could lead to nothing worse than scolding. A similar comment may be made with some, though not absolute, confidence on the paragraph of his monthly Report, in which Mr. W. CRAWFORD, M.P., states the whole duty of a good Trade-Unionist towards his neighbour who is not in the Union. If Mr. CRAWFORD could have his way, the Durham mines would soon be regulated by a very thorough system of boycotting. He recommends the use of this Irish weapon, and that in very good Irish rhetoric too. There would seem to have been some difference of opinion among Mr. CRAWFORD's constituents and paymasters as to the proper line to be taken with non-Unionists. More would need to be known than has as yet appeared in London papers to make clear what it is that the dispute is about. In a general way, however, it is certain that some Unionists complain that some non-Unionists are not made to suffer sufficiently for their contumacy in refusing to come into the fold. Mr. CRAWFORD explains how this is to be amended; and, as it is his explanation, and not the difficulty, which is the interesting point, this last may be left among the things not worth knowing. The Secretary of the Durham Miners' Association and member of Parliament for Brancepeth, then, recommends boycotting in its most thorough and scientific form. He has observed that, though Union men refuse "to descend and ascend" with outsiders, yet they will not refuse to walk home with them, to pray with them, and to eat and drink with them; nor do they altogether decline to receive them as sons-in-law or other connexions by marriage. Now Mr. CRAWFORD thinks it time to cease "playing at shuttlecock in this important portion "of our social life." "Either," he goes on, "mingle with "these men in the shaft, as you do in every other place, or "let them be ostracized at all times and in every place. "Regard them as unfit companions for yourselves and "your sons, and unfit husbands for your daughters. Let "them be branded, as it were, with the curse of CAIN, "as unfit to mingle in ordinary honest and respectable "society." That is how you should treat these "goats of "mankind." If you do not, then you have no right to complain "as to any results that may arise from their "action."

Unquestionably, if this language is to be taken seriously, it is ugly enough. If Mr. CRAWFORD is to be treated as the laws of his country require, and supposed to intend the consequences of his acts, he must be supposed to recommend the use of the proper sanction to boycotting. How is the decree of "ostracism" which he talks of with characteristic preference for a fine word to be enforced? Is the Union man who walks home with his non-Union friend to be shot in the legs? When the daughter of an orthodox Trade-Unionist father takes for lover a heterodox non-Union sinner, is she to be carded or pitch-capped? Boycotting which is purely voluntary has been found to be inefficient even in its native land. In Durham it would be even less formidable. If the Trades-Unions really mean to act on Mr. CRAWFORD's recommendation, they must, of course, be prepared to do all the things which it implies. But it is not too optimistic to believe that Mr. CRAWFORD is not to be taken too seriously, or that the Trades Unions are neither able nor willing to follow in the footsteps of the Land and National Leagues. His advice may be taken to prove two things of much less gravity. Firstly, we conclude from the fact that it has had to be given at all that the Trades-Unions are by no means such admirable organizations for the regimenting of humble servants of wirepullers as the persons who would like to use them for political purposes could wish. Englishmen, even when they do belong to a Trades-Union, prefer to retain a certain amount of freedom, and do not take kindly to being dictated to in the choice of friends to walk with, and share a pot of beer withal. The Committees of the Unions have occasionally shown a very good will to employ Irish methods, but they have uniformly aroused a determined, and generally a successful, opposition. Then Mr. CRAWFORD's little bit of truculent fustian proves another thing which has an importance of a more limited kind. It shows that he personally is a humble, though worthy, member of the now great and influential sect of shriekers, whereof Mr. WILFRID BLUNT is an eminent and Mr. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM a supereminent leader. His "goats "of mankind," and so forth, are not quite as good as Mr. GRAHAM's remarks in the famous blethering letter to the electors of Winchester; but, though inferior in degree, they are the same in kind. He, too, is one of the numerous persons of these times who seem to have taken Mrs. JOE GARGERY as a model. It would be a mistake to underrate the Salvation Army of politics. There are a great many of them, and they scream very loud, and that too in a time when there is a tendency to believe that capacity to yell is a proof of sincerity, and that all sincerity, even a sincere desire to do mischief, is respectable. As a member of that force, Mr. CRAWFORD has a certain importance.

SIR CHARLES DILKE ON THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BILL.

MUCH more interest will probably have been aroused by the reference to a personal matter with which Sir CHARLES DILKE prefaced his speech at Hammersmith the other night than by the political observations which followed it. Sir CHARLES, he informs us, has no present intention of returning to public life. He "has not yet in "any degree relinquished the hope of vindicating his honour "completely by law, and"—even should he be unable to obtain justice by such means—"he will still look forward "with confidence to the day when his fellow-countrymen "would discover the character of the odious fabrications by "which they had been misled." Nothing could more effectually hasten the arrival of this day than the complete vindication of his character by law; but we are not ourselves aware of any legal means by which he can reverse the judgment pronounced in his case after a very full investigation of it before a singularly able and thoroughly impartial judge; and we have, therefore, no clue whatever to the grounds of the "hope" which Sir CHARLES tells us he has not yet in any degree relinquished. Meanwhile we can only applaud the resolve not to consent to serve his countrymen in Parliament "until they have learnt to trust his word," especially as they are not, it appears, to be deprived, pending their conversion, of his services as an outside critic of Parliamentary measures.

His opinion, however, on the character and prospect of the forthcoming Local Government Bill would be of more value if he or any one else outside the Cabinet possessed at the moment any definite information on the matter. In default of this information, the "greatest authority on the "subject" of Local Government, as Mr. COBB, with perhaps a slight touch of exaggeration, described him, is reduced to much the same shifts of speculation and conjecture as those to which the mere ignoramus is compelled, in similar circumstances, to have recourse. To express a fear that the preparation of the Bill may have been delayed by "the "struggles of some members of the Cabinet to retain ves- "tiges of an anti-popular system which the House of "Commons would reject" is to hazard a statement which it is as impossible for any one else to contradict as it is for himself to prove. We can only reply to this as to all other anticipatory criticisms of a measure which has not yet got beyond the walls of the Council Chamber, by reminding Sir CHARLES DILKE that Mr. GOSCHEN, whose official acquaintance with the principles and details of the question is in no way inferior to his own, has a seat in the Cabinet, and that a Local Government Bill which meets with his approval is, at any rate, not likely to contain any provisions which will be seriously objected to by the Liberal section of the Unionist party. Sir CHARLES DILKE remarks, with a certain satisfaction, that Mr. RAIKES, a member of the present Government, has apparently "given his counte- "nance to the view that it was very probable that the "Bill of next Session will fail to pass." But it does not follow from this that Mr. RAIKES thinks that the Bill would not deserve to pass, which is the construction that Sir CHARLES DILKE probably desires to place upon his words. His meaning may very well have been that the measure ran a risk of being shelved, like several other important legislative schemes of last Session, by the combined efforts of Gladstonian and Parnellite obstruction. That, however, will greatly depend on the amount of time which may be occupied on the work of Procedure, and on the degree of thoroughness with which that work will be done—a question which we are glad to notice that Sir CHARLES DILKE discusses in a very creditable spirit. Procedure changes, he said, would not be generally opposed by the organized party of opposition; and, if opposed at all, would be opposed by a small number of men, and thrust through by means of the existing powers to close debate. We can only hope that the open opposition of the small number of men will not receive the covert support of a much larger number of men who are able, by affording them a mere passive assistance, to add considerably to the difficulties. But, though we hope this, we cannot pretend to anticipate it with any sort of confidence. Things move very fast in these days, unless, indeed, their movement is deliberately obstructed; and the temper and behaviour of the organized party of opposition have undergone a serious change for the worse even since Sir CHARLES DILKE last sat in the House of Commons.

THE *TIMES'* CENTENARY.

CENTENARIES, if in any sense observable, are of necessity infrequent, and it is only human to make much of them. The centenary of the *Times* on New Year's Day is certainly a most interesting event, and it was commemorated on Monday in a most interesting fashion. Curious and instructive is the reprint of the very spirited document in which the change of title was announced on January 1, 1788. Pleasant, also, are the extracts that testify to infant rectitude and high-toned principles, or illustrate the first faint essays in the paths of light and leading that have since produced mighty results. The account of the patent "logo-types," the whole story of the vicissitudes of the Logographic press, is singularly interesting, whether we regard the tenacious faith of the inventor or the perils in which the invention seems to have involved the journal. To the philosophic mind the survey of the century involved in the retrospect of a great career is even more fruitful. At the outset a pretty hesitancy is shown between the natural inclination to exult and the excellent desire to maintain a chastened reserve. It suggests a child looking through an inverted telescope, marvelling at the littleness of things it is conscious ought to appear large. To use an Irish metaphor, the telescope is, let us say, a century in length. At the extremity of the prodigious vista the serenity of earth and heaven is something oppressive. There was nothing, in truth, to mark the day the *Times* was born. There was no comet at blaze by night, no milder portent by day, nothing to assist the cunning augur, and never a hint of the new power that should one day perplex Ministries with fear of change. In 1688, as in 1588, as the *Times*, with inconceivable pathos, reminds us, things were less unkind. But 1788 seems to have been a barren year. PITT was wooing peace, or contemplating reform. Whigs followed their wicked ways, unmindful of the advent of their future mentor, and Tories were untroubled with visions of their new tutor. NAPOLEON was only a lieutenant of artillery, unknown and unregarded. ROBESPIERRE, in some obscure office, mended bad quills or worse oratorical exercises. The King of France was firmly seated on his throne, and statesmen were satisfied with the condition of France—"even France," the quietest country, by the way, for many previous centuries among the leading Powers of Europe. These things being so, the historian is compelled to find in the establishment of the *Times* the most memorable event of 1788. There is no help for those who regret the lack of competitors for this honourable distinction. After all, is it not ever thus, vulgar superstition notwithstanding, that greatness is ushered into the world? The state of Europe in 1788 affords only one instance among many of the good fortune that awaited on the *Times*. Had it been a year later, then our retrospect were less suggestive. Had it been but one year antedated, the memorable celebration would have occurred last year—the year of the Jubilee of HER MAJESTY—and what that conjunction would have produced in eloquent and world-moving retrospect is beyond the most fervid imagination to picture.

Leaving the tripod of exaltation, and considering the *Times'* centenary as the most notable event in the history of the press, sympathy with its review of the past is as easy as congratulations are natural and pleasurable. There is always something contagious in admiration of success, especially when success is of an imposing kind; but no Englishman who respects his birthright is other than an admirer of the *Times*. The sources of its success are not, on the whole, difficult to trace, though of course there are certain elements that elude the calculation of all. We do not learn much, from the interesting history of its early years, of the more secret causes of the remarkable advance of the journal in the years before the Reform Bill. To be high-toned is an excellent thing in newspapers; but a rigid adherence to an ideal, be it political or not, has before now proved fatal. This has certainly never been a defect in the conduct of the leading paper. Nor is the mystery of success in the least solved by vague talk about high aims and immaculate principles. Those endowments are generally accorded by common consent or a polite convention. The most noisy pretenders to virtuous principles are journals that claim a few years of raw apprenticeship and yet outrage every decency of life. The success of a newspaper depends, in a great measure, on the skilful practice of the art of inspiring public confidence. Sagacity, energy, and enterprise, qualities valued by all business men, have never been wanting, as all the world knows, in

the proprietors of the *Times*. The history of Parliamentary reporting is but a part of its own history. In the art of obtaining news from all quarters with the utmost despatch and accuracy it has been, as we are reminded, the pioneer of the whole press. And this is the most important and obvious desideratum in a daily paper. Whether all other journals have followed in its mighty wake with the obsequious docility and the silent ingratitude that seem to have so tried its magnanimity is, perhaps, a matter it might be permissible to debate. A newspaper is a commercial enterprise, let its principles be what they may. The simple receipt for success appears to be easy enough, if not particularly satisfying to curious inquirers. With independence and foresight, and a dozen equally obvious gifts of intelligence, it must minister to public requirements and follow the times—not the *Times*—for this, as has already been affirmed in that journal, is a recognized practice, and vain repetitions are hateful.

"THIS DAY'S WEATHER."

THE professors of the infant science of political meteorology have just received a most interesting and valuable report from their "station" at Winchester. It is true that the meteorological facts and signs which it records are rather difficult to fit in with certain previously framed forecasts on which the professors were pretty generally agreed; but it is by triumphing over difficulties that a science grows. Still there it is. All the best meteorologists, with the founder of the science at their head, concurred in assuring us that the "temporary depression," over what may be called the Gladstonian quarter of the political weather-chart, would be certainly found in their last report to have disappeared, though the barometer might not prove to have actually risen throughout the whole region of Liberalism. And even those who disagreed with the forecast, as a whole, were almost universally inclined to believe that the best report they themselves could possibly hope for was one of "no change "since the last reading." But what both parties have actually learnt from the last advices is that, not only has the depression not disappeared over either region of the political weather chart, but that it has actually increased to an almost alarming extent over both. In other words, the result of the Winchester election is, on the principles of the "sophisters "and calculators," inexplicable, and to their theories absolutely disastrous. The one thing has happened which they thought so improbable that they had not prepared themselves with any argumentative subterfuges in advance. If Mr. Moss's majority had ever so little fallen short of that of Colonel TOTTENHAM at the election of 1886, they would have said that the constituency was gradually recovering from its "scare" over the Separation Bill, and reverting from its extreme anti-Gladstonism of that year to the moderate anti-Liberalism of the year before. Even if Mr. Moss had succeeded in maintaining Colonel TOTTENHAM'S majority, they would have been prepared to argue that for the cause of Unionism "not to advance was to re-"cede." What they hoped for, and at the last even expected, was that Mr. VANDERBYL of the "chequered history" would succeed in knocking off half the '86 majority of 336, and reducing it to the '85 majority of 171. What has actually happened is that the '86 majority has increased by more than sixty per cent., while the '85 majority has more than quadrupled. In other words, whereas Colonel TOTTENHAM won by only 171 votes in the earlier of those two years, and by only 336 in the later, Mr. Moss has now been returned by a majority of 515, and this upon a larger total poll than on either of the two former occasions.

We are, of course, well pleased with this proof, so far as it goes, that the cause of the Union has gained ground in Winchester, and that, so far as this constituency is concerned, Mr. GLADSTONE'S prospects of regaining ascendency there are more remote than ever. What, however, we are even much more disposed to welcome in this signal victory is its disconcerting effect upon the silly study to which we referred at the outset of these remarks. For it is, of course, obvious that the political meteorologist cannot minimize its significance without discrediting the very basis of his own puerile speculations. Either it means what it appears to mean—that the Union is really more than sixty per cent. stronger in Winchester (and, therefore, according to our foolish friends' theory, in England) than it was when a Unionist polled more than half as many votes again as his opponent, or it does not mean what it appears to mean; and, if so, why doesn't it? In the former case the result is disastrous to the political hopes of the Gladstonians; in the latter it is destructive of their credit as meteorologists. Of course we should like to embrace the former conclusion if we could; but, as we cannot, we may be well content with the issue of an election which establishes the latter. We cannot profess to think it probable that Unionist principles, already very strong in Winchester at the election of 1886, have since gained over sixty per cent. in numerical strength of support; and, even if we did think so, we should not be ready to jump from that point to the conclusion that this distribution of opinion in Winchester is a natural and infallible index to the distribution of opinion throughout England. We admit, with these figures so strongly in our favour before us, that such an inference would be quite unwarrantable, and we shall expect the same candour from the Gladstonians hereafter when the situation is reversed. They are in a sufficiently ridiculous situation as it is. Do not let them provoke more ridicule by first agreeing with us that the very extravagance of occasional successes in by-elections is destructive of the theory of their significance, and then attempting hereafter to make out that the most extravagant success may mean a good deal when it is on the right side.

ALL SOULS'.

THERE is no part of the ritual of the Roman Catholic Church which moves those who cannot accept its dogmas so deeply as the repeated references to the dead which it contains. One need not accept the doctrine of purgatory to be touched by prayers that awaken the tenderest of memories; and the invitation to associate what has been saddest and holiest in our own lives with all that has been purest and noblest in the history of the Church is one that both soothes and elevates the grief of mourners. Hence All Souls', the day which is specially set apart for such services, possesses a peculiar sanctity for all who have ever felt the poetry which underlies the doctrines no less than the rites of the Church, and from which both alike have sprung. In the toil and struggle of life we too easily forget the dead, or remember them with a sense of loss only, instead of gratitude; it seems well that once in the year an opportunity should be afforded for dwelling on memories of them in a different way, for recalling all that endeared them to us, which often means all that has lent our past life its emotional value.

In nothing does the strange contrast between Southern and Northern modes of feeling appear more strongly and more to the advantage of the latter than in the different ways in which this day is celebrated in countries which are equally Roman Catholic in their profession of faith. In all the religious services are the same; masses for the dead are read, the "Dies Iræ" is sung, and the prayer, "Eternal rest grant to them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them," rises from thousands of hearts as well as lips. But outside the church nothing can be more unlike than the bearing of the worshippers.

In Naples the day is regarded as a holiday, and the visit of the families to the churchyard for the purpose of decorating the graves degenerates into a pleasure party. Metal garlands are chiefly used for the purpose; and, though they are more durable, they hardly possess the charm of real leaves and flowers. They may, however, be regarded as symbolic of the behaviour, if not always of the feelings, of those who offer them. On the way to the cemetery a decent sobriety is observed, and the various families usually remain separate; but on the return general sociability and mirth are the rule. The roadside is lined with inns, which are better filled on this than any other day in the year; and from all of them the sound of singing and dancing may be heard. Indeed, it is by no means uncommon for a young Neapolitan to say to a friend, "We are going to visit our mother's grave to-morrow, and on our way back we shall stop at such or such an inn"; which means, If you like to come there, you can dance with my sister. To an Englishman no celebration of the day seems a better thing. If we forget our dead, we do not make their memory the excuse for a jollification.

It is not, however, in this point alone that a difference of sentiment exists. The whole way in which the Neapolitans treat the bodies of the dead fills us with disgust. To exhume a corpse a year or two after it has been buried, to have the skeleton taken to pieces and the bones carefully cleaned, would seem to us a wanton outrage; the wealthy Neapolitan who neglects to have this done for his kindred is regarded as heartless. To carry about the prepared bones of a pet child, and to place them in a sealed casket on the drawing-room mantelpiece, seems to us simply shocking; in Southern Italy it has been regarded as a most pathetic expression of sorrow. But the height of what appears to us grotesque horror has been reached by a widower, who has the embalmed corpse of his wife dressed anew once a year in fresh

and gorgeous apparel, and seizes the opportunity to present it with a new ring or bracelet.

We need linger no longer on a repulsive subject, but simply remark in passing that the system of double burial, to which reference has been made, accounts, to a certain extent, for the peculiar character of the Campo Santo. It is situated on the side of a hill and resembles a city more than a graveyard. The paths, or rather streets, pass between stately buildings, which in some cases might almost be mistaken for chapels, and in others for palaces. In these the bones of generations of noble families lie entombed as their bodies could not do. The whole place speaks of solemn pomp rather than affectionate remembrance. It is the grandeur, not the sadness, of death which is embodied in these edifices, and yet, in spite of the incongruity of many details, it makes a strong impression upon the mind. The awe excited by the mystery we are daily approaching is here the predominating sentiment; not either heartbreak, dread, or gloom.

A day set apart to remember death rather than the dead in this spirit might not be unimproving, though it could hardly find a place in any Christian calendar; but the Campo Santo is never less impressive than on the day when it is thronged by the relations of those who are buried within it. In the villages, too, where the day is observed with a certain seriousness, grotesque incidents are apt to mar, for the stranger at least, the sense of mournful calm which the religious services excite. In one of the churches of Ravello, for example, a disgusting effigy is placed before the high altar, instead of the shrouded structure in which, during the funeral service, the coffin is placed. The very skill with which it is made renders it the more repulsive. The fallen cheeks and livid hue are rendered with what seems, in the half light, a frightful realism; and it is clad in the court dress of some former century, in a suit embroidered with gold, red stockings, and pointed shoes. Or is it perhaps a real mummy? The writer did not pause to inquire. In fact, the South Italian seems to be utterly destitute of the feeling which prompts us to conceal as far as possible, even from our imaginations, all that is revolting in death.

All Souls' in a Catholic Alpine village is very different from anything hitherto described, and often more touching in its simplicity than the elaborate ceremonies of cathedral towns. As soon as the mass has been heard on All Saints, the women of the family busy themselves with weaving wreaths of evergreens, into which any flowers that are still hardy enough to blossom are eagerly worked. In the afternoon these are carried to the churchyard, and laid upon the graves with almost silent reverence; and in the evening a lamp is placed at the foot of the last resting-place of every departed friend. At such a time the cemetery is a strange sight, with the garlands, the lights, and the groups of mourners kneeling, often in the snow; and when one passes an untended grave it seems sadly desolate. Are those who lie within entirely forgotten? one wonders; or are hearts in the wilds and cities of distant lands at this very moment yearning towards the spot that seems so deserted? We cannot tell; nor does it matter. In a few years the graves of even the best and wisest must be forgotten, or excite only the idle curiosity of the tourist, since personal affection cannot outlive a single generation. But while we continue to consider natural piety a good thing, and think it well that our present and future should be linked to our past by other than purely material bonds, we cannot regard the celebration of All Souls' as wholly evil and superstitious.

THE SEAMY SIDE OF CHEAPNESS.

IN the empty, vast, and wandering mass of correspondence about Fair-trade and Free-trade and dreadful trade of all kinds, there is one point which has been left almost alone by those persons who rush in where no angels (except Lord Grimthorpe and Mr. Goldwin Smith and a very few other very peculiar angels) care much to tread — the ground of the said correspondence with newspapers. It is needless to say that the considerations which we are going to put have nothing to do with the economic and political aspect of the question; except, indeed, that they rest on a very solid economic basis, the proposition that it will always, if other things do not interfere, pay better to sell a large quantity of commodities without much trouble of preparing and keeping, and at a low price, rather than to sell a small quantity of commodities expensively prepared and, it may be, long kept, at a high price. All men—all commercial men—know this, and have acted on it for many years. But the effect of it has never, that we know, been taken note of by "eminent hands." We are "eminent hands," and we are going to take note of it—for the benefit of the public.

There are some branches of the subject on which we have already spoken, such as cheese; following therein the lead (which we are always glad to acknowledge) of Archdeacon Denison, a person whose opinions are nearly always sound, though sometimes fantastic, whether the subject be cheese or Latin pronunciation, rhubarb tart or Mr. Gladstone. Nor do we for the present care to go into the crucial question of wine—that also we have touched on and may touch on again. The great subject of the present paper is sugar—of sugar the Muse shall speak and Mr. Speaker shall bear. We know a man who, in avowed emulation of the *compagnon miraculeux* Jules Vabre, has had in hand for many years a treatise "On The Unsugarliness of Sugar." But we do not intend to take that scholastic form. The immediate starting-point of the present discussion is a remark made by some one in the late or present discussion on bounties, that since the talk of their abolition he has had to pay a halfpenny a pound more for sugar. Put in other words, the remark is only another form of the frequently made remark that sugar was never so cheap as it has been in the last few years. Granted. We are going to supplement that proposition with an interrogation—Was it ever so bad?

It will be understood at once that we are not talking of adulteration. There was a time when "Have you sanded the sugar?" was a good joke; if it were risked at present its reception would be like the reception of those jokes about the defunct Lord Ringwood, Mr. Thackeray's account of which is one of the truest and most terrible things he ever did. Why should any one sand sugar? There is no bounty on sand, and you would have the trouble of collecting it and the expense of carrying it up to London. Nothing, not even arsenic, is so cheap as sugar now. It is popularly reported that jerry-builders would realize the dream of childhood and use sugar instead of bricks, but that the one characteristic which in its modern form it retains is a faculty of being ill suited to a rainy climate. Except the youngest of us, all can recollect what sugar *was*. In the first place, though that is a detail, it was sugar; made of the sugar-cane. It was either brown or white. If it was brown, it was somewhat too sweet for anybody who had a not very "sweet tooth," and the bottom of the cask (called "foot-sugar") was a sort of confection of sugar and molasses, uncommonly bad for toothache, gout, and other things, and naturally not very welcome to persons like ourselves (this makes the point and weight of this paper) who do not care for sweets of this kind or of any kind, but of its kind perfect. If it was white, it sparkled when it was broken or cut, and sweetened in any circumstances. At the same time the inferior nations—France and others—had a white beet sugar (necessity, as history told us, having been the mother of invention during the great Continental blockade) derived from indigenous roots. It was not very sweet; it had no sparkle; and it was as inferior to English sugar as all foreign things ought to be inferior to all English; but it was not unpleasant to eat, it made capital *eau sucrée*, and it merited the bland indulgence which a well-bred Englishman always extends to things which (by no fault of theirs) cannot be English.

Turn that page, and come to the present, indifferently represented in all countries of Europe, where sugar bounties and the infernal scientific man have reduced all sugar to a dull uniformity. The proceeds are as unlike the pure beet of old days without the scientific man as they are like the pure cane. To begin with, there is no brown sugar. You sometimes meet somebody who says he knows a shop in the City where you can get it; but he never tells you where. It is all whity-brown or dirty drab. There is no molasses in it, no sweetness; it grits in the teeth, being definitely crystalline, instead of, as in the old case, powdery. There is no white sugar either. It is not crystalline, but conglomerate; it is not sweet, and, if you put it into hot water, a strange phenomenon appears. For the purposes of what a degenerate Scotchman ("May God assoil him, therefore!" is the prayer even of the cold-blooded pock-pudding Englisher) calls "the barbaric observance of whisky toddy," it is, or ought to be, known to all men that you dissolve the sugar in the hot water before adding the whisky. The experiment is crucial with modern sugar. In at least the vast majority of cases a dirty, cloudy solution is the result, bringing sometimes most unjust accusations on hapless servitors. As used in tea, coffee, and other opaque and deeply-coloured mixtures, this abominable characteristic of modern sugar, of course, escapes observation. But let anybody try his sugar in the colourless solution, and if he does not see a soapy cloud diffuse itself he is a lucky man. The scientific person whose aid has been called in to screw the last gramme of sugar, or so-called sugar, over the legal amount out of the harmless beet, so as to secure profit, best knows what obscene means he takes to secure this obscene result. We only know the fact, and the further fact that of sugar-taste in modern sugar there is about as much, let us say, of as whisky-taste in raw grain whisky or cheese-taste in American cheese.

Now let us talk of figs. Here, again, we are quite free from a personal prejudice. The figs of auld lang syne might be venal at the nearest stall without our troubling the stall-keeper; we do not know that a sovereign, or a Jubilee five-pound piece, per fig would induce us to consume the thing at its very best. But the difference here, though less noted (for the consumers of that which is, or is not, sold "in the name of the Prophet" are rarely critical), is as great as in the other case. Years ago figs were of two kinds; now they are practically of one. There was the large, carefully dried, square or flattened sort, the skin of which was tender and candied, and the flesh (except that it was more solid) not very different from that of a well-ripened hot-house fig unpreserved. There were also the small thick-skinned fruits, which children did not exactly mind eating. The last class has been a little improved, and is obtainable at any price that any one likes to give. The first class has disappeared altogether. Personally, as we have said, we do not care; only very wonderful people, with exceptional constitutions, care for any of these things when they have come to forty year. But it is disagreeable to think that quality in anything should cease to be a subject of consideration. If there must be Mr. Gladstones, we should, for our part, prefer a

Mr. Gladstone Gladstonically perfect at Doppingers and other weapons, to a maimed and stunted Mr. Gladstone with scruples of conscience, and a floating idea that he might possibly be sometimes in the wrong.

Passons. The decadence of the sardine who shall fitly sing? It may possibly still be good enough for schoolboys—a blessed dispensation of Providence has made this age, in at least most instances, without taste, as without pity. But how is it changed, not from the sardine which *we* remember as schoolboys—that would be introducing an entirely illegitimate and uncritical standard of comparison—but from the sardine of a very few years ago, when certainly we had put off schoolboyish things. Some say that the capricious fish has forsaken the shores of Britanny, and has had to be replaced; others, that a new and unsatisfactory style of bait has been introduced; others (and we hold with them) that lower prices have made the manufacturers less careful in preparation, and that worse oil, probably machine-made, greater haste in tinning, and so forth, account for the falling off.

But in truth the particularization of such things does little good. Wherever there is an enlarged supply of anything, the production of which is not purely mechanical, quality is certain to be sacrificed to quantity. It is certain that the enormous majority of consumers do not know good things from bad, and perhaps it is unkind to wish that they did. Their state in an age of products for the million is the more gracious. But still it is rather hard on those who can distinguish—not that they should have to pay more for the good (we take it that none of them has the slightest objection to that), but that the good should become gradually unobtainable. "It is never asked for," "It does not pay us to produce," "None of our customers make any complaint," are the invariable answers when a person tormented by the thirst of perfection points out to the modern tradesman or man of business that any particular ware is, let us say, a good way off perfection, and that he would like something better. And so the dreary pessimist in the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof, looks at the fire (they haven't yet altered coals, but that is doubtless coming), and thinks of a time when all books will be sewn with wire, when all wine will be made by strictly mechanical and chemical process, when it will be impossible to get cheese more than six weeks old, when the appearance as of dirty water will be taken as a natural consequence of the solution of sugar, and when everything without exception will be cheap, plentiful, and nasty. In one very celebrated country they seem to have reached something like that happy condition already (except the cheapness, which is perhaps not a necessary concomitant). And they say that it is the Englishman's "incurable tendency to think crookedly" which makes him dislike the idea of a similar consummation on this side the water. Well! well! at any rate those of us who are not quite chickens have had their day. We have seen when, if Mr. Dillon or Mr. T. P. O'Connor had ventured into Oxford, he would hardly have left it, we do not say untarred and unfeathered, but without equally distinct and less barbarous marks of disapproval. We have seen when the phylloxera was not. We have eaten sugar that was made of the authentic cane. Let us be grateful for mercies received.

THE POPE'S JUBILEE AND THE TEMPORAL POWER.

THE various solemnities connected with the Jubilee of Leo XIII. will no doubt continue for many weeks, but the central act of the celebration—corresponding to the Queen's appearance in Westminster Abbey on June 21, 1887—took place on Sunday last, being New Year's Day. On that occasion his Holiness, surrounded by all the splendours of the Papal Court, celebrated the first Pontifical Mass witnessed in St. Peter's since the beginning of "the Captivity," using on the occasion the magnificent golden ewer and basin presented by Her Majesty for the *Lavabo*. It appears indeed from the description in the newspapers to have been a Low Mass only. But that was probably in order to save fatigue to the venerable personage who had to take the principal part in the ceremony; and if his Holiness is correctly reported to have twice fainted, while robing for Mass, the precaution was evidently not uncalled for. But in all other respects the ceremony lacked nothing of the traditional grandeur of Pontifical functions at St. Peter's. It was solemnized in presence of 48 Cardinals—three-fourths of the existing Sacred College—238 Archbishops and Bishops, and a congregation of over 30,000 persons, who broke into loud applause as his Holiness was borne into church on the *sedia gestatoria*, with the ostrich feathers, and the thrilling accompaniment of the silver trumpets in the dome to the *Tu es Petrus*, the matchless Sistine choir being reinforced by 600 boys' voices in the galleries of the dome, and the vast assemblage joining in the alternate verses of the final *Te Deum*. He received the homage of his Court according to the prescribed usage, and gave the solemn benediction *urbi et orbi*, though from the interior instead of the external balcony, wearing the triple tiara presented for his Jubilee by the Emperor of Germany. The spectacle is reported by those who witnessed it to have "baffled all description." And it was impressive not only for the scenic effect, which always made the triennial celebration of the Papal Mass at St. Peter's under the old régime an imposing sight even to those who felt little appreciation of its strictly religious significance, but because it symbolized and represented something beyond itself. Pius IX. also kept the jubilee both of his priesthood and his episcopate, but no great interest was excited by either, except from what may be termed the Cook's Tourist point of view, among any but zealous Roman Catholics. The Jubilee of Leo XIII. has evoked a genuine, and for many reasons a gratifying, expression of sympathy not only from his own religious disciples but from the outside world generally. He has received messages and tokens of regard from Protestant as well as Catholic Sovereigns, including our own Queen, and even from Eastern potentates who do not profess any form of Christianity at all. And Queen Victoria struck the true keynote of that universal sentiment of sympathy and regard when she instructed her envoy to assure his Holiness that she not only desired to acknowledge his courtesy and good will towards herself as shown by the mission of Mgr. Ruffo Scilla on occasion of her own Jubilee, "but also to give expression to her feeling of deep respect for the elevated character and Christian wisdom which you have displayed in your high position. The temperate sagacity," the envoy was directed to add, "with which your Holiness has corrected errors and assuaged differences from which much evil might otherwise have arisen inspires Her Majesty with the earnest hope that life and health may long be granted to you, and that your beneficent action may be long continued." No words could indicate with greater felicity what has been the growing and general conviction among "men of good will," as well within as without the Roman pale, who have watched with interest the policy steadily pursued, under very serious difficulties—not the least of them arising *ab intra*—by Leo XIII. during the nearly completed ten years of his pontificate. It is the prevalence throughout Christian society of the feeling for which Her Majesty has found such apt and timely expression that gave to this his first celebration of Mass in St. Peter's much more than a merely formal or ceremonial significance.

So far there is real ground for satisfaction in which Catholics and Protestants may alike heartily unite. But unfortunately, as so often happens, there is here too "a little rift within the lute," and it even seems not improbable, though all sensible people will trust that the risk may yet be averted, that this general festival of reconciliation may give birth to an angry recrudescence of the standing quarrel between the Papal and Italian Courts. Of religious bitterness there has been, so far as we are aware, no sign anywhere. For the first time since the ill-starred mission of James II. the English Sovereign has accredited an envoy to the Pope, and no murmur of disapproval has issued from England, which less than forty years ago was convulsed by a frantic and unreasoning paroxysm of anti-papal hatred and alarm. But in Italy which, in spite of all asseverations of friends or foes to the contrary, is still at heart a Catholic nation, there are ominous signs of a revival of political strife against the Papacy. And this time, we are bound to say, so far as an outsider may presume to judge, the fault does not lie mainly on the papal side. On Christmas Eve the Duke of Torlonia, as Mayor of Rome, paid a formal visit to the Cardinal Vicar, and requested him, on the part of the Municipality, to convey to his Holiness the congratulations of the city on his Jubilee. For this act of courtesy he has been summarily dismissed from his office by the Government, and it is said that the Municipality is to be dissolved and the city of Rome governed henceforth by a Royal Commission. To English apprehension this procedure does certainly look passing strange in every way. Even supposing the Mayor's act to be an unwise one, his dismissal would according to our notions be an arbitrary and illegal method of correction. It is much as though the Lord Mayor of Dublin had been—not imprisoned by a judicial sentence for a legal offence, which is quite another matter, but—dismissed by Government and the Corporation dissolved, because he had entertained Mr. Parnell at a public dinner. But moreover, considering that the celebration of the Pope's sacerdotal Jubilee has no relation direct or indirect, except such as may be deliberately read into it on either side, with the pending dispute between the Vatican and the Quirinal, it certainly appears at first sight perfectly natural that the Roman Municipality, which is an elective body returned in great measure by Catholic votes, should seize the opportunity of offering its religious homage to the Holy Father, who neither could nor would have attached any ulterior meaning to a graceful exhibition of dutiful and courteous respect. We are not surprised to learn that "many even of the Liberal organs consider the act of the Government as erring on the side of harshness." Be that as it may, there can be no doubt at all that in censuring and punishing the Mayor for what he has done the Italian Government are directly playing into the hands—we do not say of the Pope, for we can readily believe that no one views the incident with more genuine regret on all accounts than his Holiness—but of the irreconcilables who stand behind the papal throne, and by whose persistent and meddlesome opposition the "beneficent action" of Leo XIII. has been constantly thwarted and curtailed. One of their organs is already reported to have avowed the characteristic wish that some such imprudence might be perpetrated every week. It supplies them with a specious text, which they are quite sure to make the most of, for expounding the impracticability of any *modus vivendi*, and enables them to argue with much plausibility that the King's Government has itself gone out of its way to demonstrate the hollowness of the Law of Guarantees, and to show how impossible it is for Pope and King to dwell side by side in peace in the same city. And what makes the action of the Government the more inexplicable is that the King of Italy had only about a month before publicly referred in a tone of respectful

sympathy to the approaching Jubilee. The Duke of Torlonia might not unreasonably have thought he was acting in the spirit if not with the express sanction of his Sovereign.

That Leo XIII. himself will suffer his mind, or—so far as his hand is not forced—his policy to be permanently affected by this untoward occurrence we do not believe. A good deal of nonsense has been talked about his reply last Tuesday to a deputation of Italian pilgrims, including some hundred bishops, when however he simply repeated what he has often said before, and what any Pope as matter of course would say, that the real interests of Italy and the Papacy are identical, and that the latter, as representing the Church, which is "a divine and universal institution," must be independent of all secular authority. So much no Roman Catholic would dream of disputing. Even in the extremest version of the words imputed to him by the *plusquam*-ultramontane *Univers*—which must of course be accepted with great reserve—he is only made to speak of the Papacy being "restored to the true condition of sovereignty and independence which are in every way due to it." That again need mean no more than what every Catholic would admit, and is a very long way indeed short of formulating a claim for the restoration of the Temporal Power in any shape, to say nothing of a restoration of the *status quo*. That however is precisely what is demanded in no uncertain tones by many of the most ardent *papalini*, who will make what capital they can out of this infelicitous confirmation of their favourite plea. To take but one example. Dr. Vaughan, Bishop of Salford, is one, not certainly of the ablest but, from family connexions and from his having been under the last pontificate a *persona grata* at the Vatican, of the most prominent of the English Roman Catholic bishops. He contributes a paper on this subject to the current number of the *Nineteenth Century* which is a curious mixture of feebleness and force, the force being expended on establishing the truism that the Papacy ought to be independent in its spiritual capacity of the civil power, while nothing can be feebler or more unhistorical than his attempt to show that this independence can only be secured by the possession of a civil princedom. His palmary argument is an appeal to the familiar story of Pius VII. and Napoleon, whose scheme he boldly asserts "has been accomplished under a King of Italy. The Law of Guarantees of 1871 has thrown into legal form the plan sketched out in 1810." The merest tyro in history must know that no two things could well be more unlike. Napoleon's "plan," as he frankly explained it afterwards to O'Meara at St. Helena, was "to take away the Pope's temporal power, *make him my almoner*, and make Paris *the capital of the Christian world*." He said at the time, and said repeatedly, that "the Pope can never have so much power *as my policy leads me to desire for him*." And his idea was exemplified in the high-handed and unprecedented stretch of arbitrary despotism which he forced on Pius VII. in causing him by a stroke of the pen to abolish and reconstitute the whole French hierarchy. Napoleon's ideal in short was to revive in his own person the old Roman Empire with the Pope for his head chaplain, whose autocratic and infallible authority, guided by imperial inspiration, was to become his catspaw for commanding the moral as well as the civil allegiance of a subject world. God, in the person of His vicar, was to be always and visibly enlisted on the side of the heavy battalions. Such a position no Pope who respected himself or his office could for a moment think of accepting. But it will be time to urge the analogy in connexion with the present Italian complications when King Humbert betrays any design of aspiring to a cosmopolitan dominion, with the Pope for his spiritual mouthpiece. For the present it is sufficient to remark, if so vast an influence for good, far beyond that of any of his predecessors for many years past, has already been exerted by Leo XIII., in great measure through the skilful use of his diplomatic intercourse with different European States, that only serves, *valeat quantum*, to prove that the highest aims of the Papacy can be at least as effectually realized without as with the aid of the Temporal Power.

WIRE.

MEN who have hunted much and ridden hard are acquainted with many premonitors of a fall. There is the heavy, unyielding rap on stiff timber; there is the loud crash and splintering of rotten timber; there is the sudden disturbance of the equilibrium, when a horse strikes a high fence as he is in the air; there is the quiver in the quarters when he has not quite cleared the ditch on the further side; there is the sliding, sideways motion, when his legs slip, and the scrambling stumble when he "pecks" on landing. Every one of these sensations may be the precursor of a spill. But there is yet another prelude to a fall, which is far more dangerous than any of these. It is noiseless; at first it seems but a slight hindrance—nay, it appears to yield. And then——But we will not enter into the horrors that follow a fall from wire. It will be sufficient to say that if the victim gets off with broken bones he is very lucky; if he gets locomotor ataxy, it might be worse; and if he is killed, no one can be astonished.

There are four ways in which wire may be used in fences. The first consists in running it through a weak hedge. This is by far the most dangerous method of all, for when riding fast at a fence a man cannot see it. If his horse clears the fence, well and good, but if he should brush through it, the chances are that he will get one of the worst of falls. A clever, cunning old hunter is very likely to get caught in a trap of this kind. A second way of using wire is to fill up gaps with it. A sharp-eyed man can generally see it then, but to short-sighted people this is very dangerous, nor are those endowed with the best of visions much safer, when on a pulling or rushing horse, who makes for a wire-stopped gap. A third arrangement is to place a row of posts, with a wire on their tops, alongside of a growing fence, in order to keep cattle from eating it or breaking it down. Sometimes this wire can scarcely be seen from the opposite side, or only when it would be too late to pull up an impetuous horse. It is needless to point out that this is excessively dangerous. The fourth plan is wire-fencing, pure and simple. There is no particular danger in this, as any one can see it. The only objection to it is that it spoils sport. You may get the best of starts, and yet lose a run by one long wire fence crossing the line of the hounds.

We can see no possible excuse for the first-mentioned system. The insidious and possibly fatal wire concealed in a fence is, in reality, more dangerous than the old mantraps and shot-loaded spring-guns, now forbidden by law. Whatever may be the illegalities of riding over other people's land after hounds, it seems hard that the lives of poachers, orchard-robbers, and burglars should be protected, while those of foxhunters are not. Whether the second and third methods of using wire in fences ought to be made illegal may be somewhat more open to question. As to the fourth, it would simply put a stop to hunting altogether if it were to come into general use, which seems a far from impossible contingency. Here, however, there can be no excuse for suggesting legislative interference. On the contrary, we are constrained to admit that in these days of agricultural depression it is difficult to blame farmers for wishing to use a kind of fencing which some of them, rightly or wrongly, consider ninety per cent. cheaper than wood. Nor is this all. Hunting-men, and even masters of hounds, very often, if not generally, use wire fences (or iron hurdles which are just as bad) in their parks and home enclosures; to run near a country-house or large park throws out hard-riding men more than anything, except a railway or a river, for this very reason; yet the owners of these wire-girt demesnes are generally the very first people to abuse the unlucky farmer who ventures to divide any of his inclosures with a wire fence, or to substitute one for an untidy straggling hedge and ditch which demanded everlasting labour and wasted many yards of valuable land.

We now come to another kind of wire, which may be used for either of the four purposes already enumerated—we mean barbed wire. It is difficult to write, or even to think, of this sort of wire with patience. As to its inventor or the place of its invention we never have had much doubt. We do not for one moment dispute its effectiveness. No cattle or horses will willingly approach it twice. It is exceedingly cheap, handy, and portable. It serves equally well when slackly hung by a common farm-labourer as when tightly fastened by a blacksmith. Like many other things which are attributed to the same origin, it is admirably adapted to its object. Nor are we at all certain that a horseman would be more likely to break his neck if his horse were to catch his leg in a barbed wire than in an ordinary wire of equal strength. On the other hand, the injuries which it inflicts upon horses as well as hounds are simply ghastly. There is no other word for it. Whether this cruel contrivance deserves the attention of the Legislature is a question on which we do not wish to express an opinion at present; but there can be no doubt that things far less dangerous are forbidden by law. Its accompanying perils are by no means exclusively confined to sportsmen. A trouser-clad vulpicide himself might under conceivable circumstances find it injurious, poor children may be terribly hurt by it, and even the economical farmer who uses it is not unlikely to find one of his colts or cattle minus an eye. That, however, is his concern.

Never, within the memory of foxhunters, has wire been so prevalent as in the present season. In the very best of the grass countries it has sprung up in all directions. Early in the season Lord Cholmondeley's request to his tenants to take up every piece of wire-fencing upon lands in their occupation, and "to do this at once," attracted considerable attention among agriculturists, and was the cause of some breaches of the Ninth Commandment among Radical journalists. As he offered to supply the place of the wire with posts and rails at his own expense, his tenants had not much cause for grumbling. In the opinion of some hunting-men, the provision by landlords of timber as a substitute for wire is the best means of checking the practice of wire-fencing. At a hunt meeting held lately at Atherstone, it was unanimously resolved that landowners should be requested to offer wood for this purpose to their tenants. Direct appeal to the farmers by members of a Hunt has already answered very well in some cases this season. Funds have been raised in certain countries for defraying all expenses of taking away the "summer wire," and replacing it in the spring; districts have been mapped out, and volunteer agents have been appointed to apply to the farmers for leave, and to see the work carried out. This is, unquestionably, a step in the right direction. Nevertheless, with regard to foxhunting and wire, the future looks decidedly gloomy.

THE MONEY MARKET.

THE rates of interest and discount continue to fall, and the expectation is general that money will be both cheap and abundant for a considerable time to come, so much so that a reduction of the Bank rate of discount on Thursday was commonly

looked for. The Directors, however, properly decided to make no change. Money market expectations are peculiarly liable to disappointment at the present time, when the stock of gold held by the Bank of England is dangerously low. The Bank holds less than 20 millions of the metal, which is considerably under the amount held by the Imperial Bank of Germany and the Imperial Bank of Russia; is less than half what is held by the Bank of France, and is not much more than a third of what is held by the United States Treasury. Our readers will recollect that the Bank of England holds the ultimate banking reserve of the whole United Kingdom, and that the reserve depends upon the stock of gold in the vaults of the Bank. When the gold diminishes, the reserve itself must diminish. While the Imperial Bank of Germany is increasing its stock of gold at every favourable opportunity, the Bank of England has either been doing nothing to replenish its stock or has been allowing it to grow smaller. At first sight it appears scarcely intelligible that the Directors of the Bank of England should so act. The explanation, however, is not far to seek. The Bank of England is not a State bank, as the Bank of France and the Imperial Bank of Germany are. It is not even a Government bank, except in the sense that it acts as the banker of the Government. It is a private trading Company, and its Directors regard as their first duty the promotion of the interests of their shareholders. To keep a large stock of gold always is a costly enterprise, and the cost of course falls upon the shareholders. There is a strong inducement, therefore, to allow the stock of gold to run low; and in ordinary times the Directors—or at least some of them—not only yield to the inducement, but contend that they have no obligations towards the public, that they are simply the trustees of the shareholders, and bound to consider their interests alone. When very critical times arise, however, they never venture to act upon this contention. They always recognize then, not only that they have a duty towards the public, but that in self-preservation they must fulfil the duty. Of recent years, however, the Directors seem certainly to have allowed their stock of gold to run too low. The matter is the more serious because the times are peculiarly dangerous. If a great European war should break out such as the Bourses of the Continent are and have been apprehensive of for the past twelve months, it is certain that every money market in Europe would be more or less affected. It is quite possible that there might be a financial crisis in the principal cities, and that a serious drain of gold from the Bank of England might set in. The Bank could not part with much of the small stock of the metal it now holds. It would be obliged, therefore, to adopt decisive measures to protect itself, and in so doing it would disturb the whole trade of the country. Even a much slighter matter than the outbreak of a great European war would compel the Bank to adopt measures which would put out the calculations of the whole commercial community. Should fears of a financial crisis in the United States revive, a drain of gold from this country to New York might begin and assume very large proportions, and such a drain the Directors of the Bank would be compelled to prevent, at whatever cost. Even the revival of trade itself, by increasing the coin circulation of the country, will withdraw gold from the Bank, and may compel the Directors to take measures which will have a depressing effect upon trade, unless in the meantime they can materially replenish their stock of gold.

Just at present the Directors are not in a position to act effectually upon the money market. They might have done so advantageously some months ago; but in January they lose all command of the market, the payment of the interest upon the National Debt transferring so large a sum of money from the Bank to the outside market that the latter becomes for a while quite independent of the Bank, and thus the latter can only follow where at other times it leads. But in February it will begin to recover control of the market. In the last quarter of the financial year by far the largest proportion of the revenue is collected. The result is that unusually large sums are taken out of the market, and placed to the credit of the Government in the Bank of England. The outside market thus is poorly supplied with loanable capital, and is compelled to follow more obediently than at other periods of the year the lead of the Bank of England. In view of this the Directors have acted wisely in not lowering their rate, and their object should now be to obtain as complete a control of the outside market as is possible in the early part of February. In the latter half of March the expenditure of the Government becomes so great that the sums paid out of the Bank of England nearly equal, and sometimes exceed, the sums paid into the credit of the Government. Consequently, the Bank begins to lose control of the outside market early in March. There are only about six weeks, therefore, in which the Bank can act effectually upon the outside market; and the Directors should not only bear this in mind, but should so shape their policy that they may be able to raise the value of money in the outside market to the official Bank level, and thus attract gold to this country. Usually the value of money upon the Continent and in the United States is lower in the early part of the year than towards the end; while the fact that so large a proportion of our own revenue is collected in the January-March quarter tends artificially to raise the value of money in London. The result is to make the rates of interest and discount somewhat higher usually in London than abroad, and, therefore, to make it possible for the Bank of England to attract gold to itself. In order to do this, however, it is necessary that the Directors should frame a policy, and should consistently carry it out. It is, of course, possible that this year a fear of war may artificially raise the value of money upon the Continent. As yet it is quite true that the fear of war has not had much influence upon the money market anywhere, and as it is probable that some of the great Continental Governments will require to borrow, the likelihood seems to be that everything will be done to keep the money market quiet. Assuming that no war scare arises and that the borrowing Governments adopt the precautions to which we are accustomed when borrowing is going on, the money markets of the Continent may be expected to be easy for the next two or three months, and thus the opportunity of the Bank of England will be created. In the United States, again, there seems no danger of a sudden rise in the value of money. Were the fears of a financial crisis to revive the whole complexion of the American money market would rapidly change; but at present such a revival does not seem probable. It is generally expected that Congress will adopt some measure to not only lessen the accumulation of unemployed money in the Treasury, but to prevent the accumulation in the future. If it does so, the measure will undoubtedly reassure the American public, and therefore restore ease to the American money market. There would in that case be no danger of a serious drain of gold from London to New York, disturbing all calculations, and the Bank of England in consequence would be free to frame a policy with the intention of attracting gold and to carry out that policy consistently.

The immediate cause of the unexpected cheapness and abundance of money is the paralysis of speculation due to the apprehensions of war. Trade unquestionably is improving, and the tendency of a trade improvement is to withdraw gold from the Bank of England, for an improvement in trade implies the more general employment of the working classes; consequently larger wages bills on the part of employers generally, and therefore more coin to pay those bills. Goods in larger quantities are also moved over the country, and the payment for goods, for wages, and for moving goods tends to expand the coin circulation. A withdrawal of gold from London naturally tends to decrease the reserve of the Bank of England, and therefore to raise the rates of interest and discount in the short loan market. But the improvement in trade has not proceeded far enough to act in this manner upon the short loan market in London as yet. In the year upon which we have now entered it may be expected to do so, unless the outbreak of a great war or continual war scares should check the improvement; but some considerable time will have to elapse before the expansion of the coin circulation will reach the point at which the London money market will be affected. In the meantime the fear of war has kept in check speculation both in the stock markets and to a large extent also in commodities. The slackness of speculation decreases the usual demand for loans from the banks, and therefore tends to lower the rate of interest. The anxieties upon the Continent, too, tend to transfer capital from the Continent to this country. In the early part of last year there were undoubtedly large sums transferred from France to London for safe keeping; and, although just now the transference is not as great as it was then, there is little doubt that many quiet investors in the countries likely to become the theatre of war are anticipating eventualities. They may not perhaps believe that war is about to break out; but, since rumours of wars are continually recurring, they think it as well to be secure against accidents. Beyond this, it is to be recollected that the Continental banks generally like to hold large amounts of bills upon London sterling bills, as they are called. Such bills are payable in gold, and therefore give the holders command of gold if it should be required. The Continental banks are always, therefore, active competitors in the London bill market, and the employment of Continental money in this way tends artificially to depress the rates of discount in the London short loan market. Over and above all this, the revival of confidence in the American money market has sent down rates in the London market. As long as fears were entertained in the United States of a financial crisis through the accumulation of money in the Treasury, apprehensions existed here of a drain of gold to the United States, and consequently the value of money here was artificially raised. Since the fears of a crisis have died out in the United States, and the rates of interest and discount there declined, there has been a very marked decline in London. And as it seems probable that the American money market will now continue easy for several months to come, the tendency to lower rates is becoming more and more marked in London. But, as we have pointed out above, the appearance of the London money market is exceedingly deceptive. The condition of the market depends upon the reserve of the Bank of England, and that is regulated by the amount of gold held by the Bank. At any moment that amount may be materially decreased by a demand either for the Continent or for the United States, and, therefore, the future of the market depends mainly upon the course of politics upon the Continent.

THE ACADEMY AND GROSVENOR EXHIBITIONS.

At the Academy this year we see but little of an art that was planned by the old masters as a fitting accompaniment to scenes of courtly pomp and magnificence. We have little sympathy nowadays for decorative work that harmonized with gold and rich hangings, polished floors, carving, and stately columns.

We not only cannot do that sort of thing, but find it difficult enough to keep in mind that a picture should at least be suitable to some sort of house, and should look at home in some sort of surroundings. The Academy, however, is pretty well off in more intimate kind of work—work to sit beside, to live with comfortably, and to take in unconsciously at meals and at various odd hours. We will dispose first of the noble and palatial—an easy enough task. The "Apotheosis of the Duke of Buckingham" (148), a joint work of Rubens and Jordaens, though distinctly an example of the style, has little or no beauty about it, except in the figure of Fame. A shockingly jaundiced man and a woman the colour of a shaved pig wallow in the left corner; the sea and sky are of vicious tint, and the handling in many places, such as the horse's legs, is common and mechanical. A fine Titian, "Europa" (134), as regards colour and general aspect, would make an admirable design for a piece of sumptuous tapestry; but the workmanship is far too free and suggestive. There is, indeed, something quite impressionistic about the romantic coast-line vaguely peopled with deploring figures. Salvator Rosa's big landscape, with figures, "The Baptism in the Jordan" (126), belongs to the class of showy and palatial pictures; and we may put in the same category Sir Joshua Reynolds's large group, "The Marlborough Family" (120), and two dark and noble Van Dycks, "Philippe Le Roy" (149) and "Madame Le Roy" (147). Perhaps Murillo's "Virgin and Child" (131) should also be included. Its style is dignified, its colour warm, even, and agreeable; but if it be compared with a picture near at hand—"La Femme à l'Eventail" (132), by Velasquez—a want of force and subtlety in its modelling will easily be noticed. Velasquez's picture, a portrait, is a good one among the smaller and more intimate works, yet it has as much breadth as Murillo's specimen of the grand style, while its play of surfaces is infinitely more varied, as may be seen by comparing the gradation of light on the two foreheads. "Don Balthazar Carlos" (137), with a sky and distance silvery as a Corot, and a richly coloured small canvas, "St. Sebastian" (143), are also the work of Velasquez. It would be impossible in any age to find a more splendid piece of naturalism than Ribera's "St. Jerome praying in the Desert" (140). No amount of elaboration and process could express details of texture and close realistic modelling so marvellously as this dexterous straight-off handling. Two Rembrandts are full of interest—"A Young Man" (51), bearing the date 1646, shows the careful unimpulsive style of the "Lesson in Anatomy"; "An Old Woman" (109), dated 1660, the warmer colour and miraculous workmanship of the late portraits. The first, though smooth, is neither narrow nor niggled in its carefulness, and the modelling of the mouth and cheeks is astounding. The second has been done rapidly and suggestively, with superb dexterity and freedom, and yet with masterly precision. Different as they are, both give an equally accurate and finished account of form and light, both are equally aerial, both will bear a searching study of their planes, when looked at from the right distance. Yet, while the "Young Man" affects one as the most lofty prose, "The Old Woman" has all the effect of real poetry. It is a grand example of a kind of modelling which many seek to revive at the present day. It would be well if some of them remembered that pictures like this, in spite of their fascinating aspect, would be worse than tamer ones if they did not equally well express all the underlying realities of form. This dashing cleverness only scores when it goes further than any amount of cool deliberate labour. "A Dutch Gentleman" (146) is a bolder, broader, and more solid Frank Hals than the somewhat facile and shallow "Laughing Cavalier" (75). "Thomas Wyck" (61) and his Wife (65), by J. Versprouck, both of them cold and slatey in colour but full of gesture and expression; "A Dutch Lady" (72), a good Ferdinand Bol; a romantic portrait of "A Sculptor" (119), by Dobson; "Dr. Ash" (39), a Reynolds with splendidly painted accessories; and "W. Esdaile, Esq." (6), a well-preserved Wilkie, in which the bitumen still seems fresh, are the most notable of the portraits. Many excellent Dutch figure pictures by P. de Hooghe, N. Maes, D. Teniers, A. Van Ostade, and Jan Steen, will be found in the second room. "A Music Party" (53), by P. de Hooghe, is the largest, perhaps the most interesting, and certainly the most charming in colour. We have not many landscapes by the Old Masters to speak of, but one or two are of the highest order. Few Claudes, if any, surpass "An Enchanted Castle" (138) or "Europa" (130). The first is perhaps the better; one would never tire of looking at the ingenious architecture, the lovely sea, and the beautiful warm passage from yellow to blue in the sky. Rembrandt's "Mill" (74) is a very different matter, and much more solemn and much more modern in feeling; one seems to discern in such a work a probable source of Millet's inspiration. Other Mills by Hobbema (71) and Jacob van Ruysdael (111) are not more than ordinary specimens of these painters. In the third room hangs a bright solid Canaletto "View in Dresden" (145); near it hangs a curious little G. Poussin (144), as fresh as the day it was painted; and not far off, a somewhat sloppy sunset, "Landscape" (151), by Rubens. W. Van de Velde, A. Van der Neer, Van de Capelle, and others are represented. A most splendid array of Renaissance work in sculpture, bronzes, medals, &c. has been set up in the water-colour room. It comes chiefly from one or two private collections, and is so important as to demand a separate notice, in which it can be treated at some length.

Such a full illustration of English painting may be seen at the Grosvenor Gallery under the title of "A Century of British Art," that we will mention the few landscapes of the Academy in that connexion. To give a list of all the good things in the Grosvenor would take too long, so we can only point to the main groups. Two great schools of landscape, the Northern and the Southern, have ever been popular in England. Many Englishmen, indeed, show the influence of both the classic and the realistic, the Flemish-Dutch and the Italian-French. Something original, however, will always be seen in the work of the best painters. Wilson, whether he got it from Titian or elsewhere, has at times a breadth that seems to forestall some of the effects of style of the French *Romantiques*. This may be seen in two noble examples in the Grosvenor, "View on the Tiber" (79) and "View of La Riccia" (175). Neither Claude nor Poussin, though his superior in so many points, could envelope ordinary things in the romantic mystery of air and shadow which enwraps the avenue of trees in the latter picture. The "View on the Tiber," a grand blaze of colour, is scarcely a classical composition, in spite of its cypresses and stone-pines. It seems to give one hand to the Italians, and hold out the other to the modern French. Turner could be just as observant and quite as broad as Constable. We have only to look at "Mouth of the Thames" (111), a splendid piece of poetical realism. His various ideal styles are also represented. "Vintage at Macon" is a dark, heavy, but noble essay in the manner of Claude; "The Wreck of the *Minotaur*" is a fine idea much, though very ingeniously, overworked. This may be seen by comparing it with the far simpler and more effective sketch for this picture (301). There are no very good examples of Thomson of Duddingstone, who, if inferior to Turner in technical ability, knew quite as well, if not better, what a picture should be. The work which represents the Norwich school is not very characteristic; it is too much in slavery to the Low Countries. Nevertheless, such examples of Crome as "The Beaters" (53), "A Cottage and Trees" (129), or "A River Scene and Boat-house" (12), even if they have not the force and breadth of some of the National Gallery Cromes, cannot fail to please if looked at merely as pictures. By taking into account "Landscape" (36) at the Academy, we shall have a specimen of Crome's really personal style of landscape. Constable, however, is the most fully represented of any landscape painter. At the Academy we have his "Brighton: Beach and Ch in Pier" (48), a truly realistic study; and his "Sea Piece" (44), a little picture, not unlike Turner's "Mouth of the Thames" before mentioned. At the Grosvenor the most important out of a long list are "Hadleigh Castle" (7), "The Glebe Farm" (46), "Arundel Castle and Mill" (47), "Barge and Lock Gates" (51), "View of Dedham Vale" (161), "Salisbury Cathedral" (173), and from its size and as an example of inartistic elaboration—"Salisbury" (142). Constable's firm determination to try to paint whatever he liked may be seen in the heroic attempt to render dewy sparkles (47) on the last canvas he touched. He succeeds only in spoiling his picture, and destroying the value of the water which gushes out from the mill. The further experience and the more complete art of Corot were necessary before such an effect could be rendered artistically. "Hadleigh Castle" may be taken as an example of what Constable did achieve in the way of novelty in landscape. Here are shimmering lights, a moving sky, distance on distance really modelled, true shadows, and a natural composition. We cannot mention all the many fine landscapes which show, some a classic feeling, some a Dutch feeling, some a mixed feeling. We have work by De Loutherbourgh, Sir G. Beaumont, B. Barker, Gainsborough, De Wint, Morland, Wilkie, Copley Fielding, Collins, Cotman, Linnell, Callcott, Bonington, Stark, Vincent, and others. It seems scarcely necessary to say much about the figure-painters, their work is so well known, and nothing of really remarkable importance appears this year. We may mention Romney's refined "Lady in a Blue Dress," Gainsborough's charmingly unaffected "Miss Nancy Parsons," Lawrence's pompous "Hon. Mary Frederica Seaforth," and Reynolds's elegant group, "Mrs. Thrale and her Daughter." Portraits—Turner at Twenty-five, by himself (137); Wilkie, by himself (133); and Wilson, by himself (128)—will naturally awaken interest. Many good portraits by Hogarth hang in the place of honour at the end of the West gallery. Amongst these are "Mrs. Hogarth" (24), "Mrs. 'Peg' Woffington" (26), "Garrick as Richard III." (28), "David Garrick and his Wife" (27). England cannot be said to have shone in subject-painting, and what she has been most noted for in that direction is the anecdotic or programme picture. It is a danger of the genre that, however badly it may be painted, a picture of this sort can hardly fail to please the public if the artist has the talent of illustrating his subject. Several Hogarths, and a really artistic modern specimen, "The Widow" (49), by Mulready, prove that the high and serious fashion in which the Dutch told their stories was an example not always thrown away upon their English followers.

THE PERSONAL ELEMENT IN MONARCHY.

THE usual newspaper guesses which precede the meetings of Parliament are taking paragraph form. The first of a series of Cabinets in preparation for the coming Session will, it is said, be held next week. The habitual rumour that the Queen will open Parliament in person has been followed by the habitual con-

do not think this particular piece of work has been attempted before; we are pretty sure that it has never yet been executed with such conscientious diligence and in so judicial a temper. In this book the author's principal object is always to do justice. Not that he is without individual liking and disliking, or pretends to suppress them. If, indeed, there existed an ideal critic whose judgment were always the expression of universal reason, without right-hand excess or left-hand defect, the absolute equity of his criticism would probably make it very dull. Mr. Saintsbury does what is possible for mortals; he has opinions, tastes, or even whims of his own, but he is careful to distinguish them from those grounds and principles of literary judgment which are the common possession of scholars, and not reasonably disputable.

The self-denying caution used by Mr. Saintsbury prevents his book from being exactly an amusing one. A reader who wants the sharp seasoning of controversy or the sugared raptures which announce the disinterment of a new minor poet must go elsewhere. There is no want of savour, but, as in good French cookery, it is evenly diffused. Mr. Saintsbury will not entangle himself in the quarrels of modern editors and commentators. Where he has profited by their work he makes brief and fitting acknowledgment; he expresses next to nothing concerning their faults, and implies as little as possible. He refrains himself even from good words in all things that might lead into digression. Another piece of commendable self-denial is in the matter of extracts. Mr. Saintsbury purposely does not give specimens of the great masters whose work is or ought to be in the homes and hands of all people who read English at all. To reprint *Lycidas* or the dirge from *The Tempest* in a volume of historical criticism would be no less idle than it would have been inexcusable to omit them from *The Golden Treasury*. There is danger enough without this of critical works being used by idle or intellectually dishonest readers as substitutes for the literature itself, instead of guides and companions to it. In Mr. Saintsbury's case the danger is perhaps made as small as it can be; and in this respect even Mr. Saintsbury's besetting faults of manner will have their uses. Those faults (for they must not be overlooked) are an unrestrained propensity to use foreign terms and phrases, or forms of speech on the outermost verge of accepted English, an excessive indulgence in remote allusions, and a consequent disregard of the reader's convenience. Mr. Saintsbury is too apt, in one word, to talk to himself in print. It is a tempting practice, and on occasion may be justified and more than justified. Some of the most delightful literature in the world has been produced in that way. But it is not the appropriate way for expounding a period of literature to readers who are presumed to be of fair intelligence, but to know a good deal less than the writer, and to need things being made plain for them. Mr. Saintsbury writes not merely for scholars, nor for English scholars, but for educated readers of English books everywhere, and those who wish to become so. His constant esoteric allusions, his experiments in classicism and Gallicism, are therefore in this place mistaken both in substance and in art; and we feel bound to say so on behalf of the public, though we have ourselves enjoyed many of them. It is a kind of constantly recurring aside, addressed now to the student of Greek, now to the student of French, in short, to the imaginary reader who in one or another direction has gone as far and learnt as much as Mr. Saintsbury himself. But a Græcism like *xenomania* will be Hebrew to a good half, we should say, of the readers who ought to profit by Mr. Saintsbury's learning; and this even if we allow, with Mr. Saintsbury, that English ought to receive *xenomania* because Karl Hillebrand has made it pass in German. Again, French critical phrases like *excentricité voulue* will convey the right shade of meaning to only a small minority; and to call Ireland the El-Dorado-Purgatory of Elizabethan adventurers, if it be admissible in English at all, will do no good to young persons who are forming their style, or to their teachers. Along with these asperities of foreign bodies we find allusions so local and insular that not even English-speaking readers outside England can be expected to make anything of them. No doubt we are criticizing Mr. Saintsbury by a high standard. His learning and material competence, and the high object of his work, demand it. We should have liked to see in his book not only a sound exposition, but a model of exposition. However, the quaintness and hardness to which we take exception have, as we said, their good side. There will be very little chance for idlers or impostors of any kind to pass off Mr. Saintsbury's knowledge as their own.

It might be significant praise for some writers, it is hardly praise at all for Mr. Saintsbury, to say that in his own case the work and the knowledge are all his own. For the reader, however, it may be useful to know that he may always count on the materials being used in a workmanlike manner. Mr. Saintsbury has two great qualities of sound criticism; he gives the means of verifying everything, and he does not dogmatize. His deliberate passing over of certain kinds of details as unverifiable, or for the purpose in hand not worth verification, is in our eyes another merit. We do not always agree with his particular opinions; it would be strange if any two readers who read for themselves did agree in all points of so large a field. We are inclined to think that Mr. Saintsbury does not give quite enough weight to what he has himself aptly called sustained excellence on a certain level. It is true that a man of letters is entitled to be judged by his best work; otherwise it would go hard not only with many of the second, but with some of the first rank. Wordsworth and Victor Hugo are obvious examples in their widely different ways. But this does not mean that one or two brilliant hits or accidents are to be used to force up our estimate of the inferior mass out of which they came. It is enough that these live. Yet Mr. Saintsbury himself has once and again justly pointed out that the occurrence of such unexpected felicities in our Elizabethan literature, sometimes in authors generally incapable of them, or, at any rate, capable of things strangely worse, sometimes not even claimed by any certain authors, is fit to be borne in mind, mainly as showing the vigour and fertility of the age as a whole. Our precise estimate of Carew or Wither must be to a great extent an affair of individual taste. We could have borne with less of Carew's doubtful raptures and more of Wither's unconscious humours, such as are exhibited in his special hymns for the use of divers sorts and conditions of men. There is a delightful boldness in offering a hymn to tailors, weavers, and millers, with the remark that "most men of these trades are either greatly slandered or very guilty of deceit and falsehood." But whether Mr. Saintsbury does or does not make something too much of Carew and something too little of Wither is not very material. He puts the reader in the way to form a rational judgment of his own.

When we come to distinguish the merits of Mr. Saintsbury's work in different regions, we think, on the whole, that he is at his best among the lyrical poets, and least sure-handed in dealing with prose. It is in prose that we find the two surprising omissions of the book. One is the omission to mention in any way Raleigh's splendid pamphlet on the *Last Fight of the "Revenge,"* which is fairly well known by Mr. Arber's reprint and through Lord Tennyson's ballad, but is hardly so familiar that knowledge of it can be taken for granted in a book of this kind. The other is that Mr. Saintsbury has nothing to say of Shakspeare's prose. We are aware that it has lately been proved to be verse in disguise; but we continue to believe that the prose passages of Shakspeare are very admirable prose, and not less individual in their universality of manner than his verse. It would be interesting to consider why they had not more influence in their own age on English prose writing in general; and we looked for this from Mr. Saintsbury's hand. As to Mr. Saintsbury's treatment of Shakspeare in general, he spurns, like a true scholar, the rubbish-heaps painfully piled up by the folk named of Mr. Swinburne finger counters and figure-casters. At the same time he sweeps with too masterful a broom, for his words leave it open to be supposed that he thinks it futile to pay the same kind of critical attention to Shakspeare that is paid to the Greek and Latin classics. Now it seems to us that either the scholarship of three centuries has been wasting itself on things not worth doing in Greek and Latin (which, we conceive, is not Mr. Saintsbury's mind), or the reverent criticism, textual and illustrative, of Shakspeare is justified on exactly the same grounds as the reverent criticism of Æschylus. No doubt it is easier to write nonsense about Shakspeare than about Æschylus, and, what is more, to find some one to take it seriously. That cannot be helped. If, again, Mr. Saintsbury really thinks that there is, in fact, not much to be done, or even that the text of Shakspeare is in a quite satisfactory condition, we must definitely differ from him. We are apt to think that Shakspeare has often suffered from the worst form of corruption, the worst because the least reparable: namely, the perverse emendation of small-minded people—in this case actors, printers, or both—who alter a passage they do not understand, or else go about by hasty conjecture to repair some mechanical error of the copy in their hands. In either case the evidence of the true reading is destroyed.

There is another point not made about Shakspeare, and though in strictness it is a point of language, it is also of importance in literature. We mean the power which Shakspeare has had to preserve forms of speech that were on the point of becoming obsolete, besides enriching the language with his own inventions. The same thing may be said of the Authorized Version of the Bible; but Mr. Saintsbury, though he is more nearly enthusiastic over the Jacobean translators than over any other author or group of authors whatever, does not credit them with this; and, by neglecting the archaic or archaistic character of the Version of 1611, we think he indirectly does some injustice to the earlier versions which—with the single but important exception of the Psalter—were superseded by it. In any case, it appears from Selden's *Table Talk* that the Authorized Version was not in its own time received as an example of current English prose. It seemed archaic and violently Hebraistic. The triumph of the translators was a greater matter than simply writing the best English of their time; they developed a new style which, by its combined power and opportunities, imposed itself on English for all time to come. Many Scriptural expressions which are now part of our common stock were, we believe, uncouth to Bacon and to Selden. Something might be said, too, of the differences of style in the Authorized Version itself; as when we compare, for example, the Wisdom of Solomon and Ecclesiasticus with the canonical books most like them. But this would, in a general history of literature, be to consider too curiously. Neither must we stray out of bounds. It is time to withstand the many temptations of pleasant places, and part. We take leave of Mr. Saintsbury as a scholar whose work we must always respect, can with few exceptions praise, and, for our own part, do almost always relish.

NOVELS.*

It is not without a struggle against the tenderness of old associations that *A Prince of the Blood* is considered to be something of a mistake. It is a stirring tale of adventure, and it is dominated by a persuasive tone of reality which takes the reader out of his armchair, right away from his club or his *placens uxor*, and sets him down among the people of the story. The prodigality of incidents and the skilful boldness of the narrative make a sufficient answer to the inanities who declare that all the stories have been told. Murder by land and sudden death by sea, shipwrecks and hairbreadth escapes, an undiscovered island, a mutiny and an execution, a fight with savages and a rescue from sharks—these are but a few of the leading events in a tale of unflagging energy and unbroken interest. To say that a book is written by Mr. James Payn is to say that it abounds with quaint ideas and honest humorousness. Here, for instance, we are told of a Hindoo "whose nature was so gentle that he was ready to curry favour with anybody for an allowance of rum." Now and again the fun is Wellerish, as when an Eastern executioner who is engaged in racking his mother-in-law is said to have remarked, "Our relations are getting a little strained." On the supposed *vis medicatrix naturæ* Mr. Payn quotes the opinion of a doctor friend:—"There are plenty of people who will be found to tell you 'leave things to Nature,' but the simple fact is that what she's after is just this, sir—Nature wants to kill you." There is a lively scene in which Mr. Bates (second villain) is being held by Prince Tarilam (second hero) over the edge of a precipice. "Let him go, let him go!" shouted the midshipman. "Mr. Bates, when he heard that phrase, reflected with a pang on the indefiniteness of the English tongue; the Prince might very well have taken the words as an encouragement to drop him, instead of pulling him up." All the men and women in the book are "good company," especially the midshipman already mentioned, an impudent, plucky boy, who talks about "men of his own age," and a delightfully comfortable, commonplace aunt who rises with unexpected dignity to the requirements of some very embarrassing situations. The hero is an enterprising young barrister, who faces with equal adroitness the scoundrels who attack his life and the wicked uncle who refuses to bestow on him the girl of his heart. He does his love-making manfully; and against Mr. Payn's own wish, so it seems, he completely cuts the other lover out of the reader's sympathies. Like other lawyers destined to achieve professional distinction, Charles Layton does not appear to have very deeply studied subjects not likely to "come in useful," as may be seen from his retort in this dialogue:—

> "If you persist in your infamous pursuit of my ward [says the Wicked Uncle], the consequences will be on your own head. I am not one to threaten in vain. When I meet an adder I avoid it if I can; but if I cannot avoid it——"
>
> "Just so; admitting for the sake of argument that I am invertebrate," interrupted Layton scornfully, as the other hesitated, "what then?"
>
> "Why, I set my heel on it!"
>
> There was a contemptuous laugh, and then the cabin-door slammed; the interview between these two unflinching antagonists was over.

Hitherto Mr. Payn has been remarkably successful in his portraits of Nice Girls, and at the beginning of this book we are ready, like everybody else who knows her, to admire and adore Miss Edith Norbury. But her odious conduct forfeits the sympathy aroused by her charms and sorrows. Her lover being lost at sea, and the ship's company being cast upon an undiscovered land (the Isle of Flowers), where they are visited by a tribe of friendly and very amiable savages, she drifts into an engagement to marry the Prince Tarilam. To be sure, he is a particularly nice savage; he is brave, clever, and refined; if he had nursed an unspoken and unavailing passion, we could have sympathized very heartily with his disappointment. But it is an unhappy idea to make him the accepted lover of an English lady.

It would not be correct to call *Pine and Palm* a novel of adventure. It does describe a number of lively scenes and stirring events, but the narrative is sometimes overlaid with a heavy stratum of moralizing and sermonizing. It is a story of life in the Southern States in the good old slavery days. There are two heroes, and Mr. Moncure Conway is not quite up to driving a pair, so the story oscillates between them, sometimes in a perplexing manner. But, if they are taken one by one, the chapters are pleasant to read and some of them are cleverly written. Mr. Walter Wentworth becomes a little tiresome when he turns amateur school-teacher and shows how the thing ought to be done, and anybody would be considerably bored who read conscientiously through the description of tableaux and theatricals which were performed for the moral uplifting of the plantation niggers. These parts are best taken by a skip, and the rest of the two volumes may be recommended. Randolph Stirling and Walter Wentworth are fellow-students and bosom friends; but they quarrel at a debating club over the nigger question, and a duel is arranged for them by their high-spirited friends. By the intervention of accident and lovely woman the encounter is averted—a result which is to be regretted, as no harm could have come of a duel in which both combatants were determined to fire into the air. But, in spite of his moral courage, Randolph Stirling is a bold and dashing young fellow. After all his perils and troubles, including a romantic marriage with a girl whom he did not love, it is only right and proper that he should be finally rewarded with the hand of a very fine and very large young lady, who had helped to rescue a fugitive negro by assuming the necessary complexion and habiliments. Of the old life on the plantations Mr. Moncure Conway has drawn an amusing and apparently a truthful picture. It is not a pleasant representation, but he shows the bright as well as the dark side. The conversational part of the book is readable. This extract gives a fair sample of its merits and faults:—

> "Papa lately read me something about the ancient wager of combat, out of which duelling arose; it was supposed that in the combat God would protect the right, but was abandoned because He did not seem to attend duels regularly. But now there is a wager of wits. It depends on a trial of wits between Mr. This and Mr. That whether Mr. The-other shall be strangled or some baby's estate be devoured by a cormorant."
>
> "One of these days we may have female lawyers, and then—"
>
> "The legal devices will be more—more devicious than ever (a pun, I'll tell Doug that). Portia used to be my goddess, but I've lived to discover that her law was as bad as the sneak she pleaded for and the fortune-hunter she married!"

"Story, God bless you, I have none to tell, sir." That is the cry of many a needy novel-grinder; but in the art of writing a great deal about next to nothing Mr. Frank R. Stockton has achieved an unqualified success. The cleverness which is shown in *The Hundredth Man* cannot be denied.

A quotation may be allowed, because it will introduce all the more important prigs of the story. The scene is a croquet lawn:—

> "Gay and Mr. Thorne will play together," said Mrs. Justin; "leaving you and me for the other side."
>
> Stratford smiled. "That will be a most agreeable arrangement for me," said he: "but I am rather sorry for Miss Armatt and Thorne."
>
> "That is true," said Mrs. Justin. "I remember now that Gay said she had not had a mallet in her hand since she was a little girl; and you and I are both good players."
>
> "Thorne tells me he knows but little of the game," said Stratford. "Shall I take him on my side, and coach him?"
>
> "Of course not," answered Mrs. Justin. "We won't divide in that way. You must take Gay, and I will play with Mr. Thorne."
>
> The game proved to be a very long one.

And so on, and so on, almost for ever.

Miss Gay Armatt, the rich Mrs. Justin's *protégée*, is a "young girl" with intellectual aspirations. She is engaged to a Mr. Crisman, who is shown to be unworthy of her by his opinion that, when she is married, she will be too much occupied with domestic duties to go on reading for college distinctions. Mr. Stratford takes it upon himself to break off this unsuitable match, and explains to Mrs. Justin that the best method will be to induce Gay to compare the homely Crisman with his brilliant self. Mrs. Justin declares that he ought not to do anything of the kind, especially as he does not intend to marry the girl himself. He persists and succeeds in his purpose; but Miss Gay Armatt sickens of a mysterious disease:—"Her soul ceased to be hungry and her body followed the example of her soul. . . . What was left of her was a half soul, and girls like Gay with half souls die." Luckily, Thorne, though an indifferent croquet player, is able to supply the missing *dimidium animæ*; and Stratford finds that he has scorched his own wings. "Serve him right for a Marplot!" would be the verdict of an ordinary person; but Mrs. Justin calls him a hero for his pains. His intellectual measure may be taken by his theory of life:—

> It had come to him in the course of his reading and thought that, in every hundred books on a kindred subject, in every hundred crimes of a similar kind, in every hundred events of a like nature, and in every hundred men who may come within one's cognizance, there is one book, crime, circumstance, or man, which stands up above and distinct from the rest, pre-eminent in the fact that no one of the others is or could have been like it.

He is now engaged in looking for *The Hundredth Man*. Mrs. Justin points out that he is himself the object of his own researches. For the credit of humanity it is to be hoped that it contains a much smaller percentage of faddlers and meddlers. In justice to Mr. Stockton's book it should be added that a slight human interest is given to it by interweaving an account of the falling and rising fortunes of a New York eating-house which has been boycotted by the discharged waiters. There is even some fun in the position of Mr. Stull, the proprietor, who sees his business going to ruin, but cannot openly interfere to save it because he would lose his position in society if it were known that his income was derived from so humble a source. This part of Mr. Stockton's book is moderately amusing; but its only connexion with "the Amours of the Prigs" is that Mr. Crisman, after being jilted by Miss Gay Armatt, consoles himself with Matilda Stull, the vulgar daughter of a vulgar father.

If Mr. Stockton does uncommonly well what is not much worth doing, the author of *Mrs. Sharpe* does it very badly. But even this tiresome book shows that the person responsible for its existence is a reader; and accordingly all the dummies who go through their performances in these pages are very gifted beings. Mrs. Sharpe is a meddlesome and mischievous, but apparently not an evil-intentioned, woman. She sets her cap at the Squire, and nearly marries him. He is a widower, devoted

* *A Prince of the Blood.* By James Payn. 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey.

Pine and Palm. By Moncure D. Conway. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

The Hundredth Man. By Frank R. Stockton. London: Sampson Low & Co.

Mrs. Sharpe. By the Author of "Shadrach." 3 vols. London: George Bell & Sons.

An Old Man's Favour. By the Author of "Dr. Edith Romney." 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

to the memory of his lost Janet, and proves his devotion by philandering with a young girl and twice proposing marriage to Mrs. Sharpe. He is the most anxious and affectionate of fathers, as he shows by going on his travels and leaving his children in the charge of a woman whom he does not trust and by carrying about unopened the letters which would inform him of their condition. He is a miserable, vacillating creature, who richly deserved to become the henpecked husband of an odious widow.

The author of *Dr. Edith Romney* has written a very pleasant and amusing novel. *An Old Man's Favour* is full of pretty love-making and pleasant conversations. The plot turns first upon sudden poverty, and afterwards on the desire for revenge, and both "motives" are worked with considerable skill and power. It would be unfair to spoil the market for an honest novel by analysing the story. It may be recommended to anybody who likes a novel which stimulates without fatiguing the imagination. Perhaps it would not quite stand Mr. Darwin's test of being read aloud, as it is spun a little too thin. Without being childishly innocent, it is absolutely pure of offence. Ida Leigh is a very nice girl; but she was evidently not suited to pushing a young ladies' school, or doing battle with importunate tradesmen; and we are very glad to see an easier path opened for her. The struggling musician, her faithful and persistent lover, is an attractive character, with all his eccentricity and impetuousness. The most powerful and the only disagreeable conception in *An Old Man's Favour* is that of Mrs. Dering, the ruined merchant's wife, who pursues her husband's enemy and her own old lover with an unrelenting hatred that does not even recoil from using the charms of her own daughter as the instrument of her revenge. Not having aimed too high, the author of *An Old Man's Favour* is to be congratulated on having hit the mark.

EPIPSYCHIDION.*

EPIPSYCHIDION is probably the most Shelleyan thing that Shelley ever wrote. It has all his music in it, all his mysticism, all his metaphors, all his Theory and Practice of Flirtation, all his beauty, a good deal of his obscurity, all his power, and all his weakness. *Epipsychidion* would thus be a capital "paper" to set before candidates for the Shelley Society. If they are sound on *Epipsychidion* they must be sound all round. The Shelley Society has published the piece separately, edited by Mr. Potts, with an introduction by Mr. Stopford Brooke, and with some remarks borrowed from Mr. Swinburne's Essays.

The influence of Societies like the Shelley and Browning Societies appears to us rather deplorable. Sometimes they set one against poetry which one heartily admires as long as no Society annexes it and puts up placards every here and there, till it is no more like what it was than Wimbledon Common is like the

> isle under Ionian skies,
> Beautiful as a wreck of Paradise.

Till the present moment he who has turned away his eyes from beholding Mr. William Rossetti, who has abstained from Mr. Buxton Forman, and shunned the path of Mr. Swinburne, has been able to find in *Epipsychidion* a *paradis artificiel* more beautiful than the dreams of haschich or of opium. One vaguely knew that Miss Viviani was a real young person "kep' out of her own," and in a convent. But this circumstance did not interest one more than the precise geography of Xanadu and its chances of being annexed to the Russian Empire. One no more thought of looking for actuality or a reasoned philosophy in *Epipsychidion* than of asking how far Alph, the sacred river, is navigable. Certainly Shelley himself meant *Epipsychidion* to be read in this dreamful and uninquiring manner. His little preface about the death of the author, just as he was going to one of the wildest of the Sporades, proves this. The Sporades would not have suited Shelley at all, as any one can see who reads Mr. Theodore Bent's account of them. Even in Delos an English artist, storm-stayed for three days, would have starved if he had not shot the local pig with a revolver. "The present Poem," Shelley wrote, "is sufficiently intelligible to a certain class of readers without a matter-of-fact history of the circumstances to which it relates." Quite so; but now comes Mr. Dowden with his disenchanting light on Miss Viviani, on Mrs. Shelley, and on Shelley; and then Mr. Stopford Brooke analyses the philosophy of the piece, very sensibly, but very much with the result of breaking the magic wand and burying the magic book. Lastly, fate sends the volume to be reviewed, and all the bloom is smirched off the butterfly wings of *Epipsychidion*.

Emilia Viviani was a pretty girl, with a jealous stepmother. She was sent to a convent school, where she was not at all comfortable. Her confessor and tutor, who must have been a most amiable man, told Shelley that she was "made for love." Shelley was made for love, too, and went, and saw, and admired, and adored, and rhymed, and rode away. Apparently, if one may judge from Mr. Dowden's book, he (and still more Mrs. Shelley) began to wonder what he could have seen in the girl. This was the very most disagreeable thing in Shelley's character. It was not only that, as Thackeray says all men do, he worshipped a woman on his knees, and, when he got up, he went away. He used to blaspheme the idol as soon as he ceased to adore it. This may have been a sacrifice on the altar of Hymen, and an atonement to Mrs. Shelley. But one does not want to think of such conduct when one reads *Epipsychidion*. "A matter-of-fact history of the circumstances" destroys its charm. Shelley knew this perfectly well. His editors are less acute, and now, in addition to "chatter about Harriet," we have gossip about Emily. What says the poet, goaded into verse by indignation:—

> O ladies many, ladies fair,
> O Mary, Harriet, and Claire,
> O Jane, and Emily!
> Your conduct's neither here nor there,
> We do not know, we do not care
> What kind of characters you were;
> Or how you lived, or when, or where,
> Or married folks or free!

After all that has been written what do we know, if we wanted to know, about Emilia Viviani? She must have been very pretty. Before "a portion of" Shelley "was already dead," as he told his publisher, Shelley thought her very clever. Then he mixed her up with his Ideal, and wrote a poem in which it would have been for the Court of Probate and Divorce to decide whether the Ideal or the Real was being asked to accompany him to some isle in the indiscoverable seas. Then he tired of her, and laughed at her, and she married, and led her husband "a devil of a life," as Shelley feelingly remarked.

That is the long and short of it, when once our attention is invited to a matter-of-fact history of the circumstances. Mr. Stopford Brooke does not say much about the character of Shelley's performance, so it may not be superfluous to remark that his behaviour was neither manly nor even gentlemanly. A married man should not flirt, as he did, with an inflammable schoolgirl, and say that he wished they had been twins, or that polygamy was the rule of modern life, and then turn away (when he has made "copy" out of the affair) and laugh at his victim. "I am deeply interested in her destiny," he wrote, "and the interest can in no manner influence it." Probably the "interest" influenced it very much. If Emily had the heart which was conspicuous by its absence in the poet, the remainder of her life must have been extremely unhappy. But there is no sign that Shelley ever gave the subject a thought. She was the ideal for a week or two, and she inspired an immortal poem, and then the philanthropist appears to have regarded her as a second-rate sentimental schoolgirl. He himself had behaved exactly as young women of that class do. Mr. Stopford Brooke compares Dante and the *Vita Nuova*. But the Florentine did not throw over Beatrice in a fortnight. To be respectable, the ideal should be permanent. Whereas of poor Emily Mr. Stopford Brooke remarks, "As Shelley warms in his effort Emilia is neglected. She has done her work." She has supplied "copy," in fact. Mr. Brooke remarks that Shelley's habit of looking for the ideal among real women left him "no peace." He had a good deal more peace, apparently, than the girls on whom he experimented. Mr. Brooke discovers that Mrs. Shelley "did not completely satisfy his heart." Whether the heart was the organ in question seems rather doubtful. He was always faithful to Mrs. Shelley, Mr. Brooke says; and again we fail to see it. It was rather Mrs. Shelley who displayed a constancy worthy of Mrs. Micawber. Mr. Stopford Brooke observes, with perfect truth, that Shelley takes us into regions of poetry where we are taken by nobody else. "And the solemn persons who do not wish to come, but stay only among the other regions of poetry, need not grudge us our charioteer, nor our course in the æther with him." We may be solemn, but we *do* wish to come, and we do not grudge Mr. Brooke his course in the æther. But we don't care for going in a van and in the company of the Shelley Society for a day out in the æther. And we wish that Mr. Brooke, and still more Mr. Dowden, could have taken the charioteer without inquiries into character. The charioteer himself asked as much when he published *Epipsychidion*. It was published "simply for the esoteric few," and the Shelley Society is neither few nor esoteric. Indeed, thanks to Societies, nothing is esoteric any more. We shall have essays about Emilia's stepmother, inquiring whether she really was jealous of her husband's children, and who her *cavaliere* was, and whom Biondi married after Emilia died.

Any one who has cared for Shelley's poetry, and who regrets the curious inquiries of his biographers and Societies, must feel doubly glad that Shakespeare's Sonnets remain a sealed book to literary gossips. But it would be unfair to leave an impression that Mr. Stopford Brooke's Introduction to *Epipsychidion* is all, or mainly, gossip. He seems to us rather hard-hearted about Emilia, not even bestowing the humble meed of pity granted to the sex by Guy Heavistone, who, when women were mentioned, would say, "Poor little beasts!" adding "Egad!" "In herself," Mr. Brooke writes, "she does not deserve this interest. She was intelligent, passionate, beautiful, unhappy, capable of small literature; but of this type of women there are thousands in all classes." The Census has not investigated it, but we doubt the accuracy of Mr. Brooke's statistics. Even if they are correct, even if Emilia was only a pretty Miss Bunnion, she deserves the meed of a melodious paragraph, such as Mr. Brooke could have written very nicely. He may be thought a little mixed when he says in one sentence that Mrs. Shelley II. (Mary Godwin, he calls her) was the Moon of a passage in the poem, and, in the next sentence, that "she is of the earth, and not of the ideal region." The Moon is not of the earth, earthy, and has been thought ideal enough for most purposes. In fact, Shelley all his life was crying for the Moon, and when he got it, he was not con-

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* *Epipsychidion*. By P. B. Shelley. London: Reeves & Turner. 1888.

tented. But Shelley's philosophy, as expounded by Mr. Brooke, is that we love Ideal Beauty, and that alone. Human beings, women at least, we only love "that we may pass beyond them to the spirit they partially express. They are steps in a ladder by which we reach the perfect reality." *Tant pis pour l'escalier.*

If this was Shelley's case, we are solemn enough to hold that it is a mere philosophy of philandering. Nay, we are unromantic enough to prefer that foolish old chivalrous ideal of Sir Thomas Malory and Sir Lancelot, and that sinful example of Queen Guinevere, who was a true lover, and therefore she made a good end. But Shelley holds it true that we may rise on stepping-stones of our dead loves to higher things. How high he might have risen, and in whose company, but for the shipwreck of his yacht, is a question for Shelleyans rather than for the friends of poetry.

WILLIAM BARNES.*

ALTHOUGH we can by no means endorse the extravagant praise which has since his death been lavished upon Mr. Barnes, nor, with a certain Oxford oracle, claim for him among Victorian poets the highest place below Lord Tennyson, there is no question that he possessed a very original and charming talent, or that he will hold, as long as English literature exists, a niche in it that will be all his own. He was, in short, a figure of sufficient magnitude to claim the honour of biography, and we have not had long to wait for his memoir. He died little more than a year ago, and now his daughter, whose hand is by no means a 'prentice one, presents us with a volume of his sayings and doings. We are bound to say that we wish she had taken a little more time over her task, or had given the form of it a little more consideration. She has produced a pretty book, and one that will be indispensable to readers of Barnes, but she has not made an ideal biography of a poet. Very little happened to William Barnes during his long life, and, short as Mrs. Baxter's memoir is, it is too long. We hesitate to say what may seem unkind, but the fact is that she has taken up her butterfly in clumsy fingers, and has quite unwittingly rubbed a good deal of the gold-dust off his wings. We thought of the aged poet, sequestered among his apple-trees, in some flushed and misty valley of Dorsetshire. She has shown us something more like an aged pedagogue, sequestered among not altogether wisely understood books. The gift of good biography is rare, and it is not every daughter, even though she holds the pen of a ready writer, who can reach excellence at a bound. But Mrs. Baxter might have mentioned, or in reading her proofs might have noticed that she had omitted to mention, the date of her father's birth; she might have arranged her material so as to present a more coherent picture of his life; and certainly, if she printed a few of his miscellaneous letters, she might have embodied them in the work, instead of consigning them to an appendix. But it is vain to sigh over the might-have-been, so we will be thankful for what Mrs. Baxter has given us, and appreciate her good intentions.

William Barnes was born in 1801 in the very heart of the county he was to immortalize, in a hamlet by the "clotev Stour," in the beautiful Vale of Blackmore. As early as 1820—that is to say, in the lifetime of Shelley and Keats—he had published verses, and Mrs. Baxter tells us of a volume of verse, *Orra: a Lapland Tale*, published in Dorchester in 1822. What she does not appear to mention is that Barnes was at least as early as this spelling out for himself in the Greek the Pastoral poets; and that it was in emulation of Theocritus and Bion, and of no more modern master, that he was already sketching the earliest of his Dorset poems, the Eclogues. It is interesting to learn, as a fresh example of the activity of his mind, that Barnes was anxious to become an engraver, and that *Orra* was illustrated with tailpieces cut on wood by the poet himself. But who among the living has ever seen *Orra*? Mrs. Baxter confesses that she has searched for it in vain. The Dorset poems proper first struggled to light in the poet's corner of the *Dorset County Chronicle*. They were collected in a little volume, now very rare, published in Dorchester in 1844, and it is amusing to learn that they were at first attributed to Lord Sidney Godolphin Osborne. We learn that the members of the Sheridan family were among the first to be captivated by their idyllic charm, and that, in particular, it was the generous and beautiful Caroline Norton who first urged them upon the attention of literary London. Barnes, who touched all the arts, had set some of Mrs. Norton's lyrics to music; and when, in 1844, he made what was (or appears to have been, for Mrs. Baxter is very inexact) his first trip outside his native county, the poetess showed him some of the lions of the capital. The Dorset poems awakened some curiosity; and the critics, in the priggish manner of that age, extolled them as likely to assist the poor to "appreciate more fully the blessings they enjoy as class members of the Church and State." On no one, not even upon Mrs. Norton, does it seem to have dawned that such lyrics as "The Cleto" and "The Meäd a-mow'd" possessed an artistic excellence which, in 1844, they shared with no work of any living poet, save that of Mr. Tennyson, since in those days Mr. Matthew Arnold was still an undergraduate at Balliol and Mr. Rossetti meekly trudging to and from a day-school.

It is rather a doubtful question whether Mrs. Baxter has done right or wrong in dwelling at such great length as she has done on her father's philological attempts. No doubt she will be blamed for this, and we confess that what she says on this subject does not add to the attractiveness of her book. But we do not feel inclined to blame her. We do not know how she could have acted otherwise. It is notorious, as she says, that Mr. Barnes's "most earnest studies and greatest aims were in philology," and it is evident that he died without ever suspecting that he was but an amateur in the science of language. To those who see clearly that he was noteworthy because, and solely because, he was a poet, if not of high, yet of special, rank, the other occupations of his mind will not prove irritating, but amusing and interesting. His character was pure, delicate, and honest; there is no ostentation, no shadow of unworthy vanity, in his persistent eagerness about his "Redecraft" and his "Tiw." We are glad to possess this record of his life, even if it be a little less perfect than we had hoped; and we turn back from it, with no sense of disillusion, to the "hwomely rhymes" of Dorset.

* *The Life of William Barnes, Poet and Philologist.* By his Daughter, Lucy Baxter ("Leader Scott"). London: Macmillan & Co.

THE ARNISTON MEMOIRS.*

IT is often said that, in competent hands, any family history may be made interesting. If even "the short and simple annals of the poor" have been found capable of treatment, the history of a great house, like that of Dundas, a house which has given, both to Scotland and to England, eminent politicians, administrators, judges, and officers, is worth detailing; and Mr. Omond has succeeded in the handsome volume before us, in telling the story clearly, simply, and not at too great length. His materials have been gathered chiefly from the family papers, preserved at Arniston, where the junior branch of the Dundases has been seated since 1571. These documents, which seem to be unusually complete, narrowly escaped destruction when the Charter Room of the house was dismantled many years ago; but they were at length arranged and calendered by Dr. Fraser; and from them omitting, as worthy of separate treatment, the letters of Henry Dundas, Viscount Melville, Mr. Omond has made up his book. The illustrations are numerous and pleasing, especially one, a copy of a portrait of Katharine Oliphant, second wife of George Dundas of Dundas, who purchased Arniston. This very shrewd and determined looking old lady is variously estimated by the different branches. At Dundas Castle she is, or rather was, for the old family residence has been sold, looked upon with aversion, as "having damaged the family estate to obtain an inheritance for her son," while at Arniston her descendants describe her as a prudent dame who hoarded her pin-money and provided well for her children. There is still preserved at Arniston "a Venice glass, said to have been Katie Oliphant's wineglass, to which the tradition is attached that its breakage would be followed by dire misfortune." At the end of the first chapter we see facsimiles of the autographs of "G. dundas of y' Ilk" and of "Katharene olyphant, lady dundas." The first Dundas of Arniston was Sir James, Governor of Berwick; the second was "Senator of the College of Justice," with the title of Lord Arniston. This personage, who lived through the troubles before and after the restoration of Charles II., took a prominent part in politics. He resigned his office rather than renounce the Covenant, and died in retirement in 1679, before the passing of the Test Act, which would probably have driven him into exile. His son Robert also rose to the bench in happier times, and was called the second Lord Arniston. His son was also a judge as Lord Arniston, but rose to be the President of the Court of Session in 1748. This high office he held till his death in 1753. His son Robert obtained the same post in 1760. So many Lords of Session never in all probability succeeded each other. Two were judges, two were Presidents of the Court, and, to make the strange tale stranger, another Robert Dundas, the son of the second President, became Lord Chief Baron in 1804 and his brother Lord Clerk Register; while Henry Dundas, the second President's brother, was the great supporter of Pitt, and was made Lord Melville in 1802. There were many other legal luminaries in the family, but it would hardly be worth while to enumerate them all, especially as the absence of a tabular pedigree from Mr. Omond's otherwise carefully edited volume would make it a very arduous task, and, as we have seen, Mr. Omond himself is obliged to leave Lord Melville for separate treatment.

We have seldom met with a book more full of what may be called antiquarian and historical "pickings." There is very little about either the '15 or the '45; but there are so many small notes of local and family life at the time that it is difficult to select. The ravages of the small pox in the winter of 1733-34 seem all the more shocking when we remember how many among us are striving their best to bring about their renewal. A series of letters written in those years "show in a striking manner the fearful mortality arising from that disease previous to Jenner's discovery of vaccination." The "small pox" is spoken of in the plural in a letter from the President to his son, a student at Utrecht:—"Poor James Stewart, Garlie's son, died of them"; "they are raging in all this country." George, the writer's son, died "of them" in November 1733. "Susie" and "Annie" died in January; we may presume they were daughters, but the afore-

* *The Arniston Memoirs: Three Centuries of a Scottish House, 1571—1838.* By George W. T. Omond. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

mentioned want of a table of descent leaves it doubtful. In February the wife, Elizabeth Watson, died, to her husband's great grief, which, we may suppose, was fully proved by his marriage, a few months later, to Anne Gordon. The woodcuts are very pretty, especially those representing interiors; and many people will be glad to see the sketch on p. 211, where we have a corner in the dining-room at Arniston, of which Sir Walter Scott wrote in his diary in 1828:—"I am always happy in finding myself in the old Oak Room at Arniston, where I have drunk many a merry bottle." The panelling in the Library, as represented at p. 220, must be very good. There is something very fascinating in the history of a race which influenced the destinies of the nation by a kind of hereditary right—a race of lawyers, of country squires, who, whether by innate capability, or by some accident of personal manner, or by a habit of learning, or of governing, which unquestionably has been known to run in more than one family for several generations, kept themselves at the head of affairs in Scotland for nearly three hundred years.

THOMAS À KEMPIS.*

ALTHOUGH Dr. Cruise disavows all claim to originality, his work on Thomas à Kempis is no mere pièce of book-making; it embodies the results of a long course of reading undertaken as a relaxation in the midst of the pressing engagements of a physician's life, and as the labour it demanded was reckoned a pleasure, nothing has been scamped, and the volume contains a summary of all that is, and probably all that ever will be, known of his subject, excellently arranged, and in a convenient form. The ground has, indeed, already been pretty fully occupied by the two learned works of the Rev. S. Kettlewell, and Dr. Cruise is too thorough a student to slight labours by which he has profited. As a Roman Catholic, however, he has been moved to publish his present book by a desire to give the members of his own church an account of Thomas à Kempis and the *De Imitatione Christi* that would be free from the "Anglican bias" he regrets in Mr. Kettlewell's writings, an account that would not represent Thomas as a "potential precursor of Martin Luther and his so-called Reformation." It is not our purpose to enter on what Mr. Kettlewell has or has not said on this matter, but we fully agree with Dr. Cruise as to the folly of instituting any comparison between men so wholly unlike both in work and character as à Kempis and Luther. To claim an author as a "precursor" of the Reformation because his religion was pre-eminently spiritual is simply a manifestation of the ignorant Phariseeism which leads people to talk as though it was a strange thing to find that any one loved and studied the Bible or lived in close communion with God before the sixteenth century. That there is nothing in the *De Imitatione* that breathes the spirit of a religious revolt surely does not need pointing out; while, on the other hand, it is equally certain that its spirit is far removed from any extravagant exaltation of human authority. Indeed, no uninspired book of devotion has better claim to be left alone by religious partisans; it belongs to all Christians alike, and a man who can study it with the hope of finding some weapon to use against any followers of the Divine Master will meet with well-deserved disappointment. Dr. Cruise should, however, have compared the society that gathered round the suspended mission-preacher, Gerard Groot, at Deventer, with the early disciples of Wyclif; for, though we do not say that there was any striking resemblance between the two men, the movements they set on foot should be viewed side by side, especially as regards their effect on the popular estimation of monastic life. Unfortunately Dr. Cruise appears to know nothing about Wyclif, and has merely given an allusive and obscure notice of the attack upon the Brethren of the Common Life at the Council of Constance; in short, he has failed to treat the institution of the brotherhood with reference to the history of the Church at large. After some considerations in praise of the *De Imitatione*, mostly taken from the works of others, he gives a clear account of the early days of the little Society at Deventer, traces its development under Groot's successor, Florentius Radewyn, who placed it under the guidance of the Canons Regular of St. Augustine, and records the foundation of the monastery of Windesheim and the rapid expansion of the movement. Another chapter is devoted to the life of Thomas à Kempis and to notices of his companions largely gathered from his own works, and from those of other members of the "spiritual school" of Windesheim. Dr. Cruise next proceeds to discuss the authorship of the *De Imitatione*, collecting and arranging the results arrived at by the ablest advocates of each theory. Taking the claim of Thomas à Kempis first, he shews that several of his contemporaries, three of them personally acquainted with him and two members of his order, plainly declare that he was the author, and that a critical examination of manuscripts, and the internal evidences afforded by the book itself—its style, the frequent occurrence of Dutch idioms, and the like—lead to the same result, though there is reason to believe that, while it is the work of à Kempis, it embodies "not alone his own ascetical knowledge, but also the accumulated wisdom of the 'Circle of Windesheim,' from which he borrowed largely." On the other hand, he points out that no contemporary witnesses, no actually contemporary manuscripts, and no internal evidences can be adduced in favour of the claim of the Chancellor Gerson, that the very existence of Gersen, abbot of Vercelli, is something worse than doubtful, and that no one else has any claim to the authorship worth considering. The last part of the book contains the "notes of a tour" through the places connected with the life of Thomas à Kempis. Dr. Cruise visited Kempen, Deventer, and Zwolle, which is only some two miles distant from the site of the monastery of Agnetenberg, with all the enthusiasm of a pilgrim. Finding that he could not get the photographs he wanted, he returned home, learnt photography, and on a second visit took the views which he has had reproduced as woodcuts in the volume before us. They are well executed, and add to the pleasure of reading the account of his tour. He photographed the skull of Thomas à Kempis, and found that his brain must have been of more than ordinary size, and he also handled his other relics, which he naturally regarded as "a priceless treasure," and made a calculation as to his probable stature.

* *Thomas à Kempis.* By Francis Richard Cruise, M.D. (Univ. Dublin), late President of the King and Queen's College of Physicians in Ireland, &c. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

SOUTH AFRICAN BUTTERFLIES.*

THE monograph of the extra-tropical species of South African butterflies, upon which Mr. Trimen is now engaged, is not, as he is careful to inform us, merely an enlarged edition of the useful "Catalogue" which appeared with his name some twenty or more years ago; it is rather to be regarded as an entirely new work, embodying the results of the wider knowledge he has gained during a lengthened residence at the Cape, while in its production he has been largely assisted by the researches of Colonel Bowker and other friends, whose qualifications for the task and whose valuable contributions he generously acknowledges. The extent to which this monograph is in advance of the Catalogue which preceded it may be estimated by the fact that, whereas in his earlier volume he was able only to record the occurrence of 197 native species, he can now describe no less than 380, enriching his pages with minute details of the larvæ, the chrysalids, and the perfect insects, their life history, their habits, and distribution, which twenty years ago would have been impossible.

But Mr. Trimen has not contented himself with the enumeration and exhaustive description of the various forms of South African Rhopalocera ("clubbed-horns," or butterflies having the antennæ knobbed or thickened at the top), their classification, and their relationship; he has prefaced his work by an introductory essay upon the general structure and habits of the class Insecta and of the sub-order Lepidoptera, which, though primarily intended for the guidance of entomologists in the South African colonies, deserves from us more than a passing notice. It is not every writer who can repeat the familiar and oft-told tale of insect metamorphoses, of their mimetic resemblances, and of their singular and unexpected habits in clear and fitting language; and English readers, who are never likely to meet with a single living example of the genera he describes, may yet turn with interest to Mr. Trimen's Introduction to this monograph to find in it a history of transformation peculiar to the whole order which, if now related for the first time, would excite unbounded astonishment, even if it were not received with absolute incredulity.

An insignificant worm-like object of smallest dimensions, yet with well-developed jaws and voracious appetite, is seen to emerge from an egg no larger, it may be, than a pin's point, which with hundreds of others was months ago, perhaps in the last year's early autumn, glued to the bark or rind of some twig or plant, to remain till spring-time unaffected by rain or frost. No sooner is it liberated than it hastens to its proper food, and so well employs its time and powers that, with rapidly increasing bulk, it speedily demands release from its too limited skin; secreting from its tissues one of greater capacity, it strips off that which had enclosed not its body alone, but its head and legs, discarding in some instances even the delicate membranes of its internal organs, as if, imposing intolerable duties, it had strained and worn out even its own digestive apparatus. Again and again, three, five, seven, in some cases even ten times, is the process repeated, until the time approaches for a second change; the caterpillar then ceases to feed, and wandering in search of a suitable retreat, enters the chrysalis or pupa stage; in some cases enclosing itself in a silken cocoon spun from glands within its own body which diminishes in size as the task proceeds; in others constructing for itself a sheltering case from particles of earth, or sand, or wood; perhaps weaving its own cast-off hairs into a protective covering; or, strangest of all, neglecting all methods of concealment, attaches itself by its hindmost segment to some fixed object, and becoming shorter and thicker, withdraws the projecting head and legs, until, its last larval skin thrown aside, it assumes a new and abnormal form, whose prevailing tints by some occult influence accord often in a very marked degree with the coloration of the object to which it has become affixed. The final appearance as a perfect insect is not so marvellous as the changes wrought during this intermediate or pupa stage. The once nearly uniform grub-shaped body is divided into three—head, thorax, and abdomen—the six or more minute eyes are enormously enlarged and developed, a long spiral sucking-tube (*haustellum*) takes the place of the active and trenchant jaws, which are now reduced to the merest rudiments, the pro-legs disappear, the true legs and the antennæ are length-

* *South African Butterflies: a Monograph of the Extra-Tropical Species.* By Roland Trimen, F.R.S., F.L.S., &c. Assisted by James Henry Bowker, F.Z.S., &c. Vols. I. and II. London: Trübner & Co.

ened and altered, to the back of the thorax are attached closely-folded wings covered with scales, while the internal organs undergo changes equally mysterious and profound. Not until the metamorphosis is complete does the *imago*, released from its closely-fitting case, unfold and distend its wings and launch itself into the air, gifted with powers of flight seemingly out of all proportion to the slight wing-muscles and the slender thorax to which they are attached, and presenting an appearance which bears no recognizable likeness to the sordid larval form in which it had passed the earlier stages of its existence.

An unsolved problem in the economy of the Lepidoptera is the exact purpose and office of the antennæ. Varying greatly in form, and in some genera unusually long and conspicuous, it is difficult to explain their use, since they do not seem to be employed, as in other insects, as feelers or organs of touch; the extraordinary powers of smell possessed by the males of certain night-flying moths have long been recognized by collectors; and Mr. Trimen's suggestion that the antennæ are olfactory is at least worthy of more extended investigation.

The Introduction to the Rhopalocera is arranged in sections, each having its special interest; thus under Section 2, *Classification*, we notice a reference to what might be regarded as an instance of "correlation." An important feature in the classification of the perfect insect is the condition of development of the first pair of legs; we have remarked above that, in entering the pupa stage, in some cases a silken protective covering is formed, in others only a silken attachment to some inanimate object. It is remarkable that just in proportion to the atrophy of the first pair of legs in the mature insect is the extent to which these silken threads are absent or present in the pupa. The forelegs of the Hesperidæ (represented in England by the "Skippers") are fully developed, the pupæ are attached by the tail, secured also by silken thread, in some cases protected by a slight cocoon. The Papilionidæ (swallow-tail, whites, &c.) have also the forelegs perfect, their pupæ are attached by the tail, and are to a greater or less extent girt with silk; in the Lycænidæ (coppers and blues) the forelegs of the male are partly atrophied, the pupæ are attached by the tail, but firmly; in the Nymphalidæ (Fritillaries, White Admiral) the forelegs are atrophied, and the pupæ, though attached by the tail, are suspended freely and loosely.

A further section is devoted to Geographical Distribution. Though the flora at the Cape is unusually beautiful and varied, yet, with the exception of the Eastern coast-belt from about the Kei river to Delagoa Bay and Inhambane, South Africa does not seem to be a paradise for butterfly-collectors. Within the Cape peninsula, and an area of twelve miles to the North and East, Mr. Trimen in his twenty-five years' residence has only succeeded in recording some 47 species; British Kaffraria has yielded 94; beyond the Kei river Colonel Bowker has collected 117; while at Durban, on the coast of Natal, 206 species have been taken, Mr. Trimen himself in ten weeks securing 134. The most productive region in the world in Rhopalocera is undoubtedly tropical America. Mr. Bates, in his book on the Amazons, records the capture of no less than 700 species within a short distance of Pará; Europe and the Mediterranean islands have yielded about 500; the British islands, less favoured than the Continent, 63; while New Zealand, lying wholly in temperate latitudes (33° to 53° S.), with an area not much less than that of Great Britain and Ireland, possesses only 16 species, of which six at least are Australian. The sections on Differences in the Sexes, on Habits, and on Protective Resemblance and Mimicry, the latter especially, will very well repay perusal. The careful description of each individual species which forms the bulk of the work, and in which lies its true value, can only be properly treated in the pages of a scientific review; but we need not hesitate to express our opinion that Mr. Trimen's volumes will rank with the best handbooks of English or foreign butterflies which have their place upon our shelves.

NOVELS AND STORIES.*

An Exile's Romance is a story of Australian life, which, however, begins in London—as is natural in novels, at all events—for the unsuccessful plunger of romance invariably gravitates to the antipodes, and usually makes a fortune superior to anything he would ever have been entitled to in the old country. But, if the adventures of Arthur Dacre run in general on pretty well-worn lines, the details vary at times freshly, and he is a good fellow even when he discovers that his dearest friend has betrayed him. For the heroine we are devotedly grateful, because, having with her eyes open (at least she believes them to have been so) taken a man for better and for worse, she holds her vows honestly binding even when she finds them to be very much for the worse. Who will say the age of romance is past when such adventures as Dacre's, in the French penal settlement at Nouméa, were possible? We confess to a little mild wonder as to how the hero contrived to secure his money in such fashion as to escape the search of the runaway convicts of New Caledonia, or the curiosity of the subjects, *jaunes et bleus*, of the ex-Comte de Deauville; but the account of that feathered potentate reads as if it were at least founded on fact, and one feels almost sorry at the way the worthy gentleman is baulked of his revenge, even though presumably he did not hear of it. The worst of Mr. Keyser's book is his tendency to analyse his characters' feelings, and also at exciting moments to ask his readers conundrums, such as "Will he ever get there? Would the canoe live? Would it capsize?" &c. which becomes exasperating after a couple of pages when one is interested and wants to get on with the story. But Mr. Keyser knows the wild life of the country he describes thoroughly and loves it; moreover, he can invent, or introduce, characters with a fair amount of life in them, and if he would only avoid "padding," his book, good as it is, would be infinitely better and decidedly more amusing.

Environment is, we learn on the author's authority, "a story of modern (American) society," and before committing oneself on the subject one would very much like to have the opinion of some of Miss (or Mrs.) Florine Thayer McCray's countrymen on the likeness. It begins in the orthodox way at a summer resort, when the heroine, the New York girl, "was boarding up Elm Street for the summer." The hero, at least one of them, is introduced in a sidewalk "as a sturdy Saxon," whom, had his hair "been allowed to flow over his shoulders, and his muscular limbs, set free of the ugliness of modern gear, been in tunic, cloak, and leggings, one would have rubbed his [whose?] eyes, and greeted him joyously as Cerdic or Harold or Hereward the Valiant." The characters all talk with the easy freedom which prejudiced old-world readers would call "vulgarity" did they not content themselves by the apology that it is "so American." The book throughout is in the style of a very third-rate country newspaper; the various personages indulge in the smallest jokes, which always evoke sympathetic, if unintelligible, roars of laughter; they discuss music as follows:—"How wonderfully he plays," said Beatrice. "It is something beyond mere technique, though he seems a master of it. The exquisite colouring and modulation and the perfect rendition of the most intricate phrasing is so smooth and delicate, it makes me cry. Why, he handles Bach with the confidence of a lion-tamer!" (No wonder the hero dubiously remarks, "Well, now you are getting a little beyond my depth.") Another, a gentleman this time, replies as follows to an inquiry as to how he had enjoyed a party to which *à la mode Américaine* he had chaperoned the fair inquirer:—"I am never bored, Miss Merton, and, though I seldom attend such affairs, I feel myself so comfortable and pleased with every one that I fear I shall henceforth plunge into the maelstrom of society with *abandon*." We share the astonishment of this sententious gentleman on one point, that "it is a marvel to see a woman bred to a retired life come forth in perfect self-possession and confidence, and do the correct, the charming thing every time." Well may the heroine remark that "You little fathom the resources of our sex!"—at any rate in America, we add. One often hears Americans bewail the ignorance of their English cousins when the latter betray astonishment at the former's knowledge of the ways and manners of decent society; but really, as long as such books as the present are offered to us as fair specimens of modern American society, they have no more right to complain than we should if we suffered foreigners unchecked to study the *London Journal* or *Bow Bells* as a guide to the best society in England. In addition to its other merits, *Environment* is on decidedly strict "teetotal" lines, favouring us with a horrible warning in the beautiful Mrs. Meredith, whose extraordinary fall is certainly calculated to increase our admiration for and astonishment at American society as depicted by Florine Thayer McCray. After adding that the author's pet adjective is "queenly," one can only wonder, when reading pp. 374–5, how *Environment* got itself published after the criticism passed by the author through her heroine on "the promulgation of lessons by means of the sugar-coating of a story."

Another specimen of the horrors of drink is given in *Hatred is Akin to Love*, of which it is almost sufficient to say that it would be utterly repulsive were it not utterly silly. It is impossible to feel the slightest interest in any one of the characters; and, so far from having any sorrow for the death of Mrs. Newland, to look on it as anything but a happy release from such an intolerable entourage—which is evidently not quite the sentiment Mr. Ptolemy Houghton intended to inspire.

Of *Could He Do Better?* one's first impression is, "Very decidedly, even had he done nothing!" for the young gentleman who leads to the question is a prig of the first water, and little deserves the love of Judith Topham. But Heaven help the man who only gets his deserts in such matters, and as the young lady herself is more than satisfied, there is not much reason for others to complain. Certain it is that the womankind as pourtrayed by Mr. Arthur A. Hoffman are far beyond the men, even than "the useless unpractical dreamer" (as that very high and mighty young person, Ambrose Jackson, contemptuously describes him), Will Sutton, who, with scheming old Aunt Bobby, is sure to become a favourite with the reader, and his unselfish devotion to Judith is very prettily told. At all events, Mr. Hoffman's characters, both male and female, whom by the way he pairs off all round most conscientiously, in the good old fashion in the last chapter, are a distinct gain on the terrible specimens of American and English country society in *Environment* and *Hatred is Akin to Love*. All the same, the reason of Judith's curious conduct at

* *An Exile's Romance*. By Arthur Keyser, Author of "Dollars or Sense," "So English," &c. London: Vizetelly & Co.

Environment. By Florine Thayer McCray. New York and London: Funk & Wagnall.

Hatred is Akin to Love. By Ptolemy Houghton. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

Could He Do Better? By Arthur A. Hoffman. London: Hurst & Blackett.

the election is hard to understand, especially as the author takes pains to show that it is not utter jealousy, which would at all events have been an intelligible and, under the circumstance, a pardonable motive.

FRENCH CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

II.

It is difficult to avoid a certain amount of repetition in noticing the volumes of the sumptuous edition of M. Duruy's Greek and Roman (speaking chronologically, Roman and Greek) Histories which have now for a considerable number of years been issued, one after the other, as *livres d'étrennes*. It may be said of the new volume (Vol. II. of the History of Greece. Paris: Hachette), as of all of them, that the letterpress, if not extraordinarily brilliant, original, or judicial, is well informed and sensible, while the illustration is something like a liberal education in itself. A purist may, indeed, object that there is often no very obvious reason why the particular engravings should be attached to the particular text, but that is a reproach to which this style of illustration is always open. On the other hand, it may be said that the text sometimes throws light on the illustration, or *vice versâ*, and that the illustration is always a pleasant companion to the text. Not merely have admirable maps been provided, but cabinets of coins, museums of sculpture, and all other archæological treasure-chambers have been ransacked to supply the materials of the imagery. As usual, also, there is particular interest in the chromolithographs, which, to the number of some half a dozen, provide the principal illustrations *hors texte*. Once, and only once (in the plate representing the statuette of a tragic actor), does the greasiness which is the curse of this kind of work appear, while such a plate as that of the restored chryselephantine Athena simply could not have been done satisfactorily by any other method, and is extraordinarily successful in this.

We have some handsome books, both for very young and for older children, from the Librairie Delagrave. Among the first class the palm must be given to *L'éducation du petit Pierrot*. There is very little letterpress, but the engravings are conceived and executed with much comic force. The astonished and delighted discovery by a Pierrot, who is very like Mr. Dick, and a Pierrette, who is like an ex-crowned head of no matter what day, of the infant in full costume under the traditional cabbage-leaf is good. His association with a large and healthy family of forerunners, his display of sad juvenile vices—a dislike to washing, gluttony, idleness, thievery, and even the atrocity of pinning "tyran" on to the coat tails of Maître Pierrot (a delightful person), his condign punishment, and his repentance, are all excellently depicted. This is said to be by "Tante Nicole." The companion volumes, by "L'Oncle Gustave," entitled "Toto et Toinette" and "Serpolet et Coincoin," though coloured (the Pierrot story is in the appropriate black and white), are also good, but not quite so good. Larger volumes in crimson and gold cloth are *Un an à Alger*, by M. J. Baudel, with a selection of capital illustrations, many of them after Fromentin; *L'Afrique pittoresque*, a volume selected by M. Victor Tissot from various travellers, dealing, of course, chiefly with French Africa, and illustrated in the same way, and a more ambitious and original effort written by M. Frédéric Dillaye, illustrated by M. Sandoz, and called *Les héritiers de Jeanne d'Arc*. The two first require little notice, though they are good specimens of their kind. The third is a very praiseworthy effort to make an historical romance out of the little known, but finally successful, efforts of the Norman peasantry to throw off the English rule. M. Dillaye has studied his originals well, and has too much sense to represent even Formigny as a French Poitiers or Agincourt; but he is perhaps not quite successful in his archaic style. Fifteenth-century French is much more difficult to imitate than thirteenth, and an imitation of any old period, no matter what, which, after laborious efforts to be archaic, interpolates such a perfectly modern phrase as "Le comte a violé lâchement des droits sacrés des parlementaires," is but a left-handed thing. Fortunately the probable readers of *Les héritiers de Jeanne d'Arc* are not critical. M. Sandoz's illustrations, though rather too much smelling of their Gustave Doré, are good.

The two yearly volumes of the *Journal de la jeunesse* and the *Tour du monde* (Paris: Hachette) always form a considerable part of the Christmas books of the year. The first-named has its usual complement of stories and of instructive articles. The *Tour du monde*, as usual also, renews the regret and surprise which must be felt that the most globe-trotting nation in the world cannot support anything that in the least rivals this collection of the most recent geographical investigations, popular and scientific, of all parts of the globe. The present volumes contain the latest results of the indefatigable Colonel Prjévalsky, a further instalment of Mme. Dieulafoy's Persian Travels, some work of the great M. Savorgnan de Brazza, an unpublished journey in the interior of Tunis, M. Charnay's last travels in Yucatan, and shorter articles devoted to parts of France itself, to Lapland, the Faroes, and where not. The whole is illustrated admirably and profusely.

A History of the Academy of Sciences, by E. Maindron (Paris: Alcan) may seem an odd thing to include among Christmas books. M. Maindron, however, has testified silently but eloquently his approval of the preference of the modern sportsman for double-barrels. For bringing down the learned he has elaborate *précis* or *procès-verbaux* of séances, lists of members, reports, documents of all kinds. For the more frivolous public he has reproductions, some on a large scale and very curious, of early paintings dealing with the subject, engravings of portraits, even caricatures. The reproductions first referred to, especially the frontispiece, where the remarkably buxom and attractive Athene of Coypel supports on her knee an oval half-length of the *Grand Monarque*, are particularly good.

If there is anybody who does not love *Peter Schlemihl*, let such a one know that he is a bad person. But for those who do love Chamisso's book, it may be agreeable to know that M. Fouquier has edited and that M. Myrbach has illustrated a gorgeous edition of it (Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles). We are not sure that M. Myrbach's elaborate compositions seem to us to suit the subject so well as the crisp and half-grotesque silhouettes of the edition most familiar in England for many years past, but that may be prejudice. At any rate, they are very good in themselves. It is perhaps necessary to say that the French text is not a translation; for Chamisso, though he had completely adapted himself to the land of exile, had even Germanized his Christian name, and had written his masterpiece in German, retained facility enough in his mother tongue to reissue *Pierre Schlemihl* in what we are glad to see that native authority confirms us in regarding as French quite independent of his own modest apology for it.

It is a common and obvious remark enough that few people who have been long acquainted with any book, and who are fond of it, are quite fair judges of new illustrations thereto. They have their own ideals, and it is almost impossible that they should not be a little biassed by the agreement or disagreement of the artist's conceptions with theirs. However, it is possible to guard against this, and we do not think that we have failed to do so in looking over the designs of various artists to the new issue of Mérimée's *Nouvelles* in M. Jouaust's exquisitely-printed Bibliothèque artistique (Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles). Of the book itself there is no need to speak. "L'enlèvement de la redoute," "La Vénus d'Ille," and the rest, are by common consent, literally as well as anagramatically, by "M. Première Prose" (pity that the author of that pleasant fancy did not always speak of Mérimée in the same fashion). Of the engravings, M. Merson's "Mateo Falcone" is cleverly composed, but wants tragic significance, though the background is good. M. Le Blant's accompaniment to the incomparable "Redoute" is a mere ordinary battle-piece, instead of representing, as it surely should, the finale, with "monsieur qui est arrivé d'hier" talking to his dying colonel as senior officer left in command. On the other hand, M. Sinibaldi's "Partie de trictrac" is capital, the *minois chiffonné* of the actress Gabrielle, and her action in playing with the money while she puts the fatal question to her lover, being just what they should be. "Les âmes du purgatoire" is neither good nor bad; but we cannot like the attempt—a difficult one of course—at the "Vénus d'Ille." The great splay feet and the stiff posture (does not M. Bramtot know that, when ancient artists introduced a slight stoop in connexion with the action of holding up drapery to the body, they followed nature?) would be enough to condemn it; though the half-sardonic expression of the face is at least well tried at.

The same firm send us, in their smaller, but equally beautiful, "Petite Bibliothèque artistique," a pretty issue of Silvio Pellico's *Mes prisons*. Here the illustrator is the same M. Bramtot; but he has been much happier, in of course far easier subjects.

M. Calmann Lévy issues this year (or at least his name is at the foot of the title-page; though, according to a new and rather puzzling habit, the head bears the label "Collection Guillaume et Cie") three new volumes printed and illustrated in exact likeness to the first and well-known edition of *Tartarin sur les Alpes*—that is to say, adorned with vignetted designs in the page or out of it at every opportunity. These designs are sometimes in black and white, sometimes in what are called *aquarelles*—a somewhat confusing designation, as they are, in fact, a kind of chromolithograph or chromo-phototype, having, except in their intentional softness, not to say blurredness, of outline, some resemblance to the aquatint "coloured cuts" of the last century. *Madame Chrysanthème* (the new book of Pierre Loti, and the prettiest of the three) is noticed under the head of "French Literature." The others are George Sand's *François le Champi* and M. Paul Deroulède's *Chants du soldat*. Here also it is unnecessary to say anything about the literary part. In M. Deroulède's case it would be not only unnecessary, but unkind. Both make very handsome volumes. M. Eugène Burnand takes the illustrations of *François le Champi* throughout, and gives not only the vignettes above described, but full-page, and as it were framed, drawings *hors texte*, which are very effective in their way. We are not sure, however, that we do not like the black-and-white head and tail pieces (which are often tiny landscapes without any figure) best of all. M. Deroulède's book is illustrated after different artists, and has a most dashing infantry man on its cover, and an equally beautiful trooper for frontispiece. Alas! (if we may parody the famous maxim in Latin as canine as the original) *Magis bellos homines non sunt magis bravos soldatos.* The blurredness of outline on which we have commented above shows at its worst, we think, in the design to "Vive la France!" in which the thing becomes a mere smear. In fact, the general illustration of the book, with some exceptions, is below that of its fellows.

Le livre d'or du Salon (Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles) is by this time a well-known and very desirable acquisition. It appears so late in the year that there is, of course, no pretence of novelty about it, and most of the canvases or marbles, of which it gives

accounts or renderings, have been long familiar, not merely to actual visitors of the Salon, but to others. It serves, however, as a register of the best work in catalogue, and of the "best of the best" in black and white copy. The frontispiece does not make us like M. Cormon's "Vainqueurs de Salamine" much better, but it is fair to say that this kind of crowded canvas is the worst suited of all to reproduction on a small scale in black and white. On the other hand, nothing could be better suited to it than such a piece of sculpture as M. Fremiet's "Gorilla." The flowers of "Le Bréviaire" are also well rendered. But perhaps the best picture-rendering of the volume is M. Lhermitte's "La Fenaison," an admirable example of engraving, and a composition good to take the taste of *La terre* out of the mouth of any one unfortunate enough to have had to read it.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE might almost if not quite as well have noticed the last work of "Pierre Loti" (1) under the head of "French Christmas Books" for reasons given in that article; but perhaps a new book with literary as well as gift-book claims is better placed here, especially in the case of an author who, in the opinion of such different judges as Ouida and M. Scherer, is one of the chief French writers of the day. Undoubtedly M. Viard holds not merely a ready, but an exceedingly ingenious, pen. Given the moral as well as historical propriety of the line "A wife in every port has he" as applied to the sailor, there is no objection of any kind, from the point of view of the young person, to his book; for the details are scrupulously proper, and, temporary wife as she was, Mademoiselle Kikou, or Madame Chrysanthème, would, according to the customs of her own country, have a just right to complain of any one who aspersed her character. If, therefore, we find defects of taste in the book which were not present in the author's earlier accounts of his marine marriages, *Aziyadé* and *Le mariage de Loti*, it is not from any such point of view as that of the virtuous Dame Quickly. But "Pierre Loti" has in this book thought fit to take the Byronic line, and to compare the charms of, as he is pleased to call it, "morganatic" union in Japan with the said former experiences in a way very derogatory to poor little Madame Chrysanthème, to whom at this great distance we present our sincere condolences for having, even as an imaginary person, fallen upon hands, or rather lips, which not only kiss and tell, but which tell disdainful and *blasé* things. For instance, the little person longed for a comb, which (after undue delay, as it seems to us) Pierre Loti bought for her, and this is his reflection:—"Plus tard, quand Chrysanthème sera devenue une vieille guenon comme Madame Prune [the old lady from whom he bought it] avec des dents noires et de la dévotion, son tour arrivera de brocanter la chose—à quelque belle d'une génération à venir." Fie! M. Viard, is that the way a gentleman speaks of even his temporary wife? There was a time when a Frenchman thought and spoke of his mistress "quand elle serait bien vieille" in rather a different fashion. By force, moreover, of constantly informing the reader how dull and discontented he was in his rather illicit earthly paradise, we are bound to say that M. Loti produces something like a similar feeling of dulness and discontent in that reader, which he can hardly have intended. But it is fair to add that in point of mere description—minute to the point of photography and yet never "realist"—he has seldom done anything better. And in one part, at least, the touches of jealousy of his Frère Yves, for which good fellow Madame Chrysanthème seems to have had more inclination (and no wonder) than for her *maussade* and disappointed proprietor, the thing is excellently done.

We hope we shall not excite the ire of M. Romain Vienne (2) (who seems to be something hot and choleric) if we say that we really care very little to hear either truth or falsehood about his friend Marie Duplessis. Far be it from us to throw stones at her or any of her sisterhood, alive or dead. She seems, indeed, to have been a very favourable specimen of her class, neither coarse, nor grasping, nor hard-hearted, and she might have made a very good wife and mother if fate had been kinder to her. But we have always owed her a little grudge for attaching her rancid reputation to the most beautiful (next to the rose) of all flowers. And (though this is not her fault) the sentimentality of the particular book which made her famous and of its derivatives has also always appeared to us an exceedingly offensive sentimentality—as silly and maudlin as the "sensibility" of the eighteenth century, with a sordidness in addition from which that sensibility was quite free. Let her rest in peace by all means; but digging up bones is not letting them rest in peace.

Mr. Parry's *Colomba* and Mr. Elwes's *Charles XII.* (3) are good specimens of school-book editing. Both editors are still a little afraid of what we think the more excellent way in such editing—the furnishing, that is to say, of abundant literary information; but what they do in this direction is a long way ahead of the utter insufficiency of the older school editions in this respect. Their notes are perhaps a little too full, and we are still entirely unable to understand why derivations and suchlike things, which ought to be given once for all in the dictionary, should be given in notes to a particular author, unless (which is not the case once in a thousand times) there is something in the special context requiring the information. But these are general matters, and still undecided in at least general opinion.

(1) *Madame Chrysanthème.* Par Pierre Loti. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(2) *La vérité sur la Dame aux Camélias.* Par Romain Vienne. Paris: Ollendorff.

(3) *Voltaire's Charles XII.* Edited by R. H. M. Elwes. *Mérimée's Colomba.* Edited by C. H. Parry. London: Rivingtons.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

MODERN Italian Poets, by William D. Howells (Edinburgh: Douglas), claims to be a sketch of Italian poetry during the hundred years ending in 1870, not fully representative of the period, though illustrating a century of national aspirations towards freedom and unity. With a brief glance at the Arcadian versifiers and the Academics, and a sketch of Parini, in which we have at least one effective rendering (43-44), these essays and translations deal with the writings of the more prominent poets of the revolutionary epochs of the century. Practically the survey extends from Alfieri to Aleardi, and may be said to end with the last Austrian occupation of Venice. Mr. Howells does indeed refer to the eminent Carducci, but he likens his work to "an agnostic flowering of the old romantic stalk," and evidently regards the stalk as irretrievably exhausted. The Italians, he seems to think, are too busy writing realistic novels, "as every people do who have any literary life in them," to produce poetry of vital force and inspiration, and, to clench the matter, Mr. Howells reaffirms an oft-iterated conviction with a new application—"In Italy, as elsewhere, realism is the ultimatum of romanticism." There is no need to deal with this odd introduction of an old thesis by the incorrigible Mr. Howells, as he himself is helpful in testing its value. Having declared that literature in Italy has found the "scientific and realistic development" common to all other countries, he confesses—"I do not know the more recent work, except in some of the novels, and I have not attempted to speak of the newer poetry represented by Carducci." Much of the patriotic poetry dissected in this volume is somewhat faint, not to say spiritless, in accent, and savours of the perfunctory expression of a sentiment; while the whole can only be accepted as national with very considerable reservations. Alfieri's hatred of tyranny, for instance, is something almost alien to Leopardi's mournful and melodious invocations to his native land. Monti and Ugo Foscolo suggest no conceivable parallel. Even Mr. Howells, "inured to drought by travel through the Sahara of Italian verse," finds it difficult to treat with serious respect some of the poets whose patriotic strains he translates. It is hard for him to respond with due fervency to the loathing of police spies, foreign soldiery, priests and other obnoxious persons, expressed by these tyrant-quelling bards. He playfully insists that their demands on his sympathy caused him serious embarrassment. As an American citizen, what should he know of spies and tyrants? Hence, perhaps, we find more of dry and rather painful literalness in his versions than of spirit and warmth. Among the more successful are some of the charming *stornelli* of Francesco dall' Ongaro, specimens from the *Arnaldo da Brescia* of Niccolini, and of Aleardi and Carcarno. The oft-attempted Napoleonic ode of Manzoni is, however, cruelly distorted, and Mr. Howells exemplifies on the whole the utter vanity of poetical translation.

Tenants of an Old Farm (Hodder & Stoughton) is an entertaining and, in some respects, a novel example of the art of popularizing scientific teaching. The author, Dr. Henry McCook of Philadelphia, and Sir John Lubbock, who contributes a preface, are of one mind, however, in thinking that the truths of natural history are sufficiently attractive in themselves, and need not the guise of fiction or a seductive colloquial style. Nevertheless, these excursions of a naturalist in the habitats of spiders, beetles, flies, moths, and other insect forms will amuse and instruct many who would never open a text-book of entomology. The author is an accomplished naturalist, a keen observer, and writes with perspicuity and animation. His book is illustrated by drawings after nature by Mr. Edward Sheppard and Mr. Stout, some of which are of great beauty, and the humorous cuts after Mr. Beard are often whimsical indeed, though they demand close study before their ingenuity is apparent. A sort of chorus to the disquisition of the naturalist is supplied by old Dan, who makes a good "corner man," and Sarah Ann, another domestic, whose superstitions with regard to moths and spiders season the lighter interludes between the naturalist's evening lectures.

Perhaps the nature of Mr. William Tirebuck's *Great Minds in Art* (Fisher Unwin) is sufficiently indicated by noting that sixty-two of its pages are devoted to Gustave Doré and thirty-five to Albert Dürer. In the table of contents each of the eight artists discussed is credited with some typical artistic quality, and is made to represent some country. Painters like Rembrandt and Velasquez, who represent art and not a country, are thus styled Dutch and Spanish respectively; "light and shadow, dramatic effect," is the note of the one, and "realism and romance" marks the other. Dürer is "German" and stands for "symbolism," while Doré is "French" and "imagination" (!) is his master quality. After this it is not surprising to find Landseer representing English art, and his express power in art is "the love of animals." Altogether this is a feeble book.

The new volume of the *Portfolio*, edited by Philip Gilbert Hamerton (Seeley & Co.), sustains to the full its reputation, both in literary contents and in illustration. Mr. W. Armstrong's papers on Scottish Painters, Mr. Blomfield's excellent notes and illustrations on Half-Timber Houses in Kent, Mr. Laurence

Serle's articles on London during the last century, and papers on Signor Costa's landscapes and M. Auguste Rodin by Miss Cartwright and Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, are contributions that command admiration. Among the beautiful plates that have long been a specialty of the *Portfolio* must be mentioned M. Rajon's etching after Murillo's "Flower Girl," Mr. G. W. Rhead's etching after Mr. Pettie's painting "Dost Know this Water-Fly?" and a variety of fine reproductions by Dujardin, Armand Durand, and Massé.

Among our new editions and translations we have *Ecclesiastical English*, by G. W. Moon (Ward & Downey); the Rev. W. Wood's *The East Neuk of Fife* (Edinburgh: Douglas); the *Life and Letters of Cicero*, by the Rev. G. E. Jeans (Macmillan); *Sakoontalá*, by Sir M. Monier-Williams (Murray); *Salome*, by J. C. Heywood (Kegan Paul & Co.); *Prince Lucifer*, by Alfred Austin (Macmillan); *Homespun Yarns*, by Edwin Coller (Chelmsford: Durrant); *Réséda*, from the French of Zenaïde Fleuriot, by A. W. Chetwode (Dublin: Gill); *Burke*, by John Morley, "English Men of Letters" series (Macmillan); *Principles of Political Economy*, by Henry Sidgwick (Macmillan); *Poetical Works of N. P. Willis*, Routledge's "Pocket Library"; *Lucretia*, "Pocket Volume" edition (Routledge); *Foods: their Composition and Analysis*, by A. Winter Blyth (Griffin & Co.); *Montesquieu*, from the French of A. Sorel, by Gustave Masson (Routledge); *Victor Cousin*, from the French of Jules Simon, by Gustave Masson (Routledge); *François Liszt*, translated by B. Peyton Ward from Mme. Janka Wohl (Ward & Downey); and, in the "Unicorn" series of novels (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), *Jobson's Enemies*, by E. Jenkins; *Jonathan*, by C. C. Fraser-Tytler; *In Troubled Times*, by E. J. Irving, from the Dutch of A. S. C. Wallis, and *The Basilisk*, by H. P. Stephens and Warham St. Leger.

We have also received the *Live Stock Journal Almanac*, 1888 (Vinton & Co.); the *Insurance Year Book*, 1883 (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.); the *Advertisers' Guardian* (Louis Collins); *Showell's Housekeeping Account Book* for 1888 (Virtue); the *Catholic Directory*, 1888 (Burns & Oates); and Mr. Thomas Skinner's *Stock Exchange Year Book*, 1888 (Cassell & Co.)

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Printed by SPOTTISWOODE & CO., at No. 5 New-street Square, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London; and Published by WILLIAM BOYCE, at the Office, No. 38 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul Covent Garden, in the County of Middlesex.—Saturday, January 7, 1888.



THE

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OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,681, Vol. 65. | January 14, 1888. | [Registered for Transmission abroad.] | Price 6*d*.

LORD SALISBURY AT LIVERPOOL.

IT was once remarked that Lord SALISBURY'S speeches had almost all good qualities except one—they did not show that desire of soothing the feelings of his adversaries by which a good Christian should always be animated. If statesmen were not as a rule obliged to make their arrangements long beforehand, the delivery of this week's Liverpool speeches, so soon after the Winchester election, might be thought to confirm this stricture. Many things have combined to produce in the Gladstonian party a state of extreme irritation of mind. The DOPPING affair exhibited their leader in a plight which hardly any statesman but himself could have survived, and which even to him was so damaging that his followers took care to say nothing whatever about it, and not even to attempt defence. The Crimes Act, instead of failing, is succeeding all over Ireland. The recipe of flooding the English constituencies with Irish stump-orators, after showing signs at first of being successful, has proved utterly useless. A Gladstonian philosopher might no doubt retain some equanimity after all these things; but he would probably do wisely in not reading any speech of Lord SALISBURY'S until he had recovered from the effect of them; and there can be little doubt that this wisdom has been intuitively shown in many quarters. The ill temper of those whom their hard fate has obliged not to show it is proportionately great. It has even been driven—Lord SALISBURY being too hard for it—to vent its irritation on Mr. BRIGHT for his unconstitutional doctrine that the QUEEN should not be asked to make such men as the present Nationalist members Ministers. HER MAJESTY is gravely told that she ought not to regard party in such matters. No doubt; but then Mr. BRIGHT was not talking of party. It is not objected to the Nationalist members that they champion Home Rule; some very respectable people have championed, and do champion, that, though we think them strangely wrong. What Mr. BRIGHT argued was that the associates of the vilest criminals, hung and unhung, the open promulgators of doctrines which strike at the root of the common rights of humanity, are not fit, whatever their political views, to be trusted with the government of a nation. It is convenient, no doubt, to substitute the other proposition for this; but it cannot be permitted. It may be added as a friendly caution to Gladstonians that, in their own interest, they would do well not to speak as though the charges against the Irish members rested on the authority of *Parnellism and Crime*. It would scarcely prove competence in Roman history and politics to speak as if the death of JULIUS CÆSAR rested on the authority of *Pinnock's Catechism*.

This digression concerning Mr. BRIGHT is a digression only in appearance. For Lord SALISBURY has been taken to task in some not unfriendly quarters for dealing at length with the false assertions of Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE, and others respecting himself and his party. Yet it was as necessary for him to do this as it is necessary for us to correct that little matter about Mr. BRIGHT'S unconstitutional notions of constitutional government. If anybody says that the custom of requiring long polemical speeches from politicians, great and small, is an almost unmitigated nuisance, we shall very heartily agree with him. But, if the thing has got to be done, it must be done thoroughly. The whole stock-in-trade of the Gladstonian party consists in a little sentiment and a great deal of falsehood. The sentiment may be let alone; the falsehood cannot be let alone with safety. It may be weary work, and to some respectable and intelligent people it may seem unnecessary work, to go on contradicting; but it has to be done. The trouble, for instance, which Lord SALISBURY took with the constantly repeated assertions about Tory coquetting with Home Rule was assuredly not lost trouble. It will not silence the said assertions for good, no doubt; though the thing is a known lie (it is better sometimes to call things by their plainest names), and has been a known lie ever since it was first started. The contradiction will have to be given again and again. But it will be effective for the time, and for the time the enemy will be deprived of an exceedingly useful, if exceedingly dirty, weapon. When they pick it up again, it will have to be knocked out of their hands once more. This, it may be said, is a dreary prospect; but, then, the prospect of government under modern conditions can never be anything but rather dreary except to persons with a good dose of patriotism, a strong conviction of their political principles, and an unbounded stomach for fighting. The joy of battle fortunately remains much the same whether men tilt leisurely in the neatest of damasked armour or skirmish with sticks and stones; and the stake remains as great as ever.

So, also, the repeated exposure of those tactics which have been as unweariedly pursued as the tactics of misrepresentation—that is to say, the plan of encouraging Irishmen to break the law in Ireland and to hinder the making of law in England, and then of turning round and blaming the Government for inaction in England and terrorism in Ireland—however thankless it may seem, was necessary. It may seem lost labour to answer the historical criticisms of a person who avowedly has postponed the study of history to his seventy-seventh year—these Letters to an Aged Gentleman whose Education in Irish matters has been Neglected may seem almost superfluous. But they are not. Where the method of the one side is ceaseless construction of fallacy, the method of the other must be ceaseless destruction of fallacy. Constructive or positive arguments for Home Rule there is no need to meet, for the simple reason that there are none. The Unjust Judge argument, the *Que Faire?* argument, stand alone, as they always have stood, and it is not much use attempting to refute them. To supply an antidote to the poisoned weapons, to contradict the forgeries and the falsehoods, to demolish the invented history and the sham law, that is the laborious task of the Unionist orator. And, confessedly, there is nobody who sets about it with greater energy or greater success than the present PRIME MINISTER. He is provokingly free from any of those peculiarities which afford a handle to the only known method of Gladstonian controversy. Lord SALISBURY never compiled a hymn-book like Lord SELBORNE, who, as is clear to Gladstonians from the fact of that compilation, can know no law and have no valid opinion on politics. His nationality and religion give him a most unfair advantage over Mr. GOSCHEN in the eyes of disputants like Mr. LABOUCHERE. He has never been connected with trade—an indelible disgrace (according to some haughty *fils des croisés* on the Radical side), which rests not only on Mr. W. H. SMITH, but even on Lord CRANBROOK—and, if he did once write newspaper articles, it is inconvenient for several reasons to urge that point very strongly against him. These immunities perhaps account for the curiously injured tone which is frequently adopted by his adversaries.

One further remark may be made with reference to that part of Lord SALISBURY'S speech which dealt with the unfortunate "CARNARVON negotiations," as they are sometimes

called. That it is utterly false to describe Lord SALISBURY or any member of his Cabinet, except Lord CARNARVON, as having in any way dallied with Home Rule, and that even Lord CARNARVON'S dallyings were not in intention compromising or disgraceful, are, we repeat, known and certain facts. But the conduct of the enemy, and the necessity of the PRIME MINISTER'S denials, show once more—what we have unweariyingly contended for here—the extreme unwisdom of, even in the most indirect manner, consenting to any such proceedings, and the dubious wisdom of committing Ireland to the keeping of one of the most estimable and honourable, but also one of the most guileless, sentimental, and crotchety, of Tory politicians. Lord SALISBURY and his party have suffered enough, in one sense, for the great error of not renewing the Coercion Act—an error the consequences of which were fully foretold at the time, in prophecies which have been fulfilled to the very letter. Politics never forgive; and the dreary task of perpetually contradicting false accusations is only a just punishment for a real and almost inconceivable blunder. But it may at least be hoped that the perpetual recurrence of the punishment will serve as a warning against the repetition of the fault which provoked it, and for which it can hardly be thought excessively or unreasonably heavy.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION.

THE Duke of ARGYLL has done well in recalling public attention to the outrageous character of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Irish proposals. The New Constitution, as the DUKE calls last year's scheme, has of late been thrust into the background by inquiries into the misfortunes of Mr. O'BRIEN or Mr. BLUNT, and by exhortations to "re-"member Mitchelstown" where there may be any convenient opportunity for vengeance on the Irish Constabulary. Party fanatics, of whom Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN is the most bigoted, have persuaded themselves that some of the most obnoxious features of Home Rule have been removed or reduced by a vague compromise, supposed to have been offered at Swansea or elsewhere. Some of Mr. GLADSTONE'S followers have openly propounded the doctrine that the provisions of a future Bill are to be settled at the discretion of Mr. GLADSTONE. The Duke of ARGYLL concurs with the enormous majority of intelligent politicians in declining to repose any confidence of the kind in the former leader by whom he and his friends have been deserted. It would be unreasonable to tamper with such questions as the substitution of a Federation for the Monarchy, on the suggestion of the wisest and most honest statesmen, of PITT, for instance, or of PEEL. There are still more conclusive reasons for rejecting in Irish matters the guidance of a Minister who asserts that he inclined during fifteen years to a revolutionary measure which he during all the time consistently denounced. The vexed question of the retention of their seats by representatives of a country which would have a Parliament of its own involves an insoluble problem. The English Home Rulers have almost unanimously protested against the alternative of exclusion which was deliberately preferred by Mr. GLADSTONE. He has accordingly condescended to promise that he will not refuse to consider a measure which would obviously accelerate the separation of Ireland from the United Kingdom. Perhaps Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN may not be alone in his grateful acceptance of an indefinite concession; but the objections to a twofold Parliamentary representation of Irish constituencies are, at least, equally conclusive. The plan of allowing Irish members to vote only on Irish questions was condemned by Mr. GLADSTONE himself for the sound reason that a distinction between Imperial and Irish questions was impracticable.

The preposterous contrivance of conferring on the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council a jurisdiction over both the Imperial and Irish Parliaments was perhaps the most extravagant article of the newfangled Constitution. Servile imitation of the American institution of the Supreme Court was worthy of the statesman who denied the existence in the United Kingdom of fundamental laws. He had formerly, as the Duke of ARGYLL reminds his readers, "described Mr. BUTT'S proposal as involving a demand 'that "'Parliament was to be broken up.'" "The breaking up "of a great Parliamentary Constitution never can," as the DUKE justly adds, "be otherwise than a tremendous expe-"riment." Sophists may argue that the so-called omnipotence of Parliament is incompatible with the recognition of fundamental laws, or, in other words, of a Constitution anterior to statutable provisions; yet at the Revolution of 1688 the Convention recognized the sacredness of the fundamental laws which the dethroned King had wilfully violated. The most authoritative historian of these events repeatedly speaks of the fundamental laws which were not re-enacted but reasserted and once more sanctioned by the Declaration of Right. That Parliament is in ordinary cases absolutely supreme and irresponsible is itself a fundamental law. The Estates of the Realm, with the sanction of the Crown, may effect almost any other change; but Parliament cannot declare itself perpetual, or abolish one of its own branches, or convert the Monarchy into a despotism or a Republic. Mr. GLADSTONE'S notorious criticism on the language of the Queen's Speech of 1866 showed that he consciously cherished the purpose of violating the laws which he denied to be fundamental. In ancient Athens a demagogue who had obtained a majority for an unconstitutional measure in the popular Assembly might be afterwards tried and convicted of a breach of the ancient laws of the Commonwealth. In England he can only be punished by general reprobation. The methods of proceeding since the first inception of the Home Rule scheme have been as objectionable as the actual measure.

The unscrupulous levity with which the Home Rule movement has been conducted is in itself revolting. The Duke of ARGYLL exposes with just severity the changes which have been introduced into the scheme since it was first propounded. The accompanying Land Bill was described by Lord SPENCER and by Mr. GLADSTONE as an indispensable accompaniment of the creation of an Irish Parliament. There could be little difference of opinion as to the honourable obligation to protect Irish Loyalists from confiscation. It is true, as the Duke of ARGYLL contends, that the necessity of protecting property against the action of a proposed Legislature involved unqualified condemnation of the policy of Home Rule. A Parliament which could not be trusted to maintain the obligation of contracts could have no moral claim to any of the powers which were in one respect to be limited or withheld. The framers of the Bill, having at that time not discarded all considerations of justice, virtually acknowledged the binding force of the fundamental laws which they repudiated for rhetorical purposes. By the American Constitution not only the State Legislatures, but Congress itself, is prohibited from impairing the validity of contracts. England has up to this time taken for granted the claims of honesty and justice. Even the most daring of innovators could not, as he then thought, establish a Parliament which in his opinion would have predatory tendencies without providing some kind of security against acts of spoliation for which he would be held responsible. The Decalogue still retained something of the character of a fundamental law; but six weeks after the introduction of the Land Bill Mr. GLADSTONE had risen superior to scruples. In a Midlothian speech he stated, though he could not have known the fact, that the Irish landlords had not been eager to accept compensation for the probable confiscation of their estates. He therefore warned them that the sands of the hour-glass were running out, and he has practically allowed them no opportunity for reconsideration. Mr. GLADSTONE has since taken credit with his partisans for pledging himself to refuse the act of justice which had been at one time binding on his sense of honour and on Lord SPENCER'S.

There was no sufficient justification for the introduction of any measure which involved an organic change in the national Constitution; but, if the abnormal state of Ireland were thought to justify the project of a new Constitution, the proposer of such a scheme was bound to a definite and intelligible plan. The opponents of Home Rule disbelieve in the possibility of devising any measure of the kind; and they are entitled to raise any objections which may attach to any given form of Home Rule. When the Bills of 1886 were submitted to the judgment of the House of Commons, the details of the plan were necessarily made public, and they were alone sufficient to condemn it. The best part of the entire measure, consisting of the accompanying Land Bill, was so unpopular with Mr. GLADSTONE'S supporters that it could perhaps have scarcely been carried. The dilemma between the admission and the exclusion of Irish members at Westminster tended to divide the revolutionary party. The Home Rule Bill was consequently withdrawn from the Gladstonian programme as soon as it was defeated in the House. For a year and a half there has been universal discussion of the theory of Home Rule, and many

elections have been decided with exclusive reference to the single question of Union; yet it is not known to friends or adversaries which scheme is at any future time to be submitted to Parliament. Lord THRING, who was probably in Mr. GLADSTONE's confidence during the composition of the original Bill, has defended its provisions with an energy which would have been wasted on an abandoned project. There can be little doubt that, if his advice is followed, the House of Commons will at some future time be invited to reconsider its verdict. The bulk of the party is more sensitive to popular judgment, and it finds it safer to sign on trust a blank sheet of paper than to fill up the outline with clauses which would be liable to specific objection. It would perhaps be more just to hold the leader responsible for the obscurity of his intentions than to blame the docile followers who must wait to form their conscientious convictions till they know what they are to think and believe.

The Duke of ARGYLL, with good reason, ridicules the argument for a new Constitution which is founded on the numerical proportion of Nationalist members. As he says, fundamental questions cannot be decided by a plebiscite. "The impulses under which the masses may be got to vote "away the liberties of others and their own are as "numerous as they are unsafe." Too much importance ought perhaps not to be attached to the special disabilities which affect the existing constituencies of Ireland. According to modern theories, ignorance, political dishonesty, cupidity, and revengeful feeling are not supposed to incapacitate any body of persons from taking a part in government and legislation. The large percentage of Irish voters at the last election which professed to be illiterate was probably organized by the lay and clerical managers, who thought it expedient to control doubtful votes by their own presence during the process of polling. It is not likely that for a long time the Irish electors will be moderate and trustworthy. The best security against their misconduct is provided by the circumstance that the Nationalists are a minority in the Imperial Parliament. The Duke of ARGYLL seems to be more hopeful, as he quotes the numbers of voters at the last election. Not much more than half the whole number of electors voted for Parnellite candidates, and the total majority is said not to have exceeded the trifling number of 4,823. Little reliance can be placed on statistics of this kind. The constituencies which returned Parnellite candidates without a contest seem not to be included in the calculation. The Duke of ARGYLL is perfectly right in contrasting Mr. GLADSTONE's servile deference to the decision of the Irish voters with the passionate hostility of his criticisms on the return of an adverse majority in Great Britain. Few of his former followers speak of their recreant leader with equal boldness and candour.

"YOUR DOG!"

HOW differently, and with what "larger other eyes," is a dog viewed by his victim and by his owner! All night the hound expends the whole poetry of his nature in yelling, howling, moaning, barking—*Orat, plorat* (and gets swore at) (like Dr. JOHN BROWN's tyke), and everybody hears him but his master. It is the same with seeing dogs. At Westminster Mr. D'EYNCOURT has listened to the woes of Mr. SCOTT WINANS and the defence of General BROADLEY HARRISON. The General lives in Beaufort Gardens, and Mr. SCOTT WINANS has a brother who has an office in the same eligible residential district. Like a good brother, Mr. WINANS wishes often to visit the scene of his kinsman's labour. But there is (or has been) a lion in the way. The lion is General HARRISON's bulldog, or the bull-pup of the son of the General. The former of the Ollendorffian alternatives was favoured by Mr. SCOTT WINANS; the latter by the gallant officer. Mr. WINANS, in effect, says, "You keep "a ravening bulldog which makes Beaufort Gardens more "dangerous than Juba's lion-haunted shore." The General, in effect, answers:—"*Distinguo*; my son *did* keep a lively "bull-pup, the delight of careless infancy and the chief "ornament of Beaufort Gardens. But even that pup is "now with his regiment in Ireland." The difference is almost as great as the difference between PIP's four fabled hounds that ate veal cutlets out of a silver basket and the entire absence of even a puppy. Anyhow, Mr. WINANS suffered "a terrible shock to his nerves," and it was only by means of "great presence of mind and a silk umbrella" that he escaped the fate which once menaced the prophet DANIEL. General HARRISON put it to the magistrate that the dog, if unprovoked, was a lamb, but that, if a timid gentleman threatened him with an umbrella, why, like the fabled horse, "he would no longer do so." Mr. WINANS replied, with all the eloquence of an OLLENDORFF, "Three "times I have been attacked by your dogs, or dogs from "your house." But Mr. WINANS may now cast off the pale hue of dread; General HARRISON is leaving Beaufort Gardens, and the dog, or dogs, or pup, as the case may be, will leave also. No more the dog for childhood's back will serve (they rode him pick-a-back), no more his cheerful voice will make the walls of Beaufort Gardens shake. But Mr. WINANS now may go to see his brother to and fro, nor dread to meet in mid career, a horror and a shape of fear, like that which turned the soldier wan who "spake the spectre hound in Man." Nay, upon Erin's verdant shore that dog dwells and will come no more, and Mr. WINANS, in distress, need call not the Seven Witnesses, who, every man of them, would swear, the Dog went biting round the Square.

Thus all is well that endeth well, in Beaufort Gardens men may dwell; nor fear, whene'er from home they jog, to be brought back—*inside* the Dog, like her of whom old stories tell, she loved a Tiger passing well (a nymph was she of stately Riga), and once came back—inside the Tiger.

THE ANARCHY IN LEWIS.

THE rebellious spirit of some of the Scotch Highlanders and Islanders is apparently spreading. Both in the island of Lewis and on the mainland the pretensions which they have been induced by local demagogues to urge are inconsistent with the existence of property. The rioters who lately destroyed a number of deer belonging to Lady MATHESON and her tenant might be supposed to have some crude notion of the difference between wild animals and ordinary stock. Other malcontents have audaciously demanded the occupation of a farm to which they cannot pretend to the shadow of a legal right, and a large mob has driven off the tenant's sheep and cattle with as little compunction as if the animals had been deer. In the first instance they profess a willingness to pay rent for the land if their demands are conceded; but, as Irish agitations have demonstrated again and again, agrarian encroachment is invariably encouraged to further excesses by partial victory. The concessions which have already been made in the North of Scotland have been accepted partly as a recognition of moral right, and principally as proofs that the dissatisfied part of the population may rely on the support of a political party. Recent disturbances in parts of the Highlands have caused serious alarm in Scotland, though they have not been reported at length, or largely discussed in English papers. It is satisfactory to observe that attempts at outrage have, in almost every case, been followed by legal proceedings. The duty of maintaining order, which formerly devolved on the Lord Advocate, seems now to have been transferred to the Secretary of State for Scotland. Some of those who took part in the institution of the new office may perhaps not have been anxious to strengthen the arm of the law in Scotland. The two or three incumbents who have hitherto held the post can scarcely have been expected to meet with the same kind of difficulties in enforcing the law which has of late years habitually occupied the attention of the Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. In both countries demagogues have learned by experience that appeals to the cupidity of their clients are more effective than political arguments and fallacies. Irish malcontents are believed to care little for the projects of Home Rule which are sedulously inculcated by their leaders. In Wales even the vernacular press, and Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN himself, abstain from responding to Mr. GLADSTONE's proposals of disruption. The people of Lewis are covetous only of the property of their neighbours; and, up to this time, they have not formulated any political creed. They, of course, vote for the Parliamentary candidates who court their favour by the largest promises.

There is no doubt of the chronic distress which has long prevailed in some parts of the Highlands. A barren country and an inclement climate produce poverty as their natural result. The efforts of some of the great proprietors to improve the condition of their tenants have in many cases proved to be unacceptable to the objects of their

bounty. In the early part of the present century the predecessors of the Duke of SUTHERLAND incurred much undeserved blame on account of the removal of some of the inland occupiers to more fertile districts in the neighbourhood of the coast. At an earlier period emigration had also been tried on a large scale with good material results, obtained at the cost of much popular discontent. In recent times the MATHESON family spent large sums in improvements, with the incidental result of providing much local employment; but it has apparently been found impossible to contend with natural disadvantages. The best remedy for the condition of the people would be emigration on a large scale; but it is impossible, as it would be oppressive, to remove the population against its will. No practicable experiment appears thus far to have succeeded. The land on which the lawless destruction of the deer was lately attempted had only been turned into a forest after the failure to render it profitable as a sheep-farm. The latest acts of violence have been committed where the land was stocked with sheep and cattle. It is highly improbable that squatters without capital would have been able to extract a tolerable livelihood from the soil. Only those who are intimately acquainted with the country can form an opinion of any value as to the economic possibilities of providing reasonable subsistence for the inhabitants; but little sagacity is needed for arriving at the conclusion that no good result can follow from a defiance of the law. In more than one case bodies of landless intruders have selected farms for distribution among themselves; and it is certain that, even if their first demands were comparatively moderate, submission to their arbitrary seizure of property would not stop with the original instalment. One consequence of the success of the agitators would be the withdrawal from the Highlands of the capital and of the private expenditure which partially correct the natural poverty of the country. Prudent capitalists have for some years ceased to advance money on landed security in Ireland. It may be conjectured that Highland proprietors already begin to find that their applications for loans are not regarded with favour.

Some theorists apparently hold that the claims of pauperism take precedence even of undisputed rights of ownership; but in the most extreme cases the claimants cannot be allowed to select at their pleasure the funds from which they are to obtain relief. The concession by recent legislation of some of the demands of the Crofters is already quoted as a precedent for interference with property where there is no pretence of actual need. The Scotch Farmers' Alliance, which includes many Lowland members, has with suspicious alacrity supported the demands of the Crofters; and Welsh demagogues have not been slow to cite the same authority for the partial or total expropriation of landowners. In these cases there is no pretence of starvation or distress, and the pretence that a readjustment of ownership would tend to increase the national wealth is at the same time irrelevant and false. Property is sacred, or rather exempt, from discussion, not because owners are specially meritorious, but on the ground that undisputed possession is the basis of existing social order. While sophists invent refined distinctions between property in land and other forms of ownership, law and custom recognize no difference of the kind. A purchaser of land has a right to rely on the implied undertaking of the community to protect and enforce a transaction which is legally permitted. It is true that a landowner is not entitled to injure his neighbours by the use of his own property, but the same restriction applies to anything else which may be acquired and possessed. An ingenious apologist for plunder lately propounded the fantastic quibble that land could not, by the law of England, be held in full ownership, because it was by a legal fiction supposed to be held under the Crown. The author of the theory unavoidably refused a challenge to suggest an instance in which the supposed feudal superiority interfered with the absolute discretion of a tenant in fee. Such restriction, even in the extreme case of the Highland Crofters, has only been imposed by modern legislation.

The uneasiness which has been caused in Scotland by the late disturbances is not confined to those who are interested in property in the Highlands. It is well understood that the example of the riotous Crofters will be contagious if they succeed. It is indeed surprising that wealthy or substantial tenant-farmers should sympathize with a movement which already threatens to include them among its victims; but when once rights of property cease to be taken for granted as ultimate facts, some persons will be more anxious to obtain the property of their neighbours than to secure their own. Even if the outrages which have been committed in Lewis and in Sutherland had been excusable, they weaken the authority of the law on which all rights depend. Frequent efforts have been made to extend the area which is now subject to exceptional legislation. As in Ireland, infringement of proprietary right is ostensibly excused on the ground that the circumstances are peculiar, and that consequently an anomalous policy can never be erected into a precedent. Since the introduction of the first Irish Land Bill it has appeared that the novel doctrines are applicable to entirely different subjects and circumstances. The Crofter disturbances and the partial remedies which have been attempted were confessedly imported from Ireland. The most formidable of Irish agitators, himself the founder of the Land League, has introduced the same policy into Wales. The Crofters and the editors of disaffected Welsh journals have eagerly accepted the example and the doctrines of Irish Nationalists. DAVITT himself is more consistent than the majority of his followers, for he has never held that a casual occupier ought to profit exclusively by the spoliation of the landowner. If property is to be confiscated, he would assign the succession to the whole community. His Socialism has never been popular in Ireland, where the disaffected class is bent on securing to itself the fruits of plunder. The Crofters are still less likely to appreciate the claims of society at large. Their Lowland sympathizers have for their principal object the acquisition by the tenant-farmer of the freehold under the name of fixity of tenure.

Although the alleged rights of the Crofters have probably served as a pretext for the late disturbances, the offenders are, it seems, simple wrong doers, without the pretence of a claim in the land. It is stated that they are without exception squatters who might at any time have been ejected from their holdings, except, perhaps, where they have acquired a title by length of possession. It seems that Lady MATHESON has, purely from benevolent motives, abstained from ejecting the squatters even when in point of law they were simple trespassers. As squatters they have none of the rights to pasturage or other advantages of the land which belong to Crofters. Apparently they think that no excuse is required for open violation of law. A number of them coveted the possession of a farm which the occupier had no intention of vacating. On his refusal to obey their summons, they have destroyed some of his fences by night, and if they had been allowed to continue their criminal proceedings with impunity, they would probably have perpetrated additional outrages. This quarrel with a tenant-farmer affords a valuable illustration of the tendency which is common to all attacks upon property. In this case the owner of the land would have suffered no pecuniary loss if the trespassers had continued to pay the present rent. The occupier is robbed and injured because he happens to be in possession of a commodity which others wish to obtain for themselves. Even the wildest agrarian projectors have not hitherto ventured to deny that, although it might be wrong to own land, it was permissible to hire it for a term, and, indeed, to convert the temporary lease into a perpetuity. It can scarcely be doubted that public opinion in Scotland will approve of the punishment of the Lewis Moonlighters. It is no excuse for their offence that they have been incited by the promoters and apologists of the Trafalgar Square rioters.

THE RAID ON BOURGAS.

IF there are any persons who are honestly in doubt where the real troublers of the peace of Europe are to be found, a careful study of the last filibustering expedition in Bulgaria, and of the telegrams dealing with the views of Russia in that country, might possibly be of service to them. The general characteristics of the NABOUKOFF raid are very familiar. Insignificant enough in itself, it is exactly like not a few other such raids which have, in countries imperfectly settled, before now overturned and reconstituted governments. It is not necessary to lay stress on any of the more doubtful and legendary features of the affair—such as the reported appearance of a Russian man-of-war just before the raiders landed, and its prompt disappearance when it became clear that they were unsuccessful. The undoubted facts are quite enough. A small party of desperadoes, which apparently would have been much larger but for the good information and prompt action of the Turkish Government, lands near the most valuable port

of Bulgaria, in hopes of carrying it by a *coup-de-main* if they can gain a first success, and attract recruits. The officers are either Russians or Bulgarians of the type of Prince ALEXANDER's kidnappers. The men are for the most part Montenegrin bravos—valiant ruffians enough, no doubt, but, now that a little of the romance of the Black Mountain has been worn off, allowed to be the curse of the Balkan peninsula by all accurate observers, even by some who have begun their investigations with as much hatred of the brutal Turk and the base Austrian as Mr. EVANS or Mr. FREEMAN can feel. The attempt is obviously of a neck-or-nothing character — all such attempts are — and even the kind of men who make it can only be induced to make it by heavy bribes beforehand, and by a kind of belief or make-believe that there is a chance of their being joined by others in the country itself. There is no one who has the money or any interest in spending the money necessary for the bribes except Russian agents. There is nobody who believes, or has an interest in making believe, that Bulgarians are discontented with the present Government of their country except Russian agents. Perhaps Prince FERDINAND or his Ministers paid NABOUKOFF and his Montenegrins to come and be killed. This theory may perhaps commend itself to the persons who believe that Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH and Mr. BURKE hired the ruffians who killed Mr. BURKE and Lord FREDERICK CAVENDISH. Otherwise there is absolutely no explanation of the Bourgas raid except that it was due, not necessarily to the Government of the CZAR, but to the agents of that Government.

It failed, of course, completely; [illegible]d the leaders and many [illegible]f the followers seem to have been very satisfactorily shot. It did not even provide mendacity with an excuse for saying that the country people joined the raiders, though, of course, the said mend[illegible]ity goes on gravely repeating [illegible] Bulgaria is groaning [illegible] tyranny, and praying for [illegible] come [illegible]er and [illegible]elp her. But it might have [illegible] lono [illegible]nly this, but much more. It might h[illegible] [illegible]p a [illegible]al revolt, for there are fools and mal[illegible] [illegible]t in most countries. It might have given an [illegible] saying that Prince FERDINAND's Government ina[illegible] [illegible]ed a reign of terror; it might have put the one port of Bulgaria where landing is easy into Russian hands. The object, therefore, was clear, and the ill-success is comparatively unimportant. NABOUKOFF is dead, and some score or so of Montenegrins will never have a chance of cutting off Turkish noses again. But the Black Mountain is a fertile mother of rather venal heroes; and there are plenty of Russian soldiers who owe the Bulgarian Government a grudge for protecting local industry in their profession and discouraging the import of Russian officers into the Principality. Disorder will be encouraged just as long as it suits Russia to encourage it and make capital out of it, and as long as it does not suit the other Powers to point out that this kind of thing must be stopped, or Russia will be excluded from the privileges [illegible]he has abused, and the *de facto* establishment of a reg[illegible] [illegible] Government in Bulgaria will, whether Russ[illegible] likes it or not, be formally recognized without further delay. That is what, if courage and justice combined had prevailed with the Powers of Western and Central Europe, would have been done long ago; and perhaps (as not unfrequently happens when courage and justice happen to agree) it would have been in no very long run shown to be neither the most troublesome nor the most hazardous course of conduct. But one Power has family affections, and another is blessed with Home Rule in its different parts, and a third thinks it well to court Russia, and the two others have neither any particular interest in moving, nor perhaps, to tell the truth, any very great ability to move. And so Bulgaria is left at the mercy of the HITROVOS and the NABOUKOFFS in their respective capacities.

It is, however, from time to time signified more or less officially, or officiously, by Russian organs that Russia is really dying for this state of things to cease, and that it might be made to cease by everybody returning to the strict execution of the Treaty of Berlin. But, when it comes to be inquired what points of the Treaty of Berlin are to be strictly observed, the inquirer finds that the answer is unintelligible, unless he supposes that the Treaty of Berlin is in some such case as that other too famous or infamous one—the White and Red Treaty which deceived OMICHUND. The Red Berlin Treaty, which Russia fondly hugs, and the strict execution of which is all she asks for, contains stipulations about the government of Bulgaria by Russian and Turkish Commissioners (of whom the Turk is to be practically a dummy), the election of a new Prince, to be nominated by Russia, and so forth. The White Treaty, which was actually executed ten years ago, which is in all the books, and which is the constituent instrument of the Balkan Governments as they stand, contains unfortunately not one of these things, nor any things like them, and does contain others with which these things are absolutely and hopelessly incompatible. It would seem, therefore, that matters are completely at a deadlock—a deadlock for which the hustling out of Prince FERDINAND in this way or in that supplies no sort of key. Russia relies on the Treaty of Berlin, and yet the Treaty of Berlin is absolutely fatal to the demands of Russia. It is idle to suppose that, if the Prince of BULGARIA were called THOMAS, or RICHARD, or HENRY, instead of FERDINAND, it would make any difference to the CZAR. That potentate appears to be suffering from a kind of inversion or distortion of the feeling which made the poet's enamoured damsel cry "Call me PHYLLIS, call me DORIS, "Call me LALAGE or CHLORIS, Only, only, call me thine." If Bulgaria and Bulgaria's Prince will only call themselves his, he would probably care very little what was the nominal description of Prince or Principality. But, unfortunately, Bulgaria absolutely declines to call herself his, and the whole question is whether Europe will permit him to put constraint on her affections. Of this the author —whoever he was—of the forged letters was perfectly aware, and he was also perfectly aware that such *gentillesses* on the part of Germany as the late efforts of the German papers to show that Prince FERDINAND is a wicked man, who has no right to call himself Royal Highness, have nothing serious about them. If Prince BISMARCK is prepared to let Russia break the Treaty of Berlin, and turn Bulgaria into a Russian province, all these pretty tricks are quite superfluous; if he is not, they are worth nothing at all. And the reports, unauthentic enough, of the intentions of Germany and Austria go no further than the extrusion of Prince FERDINAND, and even expressly deny any intention to occupy or permit the occupation of Bulgaria. It remains to be seen how the apparent recrudescence of Nihilist or other disorder in Russia will affect the foreign policy of the Empire. It is well known that such disorder has sometimes stimulated aggressive movements abroad, and sometimes checked them, the particular direction of its influence being never very certain beforehand, and indeed depending for the most part on personal judgment, if not on personal impulse.

THE CLUB TRAIN.

THE persons of frivolous habits and dangerous political prejudices who live in Clubs are to be supplied with another luxury. Trains are to be provided for their particular benefit. They are to run between London and Paris, and between the hours of 4 and 11.30 P.M. They are to consist entirely of first-class carriages, to carry a hundred and twenty passengers only, and to be replete with every comfort, in the form of dining-saloons and dressing-rooms, or rather carriages. Seats can be booked beforehand at the chief Clubs of London and Paris. The qualification sounds a little invidious. No doubt there are differences in Clubs, but it does not follow that it will be pleasant to have a railway Company deciding whether your own is or is not to be considered entitled to the adjective. Probably there will be no difficulty on this point. A railway Company must sell its tickets to whosoever offers legal tender for them, and though the traveller may book at his Club, he will not be bound to book there. The name Club Train is a good one, and will serve to distinguish a particular convenient train as well as the more poetic title of Flying Dutchman. These trains will be undoubtedly very convenient. They will go at rational hours, they will be fast, and it will be a great advantage to be rid of the necessity of buying a ticket in the station or at one of the few agencies.

These are all improvements, and are capable of further extension. Whether the liberty to book a seat beforehand will abolish hurry and scurry at the moment of starting will depend on the good sense or good luck of the traveller, as before. Even now it is quite possible to get into a train in a leisurely way. It is only necessary to reach the station in time, and secure a place. The gentleman who is so unwise or so unlucky as to come on the platform half a minute before the Club Train starts will have to look sharp

if he is not to be left behind. His sticks, umbrella, and miscellaneous rattletraps will have to be shot into the carriage after him, and his luggage tossed into the van, precisely as if he were going by an ordinary slow train. Except at the beginning of the holiday seasons, the traveller has himself or his bad luck to thank for it if he has any difficulty in getting a seat in a first-class carriage comfortably. If all the hundred and twenty seats of the Club express are taken, there will assuredly be a crush and a hurry going on about it just before it starts. But there is no reason why the risk of having to face worry and crush should not be made as small as possible. It would be a most convenient thing if tickets could be bought as easily for trains as for theatres. Even as it is, nobody need buy his ticket in the station. Messrs. Cook and others are prepared to supply him in a more convenient way. The power of booking a seat by telephone or message from a Club will increase this facility very considerably. We can see no reason why the same opportunity should not be given to travellers by all trains. The Companies could lose nothing; and, as they already allow agencies to sell on their behalf, they would not need to make any change in their system or any great addition to their staff. It would simplify the process of "intraining" (the word may as well be applied to the civilian as to the soldier) if the seats were numbered like stalls, so that the passenger could go straight to his place without waiting until the guard had found one for him. By adopting the rule followed now in most churches, which treats all seats not occupied at a certain time as free seats, the Company would leave their customers a reasonable margin of liberty. There are travellers whose joy it is to secure an empty carriage. These might not like to make the journey in company when an unoccupied compartment was to be got. It seems that the Companies rely on filling all the hundred and twenty seats of their Club Trains. The calculation is perhaps a little sanguine; but the trains will, no doubt, be popular among people who are prepared to pay for comfort, and the easier they are to use the more they will be patronized. As for the other advantages promised—the dining and dressing carriages—we do not despair of seeing them supplied on many other expresses before long. A few months ago a French Company ran a train fitted in this way from Paris to Lisbon. What can be done in France, Spain, and Portugal can be done between London and Edinburgh. There are many passengers who would pay not to be compelled to rush across York Station and hurry through a meal in the refreshment-room, good as it may be. The Club Train is decidedly a move in the right direction—in the direction of treating the railway-traveller as a person entitled to every consideration and convenience for which he is prepared to pay.

MR. WILFRID BLUNT.

As we shall find nothing in the course of these remarks to say in favour of the conduct which has brought Mr. Wilfrid Blunt to Galway Gaol, we are glad to be able to commence them with an acknowledgment of the propriety of his behaviour since he has been there. It is a satisfaction to us to note the marked superiority in fortitude, dignity, and common sense which has characterized the demeanour of the English Parnellites under their sentences as compared with that of their Irish colleagues. Mr. Blunt, like Mr. Doughty before him, finds no attractions in the example of those wretched men who, after having invited the world to witness their heroic self-immolation in the cause of their country, are exclaiming against the Government which has had the barbarity to take them at their word. The only two English agitators who have suffered as yet from defying the Government in Ireland have neither of them shown Mr. O'Brien's desire to reverse Mrs. Browning's pathetic description of the factory children, and to become "martyrs by the "palm without the pang." Mr. Doughty submitted without protest to the prison rules, and Mr. Blunt has done the same. Lord Ripon, as a good Radical, is naturally scandalized to find a person of "superior position" treated exactly as scores of humbler offenders of the same kind have been treated without exciting any similar disquietude in his lordship's breast; and he has informed the public by telegraph that he regards Mr. Blunt's treatment "with "grief and surprise." Inasmuch, however, as the prisoner appears to be neither surprised nor grieved at it himself, Lord Ripon's emotions seem to be a little inappropriate to the occasion. We can only recommend him to reconsider the whole question of punishments, offences, and offenders, and to see whether there is really anything so very scandalous in subjecting an "English gentleman"—to use the honorific title, which is hardly ever out of the mouths of the professed devotees of equality—to the same punishment for law-breaking as would have been inflicted on him if he had been neither a gentleman nor English.

Having disposed of this branch of the subject—a branch of it to which, not only Lord Ripon's "grief and sur-"prise," but the astounding sycophancy of other Radical commentators on the case, has compelled us to devote some special attention—we may pass to the consideration of its merits. No one doubted, we presume, that the sentence passed upon Mr. Blunt in the Court below would be affirmed, and most people, we fancy, expected that it would be affirmed on the grounds on which it was originally pronounced. It has, however, derived additional weight of authority from the fact that Mr. Henn, in dismissing the defendant's appeal, laid particular stress on certain collateral evidence as to the animus with which Mr. Blunt's offence was committed. The County Court Judge, it would seem, was prepared to take an exceptionally indulgent view of Mr. Blunt's acts at Woodford on the 23rd of October, if they had stood alone. When informed that it would be the resident magistrate's duty to prevent the holding of the meeting, he replied, not in so many words that he would "defy "the law," but that he regarded it as his own duty to hold the meeting. Mr. Henn is perhaps a little too much impressed with a distinction which is not necessarily expressive of any difference. People of Mr. Blunt's way of thinking—if we may use that last word—have seldom any difficulty in satisfying themselves that the phrase which he avoided is really synonymous with that which he used; and we, at any rate, should be very slow to infer from such a person's expressing a determination to "do his duty" that he does *not* mean that he is going to defy the law. However, it is all the better, as we have said, that Mr. Henn should have taken so peculiarly favourable a view of the case, and should have even gone so far as to say that, with no other evidence before him than this, he would have been disposed to visit Mr. Blunt's proceedings at Woodford with a lighter sentence than was passed in the Court below. For this only makes it more apparent that all, and more than all, due allowance has been made for an "enthusiast "in politics who has plenty of courage, a love of notoriety, "and perhaps," adds Mr. Henn, "what I must" (and we really think he must) "call vanity, but has also an un-"balanced judgment, and allows his judgment to give way "to his political enthusiasm." The enthusiast and the cooler-headed intriguers who egged him on will have no pretence for complaining that a mere impulse of anger, "excited by the baffling of a project in the legality of which "he had an honest belief," has been harshly punished. Mr. Blunt's proceedings at Woodford on the 23rd of October should be read, the County Court Judge pointed out, by the light of his doings in the previous week. He had attended the midnight meeting of the 16th—a meeting which he knew to be illegal, as being held by a proclaimed branch of the National League; he sat by and listened without protest to the inflammatory address of Mr. O'Brien; and, equally without protest, he witnessed an act "more suggestive and more demoralizing," as the Judge justly remarked, "than any language could "have been"—namely, the burning of the Lord-Lieutenant's proclamation. We are not, as we have said, of opinion that this particular proof of Mr. Blunt's intention of defying the law on the 23rd was required; but we quite admit that, whether superfluous or not, it is conclusive. Mr. Blunt's plea of "duty" in defence of his action on that day becomes purely frivolous. A theory of duty so elastic as to have allowed him to attend a secret meeting of an illegal association cannot possibly put forward a claim, we will not say to plausibility, but even to *bona fides*.

It is, on the whole, too, a matter for satisfaction that the Crown relied not on the proclamation of the Woodford meeting, but simply on its illegality at common law. For an opportunity was thereby afforded for a judicial exposition of the legal doctrines applicable to a question which Gladstonians in and out of Parliament, from Sir William Harcourt downward, have done their best to confuse. The law as to unlawful assemblies is, as Mr. Henn says, clear and indisputable. "The Executive Government has not only an "inherent right, but it has a duty cast upon it which it "dare not neglect, to forbid, and, if necessary, to disperse

"by force, all public meetings which, be their purpose law-"ful or unlawful, be they addressed by speakers few or "many, it has sufficient reason to believe are likely to pro-"duce danger to the peace and tranquillity of the neigh-"bourhood. Nay, more, the law as to such meetings is "so jealous and imperative that it says magistrates are "criminally negligent in not putting down such meetings, "and they are liable to prosecution for their neglect." As to the sufficiency of the reasons on which the LORD-LIEUTENANT acted, no sort of doubt can, as the Judge pointed out, be entertained. The district in which this meeting was convened by Mr. BLUNT and his friends was a district in which the National League had been proclaimed as a dangerous association, and public attention had thereby been called to the fact that it contained within its limits a body whose words and actions were a standing menace to law and order. But, further, it is to be remembered that after the proclamation had been issued—and, indeed, only two or three days before notice was given of the intended meeting—there had been violent resistance to the execution of the QUEEN'S writ, and the public peace had not only been endangered but violently broken. Nay more, in the very place in which the meeting had been invited to assemble, there had been held only seven days before a meeting of an indisputably unlawful character, at which the people had been openly urged to resist the law, and the Proclamation of the QUEEN'S representative in Ireland had been burnt in the presence of the assembled crowd, in ostentatious defiance of the Viceregal authority. If these are not grounds enough to justify the Executive in holding that Mr. BLUNT'S meeting was likely to endanger the public peace, and in resolving to prohibit it, we are at a loss to know on what grounds such an opinion could ever be reasonably formed or such a resolution legitimately taken. That Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE dissents from this view and holds, as he has since publicly declared, that the demonstration ought to have been allowed, is interesting as showing the length to which partisanship may urge an ex-Minister of the Crown; but it has no other relevance whatever. The decision of such a question rests with the Government for the time being, and not with their predecessors in office; and we confess to being very glad that it does not rest with a man who has permitted himself to express something very like a regret that a particular Irish landlord should live "beyond the reach of the "prayers *or the threats*" of his tenants. Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE is mistaken if he supposes that his right to revise and morally overrule the decisions of the Executive on matters of this kind will be acknowledged. The public are able by this time to form a pretty good idea of the latitude which Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues would allow the Irish agitation if they had their way, as well as of the motives which guide them to their estimate. And the public, unless we greatly mistake, are disposed to prefer the judgment of the constituted authorities in Ireland.

THE CONSULAR QUARREL AT FLORENCE.

THE unexpectedly lively dispute between France and Italy which has arisen over the rough usage of the French Consulate at Florence is an outward and visible sign of the little love these old allies now bear one another. It is particularly appropriate, also, that the quarrel should have arisen indirectly out of the French occupation of Tunis. A certain Tunisian, General HOUSSEIN PASHA by name, died at Florence, and left his fortune to his master the BEY, doubtless from motives of gratitude to the ruler who had allowed him to collect the money in the usual Oriental way. If the General had, further, any malicious intention of making trouble between the European Power which is so kindly protecting Tunis and the Power which would so dearly have liked to do the same thing, he has succeeded. As he was a protected French subject, his papers were taken charge of and sealed by the French consular officer in the town. A person representing himself to be the late General's executor came forward and claimed the papers. The French representative refused to deliver them. Thereupon EL MELECH, the executor, applied to the Italian Court, and obtained an order for their delivery. This order was enforced, and so the French flag was insulted, and so a little international question arose. International law and usages are somewhat vague things, and it is by no means certain that the Italian magistrate was technically altogether in the wrong. A Consul is not an Ambassador or Minister Plenipotentiary, and his office has never been considered to possess the sanctity of an Embassy. It is in the last degree doubtful whether the High Court of Justice, Admiralty, Probate, and Divorce Division, would allow the French Consul in Newcastle to put obstacles in the way of the probate of the will of a Tunisian who died leaving property in England. The Italian magistrate, though he had a case, seems to have spoilt it by making too much of it. He was rude and peremptory, and perhaps jumped at the chance of snubbing an official representative of France. Perhaps, too, it gave him a wicked pleasure to act in this offensive way on behalf of a Tunisian. In any case, he gave the French Government an excuse for considering itself insulted—of which it has proceeded to make the most.

If the two Governments were really friendly, an incident of this kind would have no importance whatever. Somebody in uniform would wait on the French official and would tell him how sorry his Majesty King HUMBERT was that the magistrate had been so unmannerly. The magistrate would be removed to a place where there would be no Consul to annoy, and nothing more would be said about this unfortunate incident. But the Governments are not friendly. Both have a good deal to remember, and do so with tenacity. So the Italians wish to give as little as possible, and the French to extort as much as they can. Signor CRISPI has expressed the regret of his Government, and has instructed General MENABREA to promise that the magistrate shall be removed to another post. This, however, will not satisfy M. FLOURENS. He insists that the magistrate must be dismissed, and that Italy must make an abject national apology because a legal official was guilty of an error of judgment. Signor CRISPI refuses, and it is not necessary to believe the tittle-tattle of newspaper correspondents who have discovered that his refusal is due to his anger at a disgraceful personal attack on himself in a Parisian paper which trades on fashionable "clericalism" and scandal. The Italian Premier knows that his countrymen are at present very touchy about their national dignity. This knowledge is of itself enough to make him resolute in refusing to comply with demands which would never be presented unless there were a desire on the part of the French to inflict an affront on Italy. The unwisdom of making the most of such a trumpery matter at a time when Italy is already sufficiently predisposed to tighten her alliance with Germany is in perfect keeping with the recent foreign policy of France. The argument that M. FLOURENS is, in fact, defending the consular inviolability of all nations is worth precisely nothing. Signor CRISPI has offered a reasonable apology, and what he refuses to do is to grovel because a stipendiary magistrate committed an error of judgment. In refusing he is taking a course which is both dignified and, having regard to his interests, rational. The French Government will probably find that they have in reality strengthened his position by giving him the right to say that he is defending the dignity of Italy. If, as seems almost certain, he perseveres in his refusal, the French will find that they have to choose between letting their claim drop, or taking very serious measures from which they will certainly shrink. In that case they will have turned what might have been a victory—one not worth winning, indeed, but a victory none the less—into a most unequivocal defeat.

ACTOR AND AUTHOR.

WITHIN the last few days two men have been taken into the past whose lives and fortunes, diverse and widely sundered as they were, have yet some common elements. One was Mr. CHIPPENDALE, the *doyen* of English actors; the other was the novelist and dramatist, M. AUGUSTE MAQUET. Both were survivals of the great Romantic age; each was born with the first years of the century, and while each achieved a certain eminence in his art, it may not unjustly be held that each derived the larger part of his fame from his association with greater and stronger men.

This, it may at once be admitted, was far less the case of the Englishman than of the other (who, by the way, was some ten or a dozen years his junior). He was eighty-seven years old. Before he was ten he had played to the KEMBLES, and at eighteen he took to the stage for good and all. He was a good while in the provinces with one or other of the old stock companies, the disappearance of which has deprived us of our only school of acting; he was for close on seventeen

years a leading actor in New York and elsewhere in the United States; on his return to England he went on at the Haymarket, and established a reputation as the best classic "old man" on the stage; he appeared in 1878 at the Lyceum, and played POLONIUS to Mr. IRVING'S Prince, as he had played it to the HAMLETS of CHARLES KEMBLE, YOUNG, MACREADY, FORREST, EDMUND KEAN, and half a dozen famous players besides. But stage triumphs are the vainest of all; and as CHIPPENDALE, however accomplished and intelligent, was never great, such successes as he achieved, being scarce of the type that lives in history or becomes a part of tradition, were fleeting and visionary even for their kind. His parts were not heroic, and his achievement was not always commensurate with his opportunities. The mind is still capable of being exercised as to the points that distinguished MOLIÈRE'S ARNOLPHE, for instance, or GARRICK'S Lord OGLEBY, or the Sir PETER of FARREN and of KING; but the quality of CHIPPENDALE'S GRIPEWELL and the effect of his Commissioner COLEPEPPER—these are matters for speculation no more. We know that they were sound in conception, and in execution finished and exemplary; and beyond that we are not concerned with them. The fire of genius was lacking. They were models, but they suggested nothing either novel or immortal. They were the best of their kind, not so much in virtue of their own surpassing merit as in the absence of anything better. They will be remembered as respectable in themselves, and as the work of one devoted to the practice of an art in which he spent full sixty years of a life laborious beyond the common, and beyond the common vigorous and long. For the rest, it must be admitted that the romance of CHIPPENDALE'S career —that poetry of incident which touches the imagination—is confined to the fact that his first HAMLET was EDMUND KEAN and his last Mr. HENRY IRVING; and that, while yet a lad, he not only played with the KEMBLES, but served as a printer's devil in BALLANTYNE'S office, and went back and forward with the proofs of *Waverley* for the Great Unknown.

MAQUET, who was born in 1813, was the AUGUSTUS MACKEAT of a society—"Terreur du bourgeois glabre et "chauve"—which included not only THÉOPHILE GAUTIER and GÉRARD DE NERVAL, but the renowned *lycanthrope*, PÉTRUS BOREL; the engraver CÉLESTIN NANTEUIL, the original "jeune homme moyen-âge"; the noble BOUCHARDY, poet of *Le Sonneur de Saint-Paul*; and the ingenious but ineffectual PHILOTHÉE O'NEDDY. He belongs, in a word, to the second generation of the *Romantiques*, and by birth and early association is one of the most distinguished of the brood. It was not long, however, ere he fell under the direct influence of ALEXANDRE DUMAS, and in that enormous force his own identity, which was sound and solid rather than brilliant and taking, was instantly merged and lost. The most capable and trustworthy of this PROSPERO'S many ARIELS, he was associated with him in the production of the Valois and *Mousquetaires* cycles, of the excellent *Bâtard de Mauléon*, of *Balsamo* and the *Collier de la Reine*, of *Ingénue* and the *Tulipe Noire*, of *Olympe de Clèves* (in some ways the most extraordinary of all), of *Monte-Cristo* and *La Fille du Régent* and the *Chevalier d'Harmental*, and of such famous dramas as were contrived therefrom. The partnership lasted until 1851, when the two associates went to law. It was decided that MAQUET'S claims to a share in DUMAS'S achievement had some foundation in fact; and this much recognized, he set up again in business for himself. But, like everybody else absorbed in ALEXANDER MAXIMUS, MAQUET alone was LABIENUS without CÆSAR. His successes—*La Maison du Baigneur*, *La Belle Gabrielle*, and such like—had little to recall the brave days of *Bragelonne* and *Monte-Cristo*. It was seen that MAQUET was irresistible only as an expression of DUMAS, and that *in puris* (as it were) he was not more than sound, skilful, and second-rate. The truth is, of course, that, as ABOUT showed, the two men began to work by talking things over; that MAQUET then went out and prepared a first draft; and that this draft was by the Superior Fiend rewritten and sent to press. The method of procedure was not, we know, invariable; even in the best and brightest of the DUMAS novels there is a great deal that MAQUET may well have done alone, and which, in all probability, was dispatched to the printers exactly as he left it. But the hand of his great associate is scarce less recognizable than SHAKSPEARE'S; and the conclusion is inevitable that when it is felt, then, and then only, is MAQUET a man of genius and a great artist.

It is pleasant to know that after their difference the two friends were reconciled, and that MAQUET always spoke of his old chief in terms of mingled reverence and affection. It is said that he had, these some years past, been engaged in writing his memoirs; and it is greatly to be hoped that the rumour is not too good to be true, but that the book, or as much of it as exists, will presently be with us.

SOME NAVAL MATTERS.

LORD GEORGE HAMILTON'S assurance given at Teddington that the Admiralty has no intention of diminishing the effective strength of the navy does not of itself inspire much confidence. The FIRST LORD has done not a little to entitle himself to be believed on his word; but still, even from him, an official declaration of this stamp is not in itself equivalent to proof that the effective strength of the navy will not be diminished. It is a little too much a matter of course. There have been First Lords many, and of various kinds; but there never was a First Lord yet who has been known to declare publicly that the effective strength of the navy was to be diminished. One and all they have been sure that it was to be increased, or, at the lowest, maintained. Even the Minister who asserted that there was no ground for anxiety, because this country had a reserve of three line-of-battle ships at Portsmouth to meet any coalition, would have used the same phrase as Lord GEORGE HAMILTON. Before long the FIRST LORD will have an opportunity of explaining what has actually been done, or is in doing, and he has promised to show how the recent reorganizations (for there have been several of them) have worked for economy and efficiency. The explanation will be interesting; for, looking at it as a mere matter of ordinary calculation, it is not very obvious that retiring some officials on pensions, to do nothing, and appointing new officials with handsome salaries, necessarily leads to the saving of money, and in practice that is too often what reorganization means with us. The *Trafalgar* was certainly brought to the launching-point rapidly, and therefore cheaply, but as a set-off against this feat must be put the fact that Portsmouth Dockyard was threatened with, if not severely attacked by, a famine of work. When the Admiralty does do a good stroke of quick building it ought not to be denied its proper allowance of praise, but the department has caused so many disappointments that it is not to be lightly credited with having shaken off its old bad habits.

When the FIRST LORD presents his estimates, he is, it is said, to show what has been done by the new "Naval "Intelligence Department," not only to collect information, but to organize the navy in preparation for war. Whether the Admiralty will be more frank than the War Office has been about the famous and invisible plan for the fortification of the coaling-stations, we shall not presume to guess. In the meantime, the Intelligence Department has been justifying its extension busily, not only by collecting information, but by "the framing of plans for naval cam-"paigns suitable for each station, in the event of war with any given Power." The writer's confidence that more work is being done because more officers have been appointed will not be universally shared. A tolerably extensive experience goes to show that more work does not always follow the appointment of more officers. Neither are we at all persuaded that many men or much trouble are needed to learn all that is to be learnt about the number, size, or even the speed and construction of foreign steamers, the common routes of commerce, the position of fortifications and of submarine cables. The lists of insurance Companies are full of information about some of these subjects. Nothing is better known than the course of ocean commerce, and every map which has any pretension to be good marks the submarine cables. As for the making of plans of naval campaigns suitable for all emergencies, we hope that, if the Naval Intelligence Department has been occupied in doing any such thing, it will be considered to have worked for its own amusement. Nothing has ever been proved by a more universal experience than that the most fatal of all ways of making war is to make it on cut-and-dried plans prepared beforehand and by officers not upon the spot. NAPOLEON himself tried to direct operations in Spain from Paris, greatly to the convenience of the Duke of WELLINGTON; and what the EMPEROR could not do profitably will not be done successfully by the Naval Intelligence Department. Probably Captain HALL and his

colleagues have not been spinning cobwebs for the confusion of admirals, but have only been considering what force will be needed on the various stations, and where it must be sent to enable the responsible commander to act with the best effect. This is a quite different and most necessary kind of work. If this is what the Naval Intelligence Department has been doing, it has been very well employed, and has been doing at least what ought to have been done long before. A very similar and equally useful task has been performed by the second or Mobilization Section—it is said. The officials of this branch have been inquiring and noting where the stores, ships, and men sure to be needed to reinforce the navy in time of war may be met with in case of need. They have communicated with the retired officers, many of them men still capable of years of service and of unquestioned fitness, who have been squeezed or bribed out of the service in order to keep up the flow of promotion, and have learnt how far they could be counted on in case of need. When it is remembered that the list of lieutenants is barely sufficient for the current service in peace time, and would require to be largely reinforced on the outbreak of war, it will be seen that there is need to organize this reserve. If it has been got in order by the Naval Intelligence Department, this branch of the Admiralty has certainly justified its existence, though there is no admiral at the head of it, to the grief and distress of Sir G. Phipps Hornby.

A piece of naval intelligence which it has been found impossible to mark confidential has been published in the form of a Parliamentary paper, and is as instructive as anything the Admiralty can possibly have stored in its pigeon-holes. It is the history of the flotilla of torpedo-boats which went on a cruise down Channel last May. Twenty-four torpedo-boats went on a cruise, and their history might almost be told in the style of the nigger epic. In the course of three weeks there were twenty-seven casualties to twenty-four boats. The thing could hardly have been more complete. It is certainly fair to note that the number twenty-seven is made up because four of the vessels contributed two accidents each, and also that two were disabled by a collision, which was properly one accident. But allowing for the collision, and deducting a stranding, which was an old-fashioned misfortune, and omitting very trifling accidents, though one of them would be enough to paralyse a boat in action, it appears that more than half of the torpedo-boats—the craft, be it noted, which are to sweep the seas in future wars—were disabled in a few days of peaceful cruising by internal defects. A very few examples will show what happened to them:—No. 41. "Machinery broke down, due to fusing of crank brasses, "and wire cable broken." No. 42. "Machinery disabled; "main feed-valve leaked badly; had to draw fires." Both these accidents, and six others with them, happened on the 10th of May. No. 44. On the 6th of May "Joint of feed-pipe blew out; towed back to anchorage, and repaired during "the day." On the 9th, "Auxiliary steam-pipe burst," whence it follows that on the 10th she had to be left behind. No. 47. "On the 10th boiler furnace crown came down; "engine-room and stokehold staff scalded; three subsequently died. Accident caused by deficiency of water in "the boiler." One entry is almost worthy of *Happy Thoughts*. No. 31. "Tubes defective; unable to proceed. "Afterwards found to be a mistake. Valve in stokehold "turned wrong way." But if the valve in stokehold had been turned wrong way when the torpedo boat ought to have started to attack an ironclad, how long would she have escaped the machine guns? The repairs of the damaged boats cost in round numbers eleven hundred pounds, without counting the smaller defects. Nothing in the long history of torpedo-boat failures shows more convincingly that these vessels are still painfully delicate for the rough work of war. Under the heavy strain of the real thing their crank brasses would always be fusing and the tops of their feed-pipes blowing off. As for the turning of the valve in the stokehold the wrong way, that is just the kind of mistake most likely to happen in the excitement of preparation. There is nothing to show as yet that the torpedo-boat has killed the battle-ship.

LITERARY STURDY BEGGARS.

In the daily and hourly hunt for "copy," a class of literary and journalistic mendicants has been evolved. It is not given to every one to observe, to narrate, to invent, to make researches, nor even to compile. But every one who is provided with the cheap materials of pen, ink, and paper, and the still cheaper quality of impudence, can now go copy-cadging. He or she merely takes his pen, sits down quickly, and sends a lot of impertinent questions to persons whom he does not know, but whom most people have heard of. The answers of the victims to these questions make the desired copy. They are welcomed as "palpitating with "actuality." "Do you shed real tears on the stage?" "What rouge do you prefer?" "Is porter your favourite "beverage, and if not, why not?" These are the sorts of questions that the copy-cadger likes to put. In the new number of an American magazine there is a quantity of material obtained by this ready and simple device. The stuff is called "The Preferences of our Opera Singers," but, it must be allowed, has nothing in it to cause a blush. The "preferences" are not the love of the moth for the star, of the soprano for the tenor, but a list of the songs which singers like best to sing. The "writer," as the collector of these confessions has the easy confidence to style himself, "secured a series of letters from the lead-"ing artists of the operatic stage regarding their personal "preferences for the music they have occasion to sing." Does this kind of bore never think of the trouble he gives his victims? Every human being whose name is occasionally printed finds his breakfast-table littered, every morning, with notes from curious impertinents. "Excuse the liberty "I take in asking whether you divide your hair down the "middle? I am engaged on a volume of literary statistics "to prove the connexion between different forms of genius "and different habits of dressing the hair. If you are "totally bald, please say on what side hair (when any) was "divided. A photograph will greatly oblige." This is a very common kind of petition; so is the request to know what three books you consider the most valuable to a young man who has not time to read. A Scotch professor, noted for his modesty, is reported to have said that Shakspeare, the Bible, and some little thing of his own, were all that *un jeune homme pressé* would need in the battle of life. But few persons carry diffidence so far as this. Other idiots want to know whether the victim smokes when he is working, whether he is a devotee of total abstinence, and so forth, endlessly. The answers are published, and the anxious inquirer makes money out of the wasted time and temper of his fellow-creatures.

Why do the fellow-creatures answer at all? it may be asked. For no very good reason. Partly, they are good-natured, and do not care to say "No!" Partly, they are vain, and want to advertise themselves. Partly, they are timid, and know that the catechist may do them a bad turn in some journal of the gutter and the chapel.

We have become such a backboneless people that nobody can do what he thinks fit for himself without the backing of a Society or a League. Perhaps the Irresponsive Society might be founded to comfort and abet people pestered by literary sturdy beggars. The members of the Society will simply bind themselves by a solemn oath (like the oaths people take in romance) to answer no letters from curious strangers, to send no autographs, to give no photographs. The motto will be "No Americans need apply," and this prohibition will include all schoolgirls, inquiring young men, provincial mythologists, and bores in general. Mere isolated resistance, here and there, does not discourage these persistent nuisances. If nobody ever answered their questions, they would cease to trouble.

THE FRENCH PROFESSORS.

There is something peculiarly English in asking a number of French teachers to Cambridge, and then giving them a lecture on the study of their own language. Cardinal Newman once accused English Protestants of thinking that they could teach the Pope his own religion, and perhaps it was only a proper chastisement of national pride when Lord Palmerston or Lord Russell received from Prince Albert some hints on the principles of the English Constitution. The American girl who was told by a well-meaning friend that there were some things with which mothers must be better acquainted than their daughters, replied energetically, "You may cut me into "thirty thousand triangles if there is anything I don't "know better than Ma," and this ultra-British spirit is not quite extinct even in the old country. Nothing could be further from our purpose than to say anything disrespectful

of Professor SEELEY, whose modesty is equal to his learning, and who never dismisses the historical claims of GIBBON or MACAULAY without a complimentary word. Moreover, as Mr. SEELEY's remarks were "frequently interrupted by "applause," it may be assumed, with all due allowance for French politeness, that the teachers liked it. Much of what Mr. SEELEY said was smart, and a good deal of it was true. It is impossible to read any treatise on education (no; we will not stop there) without being reminded of Dr. JOHNSON's simile of the breeches, and his retort, "Sir, while you are debating which of two "subjects to teach your child, your neighbour's child "will have learnt both." Still the old "Battle of the "Books," the rivalry, or supposed rivalry, between the Ancients and the Moderns, is always being fought over and over again. Mr. SEELEY may be congratulated on having found something to say about it which, if not exactly new, was freshly put. It is useless to aim in this so-called nineteenth century at more than a spurious originality in educational science. The recently published Essays of the late Mr. THRING, for many years Head-master of Uppingham, prove how difficult it is to attain even that end. Mr. SEELEY turned with some ferocity upon "the classicists," to whom he attributed "a spirit of blind, "unreasoning conservatism, such as in politics has died out "since the time of Lord ELDON." If a "classicist" in this connexion means a man who thinks that nothing but Latin and Greek ought to be taught in public schools, then, whatever may be his resemblance to Lord ELDON, he is certainly very like a fool. But we have never met with such a person, and we believe him to be mythical. A former Head-master of Eton, who still lives to lament the utilitarian tendencies of the age, expressed the eccentric opinion that French is no part of a gentleman's education. If Dr. BALSTON only meant that a man might be ignorant of French without being wholly illiterate, he said no more than the truth. Indeed, if the contrary doctrine were generally accepted, a great many people who carry their heads pretty high would have to lower them considerably.

Professor SEELEY adopts from the Master of Balliol the sensible, if not very startling, suggestion that French may be taken as an aid to Latin. The reason why "prac- "tical" Englishmen are so particularly set upon having their sons taught languages just now is not, we fear, love of literature or zeal for knowledge. It is simply the fear of commercial defeat at the hands of more accomplished nations. England is not really being beaten by other countries in the markets of the world, as any one can see for himself by studying the official statistics. The danger is of a different kind. If we do not care to "fight the "battle of life with the German waiter," as Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD puts it in one of his numerous apologies for indolence, we shall go down under the heel, which it is cold comfort to call the hoof, of the German clerk. Mr. SEELEY justly, if not very profoundly, observes that modern languages have a literature as well as ancient, and that French literature is better worth reading than Latin. Here be truths, if not truisms. But we are afraid that Professor SEELEY misunderstands the nature of the change which has set in against an exclusively classical training. There is, of course, no necessary relation between commerce and the living tongues of the Continent which separates them from the humane culture of Latin and Greek. There is none, but there is supposed to be some; and hence the suspiciously sudden enthusiasm for studies which used to be neglected. Regard for the main chance will carry the day, and give additional employment to the French teachers, not Mr. SEELEY's eloquent appeals to the beauties of GOETHE and VICTOR HUGO. We have never been the worst linguists in the world, for the French have always been worse than ourselves. But Mr. SEELEY has only too much ground for his caustic observation that most Englishmen learn enough Greek and Latin to make them ashamed of reading POPE's Iliad or DRYDEN's Æneid, not enough to make them capable of reading HOMER or VIRGIL. On the other hand, M. PETILLEAU's two pupils, one of whom had learnt French from "a Dutch lady who also looked after the linen," and the other from a drill-sergeant who acquired it in the Crimean War, would have made a poor figure with RACINE or MOLIÈRE. Perhaps the most surprising statement made during the proceedings was Dr. BELJAMBE's assertion that half the students at the Sorbonne now learn English. This, although Dr. BELJAMBE was too modest himself to say anything about it, is mainly due to his own influence and exertions.

THE SCHOOL FOR DETECTIVES.

FROM time to time of late the public have been alternately amused or alarmed by the new part assumed by the newspapers that under cover of "revelations" or important and mysterious "information" claim an odd sort of alliance with the detective force. Sometimes it is a person who ought to know who communicates the latest movements and intentions of a suspected dynamitard. Or a notorious miscreant comes over sea, or a supposed murderer is in hiding, or some one "wanted" is somewhere about, and the journals, with marvellous good will, do all in their power to make them comfortable and strike a panic in the public. Not much harm is done, perhaps, by this benevolence, and it suggests an excellent antidote. There is much, indeed, that is highly ludicrous in this scheme of police assistance. Conscientiously practised, we might soon see the end of it. It seems you must follow the pleasant rule of Captain REECE in dealing with suspected evildoers, be they of riotous inclinations or pestilent plotters against the QUEEN's peace. Let your forethought be of the best, your wiles of the finest quality, your plan of action such as combines the astuteness of FOUCHÉ with the alertness of VIDOCQ, full and explicit must be the publication of your intentions. Thus only can results merit the approval of a tender conscience. The absurdity of the method was prettily illustrated by the *Standard* this week. According to the candid, but singularly indiscreet, reporter of that j urnal, they seem to have been playing at detectives in the island of Lewis quite in the spirit of Mr. ANSTEY's diverting schoolboy story about Indians and Pale-faces. The happy thought occurred to some one to operate against the lawless raiders of Lewis with a force of disguised Highlanders, fellows gifted in the vernacular and irreproachably clad in tourist's suits.

No expense was spared to make the snaring of the guileless natives complete. The tourist clan seems to have been properly coached, and humorously inclined to the venture. Whence they came they knew not, and of their destination they were no blabbers. Then the *Standard* goes and spoils the game, eager to play the ignoble part of "informer," and by its inopportune disclosure breaks the heart of the inventor, not to mention the silence of the seas among the furthest Hebrides. It may be asked what are these precautions worth when thus boldly advertised. Their objects, if not judicious, are plain enough. Tourists do not abound in the Western Isles in mid-winter. The island of Lewis is not particularly favourable to playing the detective in an amiable and amateur fashion. There is little cover but what the native mist affords for the observation of a disguised Highlander, and the population inherit a primitive suspicion of the stranger. Foreign faces and garb make men marked in an incredibly brief space of time. Even the little body of first class passengers, endowed though they be with Gaelic speech, possibly second class, possess small chance of surprising the fomentors or leaders among the raiders. As to "throwing off suspicion," as the *Standard* puts it, they had better throw off their tweeds, and devise some new form of "special duty." With the *Standard* as an ally, the lawless in Lewis have nothing to fear from the Chief Constable of Lanarkshire and his sham tourists.

The burlesque example supplied by the *Standard* does not make us unmindful that there is a serious aspect of the question. Happily the mischief effected by enterprizing reporters, special commissioners, and other wondrous products of the modern press, is chiefly confined to the temporary perturbation of the public mind. Occasionally it becomes really alarming, and is the source of widespread panic among the credulous, as when dynamite projects abound and interviews are cheaply obtained. Perhaps people like being frightened, as it is notorious that they enjoy being cheated. Otherwise it is difficult to account for the practice of newspapers who are never tired of proclaiming their desire to serve the public. Their services to the public are certainly of a curiously inconsiderate kind. One might imagine their readers to comprise nervous old ladies, for the most part, who subsist, as the nervous often will, chiefly on Gothic romances and the milder joys of GABORIAU. As to the aid they render to Scotland Yard, by being a terror to evildoers, showing them what to avoid and where to abide, Scotland Yard is probably sufficiently sensible and grateful. But it is an exquisite assumption that the detective force needs auxiliary instruction, and has forgotten its ancient skill in construct-

ing blinds, saps, springes, and other resources of a venerable profession. Yet this is precisely what is suggested by the reports and comments of our newspapers whenever a mysterious case arises. So highly do they rate their information, on the one hand, and their extra-professional assistance, on the other, it rarely occurs to them that Scotland Yard confides just as many "secrets" as it deems judicious, "mere cobweb lawn, light. thin, good enough to "catch flies withal." Perhaps it may speedily appear that "private information" reported falsely of Commander M'Hartley and his men "dressed in disguise," and they remain in their station in the mainland as firmly rooted as the oaks of Dunsinane.

ODIUM GRIMTHORPIANUM.

It is a pleasure to be abused by Lord Grimthorpe, because his abuse, though too common to be an honour, is always innocuous, and sometimes entertaining. To have "whipped all creation" in what Lord Grimthorpe calls "folly," and the poor creatures who do not agree with him call common sense, is a feat of which we have some reason to be proud. If Lord Grimthorpe had bestowed upon the study of logic some of the time which he has wasted in the perusal of homœopathic pamphlets, he would be aware that to compare two things for one purpose is not to identify them for all purposes. We did not assert that the "law of similars" was as demonstrably false as the law of gravitation is demonstrably true, though we have Mr. Darwin's authority for saying that even Newton's discovery is no more than the only hypothesis which explains all the phenomena. What we asserted, and what we repeat, is that a proposition of which the falsity is assumed in every medical book not written by a homœopathist, and every medical practitioner not a homœopathist himself, is one which it would be superfluous for the College of Physicians formally to condemn. To Lord Grimthorpe's charge of "impudence" we can only reply that there can be no more consummate judge of the article than the gentleman who, with so little knowledge and so much assurance, calumniates the most beneficent of all professions. The phrase "notorious falsehood," which Lord Grimthorpe, with characteristic courtesy, applies to this *Review*, is only employed or retorted (out of politics) by controversialists who have parted with their self-respect. The statements made in the article to which Lord Grimthorpe refers were, without exception, true, and for the most part, we fear, notorious truths. But Lord Grimthorpe has abundantly proved by his recent letters to the *Times* that truth may be very notorious indeed without his being acquainted with it. Homœopathists do complain that allopathists will not meet them in consultation, and although Lord Grimthorpe has seized the opportunity to pour the fallacies with which he has been crammed upon an unoffending public—that is, in homely language, how the fight began. Non-medical newspapers are very unfit arenas for an exhaustive discussion of the gospel according to Hahnemann and the efficacy of infinitesimal doses, though the latter expression must strike even laymen as something very like a contradiction in terms. The doctors were put upon their defence in the *Times* for refusing to recognize homœopathists, and they have naturally defended themselves to the best of their very great ability.

We said last week that the particular circumstances of Mr. Millican's case were not of much public interest, nor are they. Mr. Millican succeeded in his action, not because the hospital he attended was bound to retain a doctor who also visited an infirmary where homœopathy is practised, but because he was, in Mr. Justice Manisty's opinion, irregularly and unfairly dismissed. Of course the question whether medical men who disbelieve in homœopathy ought to act professionally with homœopathists is of very great public interest indeed, and as such we have discussed it. Mr. Millican, who writes with good taste and moderation, may perhaps see reason to regret the dangerous alliance of Lord Grimthorpe. For Lord Grimthorpe has evidently found the original subject far too dull and impersonal to suit his taste. Leaving the debatable ground of possible merit in homœopathy, or in homœopathists who sit loose to their principles, he has made a ludicrously violent attack upon doctors as a class, in which his tendency to call a spade a particularly unpleasant kind of shovel finds ample scope. In this torrent of incoherent invective only infinitesimal doses of reasoning have been found, and they are lost in the flood. But what can be expected of a man who cites vaccination as an instance of "cure by similars," when he must know that, in the first place, vaccination does not produce small-pox, and, in the second place, does not cure it? Lord Grimthorpe quotes a number of sayings, apparently collected from some anti-medical tract, in which more or less eminent doctors, no longer here to speak for themselves, are represented as having expressed their disbelief in medical science; and their conviction that pathology was "all non-"sense." If these men used the language attributed to them, and if they used it seriously, they were conscious and deliberate impostors, upon whose statements no reliance whatever can be placed. But everybody is not always in quite such deadly earnest, or, we may add, in quite such a towering rage, as the ever-solemn, ever-irascible Lord Grimthorpe.

THE POLITICAL PROSPECT.

Lord Salisbury's second speech at Liverpool was directed, unlike its predecessor, to a considerable variety of topics, and its uniformly encouraging tone is all the more welcome on that account. From Ireland, to which the former speech was principally confined, it was already known that the Prime Minister's report must be a favourable one. The English public have been able to see for themselves that the firm policy of the Government is rapidly transforming the Irish situation. They were fully prepared, therefore, for Lord Salisbury's hopeful references to that subject in his first speech, and his still more emphatic assurance that the determination of the Executive to reassert the authority of the law is having its effect upon the disaffected elements of the Irish population, and that "they "are learning the one lesson which it is essential that they "should learn—namely, that the will of Great Britain "cannot be shaken." The Prime Minister, however, was able to present to his hearers a no less cheering forecast of the future in other directions. There have been so many "false alarms" of a revival of trade that he, no doubt, does well to speak with caution on this subject; but it is much to be able to say that we have never before "had grounds so solid or so universal a consensus of "opinion from all branches of trade and commerce as now "sustains us in the happy conviction that the night is "over, and the dawn of a new prosperity is near." Whether one touch of the magic wand of prosperity will charm away so many of our political difficulties as Lord Salisbury anticipates is perhaps doubtful, although upon some of them, we dare say, its effects may be instantaneous. It will very likely kill the business of Socialist agitation out of hand, and it may be as promptly fatal to the less subversive, but equally misguided, movement in favour of Protection. As regards Ireland, however, Lord Salisbury himself suggests reasons why a revival of prosperity should produce a less immediately satisfactory effect. Principles have suffered in that country, during the last twelve years, as they have not here. Rights of property have been unsettled and capital expelled by legislation, and we cannot now expect that a mere recovery of trade will restore the *status quo*. The healing of a wound does not mean health to a patient when its ignorant treatment has sown the seeds of a deeper and more diffused malady in his frame.

On the prospects abroad Lord Salisbury had also reassuring words to say; and, if they did not quite strike the note of confidence which we should all like to have heard, they are, at any rate, much more hopeful than those of the foreign press in general, as the speaker's opportunities of information and immunity from misleading influences are greater than those of the average newspaper Correspondent. Lord Salisbury does not deny that confidence has been shaken by the course of recent events abroad; but he is nevertheless able to say that, as far as he can judge, matters are rather better than they were when he last spoke. In a period of such doubt, with so many elements of uncertainty, with such gigantic issues dependent sometimes on the movement of individual brains, sometimes on the uncertain manifestation of national and popular feeling, the Prime Minister naturally hesitates to increase the confidence of his tone. "But, at all events," he proceeded, "for the moment we have peace; for the immediate future "we have peace. Let us be thankful for that; and when "I see, as I see more and more, Sovereigns and Ministers

"devoting, as far as I can judge, every energy in their "power to the maintenance of peace, I cannot refuse to "entertain the hope that peace will be ultimately main-"tained." Of course it is one thing not to despair—which is all that "not refusing to entertain a hope" amounts to—and quite another to hope with confidence, or with some approach to confidence, in not being doomed to disappointment; and it is no doubt much to be wished that Lord SALISBURY could have seen his way to the adoption of some phrase of the latter kind. But his language, as we have said, must be compared, not with that of an ideal optimism, but with the actual and very prevalent pessimism which characterizes the speculations of outsiders. The results of such a comparison are, to our mind, sufficiently reassuring.

Even more satisfactory, however, was Lord SALISBURY'S prospective survey of our own political future. It is true that he deemed it right to commence his remarks on this subject by cautioning his hearers against the natural tendency of mankind to desire to eat its cake and have it. But as regards the particular instance to which he applied it we are fully persuaded that the warning is unneeded, and that the Unionist party of both political shades throughout the country have thoroughly grasped the necessity of mutual compromise for the insurance of the great end which they have jointly in view. They are already quite disposed to recognize the fact that the Government rests on the support, "not of a coalition, but of an alliance." And they will not "wonder" or blame the Government if to a certain extent the colour of the convictions of the Unionist-Liberals joins with the colour of the convictions of the Conservative party in determining the hue of the measures that are presented to Parliament. Liberals and Conservatives throughout the country should and would be prepared, for the sake of the Union, to accept this blending of the two colours, even if they stood in more pronounced contrast to each other than they do. But, as a matter of fact, the sacrifice of individual preferences which such a compromise will exact from either party is not likely to be very serious. The shade of Liberalism represented by Lord HARTINGTON, to whose supremely disinterested character Lord SALISBURY paid a well-deserved compliment, is not very far removed from Conservatism of the type principally represented in the Cabinet. Neither party will have to concede much to the other, or not, at all events, on any question which the allies will allow to be raised until after the safety of the Union is absolutely assured; it would be strange if, under these circumstances, they should fail to maintain a steady accord on the general principles of whatever legislation the Government may determine to introduce. Lord SALISBURY, however, took occasion to refer to the possibility of difficulties arising in this direction, and he did so in what appears to us to be language pregnant with significance. He spoke of the "peculiar constitution of the present House of Commons"—that is to say, the composition as determined by the necessity of a constant alliance between two normally opposing parties for a particular object—and he went on to consider the effect of this condition of things with regard to what he called "our power to carry into legislation "all the portions of the measures we may propose." Now, as to this, though it is the fixed maxim of the British Constitution that when the House of Commons expresses distinctly its want of confidence in the Government, that Government should either resign or advise a dissolution, yet "there are a number of other matters on "which the Constitutional tradition is not precise, and "in which it depends on the determination of the Min-"isters of the day whether they will regard the vote as "a vote of want of confidence or not; and whether "they regard the vote as a want of confidence or not "must depend very much on whether they regard it as "a matter of public interest that they should appeal to "the electors or not." The intention of this it is impossible, it seems to us, to mistake. It is designed to convey a gentle hint to the strategists of the Opposition that it will be quite a mistake for them to suppose that, if they can succeed, not in defeating a Ministerial Bill on its main principle, but in merely compelling the abandonment or modification of some of its provisions, they will thereby achieve their much desired and often ignorantly discussed purpose of forcing a dissolution. Should the Government thus find itself prevented from carrying "all "the portions" of one of its measures, they will consider whether that check is to be treated as a withdrawal of confidence, and they will be guided to their decision by a consideration of the general interests of the country as likely to be affected by an immediate dissolution. Nor did Lord SALISBURY conceal his opinion that as matters stand the Government would best exercise their constitutional discretion in the case supposed by "deferring an appeal to the "country until the result of their recent measures in Ireland "can be more permanently displayed to the minds of the "people." Such is the proposition which Lord SALISBURY has laid down as regards the future action of the Government in certain possible contingencies. The statement, which might be appropriately headed "Important to Old "Parliamentary Hands," should be about as unpleasant reading as it is possible to lay on a Gladstonian breakfast-table; but we believe that it will be cordially approved by the country.

ALPINE FORESTRY.

MOST professions seem easy to those who have only a superficial knowledge of them, and the simplest woodcraft doubtless demands a greater experience and certainty both of eye and hand than is generally supposed. But if this is true even of the woods that afford pleasant and easy walks to those who dwell upon the plains or gently undulating hills, the matter is one of far greater moment and difficulty in the higher Alps, where the maintenance of the upland woods is necessary to secure the property and even the lives of those who dwell in the valleys, and where the natural phenomena with which the forester has to deal are far more complex. Even in England one is sorry to see a knoll which was once covered by ancient trees turned into smooth pasturage, but in England this feeling may be regarded as sentimental; to denude one of the steeper acclivities of the higher Alps means to bring ruin on all who live beneath. The little brook that for centuries has run its course quietly if not noiselessly, gradually swelling and then falling a foot or two under the influence of the melting snow or long continued rains, becomes a mountain torrent whose humours and caprices are incalculable. It rises and falls suddenly, sweeping away the mills beneath and covering the fertile meadows with large fragments of rock and beds of gravel. Nor is this all. In a year or two the frost and snow of winter and the rains and drought of summer loosen the outer coating of vegetable earth from the rocks on which it rests, and then, on some bright or mildly raining day in spring, the whole comes down with the thawing snow as an avalanche, the destructive power of which is not to be withstood. Nor will the principle of letting things go answer here. Even if it were advisable to abandon all the profit that may be derived from the timber, and it is by no means inconsiderable, wardens would still have to be appointed, for a single trunk falling across a stream is converted by the first flood into a dam, and then the brook tears its way through a new channel, spreading devastation before it.

Thus, even if we ignore the climatic influences which the growth and destruction of forests—the word is here used in the vulgar, not the technical, sense—have been shown to produce, it will be seen that the position of an Alpine forester is by no means a sinecure, and that his work can hardly be done by the rule of thumb. The Austrian Government is fully conscious of this, and trains its foresters for the duties they are expected to perform as carefully as the members of any other profession. They may be divided into two ranks, which correspond roughly to those of commissioned and non-commissioned officers in the army. A boy who has passed an examination somewhat similar to one that might be imposed on leaving our higher elementary schools has a right to enter the lower grade, if he can speak the current languages fluently. He is then assigned to a district where his practical work at once begins, and he receives a small payment, but is subject to dismissal at a day's notice if he proves incapable. At first he is chiefly employed in the office, but the forester takes the pupils with him when he inspects the woods, draws their attention to the more important matters, and affords them an opportunity of gaining a full knowledge of the lower branches of woodcraft. If one of them shows peculiar aptitude, he is soon employed in the open air. When the forest has to be thinned or timber sold, he is trusted with the office of seeing that none but the stems which have been marked are felled, and that this is done in such a way as to inflict the smallest possible injury on the surrounding trees; and at other times similar duties are found for him. His instructions are always clear and exact, and at first the supervision over all his actions is very strict, as the forester himself is responsible for them to the Government or the private proprietor. Thus he learns his business, and rises in it by degrees till he becomes a Forst Wart, on whom the whole practical management of the forest, the employment of labourers, and the execution of orders depends. In this position he is frequently consulted by the higher officials on all matters of detail, but without further theoretical instruction he cannot rise above it.

For the higher offices a different training is demanded. The youth who chooses this as his career has to pass an examination equal in severity to that which secures an entrance to a university or one of the higher technical schools. He then goes to one of the great schools of forestry, in which he remains for at least three years. The instruction there given is both theoretical and

practical, though it is perhaps better in the former than the latter respect. The course embraces lectures on almost all the natural sciences in their application to woodcraft; and at its close an examination is imposed. To pass it successfully the student must give ample proof that he has profited by a training as severe as that which would secure a university degree, though it is, of course, different in character. From the successful candidates the lower ranks of the higher service are recruited, and thus by degrees officials are formed to whom the administration of large extents of mountain woodland can safely be entrusted.

This union of a high intellectual training with practical knowledge and duties is what lends the Alpine forester his peculiar character. He is usually a keen sportsman, and often a close observer of nature. A great part of his life is spent in the open air, and he has unrivalled opportunities of watching the slow changes that take place in districts on which the hand of man rarely encroaches—the disintegration of the rocks, the changes in the bed of a mountain stream, the habits of animals that love the solitude, and so on. His counting-house duties compel him to be exact, his early education renders him comparatively free from superstition. He has the hardihood of a mountaineer, and the good humour good health usually brings. Altogether, he is one of the pleasantest companions on a summer ramble; but his duties are not light, particularly on the Government domains. The game is under his charge as well as the trees, and he must take care that a sufficient stock is kept up, and never permitted to increase to such an extent as to be an annoyance to the peasants. The woods are expected not only to pay their own expenses, but to yield a certain profit; it is he who has to decide what trees can be felled without danger to public security and with the greatest profit. The mere auditing of the accounts when a large district is concerned involves a good deal of desk work. But the life, though busy, is by no means monotonous; the occupations are varied, and, for the most part, interesting.

We have noticed that the practical training given in the highest schools of forestry is hardly equal to the theoretical instruction they afford, and also that there is a point at which it has been found necessary to put a stop to the advance of men whose knowledge has been gained by practice alone. There is a third way by which men may enter the career of a forester and rise above the position of Forst Wart, though they cannot attain the highest positions in their profession. If a boy stays two years longer at school and can pass a stiffer examination than that imposed on the younger candidates, he may enter one of the lower schools of forestry at once, and thence rise to the position of a forester, though not to that of an upper forester or administrator, unless the former title be given him as a compliment when he retires. Many youths who have passed two or three years in practice, but kept up their learning by private study or tuition, pass the examination necessary for their admittance into those lower Forstschulen, and they are then as a rule preferred to their more theoretic colleagues.

One of the difficulties of the forester consists in the conditions of law and usage, which differ in the various districts and sometimes in the single villages. The landed proprietors of the valleys have always possessed an acknowledged, though undefined, right to fell such timber as they require for firing or building purposes. When the value of wood in the upland valleys was but small, and transport was so difficult and costly that exportation could only be made to pay when it was undertaken on a large scale, the old and simple usage is said to have worked smoothly to the satisfaction of all; but with the increased demand caused by the construction of railroads, the forests began to be devastated, and the Government found it necessary to impose strict regulations as to the felling of timber. These gave rise to great discontent and prolonged litigation between the various villages and the Government, to which a close was put by mutual concessions and arbitration. The conditions, however, which were finally adopted in various villages differed widely, and the forester has to be thoroughly acquainted with those which are in force in the districts he has to superintend.

In many, probably in most, cases the Government ceded a part of the domains to the single towns or hamlets, on condition of retaining an exclusive right to the rest. In some cases the municipal authorities kept the woods thus granted in their own hands, and have administered them for the benefit of the community; in others, however, they were parcelled out to the proprietors who had a claim upon them, and there the destruction almost immediately began. The price of timber then seemed high, though it has been rising ever since, and not only did the smaller peasants clear the hillsides of everything by which money could be made, but men possessed of capital sold their trees to invest the money in a bank. The results which might have been foreseen followed; a disastrous change in the climate and frequent inundations. At length a new law to prevent the felling of immature trees was passed, which even the foresters acknowledge to be strict enough in principle, but they say the penalties imposed are too small and too rarely enforced. It pays a merchant to take the risk of the fines.

Any one who makes a leisurely journey from Pontebba to Laibach may see to what result the parcelling out of the woods has led. From the Italian boundary to Tarvis they are in the best possible order. This domain formerly belonged to Count Arro. It was lately purchased from him with money taken from the ecclesiastical fund, and is administered by the State, though the revenues drawn from it of course belong to the Church. It already yields a considerable profit, which it is believed will greatly increase in the next few years. The woods of Weissenfels, which belong to a corporation, though subject to the old rights of the inhabitants, are also in a good condition; but as soon as the sources of the Sava are reached the hillsides become bare, and from hence all down the valley wherever a piece of well-tended wood exists the traveller may be sure that it belongs to the State, to a nobleman, or to one of the few proprietors who have had the foresight to treat the forests which they cannot replant, and the soil of which they can use for no other purpose, as a part of their children's patrimony, from which they have a right to draw a reasonable interest, but the principal of which they regard as sacred. It is a misfortune that such prudent and conscientious men have to suffer from the inundations which are to a large extent caused by the thoughtlessness of their less thrifty neighbours.

HALF-HOURS WITH SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN.

THE materials of an exceedingly interesting and valuable book, which will probably appear under the above title, though *The Whole Art of Not Being a Statesman* has also been suggested, and may perhaps be used, are rapidly accumulating in the proper hands. Some part of the volume has already appeared in the pages of this *Review*; other parts, we trust, will appear; but the whole, for obvious reasons, cannot be thoroughly digested just yet Meanwhile an important addition has been made this week to the texts of the treatise by the correspondence which has taken place between Sir George and Mr. Robert Martin, representative of the famous family of the Martins of Ballynahinch. With Mr. Martin's part, at least the argumentative part of him, which is chiefly contained in his rejoinder to Sir George's reply, we need not busy ourselves, except to say that it is as moderate in tone as it is sound in substance. The questions which opened the correspondence, and Sir George's answer to them, are the points of interest. Mr. Martin first quoted Sir George's statement at Sunderland some three weeks or a month ago that "The Irish landlords had been adjudged by competent tribunals to have taken from many generations of tenants money to which they had no moral right," and he wanted to know what competent tribunal had ever said anything of the kind. He also quoted a very different passage from a speech some five years old, in which Sir George, giving a glowing and generous denunciation of Irish crime, spoke of its victims as having been chosen because "they had been pointed out to the assassins in incendiary articles and speeches, made, not for the purpose of argument, but for the purpose of denunciation, and just as much part of the machinery of murder as the sword-cane and the pistol." And then Mr. Martin wished to ask whether Sir George was not now giving his support to the men who wrote those articles and made those speeches. Sir George's answer is too remarkable and interesting not to be given in full:—"SIR,—I have the honour to acknowledge your letter. The reductions in Irish rents made by the Land Commission were, no doubt, in part due to the fall in agricultural prices. But those reductions were much more largely due to the circumstance that, in the days of rack-renting, the Irish farmers very often paid competition rents in order to save themselves being turned from houses which they and their predecessors had built, and farms which they and their predecessors had reclaimed and improved. The money which landlords obtained under these circumstances was money to which they had no moral right, and to which, since recent land legislation, they have no legal right. English landlords who, or their predecessors, have reclaimed and improved the land, and have built the farmsteads, are in an entirely different position. I may state that, in making these remarks, I am quite unaware whether they apply or not to the estates belonging to your family. With regard to the last part of your letter, if you will read my recent speeches on Irish policy, you will find that they recommend—first, that Ireland should be governed by conciliation, and not by coercion, as was held by the Conservative party and Government in 1885; and, next, that self-government should be given to Ireland, under reasonable conditions, as was held by Lord Hartington in 1886. I do not think that either of these propositions are inconsistent with what I said at Hawick. Whether they are or not, I am convinced they are right in themselves.—I remain, yours faithfully, G. O. TREVELYAN."

It should be said that for the remarkable evasion in the answer to the first question Mr. Martin had somewhat laid himself open, inasmuch as he had unwisely added to his simple inquiry as to the competent tribunal and its adjudication a comparison with English landlords and their reductions, which, however just in itself, admitted of evasion. Sir George therefore, except on high moral grounds, can scarcely be blamed for declining the stronger and attacking the less strong part of the enemy, according to the rules made and provided by all good generals. The important point, however, is to note here how absolutely he does decline the strong part. He makes not the slightest attempt to point out the competent tribunal which adjudged, &c., and that for the best of all reasons. There is no such tribunal and no such adjudication, and Sir George knows it. The reductions under the Act of 1881, the further reductions under the Land Order of the other day, no more adjudge on the morality or immorality of the rents that were paid "many generations" or a single generation ago than they adjudge on the

morality or immorality of the rent, whatever it is, that will be paid "many generations" hence. Taking the Land Commissioners at their most august valuation, their adjudications are simply adjudications that at a given time, between given persons, and with a given scale of prices prevailing, such and such rents were fair, such and such others not fair. By partisans they may also be taken as signifying their opinion that immediately before their assessment rents had been "unfair"; but that circumstance is always understood to have been pretty liberally taken into account in the new tariff, and whether it be so or not, it has absolutely no bearing on the point which Sir George seeks to establish. It is not a case even of "the fathers have eaten sour grapes," as it would be if somebody charged Sir George with immorality because the Fenwicks of Wallington in old time made uncommonly free with Scotch beeves. It is more preposterous even than that. The only exact parallel that we can see is that Sir George should denounce every one who sells Consols to-day at par as "taking money to which he has no moral right," because in the critical times of the last century they might have been bought at Heaven knows how much discount. The case is purposely inverted, but the argument is just the same. If it follow because a hundred pounds stock is worth to-day a hundred pounds sterling and more, that it was "morally" worth that amount when Paul Jones was insulting the coast of Yorkshire, then it follows that Mr. Martin's, or anybody else's, ancestors took more than they had a moral right to a hundred years ago, because it has been decided that they have not a legal right to as much now.

But, clear as this is, and curious as Sir George's evasion of the first question is, it is not so curious as his complete refusal to answer the second, and as the reason he gives (apparently to satisfy his own conscience rather than Mr. Martin) for refusing. It will be observed that he says not one single word in reply to the plain question whether the men whom he is supporting—the men whom, as Mr. Bright would say, he is recommending to the Queen as her advisers and Ministers in Ireland—were or were not the authors of things which a few years ago he pronounced to be as much part of the machinery of murder as the pistol or the sword. He has apparently that grace of conscience left in him that he dare not tell a categorical falsehood, and say they are not; he has not quite conscience enough to say that they are. He talks about conciliation, and coercion, and self-government, and 1881 and 1886—things about which Mr. Martin had said never a word, and which have absolutely nothing to do with the question. Is Sir George or is he not supporting with all his might those whom he has denounced as machinators of murder? His reply is, in fact, as germane to the matter as the essayist's was when he observed, "She is exquisitely handsome," in reply to requests as to the time of day, and the like. Either the persons concerned were machinators of murder or they were not. If they were not, Sir George Trevelyan grossly calumniated them in 1883; if they were, it remains to be shown what they have done to purge themselves of this stain, and to become in Sir George Trevelyan's eyes fit persons to whom to commit the well-being of five millions of the Queen's subjects and the government of a third of the Queen's immediate dominions in 1888. This part of the matter, it would seem, Sir George does dimly see, and he tries to ward off the blow by the strange concluding words of his letter:—"I do not think that either of these propositions [the propositions about conciliation and coercion and self-government, and 1881 and 1886, and her exquisite handsomeness] are inconsistent with what I said at Hawick. *Whether they are or not, I am convinced they are right in themselves.*"

A right memorable statement that last! It is not merely that its curious mixture of petulance and disquiet in tone, its boyish "I-don't-care-what-you-say-and-it's-a-shame-to-bother-me,-and-I-just-mean-to-stick-to-it" ring is characteristic of the recent utterances of a once acute and intelligent, if never very logical or vigorous, politician. It is not merely its fatal positiveness, its forgetfulness of the warning, "Man! thou takest vows of eternal stability in the name of th. rock that is itself crumbling away." Both these things are curious, and still more curious is it that it should have been left to nearly the youngest Gladstonian to formulate in a letter what all Gladstonians would say if they were honest enough or rash enough. But most curious of all is the unconsciousness it indicates of another fatal dilemma similar to those pointed out already. Sir George Trevelyan, in committing the fortunes of Ireland to A and B, now is "certain he is right." Was he not certain he was right when he called A and B "machinators of murder," persons as guilty and as responsible as those who used the pistol and the sword-cane? If he was not certain, how came he to utter so gross a scandal, and not merely to utter it, but actually to administer for years the government of Ireland itself in the very spirit and direction of these words of his? It has been noted by historians as a special but rare wickedness in certain inquisitors and persecutors, religious and political, that they persecuted others for denying or disbelieving doctrines in which they had themselves no belief. But they were mostly, if not always, servants of despots or of ecclesiastical and political systems which left men little choice but to be rackers or racked. Sir George was not in this plight when he undertook and long carried on the coercing of Ireland and the battle against the machinators of murder. He must be presumed to have done it of the purest free will. And yet he was apparently not convinced that he was right. Or, if he was, what is the value of a conviction "which alters when it alteration finds" of a score or so of votes in Parliament, and "bends with the remover to remove" when the remover is Mr. Gladstone and the remove is from certainty that A is a machinator of murder towards innocent victims, and certainty that A is the very man to be entrusted with the management of the Kingdom of Ireland? Was Mr. Trevelyan a persecutor of patriots, a maligner of heroes, a reckless defender of a policy that cannot be defended, or is Sir George Trevelyan utterly and hopelessly in the wrong? One or other of these questions must be answered in the affirmative, and we hardly know which answer is most fatal to his political reputation.

COFFEE.

ATTENTION has recently been called to the fact that the consumption of tea is largely increasing, while that of coffee is diminishing in an almost similar ratio. It is at first somewhat difficult to account for this. There are, however, certain explanations which let in some light upon the matter, and the first of these is that tea, since the reduction of its duty, is more largely than ever drunk by women, who greatly prefer it to coffee.

Tea, except in the exaggerated form of lightly-dried green tea, is a mild stimulant and sudorific, or, to use a common phrase among those who drink it, a "comforter" or "stay." Coffee is more potent than tea. It not only arrests waste of tissue, but it also possesses qualities which bring it very near to the limits of the range of dangerous drugs. If we take theine, the alkaloid of tea—and we may practically leave out of consideration the difference between black tea and green—and compare it with the corresponding alkaloid in coffee, we find certain marked differences. Coffee is more immediate and more marked in its effects than tea. A strong cup of coffee will act on the moment, and is sometimes employed by medical men as an emetic. Or, again, a cup of hot coffee will recruit a man who has suffered from a violent shock, where a cup of warm tea would be not much better or more efficacious than a basin of gruel. It may be agreed, then, that coffee properly prepared is a drink for men rather than for women. The question remains, why men do not now drink coffee, or, to put it in another shape, why we have no genuine coffee-houses.

One first and obvious answer is that the drinking of coffee, like the taking of snuff, has gone out of fashion. It was once pardonable in a young man to carry a snuff-box, but absolutely unpardonable to smoke. It is now considered legitimate to smoke from morning to night, if a person desires to do so; but nine persons out of ten consider the taking of snuff to be a most objectionable habit. Another reason is that in England the proper preparation of coffee is very generally unknown. Cooks and housekeepers as often as not purchase ground coffee, long since devoid of all aroma, and proceed to boil it until the last atom of virtue has evaporated. Now coffee seeds are to be procured in much greater perfection in England than in France. Why is it, therefore, that the average cup of coffee that can be obtained in an English restaurant or hotel is distinctly inferior to that which may be met with on the other side of the Channel? The answer is obvious. The French cook understands the preparation of coffee; the English cook knows nothing about it, and, we are afraid, as a rule, does not care to learn. The coffee handed you even at the table of your friends is often made from seeds which were roasted three months ago, ground two months ago, and which have since been kept in paper until they were boiled. The original aroma has gone, and nothing has been left except the stale material for a coarse, woody extract.

To prepare coffee you must take the green seed, using your judgment to make sure that it is new. You must then roast it in a rotary cylinder, or even in a small fryingpan, over a charcoal fire. It will change its colour from light sage-green to dark brown, and will at the same time begin to sweat. Drops of brown oil will stand out upon it, and will give out an unmistakable aroma. This aroma consists of a delicate essential oil, so volatile in its nature that coffee roasted the day before yesterday—not to say coffee which has been roasted and ground and kept in tinfoil for a month—has no more left of its virtue than a rose a week cut. The seed thus prepared should stain your fingers or leave a perceptible greasy brown trace on white blotting-paper. From this point all is easy. Break your seeds, for the kernel of the nut is always the sweetest. Tie the fragments in muslin. Then, if you are an epicure, pour a small quantity of actually boiling water upon a large allowance of them. But you can get admirable coffee for a larger number of guests if you boil the muslin bag for a minute and a half or two minutes, and not longer. Coffee is an infusion, and not a decoction. Coffee thus prepared is a beverage within the reach of every man who will make it or see it made for himself; and it can be made by any woman who condescends to be taught.

In the East the preparation of coffee is essentially the same as that we have described. A quantity of the green seeds are roasted and broken up, and boiling water is then poured upon them. The sole difference is that the compound is not strained, so you have to allow the crushed fragments to settle to the bottom of your cup and to sip the surface of its contents. The cup of good coffee, if poured into a large thin wineglass, ought to be the colour of Madeira, and to exhale an aroma perceptible all over the room. This aroma is due to the highly volatile oil, of which we have already spoken, and of which most has disappeared a week after the seed has been roasted. We are speaking, of course, for

the epicure. For a sailor, wet through with his watch, or a navigator just released from his barrow and shovel, coffee of almost any kind is better than none. This is a fact which working-men have long found out. For coffee-stalls are becoming more numerous, and owe their patronage almost entirely to men who live by their muscle.

CAMPAIGNING AGAINST SNAKES AND WILD BEASTS.

THE Annual Report drawn up for the Government of India on the measures taken for the destruction of snakes and of wild beasts is an interesting illustration of the conditions of life and of the duties of Government in that peninsula. Year after year the campaign goes on against these pests. But an examination of the Returns shows that the Government is hardly getting the mischief under. The last ten years nevertheless give a grand total of over two hundred thousand wild beasts and more than two million and a half snakes destroyed. It is curious to note that more than a half of the venomous reptiles extirpated are put down to the Bombay Presidency. Other indications, though this is certainly the most striking, point to the Government receiving more support in its measures from the inhabitants of Western India than elsewhere. But, in spite of this gigantic slaughter, the number of human beings actually done to death, and of cattle and domestic animals lost to the community, remains much the same. In the year 1886, for which the figures have just reached home, the number actually rose. The bill of mortality amounted to nearly 25,000 in all, or not far short of 2,000 more than in the preceding year. The increase was due entirely to deaths from snake-bites, which reached the number of 22,134. It must be remembered, however, that, dangerous as the snakes are, they still probably bear somewhat more blame than they deserve. Death from snake-bite is a too obvious explanation, unfortunately, when the disgraced widow disappears in the zenana, or a child has been murdered in one of those obscure sacrifices which a frenzy of native superstition, or the desire to guard hidden treasure with the spirit of a boy still demand.

Amongst animals the tiger continues to hold a bad pre-eminence as the most deadly foe to human life. Not far short of a thousand people proved in their own cases that the man-eater is yet far from being extinct. But, though the mortality among human beings increased during the year under review, the loss of cattle—57,451 head—showed a diminution. Some consolation might be gathered from this if the figures were to be relied upon. But, unfortunately, these figures are extremely vague, and the Government is convinced that they do not by any means represent the real loss. The natives in up-country localities are at no great pains to report cases, and the stations where the reports can be taken are few and far between. More trustworthy evidence of the progress of the campaign against wild beasts is afforded by the returns of animals and snakes destroyed. Zeal is here stimulated by the Government rewards. For the year 1886 we observe a decline in the numbers which is by no means satisfactory. As against 1,855 tigers, 5,466 leopards, and 1,874 bears killed in 1885, the figures were only 1,464, 4,051, and 1,668. A decrease in the number of snakes destroyed from 420,044 to 417,596 is also reported. Various explanations are offered for this. It is stated that the rewards are too small in some provinces, or that they are unpunctually paid, as in Bengal, while the people qualified to certify for them are inconveniently few. Attention has been called by the supreme Government to the necessity of remedying this.

The utmost possible results should certainly be obtained by the Indian authorities for their campaign against snakes and wild beasts, since the operations cost Government a round sum. In 1886 the rewards paid amounted to Rs. 1,89,000. But during the previous decade the disbursements ran up to over a crore and a half of rupees. We note, however, with satisfaction the complaints against the Arms Act are unfounded. It is a stock theme of native agitators to contend that the Act cripples the native community in their struggle with wild beasts and exposes both them and their crops to unnecessary depredations. But a scrutiny of the working of this Act shows that contention is a flimsy one. Over 86,000 licences under the Act were current during the year in question, and it must be borne in mind that these licences are granted without payment. But the destruction of less than 23,000 wild animals is disproportionate to the facilities offered, and brings out the supineness of the native population clearly enough.

BOARD OF TRADE RETURNS.

THE Board of Trade Returns for December and for the year 1887 fully bear out the view we have taken in this journal for months past of the course of trade. For the month the value of the imports was 34,173,968*l.*, being in excess of those of the corresponding month of the year before 3,162,683*l.*, or about 10¼ per cent. For the twelve months the value of the imports was 361,935,006*l.*, being 12,553,920*l.* in excess of that for the year 1886, or somewhat over 3½ per cent. The value of the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures for the month was 20,385,464*l.*, an increase over that of December 1886 of as much as 3,231,354*l.*, or very nearly 19 per cent. For the twelve months the value of the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures was 221,398,440*l.*, an increase of 8,965,686*l.*, or about 4¼ per cent. over the preceding twelve months. Both in the imports and in the exports it will be noticed that the month of December shows an extraordinary advance upon the average for the whole year. This seems to prove that trade has been growing much more rapidly at the end of the year than previously, and particularly in the very last month; and that this is so is borne out by all the other indications before us. It is to be recollected, however, that the increase in values would naturally be greater than the increase in quantities, because prices rose very suddenly and very rapidly during December. Our readers will recollect that in some instances the rise was quite extraordinary. It is further to be recollected that there was one day more for business purposes in last December than in the December of the preceding year, Christmas having fallen last time upon Sunday and in 1886 upon Saturday. A single working-day added to the business of so great a commercial country as this would naturally make a very considerable difference. And, lastly, it is to be borne in mind that December of 1886 showed a slight falling off on the preceding December, as did December 1885 upon December of 1884. Thus the good trade of last month compares with a month in which trade had received a check. When full allowance, however, is made for all these considerations, the fact remains that December last was one of the most satisfactory, whether we regard the imports or the exports, for a long time past. And, if we turn from the general figures to the details, we find in most directions confirmation of the fact that trade was decidedly improving at the close of the year just ended.

Fears had been entertained for some time past that the American purchases of our goods had received a material check. The dearness and scarcity of money in the summer undoubtedly put a stop to railway construction in a great many cases; and the stop to railway construction naturally decreased the demand for iron, steel, coal, and many other commodities. It was apprehended, therefore, that the end of the year would show a decided falling off in the exports of articles of British and Irish produce and manufacture to the United States; but it is satisfactory to find that the increase in the American purchases of our goods has continued. Thus, to take the most important articles, iron and steel, we find that in December the quantity of pig-iron exported to the United States was 25,407 tons, against 12,307 tons in the preceding December, and likewise there was a very large increase for the whole year. Railroad iron of all kinds exported to the United States was in quantity 12,820 tons in December, against 8,584 tons in the preceding December, and for the whole year the quantity was about trebled. In machinery and millwork there was also an increase, as there was likewise in hardware and cutlery. Against the improved business with the United States is to be set, it is true, decreased trade with Australia, the long-continued drought having lessened the colonists' purchasing power. But it is encouraging to find that in December our exports to Australia showed an increase, foreshadowing, we hope, a recovery in the trade. Another feature even more satisfactory is the continued increase in the export of coal. Some time ago we called the attention of our readers to the growing demand for coal, and we pointed out that the whole of the increase in business was in the South Wales ports; the North-Eastern ports, on the contrary, having lost business. We suggested at the same time that the explanation was to be found mainly in the protectionist policy adopted by Germany and Russia, and partly, no doubt, in the development of coal-mining in Germany and neighbouring countries. During December the exports of coal have continued on an increasing scale, the quantity exported for the month having been 2,091,839 tons, against 1,744,719 tons in the preceding December, an increase of not far short of 13 per cent. For the whole year the increase was from a little over 23½ millions of tons to a little under 24½ millions of tons. And, as we found to be the case when last writing upon this subject, the increased export is to countries in the trade with which the South Wales ports would have a decided advantage over the North-Eastern ports. Both for the month and for the year there is a falling off in the exports of coal to Russia. For the year also there is a falling off in the exports to Germany and to Sweden and Norway; while there is a decided increase, both for the month and for the twelve months, in the exports to Italy, Turkey, Egypt, Brazil, Gibraltar, the East Indies, and "other countries." This increased demand for coal in so many countries indicates a more active state of trade in the countries referred to, and at such places as Gibraltar it points further to a decided recovery in the shipping trade. The demand for coal for the use of steamers also shows an increase, proving that the revival in the shipping trade has continued to the very end of the year. And this is further confirmed by the fact that the entries and clearances of shipping at our ports show a marked increase in December over those of the preceding December. Shipping of the total tonnage of 2,088,976 tons entered our ports during the past month, against 1,913,720 in the preceding December; while the clearances were 2,569,529 tons last month, against 2,247,594 twelve months previously. One other very satisfactory point may be noticed in the exports; we refer to the revival of the Indian demand for cotton piece goods. During 1885 and 1886 the exports of cotton piece goods from this country to India were exceedingly large, and the result was a glut in the Indian markets and a falling off in the past year in the exports. In December there was, however, a

marked revival. Thus, the exports to Bombay rose from 58,111,800 yards in December of 1886 to 79,028,500 yards last month; those to Madras rose from 10,908,100 yards to 12,486,500 yards; but those to Bengal still showed a falling off, 79,347,900 yards having been exported in December 1886, while last month the exports were only 72,911,600 yards. Against this is to be noted a generally increased demand in the Far East, for example, at the Straits Settlements, China, and Japan.

It is not easy to reconcile the increased exports of textile fabrics last month with the falling off in the imports of the raw material. Thus, in raw cotton there was last month a falling off of as much as 386,705 cwts.; there was also a falling off in raw silk, in alpaca, and in goat's wool. Probably the explanation is that the imports during the preceding eleven months were very large; so that while the imports for December showed decreases in the value of raw materials, both for textile manufactures and for sundry industries and manufactures, there is an increase of nearly 5¾ millions sterling in the value of the raw materials for textile manufactures for the whole twelve months; but in raw materials for sundry industries even for the twelve months there is a falling off in value of about a million and a quarter sterling. This latter fact, however, may be due to mere accident; to contrary winds, for instance, or to some delay in shipment. The falling off last month may this month or the month after be followed by very large increases. It is reasonable to assume that where the foreign demand for our goods shows a marked expansion there will be likewise an increase in the imports of the raw materials of the manufacture. With the exception of the falling off in the raw materials, the imports generally are as satisfactory as the exports. But there is one rather curious change as regards the sources of our supply of wheat indicated in the Returns since last harvest. For some years our imports from Russia had been steadily falling off, so much so that it appeared as if Russia was completely losing her hold upon the wheat markets of Western Europe. On the other hand, the imports both from the United States and from India showed a marked increase. But since last harvest there has been an extraordinary recovery in the Russian wheat trade. In December, for example, we imported as much as 1,645,527 cwts. of wheat from Russia against barely 91,574 cwts. in the December of 1886, and the increase in the imports from Russia since the harvest has been so marked, that for the whole year 1887 we imported over 5½ millions of cwts., against less than 3¾ millions of cwts. in the preceding year. On the other hand, there has been a marked falling off in the imports from India. In December we imported barely 433,032 cwts. of Indian wheat, against 750,012 cwts. in December of the preceding year, and for the whole year we imported barely more than 8½ millions of cwts., against somewhat over 11 millions of cwts. in the preceding year. From the United States our imports have also fallen off; but in December, while we imported from the Atlantic seaports little more than a third of what we imported in the preceding December, we imported from the Pacific ports about twice as much as in the December of 1886. In the early part of the year our imports from the Atlantic seaboard were enormous, and consequently, notwithstanding the falling off in the past few months, there is a very decided increase in our total imports of wheat from the United States over those of 1886. Still it seems plain that the American harvest last year was deficient, while the Russian harvest was very fine and therefore Russia has been able to recover some of her lost ground. As we have seen above, the shortness of the American crop has not, as yet at least, affected injuriously the American purchases of our goods. It is to be hoped that the increased imports of Russian wheat may increase Russia's purchasing-power of our goods, and lead to a recovery in our trade with that Empire. On that point, however, very much depends upon the maintenance of peace, and not a little upon the price obtained for wheat.

THE QUEEN'S PREMIUMS FOR SIRES.

THE Royal Commission on Horse-breeding has issued its report within four months of its appointment, and, in our opinion, its activity has been equalled by its common sense. At present it has only 5,000*l.* at its disposal, and of this 4,400*l.* is to be distributed in prizes of 200*l.* each for thoroughbred stallions whose owners will guarantee their services at a fee of 2*l.*, the remaining 600*l.* being reserved for expenses. If the judges are well chosen, the very fact of a horse having won a Queen's Premium will be a great recommendation to breeders, irrespective of the reduced fee, especially to those who make a great point of soundness. The low fee, again, ought to insure a full subscription to a winner, so that his receipts, including his fees and the premium, should be about 300*l.*, or the equivalent of a full subscription at a fee of 6*l.* The Government never gives more than 300*l.* for a thoroughbred stallion to be sent out for breeding purposes to India; and many people might be surprised, if they took the trouble to go through the sale lists of thoroughbred stock, to find how few horses, apart from foals and yearlings, fetch more than that sum. In 1886, only about five-and-twenty realized anything above 300 guineas at the sales given in the long lists in *Ruff*, and a good many of these were two-year-olds and three-year-olds in training and of high promise. Even at a cost of 500*l.* or 600*l.* a winner of Queen's Premiums should prove a remunerative investment. Country stallions are often purchased for very small sums. Bruar, who is serving at 5 guineas a mare, was bought for 50 guineas. That good old horse Berserker only cost 100 guineas a year and a half ago; he has had a season since then, and he is still advertised at a fee of 10 guineas for thoroughbred, and 5 guineas for half-bred mares. The most extraordinary case of a well-bought stallion is that of Londesborough, who is said to have been sold as a stud-horse for 24*l.*, and is now advertised at a fee of 50 guineas.

Low as the fee of the winners of Queen's Premiums appears at 2*l.*, there are something like forty stallions in the United Kingdom advertised at fees varying from one to two guineas. They are, however, as a rule, a set of unsound, worthless brutes. According to the useful list given in the almanac published at the *Field* office, there are about a hundred and fifty sires advertised for half-bred mares at 5 guineas or less. At fees varying from 3*l.* downwards there are a good many exceedingly well-bred stallions; the pity is that they are not all sound, but it may be worth noticing how excellent are the strains obtainable at such low fees. There are four of these cheap sires by Lowlander, whose descendants ought to be powerful, fast, and fine fencers. There are two by the celebrated sire Speculum. There are two, again, by Petrarch, who himself earns the large fee of 150 guineas; and there is an equal number by Sterling, who receives a similar fee. In 1886 the fourteen yearlings by Sterling, sold at public auction, averaged 1,068 guineas each. There are three sires, serving at two and a half guineas or less, by the fine old grey Strathconan. Admirers of the King Tom blood can get it, through his son, Tom King, crossed with that of the great Birdcatcher himself for 2*l.* The most fashionable of all crosses at present is that of Touchstone and Birdcatcher. This blood, too, may be obtained for a couple of sovereigns through Chichester. The same blood exists far more directly in the splendidly bred Exminster, who is by Newminster, out of a Stockwell mare. He serves at 3*l.* The same cross occurs again in Limestone, a horse with a grand back and loins, who serves at 3 guineas. The successful double-cross of Touchstone can be had for 2½ guineas, through Althotas by Rosicrucian, a horse that serves at a hundred guineas. Few better horses have ever trod the turf than Gladiateur and Fille de l'Air; they were mated, and their highly-bred son, Candidat, is given in marriage for the nominal consideration of a couple of guineas. The services of a son of the handsome Beadsman, called Carthusian (a big horse with plenty of bone), are to be had for 2*l.* 10*s.* Florin, a horse by Sterling, serves mares "the property of tenant-farmers or those within Baron Rothschild's hunt" for nothing. Tenant-farmers living in the Meynell country get the use of Oswestry, a powerful horse with splendid blood for hunters, at 1*l.*, and tenants of his owner pay nothing for it. The Duke of Westminster keeps a sire of much the same blood in Golden Cross, who stands in the Eaton paddocks at a fee of 2*l.* The master of the Badsworth hounds only charges 1*l.* for the use of Knight of the Forest, by Knight of the Garter out of a Kettledrum mare. So far as we can learn, no son of Hermit condescends to accept less than 10 guineas. At that fee the services can be obtained of Torpedo, Friar Rush, and St. Honorat, a colt that was once sold for 4,000 guineas.

Perhaps the best effect of the proposed Queen's Premiums will be the fair distribution of sound but inexpensive sires. At present there are more than are required in some districts, and none in others. Owners of ordinary stallions need not be afraid of having the bread taken out of their mouths by the Premium-winners; for in several districts one holder of a Queen's Premium will have to do duty for three counties. The competition for the Queen's Premiums should also benefit any good sire that is shown, even if he is not selected by the judges, as it is likely to attract a very large number of breeders, and many of them may like some of the unsuccessful competitors better than the prize-winners. Some breeders will always prefer make and shape, while others will be most anxious to obtain certain strains of blood, and among the latter there will ever be considerable diversity of taste. Upon the whole the new system of competition for Queen's Premiums ought to be hailed with satisfaction by all owners of good stallions, for even if it should have the effect of obliging them to reduce their fees, it will afford them a fine opportunity of advertisement.

The advocates of Cleveland bays, Yorkshire coachhorses, and Norfolk trotters are disappointed at the refusal of the Commissioners to devote any of the grant to the encouragement of those breeds; but the sum at their disposal is small enough, even for the leading breed, and we are convinced that the Commission has acted wisely in confining its efforts this year exclusively to the improvement of thoroughbred sires. In the opinion of many competent judges, most Norfolk trotters have some thoroughbred blood in their veins. The famous Emilius is known to have stood in Norfolk, and to have served half-bred mares at a fee of 5 guineas. Nor can there be much doubt that Yorkshire coach-horses have generally a strain of thoroughbred blood. Some of the best American trotters, again, are descended from the famous Hambletonian, or from Diomed, a winner of the Derby. Even in carthorses, it is a question whether a dash of pure blood does not give pluck and endurance. One of the Commissioners, Mr. H. Chaplin, dissents from his colleagues on this one particular of limiting the competition for the premiums exclusively to thoroughbred sires. He considers that "horses with a stain in their pedigree, and which are not, therefore, in the Stud Book, are constantly found, and have frequently been proved to be among the best and most successful of country stallions,"

which is all very true; but it does not necessarily follow that it is "inexpedient and undesirable that they should be excluded from all competition in the premiums," when the amount available for those premiums is comparatively small. If horses that are not quite clean-bred were once admitted to the competition, it would be difficult to keep out the Clevelands, the Trotters, and the Yorkshire coachhorses. We hope, however, that the time will come when the grant will be sufficiently increased to afford opportunities of encouragement to all our national breeds of horses.

While we rejoice at the distribution of 4,400*l.* by the Government in premiums for stallions, it is but fair to remember that the Hackney and the Hunter's Improvement Societies give away 1,113*l.* in prizes for the encouragement of horses this year; and that besides this, there are the Yorkshire annual stallion prizes for thoroughbreds, as well as a number of prizes at local shows, not only for thoroughbred horses, but for other breeds.

HOMERSTOTLE.

Ἑπτὰ πόλεις μάρνασθε σοφὴν διὰ ῥίζαν Ὁμήρου,
φεῦ τῆς ἀπρήκτου μαψιδίου τ' ἔριδος.
ἆ δειλαὶ τί μάχεσθε; κενώτερον εὖχος ἀρεῖσθε
σμίνθων καὶ βατράχων δήριος οὐτιδανῆς.
δαιμόνιαι, τί κορύσσετ' ἄρην περὶ μηδένος ὄντος;
οὐδὲ γὰρ ἦν ὅδ' ἀνὴρ ἀλλὰ τὸ μηδὲν ἁπλῶς·
καινοπρεποῦς σοφίης ἀδαήμονες ἱεροφαντῶν
ἡμετέρων μάθεθ' ὡς οὔτις Ὅμηρος ἔην.
σὸν μὲν Ὅμηρε κλέος σκιῇ εἴκελον ἢ καὶ ὀνείρῳ
πνοιαὶ ἀνηρείψαντ' ἐξανεμωθὲν ἅπαν·
"Οὔτις ἔμοιγ' ὄνομ' ἐστί" πάλαι τεὸς εἶπεν Ὀδυσσεύς,
νῦν σὸν Ὅμηρε λέγειν "Οὔτις ἔμοιγ' ὄνομα·"
εἰ δέ ποτ' ἦσθα, φέναξ σὺ πεφώρασαι καὶ ἀλαζών,
κλέπτης ἀλλοτρίων ψευδοφαὴς ἐπέων·
Ἰλιάδ' ἔκτισε πᾶσαν Ὀδύσσειαν τε καὶ ὕμνους
αὐτὸς Ὁμηροπάτωρ μοῦνος Ἀριστοτέλης.

TWO PLAYS AT THE HAYMARKET.

No good object would be served by making a close comparison between Mr. Robert Buchanan's *Partners* and M. Daudet's *Fromont jeune et Risler aîné.* The writer of the English play publishes a statement with reference to it, that "the character of Heinrich Borgfeldt has been partly founded on that of Risler, but though numerous suggestions have been taken from Daudet's admirable story, the leading situation and most of the *dramatis personæ* are radically different." In an argument as to the amount of Mr. Buchanan's indebtedness, it would be easy to make a good case for either side. As for "most of the *dramatis personæ*" being "radically different," that all depends upon what one understands by the adverb. There are eight important characters in *Partners*, and of these Borgfeldt and his wife are the M. and Mme. Risler of the novel (the latter, it is true, with a difference); Charles Derwentwater is Fromont, Mr. Parr is M. Planus, Mr. Algernon Bellair is certainly Delobelle the tragedian, and Mrs. Harkaway has her origin in Mme. Dobson. On the other hand, though Mrs. Borgfeldt touches upon some of the experiences which befall Mme. Risler, the two are totally unlike each other in mode of life and habit of thought. Mme. Risler is a thoroughly vicious woman; Mrs. Borgfeldt is weak and vain, a little frivolous, but has no taint of criminality about her, and this fact necessarily causes the tone of the play to differ from that of the novel. A character is not as a matter of course dramatically feeble because it is the character of a feeble woman, nor dramatically strong because the personage is of determined disposition. We do not find fault with the playwright for making his Mrs. Borgfeldt vary so completely from Mme. Risler. The former is a sufficiently lifelike and probable creature; our only objection to her is that we have met her so often before. There is about Mrs. Borgfeldt a suggestion of the heroine of *Nos Intimes*, and indeed of the heroines of a great many other plays—the lady who is tempted by an illicit lover. Her husband may adopt a new accent and wear a novel wig, but we recognize him for the same in essentials, though it is true that the point of innumerable French plays in which he appears is the hiding from him of the intrigue. Just at the moment when it has seemed to be on the point of discovery, when he is "hot," as children say in playing the game, he is usually led astray and becomes cold again. In *Partners* Borgfeldt, arriving unexpectedly at his home, sees his wife Claire in the arms of his spendthrift partner, Charles Derwentwater. In truth she could not help herself. She strove to repulse the man (having, it is true, previously encouraged him), but he would not be repulsed, and her husband's suspicions concerning her are ill founded. Here, however, is a dramatic and powerful "situation," to employ the convenient jargon; but the author uses it with curious clumsiness, and finally destroys such slight chances of success as the piece has seemed to have.

There are several ways in which Borgfeldt might conceivably treat the false partner who has ruined the honour of the firm, and has striven to betray—has, as it appears, succeeded in betraying—the friend who has trusted and loved him. Borgfeldt might, as he is once on the point of doing, fly at the traitor and take personal vengeance, he might restrain himself, and order Derwentwater from his sight; he might declare that no effort should be made to save the firm, regardless of his own ruin, as it involves the ruin of the man he has such cause to hate; he might—in fact, he might do almost anything except what he does. His scheme of revenge is a very great deal too complicated to have any dramatic value. He declares himself determined to save the firm; but he, the senior partner, insists upon withdrawing and filling the position of a clerk, while the junior, who has squandered the money and so nearly caused the downfall of the house, is to remain sole master. We have to go a very long way round to find the reason of this resolve. It is based upon the circumstance that Derwentwater has married the daughter of the late founder of the firm, Borgfeldt's "honoured master," about whom we hear a good deal in the course of the drama, though as a very general rule—and playwrights would do well to remember this—people who are talked about and never seen in a play create no sort of interest. By overlooking Derwentwater's cruel treachery and reinstating him in the position he has deliberately lost, Borgfeldt quixotically proposes to show reverence for his "honoured master's" memory. This is all so exceedingly fantastic that, but for the acting of Mr. Beerbohm Tree in the part of Borgfeldt, audiences would surely laugh at—if they did not yawn at—such roundabout revenge; for it is revenge in a way, as Borgfeldt assumes that Derwentwater will be infinitely humiliated, in which supposition he is probably wrong. Mr. Tree's study of the character is, however, remarkably sympathetic. The actor deliberately and heavily handicaps himself by his awkward manner, ill-fitting clothes, strong German accent, and general uncouthness; but it is soon made evident that, if there is want of dignity, there is no want of heart; the man's simplicity and tenderness win him regard. That Mr. Tree should be able to sustain interest in Borgfeldt's proceedings, and to hide their eccentricity in the scene described above, says much for his power of influencing an audience. Such relief as the play possesses is furnished by Mr. Charles Brookfield's admirably fresh and humorous performance of the unsuccessful tragedian Bellair. We are not quite sure whether Bellair is a reproduction of an actual type, or whether he is just a trifle exaggerated. The cant about the "artistic temperament," which Bellair regards as a virtue, and recognizes in all the people from whom he wants to borrow money, is a touch of nature; and we doubt whether the difficulties of the aspirate have ever been quite as adroitly indicated. Sometimes Bellair is triumphant with the letter; often there are lapses; frequently he hesitates, and then the chances are that he goes wrong. His selfishness is indicated by notably clever touches. He perceives that his daughter is troubled. "I'm afraid she's losing her gaiety of 'eart. Have you a cigar?" he says in the same breath. Miss Marion Terry skilfully indicates the weak, but not unwomanly, disposition of Claire Borgfeldt, and competent work is done by Messrs. Kemble, Cautley, Allan, Misses Achurch and Lo Thiere. *Partners* has, no doubt, grave faults; but in the representation there is much that is striking.

Mr. Hamilton Aïdé's play, *Incognito*, presented during the week for the benefit of the Actors' Benevolent Fund, is founded on a central idea which is effective for stage purposes, but does not seem very susceptible of development. The author shows much cleverness in several respects, not least in the skill with which he utilizes his subject, sustaining interest in his personages when the whole scheme has been laid bare and the end is practically inevitable. The well-mannered scoundrel who hovers on the outskirts of society and sometimes is able to penetrate through the barriers is not, of course, a new figure, but the Vincent of *Incognito* is treated with freshness by Mr. Aïdé and Mr. Beerbohm Tree. Twenty years before the opening of the story, Vincent, then known as John Cracroft, deserted his young wife, who, after a few weeks of married life, had detected the real character of her husband. Mrs. Cracroft has inherited property on condition that she takes the name of Mordaunt; and when Mrs. Mordaunt's son Eric asks Vincent to his mother's home—they are all staying at Nice—she has no more notion that Mr. Vincent is her husband than he has that Mrs. Mordaunt is his wife. The adventurer is bent on marrying Claire de Florian, a rich young widow, whose sister May is engaged to Eric, and, when Mrs. Mordaunt has made her discovery, she is, of course, determined to save her friend. At the end of the first act Mrs. Mordaunt recognizes in Vincent the husband she had supposed dead. He shows no sign of recognition, though his keen eyes reveal the truth to him; and here the breaking off of his marriage with Claire becomes so certain that already the only possible end of the play is in sight. It is a proof of Mr. Aïdé's ingenuity that interest actually strengthens as the work proceeds, though if we examine the structure critically we perceive that the expansion of the story is something in the nature of a *tour de force.* Just before the act ends Mrs. Mordaunt begs Vincent to call upon her next day, and wonder is excited as to what will take place at the interview. Before this is reached there are some scenes which do not much advance the plot; but the interview when it comes is a striking episode, well written, and remarkably well acted by Mr. Beerbohm Tree and Miss Geneviève Ward. Vincent is, above all things, frank. Now that his wife is rich, he will, if she chooses, return to her, as Mr. Vincent, Mr. Mordaunt, or as any one else; if she will not accept him as her husband in any of those characters, she will surely let him marry Claire de Florian. "Either arrangement will be equally

convenient to me," he observes with an air of great politeness in which contempt is only faintly apparent. The complication is well devised. Mrs. Mordaunt can prevent the sacrifice of Claire by stating that Vincent is her husband, but to do this is to let her son know what a scoundrel his father is, and to place herself openly in his power; if she does not speak, Claire will not be persuaded—she has conceived a ridiculous idea that Mrs. Mordaunt is jealous of her—and will fall into the toils. Again at the end of the second act the author adroitly postpones the climax, leaving it doubtful what course Vincent will pursue with regard to his intended victim. What he does is to visit her, and beg her to follow him to Paris, where they can be married, and Claire is wavering when Mrs. Mordaunt enters, and at last tells the wayward girl who Vincent is. Meantime the police have been accumulating evidence against him on other charges, and he solves the difficulties which his existence creates by shooting himself. The play would end as effectively if he did not do this on the stage.

It has been said that the story is not very susceptible of development, the threads in truth hang somewhat loosely together, and not all the episodes affect the main plot. Of the seven characters, one, Colonel Dupuis, is almost an excrescence. He is useful in just mentioning the reports which are current about Vincent, but though a good deal more is seen of him, he does not advance matters. Nor are the lovers, Eric and May Hartley (Claire's sister), much influenced by the proceedings of Vincent, notwithstanding that he is Eric's father. There is, in fact, a want of coherence in *Incognito*, and interest would centre exclusively in the two chief characters but for the personal charm of Claire, as represented by Mrs. Beerbohm Tree. This is a particularly bright and agreeable sketch; and, as will be judged from what has already been said, the principal parts receive the amplest justice from Mr. Tree and Miss Geneviève Ward. The contrast between the emotional woman and the cold-blooded man is well conceived by the author and executed by the players. Vincent is a study of much artistic merit. At the present time there is little danger that an actor of Mr. Tree's calibre will exaggerate; if anything, he is likely to be too tame; but Mr. Tree avoids both the fault of the old school of acting and of the new. The detail and finish of his performance are remarkably good. He does nothing without a meaning, which is much, and he always makes his meaning clear to his audience, which is more. Miss Ward's exhibitions of feeling have a very genuine ring about them. Mr. Sidney Brough as Eric displays aptitude and intelligence which cannot fail to advance him in his profession. Mr. Gilbert Farquhar's old men have a pleasing resemblance. His Colonel Dupuis is much like other characters that he has portrayed, except that the Colonel has an oddly fluctuating French accent. Mr. Elwood and Miss Emilia Grattan fulfil creditably the tasks allotted to them. Mr. Aïdé's dialogue has literary merit of a sort which is rare in the contemporary theatre.

THE CROWN PRINCE.

THE progress of events in the Crown Prince's malady since the week of excitement in November last, when the disease was authoritatively declared to be cancer, has happily accorded with the dissentient opinion and the favourable forecast which we thought ourselves warranted in publishing on the 19th of that month. We pointed out that his Imperial Highness did not seem to share the apprehensions of his medical advisers; and we concluded that, "even with a formally recorded diagnosis of cancer against him, it is by no means clear that he will not have the more deliberate and reasoned judgment of the profession on his side." Our reasons for so dissenting from the generally accepted verdict were based upon the official record of the case published in London and Berlin the day before we wrote. On their own data, it seemed to us, the medical men had no warrant for a diagnosis of cancer. Inflammatory or catarrhal attacks, with small excrescences at various points on the surface of the larynx, had been coming and going for months. There was every probability that the inflammatory processes and the small outgrowths of the surface were of one and the same nature; and, in any comprehensive or synthetic view of the malady as a whole, it could not be cancer. That is the view which is at length entertained, with hesitation and wise head-shaking, in the organs of professional opinion. Last week a leading medical journal had got so far as to discover that the whole of the symptoms since the spring of last year might belong to one and the same morbid process, and that it had been perhaps a mistake to speak of a cancerous growth with certain inflammatory accompaniments. The marvel is that this common-sense reading of the history of events should not have been obvious from the first. It is against all precedent for a cancerous affection to be attended by inflammatory symptoms; there is, in fact, a certain antagonism between the two kinds of morbid action. Cancer is cancer, for one reason among others, just because it is not inflammation, or because it has ceased to be inflammation. It is a rather inchoate sort of pathology which fixes upon one excrescence or growth in the larynx, being the largest and most persistent of several, and calls that cancer, while all its attendant conditions are so much inflammation superadded. But it is nothing new to find a crude and haphazard pathology among specialists. Great and brilliant as their qualities are, these have been acquired at the sacrifice of some of the old-world reflectiveness and insight which saw things steadily and in their totality. In the history of medicine and surgery there is only one period which approaches ours in its cultivation of dexterity at the expense of thinking capacity—the Alexandrian period, a period of decadence more than a hundred years after the best Greek period. Then, too, did specialists flourish and branch out into all sorts of pedantic refinements: It may be doubted if even the cleverest of our modern surgeons would go so far as Erasistratus, who used to persuade his "liver-patients" (*jecorosi*) to submit to such an operation as would enable him to apply his medicaments directly to the ailing organ. It is not easy to beat that in the way of "local treatment."

His Imperial Highness the Crown Prince has been well advised to decline operative interference from first to last. The English physician who was called in has been fully justified by the course of events in the advice that he gave last summer. If he went back upon his original opinion, and assented to the German diagnosis of cancer at the consultation in November, the error, as we must now speak of it, was one that has had no practical consequences for the illustrious patient. The situation in November, it should be remembered, was difficult and complicated. The efforts of the surgeons were first of all directed to relieving the sudden and dangerous swelling (or œdema) of the upper part of the larynx. Having rescued their patient from that imminent peril, they proceeded to give an opinion on the disease which seemed to underlie and to occasion all those other and acute symptoms. Their verdict was cancer; but it was an opinion formed amidst adverse and distracting circumstances, and there is no doubt that it was to some extent, or unconsciously, a concession to the national prejudices that were then being freely expressed in Germany. Through all these inane doctors' differences the malady has pursued its own course towards a cure, which we may look to see completed before the winter is over. The diagnosis of cancer being set aside, there is nothing ominous remaining. An inflammatory ailment is doubtless apt to come back; and any inflammation in the throat is attended with some unusual risks. There is, however, no reason why the affection should return, either in the near or in the distant future. It would now seem to have almost spent its force, and his Imperial Highness is not going beyond correct prognostics when he looks forward to resuming his duties in the German capital before the summer.

LAWYERS IN PARLIAMENT.

THE two armies of the Union and the Separation have gone into winter quarters, and, except for an occasional sally, reconnaissance, or a single combat in front of the lines, the peace of Christmas has extended itself into the opening days of the new year. The single combats of which we have spoken are in more than one sense of a singular character. They are not very satisfactory, as Lord Salisbury in his speech at Liverpool acknowledged. Each champion thrusts and parries, and illustrates his mastership of fence, in the absence of an antagonist. He shows how he would dispose of his adversary if he had him before him, and the victory is of course complete, until it is reversed by a similar triumph on the part of the temporarily discomfited hero. The wit of the staircase, generally a belated display, has here its legitimate field and triumph, and the good things which, under the conditions of ordinary conflict, are simply the good things which might have been said, if they had been thought of in time, become the good things which are actually spoken. Repartee, which is in time three weeks after date, is easily within the resources of the most tardy improvisation. One of the most remarkable of these encounters is that in which Sir Henry James at Glasgow has demolished Sir William Harcourt in the sylvan retreats of the New Forest, to which he is attached, no doubt, by the pathetic memories associated with the fate of his illustrious but remote ancestor and namesake, William the Red. There is something touching in the conflicts of the two redoubtable knights. They had been friends—learned friends—in youth, bound together by a kind of Hermia and Helena attachment; if not working both on one sampler, yet sitting on one cushion, and, in a political sense, warbling of one song both in one key, taking sweet counsel together on the questions submitted to them as Law Officers of the Crown, and signing the same legal opinions. All this is changed; but the adversaries still remain friends—learned friends. We do not intend to imply that the phrase involves a *contradictio in adjecto*; but there is perhaps a qualification in the adjective. The friendships of lawyers are among the most remarkable and affecting incidents of English public life. They survive political alienation; they cross from one side of the House to the other; they overleap the gangway, and even endure, in the present division of parties, the more trying test of personal proximity on the same front bench. The friendships of lawyers, as Fox said of the new-born attachment between himself and Lord North, are eternal; their animosities are but things of the moment. The transformation in political controversies of a right honourable friend into a right honourable gentleman is usually quick and enduring; while a learned friend once is a learned friend for ever.

Lawyers as politicians are the subject frequently of a good deal of foolish and insincere disparagement. It is one of the perennial pleasantries of the House of Commons to receive with ironically approving cheers the allusion which is from time to time made to the unlearned Parliament of Henry IV.'s

reign, from which lawyers were excluded. No doubt there is a type of lawyer whom it would be very undesirable to see in any considerable force in the House of Commons; the solicitor of the police court or of the Borough Sessions, the lawyers who swarm in the French Chambers and the American Congress, "the ministers," as Burke described them, "of municipal litigation; the fomentors and conductors of the petty war of village vexation." But the English Bar has made in both Houses of Parliament contributions to English statesmanship as splendid as any that have been furnished by any other order and condition of men. Burke's celebrated character of George Grenville illustrates at once the defects and merits of legal habits of mind as a training for politics. There are, of course, instances of men illustrious at the Bar who have been positive or comparative failures in Parliament. Erskine left a considerable part of his reputation behind him in the law courts. When, during the delivery of Erskine's first speech, Pitt, who had assumed a posture of close attention, and had made a great display of taking elaborate notes, gradually relaxed his attitude, detached his pencil from the paper, and finally threw them both on the table, Erskine's Parliamentary position was forejudged, and perhaps in some degree determined, by this rather unkind but effective by-play. There are numerous instances, for which we need not look beyond recent Parliaments, of considerable lawyers, and we dare say, from the professional point of view, even effective Law Officers of the Crown, who have dwindled into very insignificant politicians. The two sides of Westminster Hall—of which, however, in this connexion it is now an anachronism to speak—have no necessary connexion of equal or proportional success, and still less of success and failure. Mr. Perceval, who had been both Solicitor- and Attorney-General before he became Chancellor of the Exchequer and Prime Minister, was at least as great in Parliament as he had been at the Bar, and led the House of Commons with a success which his most brilliant rival never attained to. The same cannot be said of the Liberal lawyer, now chiefly recollected as the hero of the trial in the *New Whig Guide*, in which Henry Brougham was indicted for mutiny in having called the Hon. George Ponsonby an old woman. The names of Sir Alexander Cockburn and Sir Hugh Cairns among English lawyers, and of Mr. Napier, Mr. Whiteside, and Mr. Edward Gibson among members of the Irish Bar, offer in our own time a few only of many instances of the conspicuous part played in politics by the legal profession. Lord Brougham in the House of Commons was more a politician who happened to be a lawyer than a lawyer who devoted himself to politics. But perhaps the part played by lawyers in political affairs has been greater in the House of Lords than in the House of Commons, mainly because it is in the Upper Chamber that they usually acquire a seat in the Cabinet. It is curious to think how often an ascendent and almost monarchical influence has been exercised in the House of Lords by Chancellors who had no ancestry to look back upon, or whose ancestry was discovered at the Herald's Office when their patents of peerage were made out. The authority of Camden and Mansfield was perhaps professional or judicial quite as much as political. But Lord Thurlow ruled, and even tyrannized, the Peers with absolute sway, and made a strong fight for Ministerial ascendency with Mr. Pitt, until the younger statesman got rid of him by a kind of *coup d'état*, which it would be improper to call a *coup de Jarnac*, for the perfidy was on Thurlow's side and not on Pitt's. Lord Eldon's authority in the Peers was scarcely inferior to that of Lord Thurlow, though it was differently exercised. Lord Lyndhurst, again, was a far more considerable politician than Sir John Copley; and Lord Cairns more than maintained, as Lord Ashbourne more than maintains, the position won in the Lower House by Sir Hugh Cairns and Mr. Gibson. Lord Brougham's failure in the House of Lords, whatever may be the reason of his still unexplained and mysterious exclusion from the Ministry of Lord Melbourne, was probably due mainly to the unsuitability, of which he himself had an almost pathetic foresight, of his organization to the environment in which he was placed. His stormy nature could scarcely live in the quiet atmosphere of the tapestry figures; and, if it had found its natural vent and occasion in the conflicts and tumults of the House of Commons, the extraordinary gambols in which it sought relief might have been spared.

There is undoubtedly a certain prejudice against lawyers in the House of Commons. They are supposed to enter it merely as a necessary condition of becoming Solicitor- or Attorney-General, and as a short cut to the Bench or the Woolsack. Of course lawyers are not indifferent to professional advancement. To say so is only to say that they are human beings as well as lawyers. But we have not to look beyond our own time for examples of pure and self-denying patriotism among them. Lord Selborne's career bears the stamp of a single-minded disinterestedness unique only, we are quite willing to believe, because the opportunities for displaying it have presented themselves to him more abundantly than to any of his contemporaries. Sir Henry James has shown in the controversy which now occupies the public mind a similar and a not less admirable readiness to sacrifice the highest post in his profession, and to endanger his political future, by fidelity to conviction. It is because Sir Henry James refused to sell the Union for the Lord Chancellorship that Sir Farrer Herschell is now Lord Herschell. The Selbornes and Jameses of the legal profession are as abundant as the Loughboroughs and—Sir William Harcourt will probably take it as a compliment if we add—the Harcourts. The member for Derby, talking of fidelity to principle and loyalty to his leader, is a spectacle at which it would be absurd to be angry. Sir William Harcourt is true to Sir William Harcourt, being at once his own political principle and his own leader. His talk of fidelity to conviction and devotion to Mr. Gladstone, no doubt, amuses himself as much as it amuses any one else; and he would, we are sure, be the first to admit that the whole thing is a stupendous joke. But, though Sir William Harcourt has become a very conspicuous politician, the propriety would be doubtful of including him among the double-firsts of law and politics. The Parliamentary Bar is not the most learned branch of the legal profession; and international law, as the expounder of which "Historicus" won a certain notoriety in the columns of the *Times*, is not law at all, but rather morality—a distinction which accounts for Sir William Harcourt's proficiency in it. Even in politics Sir William Harcourt is more of a public entertainer than a political leader. His performances are Harcourt at Home, and are displays rather of the Mathews, or even of the Woodin and Maccabe, type than contributions to public business. His peculiar position in politics cannot be considered as throwing any light upon the place of lawyers in Parliament.

BONAMY PRICE.

THE death at the age of eighty of Mr. Bonamy Price, Professor of Political Economy at Oxford, removes to many it will almost seem prematurely—a familiar figure, not only from Oxford, but from the social and literary world, amid the regrets of his friends, whose name was legion, while neither in the University nor elsewhere can he have left any enemies behind him. Mr. Price exhibited in a remarkable degree what Mr. Matthew Arnold—who was once his pupil at Rugby—would call "distinction"; there was indeed something about him, not easy to define, but which all who had the happiness of knowing him would recognize as unique. He was dogmatic, crotchety, and combative, without betraying the faintest trace of arrogance or of bitterness, and as it used to be said of Charles II. that he could refuse a favour with better grace than his unfortunate brother could grant it, so it may quite truly be said of Bonamy Price that he could dispute every inch of ground with an opponent—and he was very fond of doing so—with more thorough geniality than most disputants would show in expressing their agreement. He had all the excitability without a particle of the proverbial irritability of genius. For genius he undoubtedly possessed, though it may perhaps be questioned whether the Chair of Political Economy gave the most felicitous scope for its exercise. But his Oxford professorship represents one phase only of a long life of incessant and multifarious activity. He was one of those men to whom energetic action is as the elixir of life, and who feel no temptation, unless under pressure of failing health, to rest and be thankful. To the last indeed his mental vigour struggled hard against the advance of bodily decay. His boyhood had already given promise of the intellectual power and the warmth of natural affection which distinguished him in after life Born in Guernsey and educated at a private tutor's, without the great advantage of a public school training, he had yet formed friendships among his fellow-pupils—one of them was the too famous Smith O'Brien, another, the late Mr. Ambrose de Lisle, became afterwards a zealous Roman Catholic—destined in spite of all differences of opinion to last through life. A boy coming up to the University with such antecedents is necessarily placed at a disadvantage both social and intellectual, and Bonamy Price moreover was an undergraduate of Worcester, which did not in those days hold at all a high place among Oxford Colleges. He succeeded however in gaining the exceptional honour of a double-first in the Michaelmas term of 1829. Among his companions in the Classical first was the late Charles Eden, who afterwards succeeded Mr. Newman as Vicar of St. Mary's. That was before the beginning of "the Oxford Movement," but the future leaders were silently preparing for the fray, like knights of old watching their armour, and it is interesting to know that among the friends of the Worcester undergraduate were included both the Newman brothers. The younger, Francis, who has since passed through such strange religious vicissitudes, was his contemporary and fellow-collegian; the elder and more illustrious was already a Fellow of Oriel when Price came into residence, and became Vicar of St. Mary's during his undergraduate time. No two men could well differ more widely in theological conviction, but their friendship remained unbroken. Another friendship dating from the same period, more eventful in its direct influence on Price's future career, was that of the hitherto little known Dr. Arnold, whose occasional pupil he was at Laleham and who in 1828 became Head Master of Rugby. That circumstance practically determined his career. Dr. Arnold had a keen discernment of character, and he recognized at once in the young Worcester undergraduate the fitting instrument to aid him in the great Rugby reform which was to leave its mark on the entire public school education of England. Price therefore after taking his degree did not stand for a fellowship, but went at the beginning of 1830 as an Assistant Master to Rugby.

This is not the place to write or rewrite the familiar story of Rugby under Arnold. Is it not written for the gods in Stanley's *Life of Arnold*, for men, and boys, in *Tom Brown*? But it must not be forgotten that in that momentous enterprise Bonamy Price

took no insignificant part. He was for two years Mathematical, and Classical Master at Rugby for eighteen years, covering the whole of Dr. Arnold's régime from 1830 to the end. For six of these years he had charge of the Fifth Form, and he then succeeded Prince Lee, afterwards Bishop of Manchester, as master of "the Twenty," *i.e.* the élite of the Upper Vth, during the final interval before they passed under the immediate control of the Head-Master in the VIth Form. It follows of course that every single distinguished Rugbeian during those eighteen years—that is during the golden age of Rugby—came under his moulding hand. It is needless to attempt an enumeration here, but conspicuous among them were the late Dean Stanley and Professor Conington and the present Deans of Westminster, Durham, and Llandaff. Meanwhile Mr. Price also had a boarding-house, and among his pupils may be mentioned the late Henry Smith, Savilian Professor at Oxford, and the present Chancellor of the Exchequer. On clever boys high up in the school, and especially on clever boys of the "earnest" type it was supposed to be the special boast of the Rugby of that date to foster, the teaching and personal influence of such a man could not fail to produce a very stimulating effect. The vivid impression left on Arthur Stanley's mind by his description of the chief orator of the day at the Oxford Union—W. E. Gladstone to wit—is recorded in a schoolboy letter still extant. In later years by the way Mr. Gladstone thought proper, when defending the Irish Land Act of 1881 in his place in Parliament, to formulate a solemn sneer at Mr. Bonamy Price's boldness "in applying the principles of abstract political economy to the people and circumstances of Ireland, exactly as if he had been proposing to legislate for the inhabitants of Saturn or Jupiter." It was not long before many besides Mr. Bonamy Price saw reason to think it might have been as well for the interests of Ireland and of the British Empire if Mr. Gladstone had paid a little more regard in that same legislation to the "abstract principles" he so loftily ignored and a little less to his own peculiar estimate of "people and circumstances." But this by the way. Had Mr. Price been in holy orders he might not improbably have been called to succeed to the chair of Arnold on his death, in 1842. As it was he retained his post at Rugby for yet eight years longer under Dr. Tait, but resigned it in 1850 when again a new reign began. For the next eighteen years he held no public office, but was constantly occupied in business or literature, while he served also on two Royal Commissions—one on the Scottish Fisheries, the other on the Irish Queen's Colleges—one of his chief studies during the period being that of political economy.

It was natural enough therefore that, when the Chair of Political Economy at Oxford became vacant in 1868, Mr. Bonamy Price should be elected to it. But it is amusing and at first sight rather puzzling to be told that he came in as the elect of the Conservative party in Convocation against Mr. Thorold Rogers, the outgoing professor, who sought re-election as the Liberal favourite. For Bonamy Price, as became the intimate friend and colleague of Arnold, was reputed a Liberal of the Liberals; but then he was a Liberal of the old school, which means *inter alia* that he was very emphatically not what would now be termed a Gladstonian, and already twenty years ago the "little rift" was beginning to show itself. With Liberalism of the kind exhibited then and since by Mr. Thorold Rogers he had less than no sympathy; and on its later development, in the adoption by a section of English Liberal statesmen of the Parnellite programme, which they had themselves not long before sternly denounced as treason to the Empire, he gazed, as at some strange and ugly portent, with a mingled horror of bewilderment and disgust. "Where are we?" he would exclaim, as he scanned their marvellous evolutions. He was essentially a Liberal in the English, not the Continental, sense of the word, and nobody felt a profounder scorn for that "illiberality of Liberals" which has long been a byword on the other side of the Channel, and of late unfortunately has begun to get naturalized nearer home. In educational matters he was Conservative enough to be a strenuous defender of the system of classical training—notably of the study of Greek—as the best and most searching discipline for a boy's mind. And the same downrightness and consistency of principle and absence of party bias may be traced in his religious beliefs. He was a Broad Churchman of the Arnoldian type, and was the author, or was credited with the authorship, of some racy strictures on "the Anglo-Catholic theory" in the *Edinburgh Review*. But keen and incisive as was the satire he expended on a theological system he disliked and had very imperfectly mastered, his sarcasm was never illnatured or violent; there was nothing of the bitterness Dr. Arnold unfortunately allowed himself in his fierce philippic against "the Oxford Malignants." This arose partly no doubt from a difference of temperament between the two men, closely as in many respects they agreed, partly from the fact just now referred to, that Price had, while Arnold had not, maintained throughout intimate personal relations with leading minds of a school opposite to his own. Both he and Arnold were deeply religious men, and if they were decided, not to say aggressive, Protestants they had no leaning at all to Agnosticism. John Conington used to say that, if Arnold had lived to see the later developments of Broad Church theology—and it has developed further in the negative direction since then—he would have recoiled in horror and taken refuge in Evangelicalism. Be that as it may, Bonamy Price, who did live to see it, became, not exactly an Evangelical, but a much less uncompromising assailant of High Church or Catholic principles than he had once been. He was never a High Churchman, but he felt and frankly avowed a religious sympathy whether with High Churchmen or Roman Catholics which he could not feel with Agnostics. But these matters are too sacred to be further dwelt on here. We spoke just now of Mr. Price's unfailing geniality of disposition; this was the more remarkable because from first to last, and in speech even more than on paper, he was one of the most irrepressible and pugnacious of disputants. But if he enjoyed nothing better than running an adversary into a corner "in the keen encounter of their wits," he never for a moment lost his temper, and if ever the rival disputants lost theirs, the fault lay entirely with themselves. His irony, however keen, played like summer lightning, lambent and innocuous. Nor could any rational opponent fail to perceive that the motive impulse was not desire of conquest but sincere enthusiasm for what he believed to be the cause of truth. It has been said of him with absolute justice that "his heart was emphatically in the right place"; he was true in friendship, tender in feeling, and chivalrous towards those with whom he most widely disagreed. There was a time when both Tories and High Churchmen found in him one of their sturdiest assailants, but there is probably no Tory or High Churchman who was personally acquainted with him by whom his memory will not be cherished with a feeling of affectionate regret.

THE GROVES OF HAWARDEN.

THE groves of Blarney aren't worth a farden,
  Whin the groves of Hawarden amazed I scan;
And Blarney Castle can't one moment wrastle
  Wid the Gothic mansion of the Grand Ould Man.
There the shamrock and thistle together nestle,
  And ye'd fairly whistle at the fragrant leeks,
Or at Joseph Gillies, wid his Amaryllis,
  Gatherin' orange lilies in his Sunday breeks.

'Tis Misther Gladstone that controuls these regions,
  Like the Emperor Nayro or Pope Joan of Arc;
Not even Pharaoh wid all his legions
  Could bombard that hayro from this princely park.
For the cute ould spider has labyrinths round him,
  Batin' Rosamund's bower itself to explore;
And you're fairly addled whin you think you've cot him,
  To find he's skedaddled by some fresh back door.

In these crooked courses he has grand resources
  For confabulations wid Government Whips;
And open shpots to resayve deputations,
  Or to turn a pinny by the sale of chips.
And quiet corners for artful roguin',
  And sly colloguin' wid beau and belle:—
Professor Rogers and Mrs. Prodgers,
  Madame Pell-Mellikoff and Misther Parnell.

And after his speeches and fellin' of beeches,
  Shlippin' into knee-breeches and Irish frieze;
He's off, the sly fox, like a modern Guy Faux,
  His Gaelic games to organize.
On his pleasure-ground there he prepares for ructions
  By erecting obstructions from place to place;
While Charles Stuart Parnell, wid skill infernal,
  Arranges his three-legged obstacle-race.

He links Earl Granville to the martyr Mandeville,
  And Lord Herschell and Dillon ye'd see him yoke,
And Charlie Dawson to Sir Wilfrid Lawson,
  And Misther Bradlaugh to Archbishop Croke.
And Campbell-Tannerman and Docthor Bannerman
  He mixes up in his merry-go-round;
And sets George Trevelyan riding postilion,
  In green and vermilion, for a million pound.

Ye'd see Butterscotch Rosebery playin' ould gooseberry
  Wid T. P. O'Connor and Proteus Blunt;
And little Tim Healy, wid his toy shillelagh,
  Wid Earl Spencer startin' a Land-League hunt.
And some of these athletes have stripped their coats off,
  And some have turned them upon their backs;
While Sir Patrick Ford and Sir Vordant Falstaff
  Bounce on stark naked in a brace of sacks.

There's a saycret grotto, where two-headed Otto,
  That prize chameleon, in the dusk is found,
Wid Prince Krapotkin, and Misther Godkin,
  And Sir Edward Watkin, tunnellin' underground.
And there's a fishpond like the Slough of Deshpond,
  Wid slimy waters and throubled flood,
Full of Irish pikes and Sassenach leeches
  Fattenin' together in the emerald mud.

And there's an organ where ould Osborne Morgan
  Plays wedding marches wid Morganatic grace,
Or sings *obbligato* to the *Moonlight* sonata
  In the most funayreal tones of his bass.
And opóssite Taffy ye'll sometimes find Mahaffy,
  Sipping his caffy as they do abroad;
Or silver-tonged Morley wid the lures of the Loreley
  Singing "Come with me to Hawarden, my Maude, my
      Maude!"

There's statues standin' at points commandin'
  Of ivery landin', to enslave the view;
—There's Matthew Harris, in plaster of Paris,
  Wid Pontius Pilate and O'Donnell Aboo!
And there's a picture, beyant all stricture,
  —'Twould make Raphael himself wid envy expire—
'Tis of William O'Brien, that Barbary Lion,
  Airin' his shirt by his dungeon fire.

So now to take leave of this marvellous mansion,
  Which my poor scansion could never enshrine;
But were I Horace, or Lewis Morris,
  Like any shoeblack I'd make it shine.

REVIEWS.

LORD JUSTICE BOWEN'S VIRGIL.*

AMONG the authors who have tempted many translators Virgil is perhaps the most difficult. A translator of Homer may fairly hope to reproduce some one side of Homer well enough for his work to be justified. It is true that Homer is infinite; for that very reason our expectations are moderate. There is room for many translations of Homer, as for many schools of landscape-painting. It is even difficult for a scholar who has any true sense of poetry and any tolerable command of rhythm to be wholly and hopelessly un-Homeric. But in Virgil we have the deliberate and exquisite work of a scholar, addressed to Roman readers educated in Greek literature, aiming at a definite artistic effect, and achieving it, we had almost said, with unique success. The translator's problem is to reproduce that effect for the modern reader, not merely to produce a respectable poem containing the same matter; and by his approximation to this ideal he must be judged. His work has to be Virgilian (if we may speak in a seeming, but only seeming, truism), or it is naught. Now the obstacles in the translator's way are grave and various. The metrical difficulty would be enough by itself. In Virgil's hands the Latin hexameter is an instrument not only of great power, but of extraordinary compass and flexibility, and it is used with unerring mastery. Virgil's command of appropriate words and metrical effects is absolute. His power of combining the pomp of sound and the charm of association in cunningly placed names and epithets has been rivalled only by Milton. In the power of maintaining a certain dignified level of style in every kind of matter he is perhaps unrivalled altogether. Suppose, however, that we possessed an equivalent to the Virgilian hexameter whereby the English translator were competent to follow his original in all this, there would still remain something incommunicable—the strain of refined learning that runs through Virgil's work everywhere, now and then becoming manifest in an express touch of Greek elegance or of native Roman antiquity, but always with us, and felt even when not manifest. These things are, of course, familiar to scholars, and have often been pointed out. We call them to mind in order to show the general grounds on which we think the ideal translation of Virgil even less likely to become actual in our time than the ideal translation of Homer. We believe that Lord Tennyson, the most Virgilian of English poets since Milton, could give us an almost ideal specimen if he thought fit. More than a specimen could not be expected.

Such being the adventure that Lord Justice Bowen has taken up, he has acquitted himself with the honours of a scholar and a man of taste, and to our mind with something more. He is constantly meritorious, often felicitous; and he is more in sympathy with the refinement of Virgil's work than any previous translator. He has not been led astray by either archaic or modern affectation, but has aimed at rendering in good literary English the effects which Virgil produced, as a rule, within the limits of current Augustan Latin. The Lord Justice has not troubled himself to find conventional parallels for Virgil's occasional archaisms. It might possibly be done; it is a thing better left alone than overdone or spoilt. But the most striking novelty of Lord Justice Bowen's version is the metre. This is in any case an independent addition to the resources of English verse. It is arrived at by striking off the last syllable of the English hexameter, and the result is excellent. Instead of a sickly exotic (for English hexameters have never really thriven, and we think they have had every chance), we get a line with a real English movement, going easily and gracefully in rhyme, and capable of no small variety. We suspect that, in order to develop its resources fully, it would be well to forget its origin. The same movement may be found involved in forms used by Mr. Swinburne. Here are some of Lord Justice Bowen's verses, taken at random from the Eclogues and the Æneid:—

Tell me in what far region the names of kings are a sign
Writ on the wild flower's petals—and thine my Phyllis shall be.

Life of the gods shall be his, to behold with gods in their might
Heroes immortal mingled, appear himself in their sight,
Rule with his father's virtues a world at peace from the sword.

Tired of toil, Troy's mariner sons for the neighbouring land
Eagerly make on the wind, and turn toward Africa's strand.
Down a secluded inlet a spot lies, fashioned to be
Haven of rest, by an island that spreads her sides to the sea.

Now consider the structure of some of Mr. Swinburne's rolling lines:—

Our | souls and the bodies they wield at their will are absorbed in the life | they adore—
In the | life that endures no burden, and bows not the forehead, and bends | not the knee—
In the | life everlasting of earth and of heaven, in the laws that atone | and agree.

In the great battle-chorus of *Erechtheus* many lines occur which differ from Lord Justice Bowen's form only in using up the rejected syllable of the English hexameter at the beginning of the line; the difference is, however, material, as the regular presence of this *anacrusis*, in addition to the ending being regularly spondaic, changes the character of the movement as a whole:—

O | wind with the young sun waking, and winged for the same wide way.
Air | shudders with shrill spears crossing, and hurtling of wheels that roar.
White | frontlet is dashed upon frontlet, and horse against horse reels hurled.

This will serve to prove, if proof were needed, that the Lord Justice's verse may claim the rights of an English denizen; and we agree with him as to its capacities. The chief difficulty for the purpose in hand is to prevent it from running too fast and too lightly. In the Eclogues, where Virgil has not developed the weight of his verse, the translation is often almost perfect. We could wish for nothing better than the *Pharmaceutria* as given by Lord Justice Bowen:—

As in a fire that is one and the same, grows harder the clay,
Softer the wax, may Daphnis be wrought by passion to-day.
Crumble the cake, let the boughs of the bay-tree crackle and blaze.
Daphnis has fired me with passion, I light over Daphnis the bays.
Homeward bring from the city, my chants, bring Daphnis again.

When we come to the more solemn notes of the Æneid the task is harder. Such lines as

Ibant obscuri sola sub nocte per umbram
Perque domos Ditis vacuas et inania regna

could really be Englished only by some one who had the secret of Milton. Lord Justice Bowen gives:—

So unseen in the darkness they went by night on the road,
Down the unpeopled kingdom of Death, and his ghostly abode.

This goes something too trippingly for us. We know that it is taking a mean advantage of a translator who has borne the burden of many days to offer amendments in detail; but, after all, our amendment may be no improvement. We would suggest, however, something like this:—

So through coverts of lone dark night they went on their way,
Desolate halls of Death, realms void of the living day.

There is a peculiar difficulty about the sententious lines of prophecy or exhortation which are frequent in Virgil, and several of which are currently quoted. It is almost impossible not to sacrifice either their directness or their weightiness in a translation.

Tu ne cede malis sed contra audentior ito,
Qua tua te Fortuna sinet

is almost literally rendered by

Yield not thou to disasters, confront them boldly, and more
Boldly—as destiny lets thee.

But the voice that spoke the words is gone, as irrecoverably as the Sibylline leaves themselves. This might be the advice of some highly respectable Cumæan Polonius; it is not the oracle of a God. Lord Justice Bowen is more successful, in many places nobly successful, with the prophecy of Anchises in the same book. But

Thine, O Roman, remember, to reign over every race

lacks the fulness and solemnity of

Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento.

The difficulty is complicated by a certain tendency of the Lord Justice's metre to run into cadences rather on the prosaic side of the line between elevated prose and verse.

So supreme was the labour of founding the Roman race

might with very slight change, or even with none, be worked into a peroration; whereas we feel that

Tantæ molis erat Romanam condere gentem,

though perfectly straightforward, could never be Latin prose.

We have only one exception to make to Lord Justice Bowen's Latinity; it is in the first few lines of the Æneid. "Dum conderet urbem" cannot mean "building his town," which would be "dum condit." It means "until he built his town," according to the fixed rule of classical Latin. Perhaps, however, the translation is deliberately lax to avoid an awkward multiplication of words. The same locution is correctly rendered elsewhere. Enough of minute criticism, however. The translation as a whole is both scholarlike and poetical, and it is often exceedingly happy in transferring to English the peculiar grace of Virgil's descriptions. We take a specimen from the first Æneid:—

Every wave that arrives from the seaward breaks and divides
Into a curving current that round in a channel glides.

* *Virgil in English Verse—Eclogues and Æneid I.—VI.* By the Right Hon. Sir Charles Bowen. London: John Murray.

Huge cliffs flank it on either extreme; twin peaks to the skies
Point in defiance; beneath them a slumbering water lies,
Silent and safe. On the height, for a background, glimmering glade,
O'er it the sombre gloom of a forest tossing in shade.
Facing the deep is a cavern inlaid in a precipice; sweet
Fountain freshets within it, and stone unhewn for a seat;
Home of the nymphs. Here weariest barks ride ever unmoored,
Never to shore by the bite of an anchor's hook are secured.

Here, as in Virgil, there is not one far-fetched word, and yet every feature is clear and individual. We think, indeed, that not only young students of Virgil, but scholars of riper years, may thank Lord Justice Bowen for an excellent commentary; he brings out several points which it is easy to miss in a hasty reading of the Latin. The renderings of "silvis scena coruscis" and "fronte sub adversa scopulis pendentibus antrum" are as good as can be; the artificial touch of *scena* is exactly hit off.

Work of this kind must stand before scholars on its own merits, and a reviewer must test it, as the Germans say, objectively. Having done this to the best of our skill, and concluded that the Lord Justice's work will stand very well, we are free to express our particular pleasure in its coming from such a quarter. The English Bench has a long tradition of learning and accomplishment outside the strictly professional field. However uncouth our law may seem, even at this day, in some respects, we have always been able to point to judges who were not mere specialists. Admirable expositions of the history of English institutions, discussions of fundamental principles which are models of scientific style, nay more, delightful specimens of scholarly wit and humour, lie hidden, for all men save English lawyers, in the wilderness of our law reports. Seldom have our judges found time to convince the world of letters that a scholar does not renounce his part therein by devoting himself to law. Lord Justice Bowen will be honourably remembered among the exceptions. There is a wicked story told of Fearne, the author of the classical treatise on Contingent Remainders, that he burnt his books of poetry and humanities at the bidding of a misguided conscience. We fear, too, it is pretty well vouched for; but here, at all events, is better authority to the contrary.

NOVELS AND TALES.*

IN Mr. Westall's new book, which is described as "The Story of a Fortune," the fortune is a great deal bigger than the story is interesting. Of course *Her Two Millions* is very far from being unreadable. But two millions sterling is a vast deal of money. Even Monte Cristo would have found it respectable; beside it even the hoard accumulated and buried by the thrifty commander of the *Walrus* is as it were a mere savings-bank deposit; and one cannot refrain from regret, that with the courage to invent so noble a property Mr. Westall should not have been able to combine the wit to deal by his invention as it deserves. His hero and heroine are, in truth, quite third-rate people. There is nothing magnificent or even abnormal about either of them. It is true the lady has red hair and is the daughter of an Englishman slain in the cause of Italian unity; but she is "kep out of her rights" for many years, during which she is brought up as the grandchild of a common Swiss peasant; and, though the villain of the story does actually go so far as to murder his true and lawful wife in order to offer her marriage, she is not, for all that, the exciting and romantic creature which the heiress of so prodigious an estate should be. One feels that, by all the laws of fiction, she is entitled to not a penny over twenty thousand pounds. The dignity of two millions becomes her not at all. She might take hands with the heiress whose father has "struck ile" at Pittsburg, or whose uncle has done the trick at Chicago with a common corner in pork. P. nly she is not equal to the responsibilities of her magnificence; plainly she is meant for nothing gaudier than a pair of nursemaids and a neat suburban villa; plainly, in three words, the hero and she are well matched, and it is hard to associate them with two millions of money. He, it must be noted, is a good enough specimen of the common (or garden) journalist. He dawns upon us as the sub-editor of a country paper; it is as the sub-editor of the *Helvetic News*—a sheet which is issued, sometimes not without difficulty, at Geneva—that he fixes his as good as virgin affections on the young woman with the two millions; it is as a leader-writer and special correspondent that he wins her for his own; it is as the proprietor and editor of an ideal in journalism—a print in which a man may say the thing he will, provided that he says it over his signature—that he sets about enjoying his spouse's wealth. The ambition is surely of the tamest. Where are the stratagems of Edmond Dantès? The great whims of Fortunio where? Beside this mild and temperate form of luxury the madness of Sir Epicure Mammon seems respectable, and the memories of Facino Cane are exalted into romance. We hasten to repeat that in its way the history of these eminently middle-class young people is quite readable. Mr. Westall has done his best to make and tell a story, and in his way he has succeeded. His personages are natural to the point of being humdrum; even his villain might exist, and scarce awaken a suspicion in the breast of (say) a maiden-aunt; his journalistic interiors are evidently done from life. We complain, indeed, of nothing except the disparity between his idea and the circumstances by whose means he has chosen to compass its development. A fortune of two millions of pounds sterling is a great, an impressive, an august creation; and to waste it on a couple of sentimentalists, whose little life is rounded with a "serious" journal, is to offend against romance. Mr. Westall can scarce suppress his book; but he has only to follow his Marchioness, and "make believe very much," to imagine that it is still to write, and to be in a position to consider his admirable find from a right and fitting point, and handle it—with or without assistance—as it merits.

Mrs. Spender has a scientific, not to say a learned, habit of mind. On p. 4 of *Her Brother's Keeper* we are introduced to "an amorphous curtain of mist"; on p. 6 to a wind that "seemed to grow solid like a man in a rage prepared to throw stones"; on p. 21 to a quantity of scenery of the sort that "Sir Isaac Walton"—who must not be confounded with excellent Master Izaak Newton, author of *The Compleat Angler*—"or Thoreau would have loved"; on p. 99 to "the false devices of a furrowed face"; on p. 125 to a heroine with "an antiseptic quality, not only for counteracting evil, but for rendering her scarcely aware of its existence." On p. 129 this prodigious young creature is shown to us as she appeared "after taking her modest tea" at, not a London coffee-shop, but a Paris restaurant. It is true the Paris she inhabits is a Paris where is written such French as that of "grandes et petites appartements"; where people ascend "à sixième," and exclaim, when they go to the Morgue, and look at a drowned young woman, not "Oh, la belle morte!" but "Quel beau cadavre!"—just as though they were translating from the English, and knew all about the "lovely corpse" of Sarah Gamp's dream. For the rest, Ursula Campion (such is her highly stimulating name) has not only the "antiseptic quality" aforesaid but "proportions" that are "gracious" and "not meagre," a nose that is "piquantly rounded at the end," and (it need scarce be added) "a rich abundance of red-brown hair"—hair which on solemn occasions, such as dinner-parties, is capable of turning from "red-brown" to "gold-bronze." Also she has ideas, and when, as the effect of certain circumstances which it would scarce be fair to describe in detail, she inherits a fortune and a house near Bath, she is able to look out upon a landscape "mainly composed of clear greys, such as Turner loved, with very little green." Worst of all, she has a brother—a youth with hyacinthine eyes, and an hereditary appetite for drink of such abnormal perversity that, being at Oxford, having opportunities of knowing better and rejoicing in plenty of money, he is dolt and dullard enough to get drunk on "yellow chartreuse." This last touch of luxury does something smack of the paradises of the noble Ouida:—the paradises where persons of genius, their locks crowned with roses dipped in Burgundy, recline on summer afternoons under the great elms in the quad of Trinity, quaffing maraschino from its native pewter. The heroine, we should add, is subject to not a little of the roughest treatment. Thus, not far from the end of the first volume, she is confronted, "antiseptic quality" and all, with her future husband, the tremendous Wilfrid Fielding, and is called upon to remark, the instant he has saved her from a watery grave, that he is blessed with, *imprimis*, a pair of "red, sinewy hands," and, *secundo*, a "magnificent dome-like forehead," and, having noted these things, to feel "as if there was a sympathetic relatedness between them," which, do she what she might, "would make it impossible for him long to remain a stranger." Wilfrid—"a man who has taken his first class at Oxford, and of whom great things are prophesied"—is presently engaged as Ursula's brother's tutor. It is suspected that the effect of "dome-like forehead" may be improving; it is known that none "could be more calculated to counteract by his own high tone those habits which" the Hyacinthine-Eyed One has contrived to contract. It is painful to have to record that the dome-like forehead and the high tone are both unavailing; and that Wilfrid has to find employment for these gifts in the purlieus of Toynbee Hall. How the couple are united it is not for us to say; neither shall we do more than hint that their union is delayed for a number of years by a quaint choice of circumstances, prominent among which are a really idiotic murder and a rather original and captivating mesmerist. It will be enough to remark that we take leave of them "like a couple of children in their holiday, not ashamed of their innocent joy." The gifted Wilfrid indeed is happy in his Ursula. How should he be otherwise, seeing that she has never worn stays, and in costume has "a style of her own, which in its strange mixture of fashion and simplicity" has been known to remind an observer of "the drapery of a Greek goddess"? How should he be otherwise, when as she wandered by the sea she has been caught in the act of speculating "on the forty millions of infusoria said to make up a cubic inch"?

The two volumes of *George Stalden*, further described as "A Personal Memoir of the time of the American Revolutionary War," are given forth as the genuine utterance of a gentleman who knew Burke and Rodney and Major André, and had some share in the struggle that ended in the discomfiture of Britain and the creation of the United States. They might be all that, and

* *Her Two Millions.* By William Westall. London: Ward & Downey. 3 vols.
Her Brother's Keeper. By Mrs. John Kent Spender. London: Hurst & Blackett. 3 vols.
George Stalden. Edited by Edmund Laurence. London: Remington. 2 vols.
Una's Revenge. By Melville Gray. London: Allen.
Gabrielle. By Mrs. John Bradshaw. London: Allen.

more; but it cannot fairly be said of them that they are good reading. The style is smooth, formal, and colourless; the facts are carefully set forth; the characters are carefully drawn; the dialogue is carefully redacted; the whole thing has the look of having cost the writer a world of pains. But the book has the great fault of being not alive. D'Artagnan's ride to Belle-Isle is probably a tissue of impossibilities; but it never for an instant makes the reader (unless, perhaps, he writes for a "serious" print, and entertains a high opinion of the quality of his intellectuals) wish he were done with it; and the same may be asserted with confidence of any number of episodes in the work of the great artist to whom D'Artagnan is due. The reverse is the case with *George Stalden*. We have no sooner begun upon it than we are impatient to reach the end of it; not because it carries us on to a consummation at which, for excitement's sake, we want to arrive, but because we are longing to get it all over and have done with it. That is one of the differences between a book which is confessedly a common essay in fiction and a book which professes to be an authentic record of experience and fact.

Una Merideth, the heroine of *Una's Revenge: a Picture of Real Life in the Nineteenth Century*, is a lovely schoolgirl of sixteen summers. The creation of an author whose taste for poetry has been fed full upon Longfellow, Faber, and Æschylus in "Anstices' Translation," she has the bluest eyes and the purest heart in the world. Also, she has an enemy, one Eva Maitland, and out of this comes martyrdom. Una's father is the Dean and Chapter (Melville Gray calls him the Dean and Chaplain, but that is obviously a mistake) of Shanghai; so that her condition is naturally all that could be wished. Of Eva, on the other hand, we hear that her "home was not a happy one"; "her father's time was engrossed in literary pursuits"; and as she never knew "the enervating, ennobling influence of firm religious training," it is plain that she is destined to go to the bad. Una is the head of her class; and Eva, by a sequence of machinations too dreadful to be discovered in these columns, gets her expelled, and is complimented in her stead with "a beautifully bound edition of Shakspeare's works," and, "in addition, the Bishop's own prize, always given to the girl standing first on the College lists, a lovely copy of Keble's *Christian Year*." Una has brain fever, but on her recovery goes to another school, where she rises to the top of her form, and is presented in due course with "a beautifully bound edition of *The Divine Master*." This reconciles her with life, and soon after her triumph is complete. Eva and she are at a ball, and Eva has just told lies about her, when she (Eva) catches fire at a Chinese lantern, bursts "like a brilliant meteor upon the crowd, only to vanish again," and, before she can be captured and put out, is burnt beyond recovery. Una visits her couch of pain, and there is an affecting interview; after which, we are told, the clergyman in attendance, "following the expressed wishes of the patient, brought and placed in Una's unwilling hands" both "Keble's *Christian Year* and the edition of Shakspeare's works," and so made everybody happy. It is fully understood that "the Bishop will alter the name"; and in this and other assurances Eva dies. Una, it need scarce be added, marries a serious and very gentlemanlike Major, and thus is able to bring to bear upon him, greatly to his improvement, what our author (or her printer) calls "the soothing, enervating influence of woman." And when we bid her farewell, she is not only a wife and mother—she is also standing at her own front door, and therewithal is "enfolded in the strong arms of her husband, who could not bear her out of his sight." The moon, it is pleasant to know, is quite equal to the occasion; for, though it has but "just risen," it is "casting its bright beams of light and illuminating the whole scene with an exquisite grandeur, so perfect in its colouring as to seem almost unearthly." It is impossible to avoid the reflection that Colonel Wardle (the Major's name is Wardle, and he is now a Colonel) is scarce less happy in his moon than in his Una. We regret to add that of the beautifully-bound edition of Shakspeare's works and the lovely copy of Keble there is no word more.

Mrs. Bradshaw, in *Gabrielle*, tells the story of two sisters, whose mother, *en route* for Liverpool and New York, departs this life at a country inn, leaving nothing by which herself and her two babies, Gabrielle and Bertha, can be identified. Both children are adopted, and lose touch of each other for many years. When they come together again Gabrielle, the elder, is passing poor on forty pounds a year, while Bertha, the younger, is as rich as a Jew. Gabrielle, who has all the virtues, is companion to an eccentric lady; Bertha, who has none, is her own mistress, and, rather out of pride than anything else, she invites her sister to stay with her. They go to Switzerland together; and while they are there they quarrel about a young man, one Leonard Trench, who is in love with Gabrielle, but wants to marry Bertha's money. They part, of course, and Gabrielle discovers her father in a certain Sir Charles Rothney, whose good angel she becomes, and at whose noble mansion she presently is wooed and won by a fit and proper suitor, a gentleman of antique strain, full of most rare differences. Leonard, meanwhile, has been rejected by Bertha, and Bertha has married a shadowy peer; so that everybody has his deserts, and, without a touch of remorse on the reader's part, the whole thing may be instantly forgotten.

THE SOLOMON ISLANDS.*

THE announcement some months ago that Dr. Guppy had in preparation two works on the Solomon Islands was received with general satisfaction, and we venture to think that the handsome volumes which are now before the public will more than justify the anticipations that had been formed respecting them. Scientific men at home were more or less aware that the author had been closely occupied with the study of the general features of the Solomon group during the repeated visits of the surveying vessel to which he was attached as surgeon; but perhaps few were prepared for results so wide in scope, so full of accurate observation, and so carefully elaborated in all their details as those which now claim our attention. It may be explained at the outset that the two volumes, though externally uniform, are published as distinct works; the first containing a general account of the islands, together with observations on the anthropology, natural history, botany, and meteorology of the group, to which are added a translation of the long lost and little known Journal of Gallego, giving a narrative of the discovery of the islands by the Spaniards about the middle of the sixteenth century, and a chapter on the early history of geographical discovery in the Western Pacific generally; whilst the second is devoted more especially to the geology and physical features of the islands, with some reference also to their suitability for colonization.

The Solomon group, Dr. Guppy tells us, consists of seven or eight large mountainous islands, varying in length from seventy to one hundred miles, and a great number of smaller islands, ranging from fifteen or twenty miles in length, down to the tiny coral islet only half a mile across. Some of the larger islands present a massive profile attaining a height, in the case of Guadalcanar and Bougainville, of 8,000 to 10,000 feet. These are essentially volcanic, the rocks indicating great geological age, their lower slopes, to a height of 500 feet, flanked by comparatively recent calcareous formations. Of the smaller islands, some are volcanic, whilst others are composed mainly or entirely of coral limestone, or in part of friable deposits containing numerous organisms, and exhibiting the characters of the muds which were found on the *Challenger* expedition to be at present forming around oceanic volcanic islands, in depths of from 150 to 500 fathoms. Sometimes these recent deposits cover a central volcanic peak which has once been submerged. To the geologist, therefore, the islands offer a field at once varied and instructive; nor are their features less interesting from a zoological, botanical, or ethnological point of view. There are difficulties in the way of observation, it is true, some of them still insurmountable—the interior of many of the islands is inaccessible, the inhabitants have the credit of being something more than unfriendly to Europeans, and in some places the climate and surface conditions are such as conduce to fevers and other serious ailments. Nevertheless, these books are a testimony to how much may be done by a man who is in earnest, and who has the faculty of inspiring the natives with confidence. The troubles of the naturalist and his rewards are graphically set forth by the author in his introductory chapter:—

> Amongst the Solomon Islands [says he] the student of nature may be compared to a man who, having found a mine of great wealth, is only allowed to carry away just as much of the precious ore as he can bear about his person. For there can be no region in the world where he experiences more tantalization. Day after day he skirts the shores of islands of which science has no ken. Month after month he may scan, as I have done, lofty mountain-masses never yet explored, whose peaks rise through the clouds 7,000 to 10,000 feet above the sea. He may discern on the mountain-slopes the columns of blue smoke which mark the abodes of men who have never beheld the white man. But he cannot land except accompanied by a strong party; and he has therefore to be content usually with viewing such scenes from the deck of his vessel. Fortunately, however, there are some parts of the Solomon Group where the hostility of the natives has been to a great extent overcome by the influence of the missionaries and of the traders; but the interiors of the larger islands are, almost without exception, inhabited by fierce and treacherous tribes who forbid all approach. . . .
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> When geologizing in these islands one labours under the very serious disadvantage of being unable to get any view or form any idea of the surroundings, on account of the dense forest-growth clothing both the slopes and summits of the hills, which is often impassable except by the rude native tracks that are completely hemmed in by trees on either side. Bush-walking, where there is no native track, is a very tedious process, and requires the constant use of the compass. In districts of coral limestone, such traverses are equally trying to the soles of one's boots and to the measure of one's temper. After being provokingly entangled in a thicket for some minutes, the persevering traveller walks briskly along through a comparatively clear space, when a creeper suddenly trips up his feet and over he goes to the ground. Picking himself up, he no sooner starts again when he finds his face in the middle of a strong web which some huge-bodied spider has been laboriously constructing. However, clearing away the web from his features, he struggles along until coming to the fallen trunk of some giant of the forest which obstructs his path, he with all confidence plants his foot firmly on it and sinks knee-deep into rotten-wood. With resignation he lifts his foot out of the mess and proceeds on his way, when he feels an uncomfortable sensation inside his helmet, in which, on leisurely removing it from his head, he finds his old friend the spider, with a body as big as a filbert, quite at his ease. Shaking it out in a hurry, he hastens along with his composure of mind somewhat ruffled. Going down a steep slope, he clasps a stout-looking areca palm to prevent himself falling, when down comes the rotten palm, and the long-suffering traveller finds himself once more on the ground. To these inconveniences

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* *The Solomon Islands and their Natives.* By H. B. Guppy, M.B., F.G.S., late Surgeon R.N. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

The Solomon Islands; their Geology, General Features, and Suitability for Colonization. By H. B. Guppy, M.B., F.G.S., late Surgeon R.N. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

must be added the peculiarly oppressive heat of a tropical forest, the continual perspiration in which the skin is bathed, and the frequent difficulty of getting water. There are, therefore, many drawbacks to the enjoyment of such excursions undertaken without an aim. But let there be some object to be gained, and it is astonishing how small a success amply repays the naturalist for all the toil. As an example of the tedious nature of bush-walking in these regions, I may state that, crossing the small island of Santa Anna from south to north—a distance of 2½ miles—occupied on one occasion five hours. For nearly the whole distance my path lay either through a dense forest-growth which had never been cleared since this little island first rose as a coral-atoll above the waves, or amongst tangled undergrowth which often succeeded effectually in barring the way. Rarely could I obtain a glimpse of my surroundings, and in consequence it was on my pocket-compass that I entirely depended. Coral-rock honeycombed into sharp tearing edges covered the slopes, my way lying between the large masses of this rock that lay about in strange confusion, the smaller blocks swaying about under my weight as if eager to rid themselves of their unusual burden. At one place the coral limestone over a space of about a hundred yards was perforated like a sieve by numerous holes two to three feet across and five to ten feet deep; but now and then a deep fissure appeared at the bottom of one of these cavities—leading Heaven knows where—in all probability the swallow-hole of some stream that once became engulphed in the solid rock. The spreading roots of trees, together with ferns and shrubs, often nearly concealed these man-traps from my view; and I found it necessary to clear the way for every step, a very tedious process at the close of a tiresome day's excursion.

We should like to continue the quotation, but there are limits to our space.

It is exceedingly difficult in works embodying the results of so wide a range of observation to select any particular portion for special notice; we prefer, therefore, to endeavour to give a general idea of their contents. The author begins his larger volume with an account of the government of the islands, which is for the most part a system of hereditary chieftainships. Some of the native chiefs are men of intelligence and capacity, and well affected towards Europeans. Gorai, chief of the Shortland group, who "takes pleasure in asserting that he is 'all same white man,' at the same time deprecating the inferior position of his race with the remark, 'White man, he savez too much. Poor black man! He no savez nothing,'" is a notable example; and the author recounts a geological excursion taken in his company in his own war-canoe. The Treasury Island chief, Mule or Mulekopa, is likewise a man of ability, though exhibiting less amiable qualities, and there are chiefs of some of the smaller islands similarly well spoken of.

The "head-hunting" propensities of the natives are described at considerable length, together with the raids undertaken to procure the necessary victims and the superstitions connected with the practice. Head-hunting is still carried on to some extent in connexion with cannibalism, but much more from the simple desire of the chiefs to accumulate skulls as a token of power or of prowess. It has also a sacrificial aspect; in case of the death of a chief a head must be provided, and the launching of a new war-canoe or the completion of a tamboo-house must be signalized in the same way. Within the radius of the head-hunting forays no native can be said to enjoy security of life for a single day, and at times even white men have been made victims of the infatuation. The custom is now carried on less openly than of old and, let us hope, less actively.

Slavery is a recognized institution throughout the group. The slaves are members of other tribes who have either been taken in war or otherwise captured, and they are the objects of open traffic. They are not ill treated, nor is the service required of them severe; nevertheless, their position is not an enviable one, especially if a head should chance to be required. Cannibalism is still in vogue on some of the islands, but on others it has completely died out. Polygamy, of course, prevails, and the position of the female sex, as amongst other savage races, is a degraded one—the women, in fact, are the drudges of the community. The social condition of the natives, their religious beliefs, funeral ceremonies, and the like, are fully entered into by the author, and a further chapter gives a detailed account of their houses, pottery, domestic utensils, weapons, and tools, well illustrated by photo-lithographic plates.

The food of the islanders is more varied than might be supposed. The banana, the taro, the sweet potato, the yam, and the sugar-cane are the chief objects of cultivation; and these are supplemented by the cocoa-nut, bread-fruit, and sago-palm, which owe less to the fostering hand of man. A few fruits, such as the papaw and mango, are grown, and there are numerous edible wild fruits and vegetables, which in times of scarcity would help materially to supply the ordinary wants of the people. The diet is essentially vegetable, though by no means exclusively so. Fish, opossums (*Cuscus*), and pigs furnish the principal animal food; shell-fish are largely eaten, the flesh of the large monitor-lizard is much esteemed, and even the crocodile is not rejected. The people of both sexes and of all ages smoke tobacco, and betel-chewing is a common indulgence.

The author describes in detail the physical characters of the inhabitants, furnishing various tables of comparative measurements, and discusses at some length the question of their race-affinities; then enlarges on matters of dress, tattooing, decorations, songs, music, and dances. An interesting chapter is devoted to sporting matters—canoes, fishing, and hunting—another of more professional nature to prevalent diseases, deformities, and the like; and then an essay on the language of the islands of Bougainville Straits, accompanied by a lengthy vocabulary—for information on these points we must perforce refer the reader to the book itself. The author sums up his account of the personal characteristics of the natives as follows:—

In recalling my own experiences, I can scarcely remember a single instance in which I was aught but kindly treated by a race of savages who have been so often characterized as the most treacherous and bloodthirsty in the Pacific. I was constantly in their power, since, in my excursions, I very rarely had any other companions. I will, therefore, frame my estimate of their character in the words of the French navigator that they would not have been able to resist the temptation of harming me, if there were not in their disposition something of the sense of honour and affection.

Lovers of old-world history and maritime adventure will be grateful to Dr. Guppy for his translation of the Journal of Gallego, which contains an account of the discovery of these lands by the Spaniards soon after the middle of the sixteenth century. We learn that in the year 1566, by order of Philip II. of Spain, an expedition was fitted out by Lope Garcia de Castro, Governor of Peru, "for the discovery of certain islands and a continent, concerning which His Catholic Majesty had summoned a number of persons versed in mathematics, in order to deliberate on a plan to be followed." Two ships, the *Capitana* and the *Almiranta*, were selected from the fleet and equipped for the service, and they sailed from Callao, the port of the City of Kings, on the 19th of November of the year named, under the command of Alvaro de Mendana, Hernando Gallego being chief pilot. We do not propose to follow the details of the story. Land was first sighted on the 15th of June, 1567, and within another fortnight the explorers appear to have been in the immediate region of their future discoveries. Most of the islands at which they touched during the subsequent cruise have been identified, and the general accuracy of Gallego's observations thereby corroborated. The investigation of the islands was continued for many months, until serious difficulties arose—the vessels "were getting worm-eaten and rotten," provisions were running short and could no longer be obtained from the natives, the natives themselves were aroused and menacing; and eventually it was represented to the captains that no good would accrue from the endeavour to push discovery further in that direction. It was determined, therefore, to rest satisfied with what had been accomplished, and not to risk the loss of results obtained with so much labour by prolonging the voyage. Accordingly, on the 11th of August, 1568, they set sail from these "Isles of Salomon" on their homeward voyage, little thinking that two centuries would elapse before the lands they had discovered would again be visited by Europeans. In December of the same year, after encountering many accidents and suffering many hardships, they reached the shores of California; then, sailing southwards and touching at several intermediate ports, they arrived again at the point whence they started on the 26th of June, 1569.

It is a remarkable fact that the existence of this Journal of Gallego remained practically unknown until the second quarter of the present century, the supposition being that it was originally kept secret through jealousy of the English explorers, and especially in order to keep Drake, who had recently appeared in the South Seas, in ignorance of the position of the newly-discovered islands.

The author continues the History of discovery in a chapter entitled "The Story of a Lost Archipelago," and then devotes himself to the natural history and climate of the group. There are notes on the botany of Bougainville Straits, and a list of the plants collected in that region; a chapter on reptiles and batrachians, with a story of a crocodile hunt; and another chapter on general zoology, containing, *inter alia*, interesting references to cocoanut-eating crabs, hermit crabs, millipedes, and edible birds' nests; and a synopsis of the land and fresh-water shells. Lastly, there is a chapter on climate, with a comprehensive register of meteorological observations.

We have left ourselves little room to notice Dr. Guppy's second work, which treats chiefly of the geology and physical aspects of the islands; but this is perhaps of the less consequence as the volume is manifestly intended more for the scientific student than for the general reader. With some of the results we are already familiar through the Memoirs previously published by the Royal Society of Edinburgh. It is perhaps sufficient to say that the recorded observations have thrown most important light on the structure and geological history of the islands of the coral seas.

With the description of the various islands of the group, their suitability for colonization is briefly discussed. Treasury Island, Shortland Island, and Santa Anna are spoken of with more or less favour as a possible field for European settlers; and the sugar-cane, cotton, and coffee are suggested as crops for cultivation. We fear, however, that the recent experience of tropical colonists has not been such as to encourage the settlement of new and comparatively little known regions. The area of cultivation of the staple products of the tropics has of late years increased so much, and competition has become so severe, that it is only in localities presenting exceptional advantages of soil, climate, accessibility, labour supply, and the like, that the settler can hope for success proportionate to his labours.

In conclusion, it will be seen that these are by no means books of travel in the ordinary sense of the term. We have sometimes even regretted that they did not contain a little more of an element of personal narrative. They are, however, brimful of facts and observations of much greater permanent value, and they will probably long remain our chief authority on all matters connected with this interesting section of Melanesia.

DEAN COLET.*

A FEW years ago Dean Colet seemed forgotten. As Mr. Lupton observes, his name is not so much as mentioned by Hume. Lingard naturally omits it—he could hardly have noticed the friend of Erasmus without condemnation, and showed his usual good taste in refraining. But other people also neglected him, and when Mr. Seebohm, in his volume on the early *Oxford Reformers*, gave Colet so prominent a place beside More and Erasmus, there were readers not wholly unintelligent who hardly knew his name. Mr. Lupton remarks that, though Colet desired to die among the Carthusians of Shene, he did not leave any money for masses in his will. The gifts he gave to monasteries must have been the smallest part of his otherwise lavish charities. It will be remembered that Sir Thomas More, while still young, retired for a time to the Charterhouse, near London, and it would seem that the Carthusians alone of all the numerous monastic and fraternal orders kept anything of their primitive piety. It was upon them (for their consistency) that the hand of Henry VIII. fell with the heaviest weight, yet even Layton and Bedell, Cromwell's inquisitors, could allege nothing against them.

John Colet occupies a position almost alone among his contemporaries. A priest, a citizen, a scholar, and at the same time the possessor of an ample fortune and a good estate, he seemed destined from his youth to rise high in the world. He publicly lectured on the Epistles of St. Paul when taking his degree at Oxford. His lectures are preserved, not, as Mr. Lupton observes, at his old University, but at Cambridge, in the public library, and in the libraries of Corpus Christi and Emmanuel Colleges. Mr. Lupton gives some extracts with a view to enable his readers to form a fair estimate of Colet's expositions in their variety and originality of treatment. At Oxford he met More, who entered Lincoln College while Colet was lecturing. In 1498 Erasmus, who had come over at the invitation of Lord Mountjoy, a former pupil, was also at Oxford, where he was welcomed by Colet in a courteous Latin letter, to which Erasmus replied; thus beginning a correspondence which was to last all their lives. A friend told Colet, many years later, "that each of you owes much to the other, but which of the two owes most to the other I am doubtful." Erasmus remained in England till 1500, but Colet continued at Oxford for four years longer, lecturing gratuitously. That he did not attain to any University office is not strange, as his wealth enabled him to live well without such trammels, and he certainly "held a dignified, if not a publicly recognized, position in the University." He had been presented to the rectory of Dennington, in Suffolk, in 1485, by his cousin, Sir William Knevet, and his arms still hang in the vestry. In 1490 his father, Sir Henry Colet, gave him the rectory of Thurning, a place of which the alderman was lord of the manor. He resigned in 1494, perhaps on account of his presentation to Stepney, also by his father. He resigned Stepney at the time of his father's death, about September 1505. He also held the prebendal stall of Goodeaster, in St. Martin-le-Grand, and several other canonries; so that in these days he would be considered "a bloated pluralist"; but, to judge from what we read of his contemporaries, he was singularly moderate in his acceptance of such preferments. Yet his whole income from the Church, even after he had become Dean of St. Paul's, only amounted to 217*l.*, which Mr. Lupton estimates as equal to about 2,600*l.* now. He spent, through his steward, the whole of his official income on the expenses of his household, which must have been large, owing to his hospitality. He was appointed Dean of St. Paul's in 1505. Mr. Lupton's account of the Cathedral and Colet's ministrations is very interesting, in spite of the heaviness of his style and his constant, and sometimes very misleading, use of such expressions as "former" and "latter." Colet's household was enlarged by his reception of young scholars of promise; and his great foundation, St. Paul's School, in 1512, which he endowed during his lifetime, must have severely taxed even his ample revenues. He appointed for the stipend of the high master no less a sum than 34*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* a year, with a livery gown worth 1*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* If we remember that the Lord Chancellor at that period had 66*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* for his yearly salary, Colet's endowment of the high master appears munificent. It is characteristic of Mr. Lupton's way of writing a biography that Colet's appointment to the deanery is inferred, not directly told; and the date is the subject of some discussion, not in the text, but in the foot-notes.

Colet was only fifty-three at the time of his death in 1519. He had already done everything necessary for the continuance of the school. Mr. Lupton clearly distinguishes it from the old Cathedral school for the choir boys, which had been mismanaged by the Chapter. In some of the oldest of the St. Paul's documents mention is made of the "magister scholarum," who afterwards blossoms into the chancellor. The chancellor of Colet's time was William Lichfield, a man for whom the Dean had no respect or liking. He gave his father's house at Stepney to the high master for a country villa. How the foundation has improved may be judged from a footnote on p. 264. Mr. Lupton's love of footnotes is remarkable, and why the information here given should not stand part of the text, and an important part of it, no one can possibly tell. It seems that the new and ruddy building in Hammersmith, more politely called "West Kensington," provides room for 500 boys, and can be extended to take in twice as many. In due time there is to be a similar school for 400 girls. The national school built on Colet's land at Stepney accommodates 593 boys and as many girls and infants. "It is probable, therefore, that in a few years' time something like 3,000 young people, from all classes of society, will be daily receiving their education under the honoured name of Dean Colet." The best passages of Mr. Lupton's very careful book—"painful" is the old adjective for this kind of work—are those in which he describes the country home of the Colets, and those in which he tells us about the Cathedral church, and Colet's destroyed monument, and the portraits of him which remain. There is a full and accurate index.

* *Life of John Colet, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's and Founder of St. Paul's School; with an Appendix of some of his English Writings.* By J. H. Lupton, M.A., Surmaster of St. Paul's School. London: George Bell.

DECISIVE BATTLES SINCE WATERLOO.*

THE word "decisive," as applied to an action, is of course susceptible of different interpretations; and, as Professor Creasy admitted in the preface to his well-known book, *The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World*, it is probable that no two historical inquirers would entirely agree in their lists of decisive actions. It may be applied to such battles as Waterloo, Solferino, Königgrätz, or to the fall of Sebastopol and the surrender of Lee after Five Forks; to such military events, in fact, as terminate an important campaign and immediately lead to important treaties. It may be still further restricted to crises in the world's history—like the battles of Châlons in the fifth, of Tours in the eighth, of Hastings in the eleventh centuries, the defeat of the "Invincible Armada," the British surrender at Saratoga, the "Battle of Nations" at Leipzig—"a contrary event of which," to use Hallam's criterion, "would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes." On the other hand, the term may legitimately be extended to all military conflicts the issue of which had an unmistakable influence on the subsequent course of a campaign—Lucknow and Cawnpore for instance, Gettysburg or Gravelotte; and similarly to those which, like the battle of Navarino or the capture of the citadel of Antwerp from the Dutch, have a final settling influence on protracted national struggles for independence.

In his selection of twenty-five so-called "Decisive Battles since Waterloo," Mr. Thomas Knox has adopted a catholic criterion, which embraces under the general rubric decisive all the more important military events of the world from 1815 to 1887. His analytical compilation, albeit undoubtedly the work of a civilian, is a valuable one, not only to the student of contemporary history, but also to the soldier. For Mr. Knox has conscientiously epitomized the standard works of professional writers, exhaustive but ponderous, and thus presented a cleverly concatenated account of military events in the nineteenth century, and their influence on the political history of our own times.

Dealing with the numerous wars which went on during the forty years of the so-called "Great Peace," the author begins with the West, and recounts the long series of popular "movements" which in 1824 culminated in the Battle of Ayacucho, the final overthrow of the power of Spain in America. Mr. Knox naturally pays more attention to the military events of the New World than would a European writer, and this is one of the numerous points of interest in his work. A curious fact connected with the widespread struggle for independence among Spanish American possessions is that it really originated in a feeling of intense loyalty to the legitimate occupier of the Spanish throne at the time of the French invasion of the Peninsula, a feeling which displayed itself in passive resistance or open rebellion, according to circumstances, to the authority of the French usurper. The complete misunderstanding of the true import of the national movement by Ferdinand's advisers when he returned to power, and their uncompromising attempts to suppress what looked like a mere revolutionary tendency, led to the ultimate defeat everywhere of the Royalist troops. If the accounts of General San Martin's exploits are not overcoloured, his feat of crossing the Andes from Chili to Peru undoubtedly rivals, if it does not surpass, Bonaparte's passage of the Alps. The author is especially enthusiastic about the naval deeds of Lord Cochrane, which helped much to bring about the end of Spanish rule in South America.

We can hardly look upon the British victory at Prome in 1825 as a decisive battle in any sense. It was not considered in that light at the time, and the numerous expeditions we have been obliged to send to Burmah since then would point to the same opinion. Mr. Knox's reason for numbering it in his selection—namely, that it was "the beginning of the end of the Burmese kingdom"—is decidedly inadequate, and reveals that weakness noticeable in so many compilations, the tendency to make room for every by-result of special investigation without much consideration for its absolute relevancy.

During the fifteen years which followed Waterloo, exhausted Europe was at peace with itself, and all its warring was directed against Mohammedans. An English expedition was sent against

* *Decisive Battles since Waterloo: the most important Military Events from 1815 to 1887.* By Thomas W. Knox. Illustrated. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Algiers; three years later broke out the Greek insurrection; in 1826 began the Russo-Persian war; then two years later the Russo-Turkish conflict, terminated by the capture of Silistria in 1829; finally, in 1830 was achieved by the French the final destruction of Algerine power on the Mediterranean. The author has selected the battle of Navarino, the siege of Silistria, and the battle of Staoueli, which entailed the surrender of Algiers, as the decisive events of that period. Whatever may be said about the fall of the Turkish fortress on the Danube, there can be no doubt about the annihilation of the Ottoman fleet in the Bay of Navarino by the combined forces of England, France, and Russia ranking among truly decisive battles—"untoward event" as it certainly was in many ways.

Almost of equal importance was the radical remedy used by the French to put a stop to the intolerable state of things kept up in the Mediterranean by the Turkish rulers of Algeria, and their scientifically organized system of piracy. On this score the admirably conducted descent at Sidi Ferruch, the battle of Staoueli, on the 3rd of July, 1830, and the entrance of General Bourmont into the city of the Deys, twenty-four hours later, must be reckoned among the events which were of permanent importance to Europe at large.

The capture by the French troops under the Prince of Orleans of the South Citadel of Antwerp ranks likewise among decisive events. It emphasized the determination of Europe to see the independence of Belgium recognized, and guaranteed its neutrality. The story of Chassé's heroic defence of the superb old fortress built by Paciotto in the days of Spanish domination, and of the no less brilliant attack of the French under such restrictions as are rarely seen in warfare—namely, the necessity of respecting the neutrality of the town itself, which lay under the guns of the citadel—is a fascinating as well as unique chapter in military history, and one to which Mr. Knox has done full justice.

To the bulk of European readers the capture of Mexico in 1847 by the troops of the United States is perhaps not so well known as the feat deserves. But to Americans the culminating event of the campaign undertaken in support of the claims of Texas for autonomy is naturally of high interest. Mr. Knox devotes a lengthy chapter and several plans to its illustration; indeed, more attention than to the fall of Sebastopol, which, after an excellent account of the Sikh wars and the battle of Gujerat in 1849, is somewhat too summarily treated.

It would take more space than we can dispose of to advert, even in the most sketchy manner, to the results wrought by the issue of the important battles of the last forty years. All that can be said is that Mr. Knox's choice shows, with few exceptions, a discriminating insight into the relative importance of military achievements. With Cawnpore and Lucknow as central points of interest, is rapidly expounded the momentous drama of the Indian Mutiny; the capture of the Pei-ho Forts is made to foretell the opening of the Middle Empire to the outer barbarian; the battle of Solferino is treated as the turning-point in the history of the contest for Italian unity. Then follows, and naturally at greater length, the analysis of the three great events of the War of Secession, the three days of Gettysburg, the fall of Vicksburg, and Lee's capitula tion after Five Forks in 1865.

The battle of Sadowa in the following year, which consummated the breaking-up of the old Germanic Confederation and inaugurated the preponderance of Prussia at the same time as it assured the union of Venetia with Lombardy and the legislative independence of Hungary, is perhaps the most representative instance of a decisive battle, and might have been narrated in greater detail. Of the actions in the Franco-German War, Mr. Knox has chosen Gravelotte and Sedan; the former because it resulted in the imprisonment of Bazaine in Metz, and with the latter resulting in the wholesale capture of Napoleon's army and the utter collapse of the Second Empire.

The events round Plevna naturally form the central picture of the Russo-Turkish War, and the last chapters are devoted to Russian enterprise in Central Asia, the capture of Khiva in 1873 and Geok Tepe eight years later, to the battle of Miraflores, which in 1881 settled the fate of Peru in its contest with Chili; and finally to El Obeid, Khartoum, and our melancholy experiences in the Soudan.

Of all *un*decided battles, the engagement in the Hampton Roads between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, on the 9th of July, 1862, was perhaps the most typical. But Mr. Knox has, and with good show of reason, included this "draw" among decisive actions—"It revolutionized the navies of the world, and showed that the wooden ships, which had long held control of the ocean, were of no further use for fighting purposes. Commenting upon the news of that event, the London *Times* said:—Whereas we had available for immediate purposes one hundred and forty-nine first-class war-ships, we have now two, the *Warrior*, and her sister *Ironsides*. There is not now a ship in the English navy, apart from these two, that it would not be madness to trust to an engagement with that little *Monitor*."

Thus the undecided contest between these two improvised armour-clads—one of which, the *Merrimac*, was destroyed by order of her commander after the evacuation of Norfolk, and the other foundered in a gale at sea—practically opened the present era of naval warfare.

THE MAMMOTH AND THE FLOOD.*

MR. HOWORTH treats the Bible narrative as only one out of many testimonies to the Universal Deluge. The conclusions which he formulates are six:—(1) that a great catastrophe took place at the close of the mammoth period, which overwhelmed that animal with its companions, over a very large part of the earth's surface; (2) that this catastrophe involved a widespread flood of water, which not only killed the animals, but buried them; (3) that it was accompanied by a great fall of temperature in Siberia; (4) that this catastrophe took place when man was already occupying the earth, and constitutes the gap which is almost universally admitted to exist between Palæolithic and Neolithic man; (5) that the primæval Flood which occurs in the traditions of so many races may probably be identified with this catastrophe; (6) that, widespread as this Flood was, considerable areas escaped, and from them man, animals, and plants spread out again and reoccupied those districts which had been desolated. This is a startling programme, with far-reaching issues, which will no doubt provoke plenty of that keen criticism which Mr. Howorth invites. In the work before us the problem is approached from the archæological and palæontological side only; but we are glad to learn that it is shortly to be followed by a second, dealing with the geological aspect of it. For the present, therefore, we have only half the evidence—that to be derived from the narratives of travellers and explorers—but this has been collected with extraordinary industry, and, so far as we are able to judge, with complete fairness. We cannot say that we fully agree with Mr. Howorth in his violent attack on "uniformity," towards which, while speaking with invariable respect of Sir C. Lyell himself, he adopts a scolding and abusive tone unworthy of a scientific treatise. He seems to have set up an idol for the sake of smashing it; and we fail to find any difference in kind between the deluge of his imagination and those which have taken place in our own time—for instance, in Java and Iceland. But as regards the special thesis he has set himself to defend, that water was the agent which destroyed the mammoth and its companions, we must admit that he has made out a very strong case. This we will try to state as fairly as we can, but it is no easy task to detail in a limited space even the leading points of an argument which depends on a multitude of minute facts, gathered from the whole surface of the globe.

The existence of ivory in Siberia in a sub-fossil condition, but still sufficiently durable to be used for all the purposes to which recent ivory is applied, has been known since the middle ages, and formed one of the earliest exports from Siberia to China. The very name given to the gigantic creature which produced it, Mammoth or Mammont—probably a corruption of Behemoth—was introduced by the Arab traders who initiated the traffic in fossil ivory in the tenth century. It was not, however, until the middle of the eighteenth century that the trade became considerable. In or about 1750, Liachof, a Russian merchant, discovered vast stores of elephant tusks and bones in the northern districts of Siberia, and especially on the islands off the mouth of the Lena, which have since borne his name. The ivory brought thence, says the traveller Wrangell, "is often as fresh and white as that from Africa." Since Liachof's discovery it has been computed that the tusks of at least twenty thousand mammoths have been exported, while an even larger number are too much decayed to be worth removal, and others are so large that they have to be sawn up on the spot where they are found. These buried hecatombs of elephants abound throughout the frozen soil of Siberia, but they are more numerous the further we advance northwards, and most plentiful of all on the islands above named and in those termed New Siberia. More remarkable still are the mammoth mummies—several of which have been disinterred, whole carcases not unfrequently standing upright in the frozen soil, with their flesh "as fresh as if just taken out of an Esquimaux câche or a Yakout subterranean meat-safe." The most widely known of these is that discovered in 1806 by an English botanist named Adams, and the skeleton, or such parts of it as could be recovered—for in the interval between part of it being laid bare and the information reaching Adams wild animals had preyed on the flesh and carried off many of the bones—is now in the museum at St. Petersburg. Carcases of rhinoceros have also been found under similar conditions. It is agreed on all hands that these bodies must have been submitted to "continuous congelation without a break" ever since they died; in other words, the catastrophe which slew them must also have buried them and so changed the climate that their flesh has been preserved to the present day. Mr. Howorth shows, we think conclusively, that the animals lived in Siberia, and were not transported thither after death from some other place. The bones show no appearance of detrition; the largest numbers and those in the finest condition are found at a distance from the rivers; and, further, their numbers decrease as we go further south. Again, though the climate could not have been as cold while they were alive as it is now, it is evident that it was by no means a warm one; for there is ample evidence that they were protected by a thick coating of hair and wool. Collateral proof of a change in the climate is afforded by the débris of trees—"large stems, with their roots fast in the soil"—found in places where no vegetation, save

* *The Mammoth and the Flood: an Attempt to Confront the Theory of Uniformity with the Facts of Recent Geology.* By Henry H. Howorth, M.P., F.S.A. London: Sampson Low & Co.

lichens, grows at present; and that the elephants fed on these trees may be conjectured partly from their long recurved tusks, which would be peculiarly useful in pulling down branches, partly from the analogy of the rhinoceros—for the contents of a mammoth's stomach have not as yet been observed. In 1876, however, the cavities of the teeth of a rhinoceros yielded fragments of the leaves of coniferous and other trees.

After discussing very fully what may be termed, if we may coin a word, the death-history of the Mammoth in Northern Asia, Mr. Howorth passes to Europe, and attacks the curious question of the fauna of the Mammoth period, which appears, from its remains, to have been composed of animals the most dissimilar in structure and habits; and he proposes an ingenious hypothesis to explain how it came to pass that polar-bears, lemmings, marmots, and reindeer were contemporaneous with hippopotamus, lion, and elephant. Without going into details, his contention is that portions of Europe—*e.g.* Switzerland and Scandinavia—were then icebound and sterile, that the levels immediately below the high mountain-ranges were inhabited by mammals and birds now living in high latitudes and mountain-fells, and that the river-valleys, sheltered by dense forests, were warm and luxuriant, and afforded a congenial shelter to animals now confined to the tropics. It is hardly necessary to add that his hypothesis does not postulate that the animals in question lived together as a happy family, but that within a comparatively short distance of each other animals were to be met with which now require wholly dissimilar climatic conditions. By what agency, however, were these animals brought together, so that we find in the same pit the bones of the whole of the above-mentioned fauna—young and old together (a very important point)—nearly always unworn, and frequently with the limb-bones in juxtaposition? Mr. Howorth rejects the usual theories, and pleads for "rushing water on a great scale." This agency

> would drown the animals, and yet would not mutilate the bodies. It would kill them all with complete impartiality, irrespective of their strength, age, or size. It would take up clay and earth, and cover the bodies with it. . . . The occurrence of immense câches, in which the remains of wild animals are incongruously mixed together pell-mell, often on high ground, seems unaccountable, save on the theory that they were driven to take shelter together on some point of vantage, in view of an advancing flood of water, a position which is paralleled by the great floods which occur occasionally in the tropics, where we find the tiger and its victims all collecting together on some dry space, and reduced to a common condition of timidity and helplessness by a flood which has overwhelmed the flat country. . . . In the present case all were overtaken by the water, tossed and tumbled together in a common destruction, and then covered thickly with a mantle of clay or gravel—a mantle, be it remembered, spread over immense areas, without a break external or internal, and in which we can find no traces of local disturbance, such as would be caused by any process of subsequent burying, and showing that bones and covering were laid down together.

In support of this theory of drowning he cites, among other facts, the rhinoceros found by Pallas, the head of which still showed "the blood-vessels and even the fine capillaries filled with brown coagulated blood"—a condition which is just what might be expected in an animal which died from drowning; the position of many of the mammoth skeletons; and the curious fact that some of those in Siberia are standing upright, with their tails turned to the south, as though the deluge had come from that direction. Water, again, he contends, would explain the presence of the Pleistocene mammals in caverns and fissures to which they could not have been brought by hyænas, lions, or other beasts of prey.

The evidence afforded by the remains of our own species is marshalled by Mr. Howorth with great dexterity in support of his theory. Those who have studied this question most carefully divide primæval man into Palæolithic and Neolithic; and it is agreed that the former race was contemporaneous with the Pleistocene fauna and flora, the latter with modern wild animals. The former was a race of hunters, who dwelt in caves; the latter an agricultural people who built houses (not uniformly, but occasionally), kept domesticated animals, and possessed a knowledge of the arts of weaving and making pottery. The remains of the two races are never found together. The French and Belgian archæologists are particularly emphatic in pointing out the distinct line of demarcation which separates them; and our own distinguished geologist, Mr. James Geikie, argues on the same side. "The implements of the one period," he says, "are never found commingled with those of the other, nor do the characteristic faunas of the two ages ever occur together in one and the same undisturbed deposit." In certain cases, for instance, a layer of barren loam marks the gap between the two deposits; in others a mass of stalagmite. The culture of the later period, as was pointed out long ago by M. Lartet, could not be derived from that of the earlier. A striking illustration of this gap, or interval, is afforded by the history of the horse. The horse was common everywhere in Pleistocene times, but in France, Belgium, and Switzerland it is absent from Neolithic caves and lake-dwellings. On the other hand, it occurs abundantly in corresponding places belonging to the later Bronze age. The obvious inference is that it was reintroduced by a later culture. Again, though common in Pleistocene deposits in Algeria, it is absent from the older Egyptian monuments; in America, where it abounded in the same strata, it had become extinct when the Spaniards occupied Mexico; and Mr. Howorth might have added that the Indians worshipped as a divinity a sick horse left behind by Cortes in his famous expedition to Honduras. Various expedients have been resorted to to explain the cause of an effect so universally recognized; but Mr. Howorth is unquestionably right in insisting that a true explanation must account for the complete disappearance of one type of man, with a distinct fauna and flora, and the reappearance of another type with a new and equally distinct fauna and flora, but without any intermediate forms to link the two together. An immense flood, which M. Dupont had already invoked to explain similar phenomena in Belgium, is no doubt a "raison suffisante."

Here Mr. Howorth closes his case for the Old World, and proceeds to "test the problem" in North and South America, the West Indies, and New Zealand. Over these regions, however, though the chapters dealing with them occupy nearly half the volume, and form by no means the least interesting part of it, space compels us to follow him with a very rapid step. Throughout the American continent the great mammals—the Mammoth in the far North, the Mastodon and Megatherium in more temperate regions, and the Glyptodon, Toxodon, and Scelidotherium in the South—are found buried under conditions almost identical with those noticed in corresponding cases in the Old World. The skeletons of Mastodons especially are found entire, the contents of their stomachs lying still intact within their ribs, young and old together, and often in a position which implies that the animal was swimming when it perished. Again, the "whole area of the Pampas is one wide sepulchre"; the bones found therein are fresh, filled with animal matter, and with no appearance of detrition. Here, however, the problem is complicated by the fact that, while the large mammals have perished, the smaller have survived. To what cause are we to ascribe the destruction of the huge Glyptodon and the preservation of the small armadillo? "It is impossible," as Darwin puts it, "to reflect on the changed state of the American continent without the deepest astonishment. Formerly it must have swarmed with great monsters; now we find mere pigmies." But, after stating the various theories suggested to account for these facts, the great naturalist discards them all, and leaves the problem unsolved. D'Orbigny, on the other hand, whose explorations in South America give him a right to speak and to be listened to, is less cautious, and believes that in the upheaval of the Cordilleras we may find the cause of which we are in search. This theory Mr. Howorth adopts; for says he:—"It explains how the huge unwieldy beasts and the animals living on the level plains were overwhelmed, while the smaller creatures—those with a more nimble gait or those living on places of vantage—escaped; and it not only explains the destruction of the animals, but their burial." The same catastrophe is made responsible for the formation of the West Indian Archipelago, and the destruction of the fauna, of which scattered fragments alone remain; while a similar convulsion is evoked to explain the phenomena observed in New Zealand, where "in the caves, on the mud-flats near the sea-shore, and on the turbary deposits, both of the North and South Islands, large collections of bones are found mixed together in utter confusion, as though a number of struthious birds of different genera and species, overtaken and driven together by a common peril, had perished in one general catastrophe." If we understand Mr. Howorth aright, he imagines that the flood which devastated New Zealand was partial in its operations, leaving behind a certain quantity of Moa-birds to be hunted, and finally extirpated, by the Maoris, whose legends respecting their existence he is disposed to accept. In a concluding chapter the evidence of tradition is accumulated, beginning, of course, with the Bible, but into this part of the subject we have no space to enter.

In the course of these remarks we have more than once praised Mr. Howorth for his industry. We wish we could extend our praise to his accuracy. It is true that he pleads, in extenuation of possible mistakes, "the double burden of bad health and too many other claims on time and leisure"; but neither sickness nor occupation can excuse the extraordinary carelessness with which his book is printed. We should have thought that an ordinary press-reader would have drawn attention to faults in grammar for which a schoolboy ought to be birched; and as for the quotations, many of which we have been at the pains of testing, it is a rare thing to find one that is correct. Even three lines from Lucretius contain two serious blunders. Mr. Howorth has yet to learn that accuracy in these matters can only be insured by comparing all quoted matter with the original text after his own work has been set up in type.

AUCASSIN ET NICOLETTE.*

THAT after *Aucassin and Nicolette* has been known for nearly a hundred and fifty years, after it has by means of the edition in the Bibliothèque Elzévirienne been in the hands of all lovers of Old French for thirty, and after it has been made, with at any rate a select class of English readers, familiar by Mr. Pater's handling in his Renaissance *Studies* for fifteen, two Englishmen should at last simultaneously, and unknown to each other, make up their minds to translate it is only a repetition of one of the commonest, though one of the most mysterious, facts of letters. It always happens, and nobody (except Puck) knows how it happens. Mr. Bourdillon's edition and translation had the

* *Aucassin et Nicolette.* Edited and Translated, with Introduction and Notes, by F. W. Bourdillon. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.
Aucassin and Nicolete. Done into English by Andrew Lang. London: Nutt.

start of Mr. Lang's, who (translating merely) duly acknowledges obligations to Mr. Bourdillon's text and apparatus. But we believe that the two versions were originally executed without either of the translators knowing that the other was engaged thereon. As it happens, it is less of a pity than usual, and both books have their place. For, though Mr. Bourdillon's translation is decidedly inferior (in manners and for reasons to be mentioned presently) to Mr. Lang's, the inclusion of the text, which in its purity is not easily accessible, except in the merely scholastic edition of Suchier, with glossary, notes, and other aids, gives his book a distinct, and we should hope a permanent, value. Both volumes are well got up, Mr. Bourdillon's (the larger by a good deal) being printed on Dutch paper and Mr. Lang's on Japanese, which, by the way, is very pretty to look at, but absolutely refuses to yield to an ordinary paper-knife.

Of the interest of the piece itself it is necessary to say a little, though very little. Mr. Bourdillon has been a thought too copious in his introduction, which is as long as the story itself, but he has not exaggerated the charm of his text. It stands quite alone, and abounds in agreeable suggestion of problems which the wise are apt to perceive and enjoy, while the foolish make them the subject of dull dissertation and baseless theory. Of absolutely unknown authorship, and not very clearly known date; written in the northernmost dialect of French and yet expressing almost wholly southern feeling; mixing the purest romantic charm, a romantic charm hardly to be paralleled except in the balcony scenes of *Romeo and Juliet*, with farce almost as broad as Mercutio's own, and much more enigmatical; exhibiting in mere form the union of verse and prose as integral parts of the narrative—a style nowhere exactly to be found earlier—*Aucassin et Nicolette* is one of the most curious, as it is certainly one of the most charming, pieces of the curious and charming literature to which it belongs. As a curiosity, the burlesque episode of Torelore (a kind of kingdom of Cockaigne to which Aucassin journeys, and where he finds the King gravely submitting to the custom of the *couvade* and his subjects engaging in apparently furious battles, where the weapons are apples, new cheeses, and mushrooms) is rather slighted by both our translators. To the literary historian it is interesting as showing, probably in one of the earliest extant instances, the influence of the popularity of the *fabliaux*, which, a little later in date than the purely heroic *chansons* and the romantic and courtly Arthurian stories, were evidently achieving a vogue which made Jongleurs think it necessary to adapt comic interludes to serious pieces. Apart from this, however, it cannot, of course, for a moment compare in attraction with the wonderful series of pictures of romantic love and romantic beauty successively unfolded by the "Viel Caitif," as the author seems to style himself ("caitif," it may perhaps be just necessary to say, is as far as possible from being "caitiff" in our sense, but is identical with "chétif" and "captif," means "prisoner," and has a certain special application in literary history, which may or may not come in here, to Crusaders captured by the Saracens). The first sketches both of Aucassin and Nicolette, the battle where the lover shows himself a John-a-Dreams of war, the escape of Nicolette first from the tower and then from the city, the building of her bower in the forest, and the meeting of the lovers—these are only a few of dozens of delightful scenes. Nor would even this series, full of half præ-Raphaelite, half Byzantine beauty as its figures are, be as attractive as it is were it not for the touches, something more than merely sensuous, which appear here and there. The chief of these is, no doubt, the famous outburst where Aucassin scandalizes the Vicomte by extolling the superior joys of "the other place" as compared with Paradise. Here, again, we are not quite at one with either of our authors. Mr. Bourdillon's apology to the pious-minded is surely superfluous, and argues either a certain lack of humour in himself or a great disdain for his readers. Mr. Lang's passing reference to it as what people must often have thought "in those incredulous ages of faith" surprises us still more. Clearly Aucassin is not in the least "incredulous"; on the contrary, he accepts both the orthodox ideas of the other world and the orthodox notion of the two ways leading to its two provinces. But, with the half-petulant, half-audacious daring of a Provençal, he declares his preference for the other way, not having, like his luckier contemporary (or thereabouts), Thomas the Rhymer, a chance of a third road, which seems to have combined the advantages of both. It is in this passage that the pagan and rebellious side of Southern French thought which broke out so daringly in the Albigensian movement shows itself. It is not "incredulous" at all; it believes, but it does not tremble—it revolts.

However, this is a digression. There is little to say about Mr. Bourdillon's introduction except that, as has been said already, it might have been cut down with some advantage, and nothing that need be said about his text and his helps to its study, but recommendation. For our own part, we confess, the text is so delightful that we rather wonder how any one who can read it could bring himself to put it into any other language; but remarks of this sort on reviewers' parts are, we believe, regarded as impertinent. So let us say something about the two translations, if anybody must needs have a translation. We have said that here Mr. Lang seems to us to have the advantage—an advantage not merely of detail in carrying out, but of system and theory in conceiving. Of course such a story as *Aucassin et Nicolette*, which is told in all but the most archaic literary form of its own language, cannot possibly be Englished without a certain archaism. Of course, also, this kind of archaizing is a very perilous pastime; but Mr. Lang is an older hand at it than Mr. Bourdillon, and he has avoided or got the better of two dangers into which Mr. Bourdillon has sometimes fallen. The one is the attempt to produce an archaic effect, not so much by archaic use of still existing words, as by using words which have themselves dropped out of use. Mr. Lang, of course, also does this, but he does it more warily. Mr. Bourdillon, for instance, apologizes for throwing the emphasis on the last syllable of Carthage—a thing for which there is good authority direct and analogical, and to which we have not the slightest objection. But we are by no means so sure of the propriety of using "bright of blee" in modern English version when bright of face or brow does as well, and we are quite sure that "Aucassin, the kind, the gent" is unallowable. Of course "gent" for gentle is a very good old word in itself, and if Mr. Bourdillon had applied it, as he might with better authority, to Nicolette, though we should not have liked it much, we should not have absolutely ruled it out. "Aucassin the gent" unfortunately suggests the little creatures sucking sticks, and with short coats and curled hair, who are connected with the word now for all time. The other danger is mixing with the archaisms phrases and words decidedly modern, as here:—

> Her lithe form, her face, her bloom
> Do the heart of me *illume*.

Chaucer never would have written anything like that distich. Mr. Bourdillon, we say, not seldom falls into both these faults, from which Mr. Lang is almost entirely free. On the other hand, Mr. Lang takes certain liberties with the actual text which Mr. Bourdillon avoids, as in the rendering of "noix gauges," which certainly are nuts, and certainly are not apples. Yet Mr. Bourdillon has been even too conscientious in keeping the demonstrative in the passage about Paradise. "*Those* old cloaks, &c." gives a farcical air in English, and is besides, though a literal translation, really stronger than "ces" as used in Old French, and therefore literal at the expense of faithfulness. Both translators keep the ugly word "nasal" instead of "nose-guard" or "nose-plate," which would surely be better; but Mr. Lang's study of Malory has stood him in good stead for the fighting generally.

However, this kind of comparison is in both senses rather ungrateful. Mr. Bourdillon's version will let English readers very fairly see the beauty of a singularly beautiful work, if it does not show quite such experience in the handling of verse and prose in the archaic manner as Mr. Lang's. And Mr. Lang's, if it is unaccompanied, like Mr. Bourdillon's, with the original and the apparatus thereto appertaining, will make very charming reading of itself. A piece so delightful, so decidedly the best of its own kind, and so short withal, is very well suited as an exercise-ground for those who love translation, and though the study of Old French is spreading, it is hardly wide enough yet to let the taint of "crib" rest on any such translation. Aucassin and Nicolette had a better country (though there were "beasts serpentine" in it—it was surely a pity that Mr. Bourdillon did not keep this pleasing adjective) than the nut-brown maid and her lover could have had in an English greenwood, however good. The flowery lodge in the forest would have proved a bad defence in an English May or even in such a Japanese summer as M. Viard (who—we politely presume him to be as good a man of war—is not so chivalrous as Aucassin) has just described in *Madame Chrysanthème*. The last century was pleased to see in *Aucassin et Nicolette* the love fashions of the "bon vieux temps," and certainly they have never anywhere been more charmingly displayed or vindicated.

A TREATISE ON DANCING.*

When a youth or maiden goes to a dance, and, in the absence of the momentarily beloved object, or for any other sufficient reason, dances heartily right through the entertainment, how much ground does he or she cover in the course of the evening? Mr. Edward Scott says not less than fourteen miles. The statement is worth dissecting, because Mr. Scott is an earnest student of the choric science, and once wrote a little book on the subject of far less than usual demerit. This is how he arrives at his result:—

> Do you ["my fair and fragile reader"] think you would go six times round a moderate-sized ball-room, say, making a circuit of eighty yards, during a waltz? Yes; at least, even allowing for rest. That, then, is four hundred and eighty yards if you went in a line. But you are turning nearly all the time, say, on an average, once in each yard of onward progress, and the circumference of a circle is rather more than three times its diameter, which will bring each waltz to over three-quarters of a mile, or, at least, fourteen miles for the eighteen waltzes. I do not say that this computation is scientifically accurate. . . .

We say that it is wildly inaccurate. The principal blunder is in the first sentence, which puts the circuit danced in a "moderate-sized ball-room" at eighty yards, or two hundred and forty feet. As the circuit covered by the dancers in a round dance is never more than a circle or ellipse, leaving outside nearly as much of the room as there is inside, this involves the assumption that, to be "moderate-sized," a ball-room has to be about a hundred feet square. Let Mr. Scott consider how fortunate dancers are if they get a room forty feet square, and then perpend a little. If he substituted sixty feet for eighty yards he would still have made a liberal allowance. Besides this, his theory that dancers turn "on the average" once in every yard is fantastic; but, on the other

* *Grace and Folly; or, Dancing and Dancers.* By Edward Scott, Author of "Dancing as it Should Be." London: Ward & Downey.

hand, an average of six times round to each waltz is modest. On the whole, we imagine that it is rare to dance more than three miles in an evening, and that those who have done so feel decidedly virtuous.

There are some other points in which Mr. Scott's treatise *Grace and Folly* indicates peculiar views. The author thinks balls ought not to last more than four hours, and here he is wanting in consideration for the claims of supper, and he opines that those balls are most successful "where only short intervals are allowed between the dances." O Mr. Scott! Mr. Scott! You forget that, after all, dancing is, in the first place, only the means to an end. A well-executed dance, it is true, produces more intimacy than five minutes spent in most other ways; but what is the good of allowing an intimacy to blossom if you leave it no time to flourish? A good dancer will talk and dance at the same time, no doubt, but the tenderest conversation *en route* is ice compared to the confidences of the corridor or the conservatory. The only event which would reconcile judicious hostesses to Mr. Scott's proposed curtailment of the intervals would be a general recurrence to the excellent old practice indicated in Miss Austen's and other prehistoric novels of claiming the society of each partner for two consecutive dances, itself an innovation on the still older plan of exclusive possession for the whole evening.

Mr. Scott is extremely serious about dancing, as it is only right that a professor of the art should be. He makes due reference to David, and to various other personages and events in ancient and mediæval history, and quotes with approval a passage bearing on the subject from a work which he describes as "Juventis Mundi" and attributes to Mr. Gladstone. In particular, he gives a vivid and entertaining account of the pleasing exercise formerly known by the name of "Joan Saunderson." We wish it were danced now. His present work will not, and is not intended to, teach any one to dance; but it may be glanced through not unprofitably by those interested in the subject. Most English readers will learn something of the language invented and talked by the countrymen of Mr. W. D. Howells when they discover that in it people standing at one end of the figure in some kind of Lancers are called "heads," instead of "tops," because—well, because it is more refined.

THE VICTORIA *PICKWICK*.*

THE publication of the two handsome volumes appropriately styled the Victoria *Pickwick Papers* celebrates the Jubilee of the most popular book of Her Majesty's reign. Nothing more worthily commemorative of the event could be desired. It possesses several features of interest that belong to it alone, and no other form of the book can be said to be a competitor in the estimate of collectors, except a copy of the original of 1836–7 bound as issued in parts, with the familiar pale green cover, and the author's occasional addresses to the reader. This, of course, is valued, as all first editions of famous books are when unspoiled by the binder. The Victoria edition includes all that belongs to the original, even to a fac-simile of the cover, with the addition of the publisher's announcement of the work, the later prefaces, and reproductions of the original designs by a photogravure process of Messrs. Annan & Swan, among which are five now first published. The prefaces, addresses, and notes of Dickens, with all passages subsequently rejected, and an introduction by Mr. C. Plumptre Johnson, form an interesting body of prolegomena; while appended to several of the plates are curious and instructive hints and criticisms for the artist's use, reproduced from the author's autograph. With regard to textual authority and beauty of type and paper the edition is altogether admirable. The illustrations, however, may fairly be said to engross attention. The works of Dickens have been subjected to pictorial treatment of the most varied kind in the long progress from Seymour to Mr. Luke Fildes; and the *Pickwick Papers*, notwithstanding the threatening circumstances that attended its issue at the outset, is generally admitted to be among the more fortunate. Despite all that has been written on the early illustrations of *Pickwick*, the study of these photo-engravings of the original drawings of Seymour, R. W. Buss, and "Phiz" will be found to be by many not far short of a revelation. Everybody knows the story of the difficulties that beset author and publishers in providing designs for the first three parts. Now, for the first time, these difficulties receive literal illustration. Mr. Johnson quotes a statement, prepared by the artist in 1872, that sets forth the circumstances in which R. W. Buss became Seymour's successor, and the causes of the failure that led to the happy employment of "Phiz." Buss, it appears, was loth to undertake the work, as he had "never had an etching-needle in his hand," and was "entirely ignorant" of the practice of etching. His attempts naturally failed, and when Part III. appeared, "with two illustrations by R. W. Buss," the etchings were the work of another. The comparison of these plates with the original drawings now reproduced and with two other designs, "Pickwick at the Review" and the "Influence of the Salmon" (51, 110), goes a long way to vindicate the artist's reputation. These drawings are considerably more vigorous and fresh than the two etchings, though their quality does not in the least affect the superior illustrative value of the designs by "Phiz." The two new designs by this artist are "The Warden's Room" and "Mr. Winkle's First Shot," which is a capital design of the prostrate sportsman surrounded by his dismayed friends. The anxiety of Mr. Snodgrass and the bewilderment of Mr. Pickwick are most laughably pourtrayed. A comparison of "The Fat Boy Awake" by R. W. Buss and the same theme treated by "Phiz" is very instructive. The spirit and vivacity of the second drawing are incontestably superior; indeed, it is one of Hablot Browne's best. One more new drawing is by John Leech, and excellently whimsical it is. It represents Tom Smart's midnight colloquy with the ancient chair, and is slightly touched with colour.

If Buss's work seems to lose individuality in the etchings, some of Seymour's etchings appear to have more vitality than the original drawings, to judge from these facsimiles. This, at least, strikes us in "Mr. Winkle and his Refractory Steed," and in the clever design "The Dying Clown." Mr. Johnson declares the drawings to be "certainly inferior," and he has, we presume, seen and compared the originals. The claim set up for Seymour that he originated the Pickwick Club and its immortal chief was clearly disproved by Dickens in 1847. Mr. Johnson remarks of this much discussed matter, "The idea of a Nimrod club was Seymour's. Seymour's, too, were the well-known figures of Pickwick and his followers." This, of course, is true only in a very limited sense. The figure of Pickwick as he appears in Seymour's delightful drawing of the convivial club was in part suggested by Mr. Edward Chapman's description of a real person, as Dickens was careful to explain in dealing with Seymour's supposed share in the invention of the book. Seymour's Pickwick is an extremely happy conception, it is true, and "Phiz" was too good an artist to make any violent departure from the type. No doubt, as Mr. Johnson suggests, Seymour's design for the cover, of which a reduction appears on the binding of these volumes, hints at other sporting adventures than the placid joys of rook shooting, but Dickens gave the most conclusive reasons for rejecting the hypothesis that the Pickwick Club could have in any circumstances developed into a Nimrod club. It was destined to be mildly antiquarian, if decidedly peripatetic, while studying life in the Home Counties. The excursion to Bath, like much else, was an accident or afterthought in the periodical growth of the book. With respect to the illustrations to the Victoria edition, no one can question the wisdom of giving artistic reproductions in the place of defective impressions of worn plates, even though the faces in several instances, and the figures in a few, are not "clearly made out," as Dickens observes, though in another sense, in a note on the margin of one impression. This defect, so far as it concerns the expression of faces, is perhaps to be found in the drawings, and was, therefore, unavoidable.

* *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club.* By Charles Dickens. Victoria Edition. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall (Lim.)

BIOGRAPHIES OF WORDS AND THE HOME OF THE ARYAS.*

MR. MAX MÜLLER'S new book is a collection of essays, chiefly reprinted from *Good Words*, and of letters out of other periodicals and from various people. The topics are etymological and antiquarian; words are traced to their sources, or what Mr. Max Müller holds to be their sources; their changes of significance are examined; the recent arguments as to the original home of the people who spoke Aryan are discussed; and the "Agriologist" is "talked at" rather than argued with. The studies of words are full of interest, even when we are not convinced by Mr. Max Müller's art. The diverse hypotheses as to the "Home of the Aryas" are less absorbing, because it seems hopeless to expect a solution of the problem. "Somewhere in Asia" is Mr. Max Müller's solution, nearly as vague as the only indication The Mulligan ever gave as to his own abode. The talking at "Agriologists" is rather a waste of force. Mr. Max Müller's treatment of his opponents (who call themselves anthropologists) is not satisfactory. First he names them "Agriologists," which means, we presume, "students of savages." That begs the question; the anthropologist studies men in all states of civilization, and Greece is really much more interesting to him than Australia. For Australians and Bushmen, indeed, he would not care a doit, if some of their ways did not appear to afford an explanation of certain oddities that survived among Greeks and Sanskrit-speaking peoples. But Mr. Max Müller dislikes, not only the Agriologists, as he calls them, but the very word "savage." It is a good English word, and has parallels in French and other tongues. It begs no question, like *Naturvölker*. Used by anthropologists, it denotes men in a certain social condition, rising from Australian Black Fellows and the Bushmen to near the status of the Maoris. But, if Mr. Max Müller will suggest any other word, we will as liefly use it, or even an algebraic sign, like x, if he prefers it. There must be some way of speaking about races who are in the Stone age, are cannibals, are polyandrous, exogamous, without agriculture, and so forth. We will also call Totems "Otems," if he likes, or Kobongs in Australia, Aituas in Samoa, Pacarissas in the Inca empire, and so forth. We would do anything rather than quarrel about mere words, as long as they say what we mean.

These concessions are sportsmanlike, especially as Mr. Max Müller when he deals with Agriologists and their arguments does

* *Biographies of Words and the Home of the Aryas.* Max Müller. London: Longmans & Co. 1888.

not usually name them nor their works. This may be dignified, but it is not convenient. A critic or a reader wants to know who is being talked at, and would like to compare that person's account of his own views with Mr. Max Müller's statement thereof. Who are the "students of Agriology" who try to "laugh away" his derivation of Father? Where do they laugh? Mr. Max Müller says that "father was intended by the early Aryas as a feeder, protector, and lord." He means "*or* lord," for he adds, "which of these three meanings was present to the mind of the original framers of the word it is impossible to say." But it is undeniable that if all Aryan words for father mean either "lord," "protector," or "feeder," the people who first used the word had given the father a recognized status in the family. We would still be ignorant whether one child could call many men "father," and had to look to a polyandrous association for food and protection or not. But it would be plain that, in some way and to some extent, fatherhood was recognized. It would follow that the Aryans, before their dispersion, had emerged from mere promiscuity, and the recognition of none but maternal kinship. But "who's a denigiing of it?" The lowest Australians, even where they count kindred by the mother's side, expect the father to feed his offspring, and do not allow him, we believe, to feed *on* it. Has any Agriologist been alleging that when they dispersed, the Aryas were lower than the Kamilaroi? What the Agriologist probably says is that he doubts whether father, or the root PÂ, had originally any one of Mr. Max Müller's alternative senses. We may incline to derive *pâ* from the babblings of babyhood. But Mr. Max Müller "cannot listen to the Agriologist," even though he allows that the sinner has "great names" on his side. Very well, don't listen; it may not be scholarly to listen, we may say to Mr. Max Müller; but *do* tell us who the wicked men are that "laugh away" your facts, and where the laughter may be heard, and who maintains that, when the words common to all Aryan tongues were evolved, the speakers were lower than perhaps the lowest known—what shall we call them if we may not say savages? And do you find that among races really gynæcocratic the language bears witness to the institution? That is a point for the philologist.

Anthropologists are inclined to believe that all races have come through a state of society in which kinship was reckoned on the mother's side. This would point, probably, to a time when fatherhood was uncertain, as a rule, and marriage, as a rule, not what it is, or should be, now. Mr. Max Müller appears to call the state of society thus indicated "metrocratic." He says, "Whenever language has been forced to give evidence in support of metrocratic and similar theories, the attempt has always failed." We are not so very sure of that. We shall not argue about *ἀδελφός*. It may be as Mr. Max Müller thinks, or it may be as his unnamed opponents hold; certainty cannot be attained. But *ὁμοσίπυοι* and *ὁμόκαποι* (Ar. *Pol.* 1, 2, 14, 15) are words for kinsfolk that *donnent furieusement à penser*. We do not observe that Mr. Max Muller notices them, nor *ὁμογαλάκτες*, which is yet more in point. Mr. Max Müller avers that students of prehistoric ages have drawn a picture of "bloody savagery," derived mostly from "uncivilized races of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries." We do not know that savagery is more "bloody" than a civilization of Krupp guns, guillotines, torpedoes, and the like. But the prehistoric student derives much of his material, of course, from races known t Aristotle, who, as Mr. Newman says, "notes the frequency of *γυναικοκρατία* among barbarians," and alludes to many of their customs. We have Strabo's savages, and those of Herodotus, not to speak of all the voyagers between Hecatæus and Marco Polo, between Marco Polo and Brébeuf. The prehistoric student's hypothesis is that people who were destitute of the metals, and lived mainly on shell-fish and the chase—say, twenty thousand years ago—were probably much akin in mental character and social habits to people who lived in the same way thirty years ago. But it is reserved for Mr. Max Müller to assure us that the Aryans certainly used stone weapons before their separation, and cannot be shown to have used metal. We shall not infer that the Aryans were savages before their separation. But we venture to say that few known races unacquainted with the metals have been much better than savages. However, it is very hard to discuss Mr. Max Müller's battles, when he does not tell us who his opponents are, nor where their contentions are to be found.

Some critics may think they have caught Mr. Max Müller in an inconsistency. As we do not feel sure that we understand his position, we cannot say whether those critics will be right or not. In his Introduction he asserts that "every Root predicates an abstract or general concept," even in the languages of "so-called savages." We shall call them Men Fridays, for the rest of this article, to please Mr. Max Müller. Thus, "all words are based on abstract concepts," and "abstraction is proved to have come first," not last (pp. x. xi.). But, almost immediately after announcing that "abstraction comes first," and that "all words are based on abstract concepts," Mr. Max Müller avers that "every word expresses in the beginning something that could be handled, or smelt, or seen, or heard." Then was the *root* always a sign of an abstract conception, while the *word* was so very concrete? And, if abstraction came first, why had "every word to spend some time in the cradle and the nursery, and during that period there is little call for abstract ideas and sublime conceptions" (p. 17)?

Are these statements eventually contradictory or not? If abstraction is out of place "in the cradle," how did it "come first"? "The very ground floor of our language is made up of abstract terms," and yet in the cradle of language "there is little call for abstract ideas." What is the puzzled reader of *Good Words* to think of this philosophy of cradles and ground floors? Perhaps the truth is that the conscious and the unconscious use of general ideas by mankind have got rather mixed in these speculations. But we frankly admit that we feel a little lost, and Mr. Max Müller may not be contradicting himself at all.

Among Mr. Max Müller's biographies of words the most curious is devoted to *Fors, Fortuna*. Preller derives *Fors* from *fero*, as *sors* from *sero*. Mr. Max Müller does not notice this analogy of *Fors* and *sors*, *fero* and *sero*, but looks for *Fors* in Sanskrit roots. He does not think that *Fors* is the *Dea quæ fert*. He thinks that, like almost every other immortal thing, *Fors* is the Dawn!

Who, then, was this Fors, the first-born, who can be conceived both as the daughter and as the mother of Jupiter? According to the language of Aryan mythology, the first born of the bright gods is the Dawn. She is called Agriyâ, the first . . . . the same Dawn is also called the daughter of Dyaus (Zeus) . . . . There are, in fact, few praises bestowed in the Veda on Ushas, the Dawn, which cannot be transferred to Fortuna, thus showing her to have been originally, like Ushas, the bright light of each day, worshipped from the earliest days as the Fortuna hujusce diei.

Because you can praise a Roman goddess in the terms which an Indian applied to an Indian goddess, therefore they are the same goddess! One might as well argue that Queen Elizabeth was Mary Stuart, or that Carow's Celia was Waller's Saccharissa. Did any men ever reason like philologists? As to the etymological argument that *Fors* descends from a Sanskrit root HAR, how often must Mr. Max Müller be reminded of his own doctrine that Latin is *not* derived nor descended from Sanskrit? *Ex hypothesi*, the Latin races had split off before Sanskrit began to be spoken. We are quite content with *Fors* from *fero*, as with *sors* from *sero*. But we fancy that the other philologists will accept the Dawn Fors when they accept the Dawn Athene and the Dawn Daphne. Indeed, all speculations on Roots, on their original sense, on the extent to which that sense may be traced in words connected with them, seem rather hazardous. The discussion of a word like *persona*, with the remarkable fluctuations in its meaning which have affected creeds, is a more satisfactory and more interesting essay. The difficulty of discovering the origin of the Latin *litera* is frankly acknowledged, with this excellent moral, "All that remains for the present is to confess our ignorance, a very good lesson now and then, to the etymologist as well as to everybody else." Ignorance is now admitted as to the knowledge of iron by the Aryas before their separation. On this point the negative and affirmative have been alternately in favour, doubt is really the scientific attitude. As to soma, again, the sacred plant of the Vedas, it may have been hops, or the vine, or something else. Mr. Thiselton Dyer says, "I should not wonder if the hop were really a sort a plant, though widely remote in character and geographical position from its prototype." Yet another "chip," to use Mr. Max Müller's old word, is concerned with ethnology in India, and takes the form of a letter to Mr. H. H. Risley. Mr. Müller says that "statements that in Australia members of the same *Totem* are encouraged to marry are received with incredulity." The custom thus indicated is certainly most unusual, and an anthropologist would like to know the authority for it, and whether a confusion has not been made between the group an Australian *must* marry within and that within which he may not marry (Frazer, *Totemism*, p. 69). But Mr. Max Müller tells us neither who received the statement with incredulity nor who is its author. Of course Mr. Max Müller is quite right in attacking the logic of people (whoever they may be) who maintain that the pig "may have been the Totem of the Jews," because the pig might not be eaten. As a general rule, a Totem may not be eaten, except on solemn occasions of ritual, but it does not follow that every beast which may not be eaten was once a Totem. This argument would resemble the doctrine that Fors = Dawn, because similar epithets of praise are applied to each goddess. We are not told who the ethnologists are that proclaim the pig a Jewish Totem; he *may* have been a Totem; but there is no use in saying so without proof, and it is absurd to suppose that, if the Jews were ever Totemists, they had only one Totem. Some philological logic needs to have a watchful eye kept upon it, and so, apparently, does the logic of some ethnologists. The students of either science must keep the others in order. For example, why does Mr. Max Müller say there is no mention of fish being eaten in the Homeric poems or the Veda? We know this is incorrect about Homer (Od. xii. 331), not to mention Homeric allusions to oyster-catching and angling.

NEW MUSIC.

THE past year has been distinguished by the production of a great number of patriotic cantatas and songs, doubtless the result of the Jubilee and the inspiring circumstances attending upon that event. Among the most recent of these, none has had greater merit than "Our Watchword," a short patriotic cantata by Mr. Edward G. Croager, set to admirable and stirring words by Miss Mildred Beresford Hope. The music is bright and spirited and the baritone solo, "The knights of old prepared," most effective. The chorus, too, is excellent, and sure to create a favourable impression when sung by a good choir. This cantata, which is published by Messrs. Weekes & Co., has the advantage of not being very difficult.

From Messrs. Enoch & Sons we have also received a number of new songs. "Stars of Earth," the words written, arranged, and adapted, with violin and cello obbligato, by Mr. Michael Watson, to a celebrated cavatina by Joachim Raff, is a work of very great merit. The air is extremely beautiful, and Mr. Watson's share of the work is admirable. "The Golden Anchor," by Mr. Milton Wellings, is written in this composer's well-known style, and is likely to become popular. Mr. Cowen's new songs, "Tears" and "The Kissing Gate," are, the first a semi-sacred song, and the second a light and sprightly semi-serio song, but not very original. A bright little song, for baritone or bass, is "The Mountebank's Story," by Mr. Michael Watson; but the words are not particularly good. Mr. H. Pontet's new song, "Angel Tears," has sentimental words and a rather doleful but catchy melody. It can be cordially recommended to school-teachers. A common-place song, in the usual dying-soldier style, is "The Soldier's Dream," by Mr. P. Rodney, whose Sion, a "sacred song," with harmonium accompaniment, will doubtless soon become popular in religious circles and Sunday schools. A very lively song is "When we were Young," by Mr. John Crook, which Messrs. Arthur Roberts and J. J. Dallas have rendered popular in *The Old Guard*. "The Dashing Militaire," by Robert Planquette, is also taken from *The Old Guard*, and may be well described in the rather old-fashioned way, as being "a rattling good after-dinner song."

FRENCH LITERATURE.

It is not uninteresting, especially as henceforward we shall have no excuse for treating *Les lettres et les arts* (Boussod et Valadon) in this article, to take its last appearance as intended for the English public in a French dress (the last number of the old year) and contrast it with the first number of *Art and Letters* for the new year. The old form (which seems a little more natural) opens with one of M. Lynch's tinted pieces, an agreeable, if slightly "airified," young woman playing the piano, with a sort of *béret* or *toque* on her head. This is corresponded to in the new by another agreeable young woman, the character of whose general appearance is almost sufficiently indicated by remarking that her creator is M. Ch. Chaplin. *She* has nothing on her head, and has kindly disposed the little which she has on anywhere so as to be as slight an obstacle to curiosity as possible. But both are pretty pictures. In the leading or opening letterpress January and English has perhaps the advantage over December and French, for the continuation of M. Halévy's "Notes on the Commune" is more attractive than M. Pouvillon's "Impressions of Cauterets." In the earlier number M. de Monvel has a very well composed "interior" of very modern ladies and gentlemen, waiting for a fashionable doctor; M. A. Moreau a spirited "Cachucha"; while "Au nom du Roi" is brightly and quaintly illustrated with coloured vignettes of the extravaganza kind. There is nothing very noteworthy in the letterpress of the number. In the transformed January, after escaping the snares of M. Chaplin's Delilah, we come, as we have said, to M. Halévy's "Recollections," which, though they must needs lose in style, lose nothing in matter by translation. A picture of the devoted "fisher with the line" taking advantage of misrule to pursue his sport in close-time under the very eaves of burning palaces and others adorn the paper, which contains some more of M. Halévy's odd Anglophobia. "History on Fans" has many small illustrations and two very fine full-page examples. There is a good reproduction of M. Meissonier's "Ney," with some verses, the necessity of translating which reveals a weak point in the scheme. M. Lynch is here again, as usual, with his graceful *évaporées*; and the frontispiece above described is followed up by a paper on its clever author, our countryman, French as he seems. More of his very charming studies of nature unadorned, or very little adorned, are given. The author, M. Masson, says that M. Chaplin "has not only painted the Parisienne, he has *robed her*." Now we should not quite have said that. Let us end by noticing M. Sarcey's notices of Mlles. Bartet and Samarc.

Messrs. Rivingtons (1) have added two good and useful little reading-books to their list—an edition of the *Cid* and some extracts from M. Hector Malot's *Sans famille*.

The "Bibliothèque Populaire des Ecoles de Dessin" (2), of which the little book on Tiles which is before us is a member, is a capital example of cheap literature, the volumes being published at seventy-five centimes, and the example now under consideration containing some scores of excellent engravings. The tiles represented are all actual examples, and the designs, geometrical, arabesque, or figure, are always curious, and sometimes beautiful.

No particular principle seems to guide the selection of the pretty little pocket volumes which form M. Dupret's "Collection bleue" (3). Of those before us M. Ginisty's book is made up of articles on odd collectors' fancies—murderers' letters, locks and keys, and so forth. The passage of Dion Chrysostom which M. Fauvel has translated is a pretty picture in the style of the late Greek sophists, somewhat artificial, but still agreeable enough, of Greek country life under the Roman Empire. The writers of this kind and time are rather too much neglected by ordinary classical education, and it is well that attention should be drawn to them.

M. Delagrave's *Voyages dans tous les mondes* (4) are well-got-up little volumes, neatly bound, which is always an advantage, and well printed, but not illustrated. M. Müller has naturally been supplied with the bulk of his rather oddly conceived book (Why not "Voyages of Grocers"? or "Voyages of Fishers with the Line"?—this latter has a geographical suggestion of itself) by Regnard's well-known travels, without which the notion would perhaps not have occurred to him. The rest is chiefly made up of the still more famous prose and verse Voyage of Chapelle and Bachaumont, and of the numerous imitations which it called forth, some of them by very famous persons, during the eighteenth century. M. Challamel has made a good and careful sketch of the topographical and social appearance of mediæval France; a sketch suffering only from the usual, and indeed inevitable, drawback of such things—that the "Middle Ages" being a very long period, and the information about them much scattered in date and place, there is a danger of exhibiting in juxtaposition things that were never actually juxtaposed.

(1) *Episodes from Malot's Sans famille.* By W. E. Russell. Corneille's *le Cid.* By E. Pellissier. London: Rivingtons.

(2) *Les carrelages historiés.* Par A. Guillon et H. Monceaux. Paris: Rouand. London: Wood.

(3) *Collection bleue—Le Dieu Bibelot.* Par Paul Ginisty. *L'Eubéenne. Traduction de Dion Chrysostome.* Par H. Fauvel. Paris: Dupret.

(4) *Voyages dans tous les mondes—Voyages des poètes français.* Par E. Müller. *La France à vol d'oiseau du moyen-âge.* Par A. Challamel. Paris: Delagrave.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

Elizabeth Gilbert and her Work for the Blind, by Frances Martin (Macmillan & Co.), is an interesting record of the life and labours of the founder of the Association for promoting the General Welfare of the Blind. The success that attended Miss Gilbert's benevolent exertions is perhaps less notable than the faith and courage she exhibited at the outset of her career, against formidable prejudices and in circumstances that were peculiarly trying. Afflicted with loss of sight from early childhood, Miss Gilbert passed the first twenty-five years of her life in comparative seclusion at Oxford, enjoying exceptional educational advantages and far removed from actual contact with the world of suffering she subsequently did so much to alleviate. She was surrounded with conditions of life that seemed to offer no way of escape into spheres of activity, and a visit to the School for the Blind at St. John's Wood in 1842 aroused the first impulse towards the important work of her life. The lot of the poor and friendless blind, necessarily among the hardest conceivable, was especially deplorable at this date. Asylums and schools there were, but no institutions that provided employment for the adult blind who were willing to work at useful and remunerative handicrafts. It was for this class of sufferers, rendered blind by accident or illness, often in the prime of life, that Miss Gilbert devised the scheme which was started in a very humble style in Holborn in 1854, and three years later resulted in the founding of the Association now so well known.

Life and Labour, by Samuel Smiles, LL.D. (Murray), is exceedingly like other books by Dr. Smiles, such as *Self-Help* and *Character*. Its nature is sufficiently indicated to readers of those books by merely citing the title and author. It is an encyclopædic collection of facts illustrating the industry, culture, and habits of famous men, quite as tiresome to read as the volumes mentioned, and as profitable to dip into at the propitious moment. There is for many people, we do not doubt, a recreative virtue in this book, the more effectual, perhaps, when the contents are administered in small doses. Fortunately this plan is perfectly feasible by the judicious arrangement of the various chapters.

Mr. Edwin Hodder's *Life of Samuel Morley* (Hodder & Stoughton) possesses little of the characteristics of biography and cannot greatly assist the average newspaper reader of mature age by its somewhat prolix narrative of the external facts of an active life. There is a prodigious amount of husk and very little kernel. Samuel Morley was a public man by the possession of other qualities than those that made him influential in certain political circles. The politician and Nonconformist are so prominent in these pages that we seem to be reading the annals of political dissent rather than the biography of a man who was never a leading politician. Mr. Hodder has produced a bulky volume from material which, though large in amount, comprised, he says, "little of the kind that a biographer prizes." Mr. Morley was not a voluminous correspondent, and he left no journals or diaries. This, of course, explains to some extent the incompleteness of the book, though it does not account for the liberal gift of Mr. Hodder's tediousness. There is more real revelation of character in one letter from Mr. Morley to his son, Mr. Arnold Morley (p. 284), than in a hundred pages of Mr. Hodder's explicit chronicle. In this letter the writer refers to Mr. Disraeli's prompt resignation in 1868 as "entitling him to the hearty acknowledgments of the Liberal party," and adds, with exquisite naïveté, "He really has some good points about him."

For an American series of biographies—the "Boys' and Girls' Library"—Mr. Edward Everett Hale has "studied anew" *The Life of George Washington* (Putnam's Sons), being intent on presenting "the human Washington," as distinguished from Washington the demigod, as he is generally represented in American literature. There is much to be said in favour of Mr.

Hale's attempt to present Washington to the youth of America free from the distorting influence of the national afflatus. His book is not a bad one for young people, though we should prefer for them a good abstract of Irving's work. Mr. Hale lapses at times into the use of the present tense with curious abruptness, and he is by no means true to his ideal as regards padding.

The British Roll of Honour, by Peter Lund Simmonds, F.L.S. (Dean & Sons), is an illustrated directory of the decorated. It contains descriptions of English and foreign knightly orders, and a list of British subjects who have been honoured with decorations, with full particulars of their nature, dates of acquisition, and addresses.

A Midsummer Night Dream, by E.V.B. (Eton College Press), is a little memorial book on the Jubilee festivities at Eton, printed for the benefit of the Windsor bazaar held last November.

Mr. W. H. Groser's *Scripture Natural History* (Religious Tract Society) is a useful little volume for Bible teachers and readers, which treats of the "Trees and plants mentioned in the Bible," and forms one of the series of excellent handbooks entitled "By-paths of Bible Knowledge."

Easy Studies in Flower Painting, by Ada Hanbury (Sockl & Nathan), are six coloured plates of floral designs, broad and effective in arrangement and sound in drawing, with instructions for students printed at the foot of each design. The shades in the white petals of camellia and arum are a trifle too cold; otherwise these plates are admirable for the purpose of teachers.

The Rev. John Brown, D.D., is the editor of a well-printed and annotated reprint of the sixth edition (1668)—the oldest in existence, save the first (1666)—of Bunyan's *Grace Abounding* (Hodder & Stoughton).

We have received the thirteenth volume of Sir Walter Scott's edition of the *Works of John Dryden*, revised and corrected by Mr. George Saintsbury (Edinburgh: Paterson), comprising the Essay on Satire, and the translations from Juvenal, Persius, and Virgil's Pastorals.

"Bohn's Shilling Library" is a cheap reissue of volumes in the well-known Standard Library of Mr. Bohn, now published by Messrs. Bell & Sons in stout paper covers, or in limp cloth binding that is extremely neat, at eighteenpence. Of these reprints, which are unabridged and in clear type, we have *Bacon's Essays*, edited by Joseph Devey; Lessing's *Laokoon*, translated by E. C. Beasley; Cary's version of Dante's *Inferno* and Miss Anna Swanwick's translation of the First Part of Goethe's *Faust*.

The Year's Art, 1888, compiled by Marcus B. Huish (Virtue & Co.), is embellished with a series of portraits of the Academicians, some of whom are not flattered by the process employed. As a reference volume and record of the last year, this handbook retains all those features that have been found useful to artists and dealers.

We have received *Vanity Fair Album*; the Christmas number of the *Court and Society Review*; the *Century Guild Hobby Horse* for January (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.); Part I. of the *Miniature Cyclopedia* (Cassell & Co.); the *Handy Volume Atlas of the British Empire* (Philip & Son); the *Girl's Handy Book* (Suttaby); *Charades for Children*, by J. Keith Angus (Hatchards); *Sybil's Dutch Dolls*, by F. S. Janet Burne (Field & Tuer); *Boys' Games* and *Girls' Games*, by E. D. Bourne (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); Letts & Co.'s *Household Account Book*; the *Norfolk and Norwich Annual* (Jarrold); the *Protestant Dissenter's Almanac* 1888 (Banks & Son), and Weldon & Co.'s *Fancy Dress for Children* and *Fancy Dress for Ladies*.

Among our new editions are Mr. Thomson Hankey's *Principles of Banking* (Effingham Wilson); *Practical Biology*, by Professor Huxley and Dr. H. N. Martin, revised by Professors G. B. Howe and D. H. Scott (Macmillan); Mr. Francis Parkman's *Pioneers of France in the New World* (Boston: Little & Co.); *George Eliot's Life*, by J. W. Cross, in one volume (Blackwood); *Hawthorne*, by Henry James, "English Men of Letters" (Macmillan); and *That Little Girl*, by Curtis Yorke (Jarrold).

We have also received the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, arranged for performance at Cambridge, with music by Professor C. Villiers Stanford (Macmillan & Bowes); Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, Books I.–IV., in Morley's "Universal Library" (Routledge); *Memoir of Bishop Willson*, by Bishop Ullathorne (Burns & Oates); *The Church and the Law*, by H. P. Thomson (Rivingtons); *Tales of Ancient India*, by Edmund C. Cox (Thacker & Co.); *Twenty-three Years in a House of Mercy*, by H. N. (Rivingtons); Mr. W. D. Foulkes' *Slav or Saxon* (Putnam's Sons); Mr. Fox Russell's *Horsekeeping for Amateurs* (Upcott Gill); *Ballad of Hâdji; and other Poems*, by Ian Hamilton (Kegan Paul); the "Cambridge Bible for Schools," Second Book of Kings, annotated by the Rev. J. Rawson Lumby, D.D. (University Press); *On the Teaching of History in Schools*, by Oscar Browning (Longmans & Co.); the *Neo-Hellenic Manual* (Allen & Co.); *Kristo Dal Pal: a Study*, by Nagendra Natt Ghose (Calcutta: Lahéri); Mr. J. W. Slater's *Sewage Treatment, Purification and Utilization* (Whittaker); *An Inquiry into Socialism*, by T. Kirkup (Longmans); *The Brook*, by Lord Tennyson, illustrated by A. Woodruff (Macmillan); *The Lay of St. Jucundus*, by Edith W. Robinson, illustrated by George Hodgson (Sonnenschein); and *Poems*, by Edgar Hewitt (Wyman).

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,682, Vol. 65. January 21, 1888. [Registered for Transmission abroad.] Price 6*d*.

THE LEWIS DEER RAIDERS.

THE failure of the prosecution of the Lewis deer raiders is a most untoward event, for reasons which shall be set forth presently. But it does not, as some ignorant or interested persons have pretended, show that the disease of Irish juries has spread to Scotland in the slightest degree. In the first place, the verdict was "Not guilty *as libelled*"—that is to say, "as indicted"—and the jury were so careful of this proviso that their foreman called special attention to its omission by an officer of the Court. In other words, the prisoners were found not guilty of mobbing and rioting, or inciting to mob and riot—the two charges to which, surely by a most fatal blunder, the Crown lawyers had confined the indictment. Secondly, the evidence was of anything but a satisfactory or well-arranged character. The strongest part of it was supplied by an informer, who had taken part in the riot. Even so, the proof of incitement at the particular meeting alleged to have been held for that purpose was very weak, and that of identity, or actual partaking, in some cases not strong. Again, it was frankly admitted by the keepers that they had made no effort whatever to exclude or turn off the invaders, but had confined themselves to keeping ahead of them as far as they could, and driving the deer away. Yet again, it was admitted that no resistance was offered to the officers of the law, and that the raiders quietly dispersed when the Riot Act was read, and peacefully surrendered to take their trial. Thus the destruction of the deer not being a criminal offence in itself, the whole thing resolved itself, under the peculiar management of the business, into a case of trespass in numbers, and this was not charged. It is true that the Judge discouraged the contention of prisoners' counsel on this head, and gave an opinion that the indictment did cover the facts proved. But it is said that his charge was imperfectly heard, and whether this was so or not, it gives a most uncertain sound as read. Perhaps it may be almost sufficient to say that some English observers, following the trial from day to day, not in the meagre accounts of the London press, but in the full reports of the Scotch newspapers, came to the conclusion that the Crown would be very unlikely to obtain a verdict; and this not on the principles of Scotch law (on which no Englishman till he reaches the House of Lords can dare to express an opinion), but simply on the evidence and the conduct of the case.

We fear, therefore, that in Scotland, as in England and in Ireland, the country has been but ill served by its servants. To utter even sarcastically in Radical hearing the opinion that Crown Law officers ought to be paid by fees on convictions might draw down upon the rash speaker some such consequences as those which have punished Mr. BALFOUR for holding conversation, whatever it was, with Mr. BLUNT; but there would be some reason for the sarcasm. In this case, as in the first abortive prosecution of the Lord Mayor of DUBLIN, and as in the matter of the person called SAUNDERS in London, the Government seems to have been anything but well advised or well served. In both these cases, however, it has been fortunately possible to repair the mischief done; it remains to be seen whether it will be equally possible in Scotland. One of the liberated rioters, exhibiting at once his gratitude for escape and his true character, is reported to have expressed to some loafers in the street outside the court his fear, or hope, that "there would "not be a deer left in Lewis by the time he came back," and something of the kind appears to be feared all over the Highlands and Islands. The people—and this is one of the main difficulties with them—are exceedingly ignorant and simple almost beyond belief; and the agitators who have already deluded them will be certain to represent the failure of the Edinburgh trial as a legal authorization of deer-raiding. Meanwhile there are other and still more serious disturbances in the same island. This time there is not even the *odium ferinum* for excuse, the mania which makes good Radicals alter the often-quoted dictum and love the tall deer as CAIN loved his brother. A sheep farm in Lewis is about to be vacant, and the Crofters demand that it shall be portioned out to swell their crofts. This demand Lady MATHESON, using the not illogical argument that if, as they say, they cannot pay the rent of so many acres, they will hardly be able to pay the rent of so many more, has declined; and accordingly riotous mobs have assembled, have torn down fences, have assaulted, injured, and driven back the police, so that the military have had to be called out. Here, it will be observed, the pretexts for the Park raid, trumpery as they were, are absolutely wanting. There is no rich intruder "exterminating" the people (Park, it should be observed, had been found wholly unsuitable to any kind of cultivation or grazing) for his sport. There is no ostensibly peaceful procession to do a not intrinsically criminal act; but plain damage to property and violence to persons. The law which, whether in a poetical or a metaphorical fit, no one knows, has decided that if I buy, breed, or otherwise acquire one animal with horns, it is my property, but that if I buy, breed, or otherwise produce and acquire another animal with horns, it is nobody's property and everybody's, has had no such merry conceit about farmers' fences or policemen's heads. The Galson rioters have been acting, if reports are true, with the grossest illegality; yet it is impossible to deny that the Park raid and its result will throw obstacles in the way of their due punishment, though it makes that punishment more desirable than ever.

There is another part of the LORD JUSTICE CLERK'S summing up, besides his undecided dwelling on the legal aspect of rioting or unlawful assembly, which seems to us unfortunate. He pronounced the raiders "well-behaved "peasants," whereas from another part of his own speech it appeared that he thought them very ill-behaved indeed, and he expressed his "fear that it was only too true that "destitution" was the cause of their action and his "greatest sympathy with their sufferings." This is pretty, popular, and consonant with much cant of the day; but it does not seem to us judicious or judicial. Even the actual pressure of hunger does not excuse an illegal act; and nobody pretends that any one of the Lewis raiders was driven by the actual pressure of hunger to rise, kill, and eat a deer. On the contrary, the admitted motive of the rioters was, by spoiling the lessee's sport, to get him to throw up the forest, and so, in the long run, to get the land for themselves. This is a calculated scheme extending over a long period, during which the actual pressure of hunger would have time to finish off a population ten times as great as that of the Lews. But there is more than this. No one but the most impudent or the most ignorant person can say that the destitution of Lewis, whatever it is, is due to the land system or to deer forests. It is due to the fatal habit which seems ingrained in these islanders of expecting that a certain unit of property or holding will bear an indefinite increase of occupants. The one Divine command which a certain portion of the

Highlanders and Islanders of Scotland take as positive is the command to increase and multiply, and, except by removing their neighbour's landmark, they make no provision for feeding the increase. Even their fishing is left to a great extent for others to profit by, as any one can tell who has seen the long lines of East Coast boats travelling down Loch Ness in May and June on the way to the Hebrides. And nothing can be more certain than that, if Lady MATHESON gave the whole cultivable part of her property—it is not a large part—as a reserve to be divided among their pauper families, the result in a very short time would be merely a frightful increase of pauperism. The cruellest thing, therefore, that can be done, even from the purely humanitarian point of view, is to encourage the Crofters; what the kindest thing is any one can learn from the very well-known history of the methods by which the late Mr. SMITH turned Scilly from a nest of paupers into one of the most flourishing parts of the kingdom. The MATHESON family, unluckily for its island and itself, did not adopt this policy at a time when public opinion was in a healthier and less flaccid condition than it is at present, and it is not alleged that any drastic measures are intended even now. It is simply sought to check as far as possible the further growth of the evil, and any hesitation or blundering in applying the legal assistance necessary for that purpose is not only a mistake, but a grievous crime.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

THE Government is perhaps justified in complying with the supposed demand for constructive legislation. If it is desirable to create new institutions, a scheme of Local Government may perhaps be entitled to precedence. Lord SALISBURY has already announced the intention of the Cabinet to restrict the scope of the forthcoming measure to England and Scotland, and it has since been said that the Scotch Bill will be postponed. The result of including Ireland in the Franchise Act of 1885 has not been encouraging, nor is it desirable to incorporate the branches of the National League. In Great Britain it is not impossible that the administration of local business may be improved by the introduction of the representative element. The best argument for the change is the success of the Municipal Corporation Act in providing for the government of towns. The machinery may probably need various modifications when it is applied to rural districts, if only because the members of the governing bodies will be dispersed over a wide area. Town councillors can attend to municipal affairs without neglecting their counting-houses or their shops. The representatives of counties or of hundreds cannot be expected to spend half their time in attendance on council or committee meetings at a town which may be fifty miles from their homes. Experience will show whether the constituencies give a preference to candidates, if they can be found, who enjoy comparative leisure. The Boards of Guardians, which will probably be incorporated in the County Councils, have, on the whole, discharged their duties fairly. Any antagonism which may have arisen between the *ex officio* members and the elected Guardians may probably serve as a warning to the framers of the Local Government Bill. In some parts of the kingdom mixed Boards have been established, under local Acts, for special purposes. It will be worth the while of the Government to inquire into the practical working of such experiments. Instruction may also be derived from the operation of the Local Boards, which have for many years exercised some of the functions of municipal Corporations in populous districts. The duties which are imposed on the urban and rural sanitary authorities by the Public Health Acts will be discharged or superintended by the County Boards or Councils.

The Boundaries Commission, which has been appointed under an Act of last Session, has already furnished an example of the friction which arises from legislative innovations. The Sub-Commissioners have, in pursuance of their instructions, formed numerous schemes for making the bounds of various independent jurisdictions coincide. As a general rule, they propose a change wherever Poor-law Unions extend into two or more counties; and, as the supposed irregularity is found in almost every part of the country, their proposals have already excited much local dissatisfaction. The frequent overlapping of districts created for different purposes is not always a practical inconvenience, though it may look like an anomaly on the map. It matters little or nothing to Poor-law Guardians whether their place of meeting, which is generally the workhouse, is within or without any neighbouring county boundary; nor is it at all necessary that parishes associated for Poor-law administration should be situated within the same county. The roads and the railways which make communication easy and inexpensive frequently follow the river valleys which have from time immemorial been boundaries of counties. The Unions were marked out for the purposes of the new Poor Law with a general regard to facility of communication; but there is probably room for improvement in this respect. A general shifting of limits for the sake of administrative symmetry will, whatever may be the recommendations of a change, cause much irritation and annoyance. It is not yet known whether the Commissioners will be willing or able to modify their plans in accordance with local wishes. They will certainly encounter objections in all cases in which they propose to detach considerable parts of counties from their ancient connexion.

Some inference as to the nature of the Government scheme may be deduced from the proposals of the Commission. The probable reason for making the boundaries of counties and of Unions identical is that a municipal hierarchy or gradation of powers is thought expedient. If the County Board is to be a Court of Appeal from the decisions of minor local bodies, it will of course be necessary to include the smaller area within the larger. The special attention which has been paid by the Commissioners to the territorial relation between Counties and Unions seems to imply an intention of transferring some of the powers of the present Boards of Guardians to the new authority. There may be plausible and perhaps valid reasons for such a measure, but it is not recommended by precedent. Municipal Corporations, though they possess great powers, have not superseded the Guardians in the administration of the Poor Law. There is no reason to suppose that any extension of the functions of existing municipalities will be included in the Bill, especially as there is no popular demand for an alteration of the present system. Large towns almost always wish, like Birmingham, to extend their limits, and the suburban areas as uniformly object to the increase of rates which follows the extension of municipal boundaries. The Local Government Bill will be sufficiently complicated without any disturbance of existing Corporations. It would probably be unwise to attach importance to rhetorical flourishes in which advocates of municipal organization may have indulged. Enthusiasts for local autonomy have sometimes persuaded themselves that County Governments are to become schools for statesmen who will have passed their apprenticeship in minor and subordinate assemblies. Less sanguine projectors will be content if the rural Corporations are moderately efficient, and especially if they are averse to jobs. It might possibly have been well to omit or postpone the transfer of the functions of Boards of Guardians to County Councils.

The Cabinet has perhaps by this time arrived at a decision on the question which, of all the issues raised by a Local Government Bill, possesses the highest political importance. In this matter, as in others, modern legislation has two objects which are not always compatible. It is desirable to contrive institutions which will be efficient for their purpose, and it is thought necessary to cultivate popular approval. The majority of those who are anxious to promote a Local Government Bill are perhaps not altogether friendly to a Conservative Government. Some of them care more for the effect of the measure on the popularity of the Government than for the efficient administration of local affairs. Upright statesmen, while they may despise secondary considerations of party feeling and expediency are nevertheless compelled to humour the prejudices of democratic factions. It was probably with reference to the Local Government Bill that Lord SALISBURY spoke at Liverpool of the conditions under which government is carried on when the Ministers of the day have not a majority in the House of Commons. He assured his own followers that he was loyal to their interests and opinions, but he indicated in sufficiently intelligible language his dependence on an alliance which, as he said, is not a coalition. The Liberal-Unionists are pardonably anxious to prove to the world at large, and especially to their former associates, that their Liberalism is as genuine and as warm as when they followed Mr. GLADSTONE. They may, perhaps, have anticipated the taunts of Sir CHARLES DILKE to the effect that Conservatives could not by possibi-

lity produce an adequate scheme of Local Government. On this special question the Liberal section of the majority will probably receive the powerful support of Mr. GOSCHEN. He also may probably be anxious to prove that his former zeal for municipal institutions has not been modified by his acceptance of office under Lord SALISBURY. The Cabinet will not be liable to blame if it concedes something to the demands of its indispensable allies. Lord SALISBURY would probably not have used language which might be interpreted as an apology for deference to the Liberal party if he had not been assured of the concurrence of his Conservative colleagues.

The main issue to be determined is the mode of election of the Boards or Councils which are to administer Local Government. A bold confidence in the good sense and honesty of the ratepaying inhabitants will be the simplest mode of meeting the difficulty, and perhaps it may also be the safest. The Municipal Corporation Act established household suffrage in towns for purposes of local government at a time when the Parliamentary franchise was confided to 10*l.* occupiers. It is impossible to deny that the result has confirmed the soundness of the measure which has now been in force for fifty years. The Corporations have been singularly free from corruption, and their governing bodies have not countenanced violence or disorder. A great advantage of a popular franchise is that the elected bodies are powerful in proportion to their representative quality. The Town Councils which are elected by household suffrage have spent for the public benefit vast sums which Courts of Quarter Sessions would never have ventured to raise. If there are to be municipalities, they ought to command popular confidence. Any scheme which introduces an admixture of official members or of nominees will become the object of hostile agitation, and it will in the end be made to conform to the established type. The Bills which were proposed and faintly supported by Lord BEACONSFIELD'S Cabinet could in no case have been final. The present Ministers have the opportunity of showing themselves not only free from prejudice, but prudent and long-sighted. If Lord HARTINGTON and his friends induce them to consent to a really Liberal measure, they will have done their allies a great practical service.

POETRY FOR MUSIC-HALLS.

HALLS of sweet music are the sonorous homes of popular culture. Unluckily, when the poet asks "Can no one tell me what she sings?" or what *he* sings, in the palaces of minstrelsy, the reply is rarely what the poet could wish. They certainly do not sing poetry, but rather vulgar ditties than otherwise, with refrains about "I'm a "jolly little chap all round," or "He's too jolly clever by "half." This, as a translator makes ÆSCHYLUS remark, is "to be numbered among things which are not as they "should be." The songs of a people should be written by a people's poets, not by raucous and slangy ballad-mongers. In ELIZABETH'S time, as we learn from Mr. ARCHER'S and Mr. BULLEN'S collections out of old music-books, the songs were poetry. Why should not new songs be poetry, too? They are asking this question in Paris, where an enterprising *impresario* of a *café chantant* means to have real poets for his minstrels. He begins with M. JEAN RICHEPIN, not a particularly proper poet, though a most energetic bard. M. JEAN RICHEPIN is all very well, he sticks at nothing; and M. FRANÇOIS COPPÉE may turn out a pretty and taking little piece of sentiment. M. THÉODORE DE BANVILLE may revive the fun of the old days when PAUL LIMAYRAC was a flower *tra la*, and all the Odes went rope-dancing. But M. SULLY PRUDHOMME, M. LECONTE DE LISLE, and the rest will, we fear, not succeed well at the music-halls.

As to England, we really cannot blame the music-halls for not employing poets, because our poets do not write songs. A good many things of Lord TENNYSON'S have been set—"Swallow, swallow," and "Sweet and low," and the other charming songs in the *Princess*. But who, except the members of the Browning Society, ever sang Mr. BROWNING? The sentiments of modern poetry are sometimes altogether too remote and personal and mystic for songs. If a poet never writes anything but sonnets (and myriads of these), who can sing him? The following examples prove, we think, that even our greatest poets cannot quite accommodate their "Æolian" lyres to a happy *popularis aura*.

Seniores priores, it is needless to sign *this* little piece, in which the sadness of eld whispers in the melodious reeds of youth:—

THE JOLLY LITTLE THING.

It is the Miller's Daughter—
  At least of old it *used* to be;
But Time, and Politics,
  Have sundered her and me.
And yet, methinks, I used to sing
  "She is a Jolly Little Thing!"

She was a Jolly Little Thing,
  But this, ah this, was long ago,
And sorrowful doth ivy cling
  About the lyre I used to know.
I used to know, I used to sing
  "She is a Jolly Little Thing."

The next is more thoughtful, but not so tunable and pleasant:—

THAT WAS I.

Not the Banjo Byron's cry!
  Nay 'twas *I* you heard last night;
Not the milk cart jingling by,
  Nay 'twas I!
Not the Waits put sleep to flight
As you thought (and well you might);
  That was me!
  Don't you see?
That was I!

Not the Cats from fence or tree,
  Not the creaking of the gate,
No, nor 'Arry, chanting free
  (That was me!)
Heedless of Householders' hate
I unloading all my freight,
  Song and glee,
  Soft and free,
That was me!

Our next example has been pronounced scarcely acceptable, on account of the obscurity of the idea and the difficulty of wedding the language to sweet music:—

MY PRETTY MAID.

O Child of sea-sand and salt surges,
  O Daughter of Flood and of Foam,
What problem upleaps and emerges
  When we meet thee afar from thy home?
Ah, clad in fair folds of strange fashion,
  Bedecked and bedizened about,
Is thy mother, thou minion of Passion,
  Aware thou art out?

The poet's sad lucidity characterizes the next song, which, we fear, will never be very much whistled by the butchers' boys. It is too wistfully contemplative and critical, in spite of the rather taking title:—

I REALLY CAN'T OBLEEGE.

Ah, I have "been on many lines,"
  I am on many still,
With Obermann among the pines,
  With Fausta on the hill.
But sing! I'd rather stand a siege—
I really, really, can't obleege!

Where the domed Velan with his snows
  Is dear to Baedeker,
And where the stripling Isis flows
  Beside the haymaker,
All Nature is the poet's liege—
But no, I really can't obleege!

On the whole, it does not seem that, as far as music-halls go, the accustomed minstrels are likely to be superseded by the acknowledged poets.

"EARLESS BUT UNABASHED."

WHEN Lord SALISBURY pilloried the lie about Conservative coquettings with Home Rule at Liverpool, he doubtless did not expect that it would be any more abashed than DEFOE in the famous and remarkably unjust couplet. But it is characteristic at once of the Gladstonian party at large and of the kind of champion to which it is reduced, that even the pillory and the scourge (Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE seems to smart enough from that, though persons less galled than he might find it hard to discover the "Billingsgate" with which he charges the PRIME MINISTER) have not induced the dropping of this disgraceful weapon. Mr. GLADSTONE himself has, to do him justice, never, that we can remember, availed himself of it in any distinct or conspicuous fashion; nor has Mr. JOHN MORLEY nor Lord SPENCER nor Lord GRANVILLE. Indeed, Mr. GLADSTONE, who is rather fond of relating how he himself sounded Lord SALISBURY on the subject, has disabled himself, and ought to have disabled his party, from attempting any such charge, as the constantly repeated and, from

their first utterance by Mr. Herbert Gladstone and Sir Barrington Simeon, promptly refuted and denied charges of Tory and Irish alliance. But the meaner sort of Gladstonians, having nothing else to say, repeat this charge constantly, and now Mr. Shaw Lefevre has made himself the mouthpiece of a new repetition of it. This may, at least, claim the merit of considerable audacity. A man does not usually go about boasting of his solvency and punctuality the morning after he has been posted as a defaulter, and it must have required some little courage in Mr. Shaw Lefevre to repeat the slander but three or four days after it had been authoritatively exposed. As, however, he has done this, it may be worth while to deal with his dealing—the only noteworthy part of an otherwise unimportant speech by an otherwise not very important person. If Mr. Shaw Lefevre fulfils his heroic threat of going back to Ireland and holding meetings to protest against Irish landlords who take the only possible course open to them against the tenants whom he and his friends have encouraged to dishonesty, it may be that he will meet the fate of Mr. Blunt, and we heartily hope he may.

The case for the slander as presented by Mr. Shaw Lefevre admits of tolerably thorough treatment. It is quite true that, as has been pointed out, Mr. Lefevre's omissions (putting what is to come out of question) are of themselves almost sufficient to damn him. A person who, in giving an account of the matter, takes no account of Lord Carnarvon's full personal explanation in the House of Lords, and of his express exoneration of his colleagues from all blame, discredits his own side so completely that, from the strictly controversial point of view, he can claim to be heard no further. If he is ignorant of the fact, his competence of knowledge to deal with the subject vanishes; if he knows it, but thinks it unimportant, his competence of judgment disappears; while it is unnecessary to say what must be thought of him if he knows it, thinks it important, but suppresses it. We shall not, however, take this rigid dialectic way with Mr. Shaw Lefevre. His suppression of Lord Carnarvon's evidence shall be allowed to taint his advocacy, but not to shut it out altogether. When we come to examine further, we find that it is entirely based on the statements of one person, and that these statements purport to be fetchings and carryings of portions of conversations which that person had with other persons, some of these conversations being allowed to have been confidential; while all, we suppose, were, in the ordinary sense, private. We should think that all Mr. Justin McCarthy's political opponents and some of his political friends would fight shy in future of an acquaintance who seems to regard conversation as a convenient source of matter for quotation on political platforms. Lord Randolph Churchill, in talking to Mr. McCarthy, seems to have been even more unfortunate than Mr. Balfour in his observations, whatever they really were, to Mr. Blunt. But the taste of Mr. Justin McCarthy's revelations is altogether a minor matter; the point of importance is their accuracy. We have no desire to impugn Mr. McCarthy's honour; he is believed to have at heart the, we fear, hopeless desire of serving two masters—of being a Parnellite and a respectable man. But it is as well to remind readers—especially as Mr. Shaw Lefevre in this very speech indulged in much sanctified talk about language containing truth enough [illegible] satisfy one's own conscience, but conveying a wrong impression to the hearers—that Mr. McCarthy is the author of the celebrated apology for the Manchester murder to the effect that "Sergeant Brett was in the way "of the bullet." And, besides, it is again unnecessary to assume deliberate misrepresentation on Mr. McCarthy's part. That the two parties to a conversation, especially if one of them happens to be deeply prejudiced in a certain sense, often retain the most widely differing, indeed the most hopelessly incompatible, notions of its exact tenor is a mere truism. And, as it happens, we have the version of the other party, Lord Carnarvon, which is absolutely incompatible with the version of Mr. McCarthy and still more with the charges which Mr. Lefevre founds on that version. We have said that we know nothing against Mr. McCarthy's honour. But we, and all persons who know anything of politics, know a good deal more about Lord Carnarvon's honour than that there is nothing against it in the charge-sheet or the gaoler's books. Lord Carnarvon is known, is acknowledged in this very political romance of *The Wicked Marquess*, a novel, by Justin McCarthy, M.P., to be a perfect Quixote and Bayard on this point of honour. Some of his political friends have at times been profane enough to wish that he were a little less punctilious and a little more practical. But, however that may be, we think that we are doing neither injustice nor discourtesy to Mr. McCarthy in saying that most people, whatever their political opinions, would rather take Lord Carnarvon's word against Mr. McCarthy than Mr. McCarthy's word against Lord Carnarvon.

Nor does even this finish the matter; for argument here, as in other Union *v.* Home Rule battles, is simply a process of driving the enemy helter-skelter out of position after position. Let us disregard Lord Carnarvon and Lord Salisbury as much as Mr. Shaw Lefevre disregards them, and see what is the value of what Mr. McCarthy does say as reported by Mr. Lefevre. He says that Lord Randolph Churchill talked loosely to him, and he is quite welcome to say anything that he likes on that score—it does not touch any one but Lord Randolph himself. He says (or does not say; see *infra*) that "the Tory Whip" (unnamed) and Sir H. Drummond Wolff came to him from Lord Salisbury to confabulate on Home Rule. Now, unluckily, the same evil fortune waits on Mr. McCarthy here. Sir H. Drummond Wolff, the only named person, contradicts his statement flatly and *in toto*. Mr. Akers Douglas contradicts it flatly and *in toto*. This misfortune of Mr. McCarthy's is getting a little monotonous. Perhaps conscious of this, he comes forward himself and says that the famous conversation was not about Home Rule at all; that the messengers were separate, not together; and, in short, that Mr. Shaw Lefevre's account of what he said, as Mr. Shaw Lefevre has since admitted, is utterly wrong. We might almost leave the two to settle it between them. But pass this hopeless imbroglio of reckless, self exposed calumny for the moment. Suppose we make the enormous argumentative grant it is needless to say for ar[illegible]ent's sake only—that somebody said something to Mr. McCarthy; what then? The somebody or somebodies said they came from Lord Salisbury, and talked to him on the subject of Home Rule, or of coercion, or of what not, first with uns[illegible] conditions, then with conditions which were m[illegible]y, but which, mark you, even this veracious [illegible] does not pronounce satisfactory, as he woul[illegible] a [illegible]reat hurry to do if he could. At the very [illegible]n, this assertion, made by the person who has, it [illegible] be doubted, misrepresented his interviews with Lord Carnarvon, who persists in grossly misrepresenting the so-called arrangement between the Tories and the Parnellites before Mr. Gladstone's overthrow, and who is again contradicted by his alleged interlocutors here, comes to no more than that Lord Salisbury is said to have sent *parlementaires*, not to arrange a surrender, but to ascertain what the Home Rule party did exactly want—a thing which, as Mr. Gladstone himself has told us, nobody ever knew. We do not think that such a mission to such persons would have been wise; we think it extremely unwise, and worse than the equally unwise dropping of the Coercion Act. But any soldier will laugh Mr. McCarthy to scorn if he asks him whether a general who employs his intelligence department to find out the enemy's exact demands is thereby guilty of surrender, or arrangement, or treason. And when it is further remembered that even so much as this only rests on testimony of the weakest and most tainted character, that it is mixed with things certainly false, that it is not confirmed by a single known fact, that it has opposed to it clear and categorical denials from Lord Salisbury, Lord Carnarvon, Lord St. Oswald, Lord Randolph Churchill, Sir H. Drummond Wolff, Mr. Akers Douglas, Mr. Parnell himself, and every one against whom specific charges have ever been specifically made, we may pretty safely put Mr. Shaw Lefevre and Mr. Justin McCarthy, and all those who believe, or make believe, with them, into one or other of two capacious historical limbos. They may take their choice. In the one they will be in the company of Titus Oates and Anacreon-of-the-Guillotine Barère. In the other they will have more numerous, less famous, but a little less unsavoury company—that of those who believed in the "Plaaat," and in the dying shouts of those heroes who did not die at all, but were comfortably picked up by English boats.

FRANCE.

It would appear that a French Ministry habitually consoles itself for the weakness of its position at home by being exacting towards foreigners. There is nothing blameworthy in an even touchy regard for the national dignity;

and we could wish that more of the same spirit was occasionally shown by one at least of France's neighbours. Still, without altogether condemning the attitude of M. FLOURENS towards Italy (we do not speak of the wisdom of the particular thing he is doing, but only of his general determination to have his way), it must be noted to present a remarkable contrast to the attitude of M. TIRARD and other French Premiers towards Radical disturbers at home, and especially the Municipal Council of Paris. This body has long been as much of a laughing-stock as is consistent with its undoubted power for mischief. It consists largely of ex-members of the Commune. It is on the most friendly terms with the most disorderly part of the population of Paris. It is rabidly anti-Clerical. As a natural consequence, it is in a state of permanent opposition to the national Government. So hard is it at work trying to make the capital of France not only an independent Republic, but the dominant power in the country, that it has habitually neglected its municipal duties, which are notoriously performed in the most extravagant and slovenly way. On one point it has been permanently contumacious. It obstinately refuses to allow the Prefect of the Seine, who represents the national Government and is appointed by it, to take up his quarters at the Hôtel de Ville. There is not the slightest doubt that he is legally entitled to be lodged there; but the Municipal Council will not vote the money to furnish his rooms, and avows its intention of keeping them empty until it is allowed to elect a Mayor of Paris who will be the recognized Radical leader. During the election of M. CARNOT the Council notoriously encouraged disorder in Paris. The members voted themselves in perm[illegible] [illegible]ession with the utmost solemnity. They sent de[illegible] to Versailles, who were to see that the Republic [illegible] by the election of M. FERRY. The Co[illegible] made an uns[illegible]essful attempt to get possession of the [illegible] of the [illegible]ground passage leading from the b[illegible] [illegible] Guard to the Hôtel de Ville. [illegible] get the keys, they mined, or pro[illegible] [illegible]assage. Zealous members harangued the Belleville [illegible] from windows, and the [illegible] general made believe to play the usual revo[illegible]. If order was kept in Paris, it was not only [illegible] help, but in spite of, the Municipal Council.

[illegible]embers had actually opened fire on the troops a[illegible] [illegible]rom the windows, they could hardly have gone [illegible]her in disorderly opposition to the Government. And yet they have not been called to account. The Ministry is afraid to touch the Council, and declines even to enforce its own [illegible] legal rights. On Monday M. LAMARZELLE, [illegible] of the Right, very unkindly asked M. TIRAR[illegible] what he meant to do with the Council, a[illegible] answer an assurance that the Ministry [illegible] nothing without further help from the Cham[illegible] not even compel the recalcitrant Councilmen [illegible] M. POUBELLE, the Prefect, to move into his lodgings. The lodgings of M. POUBELLE have long been a matter of dispute. There is not a shadow of a doubt that the Government has a legal right to install him by force, if necessary in the Hôtel de Ville. That question has long been decided by the Courts. But M. HOVELACQUE and his fellow-Councilmen will have no Prefect at the Hôtel de Ville, and successive Ministers have been afraid to apply force. The most courageous of them was M. GOBLET, who introduced a Municipal Councils Bill, in which there is a clause giving the Government power to do what it has already the right to do. On Monday M. TIRARD declared that the Ministry was about to introduce a special little Bill of its own for the purpose, and, until this Bill was duly passed, could not think of proceeding against the Council. Why any Bill was needed, and what is to be done if M. HOVELACQUE and the others remain contumacious, M. TIRARD did not say. As the Council has already defied the law with impunity, there would seem to be no reason why it should not go on doing so. This surrender to the Municipal Councillors was made funny as well as discreditable by M. TIRARD's loud assertions that he was not in the least afraid, but would assuredly assert the dignity of the law at some indefinite future period. The Municipal Council can afford to listen to these threats with some equanimity; for it can see that M. TIRARD is at least heartily afraid of the Radicals, who have good reasons for supporting the leaders of the revolutionary party in Paris. A Ministry which could act with the Right could make short work of the rabid Vestry at the Hôtel de Ville. The voters themselves could supply the town with a decent Council if they would only vote. But these are two conditions which it does not seem possible to supply in France. M. TIRARD showed on Monday that he is much more afraid of being accused of an alliance with the Right than of allowing mischief to go on. The Conservative or Moderate Republican voters of Paris will rather have an extravagant and fanatical Town Council than exert themselves. As a compensation, they will help indirectly to upset a Government which cannot govern strongly without their help. Between the pedantry of Moderate Republican Deputies and the laziness of "respectable voters," the Radicals, who are, after all, a small minority in the country and the Chamber, will continue to paralyse all government as before.

Italy must look considerably less formidable to M. TIRARD's Ministry than the Municipal Council of Paris, and is certainly being treated in a much more resolute fashion. The famous Florentine incident is so far from being settled that it is growing into a decidedly serious international quarrel, in which France at least shows no sign of wishing to be conciliatory. As the discussion goes on, it becomes clearer that what is in the mind of both parties is the old sore subject, the occupation of Tunis. The respective merits of the Italian Pretor and the French Consul are subordinate matters, and it is fortunate they are; for in the present condition of the evidence it is the reverse of easy to come to any decision about them. In the case of less exalted parties to a quarrel, it might be said that there must be a great deal of hard swearing on one or both sides. The Italian semi-official papers accuse the French Consul of want of courtesy and acts of a downright illegal character. The *Diritto* says that he did not acknowledge the receipt of letters from the Pretor, and that he generally expressed contempt for the Italian Courts. The French papers assert that undoubtedly such acts as these were committed, but that it was by the Italian Pretor. These statements would appear to be irreconcilable. Probably it would not be found necessary to reconcile them if something more serious than the accuracy of two officials were not in dispute. The property and debts of General HOUSSEIN PASHA have, in fact, been the occasion of an angry dispute between the Italian and French Governments as to the position which the latter occupies in Tunis. The Italians maintain that their conventions with the BEY remain in force, in spite of the French occupation, and that they were even confirmed by the Convention of 1884, which abolished the consular jurisdictions in Tunis. According to these treaties with the BEY, the property of Tunisian subjects who die in Italy is to be disposed of under the Italian law. The French Consul is accused of having taken possession of HOUSSEIN PASHA's estate, and of having sold part of it, although a suit brought by a Tunisian creditor of the General's was then pending in the Italian Courts. It would seem that this was a most irregular proceeding on the part of the Consul, and would have been so if General HOUSSEIN PASHA had been a born Frenchman. A Consul, except in Oriental countries, where he has recognized treaty rights, is not entitled to interfere with the working of the Courts of the country in which he is stationed. If the Italian version of the story is well founded, the Consul was guilty of misconduct; and, even according to the French account, he seems to have claimed powers which he would certainly not be allowed to exercise here. On any version of the story, the French Government has been offensively peremptory in demanding satisfaction. If the Pretor did go too far, he committed an error of judgment for which he might have been rebuked in some way provided by the Italian law. To insist that he should be dismissed for refusing to allow that a French Consul can exercise jurisdiction in Italy is most aggressive. This, however, is the course which the French Government has decided to take, and its determination can only be accounted for on the supposition that it suspects the Italians of wishing in some way or another to interfere with its own hold on Tunis, or at least to treat the occupation of the country as temporary, and is resolved to give them a warning snub. As M. FLOURENS has taken this offensive line, it is not wonderful that Signor CRISPI is inclined to retract his first concession, and reply to the demand for the dismissal of the Pretor by insisting on the recall of the Consul. The quarrel has already grown from a very small one to a very angry one; and both parties having decidedly lost their tempers, and as there is much at the back of the ostensible cause of dispute, it will not be surprising if the quarrel grows into a very big one indeed.

THE LIBERAL-UNIONISTS.

ALTHOUGH there is obvious inconvenience in the division of the Parliamentary majority into two independent sections, the balance of advantage is perhaps on the side of a continuance of the existing organizations. The Liberal-Unionist meeting which was lately held under the presidency of Lord NORTHBROOK showed no decline of political energy. The speeches of the Chairman, of Mr. FINLAY, of Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, and of Mr. MACLEAN were both spirited and argumentative. Mr. FINLAY supplied the true answer to those who rely on Mr. GLADSTONE'S imaginary concessions, by proving that, even if he wished to be conciliatory, he is between the horns of an insoluble dilemma. The Irish members of a subordinate Parliament must either be admitted to seats in the Imperial Legislature or they must be excluded. Either alternative would involve an intolerable anomaly. The Home Rule Bill of two years ago, introduced with the consent of the Nationalist party, provided for the total exclusion of Irish representatives. It is not surprising that Mr. PARNELL and his associates cordially approved of an apparently self-denying ordinance. The absolute subjection of Ireland to an alien Parliament would be used as a conclusive argument for total and immediate separation. No constitutional Government in the world imposes on one of the constituent parts of its dominions a similar or analogous disability. Even the despotisms of former times provided for equality of rights among separate provinces. The consequence was that dependencies were often satisfied with the impartial authority of the Crown. The absolute monarchy which survived until recent times in Denmark never disturbed the loyalty of Schleswig or of Holstein to the common sovereign. Hungary was for the same reason content to be governed almost as despotically as Austria. As soon as Parliamentary institutions superseded the royal authority in the greater part of Europe, communities which had always stood on the same level with one another refused to acknowledge the supremacy of their former equals. The Danish Duchies invoked the aid of Germany against the Parliament of Copenhagen, and Hungary, after many trials, compelled its sovereign to re-establish its ancient constitutional rights. Even Unionists would hesitate to make Ireland an exception to the rights which are conceded to almost all civilized States. The precedent of Poland would only serve as an illustration of external injustice.

The reasons for allowing Irish members to retain their seats at Westminster seemed therefore conclusive until the arguments against the arrangement were considered. It is not certain that Mr. GLADSTONE'S original decision was erroneous, if it was assumed that Home Rule must be granted to Ireland. A proposal which he made during the debates on the Bill that Irish members should be allowed to sit and vote on certain specific occasions was wholly impracticable. If no restriction were imposed on their control of Imperial policy, they would enjoy far more than their legitimate share of Parliamentary power. Their votes on Imperial and British measures would be habitually given for the purpose of promoting objects of their own. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, and perhaps a few other followers of Mr. GLADSTONE, have persuaded themselves to believe that the policy of exclusion is abandoned; but in the authorized apology for Home Rule which was not long since edited by Mr. BRYCE, Lord THRING, who is believed to have drawn the Irish Bills under Mr. GLADSTONE'S instructions, published an elaborate defence of his original scheme. It is improbable that the leader of the party, himself a contributor to the compilation, should have disapproved of the opinions of his confidential adviser. It appears, on the whole, that, of two methods of dealing with Home Rule, both are fundamentally objectionable. The natural inference is that an object only to be attained under inadmissible conditions is in itself inconsistent with sound principles. Mr. FINLAY dealt not less forcibly with the question of separate legislation for Ulster. Mr. PARNELL'S objection to a scheme at which Mr. GLADSTONE has sometimes mysteriously hinted might perhaps be overcome; but the Protestant and loyal part of Ulster is not strong enough to stand by itself; and a little Northern Parliament could not offer security to the trading and industrial classes which in all other parts of Ireland are attached to the British connexion.

Sir JOHN LUBBOCK as a consistent advocate of the representation of minorities naturally took the opportunity of exposing the unsoundness of the argument which is founded on the approximate unanimity of Mr. PARNELL'S nominees. On the assumption that one-third of the whole population is loyal, the Unionist members ought to be a third of the whole, instead of a sixth, as at present. The inference to be drawn from the calculation is, that no overwhelming moral weight belongs to the results of the existing representative system. It is true that Mr. GLADSTONE'S affected deference to the opinion of the eighty-six Nationalist members is obviously insincere and histrionic. He well knew that the Home Rulers would command an overwhelming majority when he appealed to the constituencies of Great Britain to render him independent of the Irish vote. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, of course, knows that he has no early prospect of succeeding in his plea for protecting minorities. There are formidable objections to any measure of the kind, and its success depends on the voluntary abdication of the majority. It is possible that at some future time popular constituencies will be so generous as to abolish the supremacy of the greatest number. At present it is impossible that the dominant multitude should be restricted to the exercise of its undisputed powers. The pretence that the public opinion of Ireland is expressed by the TANNERS and the BIGGARS is transparently hypocritical. There is no reason to doubt that a Home Rule Parliament would be composed of the same or similar materials. One of its objects, if Mr. DILLON may be believed, would be to punish all Irishmen who have done their duty under the present Constitution. The police have been often warned that when Home Rule is obtained they will be responsible to their new masters.

The reasons for maintaining the Union are necessarily the same whether they are advanced by Conservatives or by Liberal-Unionists. It is difficult for either party to say anything new after two years' duration of an uninterrupted controversy. The speeches at the Paddington meeting were unusually effective; but Mr. FINLAY himself had been anticipated, though not by any abler opponent of revolution. Liberal-Unionist meetings are chiefly interesting as they dispel doubts as to the activity and perseverance of the members of the party. It is not a little satisfactory to observe that some of the conventional formulas of the earlier stages of the movement have been practically abandoned. Neither Lord NORTHBROOK nor any other Liberal-Unionist thought it necessary to dilate on the virtues and merits of Mr. GLADSTONE, or on his own anxiety to rejoin him. Mr. BRIGHT has contributed more than his share to the conviction, which is now shared by other members of the party, that the author of a mischievous measure, introduced in the interest of his own ambition, is not altogether blameless. Lord HARTINGTON, who has not in any of his speeches deviated from the use of the most temperate language, has lately more than once disclaimed any continuing expectation of reunion with his former leader. The speakers at Paddington thought it unnecessary to profess even regret for the severance which has now become inveterate. Lord NORTHBROOK in his remarks on the Winchester election expressed or implied entire satisfaction with a victory which had been mainly achieved by the Conservatives. He doubted whether the whole strength of the Liberal-Unionist vote had been polled for the successful candidate, and yet he cordially welcomed the result of the contest. The tone of the discussion indicated the consciousness of the speakers that the defence of the Union was more than paramount in importance to all other political questions. As Sir JOHN LUBBOCK declared in his eloquent peroration, he and his friends are not disposed to sacrifice a Constitution which has been gradually built up during a thousand years.

Lord SALISBURY, in his speech at Liverpool, founded on the present division of parties some weighty advice to Conservative politicians. He reminded them that, although they formed the largest section of the House of Commons, they are in a minority as compared with the three other parties or groups. Speaking exclusively in the interest of his own regular followers, Lord SALISBURY warned them against impatience or distrust which might be provoked by the possible policy of the Government. While he paid Lord HARTINGTON a high and well-deserved compliment for disinterested loyalty, he acknowledged the necessity of deferring in some degree to the opinions or prejudices of a body of indispensable supporters. An alliance, as he said, falls far short of a coalition. If a rupture between the two bodies of Unionists could only be averted by acquiescence in some doubtful measure of secondary importance, the sacrifice might have to be made, and its motives ought to be

understood. It is not known whether Lord SALISBURY had any special measure in view when he proclaimed the expediency of a perhaps unpalatable compromise. The Liberal-Unionists have not been unreasonable or extortionate, but in the last Session they compelled the Government on more than one occasion to weaken its measures in preference to losing their support. It may be hoped that under the guidance of Lord HARTINGTON the Liberal-Unionists will abstain from taking undue advantage of their exceptional position. They cannot but know that a defeat on an important issue, even if it had no connexion with the Union, might compel the resignation of the Government. The Liberal-Unionists would not be strong enough to provide a substitute. Lord SALISBURY stated that, in his judgment, a dissolution would be injurious to the public interest until order has been restored in Ireland. A resignation of the Ministry would be scarcely more desirable.

INDO-ANGLIAN LITERATURE.

NONE of us know, or ever can know, how poor a figure we cut when we write in the dead, or even, perhaps, in modern foreign languages. Boys of fourteen in Athens or Rome might possibly have exploded over the blunders of our best iambics and Latin prose, just as we certainly cannot restrain the smile at a volume of privately printed examples of Hindoo English which is before us. Perhaps, however, these are really more quaint than our elegiacs would appear to contemporaries of OVID. Not only is the Hindoo style strange, with its queer mixture of false classicism and false familiarity, but the Hindoo temper is stranger still. "Self-abasement and vanity" certainly mark in odd companionship many of these essays in English prose and verse. It is needless to add that plenty of Hindoo gentlemen write and speak as good English as any of us. As for Hindoo ladies, very few Englishwomen of our time have written as well in their native tongue as Miss TORU DUTT did in a variety of languages.

The petitions for employment in this book are a little pathetic as well as funny. Official work is the ideal of the Indo-Anglian, as well as of very many people at home. The "poor petition of A. H.," for example, setteth forth that his poverty "does not permit him to perform those solemn "duties which the great Creator of the Universe has imposed upon us"—namely, we presume, to get married. He therefore asks to be made a Moherer, that he may "perform his duties as a respectable being, and vindicate his "importance in the Creator." Another petitioner hopes that "in the All pervading soul once smile on Her" (the QUEEN'S) "behalf, the intense ice of the impending danger "will soon thaw away in a moment, like the morning "vapour of the summer; and I therefore beg of your "honour not to take these things in snuff, though set "down so freely." R. K. finds that "a person in my "department can scarcely live with his conscience upright, "unless he draws a handsome pay." Another frankly remarks that his son has "been unfortunately thrice plucked. "He is *therefore* eager to enter Government service." Once more:—"Now we understand that there are several posts "falling vacant under your disposal. . . . Then would it "be convenient for you to provide us with them?" There is a taking frankness and a gentlemanly indifference to qualification for the posts desired in these effusions. But we very much doubt if the Indian office-seeker is at all more impudent and pertinacious, though he is more diverting, than his kindred in England, France, or the United States. Here is a splendid "Office Note":—"Office cat, by reason "of death of rats, daily growing lean. Will superintendent "please increase the contingent allowance for her restora-"tion to stoutness?" Sometimes petitions, in very bad English, end with "cram" pieces, like the following, which has nothing to do with the matter in hand:—

The chief art of learning, as Locke has observed, is to attempt but little at a time. The furthest excursions of the mind are made by short flights, frequently repeated, the most lofty fabrics of science are founded by the continued accumulation of single propositions.

One gentleman cannot support his "four widows, three "little brothers, and an old grandmother." This is yet more superb:—

I hope your honor will condescend to hear the tale of this poor creature. I shall overflow with gratitute at this mark of your royal condocension. The bird like happiness has flown away from my nest like heart and has not hitherto returned from the period whence the rose of my father's life suffered the autumnal breath of death, in plain English he passed through the gates of Grave and from that hour the phantom of delight has never danced before me. I stand a unit in life's theatre, without a friend without a relative I am like a withered leaf to be carried hither and thither by every wind that blows.

But, if this poor fellow tells the truth, he had gone without dinner or supper for several days, although his accomplishments included English, Hindi, Urdu, Persian, and the Deonagri language. Of course one cannot tell how far the distress and the accomplishments are due to Oriental exaggeration. A Mahommedan gentleman writes better, but suggests that "the slightest attention of his Honour *in "an indirect and underhand manner* may be most effectual." In fact, "Remember Dowb" is the burden of this long letter, which is only more frank and dramatic in expression than most letters with a similar purpose. The vagueness of a petitioner who "cannot support his vast family of nearly "twenty-five" seems quite natural in a man so overgrown with olive branches. Dissimilar views on population are entertained by policemen's wives, who remark that "there "is no earthly use in their [the policemen's] coming home, "as it only adds fuel to the fire."

THE BOARD AND THE GOOD FAMILY MAN.

THE week which has passed since the Metropolitan Board of Works met to sit in solemn judgment on its Assistant Architect has produced nothing to modify the, we are afraid, derisive comment passed by the public on its proceedings. Even if the Board reconsidered its action yesterday (a point undecided at the time of writing), its case is not altered; for it is very obvious that this step was only taken under strong external pressure, and because the members had been awakened to some sense of shame by the general contemptuous opinion expressed on their first decision. It may also be said that the not inconsiderable interval which has elapsed since the case of Mr. HEBB first came before the Board has produced nothing to change the position which he and his employers then respectively occupied. At that period Mr. HEBB could only say that he was sorry for his indiscretion in asking for orders from managers of theatres, and was constrained to confess that he had no evidence to show that he had not sponged in the way alleged. The Board was then obviously of the opinion of its distinguished member Mr. WEBB, who thought that the Assistant Architect had, after all, only behaved like a kind father in begging for amusement for his little children. Now both parties stand where they did. When the Board met, having previously lunched, and proceeded to hear Mr. HEBB's defence before a public gallery, playfully heated to a temperature of 115 deg. Fahr., it heard a repetition of the preliminary plea. Mr. HEBB showed what Colonel HUGHES, M.P., thought a very nice spirit. He confessed his indiscretion, and threw himself on the mercy of the Board. He was of opinion that he had committed no crime, and begged his masters to overlook his error. The Board, soothed by lunch, and not unpleasantly tickled by the knowledge that an ill-disposed public was grilling in the gallery, touched him with the sceptre, and warned—not Mr. HEBB—but other persons, not to do it again.

We do not desire the death of the sinner, and quite agree with him that he has committed no crime. Crimes, unfortunately for some people, come before a very different court from the Metropolitan Board of Works. Mr. HEBB has only (and for this we have his own confession) been guilty of an entire want of self-respect, taste, and manners. For that it was perhaps a sufficient penance that he had to grovel in a public and abject way. As far as he is concerned, the fly may be left to stick to the wa' and rub out when the paint is dry. But the Metropolitan Board of Works is a body of great dignity and deserves more attention. These proceedings touch it too closely to allow of passing them over as if they chiefly affected a mere assistant architect. They go very much further. It appears from them that the Chairman was aware two years ago of the whole story. Then he learnt that the Board's servant had been indiscreet enough to ask for favours from the managers whom it was his duty to supervise. With this knowledge before him he did as good as nothing, and the Board is quite satisfied that enough was done. The Board cannot have been wholly ignorant that something was wrong. Mr. PRICE knew that letters "had been flourished before members of the House "of Commons." Mr. E. R. COOK, of Poplar, when himself a member, actually saw "Mr. BOLTON flourishing a bundle "of letters about and threatening to expose the Board." Not even this wild figure denouncing doom had any effect.

It was not until the letters had been of use "to the opposers "of the Board's Theatres Bill," until, in short, the whole story had been told to the HOME SECRETARY, that any notice was taken. The Board heard that Mr. HEBB had shotted his request for seats by observing to Mr. HARRIS that he had no wish to exercise his powers so as to "cause in- "convenience." This it thought no more than might be expected from a gentleman seeking amusement for his offspring. The patience of the Board was not wearied even when the character of its own members was brought into question. Mr. HEBB confessed that he had applied for favours for members of the Board. To be sure he could only recollect the name of one, who by a curious accident has long gone where he will not be subject to the temptation of asking for seats in any theatre. Others there were, but Mr. HEBB's memory did not reach to retaining their names. Was this discretion of his (the Assistant Architect of the Metropolitan Board of Works is not always indiscreet) part of that "nice spirit" which Colonel HUGHES, M.P., commended in the penitent? We have our opinion, but shall for the present keep it to ourselves. The whole story is sufficiently instructive, and not one, but two, morals may be drawn from it. The first is that the work of supervising theatres had better not be entrusted to a body which continues to employ assistant architects who have no desire to cause inconvenience to managers who are generous in giving orders. As the Metropolitan Board is, so will provincial bodies be, and so will their assistant architects. Another and wider moral is that we may see from the standard of manners and taste set up by the Board just what amount of solid reason there is for believing that elective Local Government bodies, or a Municipality for London, will be more economical and more high-minded than the "privileged" bodies at whom the reformer scolds.

MR. BLUNT AND OTHERS.

WE much regret to find that Mr. WILFRID BLUNT's behaviour in prison is not fulfilling the promise of the first hours of his captivity. He submitted to the prison regulations at the outset like a man; but he has since then involved himself, we are sorry to say, in an undignified squabble about his overcoat, and has further vented his resentment against Mr. BALFOUR by the promulgation of a story which only its sheer absurdity saves from being a very atrocious slander. The CHIEF SECRETARY's curt qualification of it as a "ridiculous lie" is about as full and ceremonious a contradiction as it deserves; more especially as the scanty foundation of truth on which the fiction was in all probability based must at once have suggested itself to the least ingenious mind. That Mr. BALFOUR should have formed, or having formed should have imparted to Mr. BLUNT of all men, a dark design of putting an end to the lives of valetudinarian agitators by subjecting them to punishments too severe for their strength, is, of course, ridiculous. But if, as is quite possible, the physical weakness of certain of these patriots was pleaded as a reason why they should be allowed to defy the law with impunity, Mr. BALFOUR may well have replied, and indeed would have been bound to reply, that, if they insisted on courting legal penalties which must necessarily bear harder upon them than upon stronger men, they would have nobody but themselves to thank for it. Medical certificates of infirm health cannot be recognized as licences for the commission of criminal acts, or society would be at the mercy of its least robust members. It is quite unnecessary, we think, to say more than this of Mr. BLUNT's cock-and-bull story, except perhaps to remark on the curious fact that its importance only seems to have dawned upon him since his imprisonment. For, although he seems to be under the impression that Mr. BALFOUR's words induced him to warn some of his Irish friends before the meeting at Mitchelstown, he will find it difficult to satisfy any one else that he was moved to take this course by his remembrance of a conversation which did not take place till a month afterwards.

Let us hope that Mr. BLUNT, having now surely done enough for fame, will submit to the remainder of his punishment in silence. He has made his little bid for notoriety, and it is unworthy to complain of having to pay the price. He can hardly have expected to be allowed to advertise himself at the expense of the public peace alone, and at no cost to himself, though the fact that he was not even treated as above the law does cause "grief and surprise" to Lord RIPON. Nor, we venture to think, will the fear of again, and still more seriously, grieving and surprising that strong-minded nobleman prevent the administrators of the law from applying the same rule in the case of Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE if he should carry out his somewhat carefully guarded threat of following Mr. BLUNT's example at Woodford. Of course, if the meeting which Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE threatens to call at "some central point" of the Woodford district, in the event of the Irish law courts persisting in issuing legal process against defaulting tenants in defiance of his prohibition, be a lawful one—if it should prove to be really free from all the objections raised by Mr. HENN in the recent trials, and be rendered, through the "observance of proper conditions," unassailable "in point "of law or policy by Mr. BALFOUR and his subordinates," there will be no objection to Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE's holding it. Whether it would in the slightest degree further his professed purpose of saving "the unfortunate tenants" from the fate which is impending over them—or, in other words, prevent the law from taking its course—is a question on which Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE does not, we are quite sure, deceive himself any more than he does other people. The step, however, would, he tells us, prevent him from "feeling "himself wanting in moral courage"; and, of course, if any member of the English party which has cringed to the threats of a handful of ruffians in America can find means to rid himself of this uncomfortable feeling at so cheap a rate, it would be heartless to grudge him the relief. He must not, however, go about to vindicate the moral courage which has knuckled down to lawlessness by defying the law. If he does, the Government which is confronting lawlessness and upholding law will be assuredly compelled to deal with him in precisely the same way as if he had never found salvation and Cabinet office by discovering that the policy of his party for more than eighty years was immoral and unwise. The notion of imprisoning an ex-Cabinet Minister has, of course, unspeakably scandalized the special patrons of the principle of equality before the law. It is truly edifying to observe the unanimity with which they have assumed that the Government and the judicial tribunals must hesitate, ought to hesitate, would be wrong if they did not hesitate, the one to prosecute, and the other to punish a "Right Honourable" for committing precisely the same offences which are at this moment being punished in the persons of scores of Irish peasants with whose very names our good English Radicals have never cared to acquaint themselves. It is a most instructive commentary on the sincerity of many an eloquent denunciation of "privilege." We trust that, if Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE does visit Ireland for the purpose which he threatens, he will spare these courtiers the pain of seeing him sent to gaol by observing "the proper conditions" of legality in his action. We confess, however, that we somewhat distrust his ability to discriminate in that regard, since it appears that a "careful examination" of the judgment in Mr. BLUNT's case has led him to a complete misapprehension of its import. If he will take counsel on this point from any unprejudiced person, he will find that the "judgment" did not "turn wholly" or at all on the connexion between the earlier and the later meeting at Woodford, though Mr. HENN indicated that he was guided by his view of that connexion in considering the propriety or otherwise of Mr. BLUNT's sentence.

It is really quite a relief to have done with all the gentlemen, right honourable and other, who are doing the theatrical business of the Home Rule agitation, and to get to the actual business manager himself. Mr. PARNELL has at last emerged sufficiently from his retirement to allow himself to be interviewed by the representative of an Irish newspaper, and has imparted himself to his interviewer on the political situation in a very interesting way. We are not surprised to find that he has seized at once on the important declaration of the PRIME MINISTER, to which we drew attention last week, and which we predicted would give much concern to the Opposition. This statement of Lord SALISBURY's—namely, that in the event of a hostile vote, or rather of a certain kind of hostile vote in the House of Commons, "the Government would have to consider whether "they should follow the constitutional custom of resigning "or dissolving," Mr. PARNELL finds to be "entirely without "precedent on the part of a Minister in his position." How this singular conclusion has been arrived at appears, however, from what immediately follows. The critic has simply misread or misconstrued the declaration which he was

criticizing. He imagines Lord SALISBURY to have said that in consequence of "the great magnitude of the interests "involved" in the question of the Union he should refuse to treat a hostile vote on that question as one of want of confidence; and Mr. PARNELL adds the comment—so obvious that it should alone have led him to suspect his interpretation—that it is precisely when and because the interests involved in any question are "large and of great "importance, that a division having reference to such in-"terests is universally treated as a question of confidence." Lord SALISBURY never said or suggested, of course, that he would treat such a division otherwise. What he was speaking of was not hostile votes bearing directly on the question of the Union, but votes hostile to "certain "portions" of the Legislative measures which the Government purpose introducing during the present Session; and of these votes he said, in strict accordance with constitutional principle and precedent, that whenever it was within the discretion of the Government to treat, or not to treat, such a defeat as a question of confidence, they would be induced by considerations of the magnitude of the interests at stake in a dissolution, to choose the latter alternative. Founded as it is in so gross a misconception of Lord SALISBURY'S meaning, the speculative edifice which Mr. PARNELL has erected naturally falls to the ground. The grave dissension existing, "perhaps, in the Cabinet, certainly in the party," was really existent only in Mr. PARNELL'S mind. No one, however, will regret a delusion which has compelled the leader of the Home Rule party to offer such excellent counsel as he does to the occupants of the Front Opposition Bench and his other followers. It would be politic, he says, for Irish members and English Radicals to do everything they possibly can to facilitate Government business during the Session, so that no cry of Obstruction should be got up or alleged as an excuse for the entertainment of great matters of English policy. Let the Government get to work on their English Bills, he urges, and the Unionist majority will break up. We will allow you, he offers in other words, to proceed unobstructed with the business of the country if you will take the risks of proceeding with it. The Unionist party and the country will, without hesitation, cry "Done." They cannot promise Mr. PARNELL the best of the bargain, but they will strike it for their own part with all the good will in the world.

SIR LYON PLAYFAIR ON DEPRESSION.

THE "faint hearts among Free-traders," to whom Sir LYON PLAYFAIR may be supposed to have largely addressed himself from the dinner-table of the City Liberal Club on Wednesday night, will hardly be persuaded to confidence by his oratory. Any dialogue between him and them must necessarily have a certain resemblance to the famous conversation between the cook and the ducks. They, the faint-hearted Free-traders, like the ducks, may object to being eaten even with the most scientific sauce by the development of commerce; but Sir LYON has substantially nothing to say to them except that they are wandering from the point. His business is to point out how the development of commerce does its work of mastication and swallowing. The lamentation of the unfortunate ducks who are to be masticated and swallowed he waives aside as matters of no consequence. It may seem to the victims of depression that it is of little advantage to them to be told calmly and as a matter of scientific truth that "in progress of time this "[the alternation of inflation and depression to wit] will "adjust itself; the weak will perish in the struggle for "existence, and the strong producers will survive." To those who have more than a suspicion that it will be their lot to perish, it is no particular consolation to be told that the process of "the struggle for existence" is all very scientific and good. To them Sir LYON PLAYFAIR would probably reply that he cannot help it, and that any attempt to interfere only makes things worse.

This attitude of his, looked at, not from the point of view of the "faint-hearted," but purely on its merits, is decidedly commendable, for it is both orthodox and logical. The thoroughgoing Free-trader is bound to believe that it is better any given class of the community should perish than that the whole should be hampered. This may not look humane or sympathetic, but it is perfectly intelligible. Sir LYON PLAYFAIR might himself be more whole in the faith, for he still retains a belief in the power of Government or of somebody at least to mitigate the working of the great machine of competition by giving the workman a "trained intelligence." A trained intelligence is an excellent thing, no doubt; but we do not quite see the force of Sir L. PLAYFAIR'S illustration of its excellence. He cites the case of the shoemaker who has been reduced by the invention of a machine to a 1-64th part of a shoemaker, and says that new improvements would not disturb him if his intelligence were trained, because he could replace his work in other branches of the business. If a new improvement were to appear which reduced every 1-64th of a shoemaker to a 1-128th, we imagine that every machine shoemaker would have to be content with half work and wages, or that one man would in future do the work and draw the wages of two. In such a case what could the trained intelligence of the other man do, except realize clearly the hopelessness of fighting the inevitable? He would none the less starve with the most intelligent understanding of the situation. Sir LYON PLAYFAIR devoted the greater part of his speech to showing that improvements in machinery and means of communication lead to wholesale "displace-"ments" of labour. In agricultural implement-making 600 men now do the work which employed 2,125 in 1873. In milling corn 75 per cent. of labour has been "displaced," and in metal-work about 33 per cent. As freight is low, manufactured goods and all other kinds of export can be placed in the foreign market so as to compete with the native producer far more favourably than was the case even a few years ago. All this improvement of machinery and of means of communication has led to an immense increase in production. The increase in the supply has been out of all proportion to the increase in the demand, and so the market is glutted, and prices are low. Displacement of labour is, of course, simply another and an explanatory-looking term for loss of work. The man who has been "displaced" from the factory to the street, will not be the better off for having his misfortune called by another name. The tendency of all modern industry is towards an immensely increased output by fewer hands, and on the supposition that the tendency is universal, we fail to see how "trained in-"telligence" can save the superfluous men from going into the ranks of the unemployed. Sir L. PLAYFAIR believes that a better time is coming; but, on his own showing, it cannot last unless business men agree not to spoil it by over-production. We have seldom heard a feebler reason for confidence. How are business men to agree to limit production? Is it at all likely that A will hold his hand while B is flooding the market and profiting by the boom? If he does, how will he be the better off two years later? He will be the worse off; for he will not have fattened his paws like the wicked B, and will, therefore, have the less to lick. The moral of Sir LYON PLAYFAIR'S speech would seem to be that "depression" is likely to be permanent, since the world has brought its powers of production and exchange to such a pitch that, on the smallest encouragement, the market can be swamped. For man, considered as a consumer, the prospect has its charms. For the producer it is less pleasant; and for the workman, who may be reduced from 1 to 1-64th at a moment's notice, it is less pleasant still. But *Que faire?* Sir LYON PLAYFAIR is contemptuous of nations which sacrifice foreign trade for the home market. When the home market is enough, there is something to be said for the policy; but for this country it is not enough, and we must needs keep everything cheap, and chance it.

GRIMTHORPE *SEMPER VIRENS.*

LORD GRIMTHORPE performed the difficult feat of surpassing himself in last Tuesday's *Times*. It is to be hoped that, if ever this *malleus medicorum* should be seriously ill, he will not try to cure himself with sugar of milk in globules. For his death, if it did not exactly eclipse the gaiety of nations, would certainly diminish the stock of harmless pleasures, especially among those "superior per-"sons" at whom he innocuously butts. He tell us, with a fine touch of the quality which, as Mr. DISRAELI once informed a political opponent, is not invective, that we have reached a lower logical bathos than the eminent physician who has the same initials as Dr. BUCKNILL, and whose identity is a very open secret. As it would be no praise

to be called less violent than Lord Grimthorpe, so it is no reproach to be described as sillier than the real "J. C. B." But let that pass. The doctors can take care of themselves, and have very effectually done so. For Lord Grimthorpe we can feel nothing but pity for his unfortunate plight, and gratitude for the amusing exhibition he makes of it. Having failed in his design of sending allopathic practitioners to Coventry, he informs an attentive universe that he is himself going to Bath, and perhaps that is the best thing he can do. His enemies have revived its fame, and he will find many of them there; while, if the genius of the place should induce him to read *Northanger Abbey*, he will certainly improve his style, and perhaps recover his temper. Being a very great lawyer (at least on the very great authority of Lord Grimthorpe) he has been sadly chagrined by the decision of the Court of Appeal that Mr. Millican, whose cause he gratuitously pleaded with so much boisterous energy and self-confidence, has no remedy against the Governors of the Queen's College Hospital. If Mr. Millican were so ill advised as to go before the House of Lords, Lord Grimthorpe would be legally entitled to sit at the hearing of the case, and he might quote the precedent of the late Lord Devon, who had never been anything more exalted than a Master in Chancery. Meanwhile Lord Grimthorpe is deprived of Mr. Justice Manisty's improvident injunction, which he has been brandishing as a weapon of offence over the heads of the medical profession. He therefore characteristically takes refuge in an Irish precedent; and, on the imposing authority of two Resident Magistrates in a totally different case, implies that the managers of a hospital who will not have any dealings with homœopathists or homœopathy may be imprisoned, with or without hard labour, for six calendar months. *O sancta simplicitas!*

Lord Grimthorpe still maintains that vaccination is a "strictly homœopathic proceeding," heedless or oblivious of the facts that it was discovered by Sir William Jenner before Hahnemann was heard of, that it is not a cure but a preventive, and that the disease which it produces is not the disease which it prevents. Lord Grimthorpe's "argument" in reply to these obvious considerations, and indeed his whole controversial tone, forcibly remind one of the theological disputant who, getting the worst of it in a discussion about original sin, which happened to be conducted at dinner, observed, with an air of asperity, "If I "were you, I wouldn't talk with my mouth full." He points out, as we pointed out before him, that the case in question had nothing to do with the respective merits of homœopathy and allopathy, or even with the treatment of one class of practitioners by another, but simply with the legal status of Mr. Millican at the Jubilee Hospital. That is perfectly true; but it only shows that Lord Grimthorpe forced a quarrel upon the doctors from mere pugnacity, as he is said to have once cross-examined a scientific witness in a case with which he was not professionally connected, and because he loves hot water, the hotter the better. His epithets of "cowardly," "dishonest," "idiotic," &c., with which he bespatters the doctors are mere digressions, as the gentleman said when the glass of wine was thrown in his face. He again brings up the old story, which did much duty six or seven years ago, about the insurance office in New York where "homœopathic lives" are insured at ten per cent. below the ordinary premiums. He does not explain how the Company find out that the assured do not secretly resort to allopaths. But we are disposed to think that the principle, if it could be carried out, is a sound one. The people who dabble in homœopathy usually enjoy excellent health, and do not want any medicine. The only book in which Lord Grimthorpe is understood to believe, except "Astronomy without Mathematics," contains the words "They that are whole need not a physician, but they that "are sick." Of course Lord Grimthorpe has his unverified stories about anonymous patients who have been cured by homœopathists where allopathy failed, just as the herb doctors and the wise women have theirs. Lord Grimthorpe believes, or affects to believe, that doctors are liars, rogues, bullies, and conscious ignoramuses. He is welcome to his opinion, and probably no doctor cares two straws what Lord Grimthorpe thinks of him. A more serious effort has been made to show that Dr. Lauder Brunton is on the side of the homœopathists because he says that the "law of similars" is not always false—rather a different thing from saying that it is always true. But Dr. Brunton himself denies the impeachment in decisive, not to say contemptuous, language. As for Dr. Dudgeon's emendation of the subjunctive for the indicative, which turns Hahnemann's proposition from a scientific dogma into a therapeutic rule, it only transforms unsound theory into unsafe practice.

LAW AND LAWLESSNESS.

THE trial of Messrs. Graham and Burns has resulted in the conviction of both prisoners on the charge of participating in an unlawful assembly on the 13th of November last. Of riot and assault the jury declared them to be not guilty—a finding the prisoners owe chiefly to the excellent promptitude by which their attempt to enter Trafalgar Square was arrested, and perhaps to the popular misapprehension of what constitutes an assault in law. On this point, as in others, the summing-up of Mr. Justice Charles was perfectly clear; but the jury appear to have preferred the mildest interpretation possible of the judge's simple and incontrovertible statement. The verdict, however, is completely satisfactory so far as it deals with the more serious offence for which Messrs. Graham and Burns were tried. And it is idle to lament that juries do not invariably deal with cases in the spirit of lawyers when their finding is a sufficient indication of the law. The sentence of six weeks' imprisonment was in the circumstances the least measure of correction that could satisfy justice. Compared with the swift retribution that overtook others concerned in gatherings in Trafalgar Square the sentence may even appear lenient. The dupes of professional agitators have too often suffered penalties which their leaders ought logically to share. This unnatural detachment of cause and effect need no longer distress the more thoughtful among them. Masters and men reap alike the disagreeable fruits of their disastrous and criminal attempts, and the open mind of the democrat must be exquisitely content with the level prospect. The pity of it is that the illustration is somewhat incomplete. The meeting of leaders and followers in common bonds might be more comprehensive. There is something wanted in the picturesque element. We miss Mr. Graham's leaders, and feel it was heartless in his bodyguard, the "men with sticks," to have left him on the field. As to the mischievous inciters of these men, whose valour is measurable by their respect for a whole skin, their elusiveness in the hour of risk is notorious, and no one is surprised at their absence from the fraternal fold. It should prove an excellent lesson for the persons previously convicted of rioting, be they merely dupes or professional defiers of the law, to find their leaders following them to prison. For, though their methods of work differed somewhat, their enterprise is of the same kind, just as the affair of the 13th of November was the illegitimate issue of the organized plans of riot and intimidation that naturally sprang from the improvised disturbance in February 1886. If Sir Charles Warren had proved to be as blind to this patent continuity of events, and as insensible to the necessity of providing against contingencies, as Mr. Graham's friends profess to believe he ought to have been, everybody knows that the disgraceful scenes of the previous year would have been infinitely surpassed on the November Sunday.

Apart from the verdict, which was universally regarded as inevitable, there is sound reason for the public to be satisfied by the judge's succinct statement of the law as to unlawful assemblies and the pretended "right" of public meeting in Trafalgar Square. The purpose of those who organize a public meeting may or may not be lawful, but the attempt to hold a meeting in defiance of the prohibition of the legally constituted authorities was defined to be unlawful. It was quite immaterial whether the objects of the conveners of the meeting were lawful if the authorities responsible for public safety and government were convinced that the project might lead to disturbances and cause fear to other persons. The judge defined in clear, express terms, not merely the right, but the duty, of Sir Charles Warren to prohibit the meeting proposed to be held on the 13th of November. Before that date Mr. Graham and Mr. Graham's abettors in the press knew perfectly well that the projected gathering was regarded by the authorities as an unlawful assembly. The judge completely disposed of the absurd contention that Trafalgar Square was a kind of forum secured in perpetuity to professional agitators and their ever-attendant throng of roughs, pickpockets, and other

ill-disposed characters. If it is conceivable that Messrs. GRAHAM and BURNS were ignorant of the nature of an unlawful assembly, it is the more satisfactory that they should acquire knowledge from a jury of their countrymen. The result reduces the future action of the Government to the clearest limits. The ridiculous pretexts of "right" and undefined legality advanced by the friends of Mr. GRAHAM have been declared to be entirely baseless. The mere threats of mortified mischief-mongers that the question will be reopened may be treated with proper scorn.

THE BEGINNINGS OF A MYTH.

IT would be most unfair to hold Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH responsible for the construction which the Gladstonians have hastened to put upon his recent speech at Bristol. The glosses of these designing commentators fortunately defeat their own object by their very audacity. When, on the strength of the speech in question, the late Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is described in one such commentary as already half a Home Ruler, and is invited to take the final step which will bring him into line with Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. PARNELL, we know what to think. The writer of such nonsense is, of course, only attempting to raise the depressed spirits of his party, and to make mischief among his opponents. The fulsome compliments, addressed from the same sincere quarter, to Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH on his "states-"manlike mind" and other valuable gifts, and the institution of the familiar eulogistic comparison between the Irish Secretary whom the eulogist was vilifying yesterday and the successor whom he is slandering to-day are all part of the same system of tactics. No one who has fully realized its complete unscrupulousness will be surprised to learn, if he did not know already, that Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH never uttered anything remotely resembling the declaration of a half-Home Ruler. His language on the Home Rule question consisted mainly of the unimpeachably orthodox, if not very fruitful, proposition, that, retaining under the control of the Central Government those matters which ought to be retained, Parliament might then "hand over everything that the in-"terests of the United Kingdom permit to be managed "locally in England to Irish local authorities properly con-"stituted, directly it is safe to do this without risk of the "power we confer being used as a lever to obtain practical "separation." It is true that the late Chief Secretary also urged that the Irish business reserved to the Central Government should be administered by political officials only nominally controlled by a single Minister, who cannot possibly find time for all the details of the administration of the country. This proposal may or may not be wise or unwise; and we confess that we doubt, for more reasons than one, the wisdom of multiplying Irish officials "directly responsible to Parliament"; but anyhow it is a question which concerns the arrangements of central, not of local, administration, and cannot therefore be twisted into any sort of connexion with Home Rule.

At the same time, there was perhaps a little false accentuation about Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH'S address. Unintentionally, no doubt, he laid somewhat too much stress on the prospective, and even problematic, policy to be adopted, and too little on the line of action which must be steadily persevered with for an indefinite time to come if Ireland is really to be restored to full political health. To this objection we think such a passage as the following is distinctly open:—"Of this I feel certain, "you may for a time govern Ireland by force; but, unless "you can convince Irishmen that it is impossible for them "to obtain a separate Parliament and Executive, and that, "on the other hand, they can have all their real wants "dealt with by the Imperial Parliament in the manner "which they themselves desire, you cannot permanently "cure the enormous mischief which has been done by "the adoption by Mr. GLADSTONE of the policy of Home "Rule." All this, no doubt, is perfectly unobjectionable doctrine; but we must be allowed to doubt whether it is exactly the doctrine which most needs enforcing at the present moment. Unless, says Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, "you can convince Irishmen that it is impossible for them "to obtain a separate Parliament and Executive," you cannot "permanently cure," &c. Well, the only way of convincing Irishmen of this—a way which is now being taken with great effect and still greater promise—is to govern them by what Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH calls "force"—that is to say, the amount of restraining pressure necessary to make them respect the authority and obey the orders of the Government under which they live and must continue to live. This—the only convincing process of conviction which can ever really reach the minds of people who rely, not upon their own strength, but upon the presumed weakness of their rulers, in their attack on an existing form of rule—has, as we have said, been applied with great effect and still greater promise; but the very surest way to undo the effect and to destroy the promise of that process is to announce to the people upon whom it is slowly operating that you believe it can only be kept up "for a time." It is precisely this belief, revealed by British Governments and detected by Irish malcontents, which has paralysed all the efforts of firm administrators to restore permanent supremacy to the law in Ireland. It is just because we have never yet succeeded in disabusing the Irish mind of the notion that what is called "coercion" is a mere passing phase of administrative treatment, and that England will tire of applying it before Ireland tires of resisting it—it is for this very reason that we have never succeeded in bringing home to the minds of Irishmen that conviction which Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH rightly considers it so important to impress upon them, but which, unfortunately, the words he had just that moment uttered were calculated to weaken. So long, indeed, as he prefaces statements of the kind by the reminder that you cannot govern Ireland except "for a time "by force" we may be quite sure that Irish Nationalists will pay very little attention to everything that follows the word "unless." His second condition of the possibility of governing Ireland otherwise than by force is, that Irishmen be made to feel that they can have all their real wants dealt with by the Imperial Parliament in the manner which they themselves desire. But one of their wants at this moment—and a want which they vehemently declare to be a real one—is to obtain that separate Parliament and Executive of the impossibility of which we are to convince them; so that it would here seem necessary to Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH'S argument that you should be able to govern Ireland "by force," not only "for a time," but for whatever length of time the "impossible" may continue to present itself to the Irish mind as a "real want." It is idle to tell an unreasonable claimant that your only hope of permanently resisting him is by inducing him to moderate his claims.

We have felt it our duty to take exception to this particular line of reasoning on the part of the late Chief Secretary, because we regard it as calculated to do some mischief in Ireland. That it indicates any wavering of Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH'S Unionist convictions we do not for a moment believe. He may possibly be very much astonished that such a construction should have been put upon it; but, if so, that only shows that he has not yet done justice to the admirable mythopœic faculty of his opponents. We can assure him that, however guarded he may consider his language to have been, he has already given these artists ample material on which to work, and that, if he keeps his eye upon them, and refrains, in the interests of art, from any interference, he will have the privilege of seeing a myth in the making. He has been already told that he is half a Home Ruler. We give him three months of that ambiguous condition. When that time has gone by, he will find that he has blossomed out into a full-blown Parnellite. We shall hear of the "Clifton speech" in which Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH "denounced" the "rule of force," and avowed his conversion to the belief that Irishmen ought to be allowed to manage all their own affairs in Dublin—just as we hear of the "Newport speech," in which Lord SALISBURY promised to give his favourable consideration to a scheme for resettling the relations of Great Britain and Ireland after the Austro-Hungarian model. For this work of art we consider three months ample time; and when the myth has been completed it will, like all great works of art, prove imperishable. If Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH doubts this, let him ponder the unspeakably instructive correspondence which has taken place over the speech of Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE at Tunstall and that right hon. gentleman's latest "explanation" thereof. Sir FREDERICK MILNER no doubt flattered himself that he had killed one of the myths which Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE had made play with, mistaking it for another. But no! it is here again, quite strong and hearty, and re-

garded as a perfectly reputable weapon for an ex-Cabinet Minister to pick up and apply to the purposes of party warfare, although the warrior who has now got hold of it does not quite understand its use or know exactly where he got it. He thought his authority was Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY, but it appears it was not; so of course it must have been somebody else—Mr. PARNELL perhaps. Yes, let us take it that Mr. PARNELL will corroborate the statement that "other members of the "Cabinet besides Lord CARNARVON" were in favour, in 1885, of a Home Rule scheme. And, although Mr. PARNELL, who has long since told his own story on the subject, has never been able to associate any single one of Lord CARNARVON'S colleagues with Lord CARNARVON himself, and though, further, Mr. PARNELL is the very witness who blew the earlier myth—in which Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE still professes to believe—to the winds, his testimony, which is rejected on the first point, would be perfectly acceptable on the second. Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, as he studies these ingenuities, may see the fate in store for himself.

THE LONDON STARLING.

THE starling is, with the exception of the sparrow, probably the commonest of London birds. From the nature of its food it is not so ubiquitous, but in all the Parks and larger open grassed spaces it may be seen at all times of the year. Its food consists principally of worms and insects; but, notwithstanding that it possesses an enormous appetite, it can live and thrive where the rook, who feeds like it, would starve, the difference in size and therefore in the amount of food required having doubtless much to do with this. The number of starlings, in the Parks at least, does not appear to be diminishing, the decay of the trees, which has driven the rooks from their former haunts, having made life easier for these birds by providing them with excellent nesting places, a hole in a tree being considered by the starling a most comfortable nursery. Kensington Gardens, which unfortunately contains as many decaying trees as any park of its size in England, is in consequence largely frequented by these birds during the breeding season, as they find not only comfortable homes and plenty of food within a reasonable distance, but also immunity from disturbance, as since the park-keepers have been replaced by the metropolitan police, even the most adventurous boys have given up any idea of bird's-nesting there. However, it does not by any means confine itself to nesting in trees, as it thoroughly appreciates an unused chimney, and will take possession of any suitable hole or cranny in a house or other building. In the case more especially of buildings thickly covered with ivy, of which we are sorry to say few are to be found in London, it builds its nest and rears its young in close company with the house-sparrow, with which it appears to live on the best of terms, thus, we think, disproving one of the many charges that have been brought against it—to wit, that it like the daw, is occasionally given to making a meal of the young of its smaller and more feeble companions.

During the breeding season, more particularly, the starling is a noisy, merry bird, spending the whole of its spare moments in whistling, singing, and chattering, as if endeavouring to explain to the whole world how thoroughly it enjoys its life. It is also one of the busiest of birds, constantly running over the grass in pursuit of its food with a manner and gait that is best described by the word "fussy." While it is so engaged no living thing appears to be too small to escape its notice; it is not, however, content with the insects to be found on the surface, but is constantly stabbing and probing the ground with its bill in search of worms and larvæ. It is, in fact, a true friend to the gardener, though we can but admit that the charge brought against it of robbing cherry and other fruit trees has considerable foundation in fact, and that it will also, though this is probably not so heinous an offence in the eyes of the suburban gardener, help itself freely to grapes grown out of doors. Wherever sheep are kept, it is fond of perching on their backs, the cause of this habit being, no doubt, that it is enabled to vary its diet by making a meal of the ticks and other parasites to be found in the wool.

The starling is one of the most beautiful of British birds, though there are many that are more brilliantly coloured. The cock bird in his summer dress, with his bright yellow bill, and his spotted plumage shot with metallic colours, is, in our opinion, surpassed by very few. Even the smoke and dirt of London cannot destroy his beauty; and, unlike the sparrow, wherever he is found he looks and carries himself like a gentleman. This bird, indeed, deserves to be a much greater favourite than it is. Its beauty, and its merry chattering ways, to say nothing of its usefulness in destroying enormous numbers of insects and their larvæ, entitle it to respect and protection wherever it is found, even though it does make the gardener pay toll of his fruit. In addition to its other attractive qualities, it has a certain fearlessness of man, quite distinct from the aggressive impudence of the sparrow, a fearlessness apparently the outcome of a clear conscience, the very movements of the bird when searching for its food on a lawn conveying the idea that it knows it is engaged in a good work, and will therefore not be molested.

When the ground is covered with snow, starlings, especially in the suburbs, are generally found among the birds coming with great regularity to be fed by those bird-lovers who clear a space and throw down crumbs and scraps to help their feathered friends through what to them is a most trying time.

Though, as we have said, starlings are to be found in London and its suburbs at all times of the year, the main body leave town as soon as their young are strong on the wing—that is, towards the end of summer. Being birds with great power of flight, they are very wide rangers, and many of them, there is little doubt, leave this country during the winter; a yet larger number, however, migrate to the westward. Those that remain in this country form large flocks, which are during the day often to be seen in company with rooks, daws, and even lapwings. These flocks collect at night to roost, often forming huge bodies, the birds being literally in thousands. Yarrell gives an account of one of these "starling roosts" which existed in his time at King's Weston, near Bristol, "in a plantation of arbutus, laurustinus, &c.," to which, he tells us, the birds "repaired in an evening by millions from the low grounds about the Severn, their noise and stench being something altogether unusual."

Young starlings, until after their first moult, are in colour utterly unlike their parents, their plumage being of a dull brown. So unlike, in fact, are they that such good observers as Montagu and Bewick described and figured young starlings as specimens of the "solitary thrush," though how the mistake could have arisen it is hard to conceive, as we should imagine that any boy who had ever had an opportunity of bird's-nesting could have identified the species. During the time they remain in the nest the young birds are most voracious, nothing apparently coming amiss to them, and this voracity often leads to their destruction, or at least captivity, as they are so wanting in discrimination that even the human finger is readily seized under the mistaken idea that it can be swallowed and is good for food. The wily boy, knowing this, is often enabled to capture fledglings, whose nursery is far from his reach in the depths of a hollow tree. The proceeding is a simple one; he waits until he knows that the birds are nearly fledged, and therefore strong and fit for his purpose, when inserting his arm into the hole in which the nest is built, and spreading his fingers, he, as a rule, finds at least one of them seized, and is able, before the deluded bird has time to discover its mistake, to drag out his struggling victim. Starlings when taken from the nest are not difficult birds to rear, and if trouble is taken with their education, can be taught to articulate words, and even very short sentences, though they much more readily imitate other birds, or animals, than the human voice. This bird is indeed a mocking-bird, and may often be heard to mix the notes of other birds with its own peculiar song. From its wide-ranging habits it associates with all sorts of apparently incongruous companions, and may occasionally be heard to imitate exactly the wild cry of the redshank or other wader, the result, doubtless, of a visit, during the winter, to the banks of one of our tidal rivers, as it is a very common habit of this bird, especially in severe weather, to visit the banks left bare by the tide, as by so doing it can always ensure a meal.

Starlings are certainly on the increase in the country, and, as we have said, their numbers do not, in our opinion, materially decrease in London, or at least in the suburbs; nor do we think that, so long as the Parks at least remain, there is any cause to fear that they will cease to be reckoned among the birds of London.

PARNELLIUM SIDUS.

COURTESY to a newcomer in any field on the part of oldsters is always decent, and though there might be some things dubious, or more than dubious, in the antecedents of the new London evening halfpenny journal, which appeared for the first time last Tuesday, every well-conducted person must have taken it up in an amiable and tolerant spirit. It must naturally be annoying to a considerable party—such as, in numbers at least, the Gladstonian party certainly is—to find itself with only a single respectable supporter in the London press, that supporter being itself so half-hearted as to disapprove of the Plan of Campaign. And it is only surprising that so long a time has been allowed to elapse before attempting to supply the deficiency. Halfpenny evening newspapers have long been popular and not uninfluential things in the large country towns, and they have in one or two cases attained fair success in London itself. The last newspaper which bore the name of the *Star* was neither very able nor very fortunate; but there is something in starting with no great reputation to live up to, and with any bad luck which may be supposed to have attached to a name worn off by lapse of time. Something good might come even out of the Gladstonian-Parnellite Galilee.

It is to be feared that these amiable feelings may in impulsive persons hardly have survived the first swimming of the *Star* into their ken. It has, we doubt not, a staff of genius as great as the personal appearance of that staff is, on the *Star's* own showing, interesting; but the body does not seem to include a person experienced in the peculiar art of prospectus-writing. Captain Shandon, we greatly fear, though his original was a stout

Tory, would not have declined, other considerations being satisfactory, to write for the *Star*, the principles of which are quite of the other complexion; but Captain Shandon is dead. He would hardly have been likely to express in one sentence a sublime contempt for "the verbose and prolix articles to which most of our contemporaries adhere," and to make this sentence part of an article two columns and a half long. He might, indeed, have been guilty of tempting fortune by the opening statement, "This is the first number of a journal which is probably destined to be alive and active long after the hand that writes these lines is in the dust," for that is, of course, fair brag of a certain kind. *Exegi monumentum*, says the editor of the *Star*, though it must be confessed that probably no one ever performed that operation in a more legerdemainish fashion than by producing one number of a halfpenny paper. Then we are told that the *Star* "will judge all things from a Radical standpoint," not, of course, therefore, on their merits, or with the ridiculous affectation of impartiality and judicial evenness. The *Star* will judge the policy of the different political parties (except, of course, the Radical one) by "the condition of the charwoman that lives in St. Giles"; the *foi du charbonnier* being thus interestingly supplemented by the *politique de la charwoman* in the list of picturesque phrases. If anybody enables the charwoman "to put two pieces of sugar in her cup of tea instead of one, [he] will be worthy of everlasting thanks and ineffaceable glory." The *Star*, it thus appears, will not consider the effect on the charwoman of increased sugar, or the means by which she obtains the second lump. One lump or two lumps, that is the sole question. Or rather, it is not the sole. The *Star* has just said in effect that only if Empire provided two lumps, would it judge Empire favourably; but it now goes further again, perhaps at some slight loss of consistency:—"Empire, dominion, influence in the councils of Europe, all these and such like things to us are mere pestilent emptiness," though we can assure the *Star* that there is no such thing as pestilent emptiness—it is a contradiction in terms. "The elevation, the more constant employment, the better wage, *the increase of food in the stomachs*, dignity in the souls, joy, humanity, tenderness in the hearts of the people, these, and these things alone, represent to us progress, glory, national greatness." It is really a pity that Mr. Carlyle is not alive to write yet another Latterday Pamphlet.

The next paragraph reads like, and perhaps is an abstract of, the immortal works of Citizen Carnegie, by whom it was perhaps contributed. The method adopted in the first number to help to bring about the Citizen's millennium is to insert paragraphs of spiteful tittle-tattle about the Queen. The views of the paper on Ireland are expressed in equally familiar form. "We can see no reason why Irishmen should not have exactly the same right as Englishmen to choose their method of governing their own affairs." But there is the usual omission to mention any particular in which Irishmen have not the same right as Englishmen to choose their method of governing their affairs. Also there is a sentence which, for the sake of the editor of the *Star*, we trust he does not mean to put into practice. He says that "the Irishman is deprived of and the Englishman enjoys the four first fundamental rights of free citizenhood [whenever you see the termination "hood" know that nonsense is going to be talked]—free speech, free writing, free meeting, and free combination." If the *Star* tries any of these things, we fear that its editor is exceeding likely to find himself in Holloway Gaol. However, this is about the middle of his programme, and by this time he has warmed to his work. "The farmers of Ireland are robbed by the landlords; the poor of London are robbed by the Corporation and the Companies." The police and the Government practise "a system of violent suppression of popular rights"—which, by the way, the *Star* had just said that Englishmen enjoy. This astral body is going to give London cheap gas, cheap water, cheap meat, cheap fish, cheap houses, cheap rooms—in short, pots with hoops *à discrétion*; and apparently the means of these gifts is to be the taxation of ground-rents. The accuracy which characterizes the document may be further exampled by quotation:—"Of the pounds that the small tradesman pays for his house, of the shillings the seamstress pays for her room, at least a quarter goes to the idle and the opulent landowner that lives in luxury and ease in the West End of London." We need not trouble ourselves with the minor and usual details of a newspaper programme, except to note that the *Star* will in reporting "do away with the hackneyed style of obsolete journalism," and the men and women that figure in the forum [where is the forum?], and the pulpit and the law court, shall be presented as they are, living, breathing, in blushes or in tears." This promise is partly implemented, as they would say in Scotland, by the subsequent description of a lady who is rather a heroine with Radicals just now, as possessing "fiery and restless eyes" and "a rubicund complexion." Up to the present, however, the *Star* has chiefly had to confine itself, as far as the tears and blushes go, to personal descriptions of its own staff, which appears to consist of a leader-writer who is called "the Dook," a cashier who is called "the Gentleman," and a publisher who is like Lord Hartington, together with a sub-editor of "a far-off look and an emotional temper like Shelley"—or the Game Chicken, who might almost have been mistaken for Shelley. These details are, no doubt, interesting, and, in case they are not found satisfactory, the readers of the *Star* can turn to an edifying history of New York scandal—of which the editor was doubtless thinking when he wrote "All we can do is to be clean and decent." A good deal of the usual alternate fustian, brag, and vulgarity of the common American journal, an attack on Lord Hartington for having a *basso profoundo* (*sic*) pronunciation, an account of the private apartments of Mr. John Burns—such is the *farrago sideris*. And at the end of the programme the peroration comes:—"We have been called into existence by the disgust, contempt, and hate which the malignant and treacherous desertion of the Liberal cause by so-called Liberal papers has created among all true Radicals." This is at least a frank genealogical statement, for it is not every one who would confess that he was the child of hatred, disgust, and contempt. Are the qualities entailed on the family?

We have given more space to this curious little paper than it may be thought to deserve, because it *is* curious as literally the only thoroughgoing organ of the Gladstonian party in London, and, therefore, expressing the sentiments and the desires which must be supposed to be those which the active men of the party wish to inculcate. It is really interesting to sum up the creed of a true Gladstonian untrammelled by a respectable past. The articles appear to include: (1) the subordination of all considerations in politics to the filling of "the stomachs of the people"; (2) Republicanism; (3) something which is obscurely indicated as a vast reform of the Land Laws, and which must mean expropriation of some sort or other; (4) the provision of cheap houses and extra lumps of sugar by communal or municipal authorities; (5) ransom of house property (which, by the way, is known to be held in larger quantities by small owners than any kind of investment); (6) personal journalism; (7) the general expression of hatred, contempt, and disgust towards other newspapers. Now, that is a very edifying *exposé* of the kind of thing which is thought likely to appeal to Gladstonian feelings in the lower voter class. Fortunately, it comes a good deal too late. There is plenty of ignorance about, no doubt, and there are said to be still voters of not less than average intelligence, who are sure that dog-muzzling orders mean nothing but profit to muzzle-selling friends of the Government or the justices. But political Clubs of the sounder kind have already done much good, and will do more. It cannot be repeated too often how grave is the responsibility which rests on all persons who in any way have the opportunity to promote the establishment of such Clubs, and the general diffusion of political knowledge by all other means. The programme of the *Star* ought to be no small encouragement to such persons. For that programme is curiously free from all appeal to any but the very lowest motives. It assumes that, if "the people," who are to be alone considered, can be presented with sufficient bribes at the expense of the upper and richer classes, if they can be coaxed with lumps of sugar, flattered by praises of their dignity and exhortations against servility, and tickled by sensational accounts of trials, ill-natured or prurient gossip, that is all, not only that need be done, but that can be done. The programme, if it had been put forth by the other side as a skit, would have been denounced as a gross insult to the sovereign people. And we can only hope that the conductors of the *Star* will carry it out as closely as they can; for the more they do so the better for honest men.

LEO XIII. AND IRELAND.

How far there is any truth in the reports of some supposed negotiations between the British Government and the Holy See, we are not just now concerned to discuss. That there is at least great inaccuracy in the statements so confidently hazarded, there can be little doubt. Neither again do we propose to examine here the value of the rumour of Mr. Gladstone's intending to pay his respects at the Vatican in the hope of securing an illustrious convert to the cause of Home Rule. There would indeed be an amusing kind of poetical nemesis in the prostration of the author of *The Vatican Decrees; their Bearing on Civil Allegiance*, at the feet of the Pontiff whom—in the person of his predecessor—he so sternly rebuked for claiming a right to interfere with politics, in order to solicit his political assistance against the British Government. "It is not," we were solemnly assured in 1874, "for the dignity of the Crown and people of the United Kingdom to be diverted from a path which they have deliberately chosen [say, *e.g.* the maintenance of the Union unimpaired], and which it does not rest with all the myrmidons of the Apostolic Chamber [Irish bishops *e.g.*] either openly to obstruct or secretly to undermine . . . and a strong-headed and sound-hearted race will not be hindered, either by latent or by avowed dissents, due to the foreign influence of a caste, from the accomplishment of its mission in the world." It would be, we repeat, a curious nemesis to find the author of these words, and many like them, himself invoking that "foreign influence" to encourage and reinforce the by no means "latent dissents" of Irish priests and prelates from the discharge by Crown and people of the United Kingdom of their mission in the world. Still stranger things have happened, however. Prince Bismarck for instance has in a sense, though not quite the same sense, "gone to Canossa"; why should not Mr. Gladstone go there too? But that, as we said before, is not our point just now. It is more to the purpose to inquire, independently of any surmises as to who is going to ask him to do this or that, what action the Pope is likely to take, or may fairly be expected to take, in reference to the Parnellite agitation. According to a recent telegram, which may be accepted as substantially correct, he received the other day a deputation of Irish bishops and priests and questioned them on several points concerning the condition of

Ireland. "After hearing their replies," the telegram proceeds, "his Holiness strongly exhorted the Irish ecclesiastics present to use all their influence to restore tranquillity and respect for law to their country, adding that by violence they would never obtain what they asked." It will be observed that, if this report fairly represents the admonition of his Holiness to his Irish visitors, he said nothing as to the merits or demerits of the end they are aiming at, but did pronounce a decided judgment as to the means by which they are striving to attain it. And here, as it appears to us, lies the true distinction between what it is and what it is not reasonable to expect from Leo XIII. as regards the Irish business. He is *ex officio* a judge, according to Vatican doctrine an infallible judge, on moral questions, but in political controversy, as such, he has no special call or prerogative to intervene. If then it be asked whether he ought not to condemn Parnellism, we may reply in scholastic phrase, *distinguendum*. Home Rule *per se* he may, and presumably does, disapprove, but he can hardly, as Pope, condemn it; Parnellism however means crime, and that he may and should condemn.

To be more explicit, we mean this. The Pope, as Head of the Universal Church, claims the right to be supreme teacher of the faithful on all questions of "faith and morals," and—it is important to note here—that claim is everywhere admitted throughout the world-wide communion over which he rules. He does not claim to be supreme judge on political questions, nor would such a claim be acknowledged. On these matters he must of course, like other men, have his opinion; and, from the position he occupies, and the large opportunities of observation it affords, the opinion, at least of such a Pope as Leo XIII., is likely to be sounder and more balanced than that of private individuals. And hence it is not unnatural that he should be asked, as on a recent instance he was asked, to arbitrate between the rival parties in a political dispute. But this is of course a wholly different thing from intervening by his own independent authority. And to arrogate to yourself an authority you do not possess is much likelier—as was abundantly exemplified under the last pontificate—to imperil than to strengthen the authority which is properly your own. We do not see then how Leo XIII. can be reasonably asked or expected to frame an *ex cathedrâ* judgment even on a political question so clear and so vital as that of Irish Home Rule. No doubt, affecting as it does the integrity, if not in its far-reaching consequences the very existence, of the British Empire, it cuts across and traverses all ordinary party distinctions, so that it is hard to see how there can be two opinions on the subject among patriotic Englishmen. But that does not immediately concern the Pope. Nor can he even be expected to bring any strong pressure to bear on the Irish bishops, if they assure him that in their opinion Home Rule is essential to the welfare of their country. He may indeed tell them—perhaps he has told them—that they are mistaken. But he can hardly censure them officially if they decline to accept his judgment. That his personal opinion on the subject coincides with that of the great majority of Englishmen is more than probable, from all that is known of his general attitude of mind. But he would not be within his rights in promulgating his personal opinion *ex cathedrâ*—though Pius IX. constantly did so—nor is it his business, as Pope, to safeguard the interests of the British Empire. It need hardly be added that, all other considerations apart, it would be to the full equally incongruous if he were to follow the advice so importunately, not to say impertinently, thrust upon him the other day by a tiny handful of English Roman Catholics headed by Lord Ripon, and pronounce a judgment in favour of Home Rule. But of that we may rest assured there is no likelihood at all, even though the repentant author of *Vaticanism*, who has learnt to burn so many of his idols and to adore so much which he once reviled, should end by invoking the papal authority which he so vehemently declared it a forfeiture of the birthright of free Englishmen to acknowledge.

But do we then mean to say that it is unreasonable to expect Leo XIII. to pronounce any judgment at all on the Parnellite crusade? By no means; for Parnellism means crime, and crime is as manifestly within as politics in the abstract are without the sphere of papal jurisdiction. The point may be illustrated from a circumstance which occurred the other day in the Irish Protestant Church. Mr. Galbraith was a member both of the Representative Church Body and of the National League, and the Archbishop of Armagh urged on him the duty of retiring from either the one or the other, not at all—as Mr. Galbraith objected—because his political views disqualified him for ecclesiastical office, but because his membership of the League committed him to the Plan of Campaign, which the primate rightly held to traverse the moral law contained in the decalogue—and the Primate's decision has been unanimously confirmed by the Representative Body—and because a Planner of Campaign would hardly be a suitable member of a Financial Committee dealing much with land. It is on precisely the same principle that Bishop O'Dwyer and Bishop Healy have condemned boycotting and the Plan of Campaign, not as tending to promote the cause of Home Rule—for they are themselves Home Rulers—but because theft and murder, as Bishop O'Dwyer puts it, "are always sinful." But this doctrine was at once peremptorily repudiated by the National League, and has since been more elaborately assailed in "a voluminous letter to the *Freeman*" by a certain Canon Doyle, who argues at great length that boycotting, so far from being irreligious or sinful or unjust, as Bishop O'Dwyer had maintained, is a Christian duty enjoined by St. Paul in the first Epistle to the Corinthians. And he adds, *more Hibernico*, that "St. Peter and St. Paul are evidently two Irishmen who were accidentally born in Judea." We do not quote this pestilent trash for its own sake, or to establish Canon Doyle's indisputable claims as a promising candidate for Colney Hatch, but simply because he is notoriously in the swim with the immense majority of his brother priests in Ireland, and with nine-tenths of the bishops. Only last Wednesday, for instance, a long letter was reported in the *Times* from his Grace of Meath—all Irish bishops are somehow "graces," possibly in order to compensate by a double dose of grace for the "double dose of original sin"—complaining bitterly of the "bigoted tyranny and intolerance" which hindered his "exercise of his Divine rights in the Divine duty of visiting" Mr. O'Brien in prison, which he chose to regard as equivalent to "banishing the priest, the Mass, the Sacraments, and the Catholic religion, root and branch, from the gaol." Again we do not quote this silly twaddle for its own sake, but because Bishop Nulty only reflects the tone and spirit of nine-tenths of his episcopal colleagues, who are hand and glove with an organization publicly denounced by two of the most respected of their number as identified with robbery and murder, and therefore sinful and unjust. "Who shall decide when doctors disagree," as the proverb runs; but then there is no supreme pastor or pontiff of the profession to settle the *odium medicum*, whereas for these Roman Catholic pastors and prelates there is a supreme teacher whose special function it is to decide finally on their differences in morals and theology. Here therefore, where there is so fundamental a divergence on the first principles of ethics between the bishops of the same national Church, it would seem to be not only the right but the duty of the Pope to settle the dispute by an authoritative decision. The question is confessedly one strictly within his cognizance, and there is a *dignus vindice nodus*. It may appear strange no doubt that Christian priests and bishops should be found angrily denouncing one of their own order who has ventured to affirm that theft and assassination are always sinful, but strange things do happen in Ireland. It is now some years since the late Mr. Pye Smyth—himself a Home Ruler and a devout Catholic—protested with his dying breath that "the Catholic Church had failed as a teacher of morality in Ireland"; had he lived to this day, he might perhaps have felt constrained to go a little further, and lament that, in the persons of its bishops and clergy, the Catholic Church in Ireland had made itself into an active propaganda of immoral teaching. We cannot at all events wonder that the *Tablet*, after citing specimens of the virulent abuse showered by the Nationalist press on the Bishop of Limerick, should intimate its conviction that "the Holy See will not long remain silent when treason and rebellion are openly applauded and attempted." Here it is reasonable to expect, as his own spiritual subjects evidently do expect, that the Pope will speak out, not on a question of politics, but on one of elementary natural and Christian morality. He can instruct the mitred mob-leaders of the Croke and Nulty type that Bishop O'Dwyer is right and they are wrong; and what is more, unless they are prepared, as they have not obviously threatened, to organize a schism, they will be compelled to listen to him. If in doing so he cannot avoid indirectly condemning Home Rule, by condemning the only methods by which it actually is, or can effectually be, prosecuted, that is no fault of his. He will simply have vindicated his office as supreme teacher of faith and morals by reasserting the paramount obligation of the Sixth and Eighth Commandments.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

DURING the incongruous Exhibition of Inventions and Music at South Kensington in 1885 much indignation was expressed at the neglect of the authorities in failing to issue a catalogue of the unique collection of musical instruments, documents, and relics then at the Albert Hall. When month followed month without a sign of the desired book, sanguine people yet hoped for some belated recognition of the occasion in the shape of a commemorative catalogue. At the time we joined with others in the natural demand, though feeling little surprise at the determined inaction of the authorities; for is there not at the South Kensington Museum a collection of historical musical instruments huddled promiscuously in dark passages, imprisoned in dingy cases, arranged on the most discouraging system conceivable in museums? The publication of the splendid volume by Mr. A. J. Hipkins and Mr. William Gibb (*Musical Instruments*. Edinburgh: A. & C. Black) revives the old indignation, while it goes a long way to atone for the consequences of official callousness. There is small danger of falling into errors of the superlative in describing this unique work, nor is it here proposed to dilate on the marvellous reproduction of Mr. William Gibb's water-colour drawings, the excellence of type, paper, and binding, or to attempt the impossible task of indicating the wealth of Mr. Hipkins's commentary. Though of primary interest to the musician, the volume possesses many other aspects of interest, one of which is of peculiar importance, as it concerns the deplorable decay of decorative art at the present time. "Historic, rare, and unique," are terms applied to the instruments figured by Mr. Gibb on the title-page of Mr. Hipkins's folio, and they are of course, in the first instance, of prime attraction with collectors. Beyond these claims, however, the gift of beauty, pure and simple, belongs to the majority of these ancient instruments; and it is natural to inquire why they are so beautiful in form and colour, so expressive

of the finer graces of the art of ornament? That things are admired because they are old and rare is portion of the Philistine's creed, and affects the question not at all. The utilitarian will remind us that the beauty of a musical instrument is in its tone, and he will go so far as to admit the value of those violins and their congeners made by the famous makers of Brescia and Cremona. Nor will any musician dispute this contention. Beyond the recognition of the value of old musical instruments the cultured utilitarian will not go a step. To him the virginal, the spinet, the harpsichord, all "clavier" instruments, the precursors of the modern piano, are no further removed from the mere curios of a bric-à-brac shop than the quainter and more barbaric instruments of the East that are depicted by Mr. Gibb. These, also, are marvellous examples of refined colour and ornament, extremely beautiful in form, as may be seen in the exquisite drawings of Siamese instruments. Now the fascination that belongs to these instruments is wholly independent of the eloquent associations of famous violins, the virginal of Queen Elizabeth, the so-called David Rizzio's guitar, and Handel's clavichord. The decorative beauty of the instruments depicted by Mr. Gibb is, of course, absolutely separable from the attractiveness of antiquity or interesting associations. It is due to no accident that a spinet by Ruckers or a virginal by Keene or Leversedge harmonizes so admirably with Sheraton furniture; nor is its superior elegance of form, compared with a modern "grand" piano, caused entirely by its less bulky and elaborate mechanical structure. The passion for solidity in all things with which our ancestors in the last century are most unjustly credited might easily have been gratified by a harpsichord bound in the purgatory of heavy mahogany. The truth is, there was much more genuine appreciation of the beautiful, and a finer artistic spirit dominant in our workshops, in the days of Queen Anne and the first Georges, though perhaps far less popular acquaintance with the jargon of art criticism.

It is certainly very surprising how few examples in Mr. Gibb's noble array show any excess of ornament or any derangement of the functions of decorative art. Some, indeed, may have appeared a little garish when new, but it will try the keenness of the most fastidious to detect in the majority the least trace of the superfluity of niggling, on the one hand, or of the worse and heavier exploits of misdirected fancy. The fine reticence of the true artist is, of course, best shown in instruments by great makers, of which a typical instance may be noted in the guitar by Stradivarius dated 1680 (Plate 29), once supposed to be the only guitar by this maker, but now, as Mr. Hipkins says, another claimant exists in the Conservatoire at Paris. The sole ornament here consists of an arabesque rose on the sound board. Other instruments of world-wide renown, such as Mr. Charles Oldham's violin, the "Hellier" Stradivarius, Mr. David Laurie's two violins, the "Strad," formerly belonging to M. Alard, and the "Guarnerius," once in the Goding collection, are without ornament, excepting the first-named, where the scroll-like design around the instrument shown in Mr. Gibb's central drawing is very slight, though elegant. The Tourte bow, however, of the Guarnerius is mounted with gold, tortoiseshell, and mother-o'-pearl. The carver's work is most elaborate in the viola and the cetera, just as the art of inlay is best exampled by the guitar, the pandurina, the mandoline, and their allies. A remarkable specimen is the guitar from the Museum of Science and Art, Edinburgh, selected by Mr. Hipkins for its rare beauty of ornament. The back is composed of bold alternate bands of ivory and ebony, the neck and head are incised, while the face is decorated with exquisite inlaid designs in mother-o'-pearl and ebony, the finger-board showing delicate engravings of figures and landscapes on ivory. With all this display the decorative effect is extremely pleasing and harmonious. How this ornate treatment influences the tone of the instrument, if at all, is a problem to be decided by an expert like Mr. Hipkins. Some may prefer before this beautiful example the similar, though simpler, scheme of decoration presented by Mr. George Donaldson's ten-stringed Italian guitar, or Chiterna, or his shapely Neapolitan mandoline (Plate 23), both of which are delightful to contemplate. Perhaps the most wonderful example of carving is to be found in M. Alard's cetera by Stradivarius, dated 1700, "in form," says Mr. Hipkins, "one of the oldest of existing instruments." With this Mr. Hipkins compares in a very interesting note a cetera belonging to Mr. Donaldson. It is equally beautiful, the carved design in fine relief being the most artistic work of the kind shown in Mr. Gibb's gallery of drawings. Other notable examples of the carver's skill are to be found in the shell on the back of Queen Elizabeth's lute, the viola da gamba of the Brussels Conservatoire, and Earl Spencer's ivory "Oliphant," or Portuguese hunting-horn. In stringed instruments the inciser's craft is best displayed in the theorbo belonging to Mr. Donaldson, made by Giovanni Krebar of Padua, 1629. Ivory, delicately engraved, gives an appearance of marvellous lightness to this graceful instrument, though it is close upon three feet and a half in length, and is protuberant after its kind. Mr. Hipkins reminds us that Evelyn became a performer on the theorbo while in Italy. Among the valuable items of knowledge in his learned commentary we may cite a reference to Terburg's "Guitar Lesson" in the National Gallery. This picture, it seems, should be known as the "Theorbo Lesson," for the instrument depicted is "a very beautiful and accurate painting of a theorbo."

The contemplation of these treasures is likely to make us too sequacious of the theorbo and all the pleasant family of the lute, forgetful of the claims of key-board instruments, the progenitors of the pianoforte, the instrument of strongest domestic, not to say of broadest social, interest. To deal justice to this section of the work of Mr. Hipkins and Mr. Gibb is quite beyond our space; but one subject touched upon by Mr. Hipkins when treating of old keyed instruments is of great moment just now. Mr. Hipkins speaks encouragingly of the efforts of Mr. Alma Tadema, Mr. Burne Jones, and others who are laudably intent upon rescuing the modern "grand" from its unredeemed ugliness. There is, in truth, no reason why this instrument should not be as beautiful in form and decoration as in tone. That it is not so is as notorious as the external ugliness of modern organs, which are hideous beyond the dreams of architects. Here, again, the utilitarian intervenes. Tone is what we want in an instrument in daily and universal use. True enough; but this does not, or ought not to, exile decorative art or sound design completely from the field. There is, besides, tone and tone, as every one must admit who can distinguish a Broadwood "grand" and an Erard and is intelligent enough to pronounce both good. The clavier instruments for which Haydn, Handel, and Scarlatti wrote also possessed tone, and tone of a very thrilling and magnetic quality, as a well-preserved harpsichord or spinet may yet proclaim to the sensitive ear. Yet it is hard to exaggerate the beauty of those old instruments as presented in Mr. Gibb's drawings. Whether the tone of old keyed instruments moves us or not, whether it seems wiry and thin or a delicate magic to the ear, there is no reason, save the deplorable lack of taste now prevalent, why improvement in the modern piano should not have been accompanied by the like zeal for design and decoration. In addition to their unmeaning ugliness, many modern instruments suggest by their tone nothing so much as the burly street singer in Hood's ballad, whose voice had all Lablache's "body" in it, and nothing more. The many curious archaic instruments depicted by Mr. Gibb, and the absorbing antiquarian interest of Mr. Hipkins's introduction and comments, must be left for the enjoyment and instruction of the fortunate possessor of this *magnificent book*. These treasures are for the few. Nevertheless we hope it may be possible to see a separate issue of Mr. Hipkins's text, such as would serve as a memorial of the Music Exhibition; many of the precious instruments there included being figured and described in the volume. With regard to the advocacy of Mr. Hipkins of the adornment of musical instruments, no one can study his book without the warmest sympathy with his plea. His services to art in this matter will, it is to be hoped, bear good fruit. It is but fair to mention, in connexion with our remarks on the Albert Hall loan collection, Mr. W. H. James Weale's catalogue of the MSS. and books there exhibited, which is published by Mr. Quaritch.

THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY COMPANIES.

THE relations between the South-Eastern, the London and Brighton, and the London, Chatham, and Dover Companies, never very friendly, have of late, as they are wont to do, become very strained. For a considerable time the South-Eastern and the Chatham Companies have been fighting over the Folkestone traffic, and now the South-Eastern has roused the ire of the Brighton Company by claiming a share in the suburban traffic between London and Croydon. The Brighton has been in full enjoyment of that traffic for forty years, under an agreement entered into between the two Companies in 1848. About four years ago the South-Eastern Company put forward a claim to share in the traffic; but in 1886 the suit begun was withdrawn, and it was understood that the South-Eastern had renounced its claim. Once more, however, the claim is revived. In a letter addressed to the Brighton Chairman by Sir Edward Watkin, the Chairman of the South-Eastern, last November, he says that the "up" Croydon line belongs to the South-Eastern, which provided the capital by which it was built, and all along has paid interest upon the money, together with bearing the cost of maintenance, rates and taxes, signalling, stores, gas, &c. He further contends that it has not been shown to him that the Brighton Company has any right to use the line; but he magnanimously concedes that he will be willing to enter into negotiations for a joint user. To this Mr. Laing, the Chairman of the Brighton Company, replies that he will fight at any cost rather than allow the South-Eastern to compete with his Company for its suburban traffic. The constant state of warfare, open or covert, which the South-Eastern maintains with the two other Companies, has aroused some of the shareholders in the South-Eastern to make an attempt to displace Sir Edward Watkin from the chairmanship. The agitation was begun by a letter addressed to the several chairmen by a gentleman, who represents himself to be speaking on behalf of several shareholders in the three Companies, asking whether they are prepared to enter into a fusion. To this both Mr. Laing and Mr. Forbes, in substance, reply that they cordially approve of the principles laid down in the letter addressed to them, but that it is useless to talk of fusion since Sir Edward Watkin will not observe the agreements already entered into. Some of the passages of arms, indeed, between the three chairmen are exceedingly lively. Thus, in a letter to Sir Edward from Mr. Laing, the latter says:—"We ask nothing but the loyal observance of existing agreements deliberately entered into with a view of settling all conflicts of interest between the two Companies, without having them constantly disturbed by

fresh claims and attacks on each other's territory and traffic never heard of when those agreements were made. We have never made, and never shall make, any such attacks or claims on you, and we have a right to expect that you will act towards us in the same spirit." Further, as already said, both Mr. Laing and Mr. Forbes imply that negotiations for a fusion are useless, inasmuch as Sir Edward will not observe agreements already entered into. And, lastly, Sir Edward accuses his brother chairman of misrepresentation, of course unintentional.

None of the three chairmen are altogether blameless; but there is this much to be said in favour of Mr. Laing and Mr. Forbes, that the South-Eastern is, and for years has been, constantly at loggerheads with their Companies; while their Companies have maintained fairly amicable relations with other neighbouring Companies. It may be objected, and it doubtless is true, that the fault ultimately rests with the shareholders. If they would exercise due supervision over their Directors, suicidal wars of rates and aggressions upon the territories of neighbouring lines could not take place; but we must accept shareholders as we find them. They entrust the management of their affairs to Directors in whom they have confidence, and they cannot be got to pay that close attention to the policy pursued by their Directors which is necessary to ensure that the will of the shareholders shall be obeyed. Practically, therefore, Boards of Directors are all-powerful in these matters, and in regard to the three Companies of which we are now treating, the respective chairmen are popularly believed to completely rule their Boards. The most desirable conclusion of the struggle going on between the three Companies would undoubtedly be a complete amalgamation. Even after amalgamation the business to be conducted would be smaller than that of some of our existing Companies, and that business could be conducted with greater efficiency and with much greater economy by a single Board than by three Boards with their corresponding staffs. But a complete amalgamation is out of the question. It would be opposed to the interests of Boards and staffs; and it must fairly be admitted that the settlement of the terms of amalgamation would be exceedingly difficult. For example, the capital of the London, Chatham, and Dover is entirely excessive. The line was built at great cost, and the cost was increased inordinately by the extravagant way in which the Company was financed. What, then, is the value of the ordinary stock of the Chatham and Dover Company? It is hardly probable that an amalgamated Company would make such an offer to the shareholders of the Chatham as would induce the latter to go into an amalgamation. And, though it would be easier to arrange terms with the two other Companies, there are many difficult and knotty points even in regard to those to be solved. Amalgamation for the present, then, being out of the question, there can be no doubt that a fusion is highly desirable. The plan suggested is a "pooling" of the receipts at competitive stations, the opening of the metropolitan stations of all three Companies to passengers by one or other, and the development and improving of cross-country traffic. All this is highly desirable; but we fear that as yet it is hardly more practicable than amalgamation. Even though engaged in constant war with its two neighbours, the South-Eastern at present does not afford to the public the accommodation which the public have a right to expect. The South-Eastern, at any rate, is not animated with that desire to meet the wishes of the travelling public which an efficient railway management ought to evince, and if it has not that desire to meet the wishes of the public, it is not easy to see what inducement there is for the present management to enter into a fusion. It is quite true that of late the South-Eastern has not been doing well. It is also true that it has failed in much of its recent litigation, notably in the Folkestone question with the Chatham and Dover Company. Yet there is no evidence that the present management has in any way changed its view of the proper conduct of the Company's affairs. Indeed, Sir Edward Watkin professes a willingness to discuss the question, and has invited the two other chairmen and the agitating shareholders of his own Company to submit to the Board a plan of fusion; but all parties seem to recognize that the submission of such a plan would be utterly useless.

As regards the agitation for the removal of Sir Edward Watkin the prospect of success does not seem great. His management of South-Eastern affairs is not such certainly as to recommend it to public favour, and even from the narrow point of view of a South-Eastern shareholder, it has not of late been very successful. But before the shareholders can be seriously asked to remove their present Chairman, a candidate must be forthcoming who will inspire them with confidence; and apparently no such candidate has been found. In all probability the shareholders, or a majority of them, will continue, as in the past, to entrust their Chairman with their proxies, not even taking the trouble to attend the meeting to hear for themselves the arguments on either side. As a rule, while dividends continue to be paid, shareholders are willing to let matters slide, thankful if they do not grow worse. It seems likely, therefore, that the conflict between the three Companies will go on; and if Sir Edward Watkin persists in his claim to share in the suburban traffic between London and Croydon, then a war of rates between the South-Eastern and the London and Brighton seems inevitable. A year ago Mr. Laing informed his shareholders that he would fight rather than yield a single point in the question, and the full sense of the meeting was with him. In the recent correspondence with Sir Edward Watkin he repeats the declaration in explicit and unmistakable language. Sir Edward, however, is not usually disposed to give way to threats, and, though it is quite true he receded from the claim put forward in 1884, it is quite possible that he may now press it forward. A war of rates, however, would be most mischievous to the interests of all the parties concerned. It may be said that the public would benefit; and so they would to some extent, at least for a time; but wars of rates must sooner or later come to an end. Those engaged in them, then, try to compensate themselves for their losses by mulcting the public even more heavily than before, and the slight advantage obtained while the war lasted would be more than lost in the long-continued exactions that would be made afterwards. In the meanwhile the fighting Companies would be impoverished; they would be less able than formerly to fulfil their duties to the public, and if the war lasted long, it is even possible that they might allow the lines to fall into a dangerous condition. From every point of view, therefore, it is to be hoped that a real fight between the two Companies may be avoided.

THE ELECTIONS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE Royal Academy is enjoying the blessing of those of whom all men do not speak well. It is a very excellent thing, alike for individuals and corporate bodies, to be kept standing at the bar of criticism, and to have to endure even unjust attacks. It may not be agreeable—it is not; but in most cases, when the abuse is not overdone, it is salutary. The result of all the criticism brought to bear on the Royal Academy has been that this institution, made conscious of the fierce light that beats upon it, has had to mend its ways, strengthen itself within, and commit fewer and fewer of its former indiscretions. The recent additions to its list of members have been praiseworthy, although the few changes brought about recently by death and retirement have given it little opportunity of reform. Yet the sole election of the winter before last was a good one—that of Mr. Seymour Lucas, the young historical painter, and of last winter an excellent one—that of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, a sculptor of the first rank. On Tuesday last the Academy had the unusual opportunity of electing three men to fill as many vacancies, and no one will be dissatisfied with Tuesday's return. In the place of Mr. Waterhouse, the architect, and Messrs. Stone and Fildes, painters, there were elected Mr. Blomfield, architect, Mr. Richmond, painter, and Mr. Onslow Ford, sculptor. We welcome each of these well-known and highly-appreciated artists to his new distinction.

People have asked for the last fifteen years why Mr. W. B. Richmond was not of the Academy. The answer is one which no one now need care to wait for. All that has been visible to the public is that Mr. Richmond began life as the son of an Academician and as a highly successful and precocious Academy student, that his pictures were early placed in prominent positions at the yearly show, and that then suddenly, as rare things will, he vanished from Burlington House, and turned up again as one of the main props of the new Grosvenor Gallery. What it was that happened, whether somebody blundered, and whether that somebody was Mr. Richmond himself or some captious member of the Council of the R. A., these are matters which must be left undecided until Mr. Richmond writes his memoirs. As early as 1861 we find this painter's name in the Catalogue of the Royal Academy, as exhibiting a very pre-Raphaelite portrait of his two brothers, highly coloured and lustrous, in the manner of Mr. Arthur Hughes. The artist was then but seventeen years of age. For the next five years he continued to exhibit portraits, and these only. Then he went South to Rome, and appears no more in the Catalogues until 1869, when his rich and impressive "Procession in Honour of Bacchus" gave him a position at once as a painter of imaginative subjects from antique life, in the school of Sir Frederick Leighton. In 1872 he blossomed out at the Academy with his heroic and beautiful "Lament of Ariadne," and with a crowd of portraits. Mr. Richmond was distinctly one of the attractions of that year, and when George Mason died there was considerable expectation that Mr. Richmond would be called to take his place. This was not done, however, and next year Mr. Richmond was absent from the exhibition. In 1874 he reappeared with a very large and very striking picture, the "Prometheus Bound." Frederick Walker died, and again Mr. Richmond received no recognition. Whether in consequence of this or not, the latter artist retired from further exhibition at Burlington House, until this last year he once more waved the white flag of a portrait. The reconciliation is a happy thing for all persons concerned, for the artist, for the Academy, and for the public, since, no doubt, Mr. Richmond will indulge us this year with some of his beautiful and characteristic work.

We chronicle the election of Mr. Onslow Ford to be A.R.A. with peculiar pleasure, for we believe we may challenge contradiction in saying that it was in these columns that the talent of the rising sculptor, then a very young man, was first insisted upon, and we have certainly observed the development of that talent with no little sympathy. His election, so closely succeeding those of Mr. Hamo Thornycroft and Mr. Alfred Gilbert, is a fresh proof of the victory which the new school of sculpture has achieved among us. The rapidity with which this, until lately the most conventional, the most effete, of our national arts, has been rather revolutionized than revived cannot have escaped the notice of

any careful student of the subject. In the schools of the Royal Academy it has been noted for several years past that the originality and vigour shown by the sculptors far exceed anything to be found among the painters. The interest of the annual competition this year, as was widely remarked, centred around the sculptors, and the work, not only of the gold medallist, Mr. Frampton, but of a second student, Mr. Pegram, was of a quality to completely outlive that of the most prominent painters. In the movement of which these young men are part of the rank and file, Mr. Onslow Ford has been a leader. As a modeller he is not to-day surpassed in this country, and we should say that he wants but a little more confidence in his own power of imaginative selection to become one of the most interesting artists of the age. Born in 1852, he is still young, and, from a *début* so steady and a hand so sincere in its craft, we have much to expect in the future.

For the architecture of Mr. Blomfield, it is discreet and elegant. His practical knowledge will, perhaps, temper the zeal of one or two members who are artists rather too much and architects rather too little; and no one will be inclined to quarrel with the Royal Academy because of Mr. Blomfield.

OLYMPIA.

IT is certainly in many ways a pity that the Arabs who so adequately rivalled in popularity the Indians of the "Wild West" should have been compelled by circumstances to "fold their tents and silently steal away," not, however, to their "desert homes" this time, but in order to cross the Atlantic and favour New York and the Wild West itself with a visit, which will doubtless prove highly remunerative. It was no easy matter for the manager of Olympia to find an attraction equal to the one these worthy "sons of Araby" supplied, and we are not quite sure that a "Roman fête," represented by a large body of "supers," is likely so soon to efface the impression made by the interesting manœuvres of genuine Sons of the Desert and their gallant attack on a real train, from which, however, they were eventually repulsed by imitation Zouaves. Still the Roman pageant is notable even in this age of theatrical spectacle, and very well arranged. The costumes are glittering and gorgeous, but rather conventional. The moving picture, however, presented by the long procession of gladiators, slaves, archers, chariots, and horsemen, proceeding with remarkable regularity round the huge amphitheatre, under the powerful glow of the electric light, is, to say the least, imposing, and vividly recalls the descriptions we have all of us read in classical novels. In this pageant some three to four hundred persons figure, together with several elephants, one hundred and fifty horses, and no less than twenty beautiful reproductions of Roman chariots. The intricate evolutions of this numerous company are effected with admirable regularity. Unfortunately this superb spectacle concludes the entertainment, when everybody is preparing to leave the arena. But this, it seems, is inevitable, for it is necessary to completely clear the arena to make room for so elaborate a cavalcade. Far from being the only attraction, this Roman fête, as it is called, is, after all, only one item in a most entertaining programme. There is, for instance, an elephant and dog *entr'acte*, which is extremely amusing, and there are four clever ponies who vie with four equally intelligent horses in the performance of tricks which one would suppose to be quite beyond equine powers of executing. The comic pantomime, in which a funny fishing adventure is gone through by the clowns, is most diverting, and provokes much merriment, especially from the children, who very properly form a good third of the audience at this popular resort. Mr. Kremo's feats on the tight-rope are, as the programme truthfully asserts, "startling and sensational"—almost too much so for the nerves of many; and one feels relieved when Mr. Kremo comes to earth, with the lightness of Mercury, to smile his acknowledgment of the applause he provokes. Miss Jenny O'Brien is quite entitled to be declared the "Champion Equestrienne of the World." Nor should Mr. George Gilbert be forgotten, for he is a very daring rider and a graceful. Mlle. Gontard's triple tandem riding, the Morocco troupe of jumpers who leap about like grasshoppers, and Professor Corradini's educated horses, are one and all—together with many other performers far too numerous to mention here—worth seeing and deserving of public approbation. Olympia is just the place to take children to in the holiday time, and they certainly ought to be shown between the acts the splendid stables, which are well worth visiting by all who love horses. The amphitheatre is admirably heated and ventilated, and singularly free from draughts. There are two performances, one in the afternoon at three o'clock and another in the evening at eight; the earlier is intended especially for children, and is perhaps the more amusing of the two, inasmuch as the comic element is made purposely longer for their benefit.

PINAFORE—THE GERMAN REED ENTERTAINMENT.

THE revival of *H.M.S. Pinafore* at the Savoy Theatre is, on the whole, a greater success than most revivals. To those who saw it in its original form, even the increased splendour of scenery and nautical actions of the sailors cannot quite make up for the delightful freshness of idea and music which charmed the audiences of the first *Pinafore*; and they must miss the pretty, picturesque dresses of the original "sisters, cousins, and aunts" of the First Lord of the Admiralty, which are now replaced by tawdry colours and may-be fashionable, but in most cases ugly and unbecoming, headgears. However, once having got over some small disappointments which may possibly be put down to distance having lent enchantment to the view, there is no doubt that *H.M.S. Pinafore* is being heartily welcomed back again. There is also no doubt that Mr. George Grossmith sings and acts his part of Sir Joseph Porter with greater spirit than ever; whilst his dancing during the refrain of "Ring the merry bells on board ship" is irresistibly comic. Mr. Rutland Barrington, as Captain Corcoran, has greatly improved in his acting, and makes the pompous Captain more stolidly pompous than ever. Mr. J. G. Robertson sings and acts delightfully as Ralph Rackstraw; the only fault that can be found with him is that he occasionally forgets he is not singing at a concert and addresses his audience too exclusively. Dick Deadeye in Mr. Richard Temple's hands is acted to perfection, and excellently sung; whilst the characters of Bill Bobstay, boatswain's mate, and Bob Becket, carpenter's mate, are well sustained by Mr. R. Cummings and Mr. R. Lewis, and both act and sing remarkably well in the song "A British Tar is a Soaring Soul." The ladies of the company are not quite up to the mark, and, though Miss Rosina Brandram personates "Little Buttercup" with great credit, it is certainly not her part. The sailors have all evidently been well drilled by an expert, and need not be afraid of the criticisms of any members of the Queen's "Navee" who may happen to be present at their performance.

Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's entertainment at St. George's Hall consists at present of a first part, entitled *Tally Ho!* written by T. Malcolm Watson, music by Alfred J. Caldicott, and a new "holiday sketch," *Our Servants' Ball*, by Mr. Corney Grain. *Tally Ho!* is one of the prettiest, brightest little pieces that has been produced as the first part of the entertainment at St. George's Hall for a long time. The performers evidently enjoy acting it as much as their audience enjoy looking on at it. Its plot is simple enough. The scene is laid at a village smithy, where the young swell of the neighbourhood, Harry Vine, repairs to court the blacksmith's pretty sister, Rose Bradley. Harry Vine's stepmother, Lady Vine, discovers the courtship, and is not unnaturally indignant. She confides her troubles to the girl's brother and to her godfather, and makes them promise to help her part the lovers, which promise they obey to the letter, but not to the spirit; and after a few amusing complications, all ends happily for both young and old people. Mr. Alfred Reed as Edwin Sudbury, Esq., M.F.H., the old godfather, is inimitably funny, and acts with even more than his usual go. Miss Fanny Holland makes Lady Vine all that is haughty in the question of her stepson's love affairs, and at the same time weak as regards her own, and she sings a hunting-song, "The frost is gone, the sun is up," with admirable spirit. Rose Bradley is very prettily and gracefully acted by Miss Kate Kelly, whose sweet, fresh voice sounds very well in a duet, "A maid one day a fishing went," with Harry Vine (Mr. Ernest Laris), and in the trio, "When summer came with its wealth of flowers," which she sings with Harry Vine and Joe the Blacksmith. Mr. Templer Saxe makes a good Joe Bradley, though he overacts his part. His voice and Mr. Ernest Laris's come out particularly well in a very effective duet, "The fire throws out a cheerful light." There is also a very pretty quintet at the end of the little play. Altogether, the music is attractive and well constructed, and sets off a well-written, well-acted entertainment. It is almost needless to expatiate on Mr. Corney Grain's power of entrancing and amusing his audience; his versatility would be incredible, if one had not such constant proofs of it; and in *Our Servants' Ball* he has added another original sketch to the many he has already given us. In his song "The first thing in the morning" he gives an amusing description of the man as described by himself and as described by his valet—one of the cleverest of his songs; and he goes on with a lover's serenade to his lady-love, backed up with a refrain from her lady's-maid, which, if more severe, is equally amusing. He goes on with a description of a servants' ball, giving an imitation of the village choir—"a very village choir"—greeting the master of the country house where the ball takes place with a carol. It is almost impossible not to believe there is really a "very village choir," with its squeaky trebles and its deep and tuneless basses, singing the "simple" carol. The conversation which he gives as taking place between the gardener's wife and the cook, the way in which he describes the gardener's wife's dress, the dancing, the supper, the butler's speech, the sentimental footman's song, an exceedingly pretty song which he makes the old nurse sing, and the finale of the ball, all defy any amount of "telling" to convey a correct idea of this capital "holiday" sketch.

REVIEWS.

ICELANDIC SAGAS.*

THESE two bulky volumes form the first instalment of that series of historical documents relating to the settlements and

* *Orkneyinga Saga, and Magnus Saga.* With Appendices. Edited by Gudbrand Vigfusson. London: Her Majesty's Stationery Office.

Hakonar Saga, and a Fragment of Magnus Saga. With Appendices. Edited by Gudbrand Vigfusson. London: Her Majesty's Stationery Office.

descents of the Northmen on the British Islands which have been so long and so eagerly awaited by students. For many years past, in such intervals as his other work permitted him thus to employ, Mr. Vigfusson has been working away, under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, at a complete text of such Icelandic sagas as bear upon our early history. These direct and manly chronicles have a peculiar claim upon our attention. They not merely remind us of the earliest instances when,

> in our rough island story,
> The path of duty was the way to glory,

but they divert us to Northern interests from the too obstinate contemplation of influences working upon our history from the South. It may be well to say at once that these volumes have the character which is known to those who are familiar with the Rolls series. They appeal to students only. The Icelandic text is given, without translation, without commentary, without notes, without glossary; and the only relief to its bald severity is a very technical preface to each volume, giving a bibliographical account of the MSS. and their condition. The first volume unbends sufficiently to give one or two facsimiles, a page of the *Flatey Book*, with comic illuminations by Magnus Thorhallson, and examples of Jon Thordsson's elegant handwriting. But beyond this nothing, not a map, not an illustration, nothing but undiluted learning clad in the rough dress of hideous official typography. Nevertheless, for what we have received we are thankful. Mr. Vigfusson is a scholar whose work is sometimes presented in a crabbed, and sometimes in an irritating, form; but the greatest Icelandic authority of our time may be held to stand above formal criticism. We are glad of anything he may throw to us, even if it be a bone, and the prefaces and appendices to the present volumes are distinctly osseous.

What is now called *Orkneyinga Saga*, and what used until the seventeenth century to be known as *Jarla Saga*, is a bundle of historical fragments of various ages and authorships. Speaking simply, it is the history of those earls of Norse extraction who made themselves masters of the Orkneys in the ninth century, and held the archipelago for three hundred and fifty years. The saga in Mr. Vigfusson's edition, which differs very considerably from the text used by Mr. Hjaltalin in 1873, begins with the "Fundinn Noregr," the origin of Norwegian empire, this being an epitome of a lost history of the State of Norway. We then reach the *Jarla Saga* proper, the lives of the heroic despots of the Orkneys, Thorfinn and Einar, Brusi and Rögnvald, the last great Vikings of the Scandinavian race. It was about 880 B.C. that the rule of Sigurd, the first Earl of Orkney, was settled in the islands. Harald the Fairhaired had grown weary of the raids made by the lawless Vikings of the British Islands, and at last, one summer, he made a serious expedition to these coasts, and conquered Shetland, Orkney, and the Hebrides, pushing as far south as Man. To his faithful henchman Rögnvald the King, in returning, presented Shetland and Orkney; but the two groups were difficult to govern together, and Rögnvald, therefore, presented Orkney to his brother Sigurd, who became the first Orkney earl. The portion of *Orkneyinga Saga* in which this story and the subsequent history of the earls is given at length is considered by Mr. Vigfusson to be the oldest piece of the whole complex history, and he appears to attribute the composition of it to the eleventh century. He styles it a "well-written and historically important work, the product of the classic age of Old Icelandic prose literature"; but even legend supplies us with no hint as to the hand that compiled it in its present form. To *Jarla Saga* proper follows abruptly a totally distinct work, *Thattr Magnus Jarls*, which is more commonly known as *St. Magnus Saga*. This is an abridgment of a life of St. Magnus, written by a certain Orkney abbot, Robert or Rodbert, as early as 1136, and in Latin. This original is lost, but several Icelandic epitomes of it, of which this is supposed to be one, have survived. The story of the sainted Earl Magnus is one of the most humanly interesting episodes in the Saga. He had great trouble with a usurping earl, Hakon, with whom he was eventually glad to be set at peace by dividing the Orkneys with him. The pact was kept for several years; but Hakon grew more and more jealous of Magnus. A reconcilement, however, was again patched up, and the earls consented to meet in peace on the island of Egilsey, which was a sort of Iona to the Orkneys. But Hakon laid a trap for his colleague, and had him barbarously murdered in the very precincts of the holy island in the year 1115 or 1116. The body was buried in Birsey, where there almost immediately appeared coruscations of heavenly radiance and wafts of sacred perfume, until the sanctity of Magnus began to force itself upon the conviction even of such sceptics as William the Bishop. At this point there is inserted into the saga a little collection of miracles performed by St. Magnus, entitled *Jarteinabok*, and then we continue the thread of the narrative with the adventures of Earl Rögnvald and Svein Asleifsson. The whole Orkney Saga closes with a rather confused account of the canonization of Rögnvald and the death of Svein.

In his bibliographical account of the *Orkneyinga Saga* Mr. Vigfusson gives a pitiful account of the treatment which the priceless records of Icelandic literature underwent just before the period of a revival of interest in them. Some of these misfortunes and indignities are worthy of a chapter in Mr. Blades's *Enemies of Books*. One thirteenth-century MS. was cut up into pairs of breeches "of the Irish make." In the Arne Magnusson collection are now to be seen patterns for ladies' robes and bonnets cut out of priceless vellum books, of whose existence they are now the only record. In the year 1632 there was still intact a MS. of the *Orkneyinga Saga*, in perfect condition, except that a fragment was missing at the end. When Arne Magnusson came to search for this MS. some seventy or eighty years later, it had all been cut up to serve as guards for the wooden boards of printed books. He could only recover one fold of it, blackened, mutilated, and almost illegible, the sole surviving fragment of a beautiful vellum. Happily, amid the general destruction, some happy succession of accidents has preserved for us, clean and white, that glorious encyclopædia of Norse History, the *Flatey Book*. Mr. Vigfusson gives an account of this famous MS., which is more complete and exact than any with which we have previously met. We may quote some portions of this interesting passage:—

> It was written in the fourteenth century at Wide-dals-tunga, not far from Thingore Cloister, which had no doubt a goodly library capable of affording material to its scribes. John Haconsson, for whom it was written, was born in 1350, and he is last mentioned in 1398. . . . John led an active life, and was badly wounded in an assault. Soon after the last notice of John's wound, the entries in all the Annals cease, and darkness closes on Icelandic history, so that we know no more of the family or its fortunes, or the circumstances which transferred the book John had had written for him, from his family-seat to Flatey. . . . It was in the course of copying the book, in 1858, that I found out from internal evidence exactly how it had been composed, and was able to correct several blunders which have been made in the accounts given of it. It was clearly begun by John Thordsson and . . . when he had gone on to the "end of the Olafs," and Magnus had taken up the pen, the work went on straightforwardly to the last quaternion, upon which the Annals were placed. And now new matter turned up which Magnus wished to include in the book. . . . Now we can see why Magnus's hand begins and ends the book. We are also able to contradict the oft-repeated statement that the *Flatey Book* was begun in 1387 and finished in 1394. The facts are these; on the fifth page of Magnus's new matter, which, as we have seen, was really the *last* part of the volume written (except a few entries in the Annals), these words occur, "This Olaf was called after the holy king, Olaf Haroldsson, according to his own direction. He was king when this book was written. There were then passed from the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ 1387 years." This date 1387, therefore, marks the end, not the beginning, of the gigantic task John Haconsson had set his scribes, the priests John and Magnus. After this date, the Annals in Magnus's hand still go dribbling on for a few years, but they cease in 1394, though there is still a blank page on the last quaternion of the Annals unfilled.

After *Orkneyinga Saga* there appropriately come in the same volume the two *Magnus Sagas*, *hin lengri* or the Greater, and *hin skamma* or the Shorter, the former printed from a seventeenth-century copy of a vellum, called the Bæ Book, which has long since disappeared, the other from a fourteenth-century MS. in the Arne-Magnæan collection. These are supplemented by a variety of shorter texts bearing more or less on the history of Orkney and its earls; among them, the story of Helga and Ulfi, the deeds of Heming Aslaksson, which forms quite an important little Orkney saga, and finally *Játvardar Saga*, which is the history of our English Edward the Confessor. In this manner Mr. Vigfusson has, for the first time, and with the help of the five principal public libraries of Scandinavia, presented the world with a complete text of the great saga of Orkney, with all its attendant fragments and additions. It is a vast record of sustained and intelligent labour in one of the most stubborn fields of scholarship.

We have left ourselves no space in which to deal with the second volume before us. It is mainly occupied with the *Hakonar Saga*, composed in 1264 and 1265 by the famous Icelandic historian, Sturla Thordsson. It is full of poems, the greater part of which are Sturla's own composition. He tells us that, when he read them to King Magnus, that monarch was polite enough to say:—"It seems to me that thou art a better poet than the Pope." In Sturla's hands, in spite of this royal commendation, the Court poetry of Iceland finally expired, and it is the prose part of *Hakonar Saga* which possesses the main literary as the main historical interest. It is followed by a fragment of a *Magnus Saga*; this Magnus having nothing to do with the Earl and Saint of Orkney, but being the famous adventurous King of Norway who was the son of Hakon. This saga, also the work of Sturla, is attributed by Mr. Vigfusson to the year 1277, or in no case to a later date than 1284, when Sturla died. The saga, as we have it, says nothing about the death of King Magnus, which occurred in 1280, and it seems probable that it never included any account of this incident. But the greater portion of *Magnus Saga* has unfortunately perished, although the present text, owing to a fortunate discovery of Mr. Vigfusson's in the Stockholm Library, is more complete than any hitherto published. In an appendix is printed, for the first time, a Saga of St. Dunstan, written early in the fourteenth century, by the notorious monk Arne Laurentii.

The work enshrined in the present volumes has not the literary charm of some of Mr. Vigfusson's publications. It does not, as his *Corpus Poeticum Boreale* did in 1883, open up a whole new field of imaginative literature, or, as his *Sturlunga Saga* did in 1878, give order and a plan to the hitherto untracked chaos of Icelandic historical literature. But what is here given, if more severe, more adust, is not a whit less original or less conscientious. Here, as so often before, those who follow Mr. Vigfusson will find that what was a marish has become a firm paved path. But we must not close without appealing against the cheap and nasty way in which these scholarly volumes have been sent forth by the Stationery Office. They have a shabby Blue-book appearance, a long, unsightly page, and what seems a studied contempt for all the arts of typography. If the Stationery Office could blush—which we feel is an absurd supposition—we should invite it to compare these coarse and ugly volumes with the beautiful books which the Clarendon Press has on previous occasions produced for Mr. Vigfusson.

NOVELS.*

MR. CRAWFORD is something more than a traveller over the face of the earth, he is a dweller in foreign countries, which is a very different thing, and describes life as it appears to the commonplace inhabitant, and does not merely record the superficial impressions of the ordinary visitor. India, the Rhine, Essex, Rome, have in turn been the scenes of his stories, and the plot of his latest novel, *Paul Patoff*, is unfolded in Constantinople and its suburbs along the Bosphorus. The keynote of the book is the preference of a mother for one of her two sons—a preference which, beginning with injustice in boyhood, continues into jealousy in manhood, and culminates in an attempt to murder the object of her detestation in order to gain for his brother the wife he coveted. To be sure, by this time Mme. Patoff was mad, driven so by grief at the sudden disappearance of her son Alexander. The young man suddenly vanished from the gallery in the church of St. Sophia, when, in company with his brother Paul and a janissary or kavass, he was inspecting the ceremonies of the Ramazan. His mother persistently cherished the idea that Paul was his brother's murderer. The characters of the two brothers are in sharp contrast. Alexander, the elder and favourite, is drawn in rather conventional colours; he has a beautiful face and fascinating manners, but little brain and less heart. Paul is tall, strong, plain, and purpose-like, a man of the world from the exigencies of his position, as secretary to the Embassy, but unsocial in his instincts and tenacious in his affections. He suffers many annoyances from Alexander's careless behaviour during a short visit to Constantinople, and is forced for two years to lie under the suspicion of being his murderer. It would be unfair to Mr. Crawford to reveal how Paul cleared himself, and how Alexander repaid him, but the adventures are very well told and very exciting. It is a fitting retribution for Alexander's love of intrigue, that the white hand which causes so much mischief and leads him astray turns out to belong to a hideous old woman. The best scenes in the book are those in which Balsamides Bey, the Turk, bargains with Marchetto the Jew. The feints and counter-feints, the recognized phrases of depreciation, the attacks and parries of both parties are given, with a truth that is very instructive to a European mind. Life must be long in Constantinople for such controversies to be possible. Among the subordinate characters, the best is that of Professor Cutter, who takes a scientific interest in the question of Mme. Patoff's madness during the two years occupied by the story, and pays her frequent visits in order to ascertain the state of her health. We cannot help thinking that Mr. Crawford has made a mistake in describing Mme. Patoff as an Englishwoman. Her moodiness, her violence, the cunning with which she feigns madness for two years when it suits her purpose, rather suggest a foreigner, or even an Oriental, instead of a lady whose very unromantic maiden name was Dabstreak. Mr. Crawford, too, is very misty about her age. On page 140 (vol. i.), and several times later, she is stated to be in her fifty-second year, and a beautiful, well-preserved woman; while in other places she is frequently alluded to as "an old lady," and on p. 160 there is the further observation that she "had spent nearly forty years in the midst of the most brilliant society in Europe." Indeed, Mr. Crawford is never to be trusted in the matter of age. On p. 18 (vol. i.) Mme. Patoff's sister, Chrysophrasia, a most wearisome and overdrawn female, is said to be thirty-eight; but in vol. ii. p. 260 Mme. Patoff complains of "the way in which she treated Patoff before they were married," and of making a quarrel which broke up her life at the very beginning. Now, as Alexander Patoff is thirty-four years old at this period, it follows that at the time of his mother's marriage his aunt could have been no more than three. Even in our precocious age this will be thought rather young for interference in matrimonial projects. It is a pity that so much space is given to the Carvel family, Mme. Patoff's English relations. Hans does not come in, and the heroine, Hermione, is rather a shadowy young person. It is always a relief to escape from them and get back to the Turks, with their curious modes of looking at things, and their eternal proverbs, or even to Doctor Cutter, with his theories of madness. The book would be improved by the omission of some lengthy conversations, and also by a little more attention to style, such phrases as "I think Carvel would better stay behind," being neither grammatical nor elegant; but altogether *Paul Patoff* is one of the freshest and most original books that have been published for some time.

The title of *A New Face at the Door* has no apparent connexion with the story. There is a good deal of life and cleverness about this last book of Miss Stanley's, as there was about her earlier one; but the want of experience in handling a story which was observable in that is still noticeable. Her chief power lies in character-drawing, and in developing her characters in the way in which the circumstances of their lives would naturally have developed them. The change produced in the heroine, Greta Charlstrom, from a lively, careless, pleasure-loving girl to a stern, self-contained woman has nothing strained about it. It is caused by her remorse at having occasioned, as she thinks, the suicide of her old playfellow and lover, Jack Daman, by refusing to fulfil her promise of marriage. Greta's behaviour, too, under the suspicion of Jack's murder and during the subsequent trial is very well conceived. She was too much grieved by her own involuntary part in the tragedy to give any thought to her own safety; she knew none of her friends would believe her guilty; and as to the rest, she was simply half dazed, half indifferent. It is to be regretted, however, that Miss Stanley has allowed herself to be drawn into the old device of a trial. Nearly all trials in English novels are bad; but there is something peculiarly mild about this one. The retorts of the barristers to each other, their informalities, and the final speeches of the lawyers have a ring curiously unlike what we are accustomed to in courts of law. In Opal Carew, the governess of Greta's sister and the real murderess of Jack, Miss Stanley has undertaken a task that is beyond her. Opal, who has a trace of black blood in her veins, is a girl of an indolent, intriguing, luxurious nature, at once violent and superstitious. She takes advantage of Greta's absence abroad to weave her toils round Jack, Greta's betrothed, the son of her stepfather; but though he learns to confide in her, his love for Greta never wavers. When Greta jilts him for another man, he hangs about near home, getting news of her from Opal, and one day when Opal has been the witness of an accidental meeting between the quondam lovers and of Jack's despair, she hurries out from her hiding-place, upbraids him, and finally stabs him with a little dagger which had once formed part of Greta's dress for a fancy ball. On hearing the cry Greta hurries back, and is found by some labourers by Jack's body with the dagger in her hand. Opal's bearing at the trial is hardly consistent with her extreme nervousness; but Miss Stanley in drawing her career has skilfully avoided the usual pitfalls of the governess of fiction, and has not rewarded her beyond her deserts. Little touches of humour here and there brighten up the gloom of the story—for instance, the remark concerning Opal's cousins, that they had reached an age when their friends began to make their lives a burden to them by wondering that they did not get married, and the comment of the young lady, that "it would be worse when they left off wondering." The men are, as usual in a lady's book, mere lay figures, but the tone of the whole book is natural and healthy, and it is pleasant reading.

Why is it that the heroine of a sporting novel is almost invariably called Nellie? The young lady who occupies that important position in *The Fox and the Goose* is no exception to this rule, though, unlike the generality of her namesakes, her hunting exploits play no part in the book. Racing forms the chief interest of the story, and people who do not race are unlikely to read many pages. And even the readers must be prepared to put up with a great deal. Mere names of horses and records of stakes are not enthralling, and the love affairs in which the various characters become involved have no air of reality about them. The style as well as the personages are vulgar; and sentences, such as "A compact, two-storied residence, was Laurel Hill House," are by no means uncommon. Nellie's aunt is described on page 14 as her *governante* (*sic*), and a race-meeting is alluded to (page 106) as "the female-favoured Carnival of June." A fair sample of the author's style may be found on page 143, where it is observed that "jealousy is no offspring of real affection, but a tumour of our grosser senses, that corrupts or disfigures when alloyed with the purer fondness of the heart." After this we cannot feel surprised when Nellie writes to her brother, "It's dull enough to be doing gooseberry for deluded lovers of my own generation, but that good-natured task when demanded by elders would wear down the staying powers of brother mine—pardon the slang—I mean the patience of Job." Nellie is aptly described on page 84 as "a rake," and a greater flirt novel-readers have seldom met with. However, she reforms after her marriage, and attends in a praiseworthy manner to the large family she brings into the world in a surprisingly short time. Her brother Fred ultimately leads to the altar his old love, who has so little knowledge of the customs of society that on her second wedding she has bridesmaids to attend her. The scene of the book is laid in Ireland, and the people are all Irish, but, sad to say, this does not make them humorous, and the many efforts of the author in this direction are a terrible failure.

It is only recently, in his novel of *A Prince of the Blood*, that Mr. James Payn gave us an English lady who was preparing deliberately to pass her life upon a lovely island in a mysterious region between the Cape of Good Hope and India. Mr. Knight, in his *Web of Destiny*, has gone even further than Mr. Payn, and makes a small colony of English settle in an equally beautiful island off the River Plate. The hero, Victor Fairlie, is beset during the early years of his life by a horrible apparition, a family inheritance, which appears at every eventful moment in his career. It makes itself visible before Fairlie overhears a plot for breaking into his neighbour's house, which he naturally tries to prevent, and so meets with his future bride; it is seen before Fairlie learns that the young lady has been whisked off to Jamaica by her indignant parent; before his ship reaches the island where they learn the insurrection of the negroes, and his betrothed's consequent danger; and once more, to bid him "Good-bye," and announce that the time allowed for tormenting the Fairlie family had expired. This, it must be conceded, was pretty hard work for the ghost during its last few months of tenure. It is after its farewell appearance that Fairlie stumbles on the island near the River Plate which contains his lost love, who, on her voyage from Jamaica to England, had been miraculously blown down to these

* *Paul Patoff*. By F. Marion Crawford. 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

A New Face at the Door. By Jane Stanley. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

The Fox and the Goose. By the Author of "Spavin Hall." London: Ward & Downey.

In the Web of Destiny. By A. L. Knight. London: Sampson Low & Co.

latitudes and shipwrecked there. In general, when people have been shipwrecked for some years, they prefer returning to live in their native land ; but, after a brief visit to England, Fairlie and his wife and some friends settle down in this remote spot, and Fairlie is elected Rajah. The whole tale has something very comic about it, and perhaps Fairlie was as well among his savages as anywhere else; for a man who was so hopelessly devoid of tact as to tell a gentleman for whose daughter's hand he was asking, to "keep command over his temper" was not likely to succeed in the ordinary business of life.

DANTE'S COMMEDIA AND CANZONIERE.*

THE Dean of Wells may be congratulated upon the completion of his labour of love. His second volume contains his translation of the *Paradiso*, and of the minor poems of Dante. It also includes what are modestly called "Studies" upon the genesis and growth of the *Commedia*, upon the estimate in which Dante was held in his own and in subsequent times, in Italy and in other countries; and on other points of interest in connexion with the great poet. There is also a very full and complete index. In the English rendering of the *Paradiso*, as well as in the notes to that portion of the poem, the Dean's profound and intimate acquaintance with the theology of the middle ages has given him a great advantage over other translators and commentators. The translation is more uniformly good than those of the *Inferno* and *Purgatorio*, although many lines still occur in which the force and simple beauty of the original is lost; and the notes are generally excellent. Some strange confusion, however, has been allowed to appear in the note to *Par.* 27, v. 81, in which Dante's sudden and remarkable change of place in the heavens is explained as taking place in latitude instead of in longitude—that is, from south to north, instead of from east to west. None of the commentators, from the earliest to the latest, have found any serious difficulty in the passage in question.

The allusion in *Par.* 28, v. 93 to the old Eastern apologue of the reward to be measured by the number resulting from the continued doubling of the squares on the chess-board, hardly required the insertion in a note of the algebraical formula for the sum of a geometrical series; and in this, by-the-bye, an absurd misprint has escaped correction.

The versions from the minor poems include the whole of them, even those of questionable authenticity, and thus afford an opportunity to English readers of becoming acquainted with them which has not previously existed. The Dean's translations are often more close to the original than those also made by the late D. G. Rossetti, but certainly they are not to the same extent saturated with the full sense of their beauty. But he has been very successful with Sonnet XVII. and the Canzone XIX., which are acknowledged as the first and best of their kind in the whole range of Italian poetry. It is to be regretted, however, that the Dean seems not to have been able to afford space for translations of the whole of the *Vita Nuova* and the *Convito*; for the poems taken from them, although accompanied by some explanation, must always suffer by severance from the context of narrative or disquisition to which they naturally belong. They are all the more beautiful when they are met with sparkling and bursting into song in the midst of the soil of prose from which they spring, and in which they have their origin.

For students of Dante the so-called "Studies" will be found most valuable and interesting. A large quantity of material has been collected and arranged as it only could have been by one thoroughly conversant with his subject, and giving his best abilities and affections to the accomplishment of his work. The pages devoted to the discussion of the estimate in which Dante was held by his contemporaries and in which he has since been held by different nations are those which will probably be read with the greatest curiosity. There can be no question as to the enormous reputation enjoyed by Dante in his own country during his own life, and for the two centuries following his death. The Dean cites G. Villani, the chronicler of Florence, who died in 1348, to show that for him Dante had become one of the great names of the city from which in his lifetime he had been expelled, and to which he never returned. Boccaccio lectured on the *Inferno*, and wrote an account of its author. Petrarch, much engrossed with Latin literature, was more tardy in recognizing Dante as the chief of those who wrote in the modern language of Italy. Professorial chairs for expounding the *Commedia* were founded in several cities, and valuable early commentaries, only recently printed, were written. Painters were inspired by Dante; copies of his poems were rapidly multiplied in manuscript, and editions of the *Commedia* were among the earliest productions of the Italian printers, and continued to be important and numerous, until the influence of the Renaissance for a considerable time interfered with the homage previously rendered to Dante. Up to the year 1600 there had appeared fifty-seven editions of the *Commedia*. From 1600 to 1700, incredible as it may seem, there were only four editions for the whole century. But the number rose again in the following one to as many as thirty-three editions, and it is needless to trace further the restoration in Italy of Dante to his due place.

In England the knowledge of Dante is first seen in the works of our own earliest great poet, Chaucer; and the Dean has quoted the numerous passages in his works which are obviously derived from his acquaintance with those of his Italian predecessor. Sidney, in his *Defence of Poesy*, mentions Dante; but there is nothing to show that he had been studied by Spenser. There is no trace of any allusion to him by Shakspeare; but to Milton he must have been familiar. Later on the Dean notes that Boyle, Evelyn, and Addison travelled in Italy without even mentioning the name of Dante afterwards. It may be added that Johnson, in his Life of Milton, and in considering the sources of *Paradise Lost*, does not bestow a word upon the *Commedia*. Hume, in his summary of the poetical literature of Milton's age, selects as his standards of comparison with him in their several languages Homer, Lucretius, and Tasso, but is silent as to Dante. Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*, only introduces a mention of Dante to ridicule his Gothic and barbarous innovations, his childish or ludicrous conceits, and his disgusting fooleries. He concludes by giving an extract from Voltaire's wretched version of a famous passage in the *Inferno*, and by saying that "Dante, thus translated, would have had many more readers than at present." There are no countries in which for the last few years the study of Dante has been prosecuted with more vigour than in England and the United States of America, as is testified by the great number of translations made since the middle of the present century, and by other still more important indications of interest. It was Hayley who first attempted an English translation of a small part of the *Commedia*, limited to the first three cantos of the *Inferno*, and in *terza rima*. The Dean has not been able to find it in the edition of Hayley's works in 1778; but it may be seen in that of 1788. In the note to the third *Epistle on Epic Poetry*, which contains it, Hayley remarks that it is very doubtful how far a translation of the whole poem would be found of interest in England. Attention is also called to the commencing influence of Dante upon English art. Sir Joshua Reynolds painted a head of Ugolino, Blake published a few illustrations from the *Inferno*; and Flaxman's engravings of subjects from the whole *Commedia* appeared. Beautiful as these are, it is surprising to find that the Dean prefers them to those of Sandro Botticelli, recently photographed at Berlin from the original drawings. The number of translations in English is very large, and probably many persons now learn Italian solely for the purpose of being able to do the much better thing of reading Dante in the original. Coleridge, Macaulay, Carlyle, and Lord Tennyson may be cited as among the foremost Englishmen upon whom a knowledge of Dante has made the strongest impression; and no such list, however brief it may be, would be complete without including in it the name of Dean Church—"il maestro di color che sanno," at least in England—in the matter of Dante.

In Italy and Germany there has been the same revival, and the latter country especially has contributed a vast contingent to the work of translation and comment. Only it must be noted that the greatest of all names in German literature cannot be associated in the way which would be gratifying with that of Dante, of whom Goethe said, when in Rome in 1787, that the "*Inferno* was abominable, the *Purgatorio* doubtful, and the *Paradiso* tiresome." But he was born too soon to share in the enthusiasm which attended the reviving glory of Dante, although of all poets, from his own love of physical science, he ought to have had the largest sympathy with him. To the labours of Karl Witte Dean Plumptre does no more than justice when he says that no more complete instance can be cited of literary devotion to a single field of work than is afforded by his contributions to the study of Dante. Nor must be forgotten the many important publications of Scartazzini, nor the translation and notes by the late King of Saxony, nor the many other versions and commentaries due to the thoroughgoing industry of Germans.

France is the country to which belongs the honour of having produced the earliest translation of the *Commedia*. Grangier's version (published in 1596) has considerable merit, and is written in that good old language which was afterwards so cruelly clipped and cramped by the narrow pedantry of the French Academy. During the last generation many valuable additions to the study of Dante have been made by French scholars, among whom Lamennais, Labitte, and Fauriel stand foremost; nor should be forgotten the translation of the *Inferno* into old French, by Littré, in his latter years.

The Dean continues strong in his belief that Dante actually visited England, and brings forward an additional piece of evidence in the curious ancient clock with moving figures, formerly at Glastonbury, but now belonging to Wells Cathedral, by the sight of which he ingeniously conceives that the simile at the end of Canto 10 of the *Paradiso* was suggested. But this, and similar supposed proofs, only make it the more difficult to suppose that Dante really ever was in England. For the more numerous and the more remarkable are the things which he is believed to have seen in this country, the more difficult it is to account for his not having himself made any distinct and specific mention of them, so as to leave no doubt as to their having been actually seen by himself.

* *The Commedia and Canzoniere of Dante Alighieri.* A New Translation, with Notes, Essays, and a Biographical Introduction. By E. H. Plumptre, D.D., Dean of Wells. Vol. II. London: Isbister & Co.

THREE BOOKS CONCERNING PAINTERS.

MR. VERESTCHAGIN'S autobiographical sketches have been translated into English by Mr. F. H. Peters under the title of *Verestchagin; Painter, Soldier, Traveller* (London: Richard Bentley & Son). As the author is a painter, we may be justified in classing his Memoirs under the above head, although the book contains very little about painting. Mr. Verestchagin begins in the orthodox way, with some recollections of childhood, and then gives an account of his travels in the Caucasus, Central Asia, and India. After this he comes nearer home, and deals with Russian questions, the Russo-Turkish war, reminiscences of Skobeleff and Turgenieff, and notes on travelling in Russia and Siberia. In his Preface the author points out one of the main defects of his book, when he tells the reader that he "must understand that this is but a collection of notes without any pretensions to literary style—studies, not pictures." Dealing with out-of-the-way experience and treating of countries that are little visited, the book cannot but contain a certain amount of interesting matter. The authors—for Mrs. Verestchagin has written the chapters on India—have failed, however, to make it interesting or agreeable reading. Most readers must have learnt by weary experience that it is possible, by the three stars trick, to bind disjointed notes into an appearance of unity without taking the trouble to fuse them into an artistic and connected whole. This device has been abused in the memoirs, and especially in the account of India, till the reader becomes sick of so many false starts and unconnected paragraphs. It must be confessed, too, that Mr. Verestchagin does not succeed in taking one with him, and making one feel what he felt, and see what he saw, as he does in his pictures. One is sure that the most interesting and most characteristic points of these strange scenes and adventures have been left out, and that the authors have often pitched upon the least telling incidents and details. In India we get tired of disjointed information in paragraphs, and a profusion of little ordinary remarks, such as "My husband shot some hares," 'My husband hunted here," "My husband made a sketch," or "boxed" somebody's ears. On the other hand, we hear little enough of the working of curious customs, such as polyandry, which the authors must have had many opportunities of examining. By far the most interesting part of the book and the best written is the account of the Russo-Turkish war. Mr. Verestchagin bore an active part in many exciting scenes, such as the attack in a torpedo-boat on a steamer in the Danube. Having little imagination, he can make small use of a hint, and requires to have actually gone through an experience in order to be able to write about it or paint it. In conclusion, we must say that for reasons of our own we are prepared to admire the patience and perseverance of any one who can read the whole book through from beginning to end without skipping.

Mr. Hume Nisbet's *Life and Nature Studies* (London: Sampson Low & Co.) is a rhapsody, the precise object of which it would be difficult to discover, and we may add painful, as that would necessitate an attempt to penetrate the writer's meaning. This, we are convinced, no man will ever do; but we can recommend the book to those phlegmatic natures who like being gently warmed by the evidence of excitement in others. Many people in foggy and fervid England, and more in foggier and fervider Scotland, enjoy being preached at and gushed at and mystified all round, if only the preacher is vague and high falutin' enough in his language. Mr. Hume Nisbet's high-flown discussions on art will be as "Mesopotamia" to such persons. The author has told us that he caught his flux of rhetoric from Mr. Ruskin, but we should have guessed it without his assistance. The malady of eloquence Mr. Ruskin's robust constitution as a writer has been able to resist, even to turn to advantage. Some people thrive better after small-pox, but they have been previously vaccinated. Mr. Nisbet, however, has evidently absorbed the virus of Ruskinism without any previous literary preparation, and it has run through his veins in a quite fatal manner. He is in the delirious stage, has lost his head, and no longer knows what he is saying. After a preface, a short introduction "Andante in a minor key," as they say in musical criticism, he thus bursts into his subject:—"Kneeling before a shrine within which I have placed Nature, and at her feet Research, I deem it a sacred privilege to look upon Turner as my officiating Priest, as Turner chose Claude in his compositions." Now this is one of the tamest sentences in the book. Moreover, it has a verb in it, you know what it means, and so far it is quite remarkable amidst its surroundings. But then Mr. Nisbet was only beginning; he was probably timid; you should see what he can do when he gets into what would be called the "free section" in music. We recommend a description of autumn in the chapter "Trees" (p. 233), and the Vision of St. John at Patmos (p. 145), as samples of what he can do when warmed to his work. The whole chapter called "Aerial Perspective" is very funny in the unexpected leaps made from technical and dogmatic commonplace to the wildest flights of revivalist rhetoric. Putting aside any question of sense or taste, Mr. Nisbet's knowledge of mere grammar is quite insufficient to warrant his public use of the art of writing. No one would wish to be hypercritical when a practical man does his best to make himself understood on his own subject. But when he attempts to pose as a poet and preacher he becomes insufferable, and should be told so. "Will I madden you with parallelograms?" though sufficiently funny, may be regarded as a mere weakness to which many Scotchmen are liable. But, though he refuses to madden us with parallelograms or anything half so definite, Mr. Nisbet drives us wild with sentences which never reach any verb that can bring them into existence, or else, being born, cannot decently end, but become lost, after toilsome wanderings, in labyrinthine caverns of thought. "Ever worshipping Nature as the first, ever holding on by Research as the second, ever remembering Individuality as the third motive of my artistic existence," has no right to stand between two full stops; while as a paragraph it is really a little too inadequate. When a man cannot make the following simple statement in an intelligible fashion he should be too humble to pour out pages of high falutin' which won't parse:—

> Of white, we have various kinds of, the oxide of lead, although flake white is what artists mostly use, as it is superior to the other articles of lead or zinc in oil—Chinese or zinc-white is useful in water colour, as it keeps its white better than lead, although dangerous to mix with other metal tints.

Of dashes and other resources of despair we have "various kinds *of*" in this book, and they generally fail as pitiably as the one above in accomplishing their desperate purpose.. Now this sort of thing comes by no means from mere carelessness, of which there is plenty in the spelling of proper names, &c., but from a sheer incompetency to express the simplest ideas in decent English.

Grosvenor Notes, edited by Henry Blackburn (London: Chatto & Windus), have become so well known as they came out year by year as to require little comment when they appear in book form. The present collection includes catalogues of the summer exhibitions at the Grosvenor Gallery for the years 1883-4-5-6 and 7. The illustrations of pictures are, for the most part, the work of the artists themselves, and pretend rather to recall the originals to those who have seen them than to run the gauntlet of criticism as independent works of art. The volume cannot fail to be useful as a reference books to artists, critics, and all who may be interested in pictures.

NOVELS.*

BORN in the Purple, the magnificent title applied in days of old to the children of the mighty Emperors of the East, "porphyrogeniti" literally and figuratively, is an imposing heading to a book, but, to be in keeping, requires a work as imposing as its title. Unfortunately this is scarcely the case in the present instance, it being neither more nor less than a silly nineteenth-century version of "the lady of the Strachy" who so fired Malvolio's imagination by her union with "the Yeoman of the Wardrobe." We have the old well-worn situations and the well-known puppets—the lowly-born hero and the "porphyrogeniti," concerning whose "purple" Mr. (should it not be Miss?) Maxwell Fox entertains the most liberal ideas; the 'aughty aristocrats, who grind the poor, insult their tradesmen and their "inferiors" generally, and never pay their debts; the beautiful heroine, sold to pay off her family's mortgages, and rescued by the "man of the people," a transcendent artisan, who, with apparently no art education whatever, paints anonymously pictures that are at once hung on the line at the R.A. (a liberality on the part of the "hangers" of that much-abused body that deserves the widest publicity), and who, though only a working carpenter, contrives to raise indefinite thousands at little over a day's notice; a marvellous foreign hypnotist, who frightens and sets every one by the ears, till he is safely shot out of the way by a fellow-Nihilist, or some such creature; all these and half-a-dozen other well-known figures wander through the story, apparently for no other reason than to show how immeasurably superior is the Socialistic man of the people to the old-fashioned Conservative—religiously called Tory—country gentry. The picture the author presents of society is scarcely a pleasant one, and more suggestive of the pages of the *London Journal* or the *Penny Novelist* than of the ordinary country-house life known to commonplace mortals. The only criticism to be passed on *Born in the Purple* is that of Charles Lamb on the dramatists of the Restoration, that they describe a conventional world, where it would be as absurd to blame the wickedness or vulgarity of the characters as to arraign a sleeper for his dreams; and with this judgment we take our leave of a book that is a tissue of theories as foolish as its facts are delusive, and which would be both mischievous and unwholesome if it were not utterly silly.

Caught by the Tide, a most amusing contrast to its "purple" predecessor, is a book which it would be almost impossible to take seriously, were it not for the naïve belief, evident in every line, that the author has in herself and her Work (with a capital W). In itself the story is not a bad one, and in more practised hands might have been made effective; but, in her anxiety to impress moral truths on her reader, Miss Garland overlays it with such platitudes and high falutin' as to render it wearisome and not seldom ridiculous. The hero, who tells his tale in the first person, is a prig of the first water, with a talent for moral sentiments only second to Joseph Surface, though it is evident his author

* *Born in the Purple.* By Maxwell Fox. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1888.

Caught by the Tide. By Alison L. Garland. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1888.

The Wrong Road by Hook or by Crook. By Major Arthur Griffiths, Author of "Fast and Loose" &c. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1888.

The Dragon of the North. By E. J. Oswald, Author of "By Fell and Fjord" &c. London: Seeley & Co. 1888.

thinks him a very fine fellow indeed. The best of his adventures is his captivity among the brigands, which is told in far better and more natural English than the rest, and has an air of reality and actual experience about it, in striking contrast to the ordinary lines of the story. Mr. Stanley Delafont is an exceedingly good young man, but he is not amusing, at least intentionally, and we rejoice to think that we are not likely to encounter him in the flesh. But what can one expect of a gentleman who purchases, "at a public auction sale, a pair of lustres, a set of cut-glass saltcellars, a very handsome inkstand, and a fire-screen," as a commencement of furnishing for the home he intends sharing with the lady of his dreams? The eloquence of his diction is not quite in keeping with his grammar, which is decidedly faulty, as the following specimens taken haphazard will show:—"I was afraid to be too pleasant, in case of him bringing up the subject"; "amongst we sober Italians"; "his nightly engagements had kept him sober and absented him from the gaming-table," &c.; while one curious sentence at p. 208 anent a particular view which haunts him everywhere, and contrives (at least as far as we can understand it) to lie "amongst the mace (*sic*) on the table" of the House of Commons fairly sets any known rules of parsing at open defiance. The *lingua franca* also that some of the characters seem to fancy to be Italian is too funny for anything. Brigands are not expected to speak pure Tuscan, it may readily be conceded, but to what language such a sentence as "Mais il vendetta" can belong it would be difficult to say. To crown all, the legal complications, of which there are many, are on a par with the grammar, and, if faithfully carried out, would undoubtedly land the next generation of Delafonts in an interminable lawsuit. Still, with all this, the book is harmless, and very likely to the class of readers to which it appeals (persons who, to copy Miss Garland's style, like "the glamour of fiction" as a medium for religious sentiment) may very possibly be welcome.

Major Griffiths's name is sufficient guarantee that *The Wrong Road* is not likely to follow in the lines of either *Born in the Purple* or *Caught by the Tide*, and those who associate his name with an interesting story, well and often excitingly told, will not be disappointed in the present instance. It is yet another version of the efforts to discover a mysterious crime—murder in this case—and the secret is well enough kept to puzzle the reader fully as much as it does the friends and enemies of Colonel St. Evelyn, at any rate till well into the second volume, and even when the innocence of the suspected person is made probable, the interest is well kept up, and no one who has once taken it up will willingly lay *The Wrong Road* down till the last page is reached. Major Griffiths knows thoroughly the subject he writes of, a life whose sports he has shared, and for whose troubles he has, at all events, a keen sympathy, even if, fortunately for himself, he may have no practical experience of the particular kind he describes; and in consequence his characters speak and act naturally and intelligibly. George Gidding, the soldier servant, is a capital specimen of a capital race, which pessimists tell us will ere long be as extinct as the dodo. His master, Colonel St. Evelyn, is scarcely so sympathetic a character, and the spiteful animosity of little General Wyndham Parker is in consequence all the more natural. By-the-bye, Major Griffiths shows that the old-fashioned elopement from a window and by a ladder is still possible in spite of electricity and steam. *The Wrong Road* is heartily to be recommended to any one in search of a pleasant companion for a couple of hours' rest and entertainment.

The Dragon of the North, a romance, is yet in another style, a capital story for boys, and not for boys only. It belongs to the class of works with which Fouqué delighted his contemporaries fifty years ago, and Thorstein, the Norse Viking, and Rainulf, the Norman count, might well rank with the German writer's Thiodolf of Iceland or Folko de Montfaucon. There is adventure and fun enough in it to suit the youngsters, while it is as thoroughly wholesome in every way as the most particular parent or guardian can desire. From personal experience we can affirm that the boy to whom Christmas brings *The Dragon of the North* is not to be pitied, even should skating or other outdoor pursuits be impossible, and nothing be between him and boredom but the adventures of the young novice of Caserta and slayer of the Dragon.

SOME FAMOUS BOOKS.*

MR. SAUNDERS has set himself, or has had set to him, an ungrateful task. The whole of the volume before us, with the exception of a few connecting lines, is made up of quotations. The preface even begins with a quotation from Thackeray, and contains at least a dozen other extracts from poetry and prose, and all in five small pages of large type. If the object of this preface is to keep the reader in the dark as to the contents of the rest of the book, it fully succeeds. Mr. Saunders brings forward a passage in which Thackeray wishes that "a secret history of books could be written." He then goes on to promise us something of the kind. But a diligent search through his seven chapters fails to reveal a single circumstance relating to the writing and publishing of famous books which is not perfectly well known to any one moderately learned in English literature. Mr. Saunders's own style, what little we have of it, is easy and pleasant, but it really forms so inconsiderable a proportion of the whole book that it need not detain us long. "These notes," says Mr. Saunders very truly, "have been garnered from a somewhat desultory, though extended, course of reading and research." The result as a piece of literary patchwork is not inharmonious; and most readers will be glad to find passages which they may have read and forgotten long ago. Of anything really new or original the book is absolutely destitute; it gives no fresh facts as to the great authors named, nor does it add anything to our knowledge of their productions. Nevertheless, and with all these drawbacks, *The Story of Some Famous Books* is interesting, and essentially entitled to be described as "light reading"; for the volume is small and the print large, and we can open anywhere and turn forward or back as we please. The author's method is strictly chronological. He begins with Chaucer and ends with Lord Tennyson. Otherwise he has no fixed method, and the anecdotes he relates are not chosen with regard to the importance of the author of whom he is just then speaking. There are four pages and a half devoted to Coleridge, nearly three to Audubon, the American ornithologist, about three and a half to Byron, and no less than seven, chiefly of small-type quotation, to Carlyle. About Swift we have only a page, including a quotation from Johnson; but there is not a word about the contemporary effect of *Gulliver's Travels*, nor any account of Swift's relations with his publishers. Two anecdotes ought not to have been omitted. The one is about Swift's dismissal of the servant who had discovered the authorship of the *Drapier Letters*; and the other is from his *Journal to Stella*, in which he says a certain bishop has read *Gulliver* and pronounced it a pack of lies. In the notes on Milton we expect something about his sale of *Paradise Lost*, and perhaps something about the first edition and its numerous title-pages. Under Johnson, Mr. Saunders goes at considerable length into the history of the *Dictionary*, and quotes the description of a Lexicographer. He also quotes the attempted definition of Network:—"Anything reticulated or decussated, at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections"; but he omits the other definition, which is said to have pleased Johnson himself, "a lot of square holes tied together with string." Mr. Saunders quotes a curious anecdote from a magazine as to the origin of Longfellow's *Evangeline*. The story of the Acadians, and in particular of a girl who was separated from her lover, who passed her life waiting for him, and who found him at length dying in a hospital, when both were old, was told at table by a friend of Nathaniel Hawthorne, who wanted the author of the *Scarlet Letter* to make a novel of it. Longfellow was much touched by the story, and begged Hawthorne, since he was not going to use it himself, to let him try his hand. One cannot help wishing Hawthorne had treated it instead of the poet. Of Sir Philip Sidney and the *Arcadia* Mr. Saunders gives us some interesting notes, but they are very vague, if not inaccurate. He tells us that "a few years since there was exhibited before the Archæological Society at Salisbury a copy of the *Arcadia*." This as the beginning of a story is most exasperating to an exact reader. "A few years since"—why not give the date? "The Archæological Society"—which Archæological Society? There are many, not one of which bears that precise title. The local Society is, or was, "a few years since," generally known as the Wiltshire Natural History Society, archæology being put second among the objects for which it was founded. Furthermore, Mr. Saunders's "there was exhibited" is in itself annoying. Surely he must know to whom this precious copy of the *Arcadia* belonged. But he does not tell us. It contained a lock of Queen Elizabeth's hair and some manuscript verses by Sidney, which the paper stated he gave "to the Queen on his bended knee A.D. 1573." The hair was soft and bright, of a light brown colour, inclining to red.

* *The Story of Some Famous Books*. By Frederick Saunders. London: Elliot Stock.

MEMORIAL CATALOGUE OF THE FRENCH AND DUTCH LOAN COLLECTION.*

ON the occasion of the Exhibition at Edinburgh we described in two articles the room which Mr. Hamilton Bruce furnished with pictures of the French school of 1830 and of its Dutch following. This gallery is not likely to have been forgotten by those who saw it. A judicious and liberal choice of pictures made the show an exposition of what has been called the Romantic movement in painting. Mr. Bruce's collection, as it was certainly the first public illustration in England of the most important school of the century, unquestionably deserves some memorial and explanatory comment. We are glad to see that this has been offered effectually, and in the agreeable form of a very handsome descriptive Catalogue. Mr. W. E. Henley has provided a full preface on Romanticism, as well as separate notices of each artist. Messrs. W. B. Hole and P. Zilcken illustrate the principal pictures by drawings and etchings; and Messrs. Constable are responsible for the "get up" of the book. The outer dress in which such a work presents itself to the world is of consequence, and this volume makes no beggarly appearance. Binding, lettering, paper, printing, are all of the best; but it is in the proportion of printed page to margin, in the design of initial letters, headings, &c., that the most admirable taste has been shown. The title-page is a model of what such things should be.

* *Memorial Catalogue of the French and Dutch Loan Collection, Edinburgh International Exhibition, 1886.* Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1888.

Mr. Henley has taken the right view of the task before him, the view imposed on him by the nature of the original Exhibition in Edinburgh. He was peculiarly fitted for the work; his tastes and sympathies lie with this school, and he has done much to direct attention to it by his conduct as editor of the *Magazine of Art*, and by such independent writings as his biographical notice of J. F. Millet. The school which the Exhibition illustrated represents a mood of the century as thoroughly as does the kindred and contemporary school in literature. It has succeeded, in fact, in expressing with artistic completeness of style the attitude of the modern man towards nature. The work of these Frenchmen was no merely tentative pioneering excursion, but the complete conquest of a novel sentiment. In all the arts a culmination was reached at this time and the labours of a century rounded off. This being so, Mr. Henley is justified in making his "Note on Romanticism" something more than an account of technical processes, something wider than a mere discussion on painting. He has restricted himself neither to one country nor to one art. He has given a bird's-eye view of Europe seething in the fermentation of the new idea. He alludes to the political and social excitements of the French Revolution and the Empire, considering them rather as the nurse than as the mother of tendencies which had their birth in earlier times. His "Note," in fact, includes some reference to every important development of the movement in Literature, Music, Painting, Sculpture, and the Theatre. Nothing so summary, so complete, and yet so short has been written upon the subject. Mr. Henley is ready to concede that too much may be made of the actual local outburst which took place in Paris about 1830. It was a spasm of protestation and revolt. He claims, however, an organic vitality for the slow, widespread growth which had its roots in the past century, and of which the fanaticism of 1830 was only one amongst the many fruits. Romanticism worked constructively as well as destructively, and its principles of reform were laid down before the question became acute over the production of *Hernani* at the Théâtre-Français in 1830. The position taken up in the "Note" regarding the necessity for a new school may be gathered from a few fragmentary quotations. ". . . As far as art is concerned, the France which was handed over to the Bourbons after Waterloo had the look of so much dead land. As exemplified in the practice of the great artists of the past . . . the classic convention is in the highest degree admirable." "The reverse of the medal is less pleasing in design. The classic convention, it is evident, is as easily abused as it is hard to handle with an approach to perfection." "Given a man of genius who is also a great artist, and we get such results as *Cinna* . . . given a man of talent who is also an accomplished craftsman, and we have to be content with the pictures of Girodet and the alexandrines of the Abbé Delille." "Classicism, in other words, lay on the arts, not like a bloom, but like a blight." The pretensions of the school and the source of its inspiration are thus neatly indicated:—"The poet's claim amounted to nothing less than the prescriptive right of every artist to be as lawless as Shakspeare."

Mr. Henley has a great deal to say about the subject-matter of the *Romantiques* of 1830. It was neither quite new nor always valuable. That of the literature came partly from Byron and Scott, that of the painting in some measure from Constable and other artists. In "style" and "technique," at any rate, they were admirable and original. They perfected and completed the expression of the matter which they borrowed from every available source; "if all save their technical achievement were forgotten, the masters of 1830 would still be remembered as great artists." In confirmation of the view that the French *Romantiques* carried on their revolution chiefly in the wide province of style, we may point out that the title Romantic has often proved a stumbling-block to those who would comprehend the great French school of painting. People do not feel that these corners of fields and streams, with the figures of everyday pastoral life, are really romantic. They think of Doré; they think of sea-caves, spectre-haunted mountains, and enchanted forests. Now, though we can find a few attempts at romantic subjects, especially on the part of the figure painters, it was from treatment, not from choice of subject, that the Romantiques obtained their effects. Many of the classic painters chose subjects much more romantic; but they treated them with conventional stiffness, with a clear delineation of objects, and with a balanced composition. The Romantiques massed their effect in broader groups, and sought out larger silhouettes than those of separate objects. They took up the mysteries of air, of shadows peopled with hints, of the vagueness of space, of the obliteration of contours in effects of light. All this may be seen in the corner of a barn or in a hayfield as well as on an Alp. They taught people to look at nature generally with a romantic eye; they did not add much to the list of romantic subjects.

Though the second of the two main divisions of the prefatory "Note" deals exclusively with painting, much interesting information on the subject may be found in the critical and biographical notices of individual artists. Thirty-seven painters are thus separately spoken of. Corot, Delacroix, Rousseau, Monticelli, Israels and James Maris perhaps with most fulness and judgment. Millet, Courbet, Daubigny, Decamps, Diaz, Dupré, Ingres, Jacque, Legros, Troyon, Vollon, and Matthew Maris are among those treated at some length. Mr. J. M. Swan is the only Englishman whose name figures in the catalogue, and the character of his work and the sources of his education and inspiration certainly justify his inclusion amongst the more modern *Romantiques*. These well-sketched portraits show a real understanding of the painters, their place in art, and the quality of their work.

The value of this able and spirited review of the Romantic tendency in all the arts, in painting especially, and in the work of particular artists, is greatly enhanced by the excellences of the accompanying illustrations. The reader will find reproductions in black and white from examples of nearly all the masters referred to in the text. By no means every one of the pictures which figured in the original Exhibition have been reproduced. For instance, there were twenty Corots, and we have two etchings and six sketches in the book. Mr. W. B. Hole has done the greatest number. Of fifteen etchings he has done eight, Mr. P. Zilcken six, and Mr. B. J. Blommers one. All the etchings deserve praise. Mr. Zilcken has made a great success with "Landscape with Rocks" (Corot) and "Souvenir de Dordrecht" (J. Maris). As for Mr. Hole, in most of his contributions he has shown a really wonderful talent for entering into the skin of the painter he treats and fetching out, not only his sentiment, but the quality of his style and technique. Mr. Hole's work is always straightforward, unaffected, free from tricks, and in judicious subordination to the manner of his model. Nothing could be simpler etching than "Evening in Normandy," and yet it gives, not only the structure of Corot's picture, but much of its fascination of tone and grace of handling. Again, in "Retour du Troupeau," after Jacque, we see not only the drawing and effect of light, but the distribution of the masses and a suggestion of the bold and sketchy handling. In the transcripts of James Maris's rich "Landscape: Moonlight" and Diaz's liquid sketch "Sunset: Autumn" we seem to appreciate the different brushworks of the artists without losing sight of more important qualities. The conversion, too, of such a chaos of beautiful colour as Monticelli's "Ravine" into something sensible in black and white does Mr. Hole infinite credit. It is a wonder in virtue of what kind of fidelity this representation resembles an original that would seem to depend for its character almost entirely upon colour.

THE CAVALIERS AND ROUNDHEADS OF BARBADOS.*

It is well that we should not forget that the troubles and animosities of the great Civil War in England were reflected in the territories over which she then held sway; and the history of Barbados at this epoch forms a curious episode, and is illustrative of the spirit of the times. Underlying the main question whether King or Commonwealth should be acknowledged, there was also another point at issue—namely, whether the colonies should be under the control of Parliament at all. The plantations or colonies were originally treated as the King's foreign dominions, and not as part of his Kingdom of England. As such, the King often granted them to a proprietor, who was invested with Royal powers, and these provinces virtually became counties palatine. In the time of James I. the attempt of Parliament to interfere in colonial matters was more than once checked as an invasion of the Royal prerogative; and, as business multiplied, it was by a Royal Commission that certain members of the King's Council were nominated "Lords Commissioners for the Plantations." After the rupture with Charles I. the Parliament appointed certain members of their own body as well as peers to act as Commissioners, and in 1650 the Council of State resolved that the whole Council, or any five of its members, should become a "Committee for Trade and Plantations." The Caribbee Islands had been originally granted by James I. to the Earl of Carlisle, who, by his will, settled Barbados for the payment of his numerous debts. His son and successor about 1647 negotiated with Lord Willoughby, of Parham, for a lease of all the profits of the colony for twenty-one years; and, this being effected with the King's sanction, Lord Willoughby took the place of the Earl of Carlisle as proprietor of the colony. He did not, however, proceed to the island till after the execution of Charles, when, it being thought important by the young King's Councillors that the West Indies should be held, he set sail from Holland, and arrived at Barbados in April 1650, where Charles II. had been already proclaimed king. Previous to his arrival the island had been divided into factions; but Lord Willoughby, by his politic conduct and administration, united all parties, except a few staunch "independents" who removed to England, and there stirred up Parliament to action.

In October 1650 a strong fleet was ordered to be equipped for "the Barbados business," under the command of Sir George Ayscue; but its first task was the conquest of the Scilly Isles, which was duly accomplished by June 1651. In the October following Sir George arrived off Barbados with 7 ships mounting 238 guns, and having over 2,000 troops on board besides seamen; he was also accompanied by numerous merchant ships, both English and Dutch. Succeeding details have more of a local than a general interest; Lord Willoughby had a strong force, and disposed his troops to advantage, and though the Admiral more than once effected a landing, he could not make good his position, Continuous messages passed between the two leaders, the one demonstrating the hopelessness of resistance, the other breathing determination to uphold the cause of loyalty and duty. It is probable that ere long some decisive and bloody battle must have been fought, had not the news of the battle of Worcester

* *The Cavaliers and Roundheads of Barbados.* By N. Darnell Davis. "Argosy" Press: Georgetown, British Guiana.

arrived, confirmed to Lord Willoughby by a letter from his wife, which was forwarded to him by the Admiral. These tidings caused the moderate party in the island again to lift up their heads, and to open negotiations with the fleet. Lord Willoughby tried to heal the breach in his own garrison, but failed; and finding that he could not now trust a great number of his own soldiers, he sent a trumpeter with a demand for a treaty. Commissioners were appointed on both sides; and on January 17, 1652, articles were ratified which contained provisions highly honourable to both parties. These articles were approved and confirmed by Parliament in August 1652, and remain the Charter of Barbados to this day. The third article, which decrees that "no taxes, customs, imposts, loans, or excise shall be laid, nor levy made on any the inhabitants of this island without their consent in a General Assembly," is an early instance in the government of the colonies of the principle of no taxation without representation. It has been steadily adhered to by the Barbadians, and no specious arguments or inducements have hitherto availed to cajole them out of it.

Such, in brief, is the story that Mr. Davis has to tell; but we do not think we can congratulate him very much on his method of telling it. He has drawn on the same authorities, for the most part, as Sir Robert Schomburgk, and has not succeeded in constructing so readable a narrative from his materials as the older historian. From a local or antiquarian point of view, his lists of names are valuable; and it is interesting to note how many of the names of the foremost actors in these stirring scenes—such as Drax, Alleyne, Walrond, Colleton, Searle, Thornhill, Fortescue, &c.—are still well known in the island, either by their descendants or from the estates to which they have bequeathed their names. The book is, however, overladen with notes and disfigured with facetious headings to the chapters; while the mottoes affixed to them are not only commonplace, but often little apposite to the subject-matter.

SOME BOOKS ON IRELAND.*

WE read not many days ago in a Separatist newspaper the expression of a hope that the publication of M. Philippe Daryl's book on Ireland in English would put an end to all attempts to cite foreign writers in general, and M. Daryl in particular, on the side of the Union. Now we ourselves, after reading M. Daryl's book in French, had no doubt of its real, if unconscious, Unionist tendency; and we have, if anything, less doubt after turning it over in English since Mr. Gladstone pronounced his audacious (in the case of a less distinguished person it would be necessary to say his impudent) eulogy on the book as a contribution to the Separatist propaganda. And we should have supposed it absolutely impossible for any honest and intelligent man to read it without at once distinguishing what M. Daryl finds and what he brings. What he brings is no doubt in favour of Mr. Gladstone. He has the serene French conviction that anything done by England must have been wicked, and that, as Ireland has been under English domination for a good many hundred years, she must have been ill treated. He knows that English government, education, religion, and all the rest of it are "in a loomp" bad; he can give, with his French faculty for deduction *à perte de vue*, original sketches of Irish history which must by some curious confusion have been in Mr. Gladstone's mind when he described Lord Salisbury's correct sketch of it at Dover the other day. He can, out of the same abundant store, tell us that we have only to give (what is not ours) "the Irish land to the Irish tenant," and that if we add a lump sum to enable him to cultivate it, all will be well, and better than well; though what the large number of Irishmen who do not profit by this generosity *à la* Tupman, will say, M. Daryl does not attempt to forecast. In short, wherever matter of the general kind is concerned M. Daryl delights in setting at nought the foolish notion that synthetic judgments *à priori* are difficult or impossible. He can synthesize you *à priori* at once the whole past history and the whole future prospects of Ireland without the least difficulty, even though in the first case his *à posteriori* knowledge is so remarkably small that he dates Mr. Disraeli's "three profits" forty years back, and makes the receivers *the Queen*, the landlord, and the farmer. That he covers Mr. Gladstone with praise might have been guessed from Mr. Gladstone's praise of him, for ca' me, ca' thee is the golden rule of Hawarden. It is more interesting that he covers M. Thiers (who sent certain persons to Noumea) with abuse.

Yet M. Daryl's is a very valuable book for all this, and we repeat our hope, expressed some time ago, that every honest and intelligent man ("for another," as George Warrington says in parallel case, the "prescription loses its efficacy") will read it. For M. Daryl is of that rather rare class of persons who, however they may choke their opinion with folly and falsehood, cannot report a fact falsely. The consequence is, that every page of his book where he tells what he has seen gives the lie to every other page of it where he tells what he has thought. From this book alone proof irrefragable might be collected of the very things which Mr. Gladstone and his followers deny—that in large parts of Ireland no rent at all can be paid by such a population living in such a way, and that if no rent were paid ruin would result; that the League tyrannizes over those who can pay and would pay if they were allowed; that the best landlords are as obnoxious to it as the worst; that the real object of the agitators is not rents of any fairness, but getting the land for nothing; that enmity to England is, with greed, the soul of the movement. Persons who like to turn to M. Daryl's fancy history, to his flattery of Mr. Gladstone, to his quack prescriptions for the future, may quote him as a supporter of Parnellism; those who read his book honestly with whatever bias (for we go as far as that) will close it with one simple wish—

> And oh! to see the de'il gae hame
> Wi' the National League before him!

The late Dr. Richey, as the preface to this new and revised (but most inappropriately titled) edition of his lectures on Irish history reminds us, had projected a complete history of Ireland. There are few greater losses among the not usually much-to-be-bemoaned list of books that might have been. For there is at present not merely not such a thing as a good book of the kind, but nothing that even approaches a good book; and Dr. Richey had not a few of the qualities required to produce a very good book indeed. Although he was entirely free from the incomprehensible craze which has always made many Irishmen, and now makes some Englishmen who cannot be called fools, assume offhand that in the long debate between England and Ireland the latter, or anything that called itself the latter, must always be in the right, he was equally free from the opposite error. He recognized fully, what no other historian of Ireland with whom we have ever met has ever recognized fully, that you must judge each proceeding by the general attitude of the time towards similar proceedings. And, though we by no means always agree with his conclusions, we have never detected a single instance in him of wresting, blinking, or garbling his premisses. His knowledge was so wide as to be very nearly exhaustive, and his critical faculty (a faculty which some celebrated historians seem to manage to do without) of a high order. From these lectures we should have expected only one fault that could be called at all serious in a formal history of his—to wit, the possible accumulation of too great a mass of undigested, or only partially digested, material and authorities. It is, however, fair to remember that in lectures originally intended for oral delivery, and dealing with parts only of a subject, a certain excess of illustrative and corroborative material is not wholly out of place; and that the author would probably have proceeded on a different scheme had he carried out his larger plan. Only a very small part of the present volume had been revised by him with a view to that plan before his death; and, as put together by Dr. Kane, it is what is commonly called a "conglomeration"; but it is likely to be an exceedingly useful conglomeration. It goes no further than the plantation of Ulster, and it cannot be said that it is exhaustive of the subject even up to that date. But this, again, is a fault absolutely inseparable from the form which the original work took. A lecture is, if it is a good lecture, necessarily more concentrated on the special subject, as well as more neglectful of the general subject, than a chapter; and it has resulted from this that few reprinted lectures on different parts of a large matter have made good histories of it. This remark might seem at first adverse to Dr. Richey's book. But, as it happens, we possess two chapters of his intended historical résumé of the whole subject, and these are pretty well sufficient to show how good the others would have been. Dr. Richey had that complete disdainfulness of merely mythical history which even yet is the test, and the only test, of a thorough historian. It is curious how, even after the twenty times repeated demonstration of the failure of the methods of Niebuhr, some of our most famous history-writers will persist in writing as if any good could come of the method, which may be thus summed up:—"Gentlemen, the whole of this is either demonstrably false or at least reposes upon a basis of equal untrustworthiness. But, if you please, we will pick out some things, and assume that they are true, though we have no other evidence than that they are told by the same person who tells us things certainly false." In the handling of the main part of his subject Dr. Richey has passed over some matters which, if he had lived to recast his work, he would no doubt have discussed at greater length, and has included lengthy handling of others which he would no doubt have curtailed in the same case. The later part of his work has been more fully treated by Mr. Bagwell in his *History of Ireland under the Tudors*, but we are not prepared to say that the fuller treatment is the better. On the whole, the present book is the best we know on the history of Ireland from the Conquest (which it would make Dr. Richey very angry to call a conquest, and certainly it was a very Irish one) to the beginning, at least, of the singular experiment of governing Ireland through the Kildare Geraldines. And even later than that period it has one, as far as we know, unique merit. Not one single historian, as we have urged in review after review, except Dr. Richey, has ever condescended to treat Irish history except as something wholly exceptional, and not to be judged by anything else that was happening in any other parts of the world. The Conquest has been treated as if there had been no Norman conquests in France, England, Italy, and where not. The Colonial Government, as we may call for shortness the Government from the twelfth century to the sixteenth, has been

* *Ireland's Disease.* By Philippe Daryl. London: Routledge.

A Short History of the Irish People. By A. G. Richey, Q.C., LL.D. Edited by R. R. Kane, LL.D. Dublin: Hodges & Figgis. London: Longmans & Co.

The Story of the Nations—Ireland. By the Hon. Emily Lawless. London: T. F. Unwin.

The Irish in Australia. By J. F. Hogan. London: Ward & Downey.

treated without a thought of comparison with other Colonial Governments. Men have opened the eyes of horror and the mouth of howling over Smerwick and Island Magee, as if there had been no such things as the Spanish Fury, no such a place as Magdeburg, no such a series of events as the French religious wars. Dr. Richey continuously declines to do this. He is as far as possible from being a panegyrist of English rule; we hardly know an author who within the limits of reason has said harder things of it. But from the great curse of Irish history and Irish politics, the curse which has now swallowed up Mr. Gladstone and the Gladstonian party, the curse of the belief or the make-believe that Ireland and the Irish have been in the past for the worse and ought to be in the present for the better treated in some fashion quite different from the fashion in which any sane man has thought, or would think, of treating other people—he is conspicuously free. And, therefore, we repeat an expression of very sincere regret that he did not live to do the work which he could probably have done better than anyone else.

Miss Lawless's book has, of course, no pretensions to supply the place which is thus left unfilled. The author has prefixed a very modest preface, and, which is not an invariable consequence, has followed it up with a text written in no less modest a temper, but at the same time with plenty of spirit, and without any fear of intimating a decided opinion when a decided opinion is required. The very form of the book, however, precludes the possibility of original investigation, of elaborate discussion of doubtful points, or of judicial criticism of previous writers. What is wanted for a "Story of the Nations," if a Story of the Nations is wanted at all, is, we suppose, a clear and bright narrative, based on sufficient acquaintance with the best general authorities, written without partiality, and going sufficiently, but not too much, into detail. Miss Lawless has supplied this want remarkably well; better indeed we think, on the whole, than any contributor to the series. Her chief, if not her sole, fault is a certain haste either in originally writing or in revising for press. It would not be impossible to pick out examples of very dubious grammar; and misprints, sometimes only to be called misprints by a little charity, are numerous. "Alcansar" supplies, indeed, a bad sort of rhyme to "Drawcansir"; and some of the fighters at the Battle of the Three Kings, Stukely especially, were rather Drawcansirish. But still the accepted designation of the battle is Alcasar or Alcazar. We write "Maltese," but not "Galtese," and, though we know what a caladium is and a palladium and a palatium, we do not know what a "Paladium" is; and, if it is a misprint for the "ll," we are still unable to understand what is meant by calling Maynooth Castle "the pal[l]adium of the Geraldines." These are small matters, however, and can be very easily set right. No setting right is wanted in the more important points. The narrative is fluent and interesting, bringing out picturesque points without too much devoting itself to them, supplying most details that it is really important to know, and coming as near as may be to complete impartiality. We think, indeed, that Miss Lawless is not just either to Mountjoy or to Strafford; but this very fact ought to testify in her favour, inasmuch as it shows that she has striven to be just to both sides. But she can surely not know Mountjoy's whole history, or she never would have called him unchivalrous. He was a brave soldier, one of the truest of lovers, one of the most loyal of subjects; and, if these three things do not make chivalry, the devil is in it. But Mountjoy's name is only less of a red rag to sentimental Hibernian patriots than the names of Strafford and of Cromwell himself; and, though Miss Lawless has far too much sense, knowledge, and honesty to be a Hibernian patriot, she is sometimes a little touched with the amiable weakness of making too much allowance for Hibernian patriotism. Her book is, however, all the more valuable, as it cannot be accused of B. B. B. proclivities.

Mr. Hogan's *Irish in Australia* is the kind of book of which we, at least, are always very loth to say anything but good. It is as warm-hearted, as illogical, as deficient in the sense of proportion and strict accuracy, and as overflowing with generous clannishness, as Irish books not of the worst class often are. But it does, we doubt not, no more than justice to many worthy people who might miss their due meed without some such a book, and its shortcomings can be easily forgiven.

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE.*

In the British Museum alone, according to Mr. Ashton's little bibliography, twenty-two manuscripts and eighty-three printed editions, of various tongues and dates, form a pretty array of testimony to the world's estimate of Sir John Mandeville. And an excellent world it was that so valued the incomparable book of Sir John's "voiage and travayle," let Colonel Yule complain as he may of the very bad second Marco Polo made in the race for popular favour. To attribute this result to the superiority of the Englishman in the art of lying is unjust to Marco Polo. The question is capable of a more philosophic settlement, without impugning the honesty of either writer. Two reasons induced Mr. Ashton to edit Mandeville; the non-existence of a good illustrated edition, and the lapse of time since the publication of a popular version. He desired an edition, exclusively English, that should preserve a judicious mean between modernization destructive of the spirit of the original, and an archaic text that might repel the uninstructed. For this purpose he required a good English text with the original English woodcuts, and these he has reproduced from a reprint of Pynson's unique quarto in the Grenville library, the language of which is slightly but not injuriously modernized. Pynson's book, the source of Mr. Ashton's text, is without a date, but it belongs probably to the last decade of the fifteenth century. If anything could revive the ancient popularity of Sir John Mandeville it is Mr. Ashton's volume, with its excellent text, its ample, perhaps too abundant, annotation, and the admirable facsimile reproductions by the editor of the original curious woodcuts. The neglect of Sir John Mandeville in these days of much reprinting is not a little astonishing. Mr. Ashton inclines rather to mercy than justice when he describes previous modern versions as "bald in the extreme," and we entirely agree with him in regarding a reprint without the woodcuts as altogether undesirable. Mr. Ashton's book is anything but bald. Most readers will find its annotation excessive, though the editor may urge that this, if an error, is excusable in a book intended to be "read by all." Much, however, depends upon what is a fair estimate of the average intelligence of "all who read" and are likely to be attracted to the book. Among them, we imagine, would be none who does not possess some acquaintance with Elizabethan or pre-Shakspearian literature. There should be no need to explain such common words as "lewde," "fell," "deme," "Alkaron"; or geographical references like "Cesarye Phylyp," "Gabaon and Rama," "Cedron," "Acheldemack, that is to say the field of bloude." "The prophet Machabe" surely requires no note, and no reader of Chaucer wants the key to "the kingdom of Surry." Numerous other instances might be cited where the context clearly relieves the odd spelling of the necessity for annotation. On the other hand, there are occasional demands upon Mr. Ashton's ingenuity and scholarship with which he has not complied.

If the neglect of Sir John Mandeville be surprising, more extraordinary is the general misapprehension of his book. He has become himself something of a reproach among the many who know his name and not his work. He is, indeed, nothing but a name to a multitude—a name proverbially associated with an unenviable distinction, a name which ignorant prejudice and the stupidity of dullards have visited with gross injustice, making it synonymous with lying, and his book a mere collection of fables and impostures. Even Mr. Ashton, who does excellently in his Introduction by attempting to rescue the good knight and his work from the shadowy limbo to which they have long been confined, is content to leave his reputation with the reader, doing nothing to re-establish the *bona fides* of his chronicles. Intent on the attractive task of proving that Mandeville lived and wrote and died, Mr. Ashton is silent anent the very considerable evidence in the book itself of the author's virtuous moderation and truthfulness. Something in this direction was certainly to be expected in a popular edition to be read by all, though for our part we must confess an indifference to the inquisitorial spirit now active among critics. That Sir John Mandeville was born at St. Albans as he declares, and was buried at Liége, as seems probable, we care neither to affirm nor to deny. Such matters enter not into the metaphysics of true belief. But that he was the author of his own book, and a man of great parts and honesty, and a most fascinating writer, are sufficing elementary tenets of our faith. Nevertheless, to return to our position, it is a pity Mr. Ashton should not have clearly distinguished, in the interests of his readers, between the veracity of the author and the verity of his book. He repeats nothing but a dangerous half-truth when he asserts, "No one who reads the book can altogether trust his absolute verity." Again, he says he was led to edit a good text "dearly loving Sir John Mandeville, in spite of his romancing," which is as if one should love something in spite of that which is its very salt of virtue. There yet remains good reason for discrimination here, even if Mr. Ashton meant by "romancing" only the tissue of old wives' tales common throughout Europe at the time, which forms but a portion of Mandeville's book. No more than this, we hope, is inferred by Colonel Yule when he spoke of the "lying wonders" of our traveller. And what does this amount to? No more than this, that if Sir John Mandeville lied, he lied with Herodotus and Pliny. He merely repeated marvels more or less generally received by everybody in Europe. When there is a sound reason for doubt, who can be more persuasively candid and cautious? We would that all travellers had been as scrupulous and one-half as entertaining. When he describes the ruined Paradise of Eden does he declare with hand on heart it is not of his own brave seeing? His love of wonders is but portion of his romantic and genial nature, not uncommon in an age of faith. Even when he deals with miracles and saintly relics, though it is in the spirit of a devout Catholic, his regard for truth is conspicuous, as when he remarks of the legendary history of John the Baptist, "Some say that Saincte Jhon's hedde is at Amiens, in Pycardy, and some say it is Sainte John's head the byshop. I wot not, but to God it is knowne." His topography and geography are really excellent if we consider the times he lived in. All those portions of his voyage that treat of the Holy Land, "of Jericho and other things," of the "way towards Hierusalem," "a little of Adam and Eve," and how "thorow the wildernesse" one may go to the sea that "casteth out a thing that men call *aspatum* as great pieces as a horse," together with the greater part of his

* *The Voiage and Travayle of Sir John Maundeville Knight.* Edited, Annotated, and Illustrated in Facsimile, by John Ashton. London: Pickering & Chatto.

Scriptural illustrations, are but little removed from the very explicit and interesting experiences of later travellers, such as the ingenious and learned Dr. Shaw. The exactitude required of an eighteenth-century traveller in Barbary and Palestine is of quite another measure from that expected of Sir John Mandeville, and is absolutely independent of the writer's veracity. And so is it with Marco Polo and Mandeville. The world of the former was much larger; knowledge was much less restricted. Yet it would not be hard to decide who is the greater romancer, in the corrupt sense of the word, from a comparison of Marco Polo's account of Manzi and the Englishman's chapter on the "Kingdom called Mancy," or of Mandeville's description of the "dry tree" and Marco Polo's *arbre sec*. Marco Polo saw these and other wonders, such as the rope-climbing juggler who vanished in the heavens, while Mandeville reports them for the most part from hearsay. Apart from the vaguer Orient which he somewhat riotously depicted, we may generally trust Mandeville, not doubting that he relates personal experiences, when he expressly says so, as in the adventure with the "Soudan" of Babylon and the great prince's daughter whom he might have wed for his apostasy.

As we, like Mr. Ashton, love Sir John Mandeville, it were much more pleasurable to deal with his book in another spirit than that dictated by the limitations of a popular edition. But the duty, though painful, is imperative. Far more easy and delightful would it be to roam through "antres vast and deserts idle," or in the realms of Prester John or the Great Can, tasting the true romance which is the very soul of the book, undisturbed by the profane quibbles of tedious commentators and scientific geographers. These joys are free to the wise readers of Mr. Ashton's edition. With a good and quaint text we have even quainter illustrations. Both demand grateful recognition, as together they form a most admirable book and by far the best edition available to the English reader. The woodcuts in the text and an appendix of illustrations from other sources are marvellously graphic. It would be difficult, indeed, to overrate their illustrative force and conscientious adherence to the text. The man roasting fish "agaynst the sonne"; Abraham and Isaac at the altar, with a ready ram like a child's toy; the figure of that noble beast of chace, the Pampeon; the unutterable drawing of the dragon of Satha; the pleasing and unashamed natives of Lamory—these are but a few examples of warm fancy and spirited execution. Here is a pendant Judas, delivered of his soul by a winged devil whose face is as the face of a mild and spectacled doctor in philosophy. A variant in the appendix shows a white devil with a blackened face and claw-hammer feet. As for the folk with eyes on their shoulders, the man with the great foot, the dog-headed people, the irresistible two-headed goose, and the man whose one eye is in "the middest of his front"—these grotesques defy translation into language, except the language of Mandeville. The journal of Odoricus, the Minorite friar, whom Mr. Ashton rightly regards as the probable "felawe" of Mandeville's voyage, though in the main iterative, is included by the editor.

DEVONSHIRE PARISHES.*

THIS volume contains notes on the antiquities and family history of fourteen of the twenty-eight parishes of the Archdeaconry of Totnes that will be included in the complete work. Mr. Worthy treats his subject, on the whole, in a scholarly fashion, for the most part gives references to his authorities, and presents the results of his investigations in a clear and business-like form. Each parish is dealt with in a single chapter, a short account is given of its general history, the church and any other buildings of interest are described fairly, though with no evidences of special architectural knowledge, and the genealogies and fortunes of the families of the principal landowners are carefully drawn out. The chapter on Bickleigh contains the history of the family of "Colonel Slanning, one of "the four wheels of Charles's wain," who fell at the siege of Bristol in 1643. Under the headings "Walkhampton" and "Buckland Monachorum" we have a careful piece of genealogical work on the descendants of Gilbert, Count of Eu, a kinsman and one of the guardians of the Conqueror in his childhood, from whom came the first line of the Earls of Devon. Buckland has, however, associations of wider interest even than the deeds of the turbulent Earl Baldwin, who held Exeter Castle so long against Stephen, and of whom, by the way, more might have been told than will be found here; for the Abbey of Buckland was granted to Sir Richard Grenville, who turned the church into a dwelling-house, and after his heroic death, it was sold to Sir Francis Drake, and relics of Drake are preserved there. The central tower of the church still stands, and "its arches may be seen in a room in the upper part of the dwelling." Mr. Worthy falls into a common error, first, we believe, exposed by Dr. Drake, in saying that Camden states that Sir Francis was born "of mean parents." He knows that Drake was a gentleman by birth, for he points out that he was undoubtedly entitled to use the "wyvern, cadenced with a mullet," as a descendant from the house of which Barnard Drake of Ash was then the head, and he, therefore, appears to think that Camden must have called his parents "mean" on account of their poverty. He forgets that Camden wrote in Latin, and that *mediocris* is not to be translated by "mean" in the sense that the word commonly bears now. Excellent as his work generally is on all purely local matters, he does not exercise the same care when dealing with general history as he does on questions of small account. It is strange to find an elaborate confusion between two Counts of Flanders in the pages of a genealogist, and Mr. Worthy should have known better than to accept the silly story about the love of Matilda for Brihtric, and the *spretæ injuria formæ* that is said to have caused the ruin of the rich Englishman. Moreover, though the wife of Duncan of Scotland was the kinswoman (consanguinea) of Siward, she was not, as far as we know, his "daughter," and Macbeth certainly did not fall in battle with the earl, for he was not slain until about three years after Siward's death. The name of Judhel, lord of Totnes, ought to have shown that he was not a "Norman," and a writer on West-country antiquities should have seen that the settlement of Breton adventurers in a Celtic district of the conquered land—for Judhel was not the only man of his race that held lands in Devonshire—is a point worth noting. The local antiquary is always over-prone to believe that the town or village on which he is writing was the scene of events of national importance, and Mr. Worthy puzzles us by announcing that, "according to William of Malmesbury and others," William Rufus sailed from Dartmouth in 1099 to avenge the loss of Le Mans, and so was "probably following his favourite pastime on Dartmoor" when he heard that Helias had made himself master of the city. This statement possibly comes from a corrupt following of some county historian, who referred to William of Malmesbury as the authority for the Red King's saying on the occasion, and imported Dartmouth into the story out of his own imagination; for William of Malmesbury does not mention Dartmouth. Orderic says that the King was at Clarendon and was going forth to hunt in the New Forest when he heard the news, and we learn from Waco and Gaimar that he sailed from Southampton. Carelessness of this kind is likely to make the reader distrust Mr. Worthy's work on matters about which it is not so easy to test his accuracy, such as the genealogy of county families. We believe that this would be unjust to him, and that he has spared no pains to be accurate about the genealogical questions that immediately concern his subject. He would, however, do well to remember that the local historian cannot afford to neglect the sources of English history. In preparing his second volume he should also be more vigilant in correcting for press.

* *Devonshire Parishes.* By Charles Worthy, Esq., late H.M. 82nd Regiment. 2 vols. Vol. I. Exeter: William Pollard & Co. London: George Redway.

NEW PRINTS AND PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE first number of the new serial, *Men and Women of the Day* (Bentley & Son) supplies a full assurance that the caricaturists are not to have the field of popular portraiture to themselves, which they may be said to have long enjoyed, seeing how little removed from intentional travesty are many of the cheap process reproductions from photographs of well-known persons that appear in the illustrated press. The new venture is of a comprehensive kind. It aims at the production of a complete gallery of portraits by Mr. Herbert Barraud of distinguished persons of every profession or calling, accompanied by brief biographical notices. The first instalment comprises portraits of Lord Hartington, Miss Mary Anderson, and Cardinal Newman. Excellent as likenesses, these photographs are of remarkable technical quality. They may be retained with the letterpress for binding, or detached for framing—a purpose to which they are admirably adapted, as they measure some ten inches by seven, a scale that realizes the happy mean between littleness and excess. To judge from the portrait of Miss Mary Anderson, actors and actresses will be represented in *Men and Women of the Day* not as they appear on the boards or in the effulgence of artificial light, but like good ordinary folk in honest daylight. This sound rule ought to be rigidly followed if the promise of vigour and veracity of presentment notable in these first examples is to be fulfilled to the end.

From Messrs. Gladwell Brothers we have received two effective etchings by Mr. Ralph Piercy, after Mr. Parsons-Norman, whose studies in landscape of the Norfolk Broads are tolerably familiar to visitors to those inland waters. "The Landing Stage, Ormsby Broad," is a skilful rendering of foliage and water, under the brisk influence of breeze and sunshine. The foreground, with its impending trees, and wooden landing flecked with sun and shadow, is noteworthy for the sound reticence of the artist's treatment of detail. The companion plate, "Fritton Broad," if less spirited and less expressive in line, possesses the charm of freshness to be looked for in an impression derived directly from nature, which is not often retained in reproduction.

From the Typographic Etching Company we have a reproduction of a landscape by P. H. Emerson—a hayfield or harvesting—by a process that seems allied to photo-engraving rather than to etching, yet possessing decided individuality, and capable of effects of light and atmosphere which the present example shows may be suggestive and pleasing. Here the figures of the labourers and the laden wain are realized with considerable fidelity to the conditions of light and air that constitute a vague glimmering environment. The charm of tranquillity that belongs to mild diffused light and spacious windless atmosphere can scarcely have suffered by translation in this instance. No process yet invented is perfect, but this should certainly have a career in the future that will command attention.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THOSE who have heard of actions and rumours of actions by M. Guy de Maupassant in reference to the preface of his *Pierre et Jean* (1) may be surprised and perhaps disappointed to find it nothing but an exercise in purely literary criticism; in fact, a repetition of the old Hugonian plea that the artist is not to have rules prescribed to him, but is only bound to furnish good work on his own specification, if we may use the building term. M. de Maupassant does not show himself quite so deft a critic as he is a good poet and novelist; but that matters little. Indeed, his chief plea is for Realism, not as it is, but as against Analysis, and in that quarrel, as Colonel Talbot says in *Waverley*, we are quite content to say "Fight dog, fight bear." The novel to which this dissertation is prefixed is quite another matter, and is the most ambitious effort M. de Maupassant has yet made. Except that its *donnée* turns on the inevitable adultery (which is, however, twenty years old), there is nothing of the usual objection to the author's work in it, and there is not a situation, and hardly an expression, "calculated to raise a blush." The plot is simple. A *bourgeois* family, living in the modest retirement so dear to the French *bourgeois* at Havre, suddenly learns that a fortune has been left by an old Parisian friend to the second son, a promising, steadygoing, rather chuckle-headed lawyer. The elder son, who has far greater talents but is something of a rolling stone, is at first only a little envious of his brother's good luck in money, and a little jealous of certain other good luck in love which it seems likely to give him. But these feelings are crystallized suddenly into a much more terrible passion by the suggestion independently made to him in chance phrases by an old Polish chemist and by a girl at a *brasserie*, that this singular windfall shows a criminal relation between his mother and the testator. The whole central part of the book is devoted to showing how this notion—too true a one, as the reader guesses—works like poison in Pierre's brain, and embitters his life, till at last he breaks out in a frantic burst of denunciation addressed to his brother and heard by the unfortunate woman. This is practically the end of the book; for Pierre's exile as a doctor on board ship, leaving the placid Jean to rather discreditable prosperity, is a mere postscript. The earlier part of the volume requires a certain amount of attention to fix the reader's interest; but, this once fixed, the result is not doubtful. Detached passages of description are in M. de Maupassant's best way, and some of them—the Channel fog and Pierre's night sojourn on the breakwater during it, the prawn hunt, and others—show realism at its best, and might be used as a text to contrast with M. Zola's attempts in the same line. The mere writing is excellent; indeed, none of the younger Frenchmen can touch M. de Maupassant there. Some of the minor characters, especially Mme. Roséinilly, Jean's bride, may be thought to be left rather too much in outline, and the mother wants a few more touches to set her quite "right." But Pierre, the central figure, is completely and admirably made out; and, on the whole, we have no hesitation in pronouncing *Pierre et Jean* the strongest French novel since *Julia de Trécœur*, if not since *Madame Bovary*.

M. Liégeard's *Côte d'azur* (2) is a slightly belated Christmas book of elaborate composition, describing the Riviera from Marseilles to Genoa. M. Liégeard, we really think, is the most "coruscating" writer with whom we have the honour of being acquainted. Imagine Mr. Sala sewn into the skin of Mr. Symonds, Mr. Frederick Myers Siamesely yoked to Professor Dowden, and you shall hardly be prepared from all the four for such a wealth of adjective and allusion, such a perennial stream of metaphor and periphrasis, as M. Liégeard produces. A steam-engine is a "Hippogriff of fire"; when a new cathedral is opened "La France catholique, oriflammes [where is she going to get them?] au vent, viendra s'agenouiller devant le parvis de ses onze chapelles." But M. Liégeard—a point in which he has the advantage of most of our adjective-spillers—does not seem to take himself too seriously, and is lively, which cannot be said of any one mentioned above, except Mr. Sala. As for the illustrations of the book, they could hardly be better, and form a complete gallery of the district.

Of the two books before us, there is not much to say about M. Calais's exercise book (3), which is adapted to a particular grammar (that of Eve and Baudiss), and consists merely of collections of short sentences, with longer extracts below. These last appear to have been—though we do not positively know that they are—translated from the French, which we do not think a good plan; but this is a matter of opinion. M. Fasnacht's book (4) is very good. Its title led us to fear that most detestable thing, a "key"; but it has none of the objectionable features of that abomination, and might with great advantage be put into pupils' own hands. The remarks on pronunciation, especially on the mute "e" and on *liaisons*, are about the best we have seen, and the section of "synonyms" (or rather of equivocal terms) is excellent.

(1) *Pierre et Jean*. Par Guy de Maupassant. Paris: Ollendorff.
(2) *La côte d'azur*. Par Stephen Liégeard. Paris: Quantin.
(3) *Wellington College French Exercises*. By A. I. Calais. London: Nutt.
(4) *The Teacher's Companion to Macmillan's Progressive French Course*. By G. Eugène Fasnacht. London: Macmillan.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE nature of Mr. Edmund Gurney's reprinted essays on disputed questions in ethics and art—*Tertium Quid* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)—is tolerably well indicated by the title. Not that Mr. Gurney, as an intermediary between extreme views, invariably suggests a peaceful solution of the questions discussed by indicating an acceptable *via media* to hot disputants. Ranging between hostile camps in an ill-explored debatable land, he may be said to harass both parties alike in his essay on Wagner and Wagnerism, and leaves the reader in an uncomfortable incertitude. This indeterminate character was perhaps to be predicated of the essays from the title, though the object of a writer who engages two combatants simultaneously might well have been a little more deadly. A triangular duel is impossible in controversy and unsatisfactory in any circumstances. Mr. Gurney assists at sundry duels, not as a second, but as a third. He enjoys the power of selecting weapons, assigning positions, placing his men; and, though he shows scrupulous fairness in exercising these pleasing prerogatives, there is necessarily a good deal of unreality in the proceedings. That he makes a shrewd thrust now and again must be conceded, especially when he comes between Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. Alfred Austin, though we feel that neither of these critics shows his genuine cunning of fence, being incapacitated by the peculiar conditions of the game. Thus there is little bloodshed, and things remain much as they were.

A larger fund of anecdote might reasonably be looked for in Dr. G. B. Hill's *Wit and Wisdom of Samuel Johnson* (Oxford: Clarendon Press), though this alphabetical selection is skilfully compiled and forms a useful book for reference. The half of such a book might have been arranged under the heading "Anecdote," though it would in this case have lost its distinctive form, which pleasantly recalls the amusing *Poetical Dictionary* of a hundred years ago. Mindful of the wit and wisdom of Johnson's story of the lady and the grotto, we have searched Dr. Hill's dictionary of Johnsoniana for the heads "Grotto" and "Toad" only to be disappointed. Possibly the anecdote is included, like many others, equally good. It is curious how frequently a first consultation of books of this class proves useless.

To turn to a new edition of *The Court of Session Garland* (Hamilton, Adams, & Co.) is a not unnatural transition, if only for the contributions of the Boswells of Auchinleck to this storehouse of legal skits and parodies. This is a well-printed volume, with exhaustive annotation.

Samantha at Saratoga (Sampson Low & Co.) professes to be "a brilliant, humorous take-off" of Society at the fashionable American watering-place by "Josiah Allen's Wife," who relates how she and her husband left their rural retreat at Jonesville and became summer boarders at what the school-teacher of their village, "a young man with long small lims, and some pimpley on the face," calls the "most noted spah on this continent." The spelling employed by the author is suggestive of Artemus Ward; the style recalls Mrs. Brown not a little, with a flavour of vulgarity that is quite original. The innocence of these two elderly provincials is almost as amazing as the author's notions of humour. To mistake a statue in a public park, or the figure of Aunt Sally in the well-known game, for living persons may possibly appear fresh and irresistible humour in a young and vigorous country like America. Most people even in that high-toned land will probably think it is not humorous, but rather stupid, and decidedly vulgar in Samantha Allen to say of her error concerning the statue, "she wuzn't a live, meat woman, but a statute." There is humour in Miss Holley's sketches of Saratoga fashions, but it is very thinly laid out in some four hundred pages, and marred by passages even more deplorable than these. It is incredible that a good and thoroughly human specimen of the American woman and an inexperienced rustic should parody a well-known Scriptural text as she does in the chapter on "Dog-Worship" (p. 278). Mr. Opper's drawings are frequently full of smartness and point, the slighter sketches being especially clever.

To judge from the thrilling experiences narrated in Brooke Anstruther's *Two Tales Told by a Sensitive* (Edinburgh: Grant & Son), it must be exceedingly trying to be a "Sensitive" or to be connected with a person so mysteriously gifted. People who already fear to become the thrall of some subtle-souled mesmerist, or believe in premonitions and "airy tongues" that hint of discoverable secrets, may snatch a fearful joy and establish their faith by reading this little book.

The Theatre Annual, edited by Mr. Clement Scott (*Stage* Office), comprises a variety of short stories, verses, and reminiscences by actors and actresses, the last of which are especially appropriate at the present season. The contents of the miscellany are the work of many hands, and as full of brightness and diversion as of variety. The editor contributes a lyrical interlude, arranged in scenes; a graceful romance for children, told in stanzas of melodious form and dainty fancy. A story by the late Mr. Palgrave Simpson should attract a multitude of readers. In addition there may be mentioned stories by Mrs. Bernard Beere, Miss Grace Hawthorne, Mr. Wilson Barrett, Mr. Harry Nicholls; the lyrics from the *Ballad-Monger*; a patter song by Mr. Charles Collette; and several short papers by members of the profession that are certain to interest an inquisitive public.

We have received *The Kentucky Resolutions of 1798*, an historical study, by E. D. Warfield (Putnam's Sons); Dr. Dorner's *System of Christian Ethics*, translated by Professor C. M. Mead,

D.D., and the Rev. R. T. Cunningham (Edinburgh: Clark); *The Vision of a Passion; and Other Poems*,* by T. Folliott (Wyman); *Cecily's Birds*, illustrated by F. Dadd (S.P.C.K.); *How the Home was Won Back*, by Mrs. Reaney (Nisbet); *The Court of Rath Croghan*, by M. L. O'Byrne (Dublin: Gill); *The Gold Fields Revisited*, by E. P. Mathers (Durban: Davis); *Burns's Letters*, "Camelot Series" (Scott); *From Kitchen to Garret*, by J. E. Panton (Ward & Downey); *Taken In*, by "Hopeful" (Allen); W. Stephens's *Educational List and Directory*, 1887-8 (S. Low & Co.); *Snowdrop* and *Between Dead Lips*, by J. E. Maddock (Wyman); *For the Right*, from the German of Karl Emil Franzos (Clarke); *The Silver Trout*, &c., by Sir Randal Roberts (Allen), and, in the "World's Workers" series (Cassell & Co.), *Sarah Robinson*, &c., by E. M. Tomkinson, and *Thomas A. Edison*, by S. F. B. Morse.

We have also received George Dawson's *Shakspeare: and Other Lectures*, edited by G. St. Clair (Kegan Paul & Co.); *The Brunswick Succession*, by Percy M. Thornton (Ridgway); *Letters of Ricardo to Malthus*, edited by James Bonar (Oxford: Clarendon Press); *Liberty and Liberalism*, by Bruce Smith (Longmans); *Literary Sketches*, by H. S. Salt (Sonnenschein); *Liberty and Law*, by George Lacy (Sonnenschein); *Transactions of the Philological Society*, Part II. 1885-7 (Trübner & Co.); *Divine and Moral Emblems*, by F. Quarles, with 81 engravings (Paterson); *The Heart of Merrie England*, by the Rev. J. S. Stone (Crosby Lockwood & Co.); *Sonnets: and Other Poems*, by W. G. Griffith (Digby & Long); *A Lay of a Cannibal Island*, by J. G. Watts (Judd); *God's Garden*, by "Heartsease" (Nisbet); *Dacie Darlingsea*, by Mrs. Dambrill-Davies (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.); *Women must Weep*, "first edition," by Professor F. Harald Williams (Sonnenschein); *Poor Folks' Lives*, by F. Langbridge (Simpkin & Co.); *Cæsar Borgia*, a tragedy, by W. Evans (Maxwell); Carlton's *City Ballads*, "Rose Library" edition (Sampson Low & Co.); *Modern Gymnastic Exercises*, Part I., by A. Alexander (Philip & Son); *The Teacher's Manual of Drill*, by Mary E. Hudson (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); Part VI. of *Our River*, by G. D. Leslie, R.A. (Bradbury, Agnew, & Co.); *The Child Elves: a Fairy Tale*, illustrated by Laura Troubridge (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); *Eight Tales of Fairyland*, by Louise B. Poirez (Field & Tuer); *Ourselves and our Neighbours*, by L. C. Moulton (Ward & Downey); and *Free Rum on the Congo*, by W. T. Hornday (Chicago: Women's Temperance Publishing Co.)

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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LONDON: GEORGE BELL & SONS, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.
CAMBRIDGE: DEIGHTON, BELL, & CO.

Printed by SPOTTISWOODE & CO. at No. 5 New-street Square, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London; and Published by WILLIAM BOYCE, at the Office, No. 38 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of Middlesex.—Saturday, January 21, 1888.

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,683, Vol. 65. January 28, 1888. [Registered for Transmission abroad.] Price 6*d*.

"AND OTHER UNIVERSITY MEN."

IT would be grossly unfair to so loyal, patriotic, and intelligent a corporation as the University of Cambridge to hold it corporately responsible for the vagaries of a few vain or self-seeking members of its household. The best and wisest of mothers may have children who continue to deserve the rod long after they have passed the age at which it can be administered to them; and the [illegible]a Mater who stands in this relation to the unworthy sons by whom she was publicly put to shame last Tuesday night in the Guildhall at Cambridge deserves compassion rather than blame. But though she does not deserve the discredit which they have succeeded in attaching to her, she will have to bear it nevertheless. It is true that the meeting held at the time and place in question was got up by the Liberal Association of the town of Cambridge, and that the University, as such, had of course nothing to do with it. But the attempt so studiously made to represent Mr. DILLON as in some sense the guest of the University cannot, we fear, be pronounced altogether unsuccessful. It was by his academical, and not by his civic, supporters in that town that he was lodged, entertained, and mainly supported on the platform; and, though every one who knows anything of the particular persons who figured as his entertainers and backers may have pretty accurately measured their claim to represent the learned body to which they belong, it would be vain to look for such knowledge or its resulting estimate among the general public. They, it is to be feared, are only too likely to be impressed by reading in their newspapers that Mr. DILLON was supported, not only by Professor STUART, M.P. (who has, indeed, been already classified for them by an eminent man of science, and whom they have perhaps by this time learnt to appraise correctly enough), but also by "Dr. JACKSON, of Trinity; the Rev. "T. J. LAWRENCE, Deputy Professor of International Law; "Mr. OSCAR BROWNING, of King's College; Dr. WALDSTEIN, "and other University men." The ordinary newspaper reader does not and cannot know that this last-named gentleman has, in any other than a merely complimentary sense, about as much right to be called a member of the University as the librarian of the House of Commons has to be described as a member of Parliament. He does not and cannot know that the only name of any weight whatever in the foregoing list is that of an academical notability who was probably as much disconcerted as his best friends at the company in which he found himself. And, though the ordinary newspaper reader may, and perhaps does, remember that Mr. OSCAR BROWNING has given public evidence of his lack of judgment and discretion, it i[illegible]not probable that those positive qualities which woul[illegible]duce him, politics altogether apart, to court notoriety[illegible]patron of Irish agitators are equally well known t[illegible]e world at large.

No doubt it may be said that mere familiarity with the political record of Professor STUART should have been sufficient to prepare the public even for such an exhibition as that of Tuesday night. No doubt they might have been expected to argue that the inordinate vanity and the inflamed partisanship which are Professor STUART's chief impulses to action could hardly be without other examples in the University to which he belongs, and which might, therefore, claim to be dissociated as much from them as from him. Those, however, who have cherished this expectation take too little account of the broad distinction which Englishmen have hitherto been wont to draw between the professional politician and the academic dignitary. They regard the latter, when he deliberately descends to the adoption of the trade of politics, as distinctly *déclassé*; but, so long as he abstains from actual participation in that demoralizing pursuit, they have not yet learnt to rid themselves of the notion that he approaches the political questions of the day fr[illegible] a higher standpoint than that of the political partisan. They cannot be expected to be aware of the deplorable extent to which som[illegible] the worst vices and vulgarities of modern manners have a[illegible]d even the ancient seats of learning, and how destructi[illegible] they have proved to the old-fashioned traditions of academic dignity and reserve. And this is only another way of saying that when the public see such names as that of "Dr. JACKSON, of Trinity," "The Rev. T. J. "LAWRENCE, Deputy Professor of International Law," or even of "Mr. OSCAR BROWNING, of King's College," there is much danger lest they should draw a widely erroneous inference from the presence of these eminently respectable persons on a platform by the side of Mr. DILLON. Having no means of knowing from personal intercourse with the latter-day University don that he is often just as helplessly enslaved as the pettiest provincial wirepuller or his silliest dupe to those motives which impel men to associate themselves unhesitatingly with unworthy political allies and disreputable political causes—having had no means, we say, of acquainting himself with these tendencies of the latter-day don, the newspaper reader of the less instructed and independent type (which is the commonest example of him) will be apt to suppose that the cause which has obtained such support must, after all, be less unworthy, and association with its professional champions less discreditable, than he had formerly imagined. In other words, he is in danger of saying to himself that, if the Deputy Professor and the gentleman from Trinity, and the other academic respectabilities, do not mind rubbing shoulders publicly with Mr. DILLON, the conclusion ought to be, not that they are less respectable than he had believed them to be, but that Mr. DILLON and Mr. DILLON's cause are more so.

This, of course, is precisely the impression which such demonstrations as that of last Tuesday are designed by the cunning intriguers who get them up, and entrap simpletons, learned or other, into assisting them, to produce. They ardently wish it to be believed that Mr. JACKSON and the rest of them have elevated their Parnellite *protégé* by their patronage, instead of having merely lowered themselves, and indirectly their University, by posing as his patrons. It is the duty, therefore, not only of every one well affected to the cause of the Union, but of every one who would wish to rescue a venerable institution from further discredit, to point out to his countrymen that it is the latter and not the former of the above consequences which have followed from the recent proceedings at Cambridge; that Mr. DILLON and his cause have not been in the slightest degree elevated by association with these academic persons, but that it is themselves and their University which they have degraded by association with Mr. DILLON and his cause. For the present, however, we will leave the cause out of the question. We must concede to Mr. JACKSON and the Deputy Professor of International Law the right claimed by more eminent men of endeavouring the dismemberment of their Empire and persuading themselves that the process is one of "consolidation." Indeed, the latter gentleman has a professional interest in that policy; for if *boni judicis est ampliare jurisdictionem*, it may be the part of a good Professor of International Law to enlarge the domain of his "subject" by making two

nations out of one. We will say nothing, then, of Mr. DILLON's cause. But who and what is Mr. DILLON himself? Mr. DILLON is a man whom, on no other ground that we can discover except that he is thin and pale and passionate of speech, while his more prominent colleagues are for the most part plump and rubicund and merely noisy of spout, his Radical admirers are endeavouring to pass off upon their countrymen as a patriot of the poetic type. He is fondly supposed by the weaker-minded among these to represent the ideal leader, whose chivalrous, if misguided, devotion to the Nationalist cause invests an enterprise disfigured by many sordid and ignoble associations with its solitary gleam of romance. No conception of the case could more ludicrously caricature it. As a matter of fact, this interesting-looking person has done more than any one of his colleagues, with perhaps the single exception of Mr. O'BRIEN, to unfit the cause of Irish Nationalism for the espousal of honest men. As deeply involved as any other of the leading Parnellites in moral complicity with Irish-American crime, Mr. DILLON has been far more active than any of them in his appeals to the lower and baser passions of his countrymen at home. Many Englishmen may have forgotten—and perhaps the respectable persons on the Cambridge platform never knew—that Mr. DILLON is the only Parliamentary agitator who has ever uttered verbal incitement to the savage mutilators of dumb beasts. In a speech at Kildare in 1880 he delivered himself of a sinister hint on this subject, which was too strong even for the stomachs of his Radical friends of those days—they are perhaps less squeamish now—and drove them to the absurd suggestion that, in predicting that "cattle would not "prosper" on an evicted man's land, Mr. DILLON was merely glancing at some quaint old Celtic superstition. His challenge to the brutality of Irish tenants has been followed by more open and effective appeals to their cupidity. He is the inventor and principal promoter of a predatory scheme which in its turn has startled the more respectable Gladstonians out of—or rather into—their propriety, and from which they have been compelled, with more or less reluctance, to withhold their countenance. Nor is it as if these things were accidental aberrations on the part of Mr. DILLON, and had been duly repented of. He was perfectly at ease, if we remember rightly, under the terrible reproach of having encouraged the barbarities of cattle-maiming. He boasted, though no doubt untruly, a day or two ago, that the Plan of Campaign has been of late more successful than ever in the work of defrauding and despoiling the Irish landlords. And this is the man by whose side, on a public platform, these highly respectable academic persons are not ashamed to appear. We say nothing of Mr. DILLON's politics, nothing even of the fact that he is a far deadlier enemy of the English name and the English connexion than Mr. PARNELL himself. To such facts as these political partisanship has notoriously blinded wiser men than Mr. DILLON's Cambridge partisans. The shame and scandal is that they should have so far lost sight also of the plainest injunctions of humanity and morals, and so far forgotten their duty as members of a University, which should uphold these things, as to join hands before the world with an abettor of the barbarities of Irish peasants and an apostle of the doctrine of public plunder. A year or two ago we should have said that such a thing was impossible, but the flood of demoralization which Mr. GLADSTONE's shameless alliance with crime and treason let loose upon the country has spread fast and far.

PEACE AND WAR.

THE connexion of the settlement of ISMAIL PASHA's claims on the Egyptian Government with the prospects of European peace may not be very close, but it exists. It was always possible that these claims would be used both as a means of disturbing the English supremacy over Egypt and as a lever in the elaborate system of machinery by which certain Powers occasionally seek to reopen the whole Eastern question. The actual settlement has been found fault with as a matter of course by those to whom everything done by the present Government is wrong, and to whom Mr. MARRIOTT (with the possible exception of two very different persons—Mr. GOSCHEN and Mr. ASHMEAD BARTLETT) is the most obnoxious member of the present Government. It is a pity, of course, that any fresh burden should be imposed on so heavily burdened a country as Egypt. But in this case there are very distinct set-offs. In the first place, Egypt actually saves money by the commutation of the allowances. In the second place, she gets rid of one of those vague but damaging claims which are particularly dangerous to persons and States not in a flourishing financial condition. In the third place, she gets rid of a considerable quantity of the least satisfactory assets that any Government can have—landed property which has to be cultivated directly or indirectly by the State itself, and palaces which have to be expensively kept up or ruinously abandoned. Finally, though the ex-Khedive be neither a very great nor a very wise man, it is impossible to avoid feeling a certain sympathy for him. He has had rather too much of the fate of TIMON, and it does not appear that he has indulged in any of TIMON's misanthropy. As long as his good days lasted all the world was only too glad to accept his hospitality, to lend him money at high interest, to thrust the services of expensive agents on him, to praise him as a kind of "high farmer" among potentates, a liberal and far-sighted developer of his dominions. When his good days were done, all the world proceeded to behave after its kind. In strictly poetical justice, no doubt, amends ought not to be made to him at the expense of his ex-subjects, but then there is so little strictly poetical justice in this world.

The latest rumour and gossip as to Prince BISMARCK's sentiments certainly cannot be said to err on the side of over-sanguineness. With a cheerfulness which does him the highest credit, and a prudence deserving of equal encomium, the PRINCE is said to have remarked that, according to present appearances, war was scarcely to be dreaded "for two or three years," "for the present year "at least." To which, with an inimitable frankness, he added that no doubt he had thought exactly the same thing at the beginning of 1870. The force of consolation can no further go than this. It is as though a weather-wise person should address a pedestrian setting out for a good day's tramp across the hills thus:—"As far as the "sky looks, I don't think it will rain before eleven, at "any rate not before ten; but I must own that I "thought that last Tuesday, and you know how it pelted." In other words, the PRINCE, like everybody else who knows the facts, is aware that there may be war at any moment, and that it will be extremely surprising if there is not war in at most a year or two. But of the exact times and the exact seasons he knows little, if anything, more than any one else. And the truth, of course, is that these guarded utterances of statesmen rather add to than diminish the public apprehension, while they also bring out the almost unprecedented oddity of the situation. There have been times, and many times, when some one definitely wanted war, and steadily intrigued for it. There have been others when apparent accidents threw Europe into war. But there certainly have not been many when no one except a few individual hotheads wished for war, and when everybody was vaguely convinced that nevertheless war is coming to-day or to-morrow or the next day, and that it is absolutely impossible to tell what will be the end of it. Nor have there been many when a poor and frugal country like Germany could be induced, in consequence of this apprehension, to take calmly and even cheerfully the spending of fourteen extra millions of money. In parallel cases this sort of nervous expectation hastens the event it fears; it is to be hoped that this will not be so here.

It would probably be a mistake to overlook, in considering the probabilities of the maintenance of peace, the existence and apparent growth of a feeling of decided irritation in Austria. Lord SALISBURY's reference to the troublesome effect of sudden popular waves of sentiment is not likely to have been directly aimed at the Dual Monarchy; but it is not impossible that it may be true in regard to it. Two different symptoms of such irritation have recently manifested themselves. The first is the appearance of a kind of discontent, chiefly in Hungary, but also in the Austrian dominions proper, with Count KALNOKY's policy. That policy, while it certainly cannot be accused with any justice of truckling to Russia, has as certainly been characterized by a rather superfluous amount of circumspection, by a tendency to blow hot and cold alternately, and by an evident desire to avoid provoking a breach of the peace, even after the very equivocal or unequivocal conduct of Austria's Eastern neighbour. The second symptom is the evident beginning of a sort of "tiff" with Germany—a popular, not a Ministerial tiff, on the score both of the philanderings of Prince BISMARCK with the CZAR and of the persistent taunts and jeremiads of the German press as to Austrian unpreparedness, Austrian

weakness, and all the rest of it. Perhaps the Germans in making these latter remarks are only showing the curious ungraciousness and want of sense of the becoming which enemies declare to be so ingrained in at least the North German nature. It is true, of course, that Germany herself certainly caught Austria very much napping in 1866. But Germany is the only Power which, for a quarter of a century at least, has so caught her; and, considering the present relations of the two Powers, delicacy should certainly prevent a North German—if a North German could possibly have delicacy—from dwelling over-much on that reminiscence. Moreover, there is absolutely no evidence that Austria is now in that state of Aulic-Council shiftless shiftiness which so long bound her. It is justly urged that the military occupation of Bosnia—no slight task—was executed, not only with a resolution, but with a promptitude and readiness of resource, which Germany herself could not have bettered; and, if something like the same feat has not in more peaceful fashion been performed in the EMPEROR's own province of Galicia, it is perfectly well known that it is as much as anything due to Prince BISMARCK's wish to keep the CZAR's inflammable vanity from catching fire. There are few situations more naturally provocative of national irritation than this, the situation of being inactive to suit German interests, and of being at the same time charged by Germans with inability to act, and with being likely to prove in the event of war a helpless burden on the great, invincible, generous German nation. It is, indeed, in no way probable that this irritation will seriously weaken the alliance of North and South Germany. That alliance is far too solidly founded on the two great piers and foundation-stones of alliance—community of interests and of fears—to be lightly disturbed. But Prince BISMARCK is a very wise man indeed, who never fails in the long run to stand to win on the best horse. He will probably have to make up his mind whether it is worth while irritating, even if there be no actual risk of estranging, a good friend in order to keep up a hollow truce with a certain enemy. Such extraordinary pettiness, so unlike the businesslike German nature, as the actual turning away of a customer to England, in the matter of the new Bulgarian coinage, looks, indeed, as if the PRINCE's odd craze about Orleanism were stronger than might have been supposed. But the friendship of Austria is something more than the coining of a certain number of Bulgarian shekels. At the same time, the Austrian ill-temper—not, it must be owned, altogether unjustifiable—is a symptom of the difficulties which beset the PRINCE's present attempt at keeping the peace; nor is it by any means the only one. And the fact that while these delicate attentions are lavished upon Russia, no attempt is made to restrain her threatening movements, is not likely to soothe any irritation that may be felt in Austrian quarters.

PARLIAMENTARY PROSPECTS.

THE Irish Nationalist members have received peremptory orders to discontinue or suspend the practice of Parliamentary obstruction. The prohibition will perhaps be unwelcome to some of the coarsest and roughest members of former Sessions; but none of them will hesitate to obey the orders of their sagacious chief. Mr. PARNELL's reasons for a complete change of tactics may be easily understood; and the only doubt as to the soundness of his new policy relates to the time which he has selected for the announcement. Perhaps he may think it expedient to weaken by anticipation the case of the Government for a further alteration of Parliamentary Procedure. The opponents of such a measure might embarrass the Ministers by the argument that they are pushing at an open door. In the last Session, as on former occasions, Mr. PARNELL allowed or induced his followers to exhibit their power of impeding public business. In obeying his present commands they will imitate the methods of their own National League, which sometimes discountenances in certain districts and at convenient seasons the outrages which it habitually organizes. Mr. GLADSTONE has, of course, concerted the Parliamentary plan of campaign with Mr. PARNELL, and their project does credit to their ingenuity. A year ago they hoped to prevent or postpone the reform of Procedure, and they were still more anxious to defeat the Crimes Bill. The hopes which were founded on the supposed scruples of the Liberal-Unionists were wholly disappointed, and the alliance between the two sections of Unionists became every day closer because they were engaged in a common struggle. As in the fable, and as all experience teaches, the effect of blustering violence was to make the traveller wrap his cloak tighter around him. Mr. PARNELL will accordingly now imitate the more subtle influence of the sun, in the hope that the protective covering will be voluntarily abandoned. If any legislative measure is proposed which may affect the political interests of the party, Mr. PARNELL and Mr. GLADSTONE can at a moment's notice rally their forces for purposes of obstruction. It is not known at present that the Government will introduce any important Irish Bill; and protests against refusal to include Ireland in the Local Government Bill will be easily overruled.

The Separatists can scarcely be blamed for their plan of testing the loyalty of the Liberal-Unionists. Mr. PARNELL appears to be seized with a disinterested enthusiasm for the progress of English and Scotch legislation, which he has up to this time rendered impracticable. In every measure or resolution which may be proposed by zealous reformers the Opposition will watch for opportunities of creating dissension between the Government and Lord HARTINGTON or Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. If Mr. PARNELL's calculations are justified by the result, he will have succeeded, not only in disorganizing the cause of Union, but in silently stultifying its Liberal supporters. Lord SALISBURY, indeed, stated in his speech at Liverpool that the Government would not necessarily either resign or dissolve if they should be defeated on some secondary question. Mr. PARNELL seemed to misunderstand language which was sufficiently plain; and it is not easy to discover the reason for his unusual dulness. He imputed to Lord SALISBURY a disregard of the constitutional rule which would impose upon him the duty of taking decided steps if he was defeated on the question of Home Rule. If Mr. PARNELL was really misled, he must by this time have corrected his error. Even in ordinary times a Prime Minister exercises a discretion in distinguishing between vital and comparatively trivial issues on which he may find himself in a minority. The leader of a party which has not an independent majority of its own is still more fully entitled to take all the circumstances of the case into consideration. The singular loyalty which has been hitherto displayed by the Liberal-Unionists will entitle any policy which they may pursue to candid appreciation. On the other hand, they are bound not to sacrifice the cause of the Union to any party prejudice or to superficial consistency. Three or four votes given against the Government on minor issues would undo all that has been effected. Mr. PARNELL cannot be accused of timid reluctance to spread his nets in sight of the birds which are to be caught. Possibly he may hope to effect the object of dissolving the hostile alliance by judicious manœuvring during the debates on the Local Government Bill. Gladstonian amendments can be moved as often as there appears to be a chance of snapping a Liberal-Unionist vote.

The Government will, of course, take the Liberal-Unionists into its confidence on important questions of policy. If it is in any way found impossible to agree, both the allied parties must weigh the importance of the issues which threaten to divide them against the necessity of maintaining the Union. There would be pitiable inconsistency in sacrificing the fruits of two years of co-operation to petty scruples or to political impatience. Lord SALISBURY's intimation that he may, in certain contingencies, submit to defeat must not be too liberally interpreted. The Government will assuredly either resign or dissolve if the Liberal-Unionists insist on the adoption of a Radical policy. The choice between the two constitutional alternatives must depend on the probable chances of success at the next general election. It is possible that the prospects of Conservative victory may justify an appeal to the constituencies. The Liberal-Unionists, if they separated themselves at the same time from both the great parties, could scarcely expect to retain a dozen of their present seats. The Caucus is, except perhaps at Birmingham, entirely at the disposal of Mr. GLADSTONE. As long as the Unionist alliance lasts the Liberal section may reasonably hope to receive, as at the last election, the support of the Conservative party. Even if the leaders had not formally renounced their friendly understanding, the rank and file of the Conservatives could scarcely be expected to vote for candidates who had recently and habitually embarrassed the Government by defeating its measures by unseasonably advancing their own. It may be hoped that in warning his own followers of the necessity of compromise Lord SALISBURY will not have encouraged his Liberal allies to prove too exacting. The conduct of a political campaign by

a commander of two confederated forces requires the same kind of diplomatic ability which MARLBOROUGH exhibited in actual war. Mr. GLADSTONE, while he holds full powers from Mr. PARNELL, has, like LOUIS XIV., no auxiliaries to humour or to consult. Lord SALISBURY referred to the difficulties which he has to encounter in his remarks on the modern practice of forming Parliamentary groups. The inconvenience of a constitutional innovation, which is perhaps unavoidable, has already been experienced in France.

Mr. PARNELL kindly offers to his adversaries every facility for quarrelling among themselves. The withdrawal of obstruction will, as he hopes, leave the majority without excuse if it hesitates to plunge into promiscuous legislation. Some of its members are pledged to measures which are in the highest degree objectionable to the great body of Unionists. For instance, a scheme for destroying the Church Establishment, in whole or in part, would necessarily divide the allied parties, if the question were to be determined by a vote. The tendency of Radical proposals to damage the cause of the Union is only too obvious. Mr. PARNELL's ingenuity would deserve full recognition if he had not overlooked the probability that his policy may be baffled as soon as it is understood. "You taught me the stroke," said the Highlander in the *Fair Maid of Perth*, suiting the action to the words. "Yes, fool," replied his enemy, as he struck the assailant dead, "the stroke, but not the parry." The House of Commons cannot be compelled at the dictation of a minority to adopt an inconvenient course of proceeding. In some cases the previous question affords the proper means of escape from a challenge which it may not be expedient either to refuse or to accept. A similar result may be attained by other methods when there are sufficient reasons for avoiding the necessity of an affirmative or negative vote. If constituents become impatient for the redemption of supposed pledges, it will not be difficult to explain the postponement of minor issues to the indispensable task of maintaining the Union. Lord HARTINGTON has on more than one occasion impressed on his followers the necessity of keeping the present Government in office. Those who approve of his policy cannot also wish to force on a Ministerial change. The Session will in all probability be fully occupied with the measures which have been already announced. It is true that none of them are likely to excite enthusiasm, but both parties are committed to the principle of elective Local Government, and they will be still more unanimous in favour of interference with the property of railway shareholders.

Mr. GLADSTONE may perhaps have suggested to Mr. PARNELL a change of policy which will tend to relieve the leader of the Opposition and his lieutenants from the odium which they have justly incurred. It is true that a condescending grant of temporary freedom to the House of Commons is only one degree less offensive than last Session's obstruction. On both occasions the Irish Nationalists have assumed the power of regulating, of permitting, or of preventing the transaction of Parliamentary business. Nevertheless, their past misconduct will be gradually forgotten or condoned as long as Mr. PARNELL instructs them to preserve ordinary decorum. There is no reason to expect that he will at the same time impose on his subordinates abstinence from violence and breach of law in Ireland. Some of the agitators might perhaps become mutinous if they were not allowed opportunities of notoriety and sufficient vents for their enmity to England. Mr. PARNELL has never publicly approved of the Plan of Campaign, nor has he taken any ostensible part in the resistance which has been offered to the Crimes Bill. Even his formal abandonment of Parliamentary obstruction is not ostensibly binding on his party; but his present conduct is so prudent and so well calculated to effect his purpose that it is evidently the result of mature deliberation. It remains to be seen whether the Liberal-Unionists will be duped by a pretence of moderation.

CHESTNUTS OF THE WEEK.

CHESTNUTS, in the American sense—that is, old ancient jests—we have always with us. If the American custom of ringing a little bell at each elderly joke were introduced here (which, as the Commination Service says, "is greatly to be desired"), the air would be merry with as many peals as on the celebrated occasion when Thought married Fact. We have had the antiquated anecdote about the Muscovite flinging his children to the wolves—a thing played out even in sermons to children. Mr. DU MAURIER has warmed up a chestnut supposed not to be older than our own generation. "My dear JACK, you stammer ten "times more in London than you did in Newcastle even"; to which JACK answers (stammering) that "London is "ten times as big a place." This is commonly told, by persons so reckless of proper feeling as to tell it any more, as if it had occurred in New York, and the hero is the late Mr. T. T. But nothing is proved as to the age of this hoary chestnut by assigning it to Mr. T. T. The name is usually the newest thing in a myth. We expect Canon ISAAC TAYLOR to declare that the stammering chestnut was grown in Babylon, and that the remark was first made by an Egyptian tourist who stammered fearfully in Thebes. This theory will be based on the hypothesis that the chestnut may yet be discovered on a cylinder, and thus it will take its place in the Science of Comparative Chestnutology.

A writer in the *Daily News*, who appears to be singularly ill seen in Talmudic lore, has been accusing the Kickapoo Indians of dealing in a chestnut prodigiously venerable. That the Kickapoos should plagiarize from the Talmud seems so unlike their frank and manly nature that we suspect there is some blunder somewhere. The Talmudic chestnut of the Origin of Women is familiar to every schoolgirl. An Angel was despatched to make Woman out of a rib of ADAM'S. The Angel extracted the rib and laid it by him on the grass. A monkey had been watching and ran away with the rib. The Angel posted after the monkey, who, being arboreal, ran up a tree. The Angel clutched at him, and the monkey's tail "came off in his hand," as servants say. Not having any other material, the Angel made Woman out of the monkey's tail; hence the frisky and inconsequent character (says our Talmudic author) of the fair sex.

The Kickapoo legend is probably derived from *Traditions of the North-American Indians*, by JAMES ATHEARN JONES (London, 1830, vol. iii. p. 175). According to this version of the chestnut, at the beginning of man's career, "of "women, vain, noisy, laughing, chattering women, there "were none." There were plenty of men, and the Kickapoo men had beautiful, long, whisking tails. By the way, *this* is another Red Indian chestnut. The Digger Indians, of the Coyote branch, also declare that men had tails in the beginning. The Kickapoo men had not been born, but were made of clay by the Gods, and a delightful time they enjoyed. "Wars were very few then, for no "one need be told that half the wars which have arisen "have grown out of quarrels on account of love of women, "and the other half on account of their maintenance." Even the fierce Iroquois did not sharpen the tomahawk, but adorned their tails with wampum. Men were so happy that they forgot the Gods, and did not offer game on the *mema hoppa*, or altar-stone. So the Great Spirit, to punish men, sent down a Manitou, who chopped their tails off, and made women out of the frisky, vain, decorative tails. "The "Kickapoos petitioned that women should be taken away "from them, and their old appendages returned; but the "Great Spirit answered that women were a necessary evil, "and must remain."

"The world hath been greatly guilty of this" chestnut; but who first planted and gathered it? The Talmudic writer can hardly have had it from the Kickapoos, nor the Kickapoos from the Talmudic writer. JONES admits that he did not hear the chestnut from an Indian, but culled it in HENNEKER'S *Memoirs*—a volume which has been suspected, JONES thinks wrongfully, of being *unecht*. Perhaps the most plausible explanation is that HENNEKER found the chestnut in the Talmud, and attributed it to the Kickapoos. But all is conjecture.

SOME SPEECHES.

THE plague of speeches has set in again with its usual severity, and all the trees of the forest, from the cedar great and tall, such as Mr. GOSCHEN, to the hyssop on the wall, such as Mr. ASQUITH, have mingled in the discussion. What is perhaps most curious of all is that Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE, speaking at Bradford, does not, as far as we can judge from reports in quarters so opposite as the *Times* and the *Daily News*, appear to have made the slightest reference to the little matter of his charges against anybody and everybody, on the strength of a speech of Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY'S

which Mr. McCarthy has himself repudiated in the construction which Mr. Shaw Lefevre placed upon it, and the statements of which all the persons concerned have promptly and categorically denied. Considering that the *Times* of the day on which Mr. Shaw Lefevre spoke had contained a telegraphic denial in rather round terms from Lord Randolph Churchill, in which Mr. Shaw Lefevre's name was pointedly mentioned, it might have been supposed that that politician would at least have taken some notice of it. Perhaps the notice may be found concealed under Mr. Shaw Lefevre's evident agitation. This was so great as to produce the extraordinary declaration that the speaker "could find no "words in the political gamut fit to describe the course" which Mr. Balfour, "so shudderingly to many," as another ardent sympathizer writes to the *Daily News*, is pursuing in Ireland. It is surely not surprising that a man should not find words in a gamut, which, as a rule, is the last place in which one looks for words. "We find many strange things "in the large brass instruments" is a mysterious saying attributed to a maker of trombones and ophicleides. But no discovery of that sort could be stranger than the finding of words in a gamut.

This meeting at Bradford, however, appears to have enjoyed many specimens of fine language, for Mr. Illingworth declared that, "if Englishmen had been" made to pay their debts, and had been debarred under penalties from shooting landlords, rebelling and scullabogning for centuries, "there "was no step which had the sanction either of heaven or hell "which they would not have taken in order to sweep away "such intolerable wrong." Mr. Illingworth, if we mistake not, is a light of Nonconformity; it would be interesting to have the opinion of the next synod or conference, or whatever it is called, of his particular sect (we do not know what it is) as to this view of "steps which have the "sanction of hell." Mr. Asquith may be left to reconcile his intense and lawyerlike admiration of the Plan of Campaign with the views of those of his friends who deplore the Plan of Campaign as the chief blot on the otherwise pure scutcheon of Home Rule. With such random and, in the case of the Bradford meeting, ranting utterances the Home Secretary at Birmingham had no difficulty in contrasting favourably. He had, indeed, a somewhat awkward task in one way, inasmuch as he is the only Minister who has brought any kind of disaster on the Government, or who can be regarded as having in any way failed to justify his appointment. But Mr. Matthews's peccadilloes are things of the past; and, very luckily for him, the blind folly of his adversaries provided him, both in the case of Lipski and in the Trafalgar Square business, with that kind of justification which is all the stronger because it is not exactly logical. It is also perfectly true that he occupies, if not the post which requires most mental and moral qualifications, at any rate that in which small difficulties are most incessant, and in which the occupier is most exposed to constant harassings from all sorts and conditions of men. With regard to his speeches themselves, they were good plain examples of the combined apology and counter-attack which seems to be now as incumbent on each particular Minister as if he had no colleagues, and as if his colleagues were not reported in newspapers, but which it is naturally almost impossible to invest with any particular oratorical attraction. In this last respect Mr. Matthews was not quite so fortunate as the other Cabinet Minister who spoke the night before.

It is not surprising that Mr. Goschen's speech at Hastings has increased the affection (every one knows how warm and lively it was already) of the Separatists for the present Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Goschen's reply to Mr. Gladstone was good, and we cannot help being glad that he took an incidental occasion of rebuking the silly notion, now translating itself, it is to be feared, into a sillier custom, that every Minister, great and small, who cannot have his way on every question of the cut of an officer's uniform, or the weekly milk allowance of an office cat, is bound to resign on pain of being charged with dishonesty, inconsistency, corrupt clinging to office, mean-spiritedness, want of independence, and Heaven only knows what else. The fact of course is, though it would not have been wise of Mr. Goschen to say it, that the Minister who is always resigning lays his own motives very much more open to suspicion than the Minister who fairly gives and takes, and who, while never "transacting" on a great question of principle, does not think it necessary to resign because the office messenger is to have three buttons instead of two, or the office cat two mice instead of three. But, perhaps, the most practical part of the whole and valuable speech, more valuable than the *tu quoque* to Mr. Gladstone, if less amusing, and not less valuable than the caution about resignations, if not so obviously timely, was the reference to the Lipski case and its illustration of one of the greatest nuisances of the day. Comparatively few men are Ministers, and able to advertise themselves by resigning office. But nearly seven hundred men are members of Parliament, and it is in the power of any one of these, who chooses to delay the business of the country, to thwart and paralyse the course of justice, and to make himself a kind of hero by dragging some legal question before the most unfit of all tribunals for irregular interference or more irregular review. It would, of course, be almost impossible even for a novelist or a playwright to imagine a more dramatic reduction of the proceeding to the absurd than the case of that luckless scoundrel when, as Mr. Goschen says, a hundred ardent and advanced members of Parliament were going to move heaven and earth to prove his innocence, if he had not had the extreme ill-nature to confess his guilt. In the other celebrated instance there was, no doubt, contributory blundering on the part of a Minister; but what delay and waste of time in Parliament and out of it it brought, what needless discredit thrown on the most important of public functionaries, and what an absolute minimum of useful result, of any sort whatever, every one knows. The worst of it is, no doubt, that it is easier to denounce the practice than to put a stop to it. The right of members of Parliament to discuss grievances is undoubtedly large, and if there are to be members of Parliament at all, it is nearly impossible to curtail it. There is no possibility of defining what is a discreet and proper and what is an indiscreet and improper exercise of it. If Parliament itself could, like judges of old time with juries, send the electors of the Camborne division to prison to reflect and come to a better mind as to their misconduct in returning Mr. Conybeare, the thing might possibly be done, though the Wilkes precedent is not encouraging. But then Wilkes was a very different person from Mr. Conybeare and the Conybearian type of member generally. But as it is, unless we had a House of Commons strong-minded enough to "pass to the order of the day" when the Conybeares and the Atherley Joneses tried to advertise themselves, we really do not know what is to be done or hoped, except from the inculcation of better sense on the constituencies themselves. Still it is just as well that attention should be called by persons in authority to the practice, to the nuisance of it, and to its inevitably bad effects on the public business and the administration of justice. Mr. Goschen deserves thanks for so calling attention in an authoritative way.

EUGÈNE LABICHE.

At Paris, on Wednesday, the 18th of January, 1888, died Eugène Labiche. He invented and wrote—to name but these three—*Un Chapeau de Paille d'Italie*, and *Célimare le Bien-Aimé*, and *Le Plus Heureux des Trois*; and in inventing these he inspired a whole crowd of smaller men, and set folks laughing, as the British drum-tap sets them waking and working, all round the world. To say that his death eclipses the gaiety of nations were, no doubt, to say a vast deal too much. For one thing, the gaiety of nations is not to be eclipsed by anything short of universal dissolution; and, for another, Labiche had done, and printed, his work, and the best of him is better in black and white than it is in action. But it may very fairly be remarked of him that, had he died some forty years ago, the world would have laughed a great deal less than it has. He was the greatest artist in farce of our time. Since Regnard died, indeed, a humour so rich and so abundant as Labiche's has not been produced upon the stage. He was French of the French, of course; and it was on his own ground (which was the Palais-Royal), and in his own tongue, and at the hands of his own interpreters—Grassot, Sainval, Ravel, Lhéritier, Hyacinthe, Geoffroy—that he was best seen and best liked. It must be noted, too, that his adapters—in England and America, at least—were, for some reason or other, unable to do him justice; that *The Wedding March* (for instance) and *The Nabob* are but mean and colourless reflections of the *Chapeau de Paille d'Italie* aforesaid and *Les Trente Millions de Gladiator*; that where Labiche was novel, outrageously possible, irresistibly extravagant, his adapters were either feeble or dull (or both), and were ineffectual or reasonable (or both) into the bargain.

It must also be noted that, like his great ancestor, Molière, the author of *Les Trente-sept Sous de Monsieur Montaudoin* and 29 *Degrés dans l'Ombre* was too national, was too essentially and particularly a Frenchman, to look well in an English dress, and speak to any purpose with (say) a Clapham accent. In this fortune he is by no means alone. Men so distinguished in their several ways as Dryden, Fielding, Cibber, and Charles Reade have worked their hardest to make Molière English; and not a single scene of Molière keeps the English stage. On the other hand, Shakspeare has been prepared for production in France by hands no weaker and wits no less apprehensive than those of Voltaire, Dumas, Alfred de Vigny, Hector Berlioz, and Victor and François Hugo; and he is so badly suited still, he bears his naturalization with so poor a grace, that M. Émile Blémont thinks it worth his while to recast and improve the plot of *Much Ado about Nothing*, and M. Porel, the manager of the Odéon—the theatre of the earnest and studious youth of France—thinks it worth *his* while to convey M. Émile Blémont's recastings and improvements. Labiche, it must be owned, has had better luck than that. As *Box and Cox* his *Frisette* has years of life in it yet, while as *Crutch and Toothpick* his *Les Petites Mains* has gone the round, we are assured, of civilization. But the number of his inventions passes the century; and to hint that perchance he may only be remembered as the original of works by the present Mr. Sims and the late Mr. Madison Morton were to give a poorer account of him than he deserves. Fortunately, as we have remarked, his farces read even better than they act; ten volumes of them have been printed, and it is said that when he died he was preparing a complete edition; so that, while the love of laughter is a human quality, his reputation, like that of Molière and Shakspeare, will scarce take hurt with the judicious.

He was born in 1815, and he died, at seventy-three, of heart disease. Though he did not actually belong, in Gautier's phrase, to that "grande génération de Mil-Huit-"Cent-Trente . . . . . qui restera une des époques clima-"tériques de l'esprit humain," he is near enough to it in time, and he was vigorous and active enough in fact, to prove that he had in him no small portion of the temperamental fire, the genius of initiative and achievement, for which his luckier predecessors were distinguished. He was a schoolboy at the Collège Bourbon, and a student at the Ecole de Droit; in 1835 he was writing stories for the smaller journals; and at twenty-three he was concerned, with Marc Michel and Lefranc, in the production of a piece in which the excellent Grassot appeared for the first time on the Parisian stage. Eight years after he was the author of *Frisette* and *Deux Papas Très-Bien*; and five years after that he had written and produced *Un Chapeau de Paille d'Italie*, which is certainly the gayest, the wildest, the maddest, and the biggest piece of fooling done for the modern stage. Some men are exhausted by an effort of this type; it was not so with Labiche. He had still some thirty years of work in him; and before he ceased from writing he had achieved such "undeveloped Molièrisms" as *Célimare* and *Le Plus Heureux des Trois*, as 29 *Degrés dans l'Ombre*, and the epic-in-little of M. Montaudoin and his thirty-seven sous; such combinations of just and delicate observation with invention the most fantastical and absurd as *La Cagnotte* and *La Sensitive*, as *Deux Merles Blancs* and *Doit-on le Dire?* and *Les Trente Millions de Gladiator*, such profound and vigorous comedy as *Moi* and *Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon*, such pleasant and human amusement as the story of the humours of Captain Tic and that dreadful business in the Rue Lourcine, as *L'Avare en Gants Jaunes* and *Le Prix Martin* (which was written in association with M. Emile Augier) and *Les Petites Mains*, which is, they say, one of the few among his hundred and odd works—in one, two, three, four, or five acts—which he cared to see in these dimensions. All these were more or less incorrectly and loosely written; so that when, in 1880, Labiche was elected to the vacant chair of the late M. Saint-René Taillandier, there was a certain outcry among the virtuous, and there were not wanting those who declared that the Institute was going to the dogs. But these were wrong; and the Academicians, who have been not right so often, were this time more than common wise.

The humanity in Labiche's plays is so abundant and so rich, his wit is so active, and his humour so racy and so strong; he unites so acute an apprehension of what is ridiculous in manners with so profound a sense of what is elementary in nature; his gift of observation is so large and his faculty of invention so fecund and indefatigable, that, given a finer sense of his material, a greater delight in words, a finer and a more artistic instinct of style than he possesses, his work would be great literature. As it is, one ought to remember in his behalf that Fénelon found fault, and deservedly, with Molière the writer and the man of letters—and in these days Fénelons are rare; that M. Brunetière has girded, and with reason good enough, at the manner of Alexandre Dumas—and in these days the likes of M. Brunetière are not uncommon; and that, as Labiche's heroes are all *bourgeois*—are *bourgeois* to the innermost of their being—it might be pleaded for him on a pinch that, at the worst, his style, being necessarily that of his personages, is, dramatically speaking, so good as to command respect as literature. But the fact is, Labiche stands in no need of any apologies of the kind.

THE NAVY.

The popularity of resignation as a weapon for the coercion of political colleagues would seem to be on the increase. Apparently, too, there is some sort of virtue which is supposed to belong to the use of it, and the gentleman who can boast that he has resigned the sweets of office is held by many to have justified his behaviour in marching out. The loss of a place may be a serious thing; but, then, also it may not; and a politician to whom it may be perfectly indifferent whether he is in office or out of it can retire at no great sacrifice, and figure as a disinterested person very cheaply. For the rest, the cardinal virtues are commonly taken for granted among English gentlemen, and they are not supposed to cling very anxiously to their salaries. When a politician throws up his place, it is at least possible that he has no better motive than pure disappointment at not getting his own way. It rested with Lord Charles Beresford to show that this motive was not the efficient cause of his imitation in January 1888 of Lord Randolph Churchill's theatrical exit in December 1886. No rule of morals or manners that we know of requires that a Minister should continue to serve with a Ministry if he disapproves of its whole policy, or even to assist, directly or indirectly, in doing some one particular mischievous thing. But when a disagreement arises suddenly, and on some point which nobody has heard of, the retirement is at least suspect. There is no merit in being a person with whom nobody can work. To quarrel and throw up the cards over a matter of detail is simply unmannerly. As for the other line of conduct which has been attributed to Lord Charles, and apparently by friends, the effort to reorganize the Admiralty from the inside, that is really something more than unmannerly. The department is not above criticism, and a non-official member is free to do his best to recast it completely; but when a gentleman takes office he also binds himself to obey orders, and do the duties of the place he takes voluntarily. To go in with the intention of making yourself master by being intolerable as a subordinate is really (and Lord Charles must see the force of the comparison) too like the conduct of the famous Mr. John Avery and others who shipped as mate with the intention of getting up a mutiny and running off to the Spanish main. Captains who have to deal with John Averys had better make haste to maroon them. It is in the interest of John himself, who is otherwise only too likely to attain to the yardarm.

There could be very little doubt, after Lord George Hamilton had stated that the building programme of the Admiralty had been generally approved by the Board, as to what meaning ought to be given to the sudden resignation of Lord Charles. His speech on Thursday night makes it perfectly plain that he left the Admiralty because it is the kind of office he must have known it was before joining. The question of the salaries of the officers in the Intelligence Department was a mere pretext—or, to put it more politely, it was the comparatively insignificant annoyance which caused the long accumulating wrath of Lord Charles to overflow. The real grievance was the position and power of the First Lord. Now they may not be what they ought to be in the interest of the navy, but it is obvious that the transaction of business will be impossible if subordinates are to take upon themselves to reorganize a whole department which is not constructed to their satisfaction. Disapproval of Lord Charles's escapade need not make any man the less willing to acknowledge that he has done and helped to do much good. He is no doubt

perfectly right in saying that the Admiralty hardly seemed to realize the fact that its duty was to administer a fighting service. The official who told the late Junior Lord that there was no plan of mobilization, but that one could, no doubt, be knocked up in case of war, was a very typical personage. He and his like have had too much to say, both at the Admiralty and at the War Office; and we can easily believe that they waste a great deal of time in writing letters after the manner of Mr. MICAWBER. Unquestionably, too, they know how to take care of Dowb. But, though all that, and more, is true, Lord CHARLES makes it perfectly plain that, even in the Admiralty as it is, he was able to get many necessary things done, and that he resigned, not because he wanted to do a definite piece of good work or prevent a definite mischief, but simply because he found his position more subordinate than was to his liking. He had certainly made his further continuance in office impossible. The noble and gallant member need not be scolded for the trouble he has given the Ministry. It has not been very serious. Lord SALISBURY and his colleagues are *passi graviora* in such things. They have survived Lord RANDOLPH, and, to complete the tag, *dabit deus his quoque finem*—thank goodness there are other naval officers ready to take the place. Lord CHARLES will now be able to do the sea time he needs to qualify him to hoist his flag, and may return to a sphere in which he will probably be better prepared to submit to discipline.

It may happen that this resignation will lead to another and extensive discussion on the state of the navy. There is no want of matter of debate. The Intelligence Department itself stands in need of further explanation. From its name it would appear to be a subordinate branch employed in collecting information. This is useful work, no doubt, and it is important to have it done well. But it is quite another thing to say, as one of its spokesmen in the press has said, that "on its activity the efficiency of the navy "directly or indirectly entirely depends." As a matter of course the name of Count MOLTKE is used as justification for this sort of language on the ground that the Intelligence Department of the German army is under his orders. People who talk in this way forget that the great Prussian stategist is also chief of the general staff, and is, as much as any subject can be, the Commander-in-Chief of the army. It might be a good thing that the chief of the Navy Intelligence Department should also be the effective head of the English navy. Before we commit ourselves to approval of any such proposal we should venture to ask the department to prove its capacity. There is an excellent chance at present. The department would go some way towards persuading us of the wisdom of reviving the office of Lord High Admiral in favour of its chief if it would only make a definite statement, supported by argument and illustration, of what it thought would be an adequate naval defence for this country and its commerce. There is not only no distinct understanding on the subject, but no two—certainly no three—authorities are agreed as to the value of the ships we have. Admiral of the Fleet Sir THOMAS SYMONDS continues to give reasons for his faith in the inability of the British navy to face the French alone. He has even lately gone so far as to rather pooh-pooh the armed merchant ship, on the not unreasonable ground that it would be folly to deprive commerce in war-time of the vessels most likely to escape an enemy's cruisers. This is a view entitled to some consideration. Then Lord BRASSEY keeps pegging away at the defence of the coaling-stations. Then, again, a body calling itself the "Naval Volunteer "Home Defence Association" comes forward, actually pooh-poohing the coaling-stations, and insisting that they will never be attacked until our home shipping has been destroyed. It wants to make the coast safe, and draws a dreadful picture of what will be done to our shipping by foreign steamers turned into "local *Alabamas*." The Association want to oppose the armed merchant-ship—using the word in the strict sense—to the armed merchant-ship, apparently forgetting that a "local *Alabama*" would have been turned into a fighting craft. In fact, the state of the navy is discussed on all hands by professional partisans and well-intentioned amateurs who will talk about matters they only half understand. If the Naval Intelligence Department would only strike in with a definite rational plan, it would at least clear the air, and would be certainly better employed than in trying to nobble the Admiralty.

V. E. M.

IT is a new doctrine, or it is new to us, and it is not sufficiently advanced for everybody; but it is good enough for Mr. F. W. NEWMAN, and even the editor of the *Vegetarian* admits that "it is just such as the neo-"phyto naturally adopts on the threshold of our move-"ment." Something in this reminds one of Lord LYTTON's *Zanoni*. There, too, was a delightful character named "The "Dweller on the Threshold." But *he*, if we remember rightly, was not V. E. M., unless V. stands for Vampire, which, of course, it does not. No; V. E. M. means the doctrine of living on vegetables, eggs, and milk—not bad either, if they are good of their kind. But the V.-E.-Mist is only a neophyte, and has hardly climbed the stairs which ascend to "the great platform of Food Reform." There is a V. E. M. body, and Mr. NEWMAN is a member of it. He says he never drank wine, because he did not like it, which is an excellent reason. But he did eat flesh; he was carnivorous before he was V. E. M. The Complete Vegetarian probably regards Mr. NEWMAN much as the younger generations in Fiji look on an old converted cannibal chief. He is an interesting and affecting, but an awful, survival. Men say he ate strange food, beef and mutton, before he became V. E. M. Concerning these crimes, by the way, Mr. SLATTER preaches a kind of evolutionary sermon in the *Vegetarian*. "The plan of "Creation," says Mr. SLATTER optimistically, "is doubtless "founded on the law of 'the greatest happiness to the "'greatest number.'" If that be true, then the plan, like the excellent intentions of Mr. WILKINS MICAWBER the younger, is not carried out in any one direction. Nature, red in tooth and claw with ravine, shrieks against the creed of Mr. SLATTER. Mr. SLATTER says that "the special "function of the Carnivora seems to be to prey on fellow-"creatures, not carnivorous, for food." Why not carnivorous? We eat pike, and pike eat trout, and trout eat flies, worms, minnows, par-tail, and so forth; while salmon have been known to eat young swallows. Bears eat people sometimes, and people sometimes eat bears. In fact, the youthful essayist sums up the matter thus:—"The Brown "Bear has a short tail, and likes honey. He is good to "eat, and hugs his prey." However, Mr. SLATTER objects to all this circulating larder kind of business; "for we "know that the time is rapidly approaching when peace "shall prevail on the earth." Then what will the Irish do? The prophecies and premisses of Mr. SLATTER are obviously erroneous. But he turns to and "slates," as the vulgar say, these poor carnivorous animals, which are not even neophytes, which never will be V. E. M., and whose idea of food reform would be to bolt the keepers of the Zoological Gardens at feeding-time. This is the unkind and inconsistent criticism devoted by Mr. SLATTER to carnivorous animals. "The nature of animal "food necessitates the constant drinking of water." Well, why not? Some vegetarians allege that it necessitates the constant drinking of wine. Wine is a vegetable juice, inconsistently disliked by vegetarians. If dogs and lions drank rum; if, like the heroes in the poem, they were "working at the mum And the gin," we could imagine that moral objections might be raised. Even ALAN QUATERMAIN might shrink from entering a desert where the lions had been constantly quaffing "square-face." But Mr. SLATTER knows they do not act thus, unless perhaps the pards which charioted BACCHUS may have stooped to folly. "Carni-"vorous animals will desert any locality where water is in-"accessible." Most people, not vegetarians, would say this was creditable to carnivorous animals, rather than otherwise. But the critic ends by saying that "the peculiari-"ties of these degraded beings have nothing in common "with man in his normal condition." Does man, in his normal condition, abstain from water, and confine himself to beer, ale, rum, gin, mum, porter, swipes, mead, Malmsey, port, sherry, claret, champagne, Burgundy, Tokay, Marsala, Falernian, absinthe, and green Chartreuse? Mr. SLATTER can hardly mean that, nor will he maintain that man rather prefers to stay in places where water cannot be had, and where soap, therefore, would be as serviceable as the gold of MIDAS. There must be some mistake somewhere. Even Mr. NEWMAN says that he "chiefly "values tea as a substitute for rum in milk," which makes us anxiously ask what a V. E. M. takes as a substitute for dogsnose? Mr. SLATTER's argument that carnivora are "the "shortest-lived of all animals" merely suggests the question, "How about ravens?" True vegetarians appear to bar

deliberately get out before the train stopped. Of course, if that were true, she would have only herself to blame for the catastrophe, and could not recover a farthing from the Company. He, however, gave a very lame explanation of his mysterious note, the meaning of which ought not to be suggested in the absence of proof; and the jury may naturally have regarded him as an untrustworthy witness. The porter whom Major MATHIAS saw just after the occurrence again supported the Inspector; while the engine-driver and fireman both said that the automatic brake had been applied in the ordinary way. Perhaps the defendants' witnesses swore rather too well. But the most interesting feature in the case is the letter of Inspector GILES. It is to be hoped that such letters are rare.

Mrs. WHITBY has also been the victim of a so-called accident, but happily of a less serious one than befell Mrs. MATHIAS. Mrs. WHITBY went to the Crystal Palace last September with her husband to see the fireworks, when she was struck and injured by a rocket. The WHITBYS brought an action against Messrs. BROCK & Co., the eminent pyrotechnists, but were nonsuited by Mr. Justice GRANTHAM, who appears to have taken the eccentric view that, if people will go to see fireworks, they must expect to be burnt. The Court of Appeal brushed aside this startling theory with some peremptoriness, and gave judgment for the plaintiff, with costs. Mrs. WHITBY was walking up the main path which leads to the middle of the Palace, and if people may not go there when the Palace and grounds are open to the public, it is hard to say where they may go. The learned members of the Court of Appeal, or at least two of them, seem to have derived much amusement from Mrs. WHITBY's mishap, though it does not strike us, perhaps from our defective sense of humour, as excruciatingly funny. Lord Justice LOPES asked the defendants' counsel whether he contended that visitors to the Aquarium "took the risk of the wolves escaping," which was a fair jest enough, and illustrated the absurdity of the argument. But the MASTER of the ROLLS, who seems to take himself for an ELLENBOROUGH, or a MAULE, addressed Mr. MORTEN as follows:—"You say that the lady's legs got among the fireworks; their "case is that the fireworks got among the lady's legs." A burn is not a pleasant thing, nor is it agreeable when you seek redress for one to be met with wit of this order.

THE PROMOTION OF SIR CLARE FORD.

THE promotion of Sir CLARE FORD is a compliment to Spain, but it is also something more than a mere act of courtesy. Spain will not be turned from a small to a great Power because the representatives of England and Austria are called Ambassadors instead of Envoy Extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary. Prince BISMARCK's sensible remark, which has been copiously quoted on this occasion, remains as true as ever. A great Power needs no formal recognition. Still, though Spain is very far from being what it once was relatively to the other nations of Europe, it is also very unlike what it was itself a few years ago. It has not only now enjoyed several years of peace, and of what is, comparatively speaking, intelligent government, but, in the opinion of competent observers, it is likely to remain in a stable condition. The elevation to higher rank of the diplomatic representatives of two countries variously interested in but equally friendly towards Spain is a recognition of this honourable fact. However friendly England might have felt towards Spain at any previous period since 1868, it would hardly have shown its goodwill by putting the English representative at Madrid on an official level with the representative at Berlin or Paris. To some extent, no doubt, the readiness of Austria and this country to be complimentary to Spain is due to the memory of its former greatness; but it is also due to a confidence that, if it is not again about to become what it was in the sixteenth century, it is at least going to take a dignified and respectable place in Europe.

Both in Spain and abroad it is generally felt that this revival, as it may fairly be called, is largely due to the QUEEN-REGENT. No member even of the very remarkable family to which she belongs has given a better proof of capacity to govern than Queen CHRISTINA's success in gaining the confidence, and even the affection, of the Spaniards. They are not a people who are supposed to like foreigners; though it has commonly been found by at least English soldiers and men of business that the Spaniard may be easily managed when he is properly led. Queen CHRISTINA seems to have persuaded the Spaniards that she is leading them well. Her Court is dignified—a consideration which weighs a good deal with Spaniards—and she is known to detest backstairs intrigue of any kind, and particularly of the semi-religious kind which went on in the days of Queen ISABEL. The mere fact that the QUEEN-REGENT never interferes in any irregular way with the business of government is in her favour. Some of her success may be due to the fact that she is a member of the House of Austria, and therefore not wholly a stranger on the Spanish throne. The "illustrious House" is not altogether forgotten in the country over which it ruled; but, whatever help the QUEEN-REGENT may have had from her name, it has availed her mainly by reason of her own tact and good sense. While the Spaniards were, so to speak, resuming their place as a reputable, orderly nation, they have been rather painfully reminded of a period during which they sank to the level of a South American Republic. It was most unfortunate that, almost while Sir CLARE FORD was making his complimentary speech, there should have been talk of sending the KING's Royal grandmother over the frontier. No man of any decent feeling would wish to speak evil of Queen ISABEL. Gentlemen who were not her subjects were not bound to show the touching loyalty of a certain Spanish gentleman, who fought several duels in Paris in defence of her Majesty's reputation; but at least they will acknowledge that she has always been a grossly injured woman.

If the pugnacious Spanish gentleman had run his duelling sword through every one of the politicians, Spanish and French, who deliberately conspired to ruin ISABEL II., even the strongest opponent of the practice of duelling would have felt that there were many excuses to be made for such a vigorous proceeding. Unfortunately for Spain and for ISABEL, Marshal NARVAEZ and M. GUIZOT could not be prevailed upon to stop in this summary fashion. They were allowed to carry out their plans with sufficiently disgraceful consequences. One of them, even the best-natured critic of Queen ISABEL's character must acknowledge, is that she has become a dangerous neighbour to the throne. She cannot occupy it herself, and it is hardly in the nature of things that she can abstain from trying to in some way or other control its occupant. There are still intriguers enough in Spain who would be very glad to use her name for political purposes, and, unhappily for herself, she has always been clay in the hand of such persons. In the course of her last visit she has apparently been worked on by disappointed politicians and soldiers, in whom the old Spanish Adam is still strong. The Government of the QUEEN-REGENT would have been guilty of criminal weakness if they had permitted the poor deposed Queen to help even indirectly in a renewal of the squalid anarchy which disgraced her own reign. It is a pity that Queen ISABEL should have afforded the occasion; but it is none the less satisfactory that the Spanish Government should have shown that it has both the power and the will to keep order.

THE CROFTERS.

ANARCHY, in its literal meaning of lawless defiance of authority, is making progress among the Gladstonian party. Even late members of the Government are not ashamed to announce the opinion that laws of which they happen to disapprove are not to be obeyed. It is true that a doctrine which goes to the root of civilized society is not altogether new. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT in the course of the last Session apologized for his Irish allies by a string of instances in which Governments have been resisted or overthrown. It was evident that his historical studies had stopped short of the discovery that, in England at least, revolutionary methods have always been made to conform as closely as possible to established law. It is, indeed, hardly necessary to criticize a constitutional teacher who held that HAMPDEN's refusal to pay ship-money was confessedly illegal. The deposition of JAMES II. was a better illustration of irregular maintenance of fundamental rights; but the fiction that the misguided King had abdicated took its rise in an almost superstitious reverence for precedent and for law. There is no doubt that some political revolutions have been unavoidable though necessary evils; but Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and his more thoroughgoing disciples

both milk and eggs, which makes V. E. M. seem comparatively a liberal and acceptable code of life. However, vegetarians are peaceful folk, and never "demonstrate" in the street, so they should be treated not unkindly. The following carnivorous letter to their journal is enough to make any man of feeling a V. E. M., if not a vegetarian:—

Will you kindly tell me how I can improve my diet? My breakfast consists of bread-and-butter, and pork, cheese, or bacon, and coffee. Dinner at one o'clock—dumplings, roast meat, rice pudding, tarts, potato patty, potatoes, cabbage, Irish stew; pork and mutton on alternate days. At five o'clock, bread-and-butter and tea.

Yet why should Elsie, who is twenty-five, "reasonably "object" to weighing ten stone? We do not call Elsie's a case of "superfluous corporosity," as the editor of the *Vegetarian* does, unfeelingly.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END OF THE PANAMA CANAL.

M. TIRARD'S decision not to ask the Chamber to authorize M. de Lesseps to raise money by way of lottery has, it seems, surprised a good many people, and made M. de Lesseps himself act as if he were both furious and amazed. His surprise is hardly creditable to his sagacity, and his rage is doubtless no more intense than is consistent with business. The situation is one which makes his anger and fine air of patriotic indignation more than a little ridiculous to onlookers. His Company has already spent so much more than it undertook to spend, has been so long over what it has done, is so far from having completed its task, and so near the end of the period for which its concession was granted, that it can no longer borrow money except on somewhat usurious terms. In this fix M. de Lesseps has appealed for what is really Government help, which inevitably includes a Government guarantee, and has been first put off and then denied the accommodation he asks for. He is now threatening to take by force what he cannot get by favour, and has appealed to his numerous shareholders to instruct their deputies to put pressure on the Ministry, so that the State may lend a hand to bolster up their concern. On a larger scale this is the common resource of embarrassed speculators who already owe much money to a bank, and would like to owe more. They go to the manager and simply tell him that if they are not helped over this stile they must become bankrupt, and then there will be nothing for their creditors. At times this form of sturdy begging proves successful, and then in due course the bank smarts for it. M. de Lesseps tries this well-known commercial manœuvre on an exceptionally large scale. It is not every Director who can threaten a Prime Minister with the loss of tens of thousands of votes, but although he does the thing largely it is the same thing.

From the business point of view, M. Tirard's decision is so obviously right that it needs no defence. M. de Lesseps and a few English newspaper Correspondents who take a tender, and apparently personal, interest in the Canal, profess to be wroth at the want of patriotism in a Minister who can subject a great patriotic enterprise to risk. If the great enterprise were in a sound financial condition it could get its money for itself. It comes to the Government because it is not in a sound financial condition, and M. Tirard very properly thinks that the State ought not to help small economists to venture more money in what may before long be a bankrupt affair by authorizing a great national raffle in its favour. The mere confusion in the published accounts of the Company is enough to condemn it. There seems to be no possibility of agreeing as to what it has spent. M. de Lesseps persists in refusing to include his railway, which, he says, is a going and paying undertaking, in the general outlay of the Canal. As the railway was built to help in making the Canal, it may be presumed that the two concerns, or two branches of the same concern, are taking in one another's washing on a large scale. Whether M. de Lesseps is right or wrong in his method of keeping accounts, it is an undoubted fact that he can no longer get money on reasonable terms in the usual way. This, of itself, is reason enough why the Government should refuse to help him. He would not be under the necessity of making the demand if men of business felt any confidence that he would complete his Canal within the time promised and make it pay when open. But, though M. Tirard has taken the right course, he will probably have to suffer a good deal of unpopularity for his decision. The shareholders of the Company are very numerous, and are all French. They will be quite sincerely angry with a Minister who has done anything to diminish the value of their property. The financiers who are so closely allied with the politicians in France are said to be deeply compromised in M. de Lesseps's speculation. All the parties interested, big capitalists and little, will be ready to band together in the interests of their pockets. A good deal of hazy patriotic sentiment will be on their side, and it is by no means impossible that a majority of the Chamber may be persuaded or frightened into approving of the lottery. The position of the Canal Company, however, threatens something much more serious than a Ministerial crisis, than which, indeed, nothing can well be more insignificant and familiar in Paris. If anything happens to discredit the shares in public opinion, if the Chamber refuses to permit the lottery, if it is not popular when it is permitted (if at all), the bankruptcy of the Company may be precipitated by a panic, and in that case there will be a financial smash in France on a very large scale. What that would imply politically M. de Lesseps knows when he tries to put pressure on the Ministry. M. Tirard is taking the wise and honourable course in refusing to stave off the evil day at the risk of making it worse, but he and others are doubtless well aware that a stronger Government than the third Republic would have good cause to be afraid of the consequences of a ruinous panic in France at the present moment.

TWO "ACCIDENTS."

THE action brought by Mrs. Mathias against the London and South-Western Railway Company is one of the strangest which has been tried for some time, and may not improbably lead to further proceedings. The jury have given her eight hundred pounds by way of damages, which is certainly not too much for the very serious injuries she has received. The real defence of the Company was that Mrs. Mathias was responsible for her own misfortune; and, although they failed to make it out, the conflicting versions of what occurred are most remarkable. The story told by the plaintiff herself is simple enough. On the afternoon of the 10th of May, when it must have been broad daylight, she experienced that dreary incident of our earthly pilgrimage known as changing at Clapham Junction. She got into a third-class compartment next the engine—from which we may infer, if she was a lady of sense, that there was no room anywhere else. Her fellow-passengers got out at Wimbledon, and she was left alone. When the train was approaching her destination, which was Maldon, she "took her ticket out of her purse, and stood up to put her "purse into her dress-pocket behind, her ticket being in her "mouth. She saw the blaze of light of the station, when she "suddenly staggered forward, and remembered nothing more." As a matter of fact, she fell out on the platform, hurt herself very badly, and has since suffered both in sight and hearing. What was the cause of so singular a misadventure? On this point there was flat contradiction, and Mr. Justice Stephen seems to have been as much puzzled as anybody else. The evidence of Major Mathias, the plaintiff's husband, was not the least curious part of the case. He said he went to the station in the evening, when Inspector Giles told him what had happened, and was corroborated by a porter. Mrs. Mathias, said the Inspector, had been insulted by some one in the carriage with her, and had fallen out head foremost, and he thought there must have been foul play. But Mrs. Mathias swears that there was no one in the carriage with her, so this must have been an entire delusion. Giles afterwards, according to the Major, wrote him a note, which he destroyed, but of which he afterwards sent his solicitor a copy written from recollection. This extraordinary document ran thus:—"Sir—I should advise "you to see the General Manager to-morrow, or as soon as "possible, about your wife's accident. The Company "generally prosecute when an accident of this kind happens "for leaving the train in motion. Your obedient servant, "J. Giles. P.S.—Please destroy this letter, as it would "get me into trouble with the Company if it was "known I had written it." It will be observed that this letter is quite inconsistent with the account of the accident which Major Mathias says Giles gave him by word of mouth; and it should be added that two other passengers deposed to the train having been pulled up quickly, with a jerk. In the witness-box Inspector Giles adhered to the statements made in his letter. He swore that he saw Mrs. Mathias open the door, and

THE *MORNING POST* AND THE *EVENING POST.*

THE reversal by the Court of Appeal of Mr. Justice KAY's decision in the case of BORTHWICK *v.* The Evening Post (Limited) was not altogether a surprise either to the legal profession or to the general public. Mr. Justice KAY is a "strong" judge, and very much of his own opinion. He is a man of sense and of the world, a terror to evil-doers, with a consuming zeal for getting at the truth. But his indignation at what he considers sharp practice sometimes leads him away from the beaten track of orthodox precedent; and it was felt that in granting an injunction to restrain the further issue of the *Evening Post* under that name he had gone a step too far. The proprietor of the *Morning Post* failed to prove that he had suffered any damage from the appearance of the new-comer. Some twenty applications had been made for it at the office of the *Morning Post*, but Sir ALGERNON BORTHWICK's counsel could not show that the sale of the older journal had been in consequence diminished by a single copy. This is a point to which Mr. Justice KAY did not give sufficient attention; but, when once apprehended, it disposes of the whole question. Injunctions are granted to redress substantial grievances, not to gratify wounded sentiment, or punish unfair dealing. We may mention a very simple test, which does not seem to have been suggested to either Court. The *Evening Post* was extensively advertised for several days, if not weeks, before its first number came out. Did it occur to one person in fifty who saw the advertisement that the *Morning Post* was in future to have an evening edition? Surely not. As the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE said in the Court of Appeal, "Everybody is aware of the existence of the "*Morning Post*—an old-established paper of high charac-"ter—which has existed for a great many years." Such a journal was not likely to be materially injured by a paper of totally different type and character, which, so far as we have any knowledge of its contents, is interesting chiefly to financiers. When the *Morning Post* did indulge in an evening, or rather an afternoon, edition, it always appeared under the same title, as indeed do the later editions, when there are any, of all the London dailies. The *Evening Standard* is an apparent exception. But there, although the proprietary is the same, there are special articles as well as fresh news. Nobody, we should imagine, ever supposed that the *Evening News* had anything to do with the *Daily News*, or would have thought so, even if their politics had been the same. There have been and are instances to illustrate how little there is in a name, and how a title associated with honourable independence in journalism may be dragged through the mire without the possibility of interference.

But, though the *Evening Post* was on this occasion the winning post, the Judges accompanied their decision with remarks suggestive of the whipping-post. Costs were refused on the ground that there was, or might have been, an intention to deceive, so that the evening and the morning did not make an altogether satisfactory day for the defendant Company. Between the judgment of Mr. Justice KAY and the postponement of the case in the Court of Appeal the incriminated journal appeared one afternoon, at all events, as the *Evening* ——. This pathetic and woebegone admission of anonymity, coupled with the subsequent appendix to the title "No Connexion with the *Morning Post*," must move the compassion of the most stony-hearted, even though the former step was taken in obedience to a legal decree, and the latter followed the very severe remarks of Lord Justice BOWEN. While the decision of the Court of Appeal is no doubt sound in law, the judgment of Lord Justice COTTON opens rather a wide door to fraud. An evening paper, he argues, cannot compete with a morning paper, because nobody would buy one instead of the other. In the first place, this is not quite an accurate statement, because many people who live in the country at some distance from a railway-station take an evening paper instead of a morning one, thereby securing a political accompaniment to their breakfast. In the second place, the reputation of newspapers varies indefinitely, and serious damage might be inflicted upon a morning paper by the indiscretion or the misconduct of an evening namesake. It is much safer, and quite sufficient, to rest the dissolution of the injunction, as Lord COLERIDGE did, upon the absence of pecuniary injury to the plaintiff. Lord Justice BOWEN ingeniously observed that, while an evening edition of the *Daily News* would naturally be called the *Evening Daily News*, the *Evening Morning Post* would be an impossible combination. It would not perhaps be more absurd than University College School, which is the acme of infelicitous nomenclature. Still, we agree with Lord Justice BOWEN that an oxymoron of this sort would provoke the mirth of the scoffer; and also that, as he quaintly adds, it is hard to "imagine the "portrait of a gentleman buying the *Morning Post* over-"night." But evening papers are, as we have already explained, sent into rural districts by what, to avoid using a word much overworked in this article, we will call Sir ROWLAND HILL's salutary invention; and it was not alleged that the respondent intended to favour the world with two *Posts* a day. Lord Justice BOWEN expressed his view of the matter by saying that there had been an attempt to deceive the public, but that the attempt had failed. One can scarcely help being reminded of Lord BRAMWELL's famous summing-up in the case of the farmer who saw a boy robbing his apple trees, and shot him. His defence was that he only fired to frighten the boy, and his counsel made a long speech in support of this view. Lord BRAMWELL condensed it into eight words—"The prisoner aimed at "nothing, and missed it."

TROUSERS.

THE *Standard* reports an agitation among Paris tailors for the redemption of (male) evening dress. If it succeeds, we are to wear knee-breeches and coloured coats in the evening. We are to be rescued from "the discreet "habiliments of the British waiter," who is, apparently, to retain them himself as a badge of humility. As the *Standard* editorially and sensibly remarks, this agitation, like many others, is doomed to certain failure, which all friends of men, as distinguished from friends of Man, must regret. In the first place, it has made a false start. Not Paris, but London, is the place which the civilized world (male) dresses up to. The Parisian gilt youth is a poor thing compared to our own, and knows it. Fashions in male dress often work upwards—*e.g.* they sometimes take their first rise in public schools—but they do not come here from France. The tailors of Paris may build green or purple dress-coats, and might even induce their customers to wear them; but the reform will not spread. Black coats and trousers will continue to prevail, and a little reflection will show how solid are the foundations of their success.

In Lord LYTTON's biography of his father, the great novelist is credited with the irresistible determination to blackness of evening dress which has since become universal. Lady FRANCES PELHAM recommended her son to wear a black coat, saying that he looked best in it, "which is a "great compliment, for people must be very distinguished "in appearance to do so." The consequence is alleged to have been that every man who thought himself very distinguished in appearance immediately got a black coat, with the general result which we are still privileged to contemplate. Whatever may be the true history of black evening coats, there can be no question as to the grounds of their persistency. They are in the long run cheap, nasty, and suited to a democratic age. To an undiscriminating eye—a female eye, for instance—they all look very much the same. Hardly any one knows at a party in the evening whether any given coat on any one else's back is fresh from the tailor's or approaching the completion of its second year. It produces an outward approximation to the Radical fallacy that one man is as good as another. For these reasons its supersession is not within the range of practical politics.

The same remarks apply with even greater force to trousers, except that the case is perhaps not quite so hopeless. Is it altogether beyond the bounds of a sober imagination that there should be a Tory reaction (in the evening) around the nether extremities of man? Knee-breeches would wear quite as well as trousers, probably better, in fact, as they would not be equally given to the loathsome vice of bagging at the knees. Silk stockings, though expensive, could not fairly be called ruinous. The practical objection to them is their philosophical recommendation. The shape of the ankle and the arch of the foot bear cogent testimony to breeding. A seemly development of the calf is a personal attraction which few of those who have it can afford to despise. But which of us have good legs and feet? At present nobody knows. It is possible to assert, with regard to some men, that their legs are extremely bad. The contrary assertion can be hazarded of the well-made only upon the strength of *à superiori* observation. As all cats are grey in the dark, so all legs are middling in the trouser. The base-born

baronet conceals his coarsely-formed shanks as effectually as the highly-bred poet in humble circumstances hides, perhaps, the principal advantage with which Nature has endowed him. Could not a few aristocratic youths, with pretensions to be amateur pugilists, boldly array themselves in breeches, stockings, and buckles, and win from the fair that meed of praise which is surely to be had for the asking? In the daytime we make no attempt at ornament, but in the night we do at least put on clean shirts, brush our hair, and tie our white ties with more or less skill, according to whether we had or had not the advantage of being educated at Eton. All these are attempts to beautify ourselves in comparison with our less wealthy or less neat-handed fellows. It would be no more than a legitimate development of the same process for those who, like Sir WILLOUGHBY PATTERNE, the so-called Egoist, "have a leg" to take advantage of it. If any tailor could succeed in bringing about this reform, he would deserve to have a statue of himself, in knee-breeches, set up on the empty pedestal in Trafalgar Square, on alternate days with the other statue, which the Gladstonian Government is expected to erect there this summer, of Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, M.P. —not in knee-breeches.

IRELAND.

THE Government have acted with sound judgment as well as firmness in proving to the Irish agitator that he cannot escape the penalty of violating the law by the simple expedient of crossing St. George's Channel. Mr. Cox's arrest in England has struck a blow at the trade of agitation which it will not easily survive. Its probable results are to be measured, not merely by its addition to the material difficulties which now beset the path of lawlessness, but by the moral effect of the proof which it affords that the present Government are more thoroughly in earnest in the work of re-establishing the authority of law in Ireland than any of their predecessors in Ireland. The importance of the advance which they have made in this respect can only be appreciated by those who examine the grounds of the surprise which the step has occasioned. Extreme as is the consternation produced by it, its strict legality has never been seriously questioned even by those most interested in doing so. Even the Parnellites themselves have not been heard to contend that, unexpected though it was, the arrest of Mr. Cox on English soil for an offence against the Crimes Act was not perfectly regular; and this it is which gives such significance to their astonishment. Their confident assumption that, though they might technically be apprehended in England for such offences as that committed by Mr. Cox in Ireland, they were virtually safe against arrest, is, in itself, proof of the fact that a sort of tradition of immunity from such a risk has grown up among them. And it is an excellent thing that a tradition so mischievous should be demolished once for all. Meanwhile, it is amusing enough to note the logic of the Gladstonian comments on the incident. The soil of England, complains that accomplished dialectician, Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, no longer affords to political offenders of our nationality that asylum which we keep as sacred for foreign refugees of the same description. The assumption that a violation of the Crimes Act is a political offence—an assumption denied by the Government when they arrest an offender like Mr. Cox in Ireland—is quietly taken as admitted by them when they arrest him in England. As a matter of fact, the mere circumstance that such an offender *can* be arrested in England, with the complete assent of the English public, is the best of all proofs that they do not regard his offence as political, or consider the "sacred right of asylum" to be in the slightest degree imperilled by his arrest. Now, however, that the Government have definitely revoked this Alsatian privilege of the agitator in one case, they should cancel it in all cases; and Mr. Cox is not the only Irish fugitive from justice to whom we have been extending our unwilling hospitality. Dr. TANNER, who appears to think that he is wanted by the police, is fatiguing Scotland Yard with requests to be arrested; and Mr. PYNE is also said to be sojourning here, under the delusion that an Englishman's house is safer than a castle at Listinny. Both these gentlemen, therefore, are candidates for precisely the same treatment as has been applied to the member for East Clare, and, as a matter of common justice to Mr. Cox, they must not be allowed to enjoy a spurious right of asylum which the Government have in his case most wisely refused to recognize.

After considerable delay, the promoters of the RIPON-MORLEY "boom"—the slang Americanism is the only fitting description of it—have allowed the result of their labours to become public. Roughly speaking, it may be said to prove that fractions, varying from one-tenth to one-fiftieth of the classes which were represented in such overwhelming strength at the reception of the Liberal-Unionist leaders, have been induced to welcome the two eminent Gladstonians who are about to pay them a visit. The general mode in which these discouraging statistics are dealt with by the Gladstonian party was admirably illustrated in the calculation of the *Daily News* that the ninety-eight Irish barristers who have signed the address of welcome are equal to about one-half of the practising Bar of Ireland. They are, however, less than one-tenth of the whole list of Irish barristers; and, without any evidence being adduced to show what, if any, proportion of them belong to the "practising" section of that Bar, it would be almost as relevant, as it would be quite as true, to point out that they are more than eight times as numerous as the twelve Apostles. Yet we hardly know, after all, whether the calculations of the Gladstonians on this subject are more funny than the classification which gravely enumerates the Irish "merchants" who are in sympathy with the demonstration; the enumerator being either unaware himself, or hoping to find his readers ignorant, of the fact that the word "merchant" in Ireland, as in Scotland, includes traders of every degree of importance, from the heads of the largest wholesale houses down to the village vendors of string and sugar-candy.

We must not, however, omit to notice the contribution which one of the distinguished guests has himself made to the humours of the affair. Lord RIPON on the proposed banquet is good—decidedly good. In reply to a correspondent who had addressed him on this subject, he has begged to state that "he was never invited to attend a banquet in Dublin, that he has no reason to believe that any contemplated banquet was abandoned," and that he does not give credit to the rumour that "a difficulty arose about drinking the QUEEN'S health in connexion with the approaching visit of Mr. JOHN MORLEY and myself to Dublin." That Lord RIPON was never invited to attend a banquet in Dublin is a fact of which we did not require his assurance. In stating it he is simply stating the very circumstance to which what he calls the "rumour" owes its origin. That he has "no reason to believe that any contemplated banquet was abandoned" is an adorable sentence—worthy, in its non-committing indefiniteness, of the writer's great master himself. It will be seen at once that its value depends upon two indeterminates—Lord RIPON'S idea of a "reason" and the notion which he has formed of the process of "contemplating a banquet." If he holds that the only reason for believing a banquet to have been contemplated is that he should himself have heard of it, or if he thinks that no public banquet can be described as contemplated until its promoters have made out a list of the guests, arranged with the contractors, and settled the menu, he may perhaps regard his letter as disposing finally of the rumour to which he has referred. Sceptics, however, may hint that a plan which is discussed and regarded as inadvisable before any positive step has been taken to carry it out may be very well described as having been in contemplation; and they will further suggest that, if that occurred in the present instance, Lord RIPON would have been the very last person likely to hear of it. Imagine a reception Committee writing to him in this strain:—"My Lord—We deeply regret to "inform you that the contemplated banquet to be given in "your honour has had to be abandoned by reason of the "indisposition of certain members of the Committee to "join in drinking the health of Her Majesty the QUEEN, "and the fear of others lest the same sentiment might find "pronounced expression among a still larger number of the "assembled guests. We do not hesitate to make your "lordship acquainted with this, because we feel sure that "everybody will be able to distinguish between the position "of an ex-Minister of the Crown who accepts the hospitality of men disloyal enough to hiss the name of the "QUEEN and that of one who becomes the guest of men not "sufficiently loyal to make it advisable to utter the "QUEEN'S name in their presence." If the receipt of some such communication as this is the only sort of evidence which would give Lord RIPON reason to believe that a contemplated banquet was abandoned, we can understand his incredulity. But we are not bound to share it on such grounds; nor, we believe, will it be shared by the public. After all, there is an easy way of disposing of the

"rumour" of which Lord Ripon complains. Why not have a banquet?

At length, we are glad to see, steps are being taken to review the proceedings of that extraordinary tribunal which has perhaps been the means of effecting the second (or is it the third?) political conversion of Mr. Montague Cookson—the Coroner's jury at Mitchelstown. An application has been made to the Queen's Division for a *certiorari* to bring up and quash the verdict of this jury, on the grounds of irregularity and illegality. The affidavits aver, among other things, "that the jurors conversed and communicated "with other persons," that "the Coroner and his clerk re-"mained shut up with them while they were deliberating," and that the former of these functionaries "did not conduct "himself impartially during the inquisition." The more specific allegations are, of course, denied on oath in counter-affidavits by the Coroner; but on the last-mentioned and most important of all the points raised on the application, the English public, we suspect, have already formed their own very decided opinion.

SLAVE-GIRLS IN EGYPT.

NOTWITHSTANDING the best-meant efforts of philanthropists at home and of the executive on the spot, slavery still flourishes in the East with much the same vigour that it did one hundred years ago. The public slave marts are closed, and a dhow or two now and again falls into the hands of a cruiser, but the villages of the Equator continue to be depopulated, the harems have their full complement of unpaid menials, and the traders grow rich at the same if not at a quicker rate than formerly. And no one with any knowledge of the modes of life of the Moslem can doubt that as long as the creed of Islam exists so long will slavery be perpetuated in spite of Christianity. In theory slavery may be utterly and entirely abominable and to be repudiated, but in practice and under the domestic conditions in which it is now observed there is not so much fault to be found with it. If we were to ask those who are in the forefront of the campaign against the slave trade, the founders of slave homes, and the loudest agitators, their idea of the service they hoped to render the oppressed, we are inclined to think that some very false and exaggerated notions would be expressed. For it is the unpleasant ring of the word "slavery," recalling ghastly reminiscences of "Uncle Tom" and Cuban bloodhounds, that causes righteous hands of horror to be uplifted at its sound. The actual *status*, in the East, is not half so cruel as the subscribing and sympathetic British public is called on to believe. We must admit fully the barbarities perpetrated in the first procuring of the black contingent; but, when once the slave is sold and bought, her condition calls for no outside interference. The manumission is by no means an unmixed blessing, and the slave homes and refuges, so called, are useless, if not worse. A comparison between the life of a slave before and after her liberation would always, at any rate to her mind, be in favour of her first state; and if occasionally, and it is only occasionally, instances occur of persistent maltreatment, the usual position of a slave is far more comfortable than that of her toiling free sister, not merely in the East but in the West.

The English drudge rises early and goes to bed late, working eight or twelve hours a day, either in her miserable garret or in a huge manufacturing hive. Pinched with hunger and cold, worn out with labour, exposed to temptation and degradation, her joyless life stretches behind her and before her, with no pleasures to look back upon, no hope to look forward to. The wages she earns, those wages which proudly separate her from the slave, are barely sufficient to keep body and soul together, till at last the body gives way or the soul revolts. Then comes the inevitable end, and a verdict of "Death from starvation" or "Found drowned" closes the scene. The Soudâni girl is taken from her parental hut of sticks and mud and sold to a respectable family or perhaps a very rich one. In the first case, she will probably be alone; in the second, she will find others like herself. She represents so much capital invested, and is looked after with equivalent care. She is a servant whose wages have been paid twenty years in advance. It is true they have not been paid to her, but that is all the better for the girl. She is well housed and well fed, and wants for nothing. She is immediately provided with decent clothes and set to house work. She has charge of the family washing and cleaning and of the kitchen, and generally fulfils these duties much better than a native paid servant would do. She is under no special restraint, accompanies her mistress shopping or does the marketing herself, and gossips her fill with the neighbours as she hangs out the linen on the house-top, or sweeps the front door-step. Her work is by no means hard, and after the fashion of Egypt, where every man is a brother and every woman a sister, she is looked upon by the family quite as one of themselves. Speaking from personal observation, we may affirm that the black women are almost invariably treated with the utmost kindness and indulgence, and are often spoilt like children by the too great good nature of their masters or mistresses. They constitute a very merry, happy portion of the population, and it is seldom one can find a black girl without an infectious broad grin on her polished face. If she chooses to marry, as she often does, with her owner's consent, she receives a dower, and goes forth a "free" woman in the letter, though often, as she finds to her cost, a greater bondslave in the spirit than in the days of her servitude. Now let us go a step higher in the social scale, and place the middle-class English girl, compelled to work for her living, side by side with the Circassian, and we shall find again that all material advantages, of which alone we speak, are not on the side of the free. We need not trace the English picture of a well-born daughter of a clergyman or officer reduced to fight the world. It is probably familiar to all. The life of the white slave, though, will call for a sketch to dispel popular delusions. The Circassian is a little fair-haired lass from a far village in Turkestan (*pace* Dr. Tanner). Her father is a robber or a herdsman, and she will perhaps be a princess. The Prince Charming whom the governess is always looking for, but who never comes, is a very strong potentiality in the future of the white slave-girl. One day a bearded and venerable old Turk arrives from Stamboul, and picks out our little girl. She is not carried away by force, but gold is counted out, and she is perched on a mule, and bids good-bye for ever to barbarism. The purchaser takes every imaginable pains with her education and her appearance. She is taught to read and write, to dance and sing, to embroider in silk, and play the guitar, and further initiated into all the mysteries of the toilet. When she has grown into budding womanhood, the dealer lets his best customers know that he possesses a treasure almost priceless, and all her virtues and beauties are detailed with the usual Oriental exaggeration. Finally, some royal princess or rich pasha's wife expresses a wish to see her, and extra care having been taken with her bath and dress she is presented for inspection. From long preparation and jealous guarding from the sun she has a skin white as milk, and her naturally beautiful type of face is adorned with the usual tints of kohl to the eyebrows and eyelashes, and rouge to the full red lips. Her exquisitely shaped nails glow with *henna*, and her own luxuriant hair is intertwined with meshes of silk (for the Prophet curses "women who join their own hair to that of another, or that of another to their own") till it reaches her ankles in an uneven number of tails, an even number being forbidden. She gives samples of her accomplishments, musical, gymnastic, and otherwise. Accepted, she is at once clothed with a rich silk dress, and receives a present of a necklace or bracelet as an earnest of favour before she joins her fellow slaves. Beyond assisting her mistress in the toilet, accompanying her in her drives, and handing her coffee and cigarettes, she has little to do. She is an ornamental appendage rather than a servant. A household such as one of these Circassians would enter would contain a crowd of men servants and black women to do the work, and perhaps ten to twenty other girls like herself, and a very gay time they have together. The great ladies are very fond of exchanging visits and giving musical entertainments, at all of which some of the slave-girls attend. When she goes out with her mistress in the natty little brougham, almost the only difference between the lady and the maid lies in the former taking the right-hand seat. The girl is dressed in a way to do credit to the house she belongs to, and often sparkles with jewels, chatting freely with everybody at the places she visits, and enjoying herself as fully as any of the emancipated. When the time comes for her to be married, her owner chooses a suitable husband and gives a rich dower, and many of the marriages of slave-girls eclipse in magnificence those of even the wealthier classes. The erstwhile barefooted, ragged little Circassian from Turcoman's Land is now a princess or pasha's wife, with slaves of her own; but she would laugh if you suggested to her that there was anything degrading in their position or had been in her own. The degradation and the hardship are simply ideas formed in ignorance of the facts and conditions of Oriental domestic life, and have no place in reality. Of course there is another side to the picture, but even that is not a very dark one. The girl may fall under the displeasure of the master or mistress, and will then get punished. She may be locked up for a few hours, or, if her mistress is hot-tempered, have her hair pulled and receive a sounding box on the ear. Perhaps in very rare and extreme cases a severe beating may be administered; but the same might, and would, often happen in the case of a paid servant. A reconciliation, however, shortly takes place, and the peace is cemented with a present of a new dress or trinket.

The foregoing is not by any means a blinking of the truth or a high-coloured picture of the pleasant side of a slave's life. In the face of such facts, we cannot wonder that our efforts to rescue the imaginary victims from houses of bondage which only exist in our own ideas meet with but scant appreciation. There is not a slave in Egypt who would not prefer the servitude of the harem to the freedom of the Slaves' Home. Instances have occurred, and may occur again, where a woman has fled from a brutal master or mistress; but the argument drawn from such an one case will not hold good against the system. No one will deny that the slavery which Englishmen and Englishwomen detest is a hateful institution; but the slavery of Egypt is not that slavery. The cruelty is practised before the slavery begins. It is in providing slaves that the atrocious iniquities of the trade lie. If we could stop the trader on the sources of the Nile we should be rendering real service to our fellow-creatures. But our own agents have long since convinced themselves that it is impossible to crush out the evil at its root; and, this being so, we can but repeat that we only do harm both to ourselves and to the slaves by attempting to interfere with the existing relations, once established, between

them and their masters and mistresses. As far as the question of white slaves can be treated—and it is always a delicate ground to venture on—very little can be advanced in favour of any change in their circumstances.

The history of modern Egypt since the days of Mohamed Ali, when it began, is intimately bound up with the Circassian element, and the finer characteristics of courage and energy to be found to-day amongst the reigning and higher families are derived from the stock of slaves. It is but a very short while ago that one of the royal blood married his slave; numerous instances could be cited where former slaves rule the households of the foremost and best-known names in Egypt. In England, a man who marries his housekeeper is considered to have committed the unspeakable sin. In Cairo, it is the commonest of all occurrences. Where there are no paid women-servants the slaves naturally become very intimate with, if not close confidantes of, their mistresses. The head slave, or *kehia*, has a position which the most trusted English salaried housekeeper might envy. She is consulted, not only on every detail of household management, when these are not left entirely to her own discretion, but her advice is taken on every conceivable difficulty connected with estates, money-raising, marriage, and so on, and any one wishing to approach her mistress does so through the *kehia*. Something very like the Married Women's Property Act has always been in force amongst Mussulmans, and every lady of position has considerable responsibilities of her own. These are all shared by her slaves, whose opinion is invited or given very freely in every emergency. Of course countless opportunities arise for enriching herself to the favourite slaves. She can introduce the itinerant merchant with French goods to be sold at exorbitant prices, on all of which she takes her commission. She whispers stories of a gorgeous diamond tiara, or pearl necklace, which would just suit her lady's wants and quite outshine So-and-so Khanem's. Or a carriage and pair may be in the market, or a superlatively skilled wise woman to work a charm. For every introduction or transaction she can claim her percentage, and ordinary wages would shrink into nothingness beside the presents and commissions of the slave. Life in a harem as a servant is not without its solid advantages, even though we call it slavery.

THE IRVING-SHAXPER CONSPIRACY.

WE really do not know what the Bacon Society (whose President is Mr. A. A. Watts—not the original "Alaric Attila Watts whose verses were just like the pans and the pots," but another than he—whose Committee bear the world-known names of Samuel Beeley, Alexander Cory, Francis Fearon, and Ernest Jacob, Esquires, which publishes with Mr. Redway, of York Street, a journal, appearing, as it states itself with a wise vagueness, "periodically," and which rejoiceth in the membership of the inimitable Mrs. Henry Pott) would think of Mr. Churton Collins. But all readers of the *Daily News* already know what Mr. Churton Collins would think of the Bacon Society. It appeared to Mr. Collins that there was "an impression" that he was going to lecture at Toynbee Hall on Bakespearism, and he was justly anxious that this impression should not eclipse the gaiety of nations. Therefore, perhaps having in his brush with Mr. Swinburne some time ago caught a little of Mr. Swinburne's controversial style, Mr. Collins hastened to reassure the public by informing it that "he should no more think of insulting an audience by discussing such trash than he should think of insulting them by discussing the chattering of any ape or the gibbering of any idiot with whom he might happen to have been brought into contact." Now perhaps it may be thought, though we are not very far from agreeing with Mr. Collins about the trash, that his way of dealing with it is a little too much in Ercles' vein. At any rate, the vein adopted by one Henry Irving, of the Lyceum Theatre, London, England, as reported by a Chicago interviewer, seems to incline to milder measures. It will be at once granted that there can be no fitter place than Chicago for a discussion about Bacon; but we own to slight qualms about this interview. Either the reporter has adapted the language considerably, or Mr. Irving has, in compliment to his present audiences, come to speak American with an art consummate even for him. If some brief months ago he had been asked, "Mr. Irving, on your honour and conscience, what is a boodler?" he would probably have replied that it is an affectionate name given by themselves to the members of a certain ancient London club. Here he uses it in some remote American sense, a sense which it is not lawful to mention. "Chicken and champagne" by a delicate suffusion of local colour becomes "turkey lunch and champagne," and we could mention other suspicious circumstances; but these will be enough to show that we approach the question in a properly sceptical and critical spirit, and not merely, as the Journal of the Bacon Society (published periodically) says, with our "psychic retreat full of determination to smash up the whole Baconian structure." Sometimes we are even inclined to think this interview with Mr. Irving a part of the Great American Joke. It is not a bad part, however, and certain ironic comments on the way in which actors and dramatists love one another are not ill put in Mr. Irving's mouth. But the point of the whole is that Mr. Irving is represented, not like Mr. Churton Collins, reading the part of Shakspeare-defender, of apologist of "the malt manufacturer" (as the Bakespearians say), as a part to tear a cat in, but as an opportunity for jocking. Neither is this improbable; for Mr. Irving—God rest his soul!—is far from being an unmerry man.

It will be obvious, however, to every one that, whether the interview be genuine or not, Mr. Irving can never, in the eyes of any true Bakespearian, be a valid witness against Shacon. For, of course, he takes the part of his brother-player, manager, lessee, and what not. They are all in a tale, these robustious, periwig-pated fellows. Let us, therefore, produce from our own psychic retreat a few confirmations of Bakespearism conceived in the same vein as the Chicago deliverances, and, indeed, as the illustrations which issued from that nest of spicery our inner consciousness (see Journal of Bacon Society again) on a former occasion. We cannot pretend to do the thing so naturally as the true Bakespearians, who, for instance, make out of the well-known epitaph (why not out of the alphabet simply?) "Fra. Ba. Wrt. ear. ay.," which, it must be plain to any one, means "Francis Bacon wrote Shakspeare's plays." That is too clever for us; we must fly on less ambitious pinions. Still we may contribute something. For instance, there is a well-known and beautiful poem attributed to an ancestor of the present Prime Minister:—

> Happy, happy, happy Fly!
> Would I were you and you were I!
> But you will always be a Fly,
> And I remain Lord S-l-sb-ry.

Now if any one remembers that the original Lord Salisbury WAS A COUSIN OF BACON'S, he will see that this quatrain, though, no doubt, properly attributed to a holder of that title, is far older than its putative author. It was the original Robert Cecil who wrote it. "Fly" and Francis both begin with F; besides, Lord Salisbury knew that his cousin was "fly" to many things, including the authorship of Shakspeare. The second line clearly refers to the Bakespearian imbroglio. "Would I were you and you were I" implies "You are Shakspeare and Shakspeare you." This first couplet shows a mild and melting mood. But the impossibility of attaining his wish then strikes the noble poet, and he ends bitterly. *And that was why he never would give Bacon anything!*

We have put this first because it is, we believe, entirely new, and suggests a new line of inquiry. In the older and almost inexhaustible quarry of the works themselves, it is sufficient to indicate a single class only of the myriad indications which will reward the search of open-minded men. Only the pudibundity of the Editor of this *Review* prevents us from at once vindicating, not of course the profligate malt manufacturer, but the Great F. B., from an imputation often thrown upon him in reference to a scene of *Henry V.* It will be seen by any one who thinks that the words unjustly taken as equivocal *are* equivocal, but in another sense, and prove the Baconian authorship just down to the ground. Mr. Irving—the Chicago Mr. Irving—has demonstrated that Prospero is Mr. Donnelly, and he is no doubt quite right. But Prospero must be Shakspeare also (in this game you can be any number of gentlemen at once). For, note the epilogue:—

> But release me from my bands
> By the help of your good hands.

That is, find out my cryptogram and get rid of that rascal Shaxper.

> Let your indulgence set me free.

The last verse, remember, of what some people call the last play (of course it was, because it is printed first), the final words of Shacon. Indeed, as Mr. Donnelly has dealt with *The Tempest* he has very likely proved this before us—but again that does not matter. This *Tempest* epilogue, however, which every one must have noticed, put us upon a very interesting track. It is always in the epilogues, or final speeches, that these hints occur, which is just what we should expect. Colonel H. L. Moore, of Lawrance, Kansas, U.S., has beautifully worked this out as to the *Winter's Tale*, where Bacon, it seems, is Hermione stepping down from the pedestal. But we have gone right through the plays, as true workers should. And here is the result.

In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* the word "discovered" is actually (there is *no* deception) the last word of the third line from the end. The extreme propriety of the present day requires the exact last words of the *Merry Wives* to be veiled; but it is sufficient to say that the union of Master Brook with Mistress Ford therein described plainly figures the future junction of the disguised author with his own and real works. *Twelfth Night* ends, after an allusion to "other habits" which is clear enough, with Feste's song, and if that is not conclusive, we should like to know what is. "A great while ago the world began" *could* only have been written by a natural philosopher of deep learning; and if the second stanza does not mean that Bacon could not get the promotion he wanted in his early manhood, why Mr. Donnelly is one Dutchman and we are another, and there's an end of it. As for *Measure for Measure*, it is really too clear, just as the Badians were too brave:—

> So bring us to the palace, where we'll show
> What's yet behind that's meet you all should know.

To wit, the Bakespearian identity. *Much Ado* is a little, but only a very little, more cryptic; the flight of John, and Benedick's "I'll devise thee brave punishments for him," referring to the unmasking of the Stratforder. The whole of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* is a mere allegory of the Bakespearian-Shaconian imbroglio; but we rather incline to see in the final speech of Puck—"and Robin

shall restore amends"—an attempt of the impudent maltster to deprecate the author's wrath. The end of *Love's Labour's Lost*—"The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo" (Mrs. Pott ?)—need no comment; they simply *must* mean "what a bore it is to have to go back to Chancery after writing nice plays!" The jests of Gratiano at the close of *The Merchant* only mask the real clue, Portia's

> Charge us there upon inter'gatories,
> And we shall answer all things faithfully,

as he is now doing to Mr. Donnelly.

Turn to *As You Like It.* "If I were a woman," says Rosalind. And Bacon was *not* a woman! "'Tis no more unhandsome than to see the *lord* the prologue." Evidence that Bacon, foreknowing his peerage, tried to show that there was no harm in the connexion with theatres. *All's Well that Ends Well* speaks for itself:—the "ending" is now at hand; while "the king's a beggar now the play is done" clearly refers to the dethronement of Shaxper. *The Taming of the Shrew* is a little more difficult. *But it is a fact that the last couplet with the stage direction before and after it contain every letter necessary to make up "Shakspeare," "Shaxper," and "Bacon."* The *Comedy of Errors* is another title-speaking play, and the end is very curious:—

> We came into the world like brother and brother,
> And now let's go hand in hand, not one before the other.

This is very interesting and susceptible of divers interpretations. The English Histories generally speak sun-clear, as we believe some folks say. "We invite to see us crowned at Scone," says Malcolm, and it would be an insult to explain that reference to the future triumph of Bacon. The Bastard's "Come the four corners of the world in arms, And we shall shock them," is again eloquent. For has not all the world been shocked by Bakespearian boldness? "This untimely bier" at the end of *Richard II.* has been explained by some as a gibe at the malt manufacturer and his well-known drunken habits. But the meadows themselves have drunk enough. The rest of this remarkable chain of evidence, which simply does for Shaxper, shall be for another day.

STAGE SCIENCE.

IV.

GUSTAVO MODENA, who was probably the greatest tragic actor Italy has produced in this century, used to say that all who intend embracing the dramatic profession should first learn the arts of dancing and pantomime. He was himself, in youth, famous as a dancer, could execute the most difficult steps and *pas* with finished skill and grace, could, moreover, fence to perfection, and was celebrated throughout Italy for his knowledge of every kind of sword exercise. He began by teaching the very few pupils he ever condescended to take—among whom Salvini was the most famous—how to walk the stage, and then all sorts of bodily exercises. He would make a pupil express the various passions by movements of the face and by gestures without utterance. Like Garrick, this magnificent actor could in a moment simulate almost any emotion. It will be remembered that when David Garrick supped with Mlle. Clairon in Paris, and was asked to give a sample of his skill, he did not speak, but pantomimed, in so admirable a manner that he clearly conveyed the scene he was enacting to the mind of every one present. Another instance of the effect of pantomime is related in the life of the elder Vestris. Happening to be at a party, he was asked "to oblige," and without the least preparation went through the agonies of a person stricken with apoplexy. So realistic was the exhibition that when he rolled off his seat in convulsions all, including a celebrated physician, thought that he was indeed ill, and, horrified, rushed to his assistance. He merely rose, laughed, and sat down again. Mme. Marcheroni, the teacher of Mme. Ristori, first made her pupils walk before they attempted elocution; and indeed all the great foreign teachers of the dramatic art have pursued this plan, accompanying it, of course, by serious studies in reading and vocal culture.

The art of stage-dancing must not be confounded with that of the mere learning of the steps of modern drawing-room dances. It is most complicated, may best be described as the art of using the limbs gracefully, and is indeed a branch of gymnastics. It formed in the middle ages, and during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries a prominent feature in the education of persons of rank, and even the gloomy Philip II. of Spain "danced," we are told, with great grace, and practised this art for several hours in each week. It may appear incredible at the present day, but this grave monarch actually, at an assembly during the famous Council of Trent, opened a kind of State ball with the Cardinal of Mantua. The King and his Eminence, to the accompaniment of a stately measure, passed down the centre of a long hall lined with prelates and nobles. "Every one was ravished with the grace of the King's steps, and with the dignified deportment of the Cardinal." Those who have read the Abbé Liszt's *Life of Chopin* will remember his description of the polonaise, a dance which in former times began every State ceremony in Poland. Not only was it executed by cavaliers and courtly dames, but by prelates in their robes and knights in armour and even on horseback. In the first quarter of this century dancing, with the disappearance of the gavotte and minuet, ceased to be an art, excepting as regards the pirouetting of ballet-dancers.

The public of a theatre expects from the actor perfection. An awkward movement or gesture is at once detected and criticized; and yet how few of our actors make a thorough study of the great helps which are afforded them by the kind of study to which we have referred. Mme. Bernhardt said recently that it took her two years' hard work, at the rate of many hours a day, to acquire that graceful stage walk for which she is so distinguished. She also remarked that she had scarcely seen a dozen men or women in her life who knew how to come down a staircase with grace and dignity—a much more difficult feat than is usually imagined. To walk the stage well requires immense practice. Many think they can learn it by going upon the stage for some months among the "supers." This is a mistake; for, unless they are taught by a competent teacher, they will never master this arduous, but apparently trivial, art. It is an old practice to walk with great swiftness whilst carrying a pitcher on the head brimful of water, without spilling a drop. Traces of this still exist, especially in Italy and the East, where the women can be seen carrying from the well, up and down a steep hill, a pitcher full of water upon their heads, with such a steady and stately step that it is a marvel to behold.

In reading the lives of those English actors who have most distinguished themselves, we perceive that they have paid particular attention to pantomime. In the last century Macklin established a kind of school of elocution in London, and included amongst his pupils some of the best actors of his time. He had a large garden with three long parallel walks in it, up and down which he used to parade his pupils, who "had to walk firmly, slow and well" on the two side-walks, whilst he himself was in the centre one directing them; and although Mr. Garrick had good reason not to love Macklin, he nevertheless was pleased to say on more than one occasion that he could recognize Macklin's pupils by their admirable walk and by the grace of their movements. We have already said how close a student of the art of pantomime was Garrick. He used to boast that he could play a part and produce the greatest interest in the audience without speaking a single line; but in the last century "deportment" was studied much more assiduously than it is now, as it was impossible without a perfect knowledge of it to acquire the formal bows and curtseys which were then obligatory in good society. Colley Cibber tells us of Booth that he spared no pains or expense to get the best prints and engravings of original pictures and statues, and before these "he would pass hours, borrowing attitudes which he so judiciously introduced, so finely executed, and fell into with such easy transition, that these masterpieces of his art seemed a piece of his nature." In Mme. Ristori's recently-published Memoirs, that great actress relates that nearly all her attitudes in *Medea* were selected from the marvellous Niobe group in the Uffizi Palace, Florence.

From these observations and facts it must become evident to the intending student of the dramatic art that, if he wishes to be proficient, he must learn to walk before he attempts to leap. His earliest duty is to acquire a perfect knowledge of his physical capabilities, and frankly admit to himself what parts they are best suited for. At first vanity may be wounded; but, in the end, the wisdom of choosing only such characters for which face and figure are best adapted will meet its reward. It is of no use attempting to play Hercules when one has the stature of a dwarf. The public expects from the actor an ideal impersonation, and will scarce endure him, however great may be his talent, in a performance for which his physical qualifications are by no means suited.

HONITON LACE.

OWING to a serious depression in Honiton lace-making, a great effort is being made to revive the industry, and in consequence of a letter addressed to the Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education, he directed that a preliminary investigation of the subject should be made by Mr. Alan Cole, of the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, who has for the last three years been officially employed in connexion with Irish lace. From his Report on Honiton lace there seem to be two perfectly distinct causes for the falling off of the industry, apart from the universal depression in trade, the first of which to our mind is by far the most serious—*i.e.* the want of young and rising workers. The Education Act, the Factories Act, &c., are chiefly responsible; for, unless some provision is made in the elementary schoolchildren's time, it is impossible for the young generation to learn lacemaking, and it must become extinct with the death of the present workers. Surely where there is some special industry like this lacemaking in a particular district, the Education Act might be made elastic enough to allow some part of the time devoted to needlework to be given to the special industry of the locality, followed up by technical schooling. The elements of this lacemaking must be taught to children when quite young, in order to make their fingers supple; for, after they have left school, they can never hope to attain to anything but the making of coarse and low-priced lace. We should think this might easily be managed after the first start without entailing extra expense or overworking the already hard-worked mistress. The monitresses in village schools are generally only the elder

local children, and they, having learnt themselves elementary lace-making in the school, could easily undertake to teach the younger children; moreover the neatness and dexterity required would be a help instead of a hindrance to the needlework. That some arrangement of this kind is essential to keep up the manufacture is proved by the fact that, out of the twelve hundred (in rough numbers) of lacemakers still at work in the district, almost all are middle-aged and old women. In olden days even the men made lace between times of work, particularly in the fishing villages. This is now a case of "old times are changed, old manners gone."

The second cause for the depression is the want of good designs. This might be met by private help in addition to public assistance from the Science and Art Department, which might provide good patterns, also institute prizes and organize opportunities of exhibition, although, curiously enough, the Exhibition of 1851 did more harm than good. A rage for cheapness was started, and a rivalry to the machine-made laces, which could not succeed in the long run, and only produced an inferior and ill-paid quality, which went far to destroy the prestige of Honiton lace. A confirmation of this is found in Mr. Cole's Report, in the fact that now the trade in well-made lace is apparently the most flourishing; but it is only limited to a few workers, as it requires "cultivated intelligence and considerable enterprise to keep it alive." The poorer and less educated peasants have got into a slovenly way of working, using coarse thread, and are very averse to changing their patterns; whereas from the nature of pillow-made laces the old pricked patterns, however good originally, must in the course of time become stretched and contorted out of all shape. Some of the better lacemakers are not only capable of making exquisitely beautiful Honiton point, but are able to imitate the finest Flemish point or anything else required. This is not as generally known as it ought to be; for when a specimen of lace was sent in 1871 to Guildford at the Bath and West of England Show, it was refused a prize, as the judges would not be persuaded that it was made at Honiton, although the workers offered to make a piece before them; they had, however, some months after to acknowledge their error.

Honiton lace has a curious chequered history with many fluctuations. It is said to have been first introduced by the Flemings, who took refuge in England to escape the persecutions of the Duke of Alva. Many Flemish names are still to be found in the neighbourhood of Honiton—namely, Stocker, Murch, Maynard, Trump, &c. In 1660 there was such a demand for it that France thought it necessary to issue a royal ordinance providing that a mark should be affixed to imported English thread lace. Two great fires at Honiton in 1756 and 1767 gave the first great check to its production. Queen Adelaide tried to revive it after twenty years of severe depression by ordering a skirt, made of sprigs, copies of natural flowers, commencing with the initials of her name; for a very debased and hideous set of patterns had come in. This does not seem to have produced a great revival of the trade, and when our present Queen required her wedding lace, it was found difficult to provide the workers; but eventually a dress worth 1,000*l.* was made at the small fishing village of Beer. The English Royal Family have been most constant patrons of Honiton lace, and have done immense good in keeping the trade alive. We will end by quoting a few quaint words from Fuller's *Devonshire Worthies*, which sum up the plea for the revival:—"Hereby many children who otherwise would be burthensome to the parish prove beneficial to their parents. Yea, many lame in their limbs, and impotent in their arms, if able in their fingers, gain a livelihood thereby; not to say that it saveth many thousands of pounds yearly, formerly sent over seas to fetch lace in Flanders."

A SCRAP OF PAPER.

THE revival of what may be called the Court Theatre version of Mr. Palgrave Simpson's adaptation of Sardou's play, *Les Pattes de Mouche*, at the St. James's Theatre is more interesting than such performances usually are. This is, no doubt, largely owing to the reappearance of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in the parts which they sustained with success some twelve years ago at the Court Theatre, and the opportunity it affords of contrasting Mr. Hare's interpretation of the character of Dr. Penguin—the old fool of the piece—with his former admirable rendering of Archie Hamilton, who has even greater claim to be styled the young fool. But it seems worth while to consider the play somewhat closely. It differs very materially in sentiment and character from the farcical comedies which have become popular during the decade that has passed since its last revival. Like most plays adapted from the French, the *motif* has been allowed to become dangerously weak in fitting it for the English stage. This is very noticeable in what is meant to be the strong situation of the play in the second act. The heroine, Susan Hartley, is here supposed to compromise herself, in order to divert the suspicion of her cousin's jealous husband. In the English version her sacrifice simply consists in saying that she had written the love-letter to Colonel Blake three years before; this does not seem to us to amount to absolute heroism, though it was certainly very kind on her part. The original adaptation—which was first produced, we believe, about twenty-seven years ago—does not depart so far from the French as does the present version. It is not possible to judge from reading the early play-book whether the alterations, which were introduced when the piece was recast for the Court company in 1876, were improvements or otherwise; the reason for some of them, however, is not very apparent. The piece affords a striking instance of the fact that a dramatic author may, even in a play of this class, violate probability and dramatic propriety to some extent, and yet obtain a genuine success. *A Scrap of Paper* does both of these things, and yet it has held the stage and seems likely to hold it for some time to come. It is really the same story as Edgar Allan Poe's *Purloined Letter*, with differences of course. We are asked to believe that Susan Hartley—a clever, but not extraordinarily clever, woman of the world—possesses the detective abilities of the Chevalier Dupin, the hero of the *Purloined Letter*, and that Colonel Blake, a most ordinary person, has talents comparable to those of the astute minister in the same tale. The humour which introduces Colonel Blake, arrayed in flannels, carrying a Japanese parasol and fan in the morning and crouching over a fire in an enormous fur dressing-gown on the afternoon of the same day, is of a very poor quality. The same remark applies to the clumsy device resorted to in the last act of making Dr. Penguin, a harmless old naturalist, get drunk at dinner. This is the less pardonable because it is absolutely unnecessary, and the matter is not mended by the accentuation which Mr. Hare gives to the scene. All these things, however, might be forgiven were it not for the tedious love-making of the boy, Archie Hamilton. The farcical incident of his challenge to Colonel Blake to fight a duel makes too great a demand on our credulity, and is very much out of place in a piece with so much pretension to pure comedy as this one. But all these faults, which are evident enough, have been so skilfully glossed over by the dramatist that the piece plays well.

To turn to the consideration of the interpretation of the various characters of the piece by the present company at the St. James's, it may be said that Mrs. Kendal, in the character of Susan Hartley, and Mr. Hare, in that of Dr. Penguin, in some sense overshadow the rest of the actors and actresses engaged in the play. In the case of the latter, the interest attaching to his reappearance is mainly owing to the position he occupies in his profession; for the part of Dr. Penguin is in no way worthy of Mr. Hare's abilities. It must be borne in mind, however, that he has won his present position to some extent by the skill he has shown in giving marked individuality and importance to small characters. For our part, we cannot remember ever having seen him appear to less advantage than on the present occasion. Mrs. Kendal is an actress who possesses a considerable talent and a considerable experience, and she has enough of the former to make us forget that twelve years have elapsed since she gained the applause of the audience at the Court Theatre by her clever impersonation of Susan Hartley. She has seldom been so happily suited with a part, her many excellent qualities as an actress being brought into prominence, while little opportunity is offered to her for the exercise of those unfortunate mannerisms which mar her art. As for the Colonel Blake of Mr. Kendal, it is in no way distinguished. Mr. Kendal lacks the power of varied facial expression which is indispensable to any actor who would play a part of this kind with complete success. Mr. Herbert Waring's Sir John Ingram is most unsatisfactory; his stiffness is the stiffness of a stage policeman, not that of an English country gentleman. Mrs. Gaston Murray resumes the part of Mrs. Penguin, and acts as well as ever. The Lucy Franklin of Miss Blanche Horlock is spoilt by over self-consciousness; while Mr. Burleigh's rendering of Archie Hamilton is simply impossible. On the other hand, it would be difficult to praise Mrs. Beerbohm Tree's Lady Ingram too highly; from an artistic point of view, she fairly carries off the honours of the performance.

MR. GOSCHEN AND MR. GLADSTONE.

THE advice which Swift gives to practitioners of the art of political lying may be commended to the assailants of Mr. Goschen. Not that they are guilty of direct mendacity. The milder manners and the more sensitive and subtle conscience of the statesmen of our time confine themselves to insinuation and innuendo. But the principle of prudence which should regulate their course is the same. Swift advises his pupils to have some regard to probability in their falsehoods. Statesmen notoriously frugal may be safely charged with niggardly cheeseparing; a man conspicuously religious, with base and grovelling superstition. But to make similar charges against politicians notoriously lavish in expenditure or sceptical in matters of faith would be simply to waste useful falsehood. A mistake akin to this is made by Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt when they accuse Mr. Goschen of laxity of principle, of a readiness to sacrifice conviction to office, and a disposition to surrender his own opinions to the views of others. Against charges of this kind his defence at Hastings on Tuesday was easy. His whole life is his defence, and a much more complete one than any which he could put into words. If his assailants had accused him of a too rigid inflexibility of character, of a doctrinaire disposition to insist upon comparatively insignificant trifles, of an imperfect recognition of the degree in which every public man who is to act with others must waive minor points of disagreement, in order to give effect to a larger concord, they might have made out a more plausible case against him. The charge against Mr. Goschen used to be that he was too much of a critic and objector to be able to play success-

fully the great part in political life for which he was otherwise qualified. He was suspected of being impracticable and crotchety; he did not recognize with sufficient distinctness the expediency of being on the winning side. In 1878 Mr. Goschen renounced his candidature for the City of London, and the absolute certainty of re-election, on the ground of his disapproval of the proposed extension of the County Franchise. He declined an important place in Mr. Gladstone's second Administration from similar scruples with respect to certain received points of the Ministerial policy. No one has better reason than Mr. Gladstone to know that Mr. Goschen does not possess that manageable conscience which at the present time seems to be one of the most essential conditions, among Liberal statesmen, of a successful career. It was quite possible that when Mr. Goschen declined to associate himself with the Liberal leader and Liberal majority of 1880 he was sacrificing not only a Ministerial but a Parliamentary career. He was certainly at a critical time of life indefinitely adjourning opportunities on the repetition of which no politician can count.

In these circumstances the attacks which Mr. Gladstone has made upon the political and personal honour of Mr. Goschen are singularly unbecoming; but, in spite of the doctrine of Swift, they have a certain prudence and dexterity of their own. Mr. Goschen's strength with the country is quite as much moral as intellectual. A great part of it is due to the belief which Englishmen have in his clear discernment of principle and his practical fidelity to it. To shake this conviction in them would be to discredit him, and to weaken the authority of the Government to which he belongs. To this task Mr. Gladstone therefore applied himself in the speech at Dover, with which he bade a temporary farewell to English politics, and discharged himself of the polemical feelings which might otherwise have disturbed the sacred peace of his retreat at Florence. We are quite ready to admit that Mr. Gladstone is an authority on the subject of want of political principle. "The puppy!" said Wilkes, of some audacious intruder into his own particular province, "does he fancy that I don't know what blasphemy is a great deal better than he does?" One of Mr. Gladstone's most eminent colleagues who has now joined that majority whose numbers are always on the increase was in the habit of saying that Mr. Gladstone was constitutionally incapable of even understanding what was meant by a principle. He did not speak as a moralist, or in any vein of ethical condemnation. He did not mean that Mr. Gladstone was unprincipled in that loose sense of the word in which it is used to express conscious dishonesty, but simply that he was without those fixed and ruling ideas which, however much they may be suspended or qualified in their application, have always swayed the conduct of great statesmen. Mr. Gladstone through his public life has been a man of political accommodation and management, and probably in this sense he may dispute with Walpole and with Peel the claim to be the greatest member of Parliament that ever lived. He is a statesman of ways and means. His aims have been those on which the majority of the present moment or the near future was obviously bent; and he has shown an unrivalled ingenuity in recommending them in debate, and giving effect to them in legislative detail. He is ready to welcome the doctrines of political economy or to banish them to Jupiter or Saturn as the exigency of the time may require; and as he treats political economy so he has treated most of the received principles on which sound legislation is based. Mr. Gladstone's foresight has seldom looked beyond the existing House of Commons and the next general election; and his measures have been framed primarily to pass through Parliament, and only secondarily to accomplish the ends at which they were ostensibly directed. This temporizing habit of mind and character has been greatly facilitated and encouraged by Mr. Gladstone's unrivalled faculty of making believe. He can always half persuade himself, or sometimes wholly persuade himself, that he really entertains the convictions which it is his business to impress upon others. It is one of the commonplaces of psychology and of ordinary observation that, by exhibiting the gestures and using the tones of excited feeling, the feeling which is at first merely assumed may be actually created. The cause and the effect change places; and what in the natural order of things are merely the signs of emotion may themselves create an emotion which did not exist. The process of working oneself into a passion is a familiar one; the process of working oneself into a conviction is scarcely less common; and Mr. Gladstone habitually displays it in the House of Commons and on public platforms. His thrilling tones and vehement gestures are not usually the expression of a deep-seated belief, but the instruments by which he excites and maintains in himself a superficial and momentary belief.

Mr. Gladstone's attacks on Mr. Goschen's easiness of conscience in political matters probably spring in some small degree from a certain uneasiness of conscience on his part; and it is possible that even Sir William Harcourt's ruder onslaughts are due to the imperfect rudiments of a moral faculty which finds itself rebuked by Mr. Goschen's straightforwardness and integrity of mind and character. They desire to show that, after all, the man of scrupulous consistency is not more scrupulous and consistent than themselves. But another motive which Mr. Goschen has correctly discerned probably dictated his old chief's attack upon him. A very close and intimate observer of Mr. Gladstone's character and conduct, both in council and in Parliament, said that there were only two men, or types of men, whom he habitually considered—the man who could be of most use to him, and the man who could be of most hindrance to him. If he cannot win over the second, he sets himself to disparage and, in a political sense, to destroy him. Mr. Goschen acquits Mr. Gladstone of any personal rancour towards himself. The recklessness with which he pursues his adversaries "has never," Mr. Goschen says, "been the recklessness of a man who wished to wound his opponents, but that of a man who, if he could, would shatter the authority which stood in his way"—"the recklessness of a man who is determined to win at all hazards." From the first moment of his adoption of a Separatist policy Mr. Gladstone has seen in Mr. Goschen one of the main obstacles in the way of its accomplishment. Two years ago Mr. Goschen spoke at Hastings, and referred to the manifesto which Mr. Gladstone had just issued in preparation for the impending general election. That manifesto had been put into Mr. Goschen's hands, he says, half an hour before he spoke. He noticed that, while Mr. Gladstone insisted strongly on the maintenance of union between England and Ireland, he said nothing of the necessity of preserving the legislative union between the two countries, and he himself emphatically supplied the omission. "Unity," he said, "is not enough, for there might be simple unity under the Crown. There must be legislative unity between the two countries." In ordinary political language, unity or union between England and Ireland means legislative union; and Mr. Gladstone's declaration was universally understood in accordance with this preconception. But those who are acquainted with Mr. Gladstone's ways of thought and speech would have done well if they had exhibited Mr. Goschen's distrust. The ordinary doctrine of law and of morals is that a promise is binding in the sense in which it must be understood by the person to whom the promise is made. This is not Mr. Gladstone's doctrine and practice. The promise may be understood according to a reserved meaning in his own mind, provided that the words he has employed are grammatically susceptible of that meaning. If people choose to be wise or foolish beyond what is written or spoken, that is their look-out. There can be little doubt that Mr. Gladstone's omission of the word "legislative" was intended to keep open an alternative. If the general election gave him that majority, independent of the Irish vote, for which he earnestly entreated, union meant legislative union. That was the natural meaning of the word, and it would be attributing disingenuousness to him to suppose that he could have used it in any other sense. If, as happened, the result of the general election made the Irish vote necessary to him, why, then, it was obvious that he had carefully avoided committing himself to legislative unity. That was patent on the face of his address, openly proclaimed to all men; and, indeed, Mr. Goschen had, without contradiction on his part, called public attention to the fact. Who, then, could charge him with taking the Liberal party or the country by surprise?

Mr. Gladstone, who has offered the bribe of Disestablishment in Scotland and Wales in return for a Scotch and Welsh majority in favour of Home Rule, is indignant with Lord Hartington for declaring that he thinks the maintenance of Free-trade less important than the preservation of the integrity of the United Kingdom. But these two questions do not come into competition, and the separation of England from Ireland would have no conceivable bearing upon the commercial policy of this country. Because Mr. Goschen has openly avowed that on the subject of compulsory allotments he has submitted, without altering his own adverse opinion, to the decision of his colleagues, Mr. Gladstone pretends to think that he would be equally ready to abandon Free-trade to a Cabinet of Fair-traders which does not exist, and is not likely to come into existence; that because he has yielded on a secondary and insignificant question, he would be ready to yield upon a primary and vital one. Mr. Gladstone knows perfectly well that no Cabinet ever existed every member of which had not to acquiesce repeatedly in decisions adverse to his own judgment on matters far more important than that of compulsory allotments. Mr. Gladstone further knows that no member of any Cabinet has made more numerous capitulations of this kind than he himself has done. Lord Palmerston, as Mr. Goschen reminded his audience at Hastings, declared that his pockets were full of letters of resignation sent in by Mr. Gladstone only to be withdrawn. Mr. Gladstone, from the nature of the case, must have pocketed an opinion for every letter of resignation in the pocket of Lord Palmerston. The difference between Mr. Goschen and others lies only in the fact that Mr. Goschen has the intellectual and moral straightforwardness to say that he has acquiesced in a decision against himself, though his opinion remains unchanged; while other members of Cabinets have, through silence or disingenuous speech, feigned to have altered their minds when they had only changed their votes.

MINOR GALLERIES.

Much interest attaches to the Loan Exhibition of Japanese Art at the Fine Art Society's Gallery in New Bond Street, and much time and trouble will be amply repaid by a careful study of the objects now got together there. We must nevertheless add at the outset that the time and trouble that have to be spent in any painstaking examination of this Exhibition are materially increased by the defective arrangement which prevails throughout. The cases are unduly crowded, and in some instances contain many specimens which, far from serving any useful purpose, merely en-

hance the difficulty of obtaining a satisfactory view of the truly precious examples which are to be met with in the collection. Mr. Ernest Hart's specimens of old Satsuma seem to us to be among the chief sufferers in this respect, and we cordially wish everything away which interferes with an adequate inspection of them. Neither can we withhold our protest against the lavish display of bronzes of no great interest or value, which obscure and divert attention from the finer productions of this admirable department of Japanese art. In the main the lac cases will be found to contain what is of most general interest to those who wish to extend their acquaintance with what is most beautiful and attractive in Oriental art. Of the extreme beauty of some of the specimens which have been lent it is impossible to speak too highly. In no instance has the family resemblance which obtains between the highest productions of art in different countries and periods been more forcibly brought home to us than in that afforded by the inspection of this admirable display. Of the profound knowledge of the material to be worked in, and the faultless intuition shown in the choice and treatment of the motives selected for representation in it by the great artists of Japan, it were idle to speak; but it is well to note that the more modern examples of their work do not justify those who loudly bewail the decadence of Japanese art. This will be found especially true in respect to the sword-guards, of which some of the modern specimens show faultless workmanship joined to the highest power of imaginative design. None but a Japanese could have imagined some of the things of might and dread which appear out of the clouds, out of seeming innocent boxes, over the tops of screens, or, still more appalling, start with wide-eyed devilry out of space before the vision of devoted mortals in these wonderful gems of metal-work. To the calling attention to individual specimens in this exhibition there would be no end; but we may dwell in passing upon one of these guards, on which a callow devil—a mere hobbledehoy and tiro in iniquity—is seen in the relative innocence of slumber, while an older and unrelaxingly vigilant servant of hell approaches with rapid stealth to devour him. The whole range of art may be searched in vain for any worthy comparison to this embodiment of the quintessence of hate made perfect. Equally remarkable in its way is a bronze guard, modelled in high relief, representing a more violent and grotesque demon pounding men in a mortar. Truly the Japanese are unsurpassed in their subtle apprehensions of bugs and goblins and all the workings of the pit.

It is a relief to return to the lacs, in which we find something more than the germ of the best landscape art of the world. In looking at these, Corot's pictures and the more sophisticated landscape to be found in the works of Puvis de Chavannes, are continually present with us; while we find more than one tree, which in boldness of design, truth to the great facts of nature, and freedom of treatment is irresistibly suggestive of Rousseau; and we may especially call attention to a marvellous design (No. 14, Case S, in the Catalogue), inlaid with mother-of-pearl on a black ground, representing an old man carrying home firewood, which imperatively recalls the best work of Millet, himself an ardent admirer of Japanese art. Sober, strong, restrained, and exquisite in their delicate gradations of colour, these lacs cannot be too often or too carefully studied, but we willingly refrain from the idle iteration of particular names and specimens where so much is admirable. The present exhibition is particularly strong in its collection of the beautiful little medicine-cases, on which such treasures of care and discriminating finish used to be lavished; but here again it would be of small profit to attempt to make a mere list, calling attention to individual specimens, and we prefer making a brief excursion among the other objects exhibited. The porcelain figure of the poetess Osugumo, from the collection of Mr. Ernest Hart, should command universal attention. Ingres would not have disowned the serpentine lines and discreet modelling of the figure, or its matchless living sway and distribution of weight upon the feet; and the deep and fine chiselling of the folds of the drapery is beyond praise. Also from Mr. Ernest Hart's collection is a snake darting upon a toad—a bronze group of great power and beauty; and we select at hazard another bronze of an angel playing a flute, lent by Mr. W. J. Stuart, which is curiously like some specimens of the Italian Renaissance; and a bronze bag in Case T, No 11, lent by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh—an example of nineteenth-century work of admirably large style and simplicity of treatment. But it is useless, within the limits of a short notice, to attempt to point out in detail the many beautiful specimens which the Gallery contains, or to do more than mention the existence of the silks which form a very important item in the collection. We can only regret that greater severity has not been exercised in the selection, and hope that the present exhibition will be the precursor of others from which the drawbacks to which we have called attention may be absent.

Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, & Co. exhibit a large picture by Mr. E. J. Lakey, called "The Right of Way"—a bull with cows crossing a ford. The animals are life-size, and the canvas is proportionately vast. Mr. Lakey is a pupil of Mr. E. Van Marcke, whose method, as carried out in the present instance, seems scarcely appropriate to such a scale of work. Mr. Lakey's picture shows great ability, but the system of loading on colours which is admissible on a small canvas can be productive of no good effect when it is transferred to and exaggerated on a larger surface. No amount of plastering on of white over white can ever take the place of thoughtful modelling in tone; and owing to the excess of this mannerism Mr. Lakey's bull produces a hard and lifeless effect, in spite of much sterling knowledge of the animal and genuine power of drawing. The sky, again, though it bears unmistakable traces of care and genuine study of nature, is not broadly enough handled for such an undertaking. The level stretch of the landscape proves Mr. Lakey to be a master of value; but the green of the great mass of trees in the right hand of the picture is monotonous and a trifle heavy. Messrs. Boussod & Valadon have added two heads by M. Henner to their collection; neither of them of any very great merit, although the smaller of them is a fairly good example of the artist's remarkable powers of delicate modelling in white flesh. Far more worthy of attention is a small picture by M. Israels of a field and farm buildings at sunset, with figures of a man and woman in the foreground leaning against heavy wooden rails. Poetic in feeling, sober and strong in colour, it is an excellent example of this great artist's work.

We reserve the exhibition of Signor Monticelli's works at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Gallery and of Mr. Bearne's water-colours of Switzerland and Italy for a future notice.

THE REDUCTION OF THE BANK RATE.

THE Directors of the Bank of England have lowered their rate of discount from 4 to 3 per cent. by two successive reductions of one-half per cent. each. The ground upon which the step was taken is, that when the first reduction was made the rate of discount in the open market was under 2 per cent.; that it was unreasonable to expect the Bank to get business when it was charging more than twice as much as its competitors; and to go on practically shutting itself out from the business for which it was formed was not in accordance with commercial principles. The argument, if it is good for anything, would lead the Directors very much farther than they have gone. Each reduction of their minimum rate of discount has been followed by a reduction on the part of the joint-stock and private banks and discount houses of the rates they allow upon deposits, and consequently of their rates of discount, the ultimate result being that the rate of discount in the open market is now about 1½ per cent. Practically, then, the Bank of England is just where it was before it began to put down its rate. It is charging twice as much as its competitors, and is just as little likely to obtain business now as it was then. Therefore, if the Directors believe in their own reasoning and act logically, they ought to lower their rate to about 1½ per cent. As a matter of course they would not venture to do anything of the kind. The Bank of England is not a purely private commercial institution, bound to follow the course of the market. It is above all things, and before all things, the keeper of the ultimate banking reserve of the whole United Kingdom. It is not free, then, to compete with the joint-stock and private banks; it must always keep a close watch upon its reserve, and do nothing that would seriously lessen the amount of that reserve. The action taken by the Directors, then, is illogical, and consequently is doomed to failure, while we venture to think it has made the position of the money market less safe than it was before. It is unfortunate that the Bank of England alone of all our great banks keeps a real reserve, for the joint-stock and private banks, being exempt from the cost and trouble of keeping a reserve, are free to compete recklessly with one another for business, thereby lowering the rates of interest and discount unduly, and risking consequences that may prove very serious some time or other. But the joint-stock and private banks will not voluntarily undertake the cost of keeping real reserves for themselves; and, unfortunately, the Bank of England either will not or cannot compel them to do so. One would think that the Directors of the Bank of England might insist upon the other banks keeping in that institution much larger balances than they do at present; that thereby the position of the joint-stock and private banks would be made sounder, while the Bank of England itself would be able to keep a larger reserve without additional cost. But the Bank of England does not venture to do this, and therefore we are obliged to take the position as we find it, and, by bringing the force of public opinion to bear upon the Directors, to insist that at all times they shall keep a reserve not only sufficient for the immediate moment, but sufficient for the near future as far as can reasonably be foreseen. Now it is quite true that, if we take the immediate moment only, the amount of the reserve is sufficient. We have seen how very low the rate of discount is here in London. The value of money is falling likewise upon the Continent, where at this season of the year the course is usually downwards; and in the United States there is an unexpectedly large accumulation of unemployed money. The surplus reserve of the New York Associated Banks, for example, has doubled within a fortnight. If, therefore, peace is maintained, the probability is that the rates of interest and discount will remain low for some time to come, and consequently that the reserve of the Bank of England is sufficient for all immediate requirements. But the Directors of the Bank of England ought to take a far-seeing view of the situation; and, if we look sufficiently ahead, we venture to think that the reserve is by no means sufficient.

Apart altogether from the danger of a great European war—which, however, ought never to be left out of the consideration of the Directors—there are many contingencies which may seriously lessen the Bank reserve. The most dangerous feature of the

situation, however, is the very small amount of gold held by the Bank. As our readers are aware, the reserve consists of the unemployed coin and notes in the banking department; but the notes really depend upon the gold held, for every reduction in the gold necessitates the cancelling of an equivalent amount of notes. Therefore, the reserve really depends upon the amount of gold held, and the amount of gold is unquestionably dangerously small. A great European war, a financial crisis anywhere, difficulties in the United States because of the currency, or a thousand other accidents might produce a disturbance in our money market because of the smallness of the stock of gold. In old times the Bank of England was able to count upon replenishing its stock of gold by raising its rate of discount. London was then the banking centre of the world, far more really than it is at present. Whenever, therefore, a demand for gold arose in London it was sure to be satisfied, and the demand could always be created by the Bank of England by raising its rate of discount sufficiently high. Of late, however, the raising of the rate of discount has proved much less effective than it used to be, and the reason is not far to seek. Whether it be true or not that the supply of gold in the world is deficient, it is certainly indisputable that the accumulation of gold by the leading institutions of the principal countries of the world has made what may be called the floating supply—the supply, that is, that can be readily transferred from market to market—very small. We have often called the attention of our readers for different reasons to the extraordinary accumulation of gold by the United States Treasury, by the Bank of France, and by the Imperial Bank of Germany. Just now it may be worth while to repeat the figures, for they are extremely significant. The whole stock of gold held by the Bank of England is only a little over 21¼ millions; while the United States Treasury holds 61 millions, and the Bank of France nearly 44 millions. The Imperial Bank of Germany holds altogether in coin and bullion 39¾ millions, of which it is estimated that about two-thirds consist of gold. And there are large sums of gold likewise held by the Imperial Bank of Russia, by the Bank of Italy, and by other institutions. Further, it is to be recollected that the increase of wealth and the growth of business in Australia has compelled the Australian banks to hold much more gold than they did formerly. Consequently the export of gold from Australia is not so large as it used to be. But the point we would particularly direct attention to just now is that the United States Treasury and the Banks of France and Germany have accumulated so much gold that they leave but a very small quantity in the different markets, and consequently that it must necessarily be a very slow process to collect gold in London when it is required. The Directors of the Bank of England, acting upon the traditional policy that grew up when gold always floated hither on the rise of their Bank-rate, shut their eyes to the change of circumstances. They go on blindly acting as if by raising their rate they could obtain gold, while as a matter of fact the amount of gold that can be drawn hither is not only small in itself, but is scattered about the world at great distances, and, therefore, can be collected here only very slowly. A sudden emergency, then, would find the Bank of England entirely unprovided, and nothing that can be done would probably ward off very serious consequences. For it is to be recollected that neither the United States Treasury nor the Banks of France and Germany would part with any considerable amount of gold. The United States Treasury certainly would not, the main policy of the United States Government being for the present to keep the great hoard of metal which it has collected together at vast cost and trouble. The Imperial Bank of Germany, whatever may be the motive of the Directors, has been accumulating gold steadily for years; and, though the Bank of France does not keep so close a grasp upon its stock of the metal, it is reasonably certain that the Directors would not part with a considerable amount. If the Directors of the Bank of England would recognize all this, they would see the necessity for adopting a consistent policy, and persistently carrying it out year after year. They would not allow a considerable amount of their gold to be withdrawn from them, and they would seize every favourable occasion to add to the stock of metal which they hold. But it is no use to make spasmodic efforts; what is required is a consistent policy persistently followed up.

It may be that, the circumstances being such as they are, the Directors would have gained nothing by keeping their rate of discount at 4 per cent. Long ago they ought to have stopped the drain of gold; but, not having done so, it is possible that no good object would have been attained by refusing now to lower their rate of discount. We are inclined to think it would have been better to have maintained the rate at 4 per cent.; but the reduction has been made, and cannot now be undone. The material thing is that the Directors should open their eyes to the changed conditions under which they act, and should begin without delay to strengthen themselves for contingencies which may happen at any moment. Just now circumstances favour them in attracting gold to London. Since Mr. Lowe, as he then was, made changes in the collection of the taxes, a larger part of the public revenue is received in January, February, and March than in any other quarter of the year. The Bank of England, as our readers know, is the Government's bank, and the money is paid from the account of the taxpayers at the joint-stock and private banks to the account of the Government at the Bank of England. The result is that an exceptionally large proportion of the cash in the country is held by the Bank of England during the last quarter of the financial year. Owing to the payment of the interest on the National Debt, and to other things, the accumulation does not begin to be really felt until February. All through February and the early part of March the receipts greatly exceed the outgoings; but in the latter part of March the expenditure again becomes very large. For about six or seven weeks, therefore, the Bank of England is unusually rich, and the other banks are unusually poor. Consequently for those six or seven weeks the Bank of England has a practical control of the London money market. In other words, the joint-stock and private banks are not able to accommodate borrowers generally, and these have to apply to the Bank of England. The Bank of England, therefore, is able the fix the rates of interest and discount in the short loan market in London. Now, if the Bank of England were to borrow a considerable amount from the outside market it would increase its own resources, and it would diminish the resources of the other banks; thereby it would accentuate its own control of the market, and in a very short time it would be able to make the rate of discount in London fully 3 per cent. If it were to do this, and there was reasonable prospect of that rate being maintained for six or seven weeks, there would be a strong inducement for transferring money from the Continent, where it is cheaper, to London, where it would have become dearer. In other words, gold would be attracted to London because it could be employed in London at a greater profit than in other countries, and the gold would flow into the Bank of England. If, however, the Bank of England neglects to do this, the opportunity for increasing its stock of gold will have passed away. Throughout the summer, if peace is preserved, the probability is that the value of money will be low, and consequently that the Bank of England will not have control of the market, and there will be no chance therefore of attracting gold before the autumn. It is objected to the policy we recommend that the Bank of England obtains control of the London money market only because it is the Government's banker; in other words, that it enjoys a practical monopoly for this period through the favour of the Government, and that in honour it is bound not to use its privileged position to the disadvantage of the general market. The argument is perfectly good in ordinary times, but it is not good when the monopoly is used, not for the enrichment of the Bank of England, but for strengthening a position which is admitted to be weak. The object of raising the value of money is to attract gold, and the gold held by the Bank of England everybody allows to be insufficient. The object, therefore, to be attained is an object of public utility, and being such, it would fully justify the Bank of England in availing itself of its privileged position for the purpose in view.

FRENCH PLAYS.

LA MASCOTTE when it was first produced in English at once found favour, although deprived of much of its gaiety by an indifferent translation, and by a rather inartistic performance. The music, however, was so pretty that it immediately became popular—too popular, indeed; for soon the street organs ground its liveliest melodies to a wearisome death. Notwithstanding, however, that it has been performed some hundred times in London, it may safely be said that we have never yet seen this opera produced with so much care and finish as it is at present at the "Royalty" by M. Meyer's troupe. It would be almost impossible to conceive anything better than the general *ensemble*; for, from Mme. Mary Albert, the prima donna, to the most insignificant "super," every one enters heart and soul into his work. Possibly the reason why *La Mascotte* appears brighter in French than it does in English will be found in the fact that, as a rule, the French actor of this class of comic opera plays it throughout with the utmost seriousness. He does not start, as do the generality of his English colleagues, by announcing only too broadly that he is burlesquing. He goes to work with all the seriousness of a tragedian; hence the sincerity of his intention adds immensely to its drollery. Mme. Mary Albert, who has nothing like so good a voice as her predecessor, Mme. Humberta, and, indeed, occasionally intones imperfectly, is so clever an actress that one forgets her faulty vocalization in the admiration she provokes by her singularly subtle acting. She possesses a great deal of Judic's talent for saying risky things delicately, and quite illustrates the "Diva" Judic's clever retort to a prudish lady who ventured to remark upon the very dangerous things she said and did in *Niniche*—"Oh! Madame, vous ne savez pas comme je suis naïve, ni quelle imagination perfide vous avez vous-même." Those who go to opera-bouffe should, after all, recollect that this kind of entertainment is not precisely intended for the benefit of such as are about to qualify for a novitiate at the Carmelites. Mme. Mary Albert's singing and acting was, of its kind, inimitably clever. Nothing could be better than her rendering of the air "J'aime mes dindons," which she had to repeat no less than four times. Another admirable piece of acting is that of M. Curini as Laurent XVII.—a droll impersonation, full of quaintness and humour. M. Morlet, who has played the part of Pippo for five hundred nights in Paris, merits his reputation. He is an excellent actor, and has an exceptionally sweet tenor voice. M. Dekernel as the Prince was entirely satisfactory, and Mme. Lentz was an excellent Princess. The piece was very well mounted, and the chorus and band were quite up to the mark.

THE TOYMAN.

A Fable.

IN verse, is Form the first, or Sense?
Hereon men waste their eloquence.

"Sense (cry the one side), Sense, of course.
How can you lend your theme its force?
How can you be direct and clear,
Concise, and (most of all) sincere,
If you must pen your strain sublime
In bonds of measure and of rhyme?
Who ever heard true Grief relate
Its heartfelt woes in 'six' and 'eight'?
Or felt his manly bosom swell
Within a French-made villanelle?
How can your *mens divinior* sing
Within the sonnet's scanty ring,
Where she must chant her Orphic tale
In just so many lines, or fail? . . ."
"Form is the first (the others bawl);
If not, why write in verse at all?
Why not your throbbing thoughts expose
(If verse be such restraint) in prose?
For surely if you speak your soul
Most freely where there's least control,
It follows you must speak it best
By rhyme (and reason) unreprest.
Blest hour! be not delayed too long,
When Britain frees her slaves of song;
And barred no more by lack of skill,
The Mob may crowd Parnassus Hill! . . ."

Just at this point, for you must know,
All this was but the to-and-fro
Of MATT and DICK who played with Thought,
And lingered longer than they ought
(So pleasant 'tis to tap one's box
And trifle round a paradox!),
There came—but I forgot to say,
'Twas in the Mall, the month was May—
There came a fellow where they sat,
His elf-locks peeping through his hat,
Who bore a basket. Straight his load
He set upon the ground, and showed
His newest toy—a card with strings.
On this side was a bird with wings,
On that, a cage. You twirled, and lo!
The twain were one.
Said MATT, "E'en so.
Here's the solution in a word:—
Form is the cage and Sense the bird.
The Poet twirls them in his mind,
And wins the trick with both combined."

REVIEWS.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S VENETIAN HISTORY.*

OMNISCIENCE, we all know, is a foible, and, like other foibles, it tends to grow by indulgence. Mrs. Oliphant's admirers, and they are many, must regret the rapidity with which, in her case, the foible of omniscience develops. She seems to be under the impression that because Italy in its palmy days was the land of political adventurers, it has by the advance of civilization been converted into the land of literary adventurers who need no other equipment save audacity and competent skill in craftsmanship. Her *Makers of Florence* seems to have hit the mark of the numerous travellers in Italy who wish to seem intelligent at the smallest cost to themselves. In dealing with Florence she had a subject which has been well worked—a subject about which it is difficult to go far astray—so that the practised hand of one who knew the public taste found it comparatively easy to dress up in an attractive shape a story that could at least pass muster. But Venice is a very different matter, as Mrs. Oliphant, in spite of her lightheartedness, seems to have discovered. The title of *The Makers of Florence* has a meaning, for Florence was the home of great men, and the lives of Dante, Giotto, Savonarola, and the rest could be told without much trouble, and appropriate touches of local colouring could be given to the narrative. But it is quite otherwise with Venice, and Mrs. Oliphant herself is bound to confess that the title, *The Makers of Venice*, is really meaningless. Still, as there was room for a companion volume to *The Makers of Florence*, the title was good enough, and it was used accordingly.

Mrs. Oliphant says, truly enough, that whereas Florence recalls the lives of the men who lived in it, Venice itself is the sole record of the lives of the Venetians. This admission ought to have taught her that the important thing to decide about Venice was what it really was, and how it came to be. In other words, the history of Venice is constitutional, not pictorial; it is not the record of individual lives, but the growth of a great commercial and political organization. This reflection might have warned her that the subject was entirely unsuited to her mode of treatment, that the intelligent visitor to Venice might read her book conscientiously from beginning to end, and not find in it the answer to any of the questions which his curiosity prompted him to ask. The doges of Venice are shadowy beings at the best, and a collection of all the stories about them that can be found does not make Venice much more intelligible.

The first question that any one would ask about Venice is how a city came to exist at all in such a place and under such conditions. The true "Makers of Venice" were the men who in troubled times took refuge in the lagoons, and there lived the life which they wished. The federation of the twelve villages in the lagoons was the political beginning of the Venetian State; and the resoluteness of a people, strong in their natural position, to become neither Roman nor Byzantine nor Frankish is the key to Venetian history. Venice played off the Eastern Empire against the Western, and few recorded utterances of a people are more significant than the answer of the Venetians to Pippin—"*ἡμεῖς δοῦλοι θέλομεν εἶναι τοῦ βασιλέως τῶν Ῥωμαίων καὶ οὐχὶ σοῦ.*" The result of the repulse of Pippin was the formation by the Venetian confederacy of a new capital in a safer place, was the foundation of the city of the Rialto.

Of this, which is the true making of Venice, Mrs. Oliphant has not a word to say. She begins with the Orseoli doges in 976, because at that period she comes across a chronicler who supplies her with a few stories. She does not point out the primary fact that Venice by its position faced to the East, that its trade was with the Eastern peoples, that it deliberately asserted its independence against East and West alike, but that the basis of its civilization was Byzantine and Oriental rather than European and Italian. The maintenance of this political independence, together with the extension of commerce, was a difficult task, and absorbed all the energies of its people. It is no wonder that Venice found no room for the development of individual character or for the pursuits of literature and art. Its whole position was artificial, and had to be jealously guarded; and with the maintenance of that position the material prosperity of Venice was indissolubly interwoven.

Mrs. Oliphant has, further, entirely failed to comprehend the peculiar features of Venetian life and history which were due to the steady advance of the commercial class in political power and its stealthy encroachments on a State which was originally aristocratic on a popular basis. In early times the people took the old nobles for their leaders, and the doge was the representative of the accord between these two elements in the original State. This State, which resembled the other States of Italy in its general outline, was slowly transformed into an aristocratic plutocracy by the rise of a class of wealthy merchants, who organized themselves into a party, which was strong through its absolute unanimity, and then insidiously laid their hands on the constitution of the State in such a way as to turn it into a machine for depressing the old nobility and the people alike. Mrs. Oliphant gives us no idea of the nature of this stealthy advance of the benumbing power of an organized party which was scarcely apprehended till it was too late to check it. She misses the point of the struggle against the Doge Piero Gradenigo, who embodied the policy of the new aristocracy. She tries to make vivid the character of his opponent, Bajamonte Tiepolo, one of the old nobility, round whom the people gathered in fear of the common foe, by comparing him to "the young Cavalier, our own Prince Charlie," and calling him "no common gallant, yet with the faults and weaknesses, as well as the noble qualities, of the careless foolhardy cavalier." Nothing could well be more misleading; no parallel could be more ludicrous than between the Jacobite rising and the Venetian conspiracy.

It is not worth while to follow Mrs. Oliphant's history any further. We can only regret that her book had not waited a few months, till she might have had the opportunity of gaining some knowledge of the meaning of Venetian affairs by reading Mr. H. F. Brown's *Venetian Studies*, which have just appeared. The second division of Mrs. Oliphant's work is better than the first. It is called "By Sea and Land," and gives a good account of the travellers Niccolo, Matteo, and Marco Polo, a well-known subject in which popular condensation is possible enough. The other chapters on Carlo Zeno, Carmagnola, and Bartolommeo Colleoni, are not so good, because amid their pictorial writing they show no real knowledge of the condition of Italian politics as a whole.

In dealing with Venetian art we expected to find Mrs. Oliphant using a freer hand and saying something new. But we were disappointed to find the same approximateness and the same purely external treatment. The question why the Venetian school of painting was the latest of the Italian schools is dismissed by Mrs. Oliphant in a portentous sentence:—

> Why it should be that in a moment, by the means of two youths in a Venetian house, not distinguishable in any way from other boys, nor especially from the sons of other poor painters, members of the *scuola* of S. Luca, which had long existed in Venice, and produced dim pictures not without merit, the art of painting should have sprung at once into the noblest place, and that nothing which all the generations have done since, with all their inventions and appliances, should ever have bettered the Bellini, seems to me one of those miraculous circumstances with which the world abounds, and which illustrate this wayward, splendid, and futile humanity better than any history of development could do.

* *The Makers of Venice: Doges, Conquerors, Painters, and Men of Letters.* By Mrs. Oliphant. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

The grammar of this sentence is as defective as its sense. If Mrs. Oliphant had looked a little further, she need not have fallen back upon "this wayward, splendid, and futile humanity" as a formula with which to avoid research. The "dim pictures not without merit" of the Vivarini merit more recognition. It was natural that the school of colour should be later in reaching its perfection than the school of form. It was natural that Florentine intelligence should seek to express in art its curiosity and its cravings before the practical Venetians called in painting to adorn the magnificence of their civic life. It is in the perception of such facts as these that Venice becomes intelligible to a visitor and the splendours of the Ducal Palace have any real meaning to his mind. It is odd, too, that Mrs. Oliphant gives all the credit of the rise of Venetian art to the Bellini; she has nothing to say even of Cima da Conegliano, but she follows Mr. Ruskin in exalting Carpaccio, though she apologizes for so doing. In fact, she has found it judicious to adopt, on the whole, the Ruskinian view of Venetian art, with an occasional jibe which indicates that it is still the fashion to do so, but that there are signs that the fashion may shortly change.

In the last part of her book—"Men of Letters"—Mrs. Oliphant is equally wilful. The first of the three chapters which it contains, "The Guest of Venice," is devoted to Petrarch, because there is no difficulty in writing a chapter about Petrarch, whereas any attempt to deal with the beginnings of genuine Venetian literature would have taken a great deal of trouble. In the second chapter Mrs. Oliphant does much better; she calls attention to Marino Sanudo, and has read Mr. Rawdon Brown's extracts from his Diary, though she does not seem to have dipped into the Diary itself, which is now in the course of publication; nor is she aware that the Diary began in a history of the expedition of Charles VIII. into Italy, which, in a literary point of view, is the best of Sanudo's historical writings. The last chapter, devoted to Aldus, is pleasant enough reading. But with Aldus the book suddenly comes to an end, with an expression of regret that it would be too troublesome to get Fra Paoli Sarpi into a chapter. He is "too great to come in at the end," and therefore "must remain only a name." As the book has no beginning, so it has no end, not even an index. No reader is likely to discover from it how, or why, or when Venice was made; but it is a pretty volume, and has some nice woodcuts of Venetian scenery, and may serve to lie on a table and occasionally have its pages turned in a languid hour. We suspect that Mrs. Oliphant thought that this was all the attention which a book about Venice was likely to receive, and took her measures accordingly.

NOVELS.*

MAJOR LAWRENCE, F.L.S., by the Hon. Emily Lawless, contains no individual sketch so original and striking as the now almost famous Irish portrait in *Hurrish*, by the same author. It is a novel of study of character rather than of exciting incident; a book much more made up of impressions than of events. The hint in the concluding lines of the pretty dedicatory poem to the writer's mother—

> And grown with little conscious plan,
> Less as they would than as they can—

conveys in brief a not inaccurate idea of the book's construction. Three lives seem to have grown under the mental direction and inspection of their literary creator, almost independently of her will, though not of her impulse. The first volume gives us a very pleasant history of the experiences of Major John Lawrence—of his uneventful youth, early exile to India as an officer in a native regiment, and of his first return home on leave after fourteen years' absence. Major Lawrence is a born naturalist. His innate interest in bees and moths, and sea plants and sea beasts, has been cultivated by the consequences of a fall, which made him a cripple for a little time, and necessitated a stay by the seaside for purposes of recovery. The fall was brought about by too indiscreet curiosity in the domestic proceedings of a pair of jackdaws who had a nest in the ivy-covered wall of a ruined church; and the period of convalescence spent by the Devonshire coast was used for investigations in rock-pools and sea-dredgings. These pokings and grubbings resulted in considerable acquisition of out-of-the-way facts in zoology, and hence the distinguishing letters which follow the name of the hero, whose military experiences were not out of the most ordinary kind. Major Lawrence becomes a member of the Linnean Society when he is thirty-two. He is a bachelor, and has never been in love. He has very few friends, but one of them, old Lady Mordaunt, is a host in herself; and he has become acquainted with a strange little girl of eleven, the daughter of a disagreeable couple, Lord and Lady Helversdale. So far the first volume brings us. In the two following the Major has been again out in India, and again returned. Lady Eleanor Mordaunt, the strange little girl, has grown up, very tall and handsome, and married Algernon Cathers, a sort of rich English Tito. He is at least about as much like Tito as Eleanor is like Romola. Major Lawrence remains her friend, and develops into her devoted lover; moved by his old admiration for her sincere and frank nature, and by sympathy for her ill-matched life. The passion for zoology is subordinated by his changeless interest in Elly and her little one, but we can never believe in its extinction, being as it is part and parcel of the man's nature. The Linnean Society must come to the front later, though we hear no more about it. Algernon dies in Italy of consumption, and the faithful John Lawrence is, we are left to suppose, the consoler of Elly, who has been the most noble and devoted of martyr wives. That is the whole story. It is told with quiet concentration, and does not appear too long, though it fills three substantial volumes. The writer's knowledge of her subject, her calm judgment of character and dispassionate views, lend to her story the interest we feel in a real life-history. It is not exciting, but we want to know the end, and what came of it all. Perhaps the only drawback to the undivided charm of the story is the haunting sense of well-known familiar shadows, which comes and goes with an irritating suggestion, not of imitation, but of resemblance. Elly and Algernon are faint adumbrations of Romola and Tito. Major Dobbin is always just vanishing over John Lawrence's shoulder. Mrs. Cathers and her beautiful scornful son just touch at one point our memories of Byron and Mrs. Byron, especially as they are represented in *Venetia*—touch, to show how utterly unlike they are. This is not so much a fault in Miss Lawless's story as a misfortune. And after all it scarcely amounts even to that.

Whitepatch is, we take it, a first attempt at fiction. The pretty white vellum binding, gilt vignette, and general care of execution, bespeak the attention given to the eldest hope. The internal evidence is not less conclusive. There is an awkwardness of construction combined with an elaborate painstaking which indicates the inexperienced writer. In some respects the story suffers little from this. It is an old-world, rambling romance, dealing with the topics of to-day in the style of fifty years ago. The quaint turns of expression, old-fashioned notions, and antiquated way of presenting things fit in well enough with the background of the piece, which is, in point of fact, of more importance than the personages—or at least the earthly personages—of the drama. Whitepatch is the name of a wonderful old manor-house in East Kent, a delightful old place, with bewildering quantities of staircases and doors, gardens of enchantment, secret hiding-places for priests and political refugees, and storehouses of vast underground extent for the reception of kegs and bales in the old smuggling days. All these, and many more strange things, are described with the elaborate minuteness of truth and accurate knowledge. Presently, however, we came to what the reader has felt from the first must be led up to—the ghosts. The ghostly inhabitants of *Whitepatch* are most interesting beings. There are three or four of them, extremely varied in their manifestations, and keeping each to his or her own department with an accuracy and punctuality which speaks well for the business habits of the underworld. There is a sweet young lady in a white dress and with a red flower in her hair, who comes out of a picture and smiles on the happy people whom she favours, who are almost immediately after sought in marriage by eligible partners. There is a terrible fellow in the old disused dairy with a bleeding scar and fiery sword who has been slain in a smuggling fray, but never properly buried, and who freezes beholders into a state of rigidity from which they only recover to die. There is a very melancholy old gentleman with a gun in the library, who exercises the most arbitrary sway over the matrimonial ventures of the Doddingstead family. He insists, through a metrical legend engraved on the library window, on brides and grooms presenting themselves before the ceremony of marriage to him, yet is most capricious in allowing himself to be visible when they come. As early death is the penalty of not beholding the old Squire, the matter is serious. These delightful beings mix themselves up with the flesh and blood dwellers in the old manor house in the most obliging fashion; chevy them along secret passages and up concealed stairs and through dismal dark closets, until the reader begins to be as familiar with the "spooks" as with old Colonel Doddingstead and his granddaughter Mary themselves. This Miss Mary Doddingstead is a very charming girl, who lives in a little suite of rooms all to herself, and keeps a monkey, a parrot, a goat, rats, weasels, stoats, and other delightful animals. One memorable day there is a battle of Homeric greatness between the King of Zanzibar, the monkey, and Mr. Grego, the parrot. It is an appalling duel *à outrance*. It ends differently, however, from the other famous fight, known to fame, between a monkey and a parrot, when the bird was discovered after a *tête-à-tête* of some hours sitting under a chair, without a feather left on his wretched person, muttering "A hell of a time! a hell of a time!" *Whitepatch* calls itself "a Romance for Quiet People," but we imagine people of all sorts and ages will find themselves well amused by it.

In the preface to his novel, *Gilbert Freethorne's Heritage*, Mr. Alvary, the author, mentions that it has not been his purpose or intention "to make ordinary life appear to be anything else than it really is." Perhaps it would have been better for his readers if he had modified this view. The pages of *Gilbert Freethorne's Heritage* show us, indeed, a version of existence such as is common enough, if we except certain mysterious events connected with anonymous babies, which we hope may remain of an extraordinary nature; but then something more than this is wanted in a novel. The life of a Scotch divinity student, graduating at the "Metropolitan University" (Edinburgh is always the metropolis

* *Major Lawrence, F.L.S.* By the Hon. Emily Lawless. 3 vols. London: John Murray.

Whitepatch. 3 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

Gilbert Freethorne's Heritage: a Romance of Clerical Life. By W. C. Alvary. 2 vols. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1888.

in Mr. Alvary's novel), and struggling through his probationary period to the right to wag his pow in his own pu'pit, may be made the background for an amusing and interesting story. No one who has read Scotch biography, or listened to the tales of "town and gown" from their elders, or delighted in the wells of Scotch wut and humour to be found in reminiscences and memoirs of Scotch worthies, could doubt that. Gilbert Freethorne's history, however, is too solemn and serious to diverge into jinks by the way. He is flattened at the outset by discovering that he is not the son of the worthy blacksmith he has always called father, but is an anonymous baby found on a doorstep. There are other cases of dubious parentage amongst his friends, but none so complicated as that of Gilbert, who "had said in his sadness that he was 'nobody's child,' and came to have two fathers and three mothers." Then his views of doctrine and of Church government are set forth with immense earnestness, but equal dryness; his sermons, which are given at length, are edifying and prosy; and, when we get fairly into the politics of Briarstown, where Gilbert is minister, and amongst the Disestablishers and the teetotalers, both author and reader forget that amusement is the object in view, and plod wearily over the arid and bare ground. Gilbert has a friend in the person of a youth, "by courtesy designated the Hon. Horatio Silverdale," who is the son of the local magnate, Lord Silverdale. This young gentleman is addressed alternately as "my lord," "Lord Silverdale," and "Lord Silverdale, M.P.," except when Gilbert, seduced by the sanction of a tender friendship, drops into "Horatio—my lord." Mr. Alvary's interest in theological and political questions is great, but fails to communicate itself by sympathy; and his talent for fiction seems as yet undeveloped.

RICHTER'S LEVANA.*

CYNICAL persons might see, and indeed have seen, in the English fortunes of Jean Paul *der Einzige* an example both instructive and amusing of the penalties that wait upon exaggeration. Richter was undoubtedly a person of genius, and sometimes of very delightful genius; but he happened, not altogether for his good, to hit the taste of another person of still greater genius even too well. Mr. Carlyle's magnificent and stentorian eulogies set many persons a-translating Jean Paul; and, by the way, it is to be observed that until a man has tried to translate one of Richter's more eccentric pieces into good literary English himself, he has not the remotest idea of what translation may sometimes mean. The less esoteric and mannered works, *Quintus Fixlein, Siebenkäs, Schmelzle's Journey to Flätz*, and others, bear the process well enough, and though they are better in the original, are good always. But the number of persons who have really been "through" *Hesperus* or *Titan*, even in a translation (there is certainly an English translation of *Hesperus*, and we think one of *Titan*), is not large, and in the complete works we should imagine that there are very few Englishmen living who could stand an examination. The fact is that, with all Richter's kindly and generous feeling, all his rich imagination, all his humour, the sentence passed on him, apparently by agreement between Schiller and Goethe, remains true that he was an "inorganic" person—a person who only by accident, and now and then, contrived to say what he meant to say in a fashion at once striking and straightforward. Writers of this kind always have a peculiar charm for those who are in sympathy with them. This charm leads to a certain exaggeration, and the exaggeration in turn to depreciation, which is infinitely to be regretted.

Levana, however, has been both luckier and, in a way, more popular than any other of its author's books; which, considering that it is on a serious subject, and one on which infinite nonsense has been talked, is rather wonderful. It happens, however, to combine just enough of the author's merits of thought with just enough of his *fioriture* and arabesques of style to conciliate both classes of readers, and not so much as to disgust either. The necessity of sticking to a plain and practical question, to a subject which he had much at heart, and which he knew practically, restrained him both from his wildest obscurities of style and from those interminable debauches, of sometimes humorous and sometimes not much more than would-be humorous digression, wherein his most Jean-Pauline works do so inordinately abound. The book is, accordingly, one of the most valuable, though one of the least pedantic, books on the science of education; it has been frequently translated; and it has, we learn from Miss Wood, been prescribed as a book for a "teacher's diploma" by an English University—a proceeding the wisdom of which we should doubt, if it were necessary to doubt about the matter. Miss Wood's own handling is not exactly a translation, and her process of "accommodating" for English readers has reduced some four hundred closely-printed pages in the original (last edition) to but a little over a hundred loosely-printed ones in the English version, the exact plan adopted being occasional translation, more or less literal, connected by short abstracts of the untranslated parts in the translator's words.

We say more or less literal; for, to tell the truth, Miss Wood has been rather less exact than she might have been. For instance, she renders the third sentence of the first chapter thus:—"In the world of children the whole after-world lies before us, into which we, like Moses into the Promised Land, may gaze, but not enter; and again it renews for us the childhood of the world which we have left far behind." Now in the original there is no "may" in the first clause, though that does not much matter. In the second clause the inexactitudes are far more serious. "Zugleich" is not "again," but "at the same time"—a difference, if not considerable, yet real. "Die verjüngte Vorwelt" is not "the childhood of the world," but "the early world *made young again*"; and certainly no one could guess from "which we have left far behind"—a remarkable banality and truism—that Richter wrote "hinter welcher wir erscheinen *mussten*," "behind or after which *we had to appear*"—that is to say, "which conditioned in an important way the fact and measure of our own appearance." Not merely to chop and change, but positively to obscure, the sense of so pregnant a writer is a serious matter. Again, says Miss Wood, "How do you know whether the little boy who is plucking flowers at your side may not one day from his island of Corsica come forth as a war-god into a stormy world in order to play with the storms; to destroy, or to purify and renew?" Now Richter does not say "plucking flowers"; he says "der Blumen *zerreisset*"—"*pulls* flowers *to pieces*," evidently leading up to the "umzureissen," rather feebly translated "destroy" of the next clause. There is nothing destructive in plucking a flower. "Renew" for "säen" is also flat and weak. To take a few other examples, Richter never said anything about "honey-glands." The German for gland is *Drüse*. He said "Honig-*Kelche*"—"honey-*cups*," the flower chalices from which the honey is drawn. So, again, where he says "*festen* Genius"—the whole drift of the context being that genius is neither to be bent nor broken, but may be gently guided and developed—the value of his epithet is wholly lost when it is merely rendered "*great* genius." In fact, having, as is our wont, compared word for word some small passages in order to judge of the whole, we are afraid we must say that Miss Wood is in points like these emphatically a slovenly translator—one who substitutes for the *mot propre*, which might take a moment or two to find, generalities and banalities which, while they may give the broad rough sense of the sentence, perpetually disguise or destroy the shades of meaning and the correlation of different terms. Now Richter, with his allusive pregnant way of writing, his style at once *bourré par l'idée à en craquer* and adorned with almost a frippery of external ornament, endures this degrading process worse than most people, as far as any reproducing of his literary characteristics goes.

Fortunately, however, in *Levana* the general meaning is the chief thing, especially for the purposes of Miss Wood, herself a teacher (though we hope she does not teach her pupils to translate "fest" "great") and writing for teachers. She has by her alternate process of translation and précis given the gist of the book well enough; though we think it would have been well to have been a little more liberal of actual extract and a little fuller in abstract. Her book, therefore, if not quite a substitute for the original, might very well serve as a kind of introductory argument to it. Richter is by no means independent of such introductory arguments, as those who have studied him know.

A few words may be said of the book itself and its substance. There are those who, with a heresy to which we own that we have considerable leaning, think that theories and methods of education are, on the whole, a deplorable mistake, and that the elder Mr. Weller's *laisser-faire* Levana, though caricatured, of course, was likely to be a more beneficent goddess than the coddling spectacled dame of modern times, who would fill up every minute of unhappy children's lives with prescribed tasks, or, worse still, prescribed amusements—who would nail up the growing tastes and powers as if they were peach branches, and dress the roots with the newest-fangled artificial manure, like growers for exhibition, and for exactly the same purpose. Some of his schemes, such as the "Bons-mots Album," in which his little prigs were trained to write, or produce for writing, their precocious little conceits, seem to us very bad indeed, and he is occasionally anything but consistent, as where, after objecting to dunces' caps and other visible marks of shame, he confesses that he has himself sometimes employed an ink blot on the forehead for the same purpose. But, as always, it is necessary to apply the historic estimate. The eighteenth century, with Rousseau at its head, had busied itself with all sorts of plans of education—sensible and senseless, possible and impossible. *Levana* is, on the whole, a notable and remarkable reduction of these theories to a common sense which is never dry or pedantic. Moreover, this common sense is accompanied and informed by a sensibility which, if still retaining a slight tincture of the sensibility of the eighteenth century itself, is seldom, if ever, morbid. All the wisest things in the book are relapses towards the blessed doctrine of letting alone, except so far as is necessary for the two grand purposes of reasonably insisting on intellectual development and reasonably castigating moral faults. "Nothing is more dangerous for art as well as for character than to express immature feeling." "Postpone all introspection until the body is developed." "Every artificial development of the mind is injurious." "The child is thinking more vividly of the punishment than of how to avoid it [*aurea sententia!*]." He says of letters written to order as themes "A nothing writes to a nothing." He shows that grammar is never well learnt from the child's own tongue, a demonstration most valuable just now, though it needs the corollary "Nor from any living or spoken tongue." And, finally, the advice is given (in respect of girls, but certainly of universal application), "Teach

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* *Jean Paul Friedrich Richter's Levana, for English Readers.* By Susan Wood. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

children to convert life into a comic poem which surrounds its deep meaning with merry forms." In short, "Think in jest and feel in earnest"—the only definition of that humour which is the salvation of all things, though whether it is teachable to those who have not got it by nature we know not.

That uncomfortable reflection, indeed, comes back after a short interval, and applies to this no less than to every book about education with which we are acquainted. But at least *Levana*, as we have already shown by extract, redeems its fatal orthodoxy in this way by abundance of agreeable heterodoxy. The author wrote not merely as an expert teacher, not merely as an expert teacher who had liked teaching, but as an expert teacher who had liked teaching and who yet had produced abundant, luxuriant, original work, showing not the slightest taint of that pedagogic spirit which rests even on Milton. It may be said that this is due to the fact that no humourist, perhaps, ever had quite so deep a sense of moral obligation as Richter, and that no one in whom the moral purpose was so prominent ever was so little serious or goody in the bad senses of those two words. His was essentially *mitis sapientia*—indeed, a *sapientia* which was exceedingly fond of going about in the most uncompromising cap and bells; but it was wise enough in all conscience, and it was never wiser than in this book. If Miss Wood finds a public for her translation, we should advise her to revise it carefully and turn it into a full version with comparative notes from other authorities. We cannot, we suppose, unendow the professors of pedagogy who are springing up, so let us at least provide them with good text-books. It is true that competitive examinations and even "modern" teaching (though Richter himself spake unadvisedly with his lips about the classics) tend for the most part directly in the teeth of *Levana*; but so much the better for *Levana*, and the worse for the others.

THE BIRDS OF WILTSHIRE.*

IT does not seem possible to impress upon people in general—that is to say, upon non-professional authors—that when they get a chance of writing a book for publication their object should not be to make it as long, but as short, as possible. Here is the Rev. Mr. Smith, Rector of Yatesbury, an excellent specimen of the local naturalist and archæologist, inditing a monograph on a subject which he understands, and has a right to discuss with authority, yet what does he produce? Does he give us a nice little volume on the birds of his county, in about a hundred and fifty pages, carefully omitting all that is general, and emphasizing only what is specific or individual? By no means. What he does give us is a perfectly unwieldy tome of 588 great octavo pages, with an introduction on the science of ornithology, the osseous structure of birds in general, and their beaks, and their feet, and all the matters which a novice in the subject looks to a totally distinct kind of handbook for instruction regarding. When at last Mr. Smith reaches the species of birds, he loiters a great deal too long over the obvious characteristics of each, and so dilutes, wastes, and waters his particular observations of habits and habitat that it is quite a difficult task to pick the scattered plums out of the dough of his pudding. It appears that Mr. Smith has been collecting his material for more than thirty-four years, and printing it in instalments in the *Wiltshire Magazine*. So long a period has elapsed since he wrote those papers that, by his own naïve confession, although much in them is simply "gathered from various standard books on birds," he cannot any longer distinguish what is borrowed from what is his own, much less refer his unacknowledged quotations to their respective authors. In a modest preface Mr. Smith deprecates criticism, and tells us that his book aspires to be no "other than a plain account of the Birds of Wiltshire, written by a Wiltshire man, and for Wiltshire people." As such, if it were not so long, and so weighted with foreign matter, we should be content to welcome it.

We have had the curiosity to count the number of birds noticed by the late Professor Thomas Bell, as known by him to have been seen in or about the Hampshire parish of Selborne, and the tale is 163. Mr. Smith brings the entire number of Wiltshire birds up to 235. But, as Selborne is in the very heart of the county, and nearer the frontier of Surrey than of Wiltshire, Professor Bell's list is of course weak in water birds. He names but thirty of these, while Mr. Smith gives 102. Curiously enough, of land-birds the two lists are then found to be exactly equal, each boasting 133 species. There are certain birds on Professor Bell's list which it is hard to believe do not cross the border into Wiltshire. Mr. Smith does not include, for instance, the Mealy Redpole (*Linota canescens*), which was observed at Alton by Dr. Curtis, not the Woodchat (*Lanius auriculatus*) which Gould found near Selborne. But, on the whole, Bell's list, which was formed about half a century ago, is almost identical with that which a naturalist of to-day, covering a whole county instead of a brace of parishes, has been able to identify. It is not likely that any more real discoveries will be made in English county ornithology. No doubt stray specimens of previously unexampled species will sometimes fly across the frontier of a new county and be shot; but these chance visitants, like the White-tailed Eagle, which spent a summer-night in the eighteenth century on the summit of the Cathedral spire of Salisbury, can hardly be counted, except for statistical purposes, as part of the fauna of the district. By the way, Mr. Smith tells an agreeable story of a second and similar apparition of *Haliæetus albicella*:—

> In the year 1828 or 1829 . . . on a summer evening, at about five or six o'clock, an Eagle, said to have come from a northerly direction, took its place on the grand porch it had selected on the vane above the spire [of Salisbury Cathedral]. The night chanced to be that of a full moon, and the sky was cloudless. Just before bed-time my informant came into possession, for the first time in his life, of Lord Byron's *Tales*, which were printed in good, bold type, so that he was able to read them easily by the light of the moon; and now, after an interval of nearly sixty years, he recollects reading for several hours, seated on the window-seat of his bed-room, but frequently raising his eyes to look at the great bird on the weathercock of the spire. A plot, it appears, was made by some to shoot the eagle with a rifle-ball, and a party went up for that purpose to the "eight-doors," the place where the base of the spire rests on the tower; but happily their endeavours were baffled by the large ball which projects below the cross; and early in the morning the eagle floated away southward unharmed.

From a historian of Wiltshire birds we naturally expect to hear the latest news about that majestic tradition of Salisbury Plain, the *Otis tarda*, and Mr. Smith sums up what is known about the disappearance of this creature in some very interesting pages. The Great Bustard, which was the largest of all English land-birds, and was hunted with greyhounds like a sort of fallow-deer, began to grow rare on the central tableland of Wiltshire in the middle of last century. Bewick, as amateurs of that delightful artist may remember, has a spirited woodcut of a Great Bustard racing before a pair of greyhounds, and followed by a huntsman on horseback. It appears, however, to be very doubtful whether adult birds in full health, such as the specimen Bewick gives, could at any time be successfully coursed; and the way in which the Bustard was commonly secured seems to have been by hiding in the great turnip-fields until the huge creature stepped within shot. Gilbert White was never fortunate enough to see a Great Bustard, but he heard of a flock of eighteen which had haunted the downs above Andover in 1763, and Pennant talks confidently, but perhaps without due consideration, of "flocks of fifty or more." About 1804 the Mayor of Salisbury was obliged to give up the annual custom by which the Bustard formed a prominent dish at his inauguration, for the very excellent reason that neither love nor money could any longer be sure of providing a Bustard. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that at that time the birds were yet extinct. The last time that a flock of native Bustards was certainly seen in Wiltshire was by the Rev. Mr. Quekett in 1812 while riding from Salisbury to Great Bedwyn. Mr. Smith, however, as the result of oral inquiries among farmers and labourers, has formed the conviction that stray specimens of the bird lingered on in desolate places until 1820, when the native race of Bustards was finally extinguished.

The last native Bustards shot in Wiltshire fell to the lot of a couple of boys who were out partridge-shooting, and the narrative is one which shows the happy faculty that chance has of giving her greatest treasures to those who care least about them. In 1820, in the south of Wiltshire, a well-known sportsman, the ambition of whose life had been to see an example of the famous and vanishing bird for which his county had been famous, invited a party for the usual business on the 1st of September. Two young nephews of his were staying in the house, and thinking that these lads would spoil the sport if they accompanied their elders, he ironically bid them take their guns and go off "Bustard-shooting" on Salisbury Plain, the name of "Bustard" apparently being for ever in the mouth of this disappointed naturalist. At the end of the day, when the partridge-shooters returned, the boys had already come back. The uncle, in the odious manner of elder relatives, shouted out "Well! what sport have you had Bustard-shooting?" But it was now the turn of down-trodden youth to triumph, and with a fine affectation of indifference the boys replied, "Oh! pretty fair; we followed a good many, and we killed two." The rude laughter and ill-bred chaff which followed may be conceived; but this mirth was short-lived, for at the back of the house there lay, sure enough, the bodies of two fine Great Bustards, the last of the native race which would ever be shot in Wiltshire.

At the close of his volume Mr. Smith gives an interesting chapter on Migration, with a table which is the result of the labour of thirty-five years, and is as valuable as anything in the volume. This gives the range of arrival in Wiltshire of no less than forty migratory birds, from the Lapwing, which commonly appears in the beginning of March, to the Mountain Finch, which arrives early in December. The extreme regularity of some of these migratory movements is very remarkable. Very few species allow themselves more wide a margin than a month, but, however abnormal the conditions of the weather, come duly at their appointed time. An exception is the group of snipe and woodcock, whose arrival it is difficult to predict with any certainty. The Common Snipe may put in an appearance on the 12th of August, but he has been known to delay until the 30th of October. Wiltshire lies high, and its general temperature is, therefore, doubtless below the common average of the south of England. This may be the cause of the very late dates of arrival which Mr. Smith's list of migrations seems to supply.

Our author has a chapter on the "Nesting of Birds in Wiltshire," in which we find little that is new to us. It is, nevertheless, interesting to be assured that quite recently the Peregrine Falcon has bred, or has attempted to breed, on the spire of Salisbury Cathedral. It must be regretted by every ornithologist

* *The Birds of Wiltshire.* By the Rev. Alfred Charles Smith. London and Devizes: Porter & Bull.

that the larger birds have been so successfully disturbed that there is hardly one of them which now breeds in the county. The Kite, of course, is altogether extinct; the Hen Harrier and the Buzzard have not nested in Wiltshire for many years, and the only species which has still the fortitude to brave the inhospitality of the county is Montagu's Harrier, which, as in honour due to the great Wiltshire naturalist whose name it bears, seems sometimes to rear its queer blue offspring in the gorse of rabbit-warrens. Mr. Smith winds up his lengthy narrative with two short chapters, "A Plea for the Rooks" and "A Plea for Small Birds," both of which we heartily endorse. Gilbert White loved the rooks, and recognized their value. One of his most beautiful passages is that in which he describes their voices in the evening silence, "a confused noise of chiding, or rather a pleasant murmur, very engaging to the imagination, and not unlike the cry of a pack of hounds in hollow, echoing woods, or the rushing of the wind in tall trees, or the tumbling of the tide upon a pebbly shore." Mr. Smith dedicates his volume, in very warm and pleasing terms, to Professor Alfred Newton, of Magdalen College, Cambridge, to whom zoology, and in particular ornithology, owes no small debt.

A ROVING CONSUL.*

MR. HITCHMAN had for many years wished to tell the story of Sir Richard Burton's adventurous life. His materials, however, were imperfect until he applied to Lady Burton, who was good enough to afford him "an immense amount of information." "My own part in these volumes," adds the writer, "has thus become a comparatively humble one." In the excess of his hero-worship Mr. Hitchman shows an anxious willingness to efface himself, and even when he appears to speak in his own person his utterances sound as if they had been written down by dictation. The object of the book is to show that Sir Richard Burton's "career has been blighted"; that his contemporaries have not understood or appreciated him; that he is the victim of misrepresentation and prejudice; that "he has lived six lives while other men were living one"; "that he has been scandalously neglected, and treated with cruel injustice, by each successive Government"; "that his only rewards have been a Consulate in one of the least healthy towns of the Adriatic, a Knighthood, and a retiring pension of 300*l*. a year"; and that posterity, it may be hoped, will place him on the pedestal he ought to occupy.

The "Arabianized Scoto-Irish-Englishman," as Mr. Hitchman calls the subject of his biography, was the son of a Colonel Burton, who, though he lived in a time of great wars, had only seen a little service in Sicily, under Sir John Moore. We can fancy him the fitting sire of his vivacious son. "He was a bit of a duellist, and shot one brother officer twice, nursing him tenderly each time afterwards." Mr. Hitchman, in describing the English colony in the French town where Colonel Burton and his family took up their abode for a while, tells us that the persons composing it were free from all taint of snobbishness, and that the "Mrs. Gamps and the Mrs. Grundys were not rampant there." What does the good gentleman mean? Does he consider Mrs. Gamp a type of English middle-class respectability? Or does he insinuate that the gentlewomen composing the community were exempted by age or vows of celibacy from requiring the services of a lady of her profession? Richard Burton was wilder and more mischievous than the wildest and most mischievous of lads we have ever encountered or read of. In fact, we are told that the young Burtons were complete "devilets." They used to beat their *bonnes*, fight gutter-boys, and smash confectioners' shop-windows to get at the tarts. Richard Burton, like, as Mr. Hitchman says, most boys of strong imagination and lively feeling, was a resolute and unblushing liar, and used to ridicule the idea of his honour being in any way attached to telling the truth. "He could never" (in those days) "understand what moral turpitude there could be in a lie, unless it was told for fear of the consequences of telling the truth." When of an age to serve his country, he entered the 18th Regiment of Bombay Native Infantry as an ensign, and obtained his company in 1862. He served with Beatson's Bashi-Bazouks during the Crimean War. But though by nature and disposition emphatically one of the "bello gaudentes, prælio ridentes," it was rather in the field of exploration than that of battle that he incurred frequent and terrible danger, and proved his serene courage and indomitable will. The romantic story of his journey to Mecca in the disguise of a dervish is familiar to all of us as an exploit requiring an amount of cool hardihood, linguistic knowledge, tact, adaptability, and an acquaintance with Oriental character which it is marvellous to find combined in a single individual person. Unfortunately his dauntless resolution and absolute, we had almost said overweening, self-confidence seem not to have been leavened with any touch of generosity. In the arrogance of his infallibility he will not listen with patience to any views on any matter in the slightest degree divergent from his own. Speke, his second in command in the expedition to Harar in 1856, Sir Richard Burton and his biographer (it is not always easy to know which of them is speaking at any particular moment) always mention in terms, not only of disparagement, but of bitter acrimony, which, whatever may be the right or wrong of the quarrel between them, must be shocking to all persons of fair mind and decent taste when spoken in cold blood of a dead colleague. We are told that Speke "was more a hindrance than a help," that "he knew nothing of Eastern manners and customs," that "he abandoned his trusty Arab friend and left him to be massacred," that he was "an utterly idle man," "nervously impatient," a "remarkably difficult man to manage," that "his book was unutterably loathsome," that "he did not know the use of words," and that he had "an overweening self-esteem which led him habitually to say not only that he had done his best upon all occasions, but that no human being could have done better." Sir Richard Burton shocked with a person possessing a large quantity of self-esteem! "Oh, Geordie! jingling Geordie! It was grand to hear Baby Charles laying down the guilt of dissimulation, and Steenie lecturing on the turpitude of incontinence." Even in describing the death of the great explorer when out shooting with his uncle in Wiltshire, much pains are taken to make the reader believe that the unfortunate man committed suicide, although the coroner's jury, *without hesitation*, returned a verdict of accidental death. Whether Mr. Hitchman or Sir Richard himself is the author of these remarks, they would seem to have been made with the sole view of giving pain to Speke's surviving family and friends. Sir Richard Burton has a just appreciation of the rough virtues of the negro. He might take a lesson from one of that race who in the wildest savagery of his revenge was too generous to heap insults on his fallen foe. "And art thou dead?" said Zanga. "So is my enmity; I war not with the dust."

Any one who unfortunately differs from Sir Richard Burton in opinion, any one who is thought to have overlooked his merits, is held up to scorn in these volumes. Sir Evelyn Baring and Sir Edward Malet get off with a sneer. Lord Stratford de Redclyffe is a "respectable middle-class peer" (*middle class* in this work is always a bitter reproach),

> whose natural inclination was to be a littérateur, but who was unfit for taking any except the humblest rôle among the third-rates. . . . He had no sense of humour. . . . In a rage he was not pleasant . . . he would rush round the room like a lean maniac. . . . The following legend was told of him. He said one day to Alison, his Secretary of Embassy, "Damn your eyes, Mr. Alison! why was not that despatch sent?" "Damn your Excellency's eyes!" answered Alison, "it went this morning."

Of Mr. Alison himself, who was afterwards our Minister in Persia, Sir Richard Burton says that "he was more of a Greek than an Englishman, with a peculiar finesse, not to put too fine a point upon it, which made him highly qualified to deal with a certain type of Orientals. . . . At Teheran he did little good, having become unhappily addicted to *tossing the elbow*." Lord Odo Russell, who, we are told, was popularly called Lord Odon't Russell, is described as a "high-bred and average-talented English gentleman." Lord Raglan had a "*courage antique* and an old-fashioned excess of courtesy"; but he allowed himself to be surprised by the Russians, to be saved by General Bosquet, and to be "ignobly tricked by that shallow intriguer Maréchal de St. Arnaud *alias* Leroy." Lord Cardigan was "a man of ordinary pluck." In fact, Sir Richard Burton has met but few persons who are born physically fearless:—"I can count those known to me on the fingers of my right hand." He has "a very unpleasant remembrance" of General Mansfield. Of the conqueror of Scinde he says that "his mistakes were manifold, and many of them miserable." And he is not ashamed to speak of Lord Palmerston, the man of whom Sir Robert Peel said "we are all proud of him," as "Cupidon, the man with the straw in his mouth, the persistent chaffer of wiser men that appreciated the importance of the Fenian movement, the opposer of the Suez Canal, the Minister who died one day and was clean forgotten on the next, who knew as well as any man that the Suez Canal project was feasible and yet persuaded Admiral Spratt and poor Robert Stephenson to join in his little dodge." In 1882 the ill-fated expedition under Professor Palmer, Captain Gill, and Lieutenant Charrington was organized. Mr. Hitchman is the mouthpiece for expressing great indignation that no one at the Foreign Office should have "thought of Burton." In him "they had ready to their hand a man who was confessedly one of the greatest Arabic scholars of the day, and who knew, as no other Englishman could know, &c., . . . yet he was thrown aside and neglected, in order that this most delicate and most difficult negotiation should be entrusted to a Cambridge Professor of Arabic." Then follow some words in commendation of Professor Palmer's bravery and honour—and then the inevitable comment, "but it is no disparagement to him to say that the errand on which he was sent was one which had been better performed by a soldier who could at need become an Arab than by a scholar, however learned." Is there anything in the world which would not have been "better performed" by Sir Richard Burton than by any one else? Could any one else have made such a translation of the *Lusiad*?—which, by-the-bye, Mr. Hitchman soundly rates the public for not buying. Did any one ever render the *Arabian Nights* into English (without suppressing a single passage) from a nobler motive than that which actuated the Consul at Trieste? "That translation," says the ever-loyal Mr. Hitchman, "was undertaken in order to leave as a legacy to his country (and chiefly to her Governments) as much as possible of his own knowledge of those whom they have to rule, and that *they* may, knowing their inner life, avoid many

* *Richard F. Burton, K.C.M.G., his Early Public and Private Life; with an Account of his Travels and Explorations.* By Francis Hitchman, Author of "The Public Life of the Earl of Beaconsfield." 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co.

of their past blunders in dealing with them." This sentence is perhaps not couched in the most lucid language. Mr. Hitchman's gifts are those of a faithful henchman. Evan Maccombich was not more true to Vich Ian Vohr than he is to the hero who, as he thinks, was born to set the world aright; but of style and construction Mr. Hitchman is not a passed master. Indeed, and without reference to the sentiments expressed and the claims advanced by him, he is about as turgid and confusing a writer as we have often met with. Still the very nature of the work he has undertaken invests it with a certain interest of its own. We have not space for extracts from Sir Richard Burton's amusing account of his travels in Arabia and the other parts of Africa, in India, and in Midian, or from his description of life in the Salt Lake City. We can only mention his visit to Iceland, where he is at pains to explain that he only went to church one dull Sunday "by way of divertissement." His remarks on the service are characteristic. The women were far more numerous than the men, because not only do they preponderate in the population, but because "the ceremony is in their line."

We wish that we could with honesty omit all mention of Burton's mission to Dahomé. He was sent thither in 1863 to urge the king to find some source of revenue to replace the slave trade, and to limit, if not altogether to abolish, the human sacrifices. He was also charged with presents from the British Government. These presents, he says, were so absolutely worthless, that the King did not even condescend to say "thank you" for them. Perhaps this is why all the Envoy's persuasions failed to have any effect, and why he "might as well have spoken to the winds." Of the hideous "customs" Mr. Hitchman says that Burton's account is "strictly moderate and dispassionate." We could find it in our hearts to wish that it had been less so, that human sacrifices had not been palliated "as a matter of religion," and the mock trials of the poor slaughtered wretches described euphuistically as *lits de justice*. The Commissioner shows that these sacrifices do take place, although not nearly to such an extent as has been stated. Men and women are always murdered in equal numbers. "For every male life taken outside the enceinte of the palace a woman is sacrificed within." Captain Burton, if not actually present at these massacres, saw the mutilated bodies of the victims. He was living in the midst of these atrocities, and he was doing his duty by being there. A diplomatist must go where he is sent. But, as Thackeray observed years ago, only a strong sense of duty would make an English gentleman formally and civilly polite to a bloodthirsty tyrant. Surely no English gentleman was bound by instructions from the Foreign Office to "dance a *pas seul*, which elicited violent applause," with the brute he was sent to make less brutal. Yet he did so with apparent relish, and so did his friend Dr. Cruickshank, while "Governor Mark acted as fugleman." We cannot bring ourselves to transcribe the rest of the hideous orgies. "That night," says Mr. Hitchman, "was another *nox iræ*"; and he goes on to tell of the vultures, and gibbets, and corpses Burton encountered on his way back to his own quarters. The writer says that, though his mission was an absolute failure, "Burton parted with the King on friendly terms, drinking gin and liqueurs together."

The chapter describing the visit to Dahomé is written in a tone of revolting levity, and to it is appended a note ridiculing the late Sir Francis Baring for "actually speaking in the House of Commons" of the ghastly buffoonery in which an English officer and gentleman had taken part. "But," says Mr. Hitchman, "Burton went upon a higher principle. He was formally accredited to the King, and on public occasions he was resolved to act as he should if he were sent to a European potentate; and when he frankly described the scene, he simply acted upon his usual principle. He knew that he was right, and he left the world to think and say what it pleased." We leave our readers to form their own opinion of the judgment and wisdom of a writer who assigns a "higher motive" to a diplomatic agent dancing with a drunken savage in a place more ghastly than a charnel-house, and who gravely assures us that the same gentleman translated portions of a book hitherto by decent folks considered untranslatable, in order to give the people and Government of his country a useful and necessary acquaintance with the habits of Oriental thought and life.

We are glad to have done, and we hope soon to forget these unhappy volumes. They have left on us, we think they will leave on most Englishmen, an impression of pain and shame that a man of Sir Richard Burton's energy, courage, and hardihood, a man of his scholarly acquirements, a soldier, moreover, trained to habits of discipline, should, perhaps without his own cognizance, and through the indiscreet zeal of the compiler of this book, be made to appear disrespectful and ungrateful, and what the late Lord Clarendon used to call *revoltoso*, to his official superiors, discontented with his lot, and perpetually whining after more rewards and honours and better paid posts. By the way, we wonder what Consul or other servant of the Foreign Office ever had such long and frequent leaves of absence, and spent so little time at his post (drawing salary all the time, it may be presumed), as Sir Richard Burton. It is to be hoped that the want of generosity to which we have already alluded in Sir Richard Burton's estimate of almost every one but himself, may have been brought into stronger relief by Mr. Hitchman than the subject of this most unfortunate biography could have wished.

SINGLE VOLUMES.*

THE author of *The Gates Between* lays her critic—implicitly only, for she makes no appeal to that effect—under the obligation of keeping the secret of her story. Not that there is any mere intrigue that might be robbed of its interest; moreover, the mystery is a mystery for only a few pages. But the author has a right to the fulness and the tensity of the manner in which she withholds and subsequently makes her revelation. She makes it with shock upon shock; and if her style is to be accused of violence, decidedly it is not the vulgar violence of weakness, but the uncommon violence of force. Apart from the impression which the reader gets from what she tells, he is convinced by what she says that she is giving herself to her work. Many writers, and writers of her own sex perhaps chiefly, do so convince us that they give themselves, and yet fail to convince us that the expense is grave; in the case of Miss Phelps we are persuaded that her self-devotion is not only a true but also a costly thing. With Miss Phelps the vital energy is evident, not only in the scenes of spiritual movement, but also in physical incident—a less valuable, perhaps, but also a rarer manifestation of power. She has a street accident, for instance, in which the reader is made to feel the haste and violence of the forces which overpower human strength, and to feel them so well that he does, in fact, remember the incident as an event, rather than as a passage of description. And truly the author of *Gates Between* needs all the strength she has, inasmuch as she has undertaken to present this world, and also a purgatorial region in the world to come, as a very limited, but also a very virile, man—her hero—is supposed to see it. She writes in his person, and thus gives herself no opportunity for feminine description of him; he has to express himself. "A man's mind," says George Eliot, in the most closely epigrammatic of her books, "has always the advantage of being masculine. His ignorance is of a sounder quality." And it is precisely a form of ignorance that Miss Phelps shows in her study of Dr. Thorne. He is an active and popular physician, whose knowledge is the whole use and good of his life, and the author shows him to us in the guise to which death reduces him—a solitary soul in a world where spirituality is the only knowledge. It is in this part of her book that Miss Phelps commits a literary fault that we find hard to forgive; she has something to say, and she says it well, but she also says it often. Perhaps it might help her to overcome this latter habit if she would consider in how much and how bad company she is offending. While she repeats her something, her sisters of the pen reiterate their nothing—damnably. The love-story in her book is singularly good.

We have just praised an author for the rare faculty of strength in incident, and now chance, which is sometimes kind to reviewers, and points their remarks with contrasts, brings under our hand *John of Canada*, a romance in which events succeed one another in futile profusion. Huggings to death by bears, torturings by Eagle's Plume and other Indian braves speaking consistently in the third person, flights and pursuits of the most hairbreadth character, should make these pages lively reading. That they do not is partly owing to the translator's incurable debility. "The bear raised himself on his hind legs, and flung himself with irresistible force upon Swift Panther, and hugged him with a violence which elicited a stifled groan from the youth." "Red Head . . . rose up, and, springing in with terrible agility, threw himself into the canoe of the fugitives. No one of the actors in this terrible drama lost his self-possession." To any young person who should undertake to read the book quite through we might recommend the marking of the number of times that the heroine's white hair is said to inspire the Indians with superstitious awe.

Mrs. Field has written a long controversial novel, in which a Puritan soldier of the time of the Cromwellian settlement of Ireland converts and marries a Roman Catholic lady, a daughter of the family owning the castle given to him by the Protector's order. Ethne's diary—Ethne is the convert—supplies the greater part of the narrative, and the author has made no intelligent attempt to show her as anything but a perfectly modern girl, gushing the wholesale modern gush about loving the sunshine and about the wonderful power of sympathy possessed by dogs. She

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* *The Gates Between.* By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. London and New York: Ward, Lock, & Co.

John Canada. Translated from the French of Raoul de Navery, by A. W. Chetwode. Dublin: Gill & Co.

Ethne. Edited by Mrs. E. M. Field. London: Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.

Great Britain for Little Britons. By Eleanor Bulley. Third edition, Illustrated. London: Wells Gardner, Darton, & Co.

Daphne's Decision. By Emma Marshall. Illustrated. London: Nisbet & Co.

Miss Con. By Agnes Giberne. Illustrated. London: Nisbet & Co.

Through Green Glasses. By F. M. Allen. Illustrated. London: Ward & Downey.

Johnny Nut and the Golden Goose. Done into English by Andrew Lang, from the French of Charles Deulin. Illustrated. London: Longmans & Co.

The Quiver. Yearly Volume. Illustrated. London: Cassell & Co.

Little Wide-Awake. Yearly Volume. Illustrated. London, Glasgow, and New York: Routledge & Sons.

Our Little Dots. Yearly Volume. Illustrated. London: The Religious Tract Society.

The Child's Companion and Juvenile Instructor. Yearly Volume. Illustrated. London: The Religious Tract Society.

gabbles precisely as the girl of the novel of to-day gabbles on many a trivial page that does not aspire to historical interest. We need hardly pause to remark that Mrs. Field is less than fair to her hero's religious opponents; but, perhaps, it is worth while to say that when she makes Ethne ask of her confessor a question on which the heroine's decision depends, she should in justice to her own conscience make him answer somewhat as a confessor would do; and if she should ingenuously reply that she does not know what he would say, she ought to ask somebody. We must give the writer credit for a certain amount of historical reading, but she has not used it to any valuable purpose. Better results of the same kind of industry are shown by Miss Eleanor Bulley in her *Great Britain for Little Britons*, in which a mass of knowledge of the more anecdotal kind is imparted to a group of children by questions and answers on the counties of the United Kingdom. The book is well done in all essentials; but this being a new edition one or two little errors should have been corrected. For instance, the Venerable Bede should not be called a British monk (p. 26); and when the child is told that this British monk wrote an ecclesiastical history of the English nation, and translated the Gospel into the Saxon language, the effect is that of a fine confused nationality. Then the author, giving two pages to the career of Warren Hastings, omits all mention of the trial, doubtless in order not to mar her picture of the successful career of a man of will.

Daphne's Decision is one of Mrs. Marshall's sensible stories for average girls. It teaches young people of about fourteen—or does what a book of its kind can do towards teaching—unselfishness and consideration for their young contemporaries. We might add to the lessons of the book by asking Mrs. Marshall's readers to exercise themselves by re-punctuating the passage on her title-page, thus ingeniously mispointed:—

> Think nought a trifle, though it small appear—
> Small sands, the mountain, moments, make the year
> And trifles life.

This elegant last-century construction ought to be respected by attention to the honourable stop. *Miss Con* is for older girls, and ends with weddings for some and literary successes for others of a cleverly-drawn bevy of maidens. By the way, there is no such way of getting glimpses of unknown worlds in contemporary society as the reading of small books like *Miss Con*. The little world revealed in this story is one in which literature is classed and defined in ways altogether new to outsiders. "I have another tale in hand," says Gladys Hepburn; "it is to be larger than the others, perhaps as big as a three-and-sixpenny book, or *even* a five-shilling book." "I believe Maggie thought she had written quite a good-sized volume; and when I calculated for her, and found that it would not be more than a tiny twopenny or threepenny book, she was almost vexed." "It seems strange to have written at last a real five-shilling tale—my childish dream come true. At fourteen I had quite made up my mind to bring out a five-shilling book some day—if I could, I mean." Is this really so? Are these the dreams of our maidens? Is this their cultus of literature, and, instead of reading, are they planning books appraised by shillings? We have no idea how much *Miss Con* costs, but we recommend it for its more than average ability.

Mr. F. M. Allen has such a thorough good will to be amusing that we are loth to confess he does not succeed quite so often as he intended. Here and there he has caught something of the unconscious fun of the South-Irish old *raconteur*, whose Boswell he has made himself; and this is particularly the case when Dan brings in the frequent parenthesis, generally of a religious turn, which gives a curious character to much Irish talk that is otherwise flat enough, if convention will allow us to confess so much. For instance:—"'You are an ignorant ruffian to spayke like that to me,' says Rolly, who always had his last end in view." Many of these interruptions, as practised by Irish talkers in all districts alike, are too pious for quotation in a comic book, so that Mr. F. M. Allen avoids them. But he has observed and made good use of the keen interest which uneducated persons in Ireland take in history. It is an interest peculiar to men and women who do not read, and whose fathers and mothers have never known how to read but have always been voluble and verbose transmitters of legend. With them the past has no dates, divisions, or periods. The words "anshant," "ould anshant," and "rale ould anshant" express various degrees of the speaker's reverence, but by no means any degree in his estimation of the passage of time. "Chronology," says Mr. Allen, "had no meaning and no terrors for Dan. To him the early Milesians, St. Patrick, Brian the Brave, Cromwell, and even 'the great Bonypart' were practically speaking contemporaneous." Englishmen would find it hard to believe how much the galled withers of the rustic Irishman are kept wrung by the prevalent impression that Cromwell's offences were of recent occurrence. *Through Green Glasses* is intelligently edited, and it may be that Dan's long stories will not bore some readers as we have to confess they have bored us. Nor, alas, is Mr. Andrew Lang much more happy with the story he has chosen to "do" into his invariably easy and charming English. *Johnny Nut and the Golden Goose* is a handsome book for children, with weakish illustrations and clever and beautiful marginal ornaments scattered lavishly through its large pages. But the story is extravagant in the manner that misses felicity and fun—very easy things to miss.

We have received the yearly volumes of the *Quiver*, *Little Wide Awake*, *Our Little Dots*, and *The Child's Companion and Juvenile Instructor*, all magazines well adapted to their purpose. A fault that seems to be common in fairy stories just now is an incoherence that may seem pleasantly fanciful to the adult writers, but that leaves the child-reader, with a child's precision and definiteness of imagination, in a wearying state of bewilderment.

MEDICAL BOOKS.*

THE title of Messrs. Binet & Féré's book is decidedly an unfortunate one. The expression "Animal Magnetism" has become so associated with charlatanism and imposture as to render it highly undesirable to connect it with a work which possesses some scientific merit. There is a further and still stronger objection to its use—namely, that it appears to imply the existence of a force (in the popular mind a *fluid*), analogous to magnetism and differing from ordinary physiological forces, passing from the operator to the subject. The fact really being that the phenomena of hypnotism are not due to any peculiar power residing in the person of the so-called *magnetiser*, but to the hyper-excitability of the subject's nervous system. "Artificial hypnotism" describes the condition under discussion more accurately and conveniently. The experiments of the authors have been numerous and carefully conducted, so as to guard against imposture on the one hand and unjustifiable deductions on the other. Messrs. Binet and Féré tell us that only certain persons are susceptible of being thrown into this admittedly morbid state, and that the great majority of these are to be found among hysterical women. The susceptibility to it can be greatly increased by what they are pleased to call "the hypnotic education." Whether the already unstable nervous systems of the subjects of experiment are likely to derive benefit from this kind of education can scarcely be open to discussion. In describing the production of hypnotism (on p. 99) they say that no apparent effect may be produced at the first séance, but that the attempt has impressed *a permanent modification* on his or her nervous system which will render subsequent attempts more easy, and that at each succeeding séance sleep will be more quickly induced, until finally the effect will be produced almost instantaneously. After this, as they graphically put it, "the subject is entirely in the magnetiser's power." We doubt whether this be a result to be commended, even if the operator's character be above suspicion. Undoubtedly these experiments tend to throw some light upon the abstruse problems of psychology, and have been carried out by our authors with a view to the advancement of science and consequent benefit to suffering humanity, but in less scrupulous hands such experiments might be turned to very evil purposes. Indeed, Mesmer, the arch-professor of "Animal Magnetism," had no compunction in throwing hundreds of wretched women into hysterical convulsions in order to gratify his avarice. The chapter on the application of hypnotism to therapeutics and education proposes the use of hypnotic suggestion for the removal of the delusions of hypochondriac and hysterical patients. It appears to us that we should be acting on sounder principles if we endeavoured to remove the morbid condition giving rise to the delusion, this latter being merely a symptom of the underlying disease.

To those who have doubts with regard to the value of vaccination as a protection against small-pox, we would recommend a careful perusal of *Vaccination Vindicated*. With those in whom anti-vaccination has become a fixed idea we fear that reasoning will have but little effect, and that the largest array of undeniable facts, with the deductions logically following them, will have as little power of penetration as water on the proverbial duck's back. As Dr. McVail truly says, among medical men—*i.e.* those who have opportunities of observing the disease and the preventive—there is no vaccination question. If compulsory vaccination were withdrawn to-morrow it would be difficult to find a doctor, in the three kingdoms who would cease to vaccinate his own children. It is within our own knowledge that, during the time the small-pox hospital at Hampstead was open for the reception of patients, only one case occurred among the employés of the establishment, and that in the person of an under-gardener who accidentally escaped the re-vaccination which was enforced upon all those entering the service of the hospital. This fact alone would probably be sufficient to satisfy those who are open to conviction. The author is specially fitted for the arduous task he has undertaken by his extensive experience of epidemic disease in his work as a medical officer of health and President of the Sanitary Association of Scotland. He has not been content to base his conclusions on the statistics of Great Britain only, but has obtained those bearing on the subject from many other countries. He places these very clearly before his readers, with the aid in some instances of diagrams. Dr. Wallace's pamphlet, which is certainly the ablest and most relied on publication which has emanated from the ranks of the opponents of vaccination, is carefully criticized, and the somewhat numerous fallacies contained in it are pointed out. We

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* *Animal Magnetism.* By Alfred Binet and Charles Féré. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

Vaccination Vindicated. By John C. McVail, M.D., D.P.H. Camb. London: Cassell & Co.

A Short Practical Treatise on the Nature, Causes, and Treatment of Cholera. By Deputy-Surgeon-General H. W. Bellew, C.S.I. London: Trübner & Co.

trust that Dr. McVail's book will obtain the large circulation which it deserves.

In the issue of this Journal of February 27, 1886, we made some comments on *The History of Cholera in India from 1862 to 1881*, by Deputy-Surgeon-General Bellew, to which work the present volume is a supplement. The first ninety-six pages of it are devoted to a recapitulation of his views as to the nature of cholera and its causes, with remarks upon its preventive and curative treatment. The remainder of the book consists of rather more than a hundred pages of tables of cholera mortality and registered rainfall in various districts of India during the eleven years 1871-1881. The author has no belief in the contagiousness of cholera, and thinks that, in the few cases in which a cholera-poison is developed, it is of a very "evanescent" nature. He looks upon the disease as an influenza of the intestinal canal produced by "a chill," resulting from exposure to injurious atmospheric conditions, and considers woollen clothing at night as one of the most important preventive measures. After discussing the diet and surroundings suitable for patients suffering from cholera, Mr. Bellew enters upon the consideration of its treatment by drugs. He relies principally upon a mixture of which quassia, krameria, capsicum, morphia, anise oil, and glycerine are the main ingredients, but does not give the exact formula for its preparation. This may be due to the fact that he contemplates obtaining a patent for the mixture under the title of "Almi' laj." We trust that it is not too late for him to reconsider this matter. We think it would be most regrettable if a man holding so deservedly high a position in the medical profession were to give his countenance to the pernicious system of patent medicines.

TIKHOMIROFF'S RUSSIA.*

AN English diplomatist, well acquainted with Russian affairs, expressed a few years ago an opinion in regard to the near future of the Russian Empire, which may be thus formulated:—"Unless a Constitution be granted, revolution; if a Constitution be granted, dissolution." When in 1856 Count von Moltke visited Russia as an aide-de-camp of the Crown Prince of Prussia, he declared that all talk about a Constitution for Russia was "sheer nonsense." There would be less "nonsense," perhaps, in talking about it now than there was thirty years ago, seeing that Russian proprietors in the territorial assemblies—the so-called "assemblies of the nobility"—have more than once formally demanded it. But even if popular representation were confined to Russia proper, it would lead to the expression of such contradictory opinions, such opposite tendencies, that the Representative Assembly would serve no purpose but to give publicity to a number of different and mutually hostile forms of discontent. A high Russian official justified, not long since, his deep objections to a Russian Parliament by declaring that such a body would, in the present condition of Russia, be equivalent to placing the government of the country in the hands of "Poles and Jews." Where the educated Jews would come from is not clear; though in Russia, as in other countries, Jews, when they are legally permitted to do so, advance rapidly to the front. But the Poles would come not from the kingdom of Poland, which would be either left unrepresented or provided with a special representation for itself, but from the Polish provinces incorporated with the Russian Empire, where the proprietors, with all their belongings, are, in spite of many confiscations, almost exclusively Poles; where indeed, it may fairly be said, that the whole of the educated class is Polish.

M. Tikhomiroff, in the highly interesting volumes which he has just put forth, demands for the manifold ills from which he declares his country to be suffering neither a constitutional remedy nor any other recognized form of cure; and all he looks forward to is an explosion of some kind; a bursting, in fact, as he himself puts it (though in less simple words), of the Russian boiler.

In dealing with the Polish question M. Tikhomiroff seems animated by a fair spirit, and he shows himself disposed to yield much more to the Poles than would be conceded to them by the great majority of Russians. He thinks they should be allowed to govern themselves within the limits of the so-called "kingdom of Poland"; and, while denying their right to regard as Polish the provinces detached from Poland and annexed to Russia at the end of the last century, he bases his denial not on the ethnological and linguistic arguments, so much in favour with his fellow-countrymen, but on the alleged unwillingness of the majority of the inhabitants to separate themselves from Russia. As, however, a self-governing Poland would aspire to independence, and as an independent Poland would never rest until it had recovered the Polish provinces incorporated with the Russian Empire, there is no likelihood of the Polish question being settled for a time in accordance with M. Tikhomiroff's views. These views are not, it is needless to say, those of the Russian Government; and the hopes of the Poles just now are based not on possible concessions from Russia, but on a probable conflict between Russia and Germany.

One is accustomed in Western Europe to look upon the Germans as rather a cultivated people. No greater mistake, according to M. Tikhomiroff, could possibly be made. The Germans of Germany, visiting or settling in Russia, are tolerable. But the Germans of the Baltic Provinces, who have been Russian subjects only since the time of Peter the Great, are not to be endured. Descendants of the cross-bearing and sword-bearing knights who colonized, Christianized, and civilized these parts, they remained Germans under the Swedish, as afterwards under the Russian, government; and it is only during the present year that any serious endeavour has been made to destroy their influence as Germans upon the peasantry around them. In former days they furnished Russia with a great number of generals, high officials, and diplomatists. Indeed, until the reign of Alexander II. Russia's representatives abroad were almost exclusively Germans from the Baltic Provinces, the only exception being at Constantinople, where it has always been the custom to place a true Russian of the Russian Orthodox religion. That these German-Russians, while devoted to the Emperor, cared nothing for Russia, except as a State, was doubtless true. They were accused, moreover, of looking down upon the Russians, and they may be suspected of having now and then congratulated themselves on certain advantages that they possessed over the Russians, who a century, and, above all, two centuries, ago were much less civilized than they have since become. According to M. Tikhomiroff, the Germans of these provinces have given no able men to Russia, with the exception of Todleben, whose ability he does not rank very high. But on reflection he would surely admit that, if they have not furnished Russia with men of absolute genius, they have supplied her with a considerable number of highly capable generals, administrators, and diplomatists. The story is known of the Russian whom his Emperor wanted to reward, and who, invited to say what favour he desired, answered, "Make me a German, Sire." So many high places in the military and diplomatic service of Russia were filled by Germans that the Russians first became jealous of them, and now propose to do without them. Accordingly they are beginning to educate the Lettonian and Esthonian peasantry of the Baltic Provinces as Russians, and they would gladly Russianize the sons of the German proprietors, pastors, merchants, and tradesmen, were it possible to do so—could they, for instance, force them to attend the Government gymnasiums, where in the three lower classes German, as the language of education, is at present replaced by Russian. In resolving to Russianize the mass of the population, without regard to the effect the measure must necessarily have on the German minority, the Russian Government may be justified by reasons of State; and it evidently believes that in the interest of Russia the Baltic Provinces ought to be as much as possible de-Germanized. One can understand, moreover, a thoroughgoing Russian like M. Tikhomiroff approving of this policy, dangerous though it seems. But, as a writer professing to give a fair account of Russia to the French, and through the French language to all who may feel interested in the subject, he surely ought not to represent the most civilized class of the most civilized part of the Russian Empire as habitually guilty of barbarous conduct. M. Tikhomiroff asks us to believe, without giving any authority for the cases he cites, that in the Baltic Provinces a German proprietor once shot a peasant whom he found trespassing on his ground; that a German pastor beat a peasant to death; and that some German magistrates sentenced a poor woman to live in the midst of a forest, where, but for timely succour (doubtless from some benevolent Russian), she must have starved. This last anecdote is evidently borrowed, as regards the main incident, from the tale of *Geneviève de Brabant*.

M. Tikhomiroff's account of the Russian commune is very complete; and he must be praised for his fairness in reproducing the views of those (the late M. Katkoff among others) who differ from him as to the origin, development, and maintenance of the institution to which the Russian Democrats and Socialists attach such extreme importance. For there is no agreement among Russian writers either as to the utility, nor even as to the history, of the national village system. According to some it is a purely Slavonian conception, which as a reality continues to exist from generation to generation through centuries because it is thoroughly in harmony with the genius of the Slavo-Russian people; who in many co-operative and (so to say) co-partitive associations, apart from land, do indeed show themselves to possess certain communistic instincts. In every Russian factory, for example, the workmen form of their own free will, and as a matter of course, a union for feeding purposes. A chief is elected, whose duty it is to cater for the general body. Each workman pays him a subscription fixed by common accord; and he is maintained in his position so long as he gives satisfaction. There are certain occupations, too, which are carried on under a general guarantee. The messengers of St. Petersburg, corresponding, as regards their duties, to our Commissionaires, work on this system; the general body being responsible for losses due to the conduct of any one. M. Tikhomiroff, then, and those who think with him—including all Slavophils and most Democrats—might, in support of their views, bring forward facts from the daily life of the Russian workmen, leaving the customs of the peasantry on one side. These latter, however, according to M. Tikhomiroff's opponents, are not the outcome of inherited instincts, but the result of laws imposed from above. Originally in Russia, as in other countries, land was held and cultivated in common; and in Russia, as in other countries, the communal system would gradually have disappeared, to be replaced by a system of separate holdings, had it not been maintained by the Government solely to facilitate the levying of taxes.

* *Russia, Political and Social.* By L. Tikhomiroff. Translated from the Russian, by Edward Aveling, D.Sc. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

The communal system is universally condemned by economists; and this condemnation was frankly accepted by the late M. Herzen, who argued all the same that, though it might not tend to the advancement of agriculture as an art, it "prevented the labourer from dying of hunger." M. Tikhomiroff gives an interesting account of the way in which, at intervals of so many years, the partition and repartition of the land is effected; and he shows how, contrary to the general belief on the subject, the cultivator of a duly assigned portion of communal land may sell it, and at the same time relieve himself of all communal responsibilities.

Every reader of M. Tikhomiroff's book will be eager to see what he has to say about Nihilism. He denies that Nihilism is the creed of men who, believing in no institutions, would annihilate all; and says that the designation of Nihilist, given in ridicule, has been accepted only in bravado. Of official Russia he gives so terrible an account as to suggest the idea that the Russians as a people are incurably bad; for it is difficult to believe that, if all men in the Government service are corrupt, many men out of it can be honest. He predicts no future for Russia, nor is it his business to do so. He is convinced, however, that the partially suppressed forces now at work in Russia must lead, before long, to a general explosion.

A PORTFOLIO OF PLAYERS.*

THE growing interest in the history of the American theatre, to a large extent due to the development of intercourse between the two countries, is likely to be enormously aided if the visits of entire dramatic companies become an established custom. The migrations of the New York stage to London have been generally too brief and infrequent to give the untravelled playgoer fair opportunity of estimating the artistic resources and true characteristics of the American theatre. Now and again, of course, an actor or actress of celebrity arrives from New York, with results that may be almost certainly measured in advance. These single visits of "star" performers are not object-lessons of the desirable kind. They reveal nothing to the average London audience of the artistic equipment and ensemble of American actors. They teach nothing; for everybody knows that America possesses, and has long possessed, great actors. From this point of view the visit of Mr. Augustin Daly's company was exceptionally interesting. Here was a comedy company of the highest reputation in America, animated by the artistic *camaraderie* by which alone finished and symmetrical representation is possible, working together under the self-same laws of art and with the like aims that have made the collective efficiency of more than one historic society of actors. The event proved extremely interesting and memorable to many English playgoers, and might have been even more fruitful in delight and suggestion if circumstances had permitted Mr. Daly to exhibit the true powers and complete range of his company. Such pieces as *A Night Off*, or the manager's amusing and always skilful adaptations from the German, sufficed admirably to display the quality of the company as a whole; but so partial a programme was only a glimpse into the repertory of the Daly troupe. Mr. Daly's too brief sojourn forbade any representations in pure comedy, though in this line of art are the company's finest achievements. We are reminded of this by the very handsome volume of criticism and portraiture issued by Mr. Daly, which in beauty of illustrations, type, paper, and all details that make for distinction, is comparable with certain famous albums of a similar nature that commemorate the French stage. *A Portfolio of Players* is something more than an album of portraits and character studies of the Daly company, and a beautiful book whose attractiveness is of an unusual kind. It comprises a capital preliminary essay on the American stage by Mr. William Winter, and a most interesting historical retrospect of the nineteen years of Mr. Augustin Daly's management, which takes the form of a series of critical notes on the leading actors and actresses, written by Mr. H. C. Bunner, Mr. Dithmar, Mr. Lawrence Hutton, Mr. Brander Matthews, and Mr. William Winter. The illustrations that suggest the various themes of this commentary are admirably executed by the Photogravure Company of New York, and may be divided into two classes—simple portraiture, and stage portraiture or tableaux. In the former Mr. Daly leads the way, followed by Miss Ada Rehan, Mr. James Lewis, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert, Mr. John Drew, and Mr. Charles Fisher. "The Reading of the Play" depicts an interesting group and a ceremony of the green room of ancient custom and high importance. Here we see a "long, narrow room, lighted by windows that open to Broadway," and Mr. Daly reading a manuscript play by the light of a lamp to the attentive company about him. Mr. Dithmar's description of the room, its curious contents, and many memories, forms a suggestive text for the plate, the grouping of which is very effective.

Mr. William Winter, in his essay on the past and present of the American stage, betrays something of the humour of his position as a critic and lover of the theatre of thirty years' experience in treating of a common failing of the mature playgoer. He is too sensible of the distinguished merits of the Daly company as now constituted to be *laudator temporis acti*; and at the same time, while rightly enthusiastic in dealing with Mr. Daly's management and the status of his company, he glows with the reminiscent fervour of a veteran when writing of the good old times. This fine catholicity of spirit is an agreeable feature of Mr. Winter's pretensions. No doubt the assiduous playgoer has a long memory, and the actor's day is only too brief. Too soon is the actor compelled to feel "our sons inherit us," and too soon, perhaps, do another sort of playgoers find his art is cold. But Mr. H. C. Bunner gives new point to this two-headed moral in his rhymal epilogue addressed "to a Reader of the Twenty-first Century," nor can we doubt that if any monuments survive so long, the poet is correct in counting upon the longevity of *A Portfolio of Portraits*. Mr. Bunner casts a kind of horoscope, after Mr. Dobson, setting forth the sentiments of the far-off reader of this Album, who finds himself in some dim library face to face with the charming Miss Rehan in *The Country Girl*, or as Kate Verity in *The Squire*, and other of these eloquent pictures of the stage:—

> "A treasure!" cries your bibliopole,
> With fervour in his musty soul:
> "A Daly private print—a chaste
> Example of our fathers' taste.
> They made books *then*—who can, in our
> Degenerate days of magnet-power?
> See—Ada Rehan, Fisher, Drew,
> Dame Gilbert, Lewis, through and through,
> The sharp-cut plates are clear as new!"
> Then comes the old, the tardy praise—
> Those were the drama's palmy days.

It was ever thus, and will be. The tardy praise—two centuries show deliberation, certainly—is then the ready praise. Nevertheless, there will be plenty of ready praise for the Daly company should Mr. Daly return to London with the *Taming of the Shrew*, which ran a hundred nights straight off at Daly's Theatre last year, when it was given, says Mr. Lawrence Hutton, with Induction and all, as Shakspeare wrote it. And as much may be said of Mr. Fisher's Falstaff, Mrs. Gilbert's Dame Quickly, Miss Rehan's Peggy and Hypolita, and Miss Dreher and Miss Rehan in the *Recruiting Officer*. Mr. Brander Matthews, in a note on Farquhar's delightful play, refers to the "noble bead-roll of Miss Rehan's predecessors in the part of the tantalizing and fascinating Sylvia," and adds, "Since Mistress Margaret Woffington ceased to act Sir Harry Wildair, I do not believe that the stage has seen a better impersonator of 'breeches parts' than Miss Ada Rehan." Among the many admirable character plates in this volume, one of the most exquisite in dramatic expression shows the encounter, with its mock elaborate courtesies, between Sylvia and Melinda, represented by Miss Rehan and Miss Dreher. One certain result of the publication of this volume is to inspire its English possessor with ever fresh, though quite unneeded, desire to welcome Mr. Daly's next London season.

THE POLITICS OF ARISTOTLE.*

MR. NEWMAN'S long-expected *Politics*, for which many generations of classmen have sighed in vain, has appeared at last—or rather part of it has appeared. The first volume of some 570 pages contains essays on Aristotle, his politics, Plato, the Ideal State, earlier Greek political speculation, and other topics. The second volume presents us with the text of Books I. and II., with critical notes and an appendix. Valuable as is the work, we cannot but wish that it were shorter, and we think it might have been more happily arranged. It ill becomes the indolence and irresponsibility of a reviewer to tell an author how he should have written a work to which some twenty years have been devoted. And yet, when it begins to seem as if the book when complete will be about the size of the *Waverley Novels*, a sense of the shortness of life insists on making itself felt. As to the arrangement, Mr. Newman's learned and copious work would have been distinctly more attractive if he had begun with a short historical sketch of the actual conditions of Greek States and of the previous theories of political speculators. We should then have found Aristotle in the midst of his "environment," with his problems all around him, and with the earlier speculative and practical efforts to solve them before him.

Mr. Newman has adopted a scheme perhaps less agreeable, though for this, too, much may be said. He begins by ascertaining the place of the Politics in Aristotle's general scientific system. He shows us how it is linked to the Ethics; he notes Aristotle's distinction between Theoretic, Practical, and Productive science, and then he tackles what we may call the *à priori* conceptions and matter of Aristotelian thought—Necessity, Nature, Spontaneity, Fortune, Man. Now, it is true that the *Politics* is only a part of, or a moment in, the encyclopædic science of Aristotle. His political theories are animated and controlled as much as his moral or physical theories by his metaphysics and general system of being and knowing. But these pages of Metapolitics, if we may say so, with which Mr. Newman's book begins, are about as hard and gritty literature as any one can find. He certainly seems to dwell too long on an essential, but most unseductive, part of his task. Indeed, Mr. Newman confesses this:—"I fear that I shall frequently be found to try the patience of my readers, and not least in some of the opening pages of the first volume, which treat of matters of a somewhat technical nature." There is plenty of entertainment and general diversion in parts of Mr. Newman's book. He is often ready with a modern instance, and

* *A Portfolio of Players; with a Packet of Notes thereon.* By H. C. Bunner, E. A. Dithmar, Lawrence Hutton, Brander Matthews, and William Winter. New York: T. W. Boulton. 1888.

* *The Politics of Aristotle.* By W. L. Newman. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

shows very wide reading. His comparison of Pythagoras in Croton with Calvin at Geneva is particularly neat and good (i. 377). But we wish that Mr. Newman could have taken the advice of Lucretius, and smeared the cup of learning with a little of the honey of entertainment. On the other hand, he has chosen to give us the most harsh and crabbed matter first. It is useful "for the schools," but it "do not over stimulate," as Joe Gargery says.

The more interesting of the early pages treat of Nature, in the Aristotelian sense. Like the opponents of Rousseau, he found it desirable to show that the State was a *natural* institution. Other philosophers, including his own pupil Dicæarchus, held that the condition of men, when they lived only on such things as the earth unsolicited brought forth, was "natural." The Australian blacks, then, would be the type of a natural society. But in such a society the State is unknown. Therefore, if Dicæarchus were right, the State would not have the sanction of naturalness. To Aristotle, however, Nature does not mean the starting-point. "The real being of Nature is rather to be found in the end than in the process, and rather in the process than its starting-point." Thus, in Aristotle's theory, the most natural State of all, the State in which Nature has her own way, is his Ideal State. It is very far, indeed, from being the ideal State of modern aspirations. The "people" have no say in its politics. A natural subordination governs it, and its lower parts exist (it is all they are fit for) as means to the end—namely, the strenuous happiness of such highly-endowed citizens as deserve to be so happy. The slaves and working-men are not free, of course; nor are they the masters of the community. But each element of the commonwealth is in its ideally best condition, because "that which is best for each thing" is identical with "the best which it can do" (i. 60). As the American said about eternal punishment, "our people would never stand it." Probably no people would stand the Ideal State; not that they would be worse off than in actual States, but because they would be frankly told that they were inferior beings, and that they could never hope to rise in the hierarchy. Aristotle himself, as Mr. Newman shows, was by no means inclined to think that perfection could be found even in a community *à son devis*:—"We even seem to gather from his language in the *Politics* that the main service which Political Science can practically render to the world is that of limited amelioration. It cannot make things right, but it can make them bearable." As Mr. Newman says:—"Aristotle's error lay, not in seeking to discover the end of the State, for he was right in accounting this to be the first step in political science, but in imposing on it one unvarying end, in giving too narrow an interpretation to that end, and in holding that it could only be fully attained through one type of society." Perhaps it cannot be attained in any type of society. But Aristotle has lost some of his value in our own modern circumstances. He was apt enough to neglect the possibilities of society among barbarians (though he studied their customs), and he does not even look forward to what society would be in consequence of the conquests of Alexander. Still less did he foresee the grinding industrial competition of to-day, and a new kind of barbarism which probably cannot long be endured by the world. He could always arrange a rubble foundation for his Ideal State, by using foreigners for slaves, merchants, artists, men of business. "There will thus be a considerable non-Hellenic element in the best State of Aristotle; its 'economic substructure,' if so we may term it, will be formed to a large extent of non-Hellenic materials" (i. 125). The wretchedness caused in Asia and Africa by perpetual slave-driving raids, to supply Aristotle with his non-Hellenic substructure, does not give that philosopher a moment's uneasiness. "Aristotle was probably not aware how much evil and misery could be caused in the slave-producing regions of Asia and Africa by the wars which he sanctions for the purpose of capturing natural slaves." No, "he said it was bully," like Mark Twain's bad boy. The splendid natural arrogance of the Greeks enabled philosophers to regard the universe as practically existing for the sake of gentlemen, and all non-Hellenic races as developed to serve the Hellenes. With *à priori* notions like these, it was comparatively easy to construct Ideal States, and even to be tolerably comfortable in States which were not ideal.

Mr. Newman's remarks on slavery, and the apt historical illustrations which he adduces, make one of the most valuable and generally attractive parts of his work. His early pages on the metaphysical relations of the science are, to be sure, indispensable to close students, especially those *qui honores ambiunt*. But, just as M. Cardinal, when in rural retirement, read Latin books in cribs, so we would fain hope that some politicians will study Mr. Newman's exposition of the *Politics*. Ladies will find his learned remarks on the Greek household quite full of modern interest. "Many women seem to have hugged their chains." (It may be remarked that, as the men were never at home, they had nothing else to hug.) "Plato speaks of the sex, in the Laws (781 A.C.), as loving darkness and seclusion, and anticipates some difficulty in prevailing on women to come forth into the light of day." Xenophon mentions the pallor of girls who were kept indoors till they married—about fourteen. Mr. Newman quotes amusing passages from Menander (which we translate) about the expensive religiousness of women:—

> The Gods press hard on us,
> Hardest on men who marry; day by day
> Needs must we ever keep fresh festivals,
> And fifty times a day we sacrifice.
> Seven serving-maids play cymbals in a circle
> And wail in chorus,

like the women of Nestor at the sacrifice of the heifer in the Odyssey. Women could not be expected to like Aristotle's theory that men of thirty-seven should marry girls of eighteen. These would have led to "complications" in the Ideal State. Did space permit, it would be pleasant to quote Mr. Newman's picture of Aristotle's ideal young man, and his criticism of Aristotle's views about Communism. He does not think that Aristotle would have permitted unlimited accumulation of property. The Greeks partly evaded the difficulty about property by a political open-handedness—"were far more open-handed in their use of property than the Romans of the Republic." Indeed, Polybius says, "No one of his free will gives any one anything whatever belonging to him." Thus the immortal M. Cardinal was perhaps more Roman than he imagined. "Il ne donne jamais rien. C'est un système chez lui." The Romans of the Empire, of course, paid a great deal of Ransom in gifts and in the *sportula*.

Mr. Newman's second volume opens with a dissertation on the history of the text of the *Politics*. Probably the *Politics* were delivered in lectures; but then Aristotle appears to have written his lectures. Early traces of acquaintance with the book are examined with minute research. On the whole, Mr. Newman finds that "there is a certain amount of unity about the *Politics*, though it is not a well-planned whole. . . . How is it that the *Politics*, though indisputably a whole, is yet a whole in which we trace these discrepancies of plan?" He thinks that the State of the *Politics* "becomes in general intelligible if we suppose that Aristotle, notwithstanding his turn for systematization, allowed himself some freedom in working successively at different parts of the treatise, permitted each part to forget to some extent its membership of a whole, and failed to force on his investigations that complete harmony of form as well as of substance which rigorous criticism would require." Nothing could be more natural in a book written for lectures. Mr. Newman does not think, nor do we, that the *Politics* are a pupil's notes on the lectures. The discussion of the manuscripts and the old Latin translations is too technical to be analysed here. Mr. Newman has not revised Susemihl's collations (1872). He has collated the two books he publishes with a C. C. C. and a Balliol MS. Mr. Newman's debt to Susemihl is so frankly acknowledged that the amiable hunter of scholarly plagiarism may desist from the chase. But he is often at variance with the learned German. To criticize the notes, and compare them, for example, with those of the Master of Balliol, would be "matter for a separate dissertation." Mr. Newman and the Oxford Press are to be congratulated on this large instalment of a most conscientious and, to the right readers, most interesting and important work.

NEW ETCHINGS.

WE have received from Messrs. Gladwell Brothers, the publishers, an artist's proof in advance of an elaborate and very effective etching by Mr. W. W. Burgess, "The Gate of Honour, Caius College, Cambridge"—a subject replete with difficulties obvious enough to the uninitiated who are acquainted with the architectural environment. The thought and skill bestowed by the artist on his original study are productive of the happiest results in the plate. Everybody who knows Cambridge knows the three gates of Caius, built at the cost of Dr. Caius and designed by John of Padua, the architect to whom Inigo Jones subsequently was not a little beholden. Mr. Burgess, by his artistic work, has certainly honoured the old architect. The garden foreground, with figures skilfully introduced, and the Gate itself are presented almost entirely in the soft warm shade cast by adjacent buildings; the varying tone is admirably gradated throughout, in the modelling and differentiation of material, such as old brick, abraded stone, flutings, and so forth. The conjunction of clinging vegetation, like ivy, and architecture when in shadow is not one of the least of the difficulties surmounted by Mr. Burgess. Beyond the Gate other buildings arise in the sunny air, and suggest a striking contrast, though perhaps a trifle phantasmal.

From Messrs. Buck & Reid, of New Bond Street, we have received an etching by M. Brunet-Debaines after Gainsborough's "The Way to the Mill"—a typical landscape of the master, and one of the twelve paintings on the glass panels of the well-known Camera, now in the publishers' possession, and an interesting feature of the recent Gainsborough exhibition. The etching is in M. Brunet-Debaines's most artistic spirit, and admirable for fidelity of form and atmospheric quality.

The publishers of the *Art Journal* forward a proof of an etching, to appear in that magazine in February, by Mr. Macbeth Raeburn, after Mr. Pettie's painting, "Ho! Ho! old Noll!" a picture shown at the Manchester Exhibition and a characteristic example. The plate is in all respects an extremely spirited rendering of a brilliant work.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. DONATIEN LEVESQUE'S book on the chase in France and England (1) has two great merits; it is a very pretty book in mechanical execution, and a singularly well-conditioned

(1) *En déplacement—Chasses à courre en France et en Angleterre.* Par Donatien Levesque. Paris: Plon.

book in point of temper. We do not know whether all readers will recognize at once what we mean by a well-conditioned book, but they will find it here. M. Levesque, an M.F.H., or at least M.H. in his own country, though, as he modestly observes, the dignity is not so great as with us, knows both French and English hunting well, and he is perhaps freer than any writer with whom we have ever met from the almost invariable tendency to depreciate one country in order to exalt the other. He seems to enjoy impartially his own chasing of the roe in Britanny, and the drag at Pau, and running after carted deer in the Home counties, and the less conventional sport on Exmoor, and the rigeur of foxhunting in the Vale of Belvoir; while his account (not from actual experience, it is true, in this case) of pigsticking, which sounds much more chivalrous and noble as "Chasse au sanglier à la lance," is enthusiastic and almost reverential. And all these sports, except the last, he describes at first-hand with vigour, precision, and zest. If he hints his opinion that the French fox, being a wilder and less cockered, is also a speedier and gamer, beast than the English, he more than makes the balance true by speedily dashing any jokes of Parisian cockneys about "boxed-up deer," and kindly informing the said cockneys that they will find a boxed-up deer give them an uncommonly good chance of showing whether they can or cannot sit a horse. We do not think he lays too much stress on an undoubted truth not always recognized, and the failure to recognize which is the cause of many English jests about the French *chasse*—to wit, that this latter is in a certain sense a more genuine and less sophisticated *chasse* than our own. For the French sportsman is, in this sense, a true hunter, that his first object, like that of his immemorial ancestors who hunted for food, is to catch a certain beast, while the Englishman wants in the first place plenty of hard riding and jumping, the catching and killing of the beast being rather a means to an end than an end to which means are adapted. M. Levesque, it should be observed, limiting his subject to "chasse à *courre*" (except a little joke about a *chasse au tarin*), says little or nothing about the two French sports, boar-hunting and wolf-hunting, which are most tempting to English imagination, but from what he does say it would appear, as one knows independently, that they have rather degenerated. There is, however, a good plate of a sportsman knifing a boar in the water, and generally it may be said that M. Arcos's plates are spirited and decorative, as well as cleverly drawn. The book is ushered in by an amusing, though tragic, story, how the author when a boy clubbed with a friend to the extent of their whole worldly means for the purchase of an English foxhound, bought a live hare for him to hunt, discovered that he would have absolutely nothing to say to that Puss, and, in a frenzy of wrath at what they thought the perfidy of Albion, slew the poor brute, only to find, too late, that he had been doing exactly what he had been carefully trained to do.

M. Pierre Sales has already done some creditable work in that *Roman judiciaire* which he makes one of his characters here (2) declare is "the only novel she reads." The worst of it is that the artist in this kind must be driven in time to emulate the immortal footman who wanted "some new hanimal." The variety of crime is not large. However, M. Sales is, comparatively speaking, a beginner, and he has not got nearly to the end of the Calendar. His present subject is arson, complicated, of course, with a plot to cheat Insurance Companies. A wicked Russian countess (of course), a good and persecuted young engineer (of course), an escape from New Caledonia—these are only a few of the attractions provided. The book is really well done of its kind. *L'amant légitime* (3) has not got a pretty title, and is not a very pretty book. Its three morals, however, or what we gather to be its three morals, are sound, if queerly illustrated. The first is "Don't marry a divorced woman"; the second is "On revient toujours, &c."; and the third—perhaps the wisest of all—is that of Middleton's play, *Women beware Women*.

Two volumes of the Pitt Press series of French Classics, which are before us, are of unequal value. Messrs. Masson and Ropes's selections from Thierry's *Récits* (4) are well made, the biography and introduction are judicious and sufficient, if not ample, and the notes, especially on the historical side, good. The merit of Mr. Bull's work is more strictly confined to his text. The introduction is as meagre as it can possibly be, and does not make the slightest effort to define Sedaine's place—no unimportant one—in the history of French comedy, while the notes contain such things as "*un secrétaire*: a writing-table," which the dictionary ought to render unnecessary. Some of the grammatical notes are, however, good.

(2) *Incendiaire.* Par Pierre Sales. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(3) *L'amant légitime.* Par Gilbert Stenger. Paris: Ollendorff.

(4) *Thierry's Récits des temps mérovingiens.* Selected and edited by G. Masson and A. R. Ropes. *Sedaine's Philosophe sans le savoir.* Edited by Rev. H. A. Bull. Cambridge: at the University Press.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE amateur in science must be a much more considerable person than the amateur in art, to judge from a new practical manual of telescopic research, *Astronomy for Amateurs* (Longmans & Co.), which is edited by Mr. J. A. Westwood Oliver, assisted by Mr. T. W. Backhouse and others. The amateur in astronomy differs from the professional observer chiefly in equipment and opportunities. He is, or ought to be, a fair mathematician, capable of patient, continuous observation in one field of work, and gifted with the self-denying virtues that become the scientific mind. He is reminded, not unnecessarily, that he cannot emulate the excellent results of amateur astronomy in the past if he is a mere desultory observer, content to "flit gaily about among the celestial orbs, spending a night or two with the moon," and then away to the stately bowers of Jupiter or the gleeful influences of Mercury. This, perhaps, is the popular impression of the man with a telescope. It does not represent those for whom *Astronomy for Amateurs* is designed, though it is conceivable that this book might work the reformation of one or two among the flighty class referred to. The ideal for amateurs in this many-authored volume is emphatically high, though it cannot be thought excessive when the past achievements of amateur astronomers are considered. Indeed, it is rather surprising to hear from the editor that "valuable contributions by English amateurs to astronomy are on the decrease," in spite of the vast improvements in appliances and methods. But this fact ought to stimulate amateur zest, and must be added to the ample encouragement to further exertion which is a pleasant feature of this manual. The paths to sound investigation are clearly indicated in Mr. Oliver's excellent preliminary chapter of pithy and practical advice. Mr. W. F. Denning, in an admirable discourse on the planets, and the other contributors in their allotted sections, are equally intent upon pointing out the fields of observation likely to profit the amateur. The book is well supplied with illustrative tables and a good index map of the moon.

A good system of arrangement and clear expressive exposition distinguish Mr. J. M'Gregor Robertson's *Elementary Text-Book of Physiology* (Blackie & Son). The definitions of terms are remarkably lucid and exact, a matter of the highest importance in a book intended for candidates and adapted to the requirements of the Science and Art Examinations in Physiology. The woodcuts and explanatory diagrams are numerous and good.

It may be doubted if a new Life of Wordsworth is a crying want in literature; but there can be no sort of doubt that Mr. James Middleton Sutherland does not fill the void by his biography, *William Wordsworth: the Story of his Life* (Elliot Stock). This is a dull, tedious book, heavy with all the sins of superfluous bookmaking. To describe Mr. Sutherland's style is impossible without examples as illustration. For his accuracy it is enough, perhaps, that he thinks the *White Doe of Rylstone* is "written in irregular metre and stanzas." He thinks it is "a notable fact" that Wordsworth at Cambridge once drank too copiously in honour of Milton, adding, with ludicrous solemnity, considering the incident is dealt with in the *Prelude*, "our object in thus recording what some might, perhaps, be inclined to wish had been omitted is simply to show—but that strongly—that he was a man of like passions with ourselves, subject, too, to temptations as we are, and not without sin." This precious sample of twaddle is surpassed by a passage (p. 160) commenting on a well-known anecdote in Crabb Robinson's *Diary*.

Mr. Paul Vedder's *Playgoer's Pocket-Book* (Spencer Blackett) is an excellent companion for the playgoer, and a complete epitome of production and performance during the dramatic year 1887. It retains the best features of the original issue, such as the reprints of playbills, concise statements of plots and judicious criticisms, while it makes a complete departure in illustrations. These comprise good process portraits of our leading actresses and a profusion of character sketches and tableaux which add greatly to the value of the book as a record of the contemporary stage. Altogether this handy pocket-book is an interesting memorial, and remarkably trustworthy for purposes of reference.

It is neither Jean Paul nor De Quincey who suffers by the unmerited distinction of poetic version in *Levana*, by J. S. De Calvados, illustrated by M. Tuke (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) Happily there is nothing suggestive of an abstract from De Quincey in the poet's wooden staves or the artist's fuliginous designs, and the fell attempt to convey De Quincey's conception through the "natural medium" of verse results in superlative bathos.

The "People's edition" of *Bumblebee Bogo's Budget* (Macmillan & Co.), a diverting collection of nursery poems and nonsense verses, is prettily illustrated by Alice Havers.

Practical Essay-Writing, by A. W. Holmes-Forbes (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), is a little handbook for candidates in competitive examinations, of real but limited utility; for very young and naturally inexpert hands.

The new revised edition by the Rev. C. F. Warren of Mr. Eugene Stock's *Japan and the Japan Mission* (Church Missionary House) is a well-illustrated and very readable account of the progress and present prospects of the Church Missionary Society's labours in Japan.

We have received Mr. Charles E. Sprague's *Handbook of Volapük* (Trübner & Co.); the Jubilee Edition of the *Englishwoman's Year Book and Directory*, by L. M. H. (Hatchards); *The Wind, and Six Sonnets*, by James Ross (Bristol: Arrowsmith); *More T Leaves*, by Edward F. Turner (Smith, Elder, & Co.), and *Jack Horner the Second*, by J. Jackson Wray (Nisbet).

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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For many years there was no succour for the poor fellows, and we have details of cases in which patients suffering from severe compound fractures were perforce detained at sea for a week, and in one instance thirteen days, before obtaining surgical treatment, and, under the most favourable conditions, a patient was two days' sail from the nearest doctor.

This state of things involved a very serious and unnecessary sacrifice of valuable lives, for many men were so badly injured as to be quite unable to survive the shock to the system caused by prolonged neglect and exposure. Immediate aid would, in many of these cases, have meant just all the difference between life and death.

The eight vessels equipped by this Mission to cruise with the trawling fleets are fitted with a well-supplied medicine closet and surgical chest, which have proved an unspeakable boon to the toilers.

It is impossible here to give details of the various cases; but the mere mention of last year's aggregate—3,633 patients, or more than 25 per cent. of the total number of North Sea Smacksmen—will show that an enormous amount of suffering has been alleviated. No one will wonder that the fishermen cry, "God bless the Mission Ships!"

What has been already accomplished, however, only compels the conclusion that the means hitherto adopted are utterly inadequate, and that a new departure is urgently necessary.

We have at various times been favoured by the visits of medical men on board the Mission Ships, and much of our success in this important department of the work is owing to the wise counsel and active help of these gentlemen.

The constant presence of a SURGEON in the fleets, for the treatment of serious cases of illness and accident on board the Mission Ship, and the retention there of the patients in cots provided for their reception, would prove of the utmost advantage to the thousands of poor fellows who are gashed, bruised, battered, and frequently suffering from severe illness.

The Hospital Committee of the Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen are most anxious to carry out what they consider to be the only method of adequately meeting the distressing need of these thousands of our fellow-countrymen.

The sole hindrance is the financial difficulty, and this we are assured will be promptly surmounted when the facts are fully understood by the public.

It is proposed to build and equip a NEW MISSION VESSEL, which shall serve the purpose of a FLOATING HOSPITAL. Her Majesty the Queen has graciously signified her deep interest in the scheme, and expressed a wish that the proposed vessel should bear the name of *Queen Victoria*, and she has further consented to become the Patron of the Mission, and has contributed £50 to the funds.

The Council of this Mission are profoundly impressed with the urgent need of suitably crowning the work so well begun, but at present their hands are absolutely tied by lack of the necessary funds.

Will not the British public, who profit by the Smacksmen's toil, contribute at this season to the help and healing of those whose life, at best, is hard and comfortless?

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OF

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A PALPABLE HIT.

FROM the number of protests which we have received in regard to the article headed "And other University "Men" in last week's *Saturday Review*, we can only suppose that the shaft has gone home. And we are very glad of it. Of personal reference there was, we need hardly say, nothing in that article which was not justified by public documents, open to all intelligent readers, and familiar to most such. But from the indignation which the exposure has caused to some persons concerned, we can see, as we previously suspected, that the said persons concerned have been utterly ignorant of what they are doing. That is what we thought. There are supporters of Home Rule whom no one would suspect of ignorance, and in regard to whom no one need, therefore, take rough methods to awaken the sleeper. But there are others who are evidently unaware of the company which fate and the metaphysical aid of Mr. GLADSTONE have compelled them or induced them to keep. It is not a question of advocating this or that method of arranging the Legislature and the Executive of a part of HER MAJESTY'S dominions. It is a question of encouraging, directly or through the abettors of them, murder, cruelty to women, cruelty to animals, rent-stealing, insults to the QUEEN. We can shake hands with men who differ with us as to the suffrage, as to tariffs, as to the House of Lords, as to foreign policy. We can shake no hands with men whose entire scheme and creed is the abrogation of the common principles of humanity and morality. Now we believe, and we are much strengthened in our belief by the protests above referred to, that simple ignorance is at the bottom of much of the support (poor as it is) that Mr. GLADSTONE'S conversion to Home Rule has received. The references made to the *Parnellism and Crime* pamphlet, which is a simple collection of fact, as if it were a new and unsupported mass of assertion, might have proved this. But the wincing of the galled jades proves it still more. We do not pretend to have any mercy on their galls. For they have nothing to do but to throw off their burden and be free folk once more. And we take the opportunity to assure them that we shall never treat Home Rulers of the present kidney as ordinary political enemies, and that no man who knows the facts of recent and past Irish history ever will treat them so. For they are not politicians—they are malefactors; they are not partisans—they are simply perpetrators or abettors of the basest and most cowardly crime.

THE PARLIAMENTARY PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

FATE was in some respects unkind to the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY when he spoke at Chelsea last Monday. The Irish supporters of Mr. GLADSTONE had not then committed their last murder in Kerry or been convicted of their last false witness in Cork; and Mr. SMITH had to talk of Ireland. Yet he was able to make some effective points even in this part of his speech, and to demonstrate that, despite the disaffection and the distress of which we hear so much, the loyal people of Ireland are able considerably to increase the returns of the whisky duty, at the same time that they do not neglect the enlargement of their accounts with the Savings Bank. A more convincing testimony as to the grinding poverty which oppresses the country under the rule of Mr. BALFOUR and the landlords could not be desired. Nor were Mr. SMITH'S references to domestic and purely English affairs unimportant. He did not, indeed, claim credit as, after an announcement in the newspapers a few hours before, some expected that he would, for a singular improvement in the management of his own department. Last year the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY had to confess that the funds available for Civil List pensions had been so forestalled that there was no money for one of the most original of English writers, who was at the time in the greatest straits. This reckless way of administration must have been changed, for this year there is apparently money enough to supply a pension for "services to literature" in the sad case of a young lady, a member of a wealthy family, who, having travelled for her amusement during several years, has recorded her travels in a series of volumes, lively and popular enough, but the writing of which is about as much a service to literature as, let us say, the writing of the present article. Mr. SMITH said nothing about this, but he said some sensible things about tithes, and some other sensible things about reciprocity. A less good-natured person than Mr. SMITH might have commented with more pungency and less good humour on the conscientious resolve to keep in one's own pocket something which, even if it had not to be paid to persons conscientiously objected to, in no real sense comes out of one's own pocket at all. We are, however, frequently told that sarcasm is not statesmanship—a doctrine, at all events, convenient for, and perhaps natural to, a party whose only Mr. Sarcastic is Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. In reference to what appears to be called popularly the "free and fair" discussion there is nothing more valuable than common sense, and even his enemies admit that Mr. SMITH has plenty of that. Some of those enemies would have shown more of the quality if they had not hastened to hint that Mr. SMITH, in admitting the theoretical perfectness of reciprocity, displays the cloven foot of Protection. There may be some Free-traders so silly as to think that Free-trade has, like other fetishes, virtues independent of its demonstrable or intelligible working; but it would be well for them not to proclaim their belief quite so unreservedly.

On none of these points, however, was the speech listened to, nor did it deserve to be listened to on any of them, with as much interest as that which rightly belonged to its utterances on the prospects of the coming Session and on the intentions of the Government as to the conduct of business. These intentions were announced with a frankness rather unusual, though, of course, etiquette prevented the actual details of the Government proposals from being communicated to a non-Parliamentary audience before the meeting of Parliament. Mr. SMITH is to be congratulated in at least one respect, that he did not mince his words in describing the state of things which has made the new proposals necessary. As in the other case of the fraudulent detainers of tithe, he used no offensive epithets, but his language was as plain as any one can desire. "The time has passed away when the House of Commons," regarded, not as a whole, but as a collection of individual and irresponsible members, "was capable of so "conducting itself that its business was performed with "order and decorum." This is an uncommonly ugly thing for a Leader of the House to have to say—a thing the ugliness of which is perhaps a little concealed by the combined simplicity and mildness of the language used. But no worse charge could be brought against any legislative

Assembly [illegible]nately, no truer charge could be brought [illegible]ative Assembly in question. Translated [illegible]uave and conciliatory phrase into blunt [illegible]nent comes to this. The House of Commons [illegible] composed, with rare exceptions, of gentlemen [illegible] so composed now. It used to be composed, with rare exceptions, of men of business; if we wish to apply that term generally now, we must, in a very great many cases, translate it loosely into French, and say that the House of Commons is largely composed of political *chevaliers d'industrie*. The House of Commons used to be composed, with the rarest exceptions, of men who were loyal to the Crown, the Constitution, and the general interests of the country, though they might differ about the best way of showing their loyalty; it is now composed in great part of men who are wilfully, if not avowedly, traitors to all three. That is a very pretty state of things, and, unfortunately, it is the true state.

We profess no enthusiasm whatever for Mr. Smith's and the Government's scheme of endeavouring to remedy this state by increasing the powers of the majority, and of the Speaker or Chairman as the majority's mouthpiece and representative. We are not particularly sanguine even as to the power of these remedies to achieve an immediate and apparent cure; and we disbelieve altogether in their power of eradicating the disease. It might be a satisfaction to the carnal man to see a metaphorical or even a literal chokepear put into the mouth of Mr. Conybeare or Dr. Tanner. But the carnal man himself, if he were rational as well as carnal, would acknowledge that the proceeding is a beginning at the wrong end. It is, perhaps, Mr. Conybeare's fault that he is Mr. Conybeare, but it is not his fault that he is member for Camborne. That is the fault of the constituency; and unless the constituency is taught better, or disfranchised, a Conybeare will a Conybeare succeed. When it is taught better, or disfranchised, the gag will become unnecessary. But it is, no doubt, true that the Government have a sufficient practical answer to this discouraging philosophy. They cannot disfranchise Camborne, or teach the individual miner of that unlovely town, and not very lovely district, that he cannot commit a greater political crime than to return Mr. Conybeare. They can gag Camborne's elect. Nor are they guilty of the beginning of Clôture, wherein, as in Land Acts, as in State Socialism, as in all other kinds of political nostrum-taking and dram-drinking, the lesser dose inevitably brings on the greater. In some respects, too, the actual working of the experiments in Procedure of the last few years has, no doubt, taught some lessons, and discovered some remediable faults. It may be undesirable to have Clôture at all; but it is clearly still more undesirable to have a mock system of Clôture, which is partly inoperative and partly provides shelter and machinery for the evil ones. All this is true enough, and those who are most inclined to the pessimism formulated above will acknowledge that no doubt the Government is expected to do something. And it is at least satisfactory that, if they are going to do something, they are, as would appear, not going to take half-measures. The protection of minorities may be and is a good and desirable thing. But it is probably impossible to fix any hard-and-fast point at which a minority ceases to be so small that it ought to submit to neglect, and another hard-and-fast point at which it becomes so large that it is not safe to neglect it. Practically the sense of the majority for the time being must always determine these points in fact, and therefore there can be no very strong reason why it should not be formally permitted to determine them in theory.

LOVES OF THE POETS.

Love, according to the Latin Delectus (which, like Angelica, "is always right"), is "a strange thing." Poets differ about it, and Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. Alfred Austin have been differing. It began with Mr. Arnold, who, in a diverting review of Professor Dowden's *Life of Shelley*, spoke his mind about Shelley's flirtations. "What a set, what a world!" cried Mr. Arnold, thinking of Godwin, thinking of Miss Claremont, of Byron, of Emilia Viviani, of all the Harriet and Mary problems.

Mr. Alfred Austin is not satisfied. He thinks that Mr. Arnold has become a Philistine, or that the Delilah of respectability has cut the locks of the critical Samson. "These dreadful poets, how much they have to answer for!" exclaims Mr. Austin, with fine irony. Mr. Austin, however, adds that the Harriets and Marys of this world "have encouraged them in their evil ways since summer "woods were leafy, and I fear they always will." Is this quite chivalrous? "The woman tempted me," said Adam; and for this excuse are his sons still blushing. Besides, did Harriet "encourage" Shelley to run away with another woman, and then to borrow money from herself to keep the other woman in elegant Continental retirement? *That* was Shelley's "evil way," and we have never heard that Harriet encouraged it, though she sent the money. Did Lady Jane encourage Sir Pitt to give Becky that diamond clasp? Did Mrs. Shelley II. encourage Shelley to write *Epipsychidion*? Did Emilia Viviani encourage Shelley to drop her, and say that "she led her husband a devil of a life"? These, these were Shelley's "evil ways," and the reply of Adam, and of Mr. Austin, is not here a valid, any more than it is a sportsmanlike, reply. The complaint is not so much that Shelley was a flirt as that he was an excessively disloyal and dishonourable flirt. "When one has ceased to "love," says Rochefoucauld, "one is ashamed of ever "having loved." Shelley used to be ashamed, and behaved as if he was.

As to the "world" and "set" he lived in, Mr. Austin asks if they were not better company than the Oriel dons, than those about Wordsworth? Well, no doubt an afternoon in a gondola with Shelley and Byron would have been more pleasant than taking tea and sonnets with W. W. No doubt Miss Claremont was prettier and more attractive than Dorothy Wordsworth. But pretty and attractive ladies do not redeem the quality of a set. When a man had stayed a week in Shelley's world, he would have had a row with Trelawny, he would have backed Godwin's worthless paper, lent money to Leigh Hunt, would have been bored by Polidori, would have got into an entanglement with Jane or Claire or one of the odalisques of the moment, and would have been as nearly starved as Scott at Rydal. Wordsworth's set were a better set, after all. Mr. Arnold talks about "Theban horrors," and Mr. Austin asks why he does not call the Theban set such a set, such a world. Why the Theban family (setting aside old scandal about Labdacus) were virtuous, but unlucky. Jocasta and Œdipus were at worst unfortunate. Their misfortunes were unconscious accidents. That is the very gist of the story. Laius did not borrow money from Œdipus, who had run away with his daughter, and was spunging on his own wife! These are horrors more than Theban, as we have heard of "mysteries more than Eleusinian." Happily there are poets and poets, loves and loves. When Scott sat, in old age, at the foot of the Tower of St. Rule's, which he had no longer the strength to climb, he remembered the name that he had cut in Runic characters on the grass, thirty years before, and found that it had "still the "power to move his heart." "'A poet sang of me,' says "one of them," Mr. Austin remarks, and he thinks that ought to satisfy the objects of the poet's transient affections pretty well. But he is not quoting a lady; he is quoting Thackeray's paraphrase of Ronsard's sonnet. However, there is a pleasant redeeming youthfulness in Mr. Austin's remark that seven-eighths of the people who read poetry and are interested in poets are women. How little a poet may know of woman's ways if he thinks that she cares for poetry! For *poets* she may care, when they are young and curly; but for poetry—not she! However, the whole question of the loves of the poets has been satisfactorily treated by Mme. de Framboisy in a novel of that name by M. Xavier de Montépin.

SIR GEORGE TREVELYAN.

Sir George Trevelyan maintained in his Welsh tour the well-earned character of being among competitors of his Parliamentary and official rank the most distinctively and exclusively a partisan; but at Swansea Mr. Dillwyn, in proposing a vote of thanks to the principal speaker, enunciated with still more perfect accuracy the Separatist creed. After unkindly reminding Sir Hussey Vivian, who had previously spoken, "that he had not been able at "first to support Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill," he boasted that "he" (Mr. Dillwyn) "had." It is but fair to admit that, after ascertaining the electioneering advantages

of either policy and the resolutions of the Caucus, Sir HUSSEY VIVIAN has made up in zeal and strong language for his original hesitation. Mr. DILLWYN anticipated his friend's conversion to Home Rule for reasons which he explains with admirable frankness. "He supported Mr. "GLADSTONE's Home Rule measure from the very first. They "had hardly seen it, and did not exactly know what it con- "tained, but they knew it was a measure for the liberty of "Ireland, and put forth by a man who he was certain was on "the right side, and therefore he supported it." They did not go into detail, but he and other strong Liberals resolved to support it as they had supported other measures of reform. Such intelligent politicians relieve Mr. GLADSTONE of the necessity of finding plausible reasons for consulting his own interest, when majorities, and consequently his own convictions, shift and change. Mr. DILLWYN had followed his leader not less loyally when Mr. GLADSTONE opposed Home Rule, and passed and administered a rigorous Coercion Bill. He did not exactly know what Mr. GLADSTONE meant, but he was at all times certain that he was right. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN's rule of conduct is somewhat less easy to determine, as he is deeply pledged never to dissent from any doctrine which may be adopted by the Liberal party. He has already found it necessary to join, and then to desert, one section of that party; and he might have avoided one of two successive changes of opinion if he had, like his simple-minded friend, supported the Home Rule Bill without knowing what it contained, and, still more, if he had shared Mr. DILLWYN's certainty that Mr. GLADSTONE was always in the right. Like Sir HUSSEY VIVIAN, Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN has since made up for a brief interval of heterodoxy.

In one or two of his speeches Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN fell into some confusion as to the arrest of an Irish offender in England. He first contended that Mr. COX would have been exempt from extradition in any foreign country, because the charge against him was of a political character. The answer was obvious, that Mr. COX was liable to apprehension under an Irish warrant because England was not a foreign country. Lord SALISBURY paid Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN the compliment of assuming that he could not have committed so flagrant a blunder. He therefore remarked that Sir GEORGE must have held the opinion which could alone have justified the argument about extradition. It became necessary, therefore, to choose between two equally untenable propositions, or to admit the existence of an inextricable dilemma. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN attempted to evade the difficulty by the strange explanation that "he had stated the simple fact that no member of any "other nation than Ireland could be arrested for such an "offence on British soil." In the first place, Ireland is not legally or constitutionally a nation; and, whether or not it were entitled to such a description, there is no other nation which is united with Great Britain. Of course a Frenchman or an Italian could not, except by virtue of treaties confirmed by Act of Parliament, be apprehended in England for a breach of indigenous law. It is only on the application of a foreign Government that a man can be apprehended in England for a theft committed in America or in Europe. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN himself would hesitate to contend that the relations of Great Britain and Ireland ought to be compatible with treaties of extradition. He must assuredly know that at present the legitimate method of pursuing a fugitive criminal from Ireland is to procure in England, under the proper forms, the execution of the original warrant. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN can scarcely believe that such offen.ces as that which is charged against Mr. Cox would be tolerated in any Continental country. As Chief Secretary he must have known and sanctioned the ordinary mode of following criminals within the United Kingdom.

At the close of the weary season of platform controversy it may not be unreasonable to make or to repeat a final protest against the factious attacks on the Government for performing a plain duty. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, like other political advocates of Mr. GLADSTONE's measures, shares the mischievous modern heresy that the Executive Government has a discretion to enforce or to suspend the law. The present Ministers were not entrusted with the powers which they have exercised under any obsolete statute. Parliament had, after a prolonged contest, passed the Crimes Act for the purpose of providing an immediate remedy for Irish disorder. One of the provisions of the Act rendered it necessary once more to obtain the approval of Parliament before any political organization could be proclaimed as unlawful. At the end of the Session Parliament expressly authorized the proclamation of the National League. The enforcement of the Proclamation in any district was to be left to the judgment of the Lord Lieutenant. Even the wildest Separatist can scarcely deny that the Government has strictly confined itself to the execution of the Act. If it is wrong to punish newspaper proprietors for publishing reports of National League meetings, the fault rests, not with Mr. BALFOUR, but with an overwhelming majority of the House of Commons. It is greatly to be regretted that Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN followed the example of coarser and duller agitators in making violent attacks on Irish courts of justice. He had, according to his own account, to go back to the days of the STUARTS to find such shameful scenes as that of the trial of Mr. T. HARRINGTON "in what "was called a court of justice." "Lord SALISBURY had pro- "cured a Bill enabling the Government to send men for "trial on the charge of belonging to the National League." A politician of long experience and great ability should not need to be told that when Lord SALISBURY or any other person procures a Bill to be passed, it is the duty of every peaceable and loyal subject to submit to its provisions; but he has now thrown in his lot with a party which has become absolutely lawless.

The Separatist orators are never tired of complaining that Ireland and Great Britain are governed under different laws. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, with his usual indifference to practical considerations, expresses deep indignation at the proposed exclusion of Ireland from the Local Government Bill. It is nothing to a theorist exclusively devoted to the interests and doctrines of a party that at the present time Irish rural municipalities would be branches of the National League, exercising their administrative and financial powers for the oppression of their political opponents. Lord HARTINGTON's doubts as to the expediency of extending the Franchise Bill to Ireland have been justified by the virtual disfranchisement of two-fifths of the population. An Irish Local Government Bill, based upon household suffrage, would be still more anomalous and unjust. The grievance of distinctive legislation furnishes demagogues with a plausible subject for invective; but when they transfer their agitation to Wales they suddenly assume an opposite position. In one of his speeches Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN professed to think that, in some respects, the Welsh were worse treated than the Irish, yet there is not the slightest difference of law, of custom, of political or social conditions, between the Principality and the rest of the kingdom. The landlords are, for the most part, Welshmen, and, until the recent agitation began, they have been on the best terms with their tenants. Improvements are in Wales, as throughout England, made by the owner, and the occupier enjoys exactly the same legal protection as in other parts of England. There are even now comparatively few unoccupied farms in Wales; and the economic reasons which account for the general fall in the value of land give the tenant, in Wales as elsewhere, a great advantage as often as a new bargain is made.

Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN perhaps referred to the existence of the National Church in Wales, while the Irish Establishment has been suppressed. It would probably not occur to him to inquire whether any possible advantage would be derived from the confiscation of ecclesiastical property. It is more in his manner to assert that the Church in Wales offends the susceptible tastes of the Liberal party. His own well-known hostility to all Church Establishments impairs his authority when he selects for condemnation a special instance of the obnoxious system. No one listens to the Peace Society when it protests against any particular war; nor is it possible to believe that the assailants of the Church in Wales are actuated by any motives which would not induce them to pursue a similar policy in England and Scotland. There can be no doubt that the local and partial disestablishment of the Church would be represented as a conclusive argument against the continued maintenance of the remainder. The Irish Land Acts were passed on the assurance of Mr. GLADSTONE and others that the same agrarian theories could never be applicable to England or Scotland; yet the measures which were deemed to be exceptional are now habitually quoted as precedents for legislation in Great Britain. Another of Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN's Welsh grievances is, like the Church Establishment, common to all parts of England. The Justices of the Peace are, as he indignantly states, usually appointed in Wales, as in Yorkshire or in Kent, by the Lords Lieutenant, and not by popular vote. It is not surprising

that, like almost all members of their class, the majority of the magistrates are Churchmen. There is no obstacle to the appointment of qualified persons who may happen to be Nonconformists. If a Lord Lieutenant shows partiality, the Lord Chancellor, of late years most often a Liberal, has absolute power to reject his recommendations and to supply his omissions.

Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN boasts that, as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, he appointed two workmen as magistrates. It is to be regretted that any official person should gratify his party prejudices at the expense of the settled and ancient traditions of the Constitution. There may be a difference of opinion as to the comparative merits of a paid and an unpaid magistracy. It is certain that, if justice is to be administered by non-professional and unpaid functionaries, the magistrates ought to belong to the upper classes. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, if he thought of the practical working of his experiment, would perhaps not differ widely from those who disapprove of the appointment of mechanics as justices; but his habit of preferring party or democratic symmetry to all other considerations is rapidly becoming inveterate.

WHAT IS THE INTELLIGENCE DEPARTMENT?

THE present debate on the state of the navy possesses in an eminent degree all the elements of a very pretty quarrel. There is a considerable personal element in it, as may be seen from the emphatic assertions of all concerned that they have no personal feeling in the matter. This of itself is enough to give liveliness to the "in Court Persian "shindy" which is likely to go on till it is lost in the Donnybrook on the Address. But the most hopeful signs are these—that all parties are using the same words in quite different senses, than which nothing conduces better to the prolongation, sincerity, and acrimony of quarrels—and that the real question is much larger than the ostensible one. The fertility of confusion in the meaning of terms is nicely illustrated by the little passage of arms between Lord NORTHBROOK and Lord CHARLES BERESFORD as to the existence or non-existence at the Admiralty of an Intelligence Department before the present Ministry came into office. The former First Lord says that there was such a thing. The late Junior Sea Lord replies that this is only another proof of the need of an expert's opinion; for Lord NORTHBROOK has absolutely confounded the Foreign Intelligence Committee with the Intelligence Department, which is quite a different thing—so different, in fact, that it consists of ten officers instead of four. Obviously this is no answer, and it is open to Lord NORTHBROOK or Admiral RICHARDS, who has come to his help, to reply that the number of officers employed is not the essence of a department, and on this they may go on making contradictory assertions and chopping logic while the columns of the *Times* endure. In the meantime the bystanders can only make out that both sides are talking on parallel lines. We, who have a very strong personal feeling in the matter—namely, a vehement wish to see the British navy as powerful as it should be in the interests of all of us—would like, as a preliminary, to beg—since we cannot force—everybody concerned to define their terms.

A very little examination shows that what Lord GEORGE and Lord CHARLES have fallen out about is their respective ideas of an Intelligence Department. What, then, is this new piece of administrative machinery, and particularly, what is it according to Lord CHARLES? From its name it may be supposed to be a section of the Admiralty employed in collecting information, and for this work, four officers in London receiving reports from officers on active service and naval attachés would have been amply sufficient. But it was much more than this, according to the late Junior Lord, and even on the showing of Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, who confesses there was something "emergent" to be done in the Admiralty, and that the Intelligence Department emerged to do it. Lord CHARLES says it was formed to organize for war. This is a very good thing to do, no doubt, and had long been indifferently done; but, after all, it is a vague phrase, and stands itself in need of explanation. Everything depends on how you organize, and whether you are content with organization, and do not go on to fussy interference. Now, we are by no means persuaded as yet that the department had not gone at least some distance on this last bad road. Admiral RICHARDS has, no doubt, as the *Times* tells him with withering sarcasm, served for ten years in the Admiralty, and is so far suspect; but he has made a quotation from Lord CHARLES and a comment thereon which are worth reading. The late Junior Lord has told the world that in case of war, "the wires being cut," the commander-in-chief on a foreign station "would have no "plan of campaign, would not know what to do himself, "would not know how many foreign ships were on his "station, would not know where he was going to get his "coal, and would not know what the British Admiralty "were going to do to help him." If this is really so, then something was very "emergent" in the state of the British navy—and it was the necessity for instantly putting all the admirals on the retired list, not to say Bynging (by analogy with Dewitting) a dozen or so of them just to encourage their successors. On Lord CHARLES's showing, all the existing list of flag officers are born idiots, who are habitually and grossly ignorant of their duty. The seniors of the present seniors who were sure in their day that the service was going to the devil would seem to have been in the right. But we can hardly believe it even when Lord CHARLES tells us so. On the whole, it seems to us less probable that all admirals are lazy fools than that the new broom in Whitehall was desperately anxious to sweep with vigour. We are confirmed in our opinion by Admiral HORNBY, although he does write to support Lord CHARLES; for his letter shows that one admiral at least understood that the business of a fighting force is to fight, and that the duty of its commander is to know how to fight. If the Intelligence Department really wishes to direct every squadron from London, and supply plans of campaign to the admirals responsible for the fighting, the sooner it is sent to see a little active service on the east coast of Africa the better. We do not accuse it of such gross folly, and make the necessary allowance for the vehemence of Lord CHARLES's language. Still, it is not taking his words too seriously to believe that, in his opinion, the Intelligence Department ought to be the final authority at the Admiralty. All the talk now going on about the improper use of the pronoun "we" by the First Lord (a mere civil usage which deceives nobody who is not what Lord CHARLES by implication calls the British admiral) means nothing else. It is a defensible proposition that both the navy and the army ought to be administered by professional men, and not left at the mercy of Parliament as they are. If any man says so, we shall think twice before contradicting him; but then the change could be effected without the need of a new department. It is our unlucky fate, however, that all attempts at improvement in administration mean more "departments" and more officials—ever new wheels to the machine, and not better use of what we have.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

ALTHOUGH the details of the Local Government Bill, as it is to be laid before Parliament, are by this time settled, some of the questions which it will raise may be profitably discussed. Novel and complicated measures are seldom passed in the exact form in which they are first introduced; and the Ministers are in this case neither impressed with strong convictions of their own nor well informed as to the wishes of the country or the House of Commons. Scarcely any Bill of similar importance has up to the present time been expected with equal indifference. The counties have intimated no desire for the intended organization, and only a few political theorists are anxious for a symmetrical adjustment of local authority. The reasons for producing the measure have had little to do with the merits of rural municipalities. It has been thought necessary that the Government and the House of Commons should undertake some kind of legislation which has no relation to Ireland; and the less numerous section of the Parliamentary majority is especially anxious to prove that its energies are not wholly absorbed in the struggle for the maintenance of the Union. The Resolutions on Procedure, which are announced as the first business of the Session, may possibly disclose differences of opinion between the Ministers and their Liberal allies. On Local Government, which comes next in order, Mr. RITCHIE is confident that there will be complete agreement. No political party is pledged to any definite opinion on the subject, except that the Liberals will urge the adoption of a representative system founded on a popular suffrage. When the debates begin it may perhaps appear that unforeseen difficulties must be en-

countered, especially in the definition and limitation of the powers which are to be conferred on the new governing bodies. The framers of the Bill have had little opportunity of anticipating the judgment which may be formed on their proposals. It has been found impossible to elicit local opinion, partly perhaps because it has at present no existence.

Some representatives of urban Corporations have, with commendable vigilance, lately held a meeting for the purpose of guarding their own jurisdiction from encroachment. They probably express the opinion of all the existing municipalities in protesting against schemes of making the Corporations for any purpose subordinate to the new County Boards. If any design of the kind has been entertained, it will almost certainly be defeated. The wants and interests of townsmen and of rural populations differ widely; and constant jealousy and friction would result from any attempt to include them in the same organization. But for the vague language which has been used by some speakers and writers on local government, there would be little reason to apprehend such proposals as those which have been hypothetically discussed. The Boundary Commission has for the present provoked dissatisfaction rather in the counties than in the towns. Birmingham has made the appointment of the Commission an excuse for attempting to extend its own territory, and the Commissioners have been bent on re-adjusting the areas of Poor-law Unions without hitherto meddling with boroughs. It may be assumed that no projector would meditate interference with the independence of great cities such as Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham. It is not equally certain that smaller towns may not be in some manner placed in connexion with the new system of departments. It is hardly worth while to enumerate the objections to such an arrangement, because its fate would depend rather on votes than on arguments, and the borough members, who form a majority of the House of Commons, would, on the application of their constituents, easily defeat it.

It may perhaps be necessary for Parliament at some future time to make some changes in the law or practice affecting municipal boroughs. The vast amount of debt which they have, within a few years, incurred would be a proper subject for inquiry. The whole amount is estimated at two hundred millions; but probably the liabilities of Local Boards are included in the calculation. There are also anomalies which require correction in the police arrangements on either side of borough boundaries. It sometimes happens that criminals escape with impunity because the county and borough authorities are disinclined to common action. There may perhaps be other matters which require legislative supervision; but if the Ministers are well advised they will, on the present occasion, leave the Municipal Corporations alone. The Local Government Bill will afford them sufficient employment for the greater part of the Session, and possibly it may cause them some embarrassment. They will have aggravated the difficulties of their task if they propose to give new authorities a share in the administration of the Poor-law, which has hitherto been kept apart from the functions of Local Governments. Undue importance has been assigned to the overlapping of administrative areas, which causes no inconvenience to local residents, though it offends the sense of uniformity as it is represented on a map. The best chance of passing the Bill depends on confining its provisions to the real objects of the measure. The Ministers engaged in the undertaking because it seemed judicious to remove an apparent anomaly. The boroughs which are already governed by elected authorities need no such remedy. The Corporations would greatly resent a disturbance of their administrative system for the purpose of making it coincide with the new county government.

There is a still stronger reason for abstaining from interference with the Municipal Corporations. Their success and efficiency furnish the strongest argument for extending the same organization to counties. On all points a prudent legislator will frame the provisions of the Local Government Bill on the model of the Act of 1835. If the rule is observed, the functions of County Boards will be defined after the precedent of Town Councils, and rural as well as urban authorities will be strictly confined to their proper duties. Mr. RITCHIE stated at Sheffield that his Bill would not confer on the local authorities about to be created all the powers of Parliament. It may be hoped that it will not confer on those authorities any of the powers of Parliament. There has been much idle talk about relieving Parliament of a part of its duties by transferring the control of local legislation to the new municipalities. It would be grossly unjust to confer either legislative or judicial powers on elected bodies. Even in those cases in which their constituents are not interested, administrative Boards ought not to be erected into tribunals. Leeds and Manchester, Liverpool and Glasgow, have neither exercised nor claimed any power of the kind. It would have been an outrage to propose that the expediency of making the Manchester Ship Canal should be referred to the great Lancashire Corporations. Manchester would have unanimously sanctioned the scheme, and Liverpool would have been equally resolute in its condemnation. Neither would have thought of any interest but their own. Parliament is at present meditating the creation of a tribunal which will perhaps have to decide on similar issues, though its constitution and jurisdiction are not yet finally determined. Time will show whether it is competent to discharge its functions; but it can by no possibility be so unfit as a Committee of a Corporation which may be party as well as judge. Mr. RITCHIE's language seems to imply that the present Courts of Quarter Sessions will continue to exercise their present criminal jurisdiction. As he truly says, it would be a great misfortune to lose the services of the country gentlemen. The alternative would be the appointment of paid magistrates.

The defeat of the Local Government Bill by the opposition of the Municipal Corporations or from any other cause would be a serious blow to the Government. One great risk may be averted by avoidance of possible collision with the towns. It may perhaps not be equally easy to defeat Parliamentary resistance. The occasion will be peculiarly tempting to factious adversaries, because neither they nor the House of Commons will greatly care for the acceptance or rejection of the measure. Its progress may perhaps be comparatively smooth if the election of the governing bodies is entrusted to the present Parliamentary constituency. It is true that Mr. GLADSTONE is already bent on a further deterioration of the suffrage, to be effected under the pretext of a supposed improvement in registration; but it might be possible to give some protection to ratepayers in determining the municipal franchise. It will be interesting to learn whether, as in the urban municipalities, women will be admitted to vote. Lord SALISBURY's latest speech was understood to indicate his assent to a more democratic Local Government Bill than that which he might himself have approved. Mr. RITCHIE's statement that the provisions of the Bill were settled some months ago seems to imply that Lord SALISBURY's language applied to some other subject.

MR. GOSCHEN ON SAPPING.

AN eminent living statesman when asked what had been his favourite diversion at Eton replied, "Oh, I was one of "those —— saps," using the epithet which *United Ireland* weekly bestows upon Mr. BALFOUR. When the present Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen was a boy at Rugby, he doubtless received from his schoolfellows one or more of the choice epithets which he enumerated in his Address on Tuesday. Whether Mr. GOSCHEN was called a "smug," a "swot," a "bloke," or a "mugster," he has always been, in the coarse but expressive phrase applied to a well-known schoolmaster, "a glutton for work." His remarks to the students of Aberdeen were loudly cheered, and they were indeed admirably adapted to the intellectual palate of Scotland. But perhaps they would have been more useful if they had been delivered at an English public school. The habit of preaching to the converted, of "carrying coals to "Newcastle," as Mr. GOSCHEN puts it, with daring novelty of phrase, is becoming far too common among those whom, with equal originality, we may describe as men of light and leading. Whatever may be the exact meaning of "intellectuality," it suggests at once the fervid youths who come from Scotland to Balliol, and are there familiarly known as "Snells"—a name not to be found, for obvious reasons, in Mr. GOSCHEN's vocabulary. We shall next hear of some eminent improver of his kind going down to Eton and telling the boys to spend as much of their time as possible on the river, or mildly suggesting at Harrow that cricket is pleasanter than VIRGIL in the summer quarter. Mr. GOSCHEN, however, can secure a more than local congregation for his sermons, and it may be hoped that his warnings against mental indifference, which is, if we remember rightly, one of the

seven deadly sins, will be duly regarded by those whom they concern. His Address is an amusing contrast to that of his brother Lord Rector at St. Andrews. Mr. GOSCHEN has been complimented by Mr. GLADSTONE on his "un-"governable conscience," and a spirit of almost ferocious earnestness breathes through his advice to young men. Mr. BALFOUR takes things more lightly, more humorously, and less as if his life depended upon the use he made of the next half-hour. Mr. BALFOUR'S Address has been attacked as aimed at the formation of intellectual voluptuaries, which is the fine modern way of putting what your grandmother meant when she told you to mind your book. Mr. BALFOUR'S counsels were really very much like Dr. JOHNSON'S, who got through as much hard work as most people, and was nevertheless a great advocate of skipping. No imputation of frivolity can be made against the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. He denies, by implication, even the sacred axiom which has achieved an authority almost equal to that of Holy Writ, that all work and no play makes JACK a dull boy. His imagination is fired by the thought of German clerks discussing tough points of commercial law by way of relaxation from their more regular labours.

Mr. GOSCHEN'S Address is perhaps in its general tone, certainly not in its particular illustrations, more German than English. The intellectual passion of the Teuton is not a specially English quality, if intellectual doggedness is. The text of Mr. GOSCHEN'S discourse, though he did not quote it, was the Latin Father's injunction, "Concupisce tuum opus, et salvus eris," which may be roughly translated, "Fall in love with your work, and your "work will pull you through." It is impossible not to agree with Mr. GOSCHEN'S general conclusions, even if we still think that APOLLO was right in not always keeping his bow stretched. APOLLO had no German competition to fear, and was not forced to shoot for his living. A mechanical discharge of compulsory functions is probably the dreariest and most futile mode of behaving in the "conflux of two eternities." Mr. Justice BULLER'S idea of Heaven was "sitting at nisi prius all day, and play-"ing whist all night." Another learned judge, who took a "very brilliant degree, defined the law as just like classics, "an infernal grind." These things are matters of temperament, and Mr. GOSCHEN must have met with instances of good speakers who hated speaking. It is impossible for him or any one else to condemn too strongly the odious affectation, so common among English schoolboys, of winning success in examinations without working for it. No later form of priggishness can be worse than the hypocrisy of concealing legitimate efforts to gratify a laudable ambition. Mr. GOSCHEN somewhat overestimates the rage for athletic sports, which has been perceptibly abated during the last few years. The "intellectual interest," which he places at the bottom of his scholastic list, is a good deal less rare than he thinks, and has been stimulated by a wider range of teaching, as well as by better acquaintance with the art of education on the part of teachers themselves. But the most interesting passage in Mr. GOSCHEN'S address is that in which he draws the portrait of his own father. The elder Mr. GOSCHEN, of whom the public has hitherto heard little, must have borne some resemblance to the immortal WALTER SHANDY. He went to law, not with the object of gaining a vulgar material triumph, but for the sake of establishing a principle. He hated arbitration, because he learned nothing from it. "What was necessary for com-"mercial instruction, to establish a mercantile precedent, "was that a knotty point should be decided by a competent "judge, after having been argued out by first-class counsel "on either side." This is not a type of character very often to be found among men of business. It did not interfere with the late Mr. GOSCHEN'S success, any more than DAVID RICARDO'S "theories" prevented him from making a fortune on the Stock Exchange. If it were more frequently met with, it would do no particular harm to any one, and much good to lawyers.

M. TISZA'S SPEECH.

IT is interesting to contrast with the Hungarian PREMIER'S speech last Saturday a string of announcements which were made to the newspapers of the days immediately subsequent. There is, of course, in the first place the proposed expenditure of Germany, which, as before stated, amounts to some fourteen millions of English money to be sunk at once, while that sum is expressly declared to be not the certain limit. This imposes on a nation which has hitherto steadily resisted the formation of a large public debt the necessity of raising all but a fraction of the fourteen millions by loan, and consequently a solid addition to yearly expenditure. There is the announcement, peculiarly gratifying to Germany, that the Russian Government is about, at great expense, to create a new naval port in the Baltic—a port which not only threatens German shores, but is in itself to be situated at Libau, in Courland—in Courland, which is regarded by all Germans as part of *Germania irredenta*. New fortifications have been formally sanctioned by the CZAR at Warsaw and other places on or near the Polish frontier, as well as at Batoum, that remarkable free port which the vicarious generosity of Europe conferred on Russia for commercial purposes at the end of the Russo-Turkish war. That the attempt of the Roumanian Government to secure a guarantee of the neutrality of Roumanian soil should have failed is not in itself surprising, nor indeed very much to be regretted. The small States springing up in the East are not very desirable things in themselves; but in any case, if they exist, it is at least necessary that they should understand that they must make their own hands keep their own head. But at this particular time both the application for the guarantee and the refusal of it are significant things. And it is believed that some not very definite expressions of M. TISZA'S own point to a scheme for increasing the Austro-Hungarian forces somewhat similar to the new German scheme, and involving, like it, a considerable expenditure of money and an extension of military service.

The speech itself, though very much what was to be expected, has what may be called a warlike difference. The hope that peace-loving monarchs and governments will succeed in maintaining peace, the disclaimer of all aggressive action, the somewhat unceremonious denunciation of accusations of desire for aggrandizement as pure lying, are all, of course, proper; and, if any one suspected Austria of wishing to disturb the peace wantonly, they might be satisfactory. But it is at least unusual for a Minister in such a speech to use such words as "the marked displacement and transference of the troops of Russia towards the West." Nor is it very common in such cases to find the inevitable politeness of accepting the explanations given from the Russian side qualified by an "as far as prudential regard for our safety "permits." To accept a declaration from a suspiciously advancing person as far as prudential regard for your safety permits is practically not to accept it at all. And, finally, a Minister who has much confidence in the preservation of peace does not, as a rule, speak of "the many "elements that are driving on to discord and war." It is, no doubt, to be taken into consideration that Hungary, though, as M. TISZA'S interpellators protested, not wishing to go to war with Russia merely to pay off the old grudges of forty years ago, is not exactly Russophile, and represents the most active section of the Austrian Empire as regards the determination to resist, at any cost, the interposition of a great, and inevitably hostile, European State between the Danube and the Ægean. Bulgarian Ministers, therefore, may always be expected rather to "force the note" as regards this determination. But there does not appear to have been any fire-eating spirit either in the interpellators or in their answerer, and there is certainly nothing of brag or of defiance in M. TISZA'S utterances. The question there posed is very simple. Is Russia, or is she not, going to cease massing troops on her Western frontier? And the only answer yet forthcoming is that Russia has since been going on massing troops on her Western frontier more busily than ever.

It would seem, however, that, as was probable from the first, the Russian armaments, even if their hostile intention be assumed, are not intended for direct action. The line of conduct which appears to have recommended itself to the CZAR and his advisers is to mass enormous forces on the German, Austrian, and Roumanian frontiers, and to put the fortresses on which the defence of those frontiers, or, as the case may be, the organization of offensive operations from them, rests, in a state of complete readiness for war. Meanwhile everything points to the renewal, probably on a larger scale and at several points at once, of the Bourgas raid. It is perfectly well known that the number of disbanded soldiers, brigands, and miscellaneous persons possessed with the old idea that the only respectable occupation for the male sex is war is very large in the Peninsula just now; while a famine in Montenegro has further swelled the number of desperadoes out of business. The money is never wanting in such cases, and the very unwise attitude

of some of the Powers towards Prince FERDINAND gives some colour to the pretence that it is not only Russia which regards him as an intruder and usurper. By a course of persistent filibustering Russian agents (of whom, of course, their Government can at need disavow any knowledge) may hope to produce serious disturbances in Bulgaria, if not to secure some actual part of Bulgarian territory. In either of these cases the chances for Russia would be considerable. The continual annoyance might make the Bulgarians, out of mere weariness, accept Russia's views—at any rate, to the extent of getting rid of the obnoxious Coburger. Or the anarchy might reach such a point that a pretext for interference would arise, with or without the connivance of the other Powers. To secure such connivance, the threatening of the frontiers might, or might be thought to, go a long way, while even if it did not, the preparations would be useful for defence in case Germany and Austria took any steps to make their wishes respected and to interfere with the Russian interference. It would, therefore, seem to be to Bulgaria, not to Poland, that attention should be directed for the appearance of the first signs of real and serious trouble.

All this is so clear to a tolerably intelligent and well-informed observer that the toleration extended by Prince BISMARCK to Russian preparations, and his compliance with Russian prejudices in the matter of Prince FERDINAND, become every day more and more surprising. They would be not surprising, but unaccountable, except on the theory that the PRINCE sees no other way of preventing immediate disturbance, and, like Lord DERBY, but unlike his former self, thinks that, if war must come, it had better come to-morrow than to-day. The disadvantage, however, of allowing an almost certain enemy not only to choose his own method and time of attack, but to strengthen himself as much as he likes and as long as he likes, is so evident that nothing but the combined operation of strong personal influences and a genuine and hearty dread of war can explain the German attitude. Prince BISMARCK is doubtless superstitious—it is only fools who are not—and he may share the common dread of the "third wave." He is also himself, no doubt, doing his best to embank himself against that wave. But this process of preparation and counter-preparation bodes no good, and is not likely to lead to any. The latest result of it appears to be a slight diversion of the vague irritation which it naturally engenders in German minds to this country. Some Germans, and it is difficult to find fault with them, seem to wish that England would admire them less and imitate them more—in other words, that England would take a little more active part in promoting peace, instead of expressing merely wishes for it. But this only shows that Germany, though she is rapidly learning, has not yet learnt the full blessings of Parliamentary government. "Representative institutions," some cynic has observed, "are simply perfect engines of government so long as they are not representative." The dislike of England which has long animated the Continental mind is not likely to be mitigated by the reflection that Continental countries have borrowed from us the form of polity which prevents us, and may some day prevent them, from exercising the influence of a nation.

THE TWO WEAPONS OF THE PARNELLITES.

IT is a curious and, to all but the unteachable, it should be an instructive coincidence that the same impressions of the daily newspapers contained the account of the latest agrarian murder in Kerry and the report of the proceedings against Major ROBERTS. In these two incidents, taken together, we have the most effective presentment, in their positive and negative aspects, of the tactics of the party of Separation. Cynical indifference to the hideous crimes with which their own cause is associated concurs with unscrupulous readiness to believe, or feign belief, in any criminal accusation, however vague or unsubstantial, which may be brought against those by whom that cause is opposed. The former of the two incidents has nothing special to distinguish it from the multitude of other like deeds of blood by which Mr. GLADSTONE's present friends in Ireland have from time to time endeavoured to enforce the doctrines which he once denounced. It is only another homily on that converted preacher's now recanted text that murder is the sanction of boycotting, and that those who would otherwise defy the boycotter have too much reason to know that the Moonlighter stands behind him. JAMES FITZMAURICE, the unhappy old man who has been the last to fall a victim to the assassin, had committed one of the usual offences. He had been joint tenant with his brother of a farm from which they had been both evicted for non-payment of rent, and he had afterwards been guilty of accepting a sole tenancy of the whole. Upon this the Lixnaw branch of the National League passed a resolution condemning him as a land-grabber, and effect was given to their sentence upon him by a resort to what Mr. GLADSTONE regards as the legitimate practice of "exclusive dealing." FITZMAURICE had been excluded from dealings with his neighbours for some time past, but would, no doubt, have been able to defy his persecutors if there had been nothing else to be feared by him than boycotting. He knew, however, as well as Mr. GLADSTONE did, before the return of 86 Parnellites shook his faith in the law of causation, that, if he defied the boycotter, he would have the Moonlighter to reckon with; and for the last six months he had been, at his own request, under police protection at night-time, though not in the day. Unfortunately for himself, the old man, who seems to have been by no means wanting in courage, insisted on treating the early morning hours of the month of January as though they belonged to the latter, and not to the former, division of the twenty-four. He dismissed the two constables who wished to accompany him to the fair at Listowel, for which he set out last Tuesday at 4.30 A.M., and he was waylaid and shot in the legs by two physical force promoters of the practice to which Mr. GLADSTONE has extended his moral support. FITZMAURICE died of hæmorrhage an hour afterwards, and only stupidity or dishonesty can deny that his death is as directly traceable to the system of "exclusive dealing" according to the Gladstonian nomenclature, as the bullet wounds by which his legs were shattered are traceable to the muscular impulses of the ruffians who pulled the triggers of the revolvers. Our mild-mannered Radicals, who so abound in sympathy for the sufferings of imprisoned Parnellites, bestow, of course, their customary word of conventional compassion on this last victim of the tyranny which these interesting captives have been striving to uphold; but their empty professions of horror at poor FITZMAURICE's murder do not induce the slightest relaxation of their efforts to maintain a state of things in Ireland which, so long as any vestige of it survives, must continue to bear fruit in like atrocities. And that it is not yet put an end to is evidenced, not only by the murder itself, but by the further report, of sinister significance, that the daughter of the murdered man is believed to have recognized, and yet dare not name, his assassins.

The real indifference underlying the pretended concern of our English Parnellites at crimes of this sort represents, as we have said, the negative aspect of their profoundly immoral policy. Its positive side stands revealed to us in the disgraceful eagerness of some of them to seize upon and make political capital of the baseless charge which has been trumped up by an Irish ecclesiastic, with the assistance of an Irish municipal magistrate, against the Governor of the Cork Prison. We question whether any more shameful piece of unprincipled partisanship has ever met with exposure than that which was stripped bare by the briefest possible investigation in the Cork Police Court on Tuesday last. To say that the witnesses against Major ROBERTS, those veracious and reputable young women to whom the police have been so studiously denied access, broke down immediately on their story being sifted by cross-examination would be to understate the case. It is not even the whole truth to say that they broke down under examination in chief. Their story was one of such a nature that it is impossible to believe in its having really obtained credence even from those who professed to put faith in it. Canon O'MAHONY, whatever we may think of his moral sense, is presumably a man of ordinary intelligence; and no man answering to this description could have persuaded himself—we will not say of the actual, but even of the possible—truth of the foul fables which the witnesses MARY SCANLAN and NORAH LANE repeated last Tuesday in the police court. The slightest and most perfunctory examination of those fictions must have convinced him that they were destitute of any basis in fact; and his obstinate refusal to allow the police to inquire into them before taking proceedings can now only be accounted for by a strong suspicion on his part that the result of such a proceeding would have been to extinguish

the scandal before it had time to serve its political purpose. His replies to cross-examination by Major ROBERTS's legal representative revealed a condition of mind which it is hard to reconcile with the most elementary notions of the duty, not of a minister of religion, but even of a commonly just and honourable man. When he said he made use of the expression—when, that is to say, he publicly charged this much-injured official with immoral conduct towards girls of tender years, "the only information he had was what "appeared in the depositions." And what is more, he had not even had this information direct from MARY SCANLAN herself. He had merely "heard from another that the "charge could be proved. He was aware, he went on to "say, that his words could have borne the impression that "he referred to girls under thirteen," while a particular girl whom the witness MARY SCANLAN pretended to have seen with the defendant was admitted by her to be about eighteen, and was only referred to by her as a "little "girl" because she was short of stature for her years. "The age don't count," said this amazing witness; "'tis the height of her." Now, can any one believe that Canon O'MAHONY was unaware, or that, if he made the slightest inquiry, he would long have been ignorant, that SCANLAN's charges, or rather her one charge, had no relation to a little girl, in the sense of a girl of tender years, at all? No one can possibly believe it; and yet we have this clerical traducer studiously keeping a witness like this out of the way of every one who could test her story, while his vile allies of the gutter press were encouraged to reiterate their calumnies until the police authorities were weak enough to act upon them, and subject an officer thus vaguely and weakly accused to the indignity of a prosecution. We cannot but think that Major ROBERTS has some cause to complain of the way in which he has been treated by those whose official duty it was to see that he had fair play. As to the treatment to which he has been subjected by Canon O'MAHONY, that was bad enough to have passed, we should imagine, out of the domain of moral into that of legal wrong; and if that is, in fact, the case, we sincerely trust that his slanderers may not yet have heard the last of the matter.

Here, however, we will take leave of these two incidents, only inviting the English public to study the illustration they afford of the twofold method of Parnellite attack—boycotting and murder for the Irish peasant; slander, supported by perjury, for those higher up in the social scale. Captain Moonlight shoots at and shatters the legs of obnoxious farmers; his moral accomplices in the Nationalist press and Nationalist Societies seek to maim the characters and destroy the careers of obnoxious officials. The public in this country are familiar enough with both these kinds of malpractices considered in severalty. What we wish them to do is to view them as organic parts of the same infamous system of political warfare. What we want them to understand is that men like Canon O'MAHONY and his English abettors are in virtual solidarity with men like the murderers of FITZMAURICE, and that the slanderous tongue is plied, just as much as the murderous revolver, for that end of Imperial dismemberment which Mr. GLADSTONE once recognized as the true goal of those apostles of the gospel of public plunder with whom he is now hand and glove.

THE ARMY.

IT would be rude, but not wholly inaccurate, to say that as the Session approaches the materials for darkening counsel as to the state of the army accumulate with their customary rapidity. Gentlemen—ex-official, official, and non-official—are criticizing, explaining, making authorized statements, and prophesying on all hands. Unquestionably they are all full of disinterested zeal, and more or less competent authorities into the bargain; but their multitude is great, and the differences between them in matters of opinion and matters of fact alike are not small. General Sir JOHN ADYE may stand for the ex-officials, and Mr. BRODRICK, M.P., gives the official view. The author of *Greater Britain*, again, has been giving the non-official version of our military things at great length, and even with pertinacity, for the last third of a year. Between the three the modest man who merely wishes to learn is like to attain only to the knowledge that nothing is known; or else how comes it that the pundits differ so hopelessly? If Sir JOHN ADYE is right in his opinion that the senior list of the army is being unduly reduced, and that we are threatened with a superfluity of elderly juniors, Mr. BRODRICK must be wrong in saying that we have too many generals, and the War Office has made a mistake in raising the age of retirement for captains and majors. Sir JOHN ADYE, again, has a theory as to the real explanation of the extravagance in army administration which we all deplore, and also as to the real responsibility for those errors in the manufacturing departments which we all remember. It is briefly that the infallible Government official is unduly hampered by the friends of contractors and business men in the House of Commons. The General is so far an authority that he was rather intimately connected with the manufacturing departments while those mistakes were being made; but for that very reason he is perhaps too much a party in the suit to be qualified to act as judge. His interest must needs influence his judgment somewhat—as when, for instance, he complains that Sir JAMES STEPHEN's Committee listened too much to officials talking about matters not appertaining to their own departments. Every man should have been heard on his own hostile witness, of course. We seem to remember that one of the things proved to the satisfaction of the Royal Commission was that the Government manufacturing departments did not know how to make a sword, although the art of producing these weapons was familiar in many lands from a period long anterior to the Christian era. On the whole, officers employed about those times would do well not to remind the public too vividly of the evidence taken by Sir JAMES STEPHEN's Commission.

The author of *Greater Britain* is not a witness of the stamp of Sir JOHN ADYE. His lengthening chain of articles is not written, whatever purpose it is meant to serve, to prove that all is right as right could be with the War Office, if only meddlesome outsiders would let it alone. He sings the very reverse of the song of PISH TUSH, and has a great deal to say as to the want of organization and of many other necessary things. With much of what he has to say the *Saturday Review* agrees, and, to use the useful figure of speech called a bull, agreed before it was said. We have no need to insist on our approval of his condemnation of the reduction in the Artillery. The War Office deserves all the castigation he gives it on that score. But the articles, good as they are in parts, hardly come up to the promise made by the author when he began them, or even to the promise of the preceding series. They were to have contained a scheme for the organization of the army on a satisfactory footing, at no great increase in its cost. This black tulip is still to come, but it lags sadly on the road. The introduction is terribly long, and there are features in it which arouse some doubt as to whether we ever shall have it. The author goes back so much on what he has already said, stops so often by the way to parley with critics, gives so much familiar, not to say stale, information as to the state of the German army, and so forth, that we begin to doubt whether, when he came to subject his notions to the wholesome discipline of black and white, he did not find that it was more difficult to evolve an ideal British army out of his inner consciousness than he had at first supposed. Besides, there are signs of confusion of mind in this introduction which do not promise well. It is far from clear whether the author thinks that the British army ought, or ought not, to be able to conduct an aggressive campaign single-handed on the Continent of Europe—whether the country ought to prepare to go back to the practice of HENRY V., or to content itself, as it has done ever since his time, by acting as a principal at sea and an ally on shore. Again, it is not clear what kind of war the writer has in his mind when he speaks of the probability that England may have to fight single-handed. Are we to face an enemy who can collect a great army opposite our shore, or an enemy who can only attack us in India, or a coalition which can do both? Are we, in the first or third case, to be prepared to act on the offensive on a great scale? If so, then the British army of the future must be raised to some equality in numbers with the Continental hosts. Again, the writer has a habit of eliminating the navy from the game. He would probably deny the charge, but practically this is what he does when he talks as if it could ever be possible in a war which might end in invasion to dispense with a great fleet in the Channel. We never have done so, and certainly never will. To the end of the great revolutionary war the blockading fleet of Brest was one of the largest and often much the largest we had at sea. In future, as in the old war, the Admiralty will need to retain the power to concentrate a formidable force in the

Channel. We do not deny what the alarmist habitually forgets—namely, that the enemy cannot be in two places at once. If he is attacking the Cape he cannot be at Brest to cover an invasion. Where his great fleet is, ours can be, and if he sends flying squadrons to our colonies, flying squadrons can answer for him. The author's historical examples also hardly inspire confidence. He speaks of the rapidity with which NAPOLEON could embark and disembark his men at Boulogne, but forgets to add that under the conditions imposed by modern artillery, the flotilla of invasion could be destroyed by ships lying six miles out at sea. Yet he can remember the power of long-range guns when it is a question of destroying an English port. In another passage he says that NAPOLEON continued to believe in the possibility of an invasion of England until the return of NELSON and the battle of Trafalgar. As a matter of fact the EMPEROR broke up from Boulogne after VILLENEUVE's defeat by CALDER off Ferrol, and the battle of Trafalgar was fought when the French army was in the thick of the Austerlitz campaign. These are not very important errors, perhaps, but they are significant of the author's tendency to exaggerate the weakness of this country, the power of its enemies, and the narrowness of our escapes. They show want of criticism, and the habit of overcolouring, overcharging, and shrieking, which make the alarmist. It is, at least, partly because so much comment on our naval and military position is of this kind that so little good is done.

Mr. BRODRICK's is the official voice, the voice of the Financial Secretary of the War Office; and it, of course, gives a different sound from either of the other two. He differs from Sir JOHN ADYE in believing that much has been done of late to improve the Office; and we are not surprised to hear it. One of the distinguishing qualities of the War Office of this week is always that it is a great improvement on the Office of last month. In this respect the whirligig of time will bring about its revenges, and many now alive will, before attaining to a venerable age, learn from some future Financial Secretary that things are much better than they were in the bad days of Mr. BRODRICK. The changes quoted as improvements do certainly deserve the name. Effect has been given to the changes in organization announced last summer; and there is to be more professional control in army matters and more direct responsibility. The Order in Council defining the duties of Commander-in-Chief appears opportunely to support Mr. BRODRICK's speech. Of this Order it is equally true and discreditable to the common sense of Parliament to say that it will help to put the army administration at last on the footing it should have been on long ago. It will make it more possible to govern the army as a real fighting force. Nothing can be better as far as it goes, and it deserves all the polite things Lord WOLSELEY says of it; but the value of these arrangements of machinery depends on something of which Mr. BRODRICK's speech should have reminded his audience at Guildford. The Financial Secretary told them with pride and amid applauding cheers that in future the Surveyor-General of Ordnance will be a military gentleman qualified to survey ordnance generally. This seems rational; but then it was meant from the first that it should be the case. The Surveyor-General was a distinguished soldier until it was found necessary to capture the place for the benefit of rising young politicians who have unfortunately failed to rise. Will something of the same sort never happen again? We shall see; but of a certainty these new arrangements will do good just as long as the Minister and the House of Commons allow them fair play.

THE FUTURE OF LITERATURE.

THE popular novelist has many things to endure, including proposals like the following invitation. It was presented by the agent of an American Insurance Company to an English writer of whom America may truly say that "piracy is the sincerest form of flattery":—

> Dear Sir,—I am authorized to secure an author to write a novel, by a very wealthy and powerful Corporation. Said novel to bear the name of a large Hotel they have built on the Pacific coast, and the scene mainly to lay therein. To contain 300 pages. Will you undertake this, and at what price? They will spend a large sum to give the novel a world-wide circulation. Let me hear from you at once.
>
> Yours truly,

It is apparently the novel, not the hotel, that is to accommodate "300 pages."

This is not a "high-toned" invitation; the grammar and the style are far from being high-toned. But the social evolution does not run in the direction of altitude of tone. It divides into two currents, one of which makes for Socialism and a universe of level industry with "no takers" for the products, while the other makes for frantic speculation and commercial advertisement. Literature has thus rather a poor outlook. When the Commune comes, the Commune will not want poets and novelists any more than the Republic wanted chemists, or thought it wanted them. There will be no literature in the strange times coming, if that plan prevails. But if we go on in the present way, if advertisement is the soul of business and if business is the soul of everything, then, again, literature will have but a bad chance. Even now, as the author of *Obiter Dicta* pathetically remarks, people send to MUDIE's for a ninepenny book, rather than expend a sum proverbially agile. The libraries have only to say that a book is "out," when the student forgets all about it, and there is an end of that work. New blood is wanted in literature, and that new blood can only be advertisement. Once make books the vehicles of the commercial spirit, and they may do very well.

A proposal not unlike that of the American Hotel Company was once, we believe, made to Sir WALTER SCOTT, who created, indeed, the fortunes of many hotels, but entirely without intending that benevolence. The great soul of FITZBOODLE, dreaming on things to come, invented the Advertisement Novel. But perhaps nobody has grasped the great idea so completely nor stated it so succinctly as the Secretary of the American Company. It never dawns on him that a writer may think the proceeding a little undignified. "Will you undertake this, and at what price?" It does not appear that the author, over and above the "price" paid for his name as an advertisement, is to share in the profits of the fiction. He should, at least, receive a great many fully paid-up shares in the Hotel Company, but this, of course, would be a matter of arrangement. Much will depend on the name of the hotel. *The Red Lion*, by the author of *King Solomon's Mines*, would sound very much in keeping. *The Four Pine Flat Hotel* would suit Mr. BRET HARTE. *The Tom Sawyer Arms* might be entrusted to Mr. MARK TWAIN. Mr. WILKIE COLLINS, we think, has already done *The Haunted Hotel*, but there must, in the interests of the property, be no allusions to *A Very Strange Bed*. Mr. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, in a recent work, more or less of fiction, conducted his characters through a round of American watering-places, and this may have been good for business. But this is not concentrated enough. There are authors whom we, if we were a Hotel Company, which is absurd, would not willingly trust with our novel. It is perfectly certain than one author could not get on without letting loose Mr. BARNUM's menagerie, a tribe of Apaches, and an earthquake on his ill-fated hotel. Would that attract tourists? Obviously not. Another author would certainly bring in a ghost, and give the hostelry a bad name. It would cease to be haunted by visitors. A third would assuredly set the customers digging for treasure all over the gardens. A fourth has promised to "do" the inn at Burford Bridge, and may be regarded as previously engaged. A fifth, if a French novelist, might make the company and their manners and morals fail to reach the proper pitch of respectability. Others might make the hotel so dreadfully and unimpeachably dull and analytic that nobody would go there except Mr. HOWELLS. In the hands of other masters dynamite would frighten away the public. In short, we may doubt if the art of fiction is to be saved by advertising Hotel Companies?

SHAMEFACED SOCIALISM.

IT is equally good-natured and futile to express sympathy with the deputation from Lord COMPTON's Committee which waited on Lord SALISBURY last Wednesday. No doubt there is a commendable air about the easy phrases which tell how everybody must approve of the motives of gentlemen who desire to benefit the destitute. They sound well, and serve to lead up to the inevitable "but," which must needs be their goal in the comments of people who do not think that the multiplication table can be made to prove for charity what it will not prove for business. Perhaps, since we are all agreed that we would wish our

honest brother men to be happy and prosperous (the weaker sort would include even the dishonest), it may be better in future to take that for granted, and, when contradictory and impracticable propositions are made, to call them by their name at once without preliminary flourish of compliments. After all, contradictory and impracticable things do not change their nature because they are asked for in the name of charity. They will not fail to do good the less because the man who tries to apply them overflows with brotherly love. Regard for those whom it is proposed to benefit requires that they should be opposed; and it is, therefore, quite unnecessary, if not a little hypocritical, to soothe their advocates with fair words. For which reasons we shall not compliment the deputation to Lord Salisbury. It is really not a meritorious act, but decidedly the contrary, for men to come forward with applications for State help when they are not only in a negative state of non-agreement, but in a positive state of disagreement, as to what they want done. There is no more empty kind of philanthropist—and God knows they are an empty generation—than the gentleman who is sure there is an evil, but does not in the least know what to do with it; but is vehemently convinced that somebody else ought to do something. Substantially that was the condition of the deputation. It had a string of suggestions to make, to be sure; but Lord Herschell, who was spokesman, disapproved of them all, and the other members could not agree as to any one of them. They even contradicted one another flatly as to the extent and character of the prevailing distress. The net upshot of their afternoon's work was to give Lord Salisbury an opportunity of knocking the heads of the proposals against one another, by which the reader of the daily papers is, no doubt, instructed, but the unemployed are no whit benefited.

So far the deputation was merely useless; but, when everybody else had spoken, Cardinal Manning did his best to make it mischievous. Other members only differed as to the possibility of starting public works or State-aided emigration, but this Prince of the Church talked Socialism. The fact is that the Cardinal Archbishop came forward some time ago with a plan for making all the poor comfortable, which would be a nice thing to do, and had this further advantage, that the mere mention of it would show various persons with sweet voices what a sympathetic institution the Church of Rome is. The plan was not a very definite one. He summed it up himself very fairly last Wednesday by saying that "it appeared to him that under "the Poor Law there ought to be work at such a moment "as this for unemployed honest deserving men." The suggestion has a charitable look at a hasty glance, but, as the Archbishop was told at the time, has the defect of being what is called, in the Scotch language, fusionless. He was asked where the work was to come from, how it was to be made, and who was to pay for it. To all that Dr. Manning had nothing to answer, except, in substance, that he was himself a most pious, kind-hearted man, and other people ought to take the trouble and find the money. This did not appear practical, and it even drew forth a certain hollow sound of laughter, which would appear to have been ringing ever since in the Cardinal's ears. On Wednesday he held forth about the hard bad men who would not listen to his amiable little suggestion. Lord Salisbury has spared us all the trouble of criticizing Dr. Manning's nostrum any further by calling it by its name, "national work-"shops." Of course, the Cardinal protested, and has repeated his protest in a letter to the *Times*; for the words sound ill in the ears of a Prince of the Church, and besides it would never do to let one's kindly sympathies with the poor entrap one into flagrant approval of revolutionary methods, disliked by the paying part of one's community, and condemned by the Church. But Dr. Manning had forgotten before what swordsman he stood. "If," said Lord Salisbury, "the work offered is to have nothing in it "of a workhouse test; if it is to be work offered in time of "destitution by the State, which shall be in all respects on "all fours with and similar to the work offered by private "employers, it would really be nothing in effect but rate-sup-"ported workshops." Precisely so, and naturally the Cardinal does not like the name, though he is prepared to recommend the thing. With all due regard for Dr. Manning's dexterity, we hardly think he will contrive to serve two masters successfully, and not even for his alleged motive's sake will we express the smallest respect for his position. Saint Charles Borromeo we understand, and Cardinal Rinuccini also, and respect them both; but as for the Cardinal Archbishop of anywhere who tries to do a little advertising Socialism, and shirks the application of his own cheap proposals, for him we have no respect. He is really too like the angels who were neither for God nor the Devil.

TWO MUSICIANS.

STEPHEN HELLER, who died the other day in Paris, was rather a rare artist in music than a great musician. His melodic inspiration was exquisite in kind and inexhaustible in degree; he had, in uncommon fulness, the gift of form and the sense of style; his work is touched throughout with the quality of distinction; he may be said to have written better and sounder stuff for his instrument—which was the piano—than any one since Chopin. His music is not often heard in public; for he detested difficulty for difficulty's sake, and was far more concerned with the right development of expression than the encouragement of mere agility. But his influence has none the less been deep and wide. He was a teacher's teacher, and the twenty books of *Études* which he made and published are destined, one likes to believe, to a longer life than all but the finest achievements of the greater masters. They are studies in expression, but they are also models of delicate form and examples of sweet and unaffected sentiment; they are admirable exercises, but they are charming poetry as well. It is the same with the *Nuits Blanches*, the *Im Walde*, the *Valses Capriccs*, the *Lieder ohne Worte*, the *Petit Album*, a score of volumes more. They are brimful of wit, humour, richest fancy, the sincerest emotions; and withal they are works of art in the best sense of the term. The composer was not more keenly alive to the capacities of his instrument than he was conscious of the limitations of his talent. In an age when affectation and effect and self-consciousness were no bad substitutes for genius, he kept his head and respected his art. A musician first of all, he preferred what is good to what is merely novel, and was content with legitimate aims and processes and effects. As someone has said, "his "endeavour has been not to write true poems, or paint "true pictures, or sculpture true statues, but to make good "music, and by its aid, and within the limits imposed by its "strictest conventions, to express his views of life, and his "impressions of the world." In other words, he was a master craftsman who was also a true musician; and the best of his work unites the essentials of inspiration and accomplishment in such a way as to be at once exemplary and irresistible.

His life was worthy of his music. He was born at Pesth in 1813, and at nine years old the pianist, Franz Bräner, produced him as a musical prodigy—a public rival of Chopin and Franz Liszt. He studied for three years at Vienna under Halm; and, after a successful appearance there and a series of concerts in his native city, he made a tour through Hungary, Poland, and Germany. But he soon tired of the career of a wandering virtuoso, and, settling down at Augsburg, he remained there for six years, absorbed in study. At twenty-five he came to Paris, where he sojourned in the strictest retirement, and where, as we have said, he died not many days since. He was known to the public only by his works, of which—to say nothing of those to which no opus number is attached—a hundred and forty are quoted in Mr. Ashdown's list. He lived, from first to last, for his art and nothing else; and it is not surprising that he should have been a favourite with Berlioz, whose lovely romance, *La Captive*, he transcribed and arranged for voice and piano, and who speaks of him with a singular warmth of admiration. Some two or three years back it was found that he had lost his eyesight, and was in needy circumstances; and a subscription in his behalf was set on foot by a Committee which included Mr. Browning and Mr. Charles Hallé. The only news of him since then has been this of his death. It was inevitable; perhaps it was long deferred; but it will everywhere be matter for regret.

The tenor Fancelli was a virtuoso of another type. Strictly speaking, he was no musician at all. He had an admirable voice—a voice exceptional in quality and compass, individual in *timbre*, and finely equable in tone—and therewith a musical endowment of remarkable quickness and vigour. But he was born and bred a labourer; he was long past educating when he took to the stage; to the last he knew music only in the manner of a piping bullfinch. Yet

in opera he was the reverse of ineffective. He never pretended to act; it took him all his time to watch the conductor's beat, to count his pauses, and look after his entrances, and in all the rest he relied on his voice and on a memory tenacious as a savage's; and he was more than once justified in the event. He looked, as the saying is, a stick; but he sang with uncommon brilliance and energy. Every note had, as it were, to be pumped into him; but the accuracy and propriety with which he repeated his task were amazing. Still more amazing was the fact that he won his greatest successes, not with the simple and flowing strains of BELLINI or the passionate melodies of VERDI, but with music so complex in structure, so "precious" in style, so full of intellectual and emotional subtleties as that of Lohengrin and Raoul de Nangis. It was something not far removed from the prodigious that he should have sung these parts at all; but the fact is, incredible as it may seem, that, speaking relatively, he sang them almost as well—if that be possible—as he played them ill. He had in him, indeed, the makings of a great tenor; and it was his own misfortune and the world's that he was obliged to figure before the public as, not an artist, but a kind of miracle.

THE DUBLIN DEMONSTRATION.

IT is certainly not worth while to discuss the question—regarded, it would seem, by the Nationalists as of vast importance—whether the demonstration in honour of Lord RIPON and Mr. MORLEY has been, from the spectacular point of view, a success. We are, for our own part, quite willing to settle any dispute on this point by unconditional surrender. We will admit, if the admission will give any pleasure to the Parnellites, that never before in the history of the Irish capital—or never, say, since the historic landing of GEORGE IV. at Kingstown—has so impressive a display of popular enthusiasm been evoked by the arrival of any English visitors. Let it be granted, if the Separatists wish it, that, considered from the stage-manager's point of view, the reception of Lord HARTINGTON and Mr. GOSCHEN will not bear a moment's comparison with it, and that, in the matter of demonstrating against each other—if the success of a demonstration is measured by the number of flags, torches, and street sightseers that can be paraded at a given moment along a given line of route—the latest performers have got the best of it. Not that we know or believe that this is the case, but merely that we regard the whole question as one of such extremely small importance that it is well to get rid of it by a simple process of wholesale concession. We are much more interested in considering not what the Dublin demonstration of last Thursday looked like, but how much it means; and here, fortunately, we derive the greatest assistance from one of the two distinguished recipients of the compliments. Mr. MORLEY practically gave up the point at which the Reception Committee have been labouring for some time past—the endeavour to prove that the promoters of this movement would make as good a show as their opponents if votes are to be weighed instead of counted. Mr. MORLEY, we say, has left these supporters of his somewhat cruelly in the lurch. He has as good as told them that he is all for the counting of heads, and protests against the doctrine that heads ought not to be counted, which means he supposes that "we "ought to weigh purses." That is a good, plain, intelligible Jacobinical confession of faith—fatal, as we have said, to the recent contention of his Dublin hosts, but none the worse, at least in our judgment, for that. The pity is that Mr. MORLEY was not content with it; but showed in the next sentence, in which he asked "where the wealth of Ireland "came from if not from the labours of the people of Ireland," that he wants to weigh purses too. We may, however, pass this, as also the hint that it is too delicate a question to inquire which side has the advantage in intelligence, as mere rhetorical side-hits. In the main he frankly accepted the position that heads, and heads alone—or perhaps skulls would be a better word, as begging no question as to their contents—must be counted by those who would judge correctly of the wants of Ireland in the matter of Home Rule; and that a majority of these skulls being found to be ranged—if that word is not too suggestive of the catacomb—on the side of Mr. GLADSTONE's policy, that policy ought to prevail.

Lord RIPON, as might be expected, did not lay quite so much stress on the skull-counting question; nor did he show quite the same disposition to make light of property and intelligence, as, indeed, he clearly could not on his own account afford to admit that neither of these qualifications ought to weigh in political matters. It is, however, of little consequence to consider what Lord RIPON said, because the real interest attaching to him consists, not in his words, but in the mere fact of his presence. His conjunction with Mr. MORLEY in this enterprise is so curious and comic—the contrast between the two men is so salient and piquant—that both would suffice to supply abundant food for reflection if Lord RIPON had never opened his lips. We do not refer to the difference between the religious opinions of the two politicians—opinions of which we regret to see that an ungenerous use has been made as against Mr. MORLEY in a quarter where we look for a higher standard of controversial fair play—we are thinking simply of the mental and temperamental differences between them. It was a masterstroke of comedy on the part of whoever devised it to yoke the twice-converted with the inconvertible, the too pliable peer with the inflexible philosopher. The figures of Lord RIPON and Mr. MORLEY irresistibly suggest two of BUNYAN'S characters whose names—to avoid ill-omened suggestions of the fate of these eminent persons—we will leave unwritten. But the Marquess must not detain us longer than is required for the enjoyment of the droll contrast between him and his companion. His speeches, too, were of a more than usually platitudinarian character even for him. Perhaps the only two points in the report of them which are at all worthy of special notice are, first, Lord RIPON'S reference—contained in just four lines and a quarter of that report, and therefore four lines and a quarter more than was bestowed on the subject by Mr. MORLEY—to the last agrarian murder in Kerry; and, secondly, his attempt to remove the fears of the Irish Protestants as to the possibility of a religious persecution under a Nationalist Government. It seems to have been imagined that Lord RIPON, as having held both, would speak as an expert as to the probable relations between the two creeds; but, having regard to the proverbial disposition of converts, perhaps his assurances of toleration were expected to come with a certain weight of the *à fortiori* from him. The suppressed argument may be meant to be, "If I, who "was once a Protestant myself, have no desire to per"secute Protestants, how much less likely are they to "undergo such treatment from those who have been "Catholics all their lives?" "Moreover," concluded Lord RIPON, "the Irish people knew that, if they lifted a finger "to do an act of injustice to their Protestant fellow"countrymen, the English people would not allow it. They "would come in, and, sooner than it should be done, would "undo their work."

And at that point we will leave Lord RIPON—not merely because it is not worth while to pursue his speech further, but because these two sentences, grossly and distinctively inconsistent as they are with the fundamental principle of Gladstonian Irish policy, bring him into line with his colleague. Mr. MORLEY is a much abler man than Lord RIPON, and his speeches were immeasurably better performances; but they are argumentatively ruined by precisely the same inconsistency which was fatal to Lord RIPON's last-quoted contention. At the back of Mr. MORLEY's as of Lord RIPON's advocacy of Home Rule there is a reserve, a qualification, a safeguard, which occasionally in the course of discussion they have to bring forward to the front; and no sooner do they do so than the whole fabric of their previous argument crumbles into ruins. "The English people would not "allow it." That has to be the last words on the lips of men who spend their lives in endeavouring to prove that the English people ought to and *must* allow something which they will not at present allow; and that they ought to and must allow it for no other or better reason than *because* a numerical majority of the Irish people—from which wealth and intelligence are virtually excluded—demand it. Lord RIPON says that, sooner than allow the Irish Protestants to be unjustly treated, the English people "would undo their own work." But who is to be the judge of the justice, or injustice, of their treatment? The same numerical majority of the Irish people whose decision on the question of Home Rule is accepted as final by Lord RIPON? And if not, why not? Again, Mr. MORLEY declares that, though he does not believe for an instant that the Irish people "cherish idle and visionary "schemes of separation," he cannot deny that dangerous and violent language has been used about the connexion between England and Ireland; but his belief is that, after

the struggle is over, and Home Rule has been granted, "that violent and desperate language and that violent and "desperate policy will gradually and assuredly disappear." But suppose he is mistaken, and an attempt is made to put the violent and desperate policy into action. We will not ask him whether England in that case would or would not interfere to, as Lord RIPON puts it, "undo her work"; we will only ask him whether, on the showing of his previous argument, she would be justified in doing so? For what was his argument on the question of self-government? It was that Great Britain was not of one mind in refusing self-government to Ireland, and that Great Britain never again would be of one mind on the point. Substitute independence for self-government, and is there a single word of Mr. MORLEY'S argument which would be applicable to that case? Does Mr. MORLEY mean to say that any one who wished to do so would have the slightest difficulty in making out that England was "not of one mind" on this question of Separation—especially if Mr. GLADSTONE was in Opposition and wanted to return to power? And even if this point were not made out, in what way would the appeal to the persistent wishes of the Irish people be met on Mr. MORLEY'S principles? It would not be met on these principles at all, and those, therefore, who are advocating Home Rule on the sole ground of the Irish demand must be perfectly conscious of one of two things—either that the political principle to which they appeal is a false principle, or that the name of "Separatist," against which they protest, is a true appellation.

THE OLD POSTMASTER.

THE postmaster of the old school is one of the typical characters of Alpine life which are rapidly passing away. The few that still remain are to be found in wayside inns, whose extent is often in an inverse proportion to their custom. Their large dining-rooms are empty, their vast stables are desolate, and the proprietor wanders like a ghost through the scenes of his former triumphs, with the bitter knowledge that his house has not at present one-tenth of the value that it used to possess. It would be childish rather than churlish to complain of the present condition of the post, which has greatly improved and is improving; but those who can remember the pleasure of arriving at a mountain hostelry after a long drive in the keen air, the cosy parlour, the good supper, and the jovial host who was able and willing to give every possible information about the district, will own that something has been lost in consequence of the gains that railways have brought. The new ordinary is but a poor substitute for the few but savoury dishes which the old inns could supply, and the international conversation that is carried on at them wants the raciness of the old talk at the round table, where every one knew something of the subjects on which he spoke. How pleasant those old talks were, when the most ancient legend was gladly given in exchange for the latest news, and the story which had begun to pall on village ears was quite unknown to the traveller! How sorry one was, in spite of one's weariness, when the priest gave the signal for departure, or we were told that the carriage was waiting! Does any one feel thus in the monster hotels of to-day?

Of course there was a shadow side to all this. One's letters had a bad habit of going astray, which, when they contained money, was an annoyance. A bath was an all but impossible luxury, and on Fridays meat was unknown or could be obtained and eaten cold only in the kitchen or otherwise unexplored holes and corners. Yet even in the latter prohibition there was a kind of charm. One felt something like a schoolboy's pleasure, when one had received one's veal and ham, on being told to hide oneself while one ate it, and in the houses where the fasts were not strictly observed one felt that one of the attractions of Alpine travel was wanting, and knew one was pretty sure to be overcharged. The bath was a more serious matter; but are there not brooks with still and secluded basins, in which, though popular opinion declares it certain death to enter them, a passing Englishman, who did not look upon cold water as poison, might take a safe and invigorating plunge?

The postmaster of old times, like the forester of to-day, possessed a double training. He had passed through the higher classes at school, and then been sent to practise at a distance, and before he was allowed to enter upon his office he was subjected to an examination. Still he was to all intents and purposes a host and a farmer. He must be so, indeed, to make his business pay, as he was required to keep from ten to twenty horses in his stables, and permitted, if they were not sufficient for the traffic, to seize as many of those of his neighbours as might be required, their services being, of course, adequately recompensed. The post, therefore, naturally became the chief inn of the place, and the best houses of entertainment to be found in the villages of the Austrian Alps are still called by that name. Of old, the office, too, was almost hereditary; it went with the house, if only the heir could pass the usual examinations, for where else could the necessary accommodation for man and beast be found? Thus for generations the postmasters of a village belonged to the same family.

To understand their character one must remember the position occupied by their houses. They were the centre of the social life of the place. Everybody who desired to hear or tell some new thing went to the post. The peasants frequented the room designed for the coachmen and other servants, who told the latest news from Vienna, Trieste, Innspruck, or Verona, and the last piece of scandal from the neighbouring town. There was always something new to be seen or something new to be heard, and so it was better to play one's evening game of cards there than elsewhere. Similar motives attracted the higher classes to the parlour, where also most of the village business was done. A separate table was always spread for the stranger; but, if he was at all inclined to be sociable, his company was eagerly welcomed. In fact, life in these houses was very similar to that which the novelists of the last century loved to describe, though it may be doubted whether any of them were quite equal to the best inns on the old Dover road.

At times, however, there came a stress of business. This happened chiefly in winter, when the passes were blocked by snow which could not immediately be removed, and travellers of all sorts and conditions had to make the best of what accommodation was to be had. Then the inns which were known to have the best kitchens and cellars were thronged, and all the ingenuity of the host and hostess was required to provide for the sudden crowd of guests. It was discovered that beds could be erected in the most unlikely places, and dishes were improvised in which an infinitesimal quantity of fresh meat was compelled to season a wilderness of stored vegetables. On such occasions, it must be confessed, cured pork in one of its various forms was usually the staple dish, and of that there was always enough to satisfy the most ravenous of pig-eaters. In summer an English milord or a German prince, with a retinue of servants, would occasionally pause to lunch or dine, and then the resources of the establishment were taxed to the utmost. Every one, from the master to the stable-boy, felt that the credit of the whole valley was at stake, and among the servants, at least, a patriotic pride was stimulated by the hope of large gratuities.

Thus the postmaster was brought into a direct social connexion with men of all classes, and if he wished his business to succeed he must satisfy them all. Yet he had none of the servility of a country innkeeper; he knew he was the largest proprietor and most important person in the place, and he never forgot that he held a government appointment. This blending of two characters was characteristic of the whole class, and rendered it always amusing. If the postmaster was possessed of tact and humour, he was an excellent companion, a brief chronicle of the history of the valley during the three last generations at least, whom you could always consult without his ever becoming obtrusive or familiar; if he was wanting in these two qualities, he became a comic figure, as he could never quite make up his mind as to whether he was your servant, your equal, or your superior. Men of the latter class were, however, rare. The habits of a long lifetime were in themselves a discipline, and the hard office, stable, and farm work knocked the nonsense out of most young men who had any brains to begin with; if they had none, they soon found it necessary to sell the old house and resign the office.

In the old days, however, it was not often that a postmaster was young. People have a habit of living long in the Alps, and it lay in the nature of the case that a father was usually glad to leave the management of his estates to his children, and even to divide his property among them, years before he felt inclined to resign his office or to give up his position as host. The son, therefore, often managed the whole business of the post and inn for a considerable time before he had any real authority or responsibility. These were the merriest years of his life. Though at intervals a great stress of business would come, he had, as a rule, plenty of leisure. His double position and his known wealth or expectations secured him a hearty welcome in all society except the highest, where he himself would have been but ill at ease. It was his own fault if he was not the best judge of horses and the best rider and driver in the neighbourhood, and it was a fault of which he was rarely guilty. Even when he had attained all the honours of his office, he was proud of displaying his skill in the latter art, and would seat himself on the box when a stranger of unusual distinction or an intimate friend changed horses at his house, or when there was a pressing occasion and his servants declared the roads to be impassable. The narratives of such adventurous excursions were his favourite subjects in later years, and one could always gain his heart by listening to them with attention.

As has been said, the old postmaster is now shorn of his glories; he is one of the blades of grass that have been broken down by "the constant march onwards of mankind." Whither that march is tending no one quite seems to know. Perhaps it is a pitying Providence blinds our eyes. At any rate, the postmaster, such as has been described, is a creature of the past. Some who bear the old title in their native hamlets have sold the houses and grounds, and are doing either well or ill in distant towns. Some are making a strenuous, but for the most part a futile, endeavour to render their residences places of fashionable summer resort. A few still cling to the old ways as well as the old houses. They are inclined

to take rather a gloomy view of life, and to fancy that the golden age of Austria, if not of Europe, passed away with the old coaching days. We who think ourselves better informed may smile upon them not unkindly.

The new postmaster is a man of quite a different stamp. He is usually a neat and rather dapper man, who clothes himself in strict accordance with the latest fashion that has penetrated the nearest town. He has a remarkable acquaintance with geography, and a marvellous knowledge of postal rates. He will probably be able to tell you at once where the towns of Bismarck and Gladstone lie, and exactly what a letter to either of them should cost. But if he distinguishes a horse from an ox, it is chiefly because the latter has a habit of wearing horns, and it would be wiser to consult him on an abstruse question of science or philosophy than to trust to his local knowledge on any matter. He lives in hired lodgings, and is surrounded in his office by a bevy of young ladies who feel the solemnity of their duties so deeply that they would hardly venture to smile on an accepted lover through the glass or wire cages that enclose them in business hours—that is in provincial centres. In the smaller villages the innkeeper is generally still the postmaster; but now he is a meek and subservient man, who brings out his books and consults you as to what is the proper charge for the letters, books, or packages you wish to send to any outland place. He is so gentle that it would be heartless to find fault with him; and the postal service, we repeat, has improved and is improving; but the old bluff postmaster who had always either a smile or a curse upon his lips, except when he was eating, sleeping, or laughing, was a more picturesque figure.

MORE PROOFS.

WE had thought that the convincing evidence we brought forward last week as to the identity of Bakespeare would satisfy the public. But apparently the public wants more. Some Bakespearians are even quite indignant with us for giving credit of part of our brilliant idea to Colonel Moore; and though, with true Bakespearian modesty, they (following their great original) will not allow their names to be published, they accuse us of having been too generous. Nay, but it is not so. Scribe always allowed copyright in ideas, and used to send cheques, which much astonished the recipients, and sometimes were the cause of unreasonable further demands on their part, to authors who had given him a hint. Why should we not acknowledge the suggestion of Colonel H. L. Moore, Lawrence, Kansas? "As Paulina," quoth Colonel H. L. Moore, Lawrence, Kansas, "pulled aside the curtain, and the living, breathing Hermione stepped down to greet her friends, so Francis Bacon steps out from the shadow of almost three hundred years." And shall we fail to acknowledge the Colonel's copyright? No, by the living, breathing Jingo!

However these flattering notices (pity that our friend is so modest as to insist on not being quoted by name!) put us on completing the interesting task which we began last week. We left off with that "untimely beer," or bier, which was for so many thoughts at the end of *Richard II.* Now it need not be said that the plays immediately following are the very kernel (no offence to H. L. Moore) of Shakspeare. Whoso wrote *Henry IV.* wrote Shakspeare, the comic Shakspeare, as certainly as whoso wrote *Hamlet* and *Othello* wrote the tragic Shakspeare. And what do we find at the end of *Henry IV.* Part I.?

> And since this business so fair is done
> Let us not leave till all our own be won.

That is to say, of course, "since my plays have been so successful, let me not be satisfied until Mr. Watts and Mrs. Pott and the other fashionables have shown that I wrote them." Can anything be clearer than that? Yes, the Second Part. We do not dwell much on the last words of the verse, "Come, will you hence?" though they are evidently addressed to the ruffianly Stratforder, and signify "Get out of this." But there is here an epilogue, and we have noted that the epilogue always clenches the matter. Any fellow who can doubt after reading this epilogue is a kind of Thomas, and worse. "What I have to say is of mine own making"—a distinct avowal of authorship, even if "making" did not rhyme to "Baking," the popular pronunciation (*cf.* W. M. Thackeray, "My lady is gone to Brighting") of Bacon. This is important, but it is nothing to what follows:—"For Oldcastle died a martyr, *and this is not the man.*" Ever since we first read these words, which was a little before the gifted Delia saw Bedlam and Bacon clear before her at the same time, we have had no doubts. *Henry V.* is more ambiguous; but the eleventh and twelfth lines of the curious sonnet-chorus probably hold the secret (concealed thus, no doubt, lest even the stupid dolt of a Stratforder should find it out):—

> Whose state so many had the *managing*,
> That they lost France and made his England bleed

Note that "managing," which is clearly a reflection on the vile business of the loose-lived maltster-usurer. The three parts of *Henry VI.* are avowedly puzzles, representing work in respect of which, though it is clear why the player Shaxper might have sometimes cared to adapt it, it cannot be easily explained why Shacon, a man of leisure and of unlimited genius, should have done any such thing. Accordingly, in the First and Second Parts (and these are just what are known to be least Shakspearian—that is, Baconian) there is little traceable evidence, though we have a theory. At the end of the Third, however, things clear up:—

> And now what rests, but that we spend the time
> With stately *triumphs*, mirthful comic shows, [*Bacon was great at triumphs.*]
> Such as befit the pleasures of the court.
> Sound drums and trumpets, farewell sour annoy!
> For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.

That is to say, putting the remarkable coincidence of the marginal note aside, "here ends our adaptation; now we're going to be original, and get rid of Shaxper." The finale of *Richard III.* deals rather in innuendo than in actual assertion—such as references to "traitors," and so forth. But there are (we hope here be truths!) five letters in Bacon. *Now, if you take the first letter of the last word of the fifth line from the end, the last letter but two of the last word of the fourth, the last but one of the last word of the third, the second letter of the first word* (mark his cunning) *of the second, and the last letter of all* ("blood," "increase," "peace," "now," and "Amen") they make B-A-C-O-N!!!!!

It was necessary to begin a fresh paragraph after *that*; but we are not going to tail down yet. *Henry VIII.* has a mixed tradition as to authorship; but its last line—

> This *little* one shall make it *holiday*—

clearly means that the proving of the Baconian authorship will be "a little holiday" for the Bacon Society. It is awkward dealing with *Troilus and Cressida* in some respects, but here is one of those genuine utterances of Shaxper which, as has been so often pointed out, strengthen the chain of evidence:—"A goodly med'cine for my aching bones" *i.e.* to be found out. "O world! how is the poor agent despised!"—[we wish Messrs. Spottiswoode had type big enough for this]—"Why should our endeavour be so loved" [for remember F. B. must have taken some trouble to get W. S. to do what he wished] "and our performance so hated?" Surely no more can be needed? But if any more is needed, *Timon* gives it. "Let our drums strike," that is to say—for "drum" is commonly used for "drummer," for an inferior officer—let this Shaxper, our noisy instrument, strike or surrender, and let us, F. B., come forward. *Coriolanus* is also conciliatory:—

> Yet he shall have a noble memory;
> Assist—

that is to say, "join the Bacon Society." It would also seem from the last words of *Julius Cæsar*—

> To part the glories of this happy day—

that Bacon, as we should have supposed, was, at any rate at times, a fairer-minded man than some of his partisans, and was quite willing to give poor Shaxper some of the credit. And much the same conclusion may be drawn from the end of *Antony and Cleopatra*, the instruction to Dolabella:—

> Come, Dolabella, see
> High order in this great solemnity.

Just before, too, is a striking expression in the same sense:—

> No grave upon the earth shall clip in it
> A *pair* so famous.

And, by a very curious coincidence, there is something of the same tone in *Cymbeline*:—

> Never did a war so cease
> Ere bloody hands were washed with such a peace.

But in all these there is distinct reference to the controversy. *Titus Andronicus* ends with a caution to Lord Halsbury and all other Chancellors not to go and do likewise:—

> Then afterwise to order well the State,
> That like events may ne'er it ruinate—

in other words, "Don't you go and write plays for Mr. Irving in his name." The suspicions which rest on *Pericles* might dispense us from looking there for evidence, yet even there it is to be found:—

> So on your patience evermore attending
> New joy wait on you. Here our play has ending.

That is, F. B. knew that "the next age" (or the next after the next, for it doesn't matter) would have the "new joy" of finding him out if it had any "patience." We are not quite certain (for the true Bakespearian never attaches too great certainty to any indication, lest it should be proved wrong) of the interpretation of the last words of Albany in *Lear*:—

> We that are young
> Shall never see so much or live so long.

But we think they mean that nobody living would ever dream that Bacon wrote Shakspeare. *And nobody did.*

Romeo and Juliet is also by comparison doubtful, though the antepenultimate line—

> Some shall be pardoned and some punished—

looks like a clue. But with *Hamlet* and *Othello*, the twin summits of Shakspearian genius, there is no doubt:—

> Go bid the soldiers shoot

of course means "let them hail the advent of Delia and Donnelly." And we fear, we greatly fear, that, in the last speech of Lodovico, "this hellish villain" refers to Shaxper, while "O enforce it" is an appeal to the Bacon Society to drive Bacon's claim home.

However that may be (and it is necessary to repeat that, on all

right Bakespearian principles, if any demonstration does not suit it kin be changed), every true worker will acknowledge the toil with which we have gone through the last lines of all the plays attributed to Shaxper. Few Bakespearians, we suspect, have done so much.

EDWARD LEAR.

EDWARD LEAR, the artist, author of *Journals of a Landscape Painter* in various out-of-the-way countries, and of the delightful *Books of Nonsense*, which have amused successive generations of children, died on Sunday, January 29, at San Remo, where he had lived for twenty years. Few names could evoke a wider expression of passing regret at their appearance in the obituary column, for until his health began to fail him he was known to an immense and almost a cosmopolitan circle of acquaintance, and popular wherever he was known. Fewer still could call up in the minds of intimate friends a deeper and more enduring feeling of sorrow for personal loss, mingled with the pleasantest of memories; for it was impossible to know him thoroughly and not to love him. London, Rome, the Mediterranean countries generally, Ceylon and India, are still all dotted with survivors among his generation who will mourn for him affectionately, although his latter years have been spent in comparatively close retirement. He was a man of striking nobility of nature, fearless, independent, energetic, given to forming for himself strong opinions, often hastily, sometimes bitterly; not always strong or sound in judgment, but always seeking after truth in every matter, and following it as he understood it in scorn of consequence; utterly unselfish, devoted to his friends, generous even to extravagance towards any one who had ever been connected with his fortunes or his travels; playful, lighthearted, witty, and humorous, but not without those occasional fits of black depression and nervous irritability to which such temperaments are liable.

Great and varied as the merits of his pictures are, Lear hardly succeeded in achieving any great popularity as a landscape painter. His work was frequently done on private commission, and he rarely sent in pictures for the Academy or other exhibitions. His larger and more highly finished landscapes were unequal in technical perfection; sometimes harsh or cold in colour, or stiff in composition; sometimes full of imagination, at others literal and prosaic; but always impressive reproductions of interesting or peculiar scenery. In later years he used in conversation to qualify himself as a "topographical artist"; and the definition was true, though not exhaustive. He had an intuitive and a perfectly trained eye for the character and beauty of distant mountain lines, the solemnity of rocky gorges, the majesty of a single mountain rising from a base of plain or sea; and he was equally exact in rendering the true forms of the middle distances and the specialities of foreground detail belonging to the various lands through which he had wandered as a sketcher. Some of his pictures show a mastery which has rarely been equalled over the difficulties of painting an immense plain as seen from a height, reaching straight away from the eye of the spectator until it is lost in a dim horizon. Sir Roderick Murchison used to say that he always understood the geological peculiarities of a country he had only studied in Lear's sketches. The compliment was thoroughly justified; and it is not every landscape painter to whom it could honestly be paid.

The history of Lear's choice of a career was a curious one. He was the youngest of twenty-one children, and, through a family mischance, was thrown entirely on the limited resources of an elderly sister at a very early age. As a boy he had always dabbled in colours for his own amusement, and had been given to poring over the ordinary boys' books upon natural history. It occurred to him to try and turn his infant talents to account; and he painted upon cardboard a couple of birds in the style which the older among us remember as having been called Oriental tinting, took them to a small shop, and sold them for fourpence. The kindness of friends, to whom he was ever grateful, gave him the opportunity of more serious and more remunerative study, and he became a patient and accurate zoological draughtsman. Many of the birds in the earlier volumes of Gould's magnificent folios were drawn for him by Lear. A few years back there were eagles alive in the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park to which Lear could point as old familiar friends that he had drawn laboriously from claw to beak fifty years before. He united with this kind of work the more unpleasant occupation of drawing the curiosities of disease or deformity in hospitals. One day, as he was busily intent on the portrait of a bird in the Zoological Gardens, an old gentleman came and looked over his shoulder, entered into conversation, and finally said to him, "You must come and draw my birds at Knowsley." Lear did not know where Knowsley was, or what it meant; but the old gentleman was the thirteenth Earl of Derby. The successive Earls of Derby have been among Lear's kindest and most generous patrons. He went to Knowsley, and the drawings in the *Knowsley Menagerie* (now a rare and highly-prized work among book collectors) are by Lear's hand. At Knowsley he became a permanent favourite; and it was there that he composed in prolific succession his charming and wonderful series of utterly nonsensical rhymes and drawings. Lear had already begun seriously to study landscape. When English winters began to threaten his health, Lord Derby started a subscription which enabled him to go to Rome as a student and artist, and no doubt gave him recommendations among Anglo-Roman society which laid the foundations of a numerous *clientèle*. It was in the Roman summers that Lear first began to exercise the taste for pictorial wandering which grew into a habit and a passion, to fill vivid and copious notebooks as he went, and to illustrate them by spirited and accurate drawings; and his first volume of *Illustrated Excursions in Italy*, published in 1846, is gratefully dedicated to his Knowsley patron.

Only those who have travelled with him could know what a delightful comrade he was to men whose tastes ran more or less parallel to his own. It was not everybody who could travel with him; for he was so irrepressibly anxious not to lose a moment of the time at his disposal for gathering into his garners the beauty and interest of the lands over which he journeyed that he was careless of comfort and health. Calabria, Sicily, the Desert of Sinai, Egypt and Nubia, Greece and Albania, Palestine, Syria, Athos, Candia, Montenegro, Zagóri (who knows now where Zagóri is, or was?), were as thoroughly explored and sketched by him as the more civilized localities of Malta, Corsica, and Corfu. He read insatiably before starting all the recognized guidebooks and histories of the country he intended to draw; and his published itineraries are marked by great strength and literary interest quite irrespectively of the illustrations. And he had his reward. It is not any ordinary journalist and sketcher who could have compelled from Tennyson such a tribute as lines "To E. L. on his Travels in Greece":—

> Illyrian woodlands, echoing falls
> Of water, sheets of summer glass,
> The long divine Peneïan pass,
> The vast Akrokeraunian walls,
>
> Tomohrit, Athos, all things fair,
> With such a pencil, such a pen,
> You shadow forth to distant men,
> I read and felt that I was there.

Lear was a man to whom, as to Tennyson's Ulysses,

> All experience is an arch wherethrough
> Gleams that untravelled world.

After settling at San Remo, and when he was nearly sixty years old, he determined to visit India and Ceylon. He started once and failed, being taken so ill at Suez that he was obliged to return. The next year he succeeded, and brought away some thousands of drawings of the most striking views from all three Presidencies and from the tropical island. His appetite for travel continued to grow with what it fed upon; and, although he hated a long sea-voyage, he used seriously to contemplate as possible a visit to relations in New Zealand. It may safely, however, be averred that no considerations would have tempted him to visit the Arctic regions.

A hard-working life, chequered by the odd adventures which happen to the odd and the adventurous and pass over the commonplace; a career, brightened by the high appreciation of unimpeachable critics; lightened, till of late, by the pleasant society and good wishes of innumerable friends; saddened by the growing pressure of ill health and solitude; cheered by his constant trust in the love and sympathy of those who knew him best, however far away; such was the life of Edward Lear.

THE FINANCIAL CRISIS IN INDIA.

THE announcement that the Government of India has found it necessary to impose additional taxation to the extent of 1¾ million sterling, is one for which those who have watched the course of Indian finance for several years past can scarcely have been unprepared. That course has been one of decline, so rapid, so continuous, and so serious, as to justify the very gravest anxiety. The story may be told in a few words. Up to the year 1882, whatever may have been the other embarrassments of the Indian Government, its financial position was unassailable. Confronted at once by a famine of unprecedented severity and a costly war, Lord Lytton and his Financial Minister had courageously met the emergency by the necessary taxation, and had provided a surplus, which was designed to supply the necessary means of defraying periodical famine expenditure and the other incidental outlay of a great empire. Substantial surpluses were the result. Apart from the special war expenditure, the revenues of 1879 and 1880 exceeded the expenditure by 3½ and 7 millions respectively, and the year 1881, notwithstanding the expenditure of 1½ million on military expeditions, and a loss of 3½ millions by exchange, showed a surplus of 2½ millions. Taking the fourteen years which ended with 1884, there resulted a net surplus of 4 millions. As during this period 20 millions had been spent in war, 14 millions in famine relief, 30 millions had been lost by the fall in exchange, and 6 millions had been devoted to "famine insurance," the result was one which seemed to justify a feeling of security. Even at this point, however, careful observers were sounding a note of danger, declaring that the position was not as strong as it looked, and that the fair day of Indian finance might easily be overcast. The financial equilibrium, it was pointed out, depended on various contingencies, all of which were beyond human control. Silver, opium, the due advent of the monsoon, the maintenance of peace, were matters which defied alike calculation and control.

The course of any one of them might, at any moment, strike a crushing blow at the Indian finances. Nor was the Exchequer as strong as it had been, for in 1882 Lord Ripon had presented the Indian taxpayer with a present of 3 millions by a remission of the Salt Duties, the Customs, and Local Cesses to that amount. Meanwhile the future of silver was precarious, opium was exposed to various alarming risks alike from competitors and philanthropists, and the condition of the military frontier on the North-West and of our military force in the country was declared by all competent authorities to be dangerously inadequate to meet contingencies which it was certain could not be for long ignored, and might, at any moment, call for immediate action. Before the year 1885 closed the soundness of these gloomy vaticinations became disagreeably apparent. The net receipts from opium dropped by a couple of millions, the fall of silver received a disastrous impulse, the movements of Russia in the neighbourhood of Herat necessitated an expenditure of more than two millions in preparing for a counter-demonstration in that direction, while at the opposite side of the Empire the affairs of Burmah called for the costly measures which have ever since formed so serious an item on the expenditure side of the Indian balance-sheet. The estimates for the year 1885 showed a surplus of half a million, the actual result showed a deficit of nearly three millions. A still more serious consideration presented itself in the fact that, by the general consent of all competent authorities, it was decided that the proper military precautions against Russian movements on the North-West Frontier must involve a permanent addition of two millions annually to the military expenditure. Stringent measures of economy were at once adopted. With such a balance-sheet it had become in vain to deal specially with an apparent surplus, and the 1½ million hitherto provided in excess of expenditure and known as the Famine Insurance Fund was absorbed. The Provincial Governments were constrained to divert half a million of their revenues from local improvements to meet Imperial necessities. An Income-tax was once again imposed. By these expedients a bare equilibrium was established; revenue and expenditure standing at about 76 millions sterling. Subsequently the causes of trouble have lost none of their force. Silver has fallen more disastrously than ever. The expenditure in Burmah has exceeded all anticipations. The new Convention with China has involved a permanent reduction in the proceeds of opium. The railway income has fallen short of the expectations of the estimates by nearly half a million. The year 1887 would, it was hoped, show an equilibrium at 77½ millions; but as early as last September this hope had already proved vain. The expenditure side of the account has sprung up to nearly 79 millions, and it has become necessary, if a deficit is to be avoided, to provide additional income to the extent of 1⅞ million. This is to be effected by an enhancement of the Salt-tax, and by a newly imposed duty on petroleum, an article, the large and increasing consumption of which has frequently of late years attracted attention and suggested it as a natural and appropriate contributor to the national revenue. By these measures, it is hoped, the financial equilibrium will be re-established. But how materially has the position of the Indian Exchequer altered for the worse! Instead of having, as it had to the close of 1883, a substantial surplus, ranging between 3 and 4 millions, of which about half was devoted to strengthening its position against future famine, the Government has been obliged to abandon its policy of famine insurance altogether, to divert half a million from the provincial exchequers to its own, to impose an Income-tax, which, small as are its proceeds—1⅜ million—presses painfully on its contributors, and now to raise a further sum of 1⅞ million by still further calls on the general taxpayer.

As to the expediency of the sources from which relief has been sought, no doubt is entertained in India, nor indeed can any rational person entertain a doubt. It is manifestly impossible to reimpose Customs duties which would involve a hot contest with the manufacturing interest in England, and rescind the policy which has been pursued by the Government with signal success for many years past. The growth of Indian trade has been, during a period of almost universal distress, signal and continuous. While the commerce of other nations has been at a standstill or has retrograded, the foreign trade of India has advanced from 102 millions sterling in 1874 to 162 millions in 1886. Any interference with it would be to strike a fatal blow at the prosperity of the country. Equally impossible would it be to enhance the Income-tax, which, as it is, falls with cruel severity on several classes, especially English officials, who have already been mulcted of a third of their income by the fall in exchange, and spares the very classes who have profited by it, the owners of produce for export. In the same way it would be in the highest degree inexpedient to reopen at such a moment the question whether the landed proprietors of Bengal might not be called upon to contribute more largely to the measures by which they have benefited so enormously and to the Government under which they have enjoyed such unexampled prosperity. There is, then, no other import but the Salt Duty by which the resources of the entire community can be reached. Nor need any hardship be occasioned. The tax is often selected by ignorant critics as a topic for denunciation. But its history shows that no denunciations can be more groundless. It was originally imposed in 1837 and the following years as a substitute for a system of transit duties and other local imposts, which were infinitely more oppressive to the people. The modifications carried out in 1882 with a view to its equalization involved a surrender of nearly 1½ million of revenue. The increase of consumption since the reduction of the rate has not realized all that was hoped, but it has been substantial. The annual consumption is now greater by about 24 millions of pounds than it was in 1882. The new taxation will not add appreciably to the cost of salt to the consumer. Even if it did, it was expressly announced when the reduction was made that the tax must be reserved as a resource to be drawn upon in time of trouble; and that time has certainly arrived. It has now become abundantly manifest that the remissions carried out with so much self-glorification by Lord Ripon were not justified by the real circumstances of the case. There were grave dangers ahead, which he deliberately left his successors to face as best they could. There were measures of military defence which called for immediate execution in the interests of the safety of the Empire which, with a scandalous recklessness, he chose to postpone. How serious was the risk the Government realized in 1885, when, at a moment's notice, it was obliged to spend a couple of millions in preparations, which luckily proved unnecessary, for a campaign in the Candahar plateau. Lord Dufferin at once realized the gravity of the position, and met it honourably and courageously. That in order to do so he has been obliged to call upon the Indian taxpayer for an unwelcome sacrifice means only that he is devoting to necessary measures of precaution the resources which his predecessor in office, in the shameless pursuit of popularity for himself and his party, had the hardihood to abandon.

YOUTH AND AGE IN POLITICS.

MR. GLADSTONE, who little more than a month ago completed his seventy-eighth year, will in a few days enter upon his fifty-sixth Parliamentary Session. It cannot be said of him that he has observed the Horatian precept and been consistent with his own beginnings. Rather, there has been a striking change, not merely of opinion, but in some respects of character. In common with most of the group of his University and Parliamentary contemporaries, who were afterwards known as Peelites, Mr. Gladstone during his earlier years in the House of Commons was remarkable for a certain decorous and puritanic solemnity. The gravity and stillness of his youth were as notable as those of Montano. The Peelites were essentially well-behaved young men, decent to the verge of smugness, modelling themselves in this respect upon their great Parliamentary chief. Mr. Gladstone, in fact, as a young man was the precise contradictory of what he has become as an old man. It would almost seem as if a miracle of the *Vice Versâ* order had been performed on him; and that while an aged spirit worked in his youthful frame, a boyish mind and temper has been imprisoned in the body of his old age. Cautious and circumspect during his earlier political life, he has become impulsive and reckless in his closing years. The nearest parallel of which we can think to his Irish adventure is to be found in the exploit of the Duke of Saldanha, who a few years ago, at the supposed age of ninety, put himself at the head of others of the ardent youth of Portugal, and stormed the Royal Palace at Lisbon. Age, as a great many commonplace illustrations and etymologies testify, has been usually considered as the period of true senatorial wisdom. Years are supposed to have a calming and moderating effect, and to bring the philosophic mind. Mr. Gladstone's political career seems likely to terminate in a whirlwind of passion. His old age is disorderly and turbulent. Other statesmen who have attained or approached to the term of life which he has reached have disentangled themselves from the connexions of party, and become the counsellors of the nation as a whole, the trusted and intimate advisers of the sovereign in emergencies which transcended the usual conditions of party government. Such was the position which towards the close of their careers the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, the Marquess of Lansdowne, and Lord Aberdeen occupied. Mr. Gladstone also has ceased to be the leader of a party; but only to become the ringleader of a faction, bent apparently upon disorder and turbulence out of doors, and upon impairing the efficiency of Parliamentary government. The decline has been precipitate, and it seems to verge upon a catastrophe, which is likely to overwhelm his political reputation, and which in this personal ruin threatens to bring down with it other things more precious to the nation than any individual repute.

Nearly half a century ago Mr. Disraeli propounded in *Coningsby* the doctrine that the future of England was in the hands of its youth. He proved his proposition by the historic method—by an enumeration of great warriors, great discoverers, great ecclesiastics, great statesmen, great lawyers, great poets, painters, and men of science who in early manhood or even in boyhood had marked the world by the greatest achievements. "The history of heroes," he inferred, "is the history of youth." The induction bears a striking resemblance to that by which Lord Macaulay, ridiculing the Baconian method with an imperfect understanding of it, proved, by way of reduction to an absurdity, that the prevalence of Jacobinism was owing to the practice of bearing three names. Charles James Fox, John Horne Tooke, Theobald Wolfe Tone, and others whom he cited were the positive instances. William Pitt, Henry Dundas, Edmund Burke, and some more were negative instances. It would have been as easy, if it had suited Mr. Disraeli's purpose, to prove the proposition of Cicero that the youth of a nation are more likely to be the ruin than the salvation of States, the great security of which lies in the balanced wisdom of old age. In our own time M.

Thiers, whose earlier manhood misled France into many disreputable and perilous adventures, in his wiser and more disinterested old age rescued his country, so far as rescue was possible, from the consequences of M. Émile Ollivier's youthful gaiety of heart. If Don John of Austria, as Mr. Disraeli reminds us, won Lepanto at twenty-five, Dandolo at over ninety took Constantinople by storm, and made Venice the Power which "held the glorious East in fee, and was the safeguard of the West." The Sophocles of the *Œdipus at Colonos* may be set against Byron and Burns dying at thirty-seven; the artistic old age of Titian against the artistic youth of Raphael; the papacy of Innocent XII., to say nothing of Leo XIII., against the papacy of Innocent III. and Leo X.; and the premiership of Lord Palmerston or of Lord Beaconsfield himself against the premiership of Mr. Pitt. Probably, however, Mr. Disraeli's doctrine of youth, advanced when he himself was somewhat beyond the confines of middle age, but had still a long way before him all that has made his career memorable, was not very seriously held by him as a law of history. He wrote rather as a moralist than as a philosopher; in the spirit of the sentence which, on the title-page of *Lothair*, he quoted from Terence—"Nósse omnia hæc salus est adolescentulis." There was always a good deal about Mr. Disraeli of the character which Mr. Squeers attributed to himself when he uttered the celebrated definition, "Squeers, a noun substantive, a instructor of youth." At the time when *Coningsby* was written Mr. Disraeli was the centre and master of the group of young men who were known as the "Young England" party. The age was one of frivolity and excess among the gilded youth of the day. The turf, the club, and the saloon were the haunts of a frivolous and jaded indolence. There is no need to attribute to Mr. Disraeli, with all the affectations and the eager personal ambition which marked that period of his life, any other than a generous motive in urging young men, whose rank and wealth exposed them to ignoble temptations, to "scorn delights and live laborious days," to give themselves up to arduous toil in the service of the State. It cannot be said with truth that Young England saved Old England. The Coningsbys and Millbanks, the Henry Sydneys, and Buckhursts and Veres, have not furnished their country with any pre-eminent ruler of men. But, not a few careers, respectable and even distinguished in English politics, owe possibly their first inspiration and their steadiness of purpose to Mr. Disraeli's insistence on the possibilities and responsibilities of youth and opportunity.

It is curious to note, however, that the half-century or thereabouts which has passed since Mr. Disraeli preached the doctrine that England was to be governed by its young men has been a period in which more completely than in any equal term of our history England has been in the hands of aged statesmen. Lord Palmerston, Lord Derby, Lord Russell, Lord Beaconsfield himself and Mr. Gladstone have been septuagenarian, or even octogenarian, Ministers. Two, at least, of these distinguished men exercised their most paramount ascendency over their countrymen when they had passed the conventional threescore and ten which is supposed to be the limit of natural life. The Boys who played a prominent part in Parliament during the Ministry of Walpole have no successors or representatives in public affairs at the present day. Politics have, to a great extent, ceased to be a separate profession, and the House of Commons is in a very secondary degree now the training school for a political career. Men make their way into it when they have spent the best years of their life and their amplest energies in other pursuits. The most distinguished public men who now sustain the reputation of the country for Parliamentary pre-eminence in the world had their training under political arrangements different from those which now prevail. Mr. Chamberlain is the only remarkable exception which the present House of Commons presents to this rule, the only instance of a man who, having made a fortune in business and a reputation in municipal affairs, has reached a foremost place among Parliamentary leaders. Mr. Bright has always been more of a Parliament-man than a business man; and Mr. Cobden's failure in trade was as signal as his success in political life. In present circumstances youth is almost out of the running in the race of public distinction and public service. The elder statesmen, to whose hands the conduct of affairs has almost of necessity been committed, have everything their own way. We cannot fairly judge as yet of the effect which this condition of things will have upon government in England; for these older statesmen are for the most part men, as we have said, who were trained under the old system, and have learned from a youth and middle age passed in office and in the House of Commons the business of office and of Parliamentary debate and management. It seems likely that the House of Commons of the next generation will be a House of Commons of middle-aged men, without training for public affairs. The prospect is not a hopeful one; but the morrow will doubtless make as good a provision as it usually does for the things of the morrow. There is in the English character an element of flexibility and of adaptation to political circumstances which is not, perhaps, so conspicuous on its purely intellectual and moral side. The need of guidance cannot, indeed, be trusted to ensure sound and upright guidance; but there would be faintheartedness in supposing that the resources of a national genius pre-eminent beyond all others in statesmanship are exhausted, and that men will be wanting to the imperative summons of the hour.

DRAMATIC RECORD.

THE late Tom Taylor's adaptation from *Le Retour de Melun* of MM. Brisebarre and Nue was revived last Saturday at the Olympic Theatre, where it was first produced twenty-five years ago, with Mr. Henry Neville and Mrs. Stephens in their original parts. The cast is a very strong one, containing as it does the names of Mr. Willard, Mr. Yorke Stephens, Mr. Julian Cross, and Mr. Calhaem, in addition to the two actors we have just mentioned. Those who have seen the play are not likely to forget that it is in many respects a remarkable one. The interest, though barely awakened until the close of the first act, is well sustained to the end. This is more than can be said for most of the plays produced of late years, where everything that can be made of the motive of the piece seems to be exhausted by the second act, and the third act has, as a rule, very little use, except as a vehicle for the display of elaborate scenery or upholstery, though it is sometimes used still for killing off a character or so. The piece contains four men's parts of the first importance, and no female character that could not be written *down* without materially injuring the main interest of the piece. Of course we could not now spare Mrs. Stephens's clever rendering of Mrs. Willoughby, the lodging-house keeper. But in the case of her son Sam it is different, and we could wish that the evil tradition of casting an actress, instead of an actor, for this part had not been adhered to. We must, however, admit, in justice to Miss Helen Leyton, who played the part, that she was fairly successful in her attempt to overcome the disability of her sex. No dramatist has, in a play of any considerable length, dared as yet to follow the successful departure made by Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Haggard in fiction and dispense with a love interest altogether, nor is there much likelihood that such an attempt will soon be made. We cannot remember any play, however, where the necessity for such an interest has received such grudging recognition. Our sympathies are aroused entirely by Jem Dalton, *alias* The Tiger, by Hawkshaw, the detective, and to a less extent by Bob Brierly—though this is no fault of Mr. Henry Neville's—and we care nothing about that colourless young person May Edwards, who falls in love with Bob Brierly on the shortest notice, and weeps her way through the piece. Mr. Henry Neville has managed to preserve an amount of life in his impersonation of the character of Bob Brierly which is certainly wonderful. His make-up was not very fortunate in the second act, where he has just returned from Portland convict prison; but the matter is not of much importance. We believe that this is Mr. Willard's first appearance on any stage in the character of Jem Dalton. If this be so, his performance must increase his already great reputation. The scene in the third act where Jem Dalton goes to the bill-broker's office disguised as a City man is alone worth going to see. Mr. Willard's make-up was perfect. In his snow-white wig and thin white beard, his frockcoat and light waistcoat, his identity with the Jem Dalton of the first act was entirely lost. It would be difficult to convey an idea of the distinction and finesse with which he played the scene. Mr. Yorke Stephens gave an impressive and sometimes even brilliant rendering of the character of Hawkshaw. Mr. Calhaem and Mr. Julian Cross, who appeared as Gibson and Melter Moss respectively, acted well without departing in any way from the traditions of their parts. Of Mrs. Stephens we have already spoken, and for the minor characters it may be said that they were adequately filled.

We desire to draw the attention of the lessee of this theatre to the utter absence of any provision for the comfort of the audience in the lobbies or elsewhere. Some too zealous person has been allowed to try his hand at ventilation, with the result that the whole house is like a barn. The present manager, too, might at least see that the stairs are kept decently clean.

It is difficult to know what to say about such a work as the comic opera *Babette*, lately produced at the Strand. It is not good enough to praise. The music lacks originality and appropriateness, the story is not very diverting, the construction has little ingenuity, the dialogue is without wit; yet M. Michiels, the composer, writes tunefully; at times a passage is skilfully orchestrated; the plot may be held to suffice, and there is little to call for harsh criticism in the book. It is not bad enough to blame. Everything depends upon the way in which pieces such as this are played; and the representation of *Babette* is neither very good nor very bad. Miss Camille d'Arville, the heroine, sings agreeably, acts cleverly, and altogether does very much to obtain for the opera such success as it has the fortune to secure. She is Babette, a peasant whose hand, according to the custom of the district in which she is the most attractive girl, is the prize of that lucky villager who, after the grapes have been gathered for the vintage, can pick out from a barrel the largest bunch. She has three lovers—a youthful Duke, a page, and a preposterous old Baron, who, of course, lights on the biggest bunch, and whose claims have to be evaded. Mr. Bracy is as satisfactory a representative of the Duke as could easily be found on the London stage, which is not well provided with the heroes of comic opera. *Babette* is understood to be the first attempt of M. Michiels to compose a comic opera. It is really hard to say whether he should be encouraged or discouraged. Worse music has become popular, and better has failed.

INCREASED BUYING OF INVESTMENT SECURITIES.

In spite of the apprehensions in Vienna, excited by the concentration of Russian troops in Poland, there has for the past couple of months been a very marked increase in the buying of sound investment securities. Prince Bismarck's famous speech in the Reichstag a year ago created a general belief throughout Europe that a great Continental war was impending, and as such a war would be attended by borrowing on a large scale on the part of the belligerent Governments, and by a vast demand, not only for the *matériel* of war, but for everything necessary for the maintenance of armies in the field, bankers desired to keep their funds well in hand, and merchants were equally eager to retain the means of supplying the anticipated demand. Further, investors of all classes foresaw that a heavy fall in the prices of Stock Exchange securities was likely, and therefore they suspended buying, in the hope of purchasing on terms more favourable to themselves. Peace was preserved throughout the year; but, nevertheless, investment-buying did not recommence. The result was towards the end of the year an extraordinary accumulation of unemployed money. Owing to the fears of war and to the financial difficulties in the United States the value of money throughout the greater part of the year had been high, and, consequently, the owners of this unemployed money were able to obtain a fair interest upon the money; but towards the close of the year the rates of interest and discount began to decline, and they have steadily fallen ever since, until at present the rate of discount in the open market in London is under 1½ per cent., and the rate of interest ranges from about 1 per cent. to 2 or 2½ per cent., according to the terms and the length of time for which the loans are made. It has become, in consequence, unprofitable to leave money on deposit, and equally unprofitable to lend it out on the Stock Exchange. Indeed, the demand for the Stock Exchange, not only in London, but upon the Continent and in the United States, is exceedingly small - so small that it is impossible to employ much of the money lying idle, the war scare at the beginning of last year having checked speculative business. Towards the close of last year, therefore, the purchases of sound-investment securities began, and the buying has steadily increased ever since. There is one exception—the Three per Cent. Funds of our own Government. The impression is very general that these funds will be converted very soon, and holders therefore are to a large extent selling. It may appear that the sales of Consols are the cause of the buying of other investment securities; but, though the sales of Consols necessarily occasion a demand for other securities, they do not account for the whole of the buying that is going on, because the buying is not confined to this country, it is general upon the Continent as well as in the United States. The real explanation of the buying is the accumulation of unemployed money to which we have been referring. And that this is so is further evident from the fact that speculative business is still very small. With the exception of some metals—notably copper and tin—and mining shares, there is, indeed, exceedingly little speculation upon the Stock Exchange either at home or abroad. From this it seems to follow that it is not merely greater confidence in the political situation that is encouraging investors. No doubt the number of alarms that have been gone through is gradually accustoming investors to look with less apprehension to the future. As war has been staved off so long, they are hoping that it will be postponed still longer. But, if political alarms had completely subsided, there would be a revival of speculation; and, since there is not a revival of speculation, it is clear that the real motive for the large purchases of investment securities of all kinds is the unwillingness of the saving classes to allow their money to lie idle any longer when they can obtain for that money such exceedingly low rates of interest.

Some years ago Mr. Giffen estimated that the annual savings of this country between 1865 and 1875 averaged about 240 millions sterling. Since 1875, no doubt, the rate of saving has been less; but still the annual savings at home are enormously large. In the United States it is believed that the annual savings exceed those of the United Kingdom. The savings of France are less than those of either England or the United States, but they also are very large; and, while Germany, Italy, Austria-Hungary, and Russia are comparatively poor, their aggregate annual savings mount up to a considerable sum. The total thus arrived at is vast; and, while it is quite true that the greater part of the annual savings are reinvested in the businesses of those who save, there yet remains a considerable balance which is every year invested in Stock Exchange securities. When the investment is suspended for nearly a year, the amount of savings becomes very great indeed, and at last the impatience of the saving classes grows so great that they begin investing, no matter what their anticipations as to the future may be. They consider that the loss of interest in the present will destroy the advantage that might be gained by waiting longer in the hope of buying on more favourable terms. It is a noteworthy feature of this large investment-buying that the saving classes in this country are purchasing more largely just now the very best American bonds than they have done for many years past. Hitherto investors proper have looked with suspicion upon American railroad securities of every kind. Those securities have been left very largely to the home market and to speculators in Europe. But now the very best classes of investment securities at home have risen to so high a price that investors are buying largely high-class American bonds—the bonds, that is, of the great railroad Companies which pay high rates of dividend, and which are, therefore, reasonably certain to be able to continue to pay the interest on the bonds, however trade may fall off in the United States. When, for instance, an investor holds a bond that used to pay him 4 per cent., and now finds that the price has risen so high that it yields only 3½ per cent., or perhaps less, he is tempted to sell the security he has held, and to look out for some other security reasonably safe that will give him the old rate of interest. The large buying that is going on is thus attended by a very considerable shifting of securities. Securities that used to yield 4 per cent., and now yield less, are sold by the old holders and bought by persons who formerly held Consols that yielded them 3 per cent. or thereabouts. Other bonds that yield 4 per cent. are bought, and the sellers of those other bonds look out for other classes of securities that yield a higher rate of interest, and so the process goes on from step to step. After a while it is reasonable to expect that the supply of sound investment securities will fail. Then investors of the more speculative kind will have to buy dividend-paying stocks—stocks, that is, whose annual yield varies according to the conditions of the time and place—and the buying of dividend-paying stocks will lead in due course to the buying of purely speculative stocks, purchasers hoping that they will receive in the capital appreciation of what they purchase compensation for the non-receipt of dividend. This of course, however, will depend upon the maintenance of peace. The outbreak of a Continental war would derange all calculations. It would raise the value of money, would stop investment-buying, and would probably—for the time, at least—disturb all the money markets of Europe. If, however, peace is preserved, it seems reasonably certain that the investment-buying that is going on must result in a revival of speculation.

One of the consequences of the continuance of investment-buying that may be reasonably foretold is a large increase in the issue of new Companies of all kinds. When the public is looking out for investments that will yield a better return than the old investments, they are always inclined to subscribe to new issues. Buying on the scale that is now going on leads necessarily to a marked rise in prices, and every rise in price, of course, lowers the return upon the money invested. It is one of the characteristics of the past dozen years that there has been outside of North and South America very little creation of new securities. It is, indeed, this absence of new securities of a high class that is leading to the extraordinary appreciation of old securities. In this absence of new securities there is a strong inducement for promoters to bring out new undertakings, and we expect to see, therefore, if peace is maintained and investment-buying goes on, a very large increase in new issues of all kinds in the present year. It will behove investors to be very careful in their investigation of these new securities. Many of them doubtless will be perfectly good, but many, also, will be exceedingly bad, and, unless much caution and judgment are exercised, the investors in the latter class will suffer heavy loss. At the same time the promotion of new issues will tend to improve trade. The public having more money than they can safely and profitably invest in the securities now existing, will be more inclined than they have been for some time past to encourage new ventures; and new ventures, if wisely conceived, will, of course, tend to improve trade. As regards the demand for sound American railroad bonds, to which we referred above, that will obviously tend to revive railroad building. Owing to the extreme dearness and scarcity of money last year the railroad Companies were compelled to drop to a very large extent the plans for new lines which they had conceived. The new lines built since 1885 had been constructed by the aid of money obtained from bankers upon bonds created for the purpose. A vast mass of such new bonds had accumulated in the hands of the accommodating bankers, and as capitalists throughout the United States in the course of the summer were able to obtain from 6 to 12, and even 14, per cent. in lending money upon bills for a short time, they were unwilling to buy bonds that yielded only 5 or 6 per cent. Consequently the railroad Companies were not able to obtain advances to continue their operations. The springing up of the demand for sound American bonds in Europe has relieved the bankers who took the new bonds. By selling in Europe old bonds of well-established soundness they obtained money enough to relieve themselves from any difficulties that might be apprehended, and at the same time the fall in the rate of interest throughout the United States has induced investors there to buy second and third class bonds. In this way it is estimated that fully half the new bonds created since the summer of 1885 have now been taken up by real investors, and if the investment-buying in Europe and America continues the probability appears to be that in the course of a few months more the bankers will be entirely relieved from the load of new bonds which quite lately they were financing. Then they will be in a position to accommodate once more the railroad Companies, and we may expect to see, consequently, a fresh start in railroad building. Railroad building upon a large scale will create a strong demand for iron and steel and for coal, and, consequently, new activity will be imparted to the iron and coal trades. It is quite true that the capacity of the United States for producing both iron and coal is now so great that but little is required to be obtained from Europe. Still, the productive capacity is not quite equal to the whole demand in periods of active railway building, and consequently there will be again a demand for English iron and coal if railroad building becomes as active as it was twelve months ago. The final result, then, of the buying of sound-investment

securities which is now going on will be, if peace is preserved, a revival of speculation, an inducement to promoters to bring out new Companies of all kinds, a resumption of railroad building upon a large scale in the United States, and a decided improvement in the American iron and coal trades, which will impart some greater activity to the iron and coal trades here also.

MINOR GALLERIES.

THE late M. Monticelli's pictures exhibited at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Gallery do not altogether improve upon an intimate acquaintance. It is impossible to deny genius to the man who painted them, and yet no one can be justified who takes upon him to maintain that he was a genuine artist. We may almost say that he was gorgeously lacking in sincerity. "A king of shreds and patches," he adapted the motives and the means of execution of all sorts and conditions of painters, and with infinite care and shrewd dexterity wove out of them a mantle for himself, which, considered as the foundation of a serious reputation, may not inaptly be likened to the lion's skin which Tartarin sent home to Tarascon. Monticelli was a "méridional méridionalisant"—a tall man of his hands—of an exquisite sensibility to physical impressions, dramatic, over-emphatic, fanciful, wholly devoid of real imagination, and determined, at all costs, to appear original. The impression left upon the eye after seeing his pictures is one of great fatigue. It has been claimed for him that he was a colourist; but there is no science of colour based upon the great facts of nature to be met with in any picture in the present collection. In many instances a brilliant effect is obtained; but this result is attained to through the knowing artifices of the scene-painter rather than through the patient observation of the artist. Notably in his landscapes a false effect of sunlight is given by the foreground being painted in a higher key than the sky, and by the shadows in the trees being indicated by an uncompromising dark red. Many of these pictures would be wholly admirable considered as designs to be executed in some other material—such, for example, as the Montigny ware—but they do not fulfil the requirements of the medium in which they have been given to the world. A striking instance of the crying sin of worthless artificiality to which Monticelli was addicted is to be found in his picture of a banquet, in which the lights and lustres of a chandelier, which is apparently the source of light in the scene represented, are distinctly lower in tone than many of the objects upon which the rays from the chandelier are cast. Such examples abound throughout his work, and may be dismissed without further comment. It is a more congenial task to follow him in the execution of such pictures as "L'Invocation aux Dieux" and "Au Clair de Lune," which may fairly be accepted and judged as eminently successful set scenes, frankly arbitrary in conception and execution, in which form and colour are authoritatively combined to produce a delightful impression. In such pictures everything in the nature of local truth of tone or colour is deliberately and justly set at defiance, and we have only to consider whether the result is pleasing or the reverse. It is very pleasing, and in these works and in "Dolce far niente," in which bright and delicate tones of flesh are skilfully picked out from a red ground, it seems to us that we see Monticelli in his most congenial atmosphere. Here neither distinguished form nor exquisite yet strong colour are wanting, yet even here we are haunted by continual reminiscences and suggestions of other artists. It may, as a matter of fact, be doubted whether he had a very strong personality. It would, for example, be beside the mark to endeavour to compare him seriously to such a man as Goya, yet there is something in him which involuntarily suggests the comparison, unjust as it is, and certainly damaging to Monticelli. Of his peculiar method of execution it is hardly necessary to speak; it was, in the main, founded upon that of Diaz in his least truthful period, and has not led to any achievement on his part which might not have been compassed by employing simpler means. We may cite among the most remarkable productions in the present collection "Au Bord de la Mer" (13), "Dames et Cavaliers dans un Jardin" (35), "Paysage—Automne" (36), and "Fête dans le Jardin d'un Palais" (41). The exhibition of Monticelli's works is undoubtedly interesting, but will leave the aims and conditions of painting much where it found them.

Mr. Bearne's exhibition of water-colours at Mr. M'Lean's Gallery is decidedly promising. Mr. Bearne has a distinctly personal note, though it is not, perhaps, a very strong one. We prefer his sketches of Italy to those of Switzerland, but then Switzerland is a less paintable country. Mr. Bearne would do well to rid himself of the woolly execution which he affects, and to be a trifle more frank in his juxtaposition of tones. His study of the "Ponte Vecchio by Moonlight" is interesting and true, and the same may be said of his view of the "Duomo and Campanile from Old Market, Florence." The scene which he has selected from San Remo is vigorously rendered, and in the main sincere, though rather too yellow in general effect to be quite locally true. Among his Swiss studies, No. 18, "From the Churchyard, Grindelwald," seems to us the most successful.

RECENT MATINÉES.

AN interesting matinée performance was given late last week at the Prince of Wales's Theatre of a version of Alphonse Daudet's *Arlésienne*, by Mr. Jocelyn Brandon, and entitled *The Love that Kills*. M. Daudet's piece was originally produced at the Vaudeville in 1872, and recently revived with some success at the Odéon. Mr. Brandon has done his work very well indeed, and he shows therein that he possesses dramatic instinct of a high order, and it is unfortunate that he did not employ it on a worthier piece; for *L'Arlésienne*, when first represented on the boards of a Parisian theatre, was voted dull and unprofitable. The plot of this drama will, we fear, never interest an average English audience, for its character is far too Southern, and the passions it depicts are even abnormal in that ardent region, where suicides induced by the pangs of unrequited love are but too frequent. Fréderi, the son of a wealthy farmer's widow named Rose, has fallen in love and into the clutches of a scheming Arlésienne adventuress, and is about to be married to her, with the consent of his mother, who, like himself, believes her to be virtuous. Just as the ceremony is about to begin a horsedealer arrives in great haste to prevent the marriage, by producing irrefutable proof that the beauty of Arles is a woman of infamous life. On hearing this unpleasant news, Fréderi almost loses his reason—a sad state of affairs that does not rouse the sympathy of the audience, since the beautiful wanton never appears once throughout the piece. Rose hopes that Vivette, an innocent girl, will be able to wean her son from his mad passion for the Arlésienne. Fréderi at first appears to forget the adventuress and to be consoling himself with the purer love of Vivette. But a sudden encounter with his rival in the affections of the adventuress drives him to distraction and revives the fierce love which can only be calmed in death. His mother after this watches him night and day, fearing mischief. But he contrives to evade her, rushes past her with much violence, climbs the granary staircase, and throws himself from the window of its lofty tower, to fall bruised and dying at her feet. So gloomy a story is not calculated to produce a very agreeable play, and this notwithstanding the magnificent overture and incidental music composed expressly for it by Bizet. This music, which is well known to amateurs, was exceedingly well performed by a large orchestra under the able lead of Mr. Ivan Caryll, and the choruses were charmingly sung by the members of the *Dorothy* company. The preludes and the few bars preceding the entry of the principal performers, written somewhat after the fashion of Wagner's *leit* music, were now heard for the first time, and, although naturally very brief, they manifested the same exquisite quality which distinguishes the better known portions of this delightful composition. To Miss Sophie Eyre fell the honours of the acting, and her performance was conspicuously Southern in its intensity and capriciousness. Most powerful in the scene in which her son kills himself, she displayed really exquisite tenderness in the earlier scenes when watching Fréderi's every movement, feeling certain that his mind may easily be unbalanced by so cruel a blow as the one which has been inflicted upon him by the Arlésienne. Miss Norreys played the part of Vivette, which was originally sustained by Mlle. Bartet, and did it justice, although her pathos was, as usual with her, less interesting than her comedy. Mr. Laurence Cautley's Fréderi was an impassioned and forcible performance, and Mr. Julian Cross made an excellent Balthazar, the solemn spokesman of a trio of old men who form the family council, and who after a time become very wearisome by reason of their numerous predictions of evil and their never-ending allusions to troubles which have nothing whatever to do with the plot. Mr. Arthur Williams was Patron Marc, a brother of Rose, and the conceited captain of a sailing-vessel. He presented rather the appearance of a thin Captain Cuttle than that of a seafarer of the Mediterranean. Miss Clara Jecks as Bibi, an idiot boy, made a marked impression by her clever and unexaggerated acting of a difficult part.

Considerable excellent work of a purely literary sort is displayed throughout Mrs. Oscar Beringer's play *Tares*, produced on Tuesday afternoon last at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, but she has unquestionably employed her talent upon a subject which contains so many fatal flaws that it is scarcely likely ever to prove successful. The plot turns upon the subject of the misfortunes of the daughter of a hunting rector, who nurses a morbid affection for the forsaken child of a guilty relationship which has existed between the man she was formerly engaged to and an adventuress. Unquestionably the author works against human nature, for the conduct of Margaret Gyde, in wishing to sacrifice her own reputation in order to retain the little lad with her when its mother demands its restitution is a matter which surpasses belief. It is quite true that she has loved passionately Nigel Chester, the father of this child, in days gone by, but it is equally true that his seduction of Rachel Dennison occurred at a time when he was actually courting her. To be brief, we will pass over a number of events which would take too long a time to narrate here, and remark upon the climax of this piece, which is, to say the least, singular. Rachel returns to the rectory, and at the instigation of Mr. Chester's evil-minded cousin Luke insists upon her child being given back to her; for Luke fears that, should his cousin marry Margaret, who has become reconciled to him, he will not inherit certain large estates. At first Rachel, under the name of Mrs. Stanhope, sternly refuses any compromise. She will have her boy at all costs, however great may be the pain she inflicts upon the woman who has reared it

with so much tenderness and care; but in time her heart is touched, and she relinquishes her natural claim. Then, when she is left alone to ponder over matters, Luke appears upon the scene, and, finding that she has disobeyed his commands, in a furious fit of anger springs at her throat and throttles her. This is a climax the audience scarcely expected, and which Mrs. Beringer has not worked up in an artistic manner at all; for the curtain falls on the dead Rachel without it being made certain that Mr. Chester will marry Margaret, or that the assassin Luke will be brought to justice. And Rachel, whose throat has been so much injured that death ensues, walks about, delivers speeches, and even answers Margaret and Nigel that she alone is guilty of the act which soon puts an end to her existence. The literary part of this drama is powerful. It is so interesting that the many incongruities of the plot pass almost unperceived, and this is notably the case in the scene between the real and the foster-mother, in which Miss Sophie Eyre and Miss Janet Achurch displayed their remarkable histrionic ability to much advantage. But, admirable as is the dialogue, it also has many blemishes, being thickly sprinkled with coarse allusions, and the frequent invocations to the Deity by his holiest synonyms—"Almighty," "Creator of the world," "Maker of us both," &c.—are painfully offensive and in the worst possible taste. Mr. Forbes Robertson made a "hit" by his forcible acting of the part of Chester, and Miss Vera Beringer was perfectly natural as the little boy Jack.

A comedietta by an anonymous author was produced at the Criterion last week with some success. The French piece from which it was translated and adapted is entitled *La Femme qui Pleure*, and the English version, *Why Women Weep*. Its plot is absurdly strained, and not worth relating; but the acting of it was so excellent as to atone in a manner for its improbability. Miss Norreys, Miss Ffolliott Paget, Mr. Edward Emery, Mr. Sydney Brough, and Mr. George Giddens did all they could to rescue the trifle from the fate of existing but for a single evening, like the night-blooming Cereus.

THE LONDON SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

MR. HENSCHEL offered good entertainment in his programme on Thursday in the way of classical and of modern music. Schumann's Overture to *Manfred* stood first on the list, and it was played vigorously, if not with all the point that could be wished. The strings, hardly strong enough by the way, did not always shine out clearly, and so some of the furious themes were occasionally involved in an undesirably confused roar of instrumentation. Beethoven's "Concerto in G for Piano" (No. 4) followed, and was placed in the hands of one of the most capable of modern players. This Concerto, if not the best of concertos, at least the most adapted to the qualities of its instrument, has seemed from her first dealing with it admirably suited to the talent of Miss Fanny Davies. This sympathetic artist always had a delightful touch, but every time we hear her she has improved in richness and depth of sentiment. On this occasion a quite masterly style of phrasing gave full value to the purity of touch with which she executed the graceful gambolling passages of the first movement. The "Andante" we have seldom heard performed with greater taste. Both the soloist and the orchestra deserve the highest praise. The final "Rondo" might have come in with more effect perhaps; but the players soon warmed to their work, and Miss Davies gave a rendering of her part remarkable at once for its fluency and its quiet artistic reticence of effect.

The Symphony of the day was Mozart's, in G Minor. We cannot give entirely unqualified praise to this rendering of one of Mozart's greatest and most mature works. The music certainly deserved a more careful and more elegant interpretation. The "Allegro molto" entered too slowly and with too ponderous and lumpy an expression. Though marked "Andante" the second movement might have been less dull and more intrepid. The beautiful piquancy of the fragmentary melodies demanded a lighter and more pointed execution. The "Minuetto," although perhaps a little lumbering, was carried off on the whole with more vigour, while the last movement pleased us best of all. The impetuous rush of the first subject of this "Allegro Assai," with its mad plunging intervals, was given with plenty of force and spirit, and if the second subject would have been the better for greater sweetness of tone, the rendering of the movement was on the whole eminently satisfactory.

It appears that Mr. G. Marshall-Hall, though a young man, has already written a good deal of music which has never been performed. His "Scena" (The Defence of Earl Godwin before the Witan) from the opera *Harold* shows considerable knowledge, and may be called promising in a young man. He is, however, at present hardly original. He borrows his idea of dramatic writing, as well as his idea of dramatic subject, from Wagner. Earl Godwin's speech appeared, though finely, too heavily orchestral. The voice was not important enough, and the words were set hysterically without any idea of dignified declamation. The ballad, "Count Eustace," was a great success, however, and deservedly, as the lines are set straightforwardly and with great spirit. Wagner's Overture to *The Mastersingers of Nuremburg* closed the concert with more fracas than was necessary.

TEA WITHOUT TOAST.

I ASSURE ye, Mr. Clancy, 'tis a mere malicious fancy
This report about a banquet having been
Set afoot, and dropped by stealth lest we'd have to drink the health,
After dinner, of Her Majesty the Queen.
'Tis a slander diabolic that we ever meant to rollick
With our two distinguished visitors at all,
Or so frivolously *fête* any statesmen so sedate—
Ye might just as well propose a fancy ball.
I'm unable to make out how the story got about;
Give a dinner? How unlikely! how absurd!
Though my feelings I would smother, may I never eat another
If a soul in Dublin ever said the word.
But when Tim Maloney asked if my brains I hadn't tasked
How to give our hospitality its fling,
Then said I to Tim Maloney, "Hold a conversazione,"
And said Tim to me, "Bedad! the very thing."

Both the jaynius of the race and the spirit of the place
Such a function better suits, we all agree,
And no patriot of desert 'll prefer champagne and turtle
To a muffin and a simple cup of tea.
Yes, that that was all that passed on the subject, first and last,
That no dinner was proposed of any sort,
And that, save prefixed by "buttered," the word "toast" was never uttered,
I would readily make oath in any court.
It appeared to us a feast wouldn't help the cause the least,
And we settled that to give a "crush" at nine
Would be greatly more effectual, and far more intellectual,
Than at six o'clock to, greatly daring, dine.
And we liked, we all confessed, such an entertainment best
As permitted us our wives to it to bring,
And, in fact, the verdict ran of the ladies to a man
That a conversazione was the thing.

They have never held the creed that to see their husbands feed
Is among the sights that elevating are,
And they want to know the heroes who denounce our modern Neros,
And whom now they only worship from afar.
Since to pay their homage, then, to these most distinguished men
Is a thing that they have set their hearts upon,
They will never be contented till they all have been presented
To the Marquess and Right Honourable John.
'Twill be surely understood that all these are reasons good
Why no banquet in our programme finds a place,
For that such a formal function as a dinner or a lunction
Would altogether fail to meet the case.
But, be that as it may, I emphatically say,
And most firmly to the statement I will cling,
Our Committee, undivided and unanimous, decided
That a conversazione was the thing.

So 'tis monstrous to pretend, as they say you do, my friend,
That a banquet, never thought about, has been
Dropped—burked—suppressed by stealth, because we daren't propose the health,
After dinner, of Her Majesty the Queen.
Such suspicions trouble sorely the repose of Mr. M-rl-y,
As distinctly from his protest you may see,
While the worshipful Lord R-p-n has at once upon his lip an
Exclamation of offended loyaltee.
There are some who may be sorry that, although we give a swarry,
We must leave the "leg of mutton biled" alone
(And Sir G-rge Tr-v-ly-n wished, when the dinner should be dished,
To supply the joint with trimmings of his own).
Yet I still protest and vow, you know all our reasons now,
'Tis a matter of convenience at most,
Not because we view the mention of the Queen with apprehension
That we mean to give the tea without the toast.

REVIEWS.

THE PATRONAGE OF ART IN FRANCE.*

THIS dry financial statement, with its lists of proper names and long tables of figures, is a husk which contains a singularly interesting kernel. It is a section of the French Budget which resembles nothing which our own Treasury publishes, and it enables us to define very exactly what it is that France does for the encouragement of the fine arts in her midst. It also gives us an idea of what the duties, privileges, and responsibilities of an English Minister of Fine Arts would be if we could ever persuade our own Government to found such a department. The official theory of fine art in France is that it is a branch of the higher education. When Emerson and Margaret Fuller went to the

* *Rapport présenté au nom de la Commission du budget chargée d'examiner le projet de loi portant fixation du budget général de l'exercice 1888, Ministère de l'instruction publique, des cultes et des beaux-arts.* Section II. Service des Beaux-Arts. Par M. Henry Maret, député. Direction du "Journal Officiel." 1888.

opera to see Taglioni dance, the former remarked that this was poetry. "No, Waldo," his remarkable companion exclaimed, "this is religion!" The French seem to have something of the same opinion; for all the arts, including the opera and the ballet, find themselves marshalled with education and religion, under the protection of a single Minister. The sympathy which this branch of the service meets with in France is very considerable, though perhaps a little less universal than British critics of our own system are accustomed to believe. It is certainly surprising, in the face of the apparent zeal for the living arts in France, to find that the budget of this department has for several years been persistently reduced, and that some Radical politicians clamour for the entire separation of fine art from the protection of the State. There have been several notable appeals to the better feeling of the nation to adopt a more generous policy. The museums of France bitterly complain that England and Germany are able to enrich themselves with the monuments of antiquity far better than the French can, and, oddly enough, M. Antonin Proust was eloquently pointing to the progressive grants made by the English Government at the very moment when Lord Randolph Churchill was cutting down the British Museum. We look to France with envy, only to find that France is envious of us. The heart of every nation knoweth its own bitterness!

The fact becomes obvious after careful investigation of this Report, that while the total sums expended by England and France respectively are not widely different, the mode in which those sums are spent is very distinct. England spends almost nothing on living art, except occasionally on architecture. France encourages the drama and music, painting and sculpture, even lithography and etching, with money out of her treasury. There are fifteen *coryphées* in the French Civil Service, and four individuals drawing large salaries who are distinguished as "Soprani-dramatique-Falcon." There are twenty-four *figurantes* in the service of their country, but the pay of these ladies is no great burden on the pockets of the ratepayers. In studying the tables before us we cannot help being struck by the minute and sympathetic attention shown in them to all the details of the various contemporary arts. This is very Parisian. Who can imagine an English Minister stooping to inquire whether one dramatist draws larger audiences than another, or who is the most promising sculptor of the year?

The details connected with the service of the theatres are fascinating. As far as the Comédie Française is concerned the figures for 1887 are not completely given. So fully as they were published, however, they show a slight tendency on the part of M. Claretie to subordinate the "*répertoire ancien*" to the "*répertoire moderne*." We hope that this will not be carried too far. In 1886 Molière still held his old ascendency. He was played sixty times, Racine twenty-one times, and Corneille fourteen times, *L'Avare* and *Les Précieuses Ridicules* being by far the most often repeated of the old plays. In all, in 1886, eighty pieces were played seven hundred and fifty times at the Théâtre Français. During the season that has just closed the great successes, as the Report does not fail to note, have been *Hamlet* and *Francillon*, and unusual pains and cost have been expended in the *mise-en-scène* of these plays. A little item of statistical information never collected before 1886 may be worth quoting. In that year 307,785 persons paid for their seats at the Comédie Française, and 156,412 took places gratuitously. The audience of the troupe of the Français, therefore, may be roughly estimated at half a million persons a year—a goodly number to have entered the doors of the national museum of French dramatic literature. In regard to the Odéon, the Report speaks in highly favourable terms of the success of the classical representations started at this theatre, and also of those, which amused and puzzled some English writers on education, especially destined for schools.

The support of the drama is less novel an idea to us in this country than the elaborate patronage of the plastic arts now carried on in France. In this country, save on the very rare occasions when a Maclise or an Armstead is called upon to decorate a public building with paintings or sculptures, the State buys no modern art. The British Government has, in the past, been generous and even on occasion lavish, in the purchase of works of deceased masters. But what a flutter it would cause in artistic bosoms, what trembling between hope and fear, if it were part of the duty of Mr. Plunket to attend the private view of the Royal Academy every year, with the intention of selecting a number of works for the State. Yet England is perhaps the only country of Europe where, to some extent, this is not done; and in France it occupies a great deal of public attention. For instance, no less than fifty-two pictures of one sort or another, from M. Roll's enormous canvas down to a lithograph, as well as twenty-two pieces of sculpture, were purchased by the French Government from the Salon of 1887. It is very easy to see what an encouragement this must be to all sorts and conditions of artists. The only thing we have like it in this country is the Chantry Bequest, under the regulations of which a certain considerable sum of money has to be spent annually in the purchase of pictures or sculpture from the Royal Academy Exhibition of the year. This has proved to be a great encouragement to our native art; but it is a very small, and moreover a private or semi-private, benefaction, while the "achats du Salon" are numerous and national.

The prices given for works of art by the State in France are looked upon as honorary and almost nominal. That is to say, they do not in any degree represent the value of a successful artist's work in the window of a picture-dealer. The ordinary art-student's notion even exaggerates this smallness of price, and you will be told in a Paris studio that 40*l.* is the maximum beyond which the State never goes in making an offer for the largest and most important picture. The Report before us shows the absurdity of this legend, while still displaying a series of exceedingly modest prices. The highest sum given for a picture in 1887 was 7,000 francs for the "Marche en avant" of Roll, to which we have just alluded. The very striking Artois scene of M. Tattegrain, "Les Casselois," fetched 6,000 francs; of course, an absurd price for a picture of that importance. But it must be recollected that enormous canvases are of no other use than to attract a gaping public for a season in the Salon, and then to adorn the largest wall of some provincial museum, and also that the advertisement of public purchase is a very valuable one. As for the legendary 40*l.*, however, it is worthy of notice that no fewer than forty-three of the pictures bought in 1887 exceeded this absurdly supposed limit in price.

Larger sums were paid for the pieces of sculpture purchased, as indeed the costly materials of bronze and marble demanded. For M. Cornu Vital's beautiful bronze group of "Belles Vendanges" 11,000 francs were given—a very small sum, and one which could not directly repay the sculptor, yet the highest record of State price in the Salon of 1887. M. Cadoux received 10,000 francs for his marble group of "A la Fontaine." But the State does not merely purchase modern works of art, it sometimes orders them, and pays down part of the price beforehand, in order to help the artist. In these cases the Government, like any private amateur, occasionally gets taken in, and the reader of this grave Report smiles at a note which informs him that a certain landscape-painter who received a commission for a picture in 1870, and who, moreover, had drawn out five-sixths of the stipulated sum, has died without finding time to paint the landscape that was ordered so long ago. In giving these commissions, the State sometimes goes far beyond the limit of price customary for purchases from the Salon. For instance, we find that M. Turcan, whose plaster model of "L'Aveugle et le Paralytique" was one of the notable ornaments of the Salon of 1883, was desired to execute this group in marble for the Government for the not extravagant, but certainly not absurdly low, figure of 18,000 francs.

It may be, no doubt, that for political purposes it has suited certain personages in the Chamber to oppose the expenditure on art to which we have briefly called attention. But there can be little question that this expenditure is popular, not merely with the educated and professional classes, but with the artisan, and even the peasant. Each department in France has a provincial museum in its chief city, and this museum owes its attraction with the vulgar, not to its Roman coins and bracelets, not to its scraps of Old Masters, but to the living, bright art which comes to it from the Ministère des Beaux Arts. We were once ourselves witness in a very remote department of France of the eagerness with which a crowd, largely of peasants in their Sunday best, welcomed the unveiling in their museum of a brand-new picture, as large as the side of a barn, which had come straight from the Salon. Some day, it cannot be doubted, the claims of modern art, whether plastic or dramatic, will be forced on the English Government. The people tax themselves for parks and public libraries already. There is only a step from the grant for South Kensington to one for a national theatre and for national collections of contemporary painting and sculpture. The advantage to the public is one which is easily perceived, even if its degree be denied. What is not always so clearly noticed is the advantage to the artist. At the present time we have almost a mania for giving scholarships, prizes, purses, and the like, as incentives to very young men and as aids to their education. In an enormous majority of cases the show of juvenile talent which led to this expenditure proves to be illusory, and the money is wasted, with no encouragement to art. But, while we nurse the seeds which may possibly spring up and bear blossom, we neglect entirely the plants which have proved their flowering capacity. The theory is that these form a group which needs no help, which is secure of success. But this is often very far from being the case, and a man of real genius, struggling through poverty to bring great visions to the birth, sees sums of money lavished upon boys of no real talent which, if expended in a moderate commission on his own work, would enable him to produce a genuine masterpiece. In France, at all events, as the interesting Report before us shows, the artist has not this source of complaint. If he can prove that he is capable of a great undertaking, and deserves to be helped to execute it, he has a very good chance of being helped to do so by the State. The consequence is that, whatever does not flourish in France, the plastic arts do.

NOVELS.*

VERSATILE Mr. William Westall has led many willing readers into strange places before now, but now he intro-

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* *A Fair Crusader: a Story of To-day.* By William Westall, Author of "Two Pinches of Snuff" &c. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1888.

Young Mistley. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1888.

Uncle Bob's Niece. A Novel. By Leslie Keith, Author of "The Chilcotes" &c. London: Ward & Downey. 1888.

The Passenger from Scotland Yard. By H. F. Wood. London: Chatto & Windus. 1888.

duces them to something stranger than ever. He has not laid bare the wonders of an unknown race of civilized aborigines defying Mr. Hall Caine in the inward parts of the Isle of Man, nor has he described a curious people inhabiting the South Pole, the bottom of the sea, or any other unexplored parts of the world; but he has discovered what is, at least, equally remarkable—the "Salvation Army" as it appears to the people—if any—who believe in it. His heroine, for no better reason than that the bridegroom whom she married without caring for him in the lightness of her girlish heart was compelled to go straight from the wedding-breakfast-table to penal servitude, becomes a "Salvationist," and goes about preaching the beautiful doctrine that it is of no use to be good without being vulgar, and that noise and profanity are the only effective agents in the spread of practical Christianity. Happily at the end of the book she is herself rescued by a noble being who wears a long beard and a golden chain (whereto hangs an irrelevant tale), and has been so fortunate as to serve in the armies first of the E. I. C., then of Her Majesty, and finally of a native prince, who reluctantly dismissed him with a gratuity of 10,000*l.* and "a handful of diamonds," then to make a large fortune in cotton, and finally to come home to spend it as a gentleman at large, and all by the time he reaches the mature age of thirty-five. This favoured individual, whose name is George Brandon, is, as may be supposed, a man of some sense, and we strongly suspect that Mrs. George did not wear out many poke bonnets after her marriage. Brandon is a bit of a Monte Cristo; so much so that, "as he never gave less than double fare, he could always secure the best of cabs and the swiftest of horses." Did he prepay his cabmen? He had a black servant, who was of great use to him. When a woman whose heartless and mercenary character is unpleasantly and improbably apparent in everything she says tries to poison him, the black frustrates her wiles; and, when the existence of the convict is particularly inconvenient to Brandon and the "Fair Crusader," the black promptly disposes of the difficulty by sticking a long knife into his heart from behind. So cunningly, too, does he do it, that there is no reason to suspect anybody, and Brandon is provided with a conclusive and genuine *alibi*. And he is better than the persons who performed a similar service for Henry II., inasmuch as he acts on his own responsibility, without any kind of hint from his employer. It will be seen that the "Fair Crusader" and the "Salvation Army" have not much to do in the story. This is its chief merit. But there they are, and there they ought not to be, and that is why the book, on the whole, is reprehensible, and deserves to have so many of its secrets set out in a review. They are not exhausted, however, and will repay perusal.

Young Mistley is the work of an anonymous and apparently new author. It is highly promising, the writing being correct, pleasant, and humorous, and the people portrayed with unusual skill. At the same time, it has faults characteristic of inexperience. For instance, there is a poem, or piece of a poem, at the beginning to the effect that sometimes people who lose races run faster than people who win them. This means that Mr. Charles Mistley was a more virtuous and heroic person than his brother, Mr. Winyard Mistley, who got the young woman they both wanted. He certainly was, because the author says so; but if the author had not said so, no one else would have known it. Winyard was a man of much ability, and the author is so carried away by admiration of him that he quite forgets to exhibit any of the weaknesses or moral blemishes which he says constitute his inferiority to Charles. The plot is not much, but the people are excellent, and talk well. One conversation is so good an example of humour, combined with truth to nature, that it shall be extracted. Adonis was a dog:—

> Presently Adonis, who, having conceived the idea that there might be water-rats about, had turned his attention to the river's edge, looked up and broke the silence.
>
> "Woff!" he said—an internal interlabial bark, the sound of which appeared to strike the gleaming barricade of teeth, and travel down again to the inward parts of his muscular person.
>
> "I beg your pardon," observed his master absently, being at that moment absorbed in the deft placing of his flies beneath an overhanging branch across the stream.
>
> "Woff!" repeated Adonis, showing all his ribs with a sudden drawing-in of breath.
>
> "Indeed!" said Winyard with kindly interest; and following the direction of the dog's eyes, he saw the cause of his annoyance.

Of course the talk is not all so good as this, but it is seldom bad, except in a few passages about some excessively stupid and partly mad Nihilists. Of the two Mistleys, Winyard is clever and Charles is superficially dull—and it is a good thick surface. Lena, whom they both love, is just an ordinary little girl, done in the same way as most other heroines. Her father is an old soldier, who discovered Winyard's abilities; and he is capital. There is also a silent old man, who makes a good pendant to the silent Charles Mistley. He comes in rarely, but is meritorious. The author appears to be under the impression that, if a good man loves and his affection is not reciprocated, he devotes his life to stalking about saying nothing, unselfishly helping the woman Another has won, and intimating the dictates of almost supernatural wisdom by a system of winks, nods, and syllables, capable of being fully understood only by other good men similarly circumstanced. This opinion has the merit of novelty. There are one or two small mistakes in the book. On pp. 64 and 66 of vol. i. Charles is alternately older and younger than his brother, and it is only in the second volume that his primogeniture is conclusively established. There is an affecting scene towards the end of the second (and last) volume, where a person just introduced into the story tells Winyard with his last breath who he is, and impresses him vastly. The reader is not impressed, because he does not know, nor is he ever told. There seems a possibility that he may be a spy incidentally mentioned early in the story, but, if he is, the circumstance is quite uninteresting. Furthermore, there is a peculiarly silly outburst of the author's about the value of dead languages in education, clumsily pitchforked into the middle of a disquisition about Winyard's character. It is worth while to point out these small faults, because they could easily be cured, and the story is remarkably good.

A certain Miss Tilly Burton was adopted by an uncle named Robert Burton. Tilly had lived all her life in a Scotch village remote from civilization, and her Uncle Bob had roamed over the distant parts of the earth, accumulating a vast fortune by mingled stupidity and good luck. When the fortune was made, they came together to London to enjoy it, and "Leslie Keith" relates their adventures. These consisted mainly in their casually meeting Tilly's long-lost cousin in a ham-and-beef shop on the evening of their arrival, and in her falling in love with him and he with her. Complications arose from the rivalry between Tilly's cousin John and her cousin John's cousin Fred. The latter made the running over the greater part of the course; but he had a black heart, which was revealed in due time. In fact, he was heard speaking his mind about Uncle Bob, concerning whom his judgment was sound. The old man, besides being stupid and vain, was a glutton, and had no manners. Still, he had been very kind to Tilly and Fred, and that youth's conduct was ungrateful. The consequence of his being overheard was that he was dismissed, and Uncle Bob died suddenly of a broken heart, just in time to escape the clutches of a speculative financier. So Tilly's path was made clear and comfortable, and she walked in it. The story is not bad, but it strongly resembles many scores of other novels. The author speaks of walking "down" Prince's Gate from south to north, which shows a noble disregard of physical geography. There is a boarding-house full of more or less silly people, whose peculiarities are fairly well described. One of them is a spookologist, and steals a valuable ring, which he subsequently finds through the agency of a spook called "George." The incident is well treated of, never being explained in so many words.

The Passenger from Scotland Yard is an anxiously elaborate detective story after Gaboriau. A detective is ordered to recover some stolen diamonds, and one never has any doubt as to whether or not he will succeed. His chief opponent, and the most entertaining person in the book, is a retired thief of great experience and engaging manners, called Byers, but known among his friends as "Grandpa," and the mutual respect, almost amounting to affection, between the two old rivals—such as that which might exist between a Lyttelton and a Webbe—is indicated with great felicity. There is a goodish, though not perfectly original, murder in the first few chapters of the story, the spoils immediately passing out of the murderer's custody in a manner which, though necessarily simple, is more picturesque than realistic. The book has a fine picture of a pair of handcuffs on the cover, and should be read in the train—if possible the night mail to Paris.

THE CANARY ISLANDS.*

MRS. STONE says in her preface that no apology is necessary for writing a book on the Canary Islands, and in this she is certainly right; but some apology is assuredly due for the wanton prolixity she has thought fit to indulge in, which goes far to mar what ought to be a most interesting record of adventurous and persevering travel. In these days, when most attainable places have been written about *ad nauseam*, it would be difficult to find anything better worth describing than this wonderful group of islands. Although within what is now considered short steaming distance of England, they are but very little known; indeed, only one of them, Tenerife, can be said to be well known to travellers and tourists; while Hierro, Fuerteventura, and Lanzarote are hardly known at all, and Palma, less grand than Tenerife, but more beautiful, is not often visited. All seven were most carefully and conscientiously explored by Mrs. Stone and her husband, in spite of great discomfort and occasional hardship; and naturally she has a great deal to say about them that many will care to read, but unfortunately she has chosen to dilute this with much tedious and wearisome detail that can hardly interest any one except her own personal friends. She has apparently no idea of selection and compression, and seems to think that everything that she and her husband did must be duly set forth for her readers, with regard to whom she is quite merciless in her volubility, not allowing them to escape a single item or to remain in ignorance of the most trifling facts. Thus, just to take a few instances, she gravely records how on one occasion they found, after going a little way, that some things had been left behind, and how the guide went back for them and in due course returned; mentions the remarkable fact that she beheld in a sacristy the plain wooden case of an old eight-day clock; pathetically suggests how, having eaten too much fruit, she felt knocked up, a

* *Tenerife and its Six Satellites.* By Olivia M. Stone. 2 vols. London: Marcus Ward & Co.

phenomenon not peculiar to the Canary Islands; describes a fruit which was obviously a water-melon as though it was something new and strange; records the singular incident of the captain of the *Matanzas* having asked them to dinner, and been unfortunately prevented from receiving them; and describes, as though no one had ever described it before, the manner in which a camel rises from the ground and the sensations experienced by the traveller on its back. From these samples, taken from a great mass of verbiage, it will be seen how needlessly lengthy and how trivial in some respects Mrs. Stone's book is; and it must be added that, like other travellers who have been unable to distinguish between what interests them and what is likely to interest those whom they write for, she is never tired of recording her breakfasts, luncheons, and dinners, forgetting that the cuisine of the Canary Islands, though a matter of intense importance to those who travel there, is not a subject of specially engrossing interest to the reader, who can scarcely be so much absorbed in the mess of vegetables, fruit, and meat, in the fowls, in the beefsteaks, in the eggs, in the fried bananas, &c., as were hungry travellers avid for a meal. It would be easy to point to many other sins of commission in recording at unnecessary length dull details of travel; and, on the whole, it must be said that Mrs. Stone's inordinate and almost unpardonable prolixity has greatly marred, if it has not spoilt, what ought to have been an exceptionally attractive book of travel. When those who study her pages find her rejoicing in the fact that she learnt how to write on horseback they must devoutly wish that she had been a little less deft with her fingers, and had not been able or anxious to record every petty incident; so much of the work might be left out with advantage, and half would certainly be so much better than the whole.

If, however, *Tenerife and its Six Satellites* (not a very accurate title, by the way) is marked by a grave defect which should certainly have been avoided, it must also be said that it is marked by very exceptional merit. As has been stated above, it is the record of a journey of singular interest, pursued with admirable energy and determination. Notwithstanding some exceedingly valuable chapters on the history of the islands, the student of Mrs. Stone's book is not likely to admire her as a writer, but he can hardly fail greatly to admire her as a traveller. Indeed, her book, which is totally free from boastfulness or egotism, gives the idea that she is exactly what a traveller should be; of unfailing courage and energy, and also of unfailing equanimity, daunted by nothing, turned back by nothing, and, though perfectly appreciative, as every rational being should be, of comfort and good cheer, when they can be had, willing to undergo discomfort, hardship, and hunger sooner than relinquish seeing anything that can be seen. It is interesting to note that when, after much arduous travel, she was prostrated by severe illness in Las Palmas (capital of the Grand Canary, not to be confounded with Palma), the idea of giving up Lanzarote and Fuerteventura never crossed her mind. She was absolutely determined to proceed, and the record of a journey in little known countries pursued by a lady with such a spirit as this can hardly fail to be interesting, however distracting her volubility may be. That, if carried away sometimes by enthusiasm, she is, on the whole, accurate, those who have visited each of the seven islands can testify, and it is not at all impossible that her book may stimulate many to travel in the wonderful archipelago, and may lead to the discovery not only that Orotava and Las Palmas are far better for invalids than Funchal, but also that Arrecife, the capital of strange Lanzarote, is destined to be one of the great health resorts of the world.

Owing to want of space, we can only touch on those portions of Mrs. Stone's lengthy narrative which relate to the less known amongst the islands, and must pass over her accounts—sometimes tedious, it must be said—of places which are more or less frequented by travellers. She naturally went first to Tenerife, and landed of course at that dullest of seaport towns, Santa Cruz, which possesses but one object of interest, and that very painful interest, for Englishmen—the flags which were lost in Nelson's unfortunate boat attack on the place in 1797. From Santa Cruz she journeyed by the fine high road which is so well known to all who have visited Tenerife to the Puerto de Orotava, gazing on the so-called valley without the intense admiration which other travellers have felt for it. From Orotava she went to some rarely visited villages, and ascended the Peak by a route not often traversed, getting involved in considerable difficulties, owing to the incapacity of a local guide. She persevered, however, with indomitable energy, and duly reached the summit. Shortly afterwards she gave a yet greater proof of courage and determination; for she embarked on board one of the unutterably dirty and uncomfortable little trading schooners, and sailed first to San Sebastian in Gomera, and then to Hierro, the smallest and least known of all the island group. Mrs. Stone and her husband were the first English who had ever been there, and, finding herself in, what is so rare nowadays, a real *terra incognita*, Mrs. Stone was apparently much pleased with Hierro. Less fortunate travellers will not perhaps be very greatly charmed with it. Whatever the southern and western portion of the island may be like, the north-eastern slopes, in which Valverde, the largest town or village, is situated, are as ugly and uninteresting as any hill-sides can be. Valverde itself is a larger and better place than might be expected from its remote situation; and the principal inhabitant, the priest Candellaria, is an amiable man, whose intelligence has not been dimmed by residence in what is certainly an out-of-the-way spot.

From Hierro Mrs. Stone sailed back to Gomera, after exploring which in the most thorough manner she returned to Orotava, from which place she went to Santa Cruz, the pleasant capital of the very beautiful island of Palma. This is probably destined, at no far distant time, to become a favourite resort for enterprising tourists; but last winter Englishmen and Englishwomen were so rare that boys and girls followed them in the street and people came to all the windows to stare at them. Perhaps things will be changed before long, and many will grow rapturous over an expedition which is second only in interest to climbing the Peak of Tenerife—the ascent, namely, of the great *Caldera* (crater) of Palma, which a lady can make in a day, although it is more than seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. Mounting one of the strong and surefooted little mules of the place, the traveller rides nearly the whole way up, gaining thus with perfect ease a mountain-top whence there is a view of indescribable glory and magnificence. Only a portion, less than half, of the crater remains, but what does remain constitutes a vast amphitheatre of nature's building, the like of which it were surely hard to find. The sloping sides are of deep and sullen but of strangely varied hue, sometimes dark red, sometimes lurid yellow, with curious, snaky veins twisting through them. Not far from the centre runs down a huge ridge, or buttress, broken into fantastic peaks and pinnacles, amongst which rises a natural cross, which, strange to say, has escaped the attention of the Spaniards. The eye travels for long down the pitiless slopes of the huge crater, telling of nothing but maleficent nature's work, till a swelling out in them conceals the rest of the arid region, and below are seen woodland and green alps, and, beneath all, and seemingly at an immense distance below, the Atlantic. It is impossible to realize height more thoroughly. The traveller feels as if he were about twenty thousand feet above the vast expanse of sea which he looks upon.

Mrs. Stone of course ascended to the highest point of the *Caldera's* rim and explored Palma with her usual disregard for trouble and discomfort, undergoing the indescribable miseries of a third-rate Spanish *fonda*. On quitting Palma she went once more to Tenerife, and thence to the Gran Canaria, where she worked with the same resolute and indomitable spirit. For the reason given above we are unable to follow her really remarkable journey in this great island, historically the most interesting of the Canary group. It is sufficient to record that here her arduous and continuous exertion seems at least to have told upon her and that she fell seriously ill. Nothing daunted, however, she renewed her travels again as soon as she got well, and, after seeing all the wonders of the Gran Canaria, went to Arrecife, the capital of the strange, but withal most fascinating, island of Lanzarote, the easternmost of the archipelago.

It may seem paradoxical to say that Arrecife is a most charming place, as it stands in a dreary volcanic waste, without trees, without verdure, without streams; but, nevertheless, those who have once been there usually feel a strong desire to visit it again. Its attractiveness is probably due to its marvellous climate, which, when Arrecife is better known, will perhaps be considered one of the best in the world. Owing partly to the extreme dryness of the island and the absence of vegetable exhalations, and partly to the fact that it is situated on the edge of the North-east trades, the air is so bracing and exhilarating that languor, depression, and fatigue seem impossible there, and as it appears to suit the sick and the strong equally well, it is difficult to doubt that it will before long be recognized as the best place for a sanatorium, where consumptive patients can recover, and where their friends can remain with them without feeling any of the terrible lassitude and weariness which are caused by the enervating climate of Madeira. What there is to be seen in the island of Lanzarote the reader will learn from Mrs. Stone's book, for it is needless to say that she explored it in her usual thorough manner. It should be said, however, that she gives but an inadequate account of the view from what is called the burning mountain, which is much the same as might be expected in the moon, if nature had at last provided it with an atmosphere, and if a little cultivation had been started here and there upon it.

From Lanzarote Mrs. Stone went to the adjacent island of Fuenteventura, which resembles Lanzarote, but is apparently far less interesting, and travelled systematically through it, thus finishing her task of exploring the whole archipelago. In spite of her painful prolixity, her account of it will in all probability be largely read, as the Canaries are now likely to be much sought. The reader will close her second volume with delight and admiration; delight at having got to the end of it, admiration for the lady's unfailing courage and endurance, and indomitable perseverance; qualities, after all, even more valuable than literary skill. Some literary skill, we trust, however, Mrs. Stone will bring to bear should her work reach, as it deserves to, a second edition. Reduced to half its present dimensions, *Tenerife and its Six Satellites* would be an exceptionally excellent book of travel.

THE CHURCH BELLS OF KENT.*

MR. STAHLSCHMIDT'S work on the London bell-founders was a valuable contribution to historical literature. It was included in his volume on Surrey bells; and identified many of

* *The Church Bells of Kent; their Inscriptions, Founders, Uses, and Traditions.* By J. C. L. Stahlschmidt. London: Elliot Stock.

the old City "poters" who plied their craft on the north side of the Eastcheap, about the modern Billiter (then Bell-zetter) Square. We cannot expect new discoveries of so important a character every day; and in the present book, although there are evidences of plenty of research and untiring quest of accuracy, there is not so much to interest the general or historical reader.

Within the borders of Kent there are almost six hundred churches; all have bells except St. Paul's, at Milton by Sittingbourne; three places, on the other hand, have bells but no churches. These are Buckland, by Faversham, Hope, and Warden. The old church bells may be reckoned at about 2,000, but Mr. Stahschmidt does not, of course, deal with new ones. In addition to the bells of parish churches, he has examined some "devoted absolutely to secular uses," such as the bells of town-halls; but he describes none as of much interest, except that in the clock-tower of Leeds Castle, "the only specimen in England of French workmanship" with which he is acquainted. The largest bell in the county is that of Canterbury Cathedral, twenty inches in diameter. It was cast in 1762, as a successor to "Great Dunstan," which had cracked, and hangs in the south-western tower. Only ninety-eight have as yet been identified as dating before the Reformation, of which number some thirty are prior to 1400. "The two earliest are the very quaint pair at Iwade, locally (and erroneously) supposed to be two old ships' bells." These Mr. Stahlschmidt would date before the middle of the thirteenth century; but they are without inscription. The second bell, at Burham, has on it the name of the founder, "Richard de Wymbis," who flourished between 1290 and 1315, and of whom Mr. Stahlschmidt gave an account in his essay on the London bellfounders, already mentioned. But he has also been able to identify a workman at Canterbury of the middle of the fourteenth century. This was William "le Belyetere," who was there in 1325, as appears from one of the "Feet of Fines" of that year. Mr. Stahlschmidt assigns to his foundry eight bells at Bridge and other places in or near the ecclesiastical metropolis. There are many other interesting notices in this first chapter; but we have only indicated the contents of some of the opening paragraphs. Mr. Stahlschmidt spares no pains to find out all he can about the late as well as the early founders, and presents his readers with a mass of well-digested information, the accuracy of which few people will feel inclined to question. He passes on next to "Local Uses" in a chapter which will prove most amusing to the general, as distinguished from the antiquarian, reader. The eight o'clock bell on Sunday morning, so common in Kent and many other counties, is, as Mr. Stahlschmidt points out, a survival of the pre-Reformation period, when matins were said at that hour, with mass at nine. At some villages the time was seven, and the bell continues to be rung at that hour. At Biddenden, Leigh, and Speldhurst both the matins and the mass bells are still rung, and the same usage prevailed until quite recently at Eastry and at Sittingbourne. Mr. Stahlschmidt picks out Edenbridge, and the inhabitants of that pretty parish will probably be surprised to find "they have, of course quite unwittingly, conserved ancient Sunday bell-uses very perfectly. Matins-bell at 7, Mass-bell at 8 A.M., Sanctus peal at 1 P.M., and Ave peal at 6, added to a doubtful survival in the shape of a sermon-bell at 9 A.M., make up a good record." The church, which is of the two-aisled pattern, rather common in Kent, has a peal of six bells, all modern.

Of week-day peals, also, Mr. Stahlschmidt gives a very interesting account. He has only found the "Morning Ave" surviving at Canterbury Cathedral, where it is rung at 5.45 in summer and at 6.45 in winter. At Cowden it has only been given up of late years. "An abnormal, daily, early peal is rung at Smeeth at 8 A.M.—so unusual a custom that it is probably a survival, most likely of the morning Ave peal, changed, perhaps gradually, to suit the convenience of lazy sextons." In this very ancient Norman church there is but one bell, two having been sold in the last century "by a churchwarden for funds to repair the roof, instead of making a rate." The curfew is well represented in Kent. Of special ancient customs Mr. Stahlschmidt notices the Shriving-bell on Shrove Tuesday, which has in quite recent times died out in Kent, though it still flourishes in Surrey; the Gleaning-bell, also extinct; the "Brandgoose-bell," at which markets are opened at Sandwich; and the various usages connected with the "Passing-bell or Death Knell." The normal use in Kent seems to be to ring the "Death Knell as soon as notice reaches the clerk or sexton, unless the sun has set, in which case it is rung at an early hour the following morning." The use of "tellers" to denote the sex of the deceased is found by Mr. Stahlschmidt to be very universal. In most cases "Nine tellers make a man," the well-known rule converted so often into a proverb about tailors. It is not common to give the age denoted by the number of strokes. Mr. Stahlschmidt concludes this chapter with a complaint that change-ringing is so rare in Kent. The cause he believes to be the want of local support, and, since the abolition of church rates, the want of the trifling sum given to the ringers. Now the whole burden of such expenses falls upon the parson, and in these days, when glebes are unlet, parsons who have many calls on their income cease, in Mr. Stahlschmidt's words, "to respond to the less urgent ones."

The rest of the volume consists of an account, arranged alphabetically, of the bells in each parish in the whole county, and the local usages in respect of ringing, chiming, and tolling. At Ash by Sandwich Planché described the ancient custom of tolling the curfew in the evening, and speaks of "the five o'clock bell rung every morning, [which] though it now only summons man 'to go forth to his work and to his labour,' formerly at the same hour called priest and people to Matins." This last statement, as Mr. Stahlschmidt points out, is incorrect. "Matins were not for the laity, unless members of a religious body. The early morning (daily) peal was styled the Ave-bell, or Morning Angelus." Mr. Stahlschmidt is not, however, content with demolishing poor Planché. He pours contempt on Gray. "The quotation from Gray's *Elegy*, too, is a pretty bit of poetical fiction. A bell which is rung at 8 P.M. in the winter months only (there would be no fire to 'cover' in the summer) can hardly be said to herald the departure of a sun which had set some three or four hours before." This is very shocking, but Mr. Stahlschmidt is no respecter of poets. He goes one by one through all the Kentish churches, and it is hardly possible to turn over a single page without finding something curious. There are large extracts of the usual kind from parochial records, such as "Ffor oyle for the bells when theye were new hanged, viij*d*.," and "Paid Hodges for Beere ye Bell Hangar had willst he was heare, 6*s*." The records relating to the casting of a new bell in 1588 for the church at Bethersden are most amusing, especially where the churchwardens complain that they have no more money, and that the bell-founder "did procure a wrytt," but the whole story is too long to quote. Mr. Stahlschmidt intersperses his notes with criticism, and any one who has spent a few days at Ashford, where there is a very fine peal, will agree with him in his remark: —"The selection of tunes, one for each day of the week, is not very happy."

BARBÉ'S TRAGEDY OF GOWRIE HOUSE.*

TO the end of time, no doubt—unless it should please heaven to bring to light some conclusive piece of evidence—Scotsmen will exercise their wits upon the puzzle of the Gowrie plot. Mr. Barbé, by his name, should trace his descent from France; but the alliance between France and Scotland is of old standing, and he certainly displays a thoroughly Scottish zeal in investigating the details of "the Tragedy of Gowrie House." For ourselves, we confess to feeling somewhat languid on the subject. Perhaps this is tantamount to a confession of not having made a special study of it. To come to any settled conviction on the point, it would be necessary to have examined all the evidence in the case, and to have the qualifications of an expert for judging of the genuineness of the Logan letters. But without taking so much trouble, it is clear that the case is inconclusive either way. It is not in the least antecedently improbable that two Scotsmen of high degree should have conspired to kidnap or murder their King; but neither is it antecedently improbable that a Scottish king, or indeed any king at the close of the sixteenth century, should have plotted the taking off of two inconvenient subjects. When we come to the legal evidence, we are met with the fact that some of those concerned were tortured—one unhappy man is expressly said to have been "extremely booted." Consequently their evidence, and that of all those upon whose minds the fear of torture operated, is for historical purposes worthless. Then, even without torture, no case for the Crown was ever honestly got up in those days. It might be an honest case to begin with, but it was sure to be dishonestly strengthened; and the result, by a righteous retribution, is that in later days people are led to discredit the whole. If the Logan letters should be incontestably proved to be forgeries, it does not follow that the story which they were forged to confirm was a lie from the beginning. According to modern notions, the evidence that Gowrie was a traitor is not strengthened by the use of torture to extort evidence that he was a sorcerer as well; but the absurdity or the irrelevance of the second charge does not prove the falsity of the first. The true conclusion is, that it is impossible to form any judgment upon evidence got up after the fashion of those days. Finally, for our part we confess that our interest in the "Tragedy of Gowrie House" would be warmer if the house itself had not gone the way of nearly everything that one wants to see in Perth—that is to say, it was pulled down early in this century. It appears that its historic value had already been much diminished by alterations made in the previous century; but we do not clearly gather from Mr. Barbé whether these are to be laid to the charge of the Town Council of Perth or to that of the Duke of Cumberland. In consequence of these alterations, the plan of Gowrie House dated 1806 (which is reproduced by Mr. Barbé) does not show the turret in which the most striking scene of the drama was enacted. It would have been better if this had been distinctly stated, as the reader who finds the 1806 plan introduced into the midst of the narrative of the events of 1600 may spend some time in searching vainly for a turret to answer the description. Further on, however, there are two plans, showing the turret, main staircase, and "black turnpike" or dark winding staircase, a knowledge of the position of which is essential to the clear understanding of the details of the story.

The official version of the Gowrie affair is, in brief, thus:—Early on the 5th of August, 1600, when King James was going out hunting in the park of Falkland, Alexander, called the Master

* *The Tragedy of Gowrie House: an Historical Study.* By Louis A. Barbé. Paisley: A. Gardner; and 12 Paternoster Row, London.

of Ruthven, a youth of nineteen, brother to John, Earl of Gowrie, came to the King with a somewhat cock-and-bull story of the arrest of a suspicious stranger carrying a pot of foreign gold coins. After some demur, James rode with the Master, seven or more of the Royal attendants following at intervals, to Gowrie House—the prisoner being understood to be detained somewhere under the control of Ruthven. After a rather makeshift dinner, at which the elder brother, the Earl of Gowrie, waited on the King, the younger Ruthven, with much secresy and mystery, took James upstairs into a remote turret-chamber, where stood, not a prisoner in bonds, but an armed man. Then Ruthven locked the door, and turned upon the King with threats and oaths, taxing him with the death of his, Ruthven's, father (the Earl of Gowrie executed in 1584). A scuffle ensued, in which James managed to get his head out of the window and to cry for help. His attendants ran up by both staircases, breaking open the doors, and, with the usual loyal excess of zeal, despatched first the Master of Ruthven and then the Earl of Gowrie, who had come later upon the scene—according to the official version, with seven or eight followers, or only one, according to another. The two Ruthvens' mouths were thus sealed for ever.

Even at the time there was a widespread belief that the whole thing was a cold-blooded scheme on the King's part for getting rid of the Ruthvens. The beginning of the story—the prisoner and the pot of gold business—rests entirely on King James's word; for no one pretended to be privy to what passed—or, as Mr. Barbé is pleased to say, "transpired"—between the King and Alexander Ruthven in their first conversation in the park. Proof was felt to be wanting, and with some difficulty the armed man of the turret, or a man who was induced to pass for him, was discovered. As during the scuffle he had assisted the King rather than his employer Ruthven, and as he duly gave corroboration to the royal story, he not only escaped prosecution, but was substantially rewarded. Further corroboration was afforded some years later by means of a notary in Eyemouth, George Sprot, who, so far from profiting thereby, got hanged for not sooner revealing his knowledge. After his death, five letters were produced, which were said to have been found among his papers, and which purported to be written by the late Robert Logan of Restalrig, the owner of Fast Castle. Of these letters, three were to an unknown "Right Honourable Sir," one to a Laird Bour, a sort of underling of Logan's, and one to Gowrie himself. They darkly indicate the existence of a conspiracy in which these four men, with the addition of Alexander Ruthven, were concerned. Its exact nature is never allowed to appear, though there thrice occur mysterious intimations of its resemblance to something in an unknown tale of "a nobleman of Padua." The young Earl of Gowrie, it must be observed, had studied at the University of Padua—dabbling in magic there, as his enemies asserted. Vague as are the expressions of the letters, the law officers of the Crown assumed that they implied a plot for the King's murder; the more modern interpretation is that the plot was for kidnapping James and conveying him by sea to the lonely stronghold of Fast Castle.

It is not very difficult to point out many weaknesses and inconsistencies in this story—a strange one enough as thus briefly told, and in its details still more open to criticism. The task of picking it to pieces has several times been undertaken—amongst others by Mr. Bisset in one of his *Essays on Historical Truth*, published in 1871. Mr. Barbé does not say whether he has read this or any previous advocacy of the Gowries' side of the case; but if he had seen Mr. Bisset's essay, he would hardly, we think, have laid stress on a supposed discrepancy in the official "Discourse" relative to Alexander Ruthven's disposal of his gold-bearing stranger. The difficulty is raised by the use of the word "house," and disappears if we accept Mr. Bisset's explanation that "house" then had the sense of "room." Ruthven said that he had secured his man "in a privy derned house,"—not, we take it, a separate building, as our present author implies, but, as the earlier essayist says, "a private solitary room." Further on in the "Discourse" it is stated that, in order to reach the prisoner, the King was taken by Ruthven "through three or four sundry houses"—*i.e.* the disused-gallery and "gallery-chamber" on the upper floor of the south side of Gowrie House. Allowing for a little exaggeration on His Majesty's part as to the number of "houses" that he passed through, and the number of doors that Ruthven locked behind him, the story here hangs well enough together.

Mr. Barbé has availed himself of all the light that can be thrown upon the affair by the English and Scots State Papers, the Reports of the Historical MSS. Commission, and the letters of the French Ambassador Boissise. It is noteworthy that, according to this last authority, the Scottish Queen (Anne of Denmark) plainly showed her regret for the Ruthvens' death. This may explain, or be explained by, the rumour that jealousy with regard to his wife was King James's motive for putting young Alexander Ruthven out of the way. But motives of this kind are always easy to impute, and difficult either to prove or to disprove. The Royal jealousy—on political, not conjugal, grounds—of the elder brother is a better ascertained fact. Perhaps the most important part of Mr. Barbé's essay is that in which he shows how strained were the relations—to use the modern political slang—between the young Earl of Gowrie and his King. For one thing, there were pecuniary unpleasantnesses. The Crown was in long-standing debt to the House of Gowrie, to the extent, with accumulated interest, of over 80,000*l.* (in English money), and it had in effect undertaken to see that the claims of the young Earl, who was himself being pressed by his inherited creditors, were satisfied in the space of a year from June 20, 1600. Only a few days later the King was vainly appealing to a Convention of the Estates to grant him 10,000 crowns; and, strangely enough, the Earl of Gowrie came out with a strong speech in opposition. Not two months later Gowrie lay slain in his own house at Perth—his claims on the Treasury being thus effectually cancelled, and his opposition to his Sovereign chastised. This at least is the commentary suggested by Mr. Barbé. But, though he supplies sufficient motives for the King to rid himself of Gowrie, we are not so sure that he has, as he asserts, shown that Gowrie had on his side no motive for laying violent hands on James. Burton has justly observed that "Seizing upon or kidnapping a king had in that day become almost a constitutional method of effecting a change of ministry in Scotland." After Gowrie had placed himself in open opposition, and had marked himself out for the King's personal resentment, is it altogether unlikely that he should have meditated a *coup d'État* which would make him master of the situation? Nevertheless, we acknowledge that Mr. Barbé, though his arguments are sometimes overstrained, has in the main put forth a strong case against the credibility of the official narrative, and of the received interpretation of the Logan letters. One improbability, however, he does not grapple with. It must be strong evidence indeed which would make us believe that King James would, deliberately and of malice aforethought, imperil his own sacred person in such a touch-and-go undertaking as the murder of the two Ruthvens in their own house, among their own people. There is another theory which Mr. Barbé in one part of his work seems willing to accept—to wit, that all the mischief was brought about by a sudden and unreasonable panic on the part of King James, arising out of some sharp words that passed between him and Alexander Ruthven concerning the execution of the latter's father. This theory we will not discuss further than to remark that it is not easily to be reconciled with the view which the author at other times advocates, of a deep-laid and subtle plot for the destruction of the Ruthvens.

A CONCISE GRAMMAR OF THE DUTCH LANGUAGE.*

GRAMMARS are necessary evils. The new edition of Ahn's *Dutch Grammar*, being revised by real scholars, may be taken to diminish the evil as far as possible. Among its merits are a very short but clear and useful philological introduction by Dr. Hoogvliet (but we protest, for our part, that we have for some time known that Dutch is a real language), a much more correct account of the pronunciation than we have ever seen in a popular form before (some details, such as the modification of short *i* in a word like *licht*, are omitted, and of course an Englishman can realize the difficulties only by hearing native Dutch), a general sweeping away of the cumbrous rubbish still too common in elementary books, the separation of the theoretical part from the introductory practical part, and careful indication of differences between the written and the spoken languages—a point seldom attended to, and almost as important in Dutch as in English. It would be an improvement in the select passages for reading if the dates of the authors were given, and a little more literary information besides purely linguistic matter. It is well to give a specimen of Vosmaer's hexameters, but the reader should not be left to suppose that hexameters are as much naturalized in Dutch as in German. The only errors we have noted in the English are *wineyard* for *vineyard*; and "I am afraid we'll [for "we shall"] have rein." Altogether we can strongly commend the book. English readers may be warned, however, that while it is easy for any educated Englishman to learn to read Dutch, especially if he knows German and something of the history of his own language, command of the spoken language is quite another matter. The intonation is much nearer to English than to German, but still not easy to catch; the vowel-system is peculiar and difficult, and colloquial knowledge of German, though it may serve to eke out rudiments of Dutch in making oneself understood somehow, is rather a hindrance than a help both to correct speaking and to understanding the speech of natives.

MR. FROUDE ON THE WEST INDIES.†

MR. FROUDE'S book on the West Indies will be welcomed by West Indians if only because it directs English attention to their most unhappy case and desperate condition. Let us admit at once that its tone is wholesome, and its main conclusion indisputable—that if England neglects to take the case in hand promptly, and to deal with the condition in some energetic and thorough manner, there will shortly be no colonies in the West Indies—meaning communities of white citizens—to trouble about. This conclusion is not the less sound because, like his second title, and many of his historical passages, Mr. Froude has evidently

* *A Concise Grammar of the Dutch Language; with Selections from the Best Authors . . . . after Dr. Ahn's Method.* Fourth edition. Thoroughly revised and enlarged by Dr. J. M. Hoogvliet and Dr. Kern (of Leiden). London: Trübner & Co.

† *The English in the West Indies; or, the Bow of Ulysses.* By James Anthony Froude. London: Longmans & Co. 1888.

prepared it in his usual manner, before he set out on his travels. The moral comes in when the story is scarce begun. We are introduced to the *Bow of Ulysses*, with all the appropriate classical furniture, even before Mr. Froude had started on his own Odyssey. The general condition of that renowned weapon, we are told, is unimpaired—which is remarkable, considering the amount of work it has done. "The worms have not eaten into the horn or the moths injured the string; but the owner of the house is away, and the suitors of Penelope-Britannia consume her substance," &c. &c. They cannot string the bow, of course, being degenerate Liberals and Separatists, but in due time the master of the house comes and "the cord is stretched once more upon the notch, singing to the touch of the finger with the sharp note of the swallow, and the arrows fly to their mark in the hearts of the pretenders, while Pallas Athene looks on approving from her coign of vantage." It is a very pretty apologue, though a little the worse for wear, and perhaps too flattering to the maker of the weapon. Mr. Froude, as one who has pulled a bow himself, will never be able to persuade us that any instrument can be left about so long unused without permanent injury. However this may be, it is encouraging to know that, even before he sets sail on his voyage of exploration, Mr. Froude's patriotic fervour had enabled him to solve the West Indian mystery. We have only to give up choosing men for Ministers by the fluency of their tongues, to put down the talkers and exalt the doers, and the empire is saved, together with Barbados (which Mr. Froude insists on spelling with an *e* in the ancient manner), and Grenada, and Tobago. Meanwhile, after a few preliminary metaphors and complimentary remarks about the present generation of Englishmen—who are said to be just now only sick because of "moulting"—the sea-rover embarks on his adventure. The sight of the Carribean Sea evokes memories of Drake and Morgan, Penn and Venables, and of Rodney's great victory of 1782, which broke our long spell of ill-luck and restored to us the mastery of the ocean. Mr. Froude speaks with a not excessive patriotic fervour. Unfortunately Kingsley had been before him, here and elsewhere, on the rhetorical path. In the description of scenery Mr. Froude was never great. It is in figures that his forte is rather than in landscape. At Barbados (in the derivation of which word Mr. Froude has a theory of his own that it came, not from the bearded trees along the shore, but from a race of hairy aboriginals now extinct—a theory insupportable in the face of the facts; first, that there never were any inhabitants there since the historic period; next, that the Caribs, of whom the primeval settlers must have been a branch, are noted for beardlessness) Mr. Froude, missing what one might suppose to be the characteristic features of that very remarkable spot, occupied himself in noting the extreme gracefulness of the negro women. It is interesting to know (it was after a "cock-tail," locally a "swizzle," a seductive drink compounded of rum and sugar and pounded ice and Angostura bitters) that in Mr. Froude's eyes their figures seemed so good, and they carried themselves so well, that they might serve sculptors for models. There is no accounting for tastes. Let us remember that Mr. Froude had just landed after a sea-voyage, followed by a drink which, as he observes, is "highly agreeable to the taste and effective for its immediate purpose." After a few hours at Barbados, he goes to Trinidad, passing by St. Vincent and Grenada, of which latter island he gives a picture somewhat confused; for in one page he dwells on its wretchedness and ruin—"not Babylon itself, with all its bats and owls, was more dreary and desolate"—and in the next we are told that, though the white settlers had "melted away," there was a flourishing community of free blacks, cultivating the soil they owned and growing coffee, cocoa, and oranges successfully. At Trinidad Mr. Froude is taken as usual to the Government House, and amidst his luxurious surroundings studies much at his ease the West Indian question. What he has to tell us of the actual condition of the island is, from personal observation, very little indeed, and that little cannot be trusted. He had not even enterprise enough to visit the Pitch Lake, the most curious and valuable of all Trinidad's possessions, on the ground that a black lake was not so beautiful as one of the usual colour. But he is profuse of prophecy and of exhortation, referring us for natural scenery to Kingsley, and perhaps wisely refraining from statistics. Returning to Barbados to spend a few days there, and then on, in the usual round, to St. Lucia, Dominica, and Jamaica, stopping for a couple of hours, without landing, at Martinique—two hours occupied in shaping the prediction that in the next war between England and France "Martinique might take possession of the rest of the Antilles with little difficulty"—always supposing that we did not take Martinique, as we have done three or four times already. Of Dominica, which is the fairest of all these island Edens and one of the most hopeless, Mr. Froude has much to say; for he seems to have landed and to have spent a few days there in actual exploration. We had been promised that we should hear of some real Caribs there; but we hear nothing, for the reason that there are none. There are no Caribs now extant in the West Indies, though in St. Vincent there are still to be found some who claim to be of Carib blood, a good deal mixed with African.

Mr. Froude has a running accompaniment through all his journeys—the accompaniment often overrunning and overpowering his theme—which, on the twentieth repetition of the same mournful note of desolation, tempered by the same shrill touch of admonition, and something very like scolding, becomes a little monotonous. The story of his travels is, in fact, being perpetually lost, like a track in the high woods, amid the luxuriance of the surrounding growth of rhetorical foliage. Even West Indians must tire a little of the eternal strain of woe, especially when no sufficient reason is shown why the sorrow should bear that emphasis. Mr. Froude's own observations and his pictures do not justify his very sweeping conclusions. His facts do not fit his theories. To cherish the West Indies is doubtless a national duty. To cherish the West Indies, however, or (taking the low commercial view of the matter) to be prepared to give a fair price for honest English-grown cane-sugar, and to eschew the vile product of foreign bounty and protected beet, because it was in these waters were formed the men who drove the Armada to wreck and ruin, we must feel is bringing the question to too fine a touch. Sometimes it is Mr. Froude himself who furnishes a weapon, quite wantonly, to those who would get rid of the whole question by getting rid of the islands. He does not say all that can be said in favour of their retention from the economical side. He trusts too much to the sentimental argument. The main burden of his song, taken up before he sees the West Indies and sustained after he has left them, is that the white individuals wither, while the nigger is more and more. That, we fear, is a song not wholly of melancholy in the ears of Gladstonian Radicals and English Home Rulers. That Rodney and his captains did not fight to win a paradise for African negroes may be true enough, but not truer than that Cromwell and William did not fight to make the Healys and the O'Briens masters of Ireland. The founders of the Empire, we shall be told, "builded better than they knew." Has not the negro in Jamaica attained to household suffrage? Is not Barbados free? If the West Indies are perishing, it is in strict accordance with the best of principles. *Ils meurent guéris.* Mr. Froude's own contributions to the burning nigger question would be of more value had he leaned less at starting upon such authorities as the author of *Tom Cringle's Log*. Disappointed at not meeting with the luxurious planter of fiction, the sybarite who passes his days drinking sangaree in a hammock and meditating practical jokes on his friends in the intervals of flogging his niggers, Mr. Froude seems to have fallen back upon his next resource, of going to live with the Governor. As in New Zealand he studied the problems of local finance and the native policy by spending his time with Sir George Grey in Kawau—which is as though a man were to shut himself up with Mr. Gladstone on Lundy Island to study the condition of Ireland—so in the West Indies Mr. Froude's way was to stay with the Governor or Colonial Secretary at his house. It is a shrewd device, especially in a country where there are no hotels, but one not always calculated to assist the process of honest inquiry. Governors of Crown Colonies are precisely they who think well of the colonies they govern. What is it to them that the West Indies are being abandoned by the whites? White or black, they are something to govern. It is impossible not to see that his hosts have influenced Mr. Froude to a very large extent—making him set down in his book facts which are contrary to his theories, and persuading him of things which, if true, rob his complaints of much of their sting and leave his remedies without point.

As to these remedies, where practicable, they bring no consolation. Before they can be tried—and if that is all the change proposed—it is tolerably certain that the present race of West Indian proprietors will cease to be. Mr. Froude's recommendation is that England should take over the government of the West Indies, to administer it after the East Indian manner, doing away with the farce of local representative assemblies. The change doubtless would be better for both blacks and whites, for England and for the colonies; but by itself it would do little to repair the commercial or even the political mischief which has been done by the last sixty years of misrule. To attempt to fit the machinery of free government upon any community of negroes, apart from the influence, the example, and the direction of white men, would be an experiment equal in wisdom to that of entrusting the inmates of the monkey-house in Regent's Park with the duty of their own control, apart from the keepers. Mr. Froude's testimony to the character of the negro race is precisely the same as that of every other impartial observer. It is even too flattering, through the causes to which we have alluded. Mr. Froude has evidently been taken to see the brightest side of negro life; and he talks about the "peasantry" of Jamaica and their unobtrusive efforts to raise themselves by their industry, as though he had never heard of their incurable vices of laziness, unthrift, and thieving. With what object are these pictures held up to us, if not to tempt us to acquiesce in the conclusion to which, there is reason to believe, British officialism has arrived at in regard to the West Indies—namely, that it is possible to administer these so-called colonies with a purely black population, with white Governors, Secretaries, and the usual administrative staff? From such a delusion as this Mr. Froude himself is free; but not less impracticable is the idea he cherishes of Europeanizing the West Indies. Why cannot we do in Jamaica, he asks, what the Spaniards have done in Cuba—people the island with our own race and colour?—We cannot understand any one who has lived in the Tropics putting such a question. The answer is that the climate forbids. Even if Englishmen were as Spaniards, Jamaica is not as New Zealand or Tasmania. The only European race who seem to be proof against the deteriorating and exterminating influences of climate is the Spanish. Something, indeed, may be done in the mountains and uplands of Jamaica by the planting of English colonies; but such an experiment would only complicate the nearer and more pressing issue, which is, what to do with the West Indies?—an issue which Mr. Froude, with the best intentions, has clouded with super-

fluous rhetoric. We are entreated not to commit the destinies of the West Indies to a people who will infallibly become even as the Haytians, preserving their good temper and the elegance of their forms, but practising *Vaudoux* and eating their babies. We are told that the white race is "melting away," while furnished with a very insufficient reason for their doing so, and no scheme at all for their rescue. Upon one subject, that of labour, Mr. Froude is most unsatisfactory. The Coolie question, in which lies, as many believe, the solution of the whole problem, economical as well as political, he entirely neglects or passes by carelessly. One service he has done, however, and for that, we suppose, we should be grateful—he will make people read about the West Indies.

THE FLEET.*

THE title of this book and the name of the compiler sufficiently inform us what we may expect. It is a book by a professional bookmaker, more ingenious at his business doubtless than some other practitioners whom it would be unkind to name, but still a bookmaker who differs from an author much as, to use a homely comparison, a "translator" differs from a shoemaker. The translator is one who fits old uppers to new soles, while the shoemaker creates, with no other material than the leather itself, the new boot complete; in the same way, the bookmaker scrapes together the old materials and dresses them up for the market newly grouped and freshly set. Just as Mr. Ashton's previously published works, *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne* and the *Dawn of the Nineteenth Century*, were essentially "made" books—collocations of scraps, cuttings, and old materials taken from quarries accessible to every one—so *The Fleet* is similarly compiled and copied from books known to every dabbler in eighteenth-century literature. The extracts are, it is true, cut out and pasted together with considerable industry, some power of connecting things pleasantly, and the "appearance," as wine merchants say in their lists, of research. Now in the *Social Life under Queen Anne* there were many points of real interest quite new to the ordinary reader, even to one familiar with the *Spectator* and the *Tatler*; so that to any who had not studied the time and its manners the book offered many curious contrasts. Unfortunately about the Fleet River, even if we include its prison and its marriages, there seems absolutely nothing to say which has not been said over and over again in the many histories of London, not to speak of the novels and dramas which have used the rich mine of the prison and the marriages for their plots. There had not hitherto, to be sure, been produced any special monogram upon the Fleet River, and the compiler may plead that, in collecting together all that can be gathered concerning this brook, he has filled up a "long-felt" gap. Bookmakers have always a long-felt gap to fill or a long-felt want to supply. This particular gap, however, is one which, if perceived at all, is a gap which we would rather leave open. We mean that, though it is not without interest to trace topographically the course of the Fleet River, or that of the Tyburn, or even that of the Wall Brook, that has been done already and quite recently, and with sufficient fulness, in Mr. Loftie's *History of London*. The Fleet River, in its five-miles' course, flows past a great many places which belong in one way or the other to the history of this great city. They have, however, little or nothing to do with the Fleet, and have been fully and admirably described in Howitt's *Northern Heights of London* and a great many other books. It is the curse laid upon the bookmaker that there has always been somebody, and generally a great many people, on his ground before.

The River of Wells, Holebourne, or the Fleet, is formed by the union of two brooks, flowing respectively from the Highgate and the Hampstead Ponds, the former supplying the larger branch. The Highgate Ponds, indeed, make a chain of as pretty little lakelets as need be desired, especially those which lie within Caen Park, whose woods formed part of the old Middlesex Forest. These little streams flow down the valleys on either side of Parliament Hill—that great grassy mound facing the Tumulus, and itself crowned with an ancient earthwork. They unite due west of Primrose Hill, and flow in a single stream through Camden Town, nearly along the line of Great College Street, in front of Old St. Pancras Church between the two great railway-stations, and crossing the Euston Road just where the Metropolitan Railway station of King's Cross stands. The course of the stream then runs a little east of the Gray's Inn Road, through what is now a network of about the most dreary streets in the whole of London. Near its east bank stood Bagnigge Wells, and, lower down, Hockley in the Hole; it flows past the walls of Cold Bath Fields Prison, passes near Clerkenwell Green, and so under what is now the Holborn Viaduct into the Thames at Blackfriars Bridge. All this, from a topographical point of view, is very interesting and valuable. But it is not new. Everybody knows that there was once a stream rising in the Northern Heights, making its way along the valleys between the clay hills, and forming a natural moat to London Wall on its west side. The stream is now completely hidden and covered over; yet it once ran through green meadows, and formed a creek which, like Queenhithe, was a kind of port on the Thames. When these facts have been grasped one's curiosity about the river is satisfied. If one wished to learn more, Hone's books, which are accessible enough, contain drawings of the Fleet at various points, and there are in the eighteenth-century literature allusions in plenty to the disreputable people who used to live near its mouth in Turnmill Street, and to the filthy condition of the Fleet itself.

But so simple a thing as to know enough to understand contemporary allusions will never do. Interest must be created. The Fleet River must be connected with places which happen to have been near its banks when it had any banks; we must have a learned dissertation upon its name—a thing settled in a moment by reference to an Anglo-Saxon Dictionary without Mr. Ashton's imaginary necessity for appealing to Professor Skeat—it is as if, on the faith of Riddell's Latin Dictionary, we were to conclude that *homo* may be translated by *man*, and were then to appeal to the great Donaldson, or the great Kennedy, or the great Jebb, in corroboration of this hazardous and tentative conclusion; a quotation on the scouring of the Fleet, from Stow's *Survey of London*—"Ed. 1603, the last edition, which consequently has his best corrections"—"his best corrections" indicates a scholarly comparison of different editions on this weighty point—shows indeed a careful attention to even the smallest details of the subject. Again, since the Fleet River was also called the River of Wells, we are tempted to quote what FitzStephen—poor FitzStephen can never be left out—hath on the subject of London wells in general, though the connexion with the Fleet River is doubtful. This naturally brings us to the water supply of London and to a quotation in Law Latin, concerning which Mr. Ashton shows the ripeness of his own scholarship by the remark, original and brilliant, that a modern schoolboy would be birched for writing it—of course it is written in the well-known mediæval Law Latin, a language by itself. We then go quite out of our way to trace the course of the Westbourne. The ground thus cleared, we are at last free to follow the course of the Fleet itself from its source to its mouth.

Now from source to mouth there is not a single place which can be connected in any way with this poor little stream. That is to say, a river like the Thames, running past the ancient city of Oxford, the town of Reading, the castle of Windsor, the hanging woods of Cliefden, and a hundred other interesting places, appropriates them; they belong to the Thames; they would not have existed save for the river Thames. The poor little Fleet can appropriate nothing, because nothing exists in consequence of its stream—nothing, not so much as a water-mill; one might as well describe the course of the south gutter in Cheapside, with historical notices of the Standard, the Cross, the Tournaments, the stone gallery put up by Edward III., the Mercer's Hall, and Bow Church, as belonging to the gutter, and conferring lustre, glory, and honour upon that gutter. Mr. Ashton has set himself to glorify the gutter. Therefore, as an honest bookmaker, he follows his gutter from end to end and talks about the places beside its banks. First comes Caen Wood House, remarkable, among other things, for not being destroyed in the Gordon riots. Next, after two or three pictures, showing the stream fifty years ago, we come to Kentish Town, where there is some opportunity for the topographer; thence to St. Pancras Church—who can pass that venerable spot without consulting the pages of Cunningham?—and the Brill—Mr. Ashton seems to have missed a great chance with the Brill, about which there is really a great deal which might be said, bringing much glory to the Fleet River, which ran very near. At Battle Bridge, however, he makes up a little for the lost opportunity; there is the story, for instance, of how the place came to be called King's Cross; St. Chad's Well—it had nothing whatever to do with the Fleet River—but never mind, is good for four or five pages; then, as material is getting scanty, we must go out of our way and notice the White Conduit, Sadler's Wells and Bagnigge Wells. We have followed Mr. Ashton far enough down his river; the reader will by this time understand that our comparison of the bookmaker with the "translator" was not altogether out of place. When we add that even Bridewell Prison and Court are pressed into the service, with the edifying story of Mother Cresswell, it will be perceived that the book is, to use the recently imported Americanism, a collection of "chestnuts."

The Fleet Prison, of course, occupies a considerable portion of this volume. There is much parade of ancient and recondite learning, with references to "Mag. Rot. 9, Ric. 1, Rot. 20, Lond. & Midd." and the admirable and accessible works of Riley and Nicolas have been consulted. The chief result is that, whereas Cunningham says that the "prison was originally used for the reception of prisoners committed by the Council Chamber, then called the Court of the Star Chamber," Mr. Ashton proves that there was a prison here at least as early as the year 1197. The first prisoners of note mentioned by Mr. Ashton are Lord Russell and others in the year 1553. In the same year John Hooper and Miles Coverdale were brought to the prison. In the year 1600 Lord Grey of Wilton was committed to the Fleet for assaulting the Earl of Southampton. And as early as the year 1620 the prisoners began to complain of their Warden. The famous Bambridge had his predecessors, whom he rivalled but did not surpass, in Harris (1620), Tolley (1704), and Huggins (1723). After this the history of the prison is known to every one who has read anything. Mr. Ashton reprints the poem called "Humours of the Fleet," which is, however, well worth reprinting. A ground plan and drawing of the prison are also given.

The Fleet marriages have been so exhaustively treated by Mr. Burn in his *History of Fleet Marriages*, that the subject, like most

* *The Fleet: its River, Prison, and Marriages.* By John Ashton. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

of the others in this work, is indeed threadbare. They began, as we all know, with the practice of private marriages, with the view of saving the extravagant expense of public marriages. They were also, of course, very handy in cases of elopement and secret marriage. But the whole scandal seems to have originated in the desire to avoid fuss and expense. Some of the London churches claimed to be Peculiars, and, therefore, outside the law as regards banns and license. Among them were the Savoy, the Chapel of the Tower, and the Chapel of the Holy Trinity, Minories. An Act of William III. prohibited marriage in any prison chapel, and ordered the keeping of an accurate register. But it did not prevent the marriages by the Fleet Chaplains, some of whom achieved great distinction in their profession, especially the notorious Gaynam, or Gainham, "Bishop of Hele." A *réchauffé* of this old story will be found in Mr. Ashton's book. Enough has been said to show the character of the work. It contains a vast quantity of information, and must have cost the compiler a great deal of labour; those who like such compilations may desire to possess it. On the other hand, it is difficult to find anything in it that has not been told before in the many histories of London; while the connexion of the places touched upon with the Fleet River is in most cases purely imaginary. In no respect is the book to be compared with the author's *Social Life under Queen Anne*.

Now we have so kindly a feeling towards the author of the last-named work that we wish him a better and more original subject. There is one, for instance, ready to his hand in a stream which, we believe, has never been treated by any historian. We present it to him. It is the river Effra, which, as Mr. Ashton perhaps does not know, rises in the Dulwich Fields, and used to meander pleasantly through the fields of Brixton and Newington, and finally, if it did not lose itself in the marshes of Horselydown, fell into the Thames somewhere near London Bridge. There are many places beside its banks. The Marshalsea on the Effra, for instance, the Queen's Bench on the Effra, St. Saviour's on the Effra, Bermondsey on Effra, Cupid's Gardens—nay, we might go even further afield, and connect Peckham Rye, Goose Green, Champion Hill, the Swan of Stockwell, the Stockwell Ghost, Kennington Common (with three long chapters on the Chartists), Clapham Common and its Evangelical set, the Black Sea of Wandsworth—all with this remarkable and historical stream. There are other London streams which lend themselves as well to this treatment. Does not Wall Brook flow through the City? What more picturesque than a volume called "Wall Brook," containing a full account of all the places within a mile of its banks? Cunningham, Wilkinson, Walford furnish all the materials, from the Tower at one extremity to Baynard's Castle at the other. Is there not the river Lea, beside whose odorous waters the rose of June droops and dies in aromatic pain? The Lea, for instance, passes very near Waltham Abbey. What an opportunity for a chapter or two on King Harold! It does not exactly wash Tottenham, and after leaving Tottenham it greatly stands in need of washing; but it passes that town, and so opens the way to a history of Quakerism. Is there not, again, the Ravensbourne? Is there not the illustrious Wandle? We present these suggestions to Mr. Ashton, congratulating him at the same time on the abundance of subjects which lie waiting for the paste-pot and the scissors and the industrious fingers to stick the scraps together.

GREEN'S SHORT HISTORY REVISED.*

If the late Mr. Green's *Short History of the English People* was a mere school book, we should have nothing to say against the treatment to which it has been subjected in this revised edition. But it is, as we surely need not point out, very different from a book of that kind; indeed, for more than one reason it is certainly not well adapted for school use. At the same time, it is something far higher than any school book that has ever yet been written, and has fulfilled a nobler purpose than the cramming of boys and girls with historical facts and theories. It is a work of extraordinary originality and genius, it has awakened and gratified a desire among the English people to know its own story, and in spite of some faults in execution, it will have an abiding and not unimportant place in the history of the literature and intellectual development of our nation. Mrs. Green, the editor of the volume before us, ought, therefore, to have refrained from making any changes in the author's text. Unfortunately she has not thought as we do, and has altered it to a very considerable extent. This is beyond question a grave literary error. The duty of the editor of a work by a deceased author, which has any claim to abiding remembrance, is to add such notes and other apparatus as may seem necessary or useful, and at the same time to preserve the original text with religious care. Mrs. Green informs us in a graceful Introduction that she undertook this revision in fulfilment of the author's own wish; and certainly, if, after his death, his text was to be revised at all, he could not have left the task in better hands. No one can doubt her reverence for her late husband's work, or her intense desire to present it in the best form, and to add as far as possible to its value. She has discharged what she conceived to be her duty to the memory of the author and to the public with conscientious industry, and has generally worked in her corrections with considerable skill. At the same time, we cannot allow that all this affects the literary propriety of her undertaking. As it was impossible to know what changes Mr. Green would have wished made in his text, and as, though his life was spared for eight years after the first appearance of his book, he had not revised it, either because he did not think it worth while to do so, or because his publishers were of opinion that the right time for a revision had not come, what he had written should have been left untouched. As it is, many interpolations have been made in Mr. Green's text without any mark to distinguish them from his own work; many of his statements of fact, and even some of the opinions he expressed, have been modified or completely altered, and several alterations have been made in arrangement. In almost every case the book has been improved by this revision; in a very few passages we prefer the original reading. The character of the more important changes made in the text may to some extent be estimated by two examples that we have taken haphazard. In the chapter entitled "The Three Edwards" we find:—

Mr. Green.	*Revised Edition.*
The youth of Edward I. had given little promise of the high qualities which distinguished him as an English ruler. In his earlier manhood he had won general ill-will by the turbulence and disorder of his knightly train; his intrigues in the earlier part of the Barons' war had aroused the suspicions of the King; his faithlessness in the later time had brought about the fatal conflict between the Crown and Earl Simon which ended in the Earl's terrible overthrow.—P. 161.	The youth of Edward I. had already given promise of the high qualities which distinguished him as an English ruler. The passion for law, the instinct of good government, which were to make his reign so memorable in our history, had declared themselves from the first. He had sided with the Barons at the outset of their struggle with Henry; he had striven to keep his father true to the Provisions of Oxford. It was only when the Crown seemed falling into bondage that Edward passed to the royal side, and when the danger that he dreaded was over he returned to his older attitude.—P. 167.

Now, whatever may be thought of Mr. Green's view, there is not a word in this passage from his book that is not capable of defence. This is more than, in our opinion, can be said of his editor's correction. In our other example, while the liberty taken with the author's text appears to us equally objectionable, an amendment has certainly been made. The subject is the policy of James I. in 1604:—

Mr. Green.	*Revised Edition.*
The peace which he hastened to conclude with Spain was intended to free the Crown from its dependence on the Parliament; and had he fallen back after the close of the war on Elizabeth's policy of economy, he might yet have succeeded in his aim.—P. 469.	The peace which he hastened to conclude with Spain was necessary to establish the security of his throne by depriving the Catholics, who alone questioned his title, of foreign aid. With the same object of averting a Catholic rising, he relaxed the penal laws against Catholics and released recusants from payment of fines.—P. 491.

Changes like these and many others should certainly not have been made in a book so justly famous as Mr. Green's *Short History* after the death of the author.

To turn from this matter to the substantive value of this revised edition, there can be no doubt that, as far as accuracy and soundness of judgment are concerned, the *Short History* has gained considerably. A crowd of small and a few important errors that disfigured Mr. Green's work have been rectified. Some slips possibly may still be detected. We observe, for example, that the passage still stands in which Cuthbert is spoken of as belonging to the Celtic Church at the time of his death, though he had been chosen bishop at a Synod presided over by Archbishop Theodore and had been ordained by him. It is not our purpose, however, to try to pick holes in anything that is to be found in the original text. Mr. Green's *Making of England* has enabled his editor to modify some rather sweeping statements in the early pages of the volume, and to introduce some additions of which he would undoubtedly have approved. Full advantage has been taken of works that have appeared since the publication of his *Short History*, and constant reference has been made to his longer *History of the English People*. Bishop Stubbs, Canon Creighton, Mr. Gardiner, and other historical scholars have also given the editor much direct help; and the effects of their counsel are strongly marked in many passages. In the legitimate sphere of editorial work the book is improved by the addition in the margins of several dates and notes of contents, and by a new and excellent index in place of the remarkably poor one, certainly not of the author's own making, that is appended to the original edition.

OXFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S PUBLICATIONS.*

In the volume of Reprints edited for the Oxford Historical Society by the Rev. C. Plummer the first two tracts have each

* *A Short History of the English People.* By John Richard Green, Hon. Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford. New edition, thoroughly revised. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

* *Elizabethan Oxford—Reprints of Rare Tracts.* Edited by Charles Plummer, M.A., Fellow and Chaplain of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. *Register of the University of Oxford.* Vol. II, Part I. *Introductions.* Part II. *Matriculations and Subscriptions.* Edited by Andrew Clark, M.A., Fellow of Lincoln College and Vicar of St. Michael's, Oxford. Oxford Historical Society's Publications, VIII., X., XI. For the Society. 1886–1887.

a special value. The *Descriptio Oxoniensis Academiæ* of Nicholas Fitzherbert contains several interesting notices of University life at the end of the sixteenth century. The author, sometime a member of Exeter College, and later a seminary priest attached to the household of Cardinal Allen, dwells on the manifold excellences of his old University, insisting strongly, for example, on the healthfulness of its situation—a point which when he wrote could scarcely have been a more appropriate subject for boasting than it is now. The undergraduates ordered themselves reverently to their betters, and were strictly governed—"his autem solis ne collegio quidem exire, nisi adscito socio, permittitur." Every one rose at five, and went to morning chapel; and, though discipline was somewhat laxer in the Halls than in the Colleges, the gates of all alike were shut at eight in winter and nine in summer, and, if any one was caught in the streets by the Proctors after those hours, no excuse could save him from imprisonment. In all the best Colleges failure in the Disputations for the B.A. degree, which are spoken of as an awful ordeal ("terribile hoc quidem theatrum est respondenti"), entailed expulsion. The students came from the public schools, of which the most famous were Winchester, Eton, Durham, and London, and the training they received at Oxford fitted them for the highest offices in Church and State. Leonard Hutten's *Antiquities of Oxford*, which hardly appears in its right place in a volume entitled *Elizabethan Oxford*, seeing that it was written after 1625, gives us, along with a good deal of rubbish, a kind of itinerary of the city. Although Wood avers that Hutten was "not meanly versed in the histories of our own nation," we should not have gathered as much from his Dissertation; for, among other anachronisms, he informs his readers that the Ethelred who is responsible for the Danish massacre of 1002 was the elder brother of Alfred. These tracts are followed by a number of pieces relating to the two visits of Queen Elizabeth. When she came to Oxford in 1566 she was entertained with two Latin plays, one of which was acted on Sunday evening, and with a performance of *Palamon and Arcyte*, which lasted through two evenings, and was a great success. Besides the plays, the University provided her with abundance of Disputations, which, according to custom, were held in St. Mary's Church. Mr. Leeche, of Merton, ably maintained the thesis that an elective monarchy was to be preferred to hereditary succession, and others in the Divinity Disputations argued that it was lawful to take arms against a wicked prince. In both these cases, however, the pleadings of those who advanced these theories were, of course, understood not to represent the speakers' own opinions, and there was no risk that a decision would be given that would displease the royal visitor. Among the disputants was Edmund Campion, who was Proctor two years later, and was put to death in 1581. After spending four afternoons listening to Disputations, the Queen found herself disinclined to attend a sermon on the Friday morning "by reason of great pains-taking and watching." She seems, however, to have enjoyed the debates; indeed, she was not apt to allow herself to be bored without remonstrance, and when on her second visit she supposed that the Public Orator, who had been making a tedious speech, was being invited to proceed, she interposed with the crushing remark that "he had bene too long already."

The other two volumes of the Society's publications now before us—the ninth volume has yet to appear—continue the Register of the University from 1571, the year to which Mr. Boase brought down his Degree lists, to 1622, when the Matriculation records assume a new and fuller form. In the hands of the present editor, the Rev. Andrew Clark, the Register is no mere transcript. He divides his work on the period he has taken in hand into three parts, giving a volume to each. His first part begins with an account of the various documents on which he bases his lists, the Subscription Books, the Registers of Convocation and Congregation, and the like. Next we have a full exposition of all that was required of a student on entering the University, and of the Degree system, as it was then carried out, illustrated by a large number of extracts from the Archives. All the mysteries of Disputations, Supplication, Determination, Austin and Quodlibet Exercises, Inception, and more besides, are clearly explained, and a great deal of interesting matter bearing on the social life of the period may be gathered from the causes for which Dispensations were granted from the performance of the various ceremonies prescribed by the Statutes. Many observances still, or until lately, in use which have long become meaningless are shown to be relics of more dignified proceedings. The "Circuitus et Visitatio," or the calls formerly paid by each student when about to take his degree on the Vice-Chancellor and the Proctors to request them to summon a Congregation in which he might be presented, itself a survival of the custom which gave the regent-masters a last chance of objecting to the candidate, still survives in the undignified form of entering the student's name in a book at the Vice-Chancellor's house the evening before his Degree-day, a ceremony now sometimes performed through the medium of a college servant. The "Circuitus" of a Grand-compounder, who, in virtue of being able "bona fide expendere quadraginta libras de proprio ad terminum vitæ suæ extra Universitatem," was called upon to pay special fees, was a solemn show; he called on "the Vice-Chancellor, who accompanied him to the Senior Proctor's; the Vice-Chancellor and Senior Proctor then accompanied him to the Junior Proctor's, and lastly all three accompanied him back to his college." The next day all his college escorted him to the Congregation House, a trumpet was blown before him, and he was presented in a red gown. In process of time all these ceremonies by which the University had long shown its deep sense of the dignity of wealth dropped out of use, but not so the extra fees, which were paid until, in 1853, Mr. Salisbury Baxendale, having paid his fees as a Grand-compounder, insisted, greatly to the annoyance of the Vice-Chancellor and Proctors, that they should perform their part of the bargain. He must have scored freely on the occasion. Many supplementary lists are given of University officers and servants, of those following trades controlled by the University, of Incorporations, and of other matters which bring the life and procedure of the place more clearly before the mind than any mere description. Among these the list of Admissions to the Bodleian Library is specially interesting. The second part of Mr. Clark's work begins with a short list of students licensed to beg between 1551 and 1573; nearly half of them have unmistakably Welsh names. Then come lists of students residing in the town in 1562, and of the inmates of the Colleges and Halls at various dates from 1563 to 1583, and lastly the entries of the Matriculation Registers, and of the Subscription Books from 1581, the date at which subscription began to be required. A series of analytical tables at the end of the volume sets out the number of matriculations, degrees, and licences of each year during the period in hand, the matriculations of each college, the social grades of the students, and the counties from which they came. The third part of the Register containing the list of Degrees granted from 1571 to 1625 will be given in Mr. Clark's next volume. Both he and the Oxford Historical Society are to be congratulated on the admirable manner in which he has performed so much of his laborious task.

FIRST NIGHTS.*

A CERTAIN number of the ephemerides which M. Albert Soubies has grouped together in *Une Première par Jour* have appeared in *Le Soir*; the rest are altogether new. There are 366 in all, and not one but is either instructive or amusing, or both. M. Soubies writes neatly and with point, is careful to confess his authorities, and has done his best to be novel and exact at once. The result is that everybody who is interested in the story of the French stage will hasten to get his book. His scheme includes the old repertory as well as the new—Molière and Corneille with Offenbach and Léon Laya, Regnard and Voltaire and Marivaux with Dumas and Augier and Sardou, Monsigny and Rameau with Meyerbeer and Clapisson, the Théâtre-Italien as well as the Comédie-Française, the Académie de Musique with the Odéon, the Porte Saint-Martin and the Théâtre-Historique with the Opéra-Comique and the Bouffes-Parisiens, the Hôtel de Bourgogne and the Théâtre du Petit-Bourbon with the Gymnase, the Palais-Royal, and the Variétés; so that he may fairly be said to give us the cream of over two centuries of theatrical history and achievement. The man who should go and do likewise for the stage of Garrick and Macready would command the gratitude, we should think, of a very considerable public.

M. Soubies, as we have said, is not content to repeat stale news; and for an account of such *premières* as (for example) those of *Hernani* and *Antony* we must look elsewhere. Again, his memoranda are of many sorts, and relate to many interests. We open his book at random, and before us, under date of the 28th of May, 1660, is the story of the sub-title of *Sganarelle*, which, as everybody knows, is a trifle too Molieristic for the ears of soft society. We learn that even under Louis XIV. the word was modestly replaced "par un C suivi de trois étoiles," and that towards the end of the seventeenth century it ceased to be respectable; that in the eighteenth century its reputation was so bad that the original sub-title was replaced by that of *Les Fausses Alarmes*; that in 1802 *Les Fausses Alarmes* made way for *Le Mari qui se Croit Trompé*, and the work itself was purged of "tout ce qui pouvait blesser la délicatesse de nos caillettes"; and that at present, forty years or so after "le dernier de M. Paul de Kock," when *La Terre* is a popular book, and the more filthily men write the greater artists they are held to be, the piece is simply announced as *Sganarelle*, without any sub-title at all. Two days later, under date of the 30th of May, 1833, the *première* at the Opéra of Alfred de Vigny's *Quitte pour la Peur*, our author transcribes the programme of the performance given that night for the benefit of Mme. Dorval. It comprehended (1) the first act of the *Pré aux Clercs*, with Jenny Colon as the Isabelle; (2) the second act of the *Sylphide*, danced by Duvernay; (3) the fourth act of Pradon's *Phèdre*—"joué en costumes du temps"—with Mirecourt and Dorval in the chief parts; (4) the fourth act of the *Phèdre* of Racine, with old Duchesnois as the heroine; and (5) the first performance of *Quitte pour la Peur*, played by Bocage, Provost, Mlle. Dupont, and the *bénéficiaire*. Some months earlier in the year (6th of January, 1846) occurred the production of *Ernani*; and M. Soubies seizes the opportunity to tell us all about the several libretti which have been fashioned out of Hugo's plays. *Hernani*, it appears, has been set to music four times—by Bellini, Gabussi, Verdi, and Mazzucato. There are three settings of *Marion Delorme*—those of Bottesini, Pedrotti, and Ponchielli, to wit—and of *Le Roi s'Amuse* but one—the *Rigoletto* of Giuseppe Verdi. Donizetti's

* *Une Première par Jour.* Par Albert Soubies. Paris: Dupret. London: Hachette.

Lucrezia Borgia, like Verdi's *Rigoletto*, has made competition impossible; but no less than thirteen musicians, greatly daring, have tried their hands at *Notre-Dame de Paris*, from Mlle. Louise Bertin, who got her libretto from Victor Hugo himself, and whose score is said to have been touched up by Berlioz (1836), to Mr. Goring Thomas. There are six settings of *Ruy Blas*, to say nothing of the one which Mendelssohn began but did not finish; while—for obvious reasons—of *Les Burgraves* there is only one, the work of Matteo Salvi, produced at Milan in 1845. "Si Victor Hugo," says our author, "n'aimait pas la musique, on ne peut pas dire que les musiciens n'aiment pas Victor Hugo." With regard to *Lucrezia Borgia* (the 27th of October, 1840), he reminds his readers that in 1845, Hugo having brought and won an action against Donizetti and Romani, it was produced as *La Rinegata*, on which occasion Lucrezia and Gennaro and Maffio Orsini were attired as Turks! The libretto, he goes on to note, was written for Mercadante; but as that master was ill and could not work, Donizetti took his contract with La Scala off his hands, and the music was begun and finished within a month, just as that of *Don Pasquale* was produced in nine days.

M. Soubies has the knack of making even his catalogues of interest. Thus, in dealing with Crébillon's *Catilina* (20th December, 1748), he takes occasion to remark that the heroes of French tragedy, who are reputed talkative to excess, are not nearly so fluent as the heroes of French comedy. In the comic repertory the longest part is that of Ésope in *Ésope à la Cour*, which is composed of full 1,220 verses; while Crébillon's Catilina, the wordiest creature in all tragedy, utters less than 900. More than that, in the comic repertory, there are eleven parts of more than 700 verses long; while in the tragic that of Catilina is the only one in which there are so many. The Ariane of Thomas Corneille is delivered in the course of five acts of 700 verses all but four; Crébillon's Atrée of 671; Corneille's Pulchérie and the Mithridate of Racine of 643 and 595 respectively; Voltaire's Orosmane of 590, his Catilina (*Rome Sauvée*) of 558, his Vendôme (*Adélaïde Duguesclin*) of 550; and Corneille's astonishing Cinna of 532. In the least of these there is a great deal of vocalization. Rotrou is less excessive than his successors; he has accomplished the feat of summing-up and containing a hero in the compass of 92 alexandrines. The part (it is interesting to reflect) is no longer in the repertory. In comedy the noblest hero after Boursault's Ésope is Molière's Mascarille (*L'Étourdi*), who runs to over 1,030 verses, some 200 of which are disposed of in the famous monologue—the monologue which M. Coquelin alone among living men is able to deliver as it deserves. Molière, who was nothing if not intelligent, was not slow to profit by the experience he acquired in playing Mascarille. His next longest part—the Arnolphe of the *École des Femmes*—is 135 alexandrines shorter; while he has packed his Alceste into 770, or so, his Sganarelle (*Le Festin de Pierre*) into 685 lines, and his Sosie (*Amphitryon*) into as few as 592. It would be interesting to compare his estimate of his own powers with that which Shakspeare had formed of the physical capacity of Burbage, and Lowin, and Taylor—to contrast the volume of Hamlet with that of Alceste, Rosalind's lengths with Sganarelle's, and Mascarille's with King Lear's. If the Shakspeare Society would but cease from troubling itself as to the identity of "Mr. W. H.," and developing the "moral idea" of (say) Joan of Arc and Dromio of Ephesus, here were a task with which its intellectuals might concern themselves not unprofitably.

In his note on the *première* of *Thérèse Raquin*, M. Soubies discovers and points out an odd anticipation of M. Zola in a certain passage from the pen of so convinced a *romantique* as M. Alphonse Karr. With regard to the drama of Alfred de Musset, he is able to assure us, *inter alia*, that the mortifying and impossible stage *dénouement* of *Fantasio* is the work of the poet's brother, and that the most successful of all his essays in playmaking is *Il faut qu'une Porte soit Ouverte ou Fermée*, which, produced in 1848, had been honoured, at the beginning of 1887, with as many as 342 performances. In dealing with *Amy Robsart* (13th of February, 1828), he reminds us that the manuscript of that unhappy work—"tout entier de la main du maître"—is in existence, and that in no great while we shall be able to see for ourselves the reasons why it failed of its effect, and the revival of the drama was left to the poet of *Henri Trois et sa Cour*. Little or nothing is known in these latitudes of Rossini's *Le Comte Ory*. M. Soubies is able to inform us that the scenery with which it was produced was old, with the exception of "un petit ermitage neuf," which was appraised at a hundred and twenty francs; and that the libretto was passed by the censor on condition that the hermit's attire "n'aurait pas de capuchon ni aucun caractère ecclésiastique," and that four lines should be deleted from a lyric by the hero. The devilish quatrain ran thus:—

Que les Destins prospères
Accueillent vos prières!
Que le bonheur, mes frères,
Soit toujours avec vous!

The date was 1828; the censor's name was Coupart; as to the motives which inspired this tremendous cut, not even M. Soubies can enlighten us. He is more explicit in respect of Campra's *Tancrède* (7th November, 1702), which kept its place in the repertory for more than half a century, and contains the first part ever written for a contralto, which part was created by the illustrious Mlle. Maupin. His note on the *Armide* of Gluck is simply disheartening. It was produced in 1777 (23rd September), and the last that was heard of it was sixty years after, when the second act was played for the farewell appearance of Nourrit, who sang Rinaldo to the Armida of Mme. Dorus-Gras. There was some talk of reviving it in 1860; but there were none to sing the parts, and it was put aside in favour of the master's *Alceste*. In 1863 M. Carvalho was minded to bring it out at the Théâtre Lyrique, with Mme. Charton-Demeur as the heroine; but the project came to nothing. In 1870 M. Émile Perrin made arrangements for its revival at the Académie de Musique; and the Franco-Prussian war came on, and once again there was no more *Armide*. M. Soubies reminds his public that in Mlle. Gabrielle Krauss the Académie possesses an artist capable of the very greatest work, and wonders that no manager has yet dared to do his duty, and entrust her with the task "de personnifier la sublime héroïne de Gluck." His astonishment is natural enough; but we fear that he is not nearly at the end of it."

THE CHAMELEON.*

MR. DUNPHIE'S latest volume of essays certainly justifies its happily chosen title. The reader is hurried along from an essay on "the duty and delight of being in debt" to disquisitions on many-coloured matters, as they are described in the title-page. Mr. Dunphie delights to discourse in paradoxes which are sometimes highly amusing, and never become tedious, as they are apt to do when misused by unskilful hands. Mr. Marion Crawford, in a recent novel, delivered himself oracularly on this subject, and while giving a receipt for the making of paradox, condemned its use as a vicious practice. Possibly Mr. Crawford will find a number of solemn persons who agree with him; but the happier half of humanity, though they may do well to leave his receipt alone, will probably remain unconverted. However this may be, when Mr. Dunphie assures us in the first of his charming essays that "it is the pleasing extravagance of purchasing what he does *not* want that distinguishes the man of taste and spirit from the tame dullard," we confess that any lingering doubts that remained in our mind after considering Mr. Crawford's view are entirely dispelled. The remark we have just quoted is only one out of many in the book in which something of the Thackeray ring may be detected—Thackeray at his light moments *bien entendu*; for Mr. Dunphie, though he can be serious, and very pleasantly serious, never touches the tragic note. What, again, could be better than this?—"Failure has its priceless pleasures as well as its trivial penalties, and among the saddest of human tribulations are the sorrows of success"—a sentence which is the text, so to speak, of one of the most effective essays in the volume. It would, indeed, be easy to fill several columns with extracts from the good things in the book, and yet leave it unexhausted. If the thought be not always new, the expression of it is almost invariably so; and the graceful scholarship and wide reading displayed on almost every page seem to belong to the volume in a very peculiar sense, for they are never by any chance obtruded. Mr. Dunphie writes—or, perhaps, we may say "talks," for in reading it is difficult at times to believe that we are not listening to a good talker—well too, on pictures, the drama, and kindred subjects. His remarks in the essay entitled "Winter by the Sea-side" really sum up everything that need be said on the question of so-called "naturalism" in art. He disposes of the nonsense talked by some of the followers of this school with the remark that "a servile imitator of the merely external forms of things is no true painter." At the same time he has very real admiration for the late Cecil Lawson, who, he thinks, was endowed with gifts kindred to those of Turner. Mr. Dunphie's protest against certain departures from the traditional presentation of "Puss-in-Boots," and other heroes of the nursery, that have been made in the children's illustrated books of late years, will be cordially appreciated by many persons who are not even yet middle-aged. It is almost pleasant to be able to find fault with Mr. Dunphie, for the occasions when he can be caught tripping are rare. We therefore protest against the impression that is conveyed by a statement on p. 211 of this volume—namely, that the so-called "Æsthetes" can be justly compared to the Euphuists, and that Sir Piercie Shafton can be regarded as a fair representative of the latter. Surely it was decided long ago that the great Sir Walter never did a worse piece of work than when he drew Sir Piercie Shafton, and claimed that he had drawn him in historical chalk. We believe Sir Walter himself was the first person to point out the mistake. We must not omit to call attention to the pleasant verses that occur, here and there, throughout the volume; for Mr. Dunphie sings, whenever he is minded to do so, with apparently equal facility in English and Latin. The lines addressed "Ad Frondatorem Insignem," in which Mr. Gladstone is thus adjured—

Læte te mitem, Lapis oh precamur
Arbori præbe; validam bipennem
Siste, Lignator, foliisque parcas,
O Gulielme!—

are particularly happy. The end of good books generally seems to come too soon, and we take leave of Mr. Dunphie with a feeling of regret, comparable to that aroused by seeing a friend off from a railway-station.

* *The Chameleon.* By Charles J. Dunphie. London: Ward & Downey.

THE AUSTRALIAN RACE.*

NO race of men is more interesting to the historical inquirer than the dark people of Australia. Much has been written about them, and in what was written there have been, and will continue to be, many inaccuracies. It is not easy, as Mr. Curr shows in *The Australian Race*, for white questioners to get the truth out of black—or very dark copper-coloured—companions. The difficulty of understanding the language has, apparently, twice, at least, caused native phrases meaning "I don't know" to be mistaken for proper names. Again, the native mind is easily fatigued, the native humourist loves "a sell," he often does not at all understand the meaning of his own customs; and, finally, if Mr. Curr is right, some Europeans have deliberately suppressed facts which make against a favourite hypothesis. Mr. Fison, one of the authors of *Kamilaroi and Kurnai*, has this charge brought against him by Mr. Curr (i. 142). About certain tables of words for human relationships Mr. Curr says "that they contain terms so adverse to his argument he has, *more suo*, kept to himself." About this Mr. Fison will probably have something to reply. On the whole, however, it is plain enough that we can scarcely dogmatize yet about the Australians.

The interest of the race lies in its isolation, its appearance of antiquity, and its extremely backward state of civilization. Chiefless, houseless, without any rudiments of agriculture, without a trace of an art so common as pottery, and without the bow, the Australians display no signs of having ever been in a higher condition. If they are degenerate, it was not in their present home that they fell from culture. The soil, as far as it has been excavated, gives no relics of architecture, metal-work, nor pottery. Mr. Herbert Spencer's theory that the Australians were once more civilized than Europeans found them rests on their amazingly complicated marriage laws. These, as Mr. Gideon Scott Lang said, "might puzzle a mathematician," and they do still puzzle the most careful inquirers. But it does not follow that the Australians were more polite when the laws were first evolved and enforced. The very complexity (as in a machine) proves their antiquity; the marriage laws of African and American races appear like improvements, by simplification, of such laws as existed in Australia. Nor was a centralized police needed to enforce the laws. Mr. Curr very clearly shows the stringent sanction of tribal law in Australia even now. It is not force; it is superstition, and dread of sorcery.

We may then, with some confidence, regard the Australians as a "nature-folk," in the German sense. And, when we speak of the Australians, we mean the people as they were, and in some remote places still are, before rifles, gin, small-pox, and catechism corrupted and ruined their customs, character, and tribal constitution. On the topic of their manners, belief, and religion Mr. Curr writes like a man of clear common sense and natural acuteness, but also like one who has been somewhat *serus studiorum*. Only of late has he "taken up" ethnology, and we fancy that his philological studies have not been those of a Bleek or a Codrington. As a consequence his arguments on a topic so remote as the origin of the Australians, and their connexion with the negroes of Africa, do not win our assent. Mr. Curr's belief that the Australians, in fact, came from Africa, picking up on the way a strain of non-negro blood, is chiefly based on resemblances of words in African and Australian speech and on resemblances in customs. One need be no philologist to have learned that close resemblances in the words of different languages is not a proof of connexion. Besides, Mr. Curr is obliged to suppose that many sounds in African not found in Australian had not been evolved before the Australian migration. Resemblances in grammar, and in that kind of double duty by which a word may mean *e.g.* both "wood" and "a spear," are common even in Greek. Grammatical usages, too, are found analogous in languages which hardly the wildest theorist would regard as originally related or connected. As to customs, Africans and Australians have many and disgusting institutions in common; but so have the peoples of America and Asia. Man has sought out many inventions; but the notion that these must have been discovered in one place and transmitted across the whole world will soon be abandoned, though it still informs Gruppe's large new work on Greek Religion. Mr. Curr will probably reply that his proof is cumulative, that such a mass of common institutions, and so many common words, cannot have been separately evolved. As for the words, we leave them to the philologists. As for the customs, unless Mr. Curr thinks that they spread not only to Australia but to America and Polynesia from Africa, we cannot value his argument. Of course we cannot prove a negative.

> We can but say *it may be so!*
> To every theory presented.

But, where archaic customs are so similar from Terra del Fuego to the New Hebrides, and when they are so exactly what ignorant, and improvident, and fanciful, and cruel men would evolve anywhere, we can hardly be persuaded that, even if they all arose in one original centre, that centre is Africa, or India, or Babylon, or Egypt, as theorists may prefer.

Too much space has been given, perhaps, to Mr. Curr's theory. Facts are what he excels in—ethnological facts; and in the many vocabularies which he has collected, and which certainly seem to demonstrate that all the native tongues of the Australian continent are most closely connected, and probably derived from one original type. As to customs, Mr. Curr has had much acquaintance with the Blacks. He thinks that many of Mr. Brough Smyth's descriptions are erroneous; that Sir George Grey is out in his account of the blood-feud, and its effects within the family; that Mr. Dawson's theory of chiefs among the Blacks is also mistaken. We are inclined to think that he himself underrates the amount of religion among the Blacks. To Mr. Curr's mind the native expressions of what we may call Natural Religion, a sort of moral theism, are adaptations of what they have learned from the whites. "That nothing of the nature of worship, prayer, or sacrifice, has been observed is certain," he writes. On the other hand, the late Mr. G. S. Lang had an anecdote of a party of whites who set out to surprise a Black camp in the small hours. They were just within range when dawn appeared, and, to their surprise, the Blacks came out of their shelters, and chanted a hymn (as it seemed) so impressively that the Europeans, touched by the solemn and pathetic sounds and appearance of adoration, peacefully withdrew. The narrator had no point to make, and no intention of proving anything by this anecdote of a savage Veda, so to speak. In *The Aboriginal Natives of New South Wales* (1846) a Colonial magistrate credits them with a theism rudely expressed, which we are the more inclined to accept, as it corresponds with other accounts from backward peoples, such as Sproat's description of Aht beliefs. Of course we cannot expect the statements of races so low to be free from a crude mythical element. But, given the belief that a power not merely human made things, that he favours morality, that dead men go to him, and we have the essentials of religion, however much nonsense may be added. Meyer, Taplin, Armstrong, Gason, and others, have found this amount of belief among various tribes, and we are disinclined to believe it to be a native adaptation of European teaching. Indeed, it is rather touching to find that the aborigines known to Mr. Dawson never dreaded Pirnmeheal till they learned to fear him from the missionaries. "They are now afraid of a being who never did any harm to their forefathers." (*Australian Aborigines*, p. 49. Melbourne: 1881.) Are we to believe that the Blacks got their belief in seeing your own *Doppelganger* from Europe? (*op. cit.* p. 51). These ideas, whether "psychical" or religious, do not spread so rapidly. Is the *Taru wirring*, the path of the spirits of the dead, derived from Odyssey, xxiv. 10:—

> κατ' εὐρώεντα κέλευθα ?

There is a deal of human nature in man, which declares itself in savage religion and custom, and proves to resemble greatly the beliefs of cultivated peoples. Moreover, their beliefs are not to be got at by asking questions, but by observing rites and customs and by overhearing chance remarks. Mr. Curr "made inquiries on the subject of their beliefs," and came to the conclusion that the Europeans who think the Blacks have some knowledge of God, prayer, and future rewards and punishments are deceived. That is certainly not the conclusion to which a considerable amount of oral and printed evidence leads us. But, where Mr. Curr only sees a belief in a primæval "strong or gigantic Black fellow," who "in some marvellous way created what we now see," we find a religious belief, anthropomorphic indeed (and there are theriomorphic statements also), but not much more anthropomorphic than Mr. Matthew Arnold's "magnified non-natural man." When it is added that the strong creative Black fellow does not die, and that the dead go to him, and that he "makes for righteousness," as the Blacks understand it, surely we have the elements of religion.

Mr. Curr's version of the Nature Myths of the Blacks, the hasty figments by which they account to themselves for phenomena, is very valuable. So is his thorough and intelligent description of the tribes and their "Amphictyonies," as we may call them (i. 63). That these non-agricultural peoples have personal property in land (i. 64) will astonish and disgust many a modern theorist. That they deliberately limit population, not by abortion and child murder only, but by "The Terrible Rite," may interest Malthusians, especially as in other respects they are so improvident that, though exposed to night attacks, they never post sentinels. Mr. Curr does not believe that exogamy is intended to avoid the evils of breeding in and in—Sir John Lubbock's theory—and we agree with him. Probably, though Mr. Curr does not say so, exogamy is only one feature of the regular Totem-taboo, the origin of which it is vain to guess about. Mr. Curr appears to destroy Mr. Fison's communal marriage theory and the legend of the man "with a thousand miles of wives." But the marriage laws of Australia are now in such a muddle, thanks, partly, to the lack of an accepted terminology, that we dare not approach the subject. Clan, *gens*, phratry, caste, class, family, tribe, Totem-kin are at present words tossed about without a conscience or an aim. We need a definite terminology before the matter can be elucidated. Mr. Curr's book will prove one of the most useful in the library of the student of humanity. By the way, if Mr. Curr is right, if the Blacks have no chiefs, what humbugs the gentry who signed the conveyance of land to John Batman must have been (Dawson, p. 112). Mr. Curr's account of Queensland savagery may still make an Englishman blush. The Spaniards in the West Indies, the Americans among the Red Men did nothing worse, few things as bad, as what we are doing every day, by Mr. Curr's account, in Queensland:—

> The massacre concluded, the English officer gives over the women to satisfy the lust of his "boys" as he calls the troopers. . . . To prevent

* *The Australian Race: its Origin, Languages, Customs, Place of Landing.* By Edward M. Curr. Melbourne: Government Press.

such proceedings attracting the attention of the Supreme Court, no white man except the officer in charge accompanies the troopers save in rare instances. . . . The evidence of a Black is not admissible in our courts.

Such is English civilization in Queensland.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THERE is always in France (where they do not begin the publication of "Christmas" literature in August) a dropping fire of Christmas books well into the New Year; and one of these is before us in M. Louis Enault's *Ville et village* (1). The text of Auerbach's well-known book needs no comment, except that M. Enault seems to have rendered it well. M. Rothschild has presented the version in a stately quarto, adorned with red initial letters and abundant engravings, some in the text, more full-page. Books of this kind lend themselves particularly well to such illustration, because there is room for plenty of landscape and *genre*, which, if not the best, is certainly the easiest, kind of book illustration, and no need for much figure-drawing or representation of action, which, if not the worst kind, is certainly the hardest. The book quite deserves a place among the *étrennes* of the year, though it reached us too late to be classed with them.

M. Edmond Cotteau (2) is one of the most diligent, and not one of the least deserving, workers of the French system of "missions gratuites," which seems so odd to Englishmen. You want to travel, and you apply to a Minister for a "mission gratuite" to examine and report on the Samoyede system of roasting eggs or the various methods of tying bootlaces among the Yomud Turkomans. It does the Government no harm; but what good it does you is not so clear. Occasionally, no doubt, the gratuitous missionary gets a gratuitous lift in a transport or a frigate, and now and then a foreign Government kindly gives him some extra facilities or assistance; but all this does not seem to "run to much." However, it no doubt suits a Frenchman to represent his nation, just as it suits an Englishman to represent nothing but himself; and the two things are first principles, hardly worth discussion. M. Cotteau's book on the Krakatoa eruption, Java, Australia, Tahiti, and one or two other things and places, is exceedingly readable, if not quite so interesting as his Siberian tour. We had hoped on opening the volume that he was going to take us to the Marquesas, the least visited of all French possessions, but he keeps to a more beaten track. The book is well illustrated, like all M. Hachette's travel-books; but the engraving of Tahitian natives certainly does not justify the views on that subject given by romantic travellers from the days of Cook and Bougainville to those of *The Earl and the Doctor* and *Le Mariage de Loti*.

We have given up attempting to count the volumes of Admiral Jurien de la Gravière's naval history (3). Here are two more, the first dealing with the loss of Cyprus, the second with that rather tardy attempt at revenge the capital event of which was the Battle of Lepanto. Perhaps the siege of Famagusta was not less glorious than the victory of Lepanto, but it was less fortunate.

It was perhaps hardly necessary for M. de Moüy, in the preface to the third edition of his *Don Carlos* (4), to dwell so much on the coincidence of his original work on it with that of M. Gachard; but it was, if not necessary, natural. We do not doubt that the Belgian savant and the French diplomatist worked quite independently five-and-twenty years ago; and the quarter of a century which has passed has not weakened the results at which they both arrived. Those results, it may be just necessary to say, were that not only poetry, but history, had been all wrong about Don Carlos, and that he was simply a dangerous lunatic, whom his father did not murder, and whom he was forced to put under the restraint during which the Prince died. From the excessive view in the new direction, that Carlos was not only a madman but a brutal and disgusting young ruffian, M. de Moüy holds aloof, and indeed there is little proof of it.

The good and great Gyp is as good and as great as ever in *Les séducteurs* (5). A vein not new in her, but less used than some others, of literary parody is worked here for the benefit of the luckless M. Ohnet, the book opening with a charming new play by him, "quite screeching fun" (as youth would remark), in parts, while at the end there is a ruthless dissection of the knowledge of sport and society shown in *Le Maître de Forges*. "Sans le Savoir," telling how a very *mondaine* lady secured a whole department, or at least the functionaries thereof, by means not only honest, but almost unintentional, is also great fun, and might serve as reading exercise for a girls' school. Of the pieces which answer directly to the title not so much can be said, though there is yet another of the innocent class, "Le malin," which is political. But the way in which Mme. de Flirt disappoints both inexperienced youth and professional lady-killing is wholly beautiful. "Celui que la campagne inspire" is a little, very little, rowdy; but for Gyp, "tout entière à sa proie attachée," the reader must go to "Le débutant."

(1) *Ville et village d'après B. Auerbach*. Par L. Enault. Paris: Rothschild.

(2) *En Océanie*. Par E. Cotteau. Paris: Hachette.

(3) *La guerre de Chypre et la bataille de Lépante*. Par le Vice-Amiral Jurien de la Gravière. Paris: Plon.

(4) *Don Carlos et Philippe II*. Par le comte de Moüy. Paris: Perrin.

(5) *Les séducteurs*. Par Gyp. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

Les Lettres et les Arts, or *Art and Letters* (Boussod, Valadon, & Co.), still falls to our lot. The February number is a somewhat quieter one than the last, M. Jules Simon's account of his experiences at the Ecole Normale forty years ago being followed by a short purely descriptive piece of M. de Maupassant's, a story by Théophile Gautier—the son, alas! though we do not mean to be rude—a paper on Mr. Whistler, and a "Mme. Judic at Home." The best illustrations are reproductions of some of Mr. Whistler's best portraits, his mother, Lady Archibald Campbell, &c.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IN the essays reprinted from many sources that make up Professor Dowden's *Transcripts and Studies* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) there is sufficient kinship of style and subject to render their collection desirable and advantageous. Whether they treat of Elizabethan and modern poetry, or deal with the literary and artistic tendencies of our times, it is the poetic aspects of literature that most engage Mr. Dowden's thoughtful and sympathetic criticism. This is especially prominent in the essay on "Victorian Literature." There are few among the prose writers here discussed who are not poets in the primal sense of the word, and the two or three exceptions want nothing but "the accomplishment of verse." Admitting the essential magnitude of all that is implied by the want, the fact is notable and curious. It suggests, by the way, an excellent theme for an auxiliary discourse upon those who possess the accomplishment, and are yet no poets. Even for so genial a critic as Mr. Dowden, there is abundant illustrative material at hand. Many of the studies in the present volume are complementary to the author's previous writings. Thus the graceful dissertation, with its pleasing and often striking commentary of reflective fancy, "Shakspeare's Portraiture of Women," recalls Mr. Dowden's delightful volume on the mind and art of Shakspeare, while the "Last Words on Shelley," put forth as a postscript to the biography, is even more emphatically a portion of that work. Indeed it arouses sincere regret that it was not incorporated with Mr. Dowden's *Life* of the poet, and occasioned the rejection of passages which it to some extent modifies. On the other hand, the exclusion of Shelley's *Philosophic View of Reform* is amply justified by Mr. Dowden's interesting examination of that curious and apparently crude fragment. "Spenser, the Poet and Teacher," is a study of the poet from an ethical standpoint that is sure to command attention, whatever views may be entertained of the nature of Spenser's didactic intention in the *Faery Queen*. Like Mr. Dowden, we find it impossible to agree with the Dean of St. Paul's in thinking the poet was under any obligation to write as a professed teacher of morality, nor can we find anything in the "teaching" of the *Faery Queen* that suggests even the slight parallelism with Wordsworth which is touched upon by Mr. Dowden. In spite of the epistle to Raleigh, the happy instincts of the poet prevented the degradation of his noble epic to the pettier limits of a mirrour for true gentlemen. Being an epic, the *Faery Queen*, though a labyrinth as we now possess it, was not without a plan; but this, apart from the machinery of allegory, is concerned with the action of the poem only, as is common to all epics. Spenser was too little of a preacher to be a teacher, in the Wordsworthian sense, and the *Faery Queen* is unadulterate poetry, for all the didactic intent of its allegory. At the same time, it is pleasant and profitable to follow Mr. Dowden through the suggestive maze, even while we cannot admit that Spenser "sought to impress the mind of his own age" by any didactic means, or was troubled about the "grand self-culture" of the individual. These are the ingenious glosses of a prying age. The text of Wordsworth's poems is the subject of a capital paper, in which Mr. Dowden contrasts with much sound criticism and in a playful humour the various results of the poet's emendations, the frequency and importance of which are comparable only with Lord Tennyson's.

Of the latter we have the most recent examples in the reissue of Lord Tennyson's works, *Early Poems* (Macmillan & Co.), the first of a "Library Edition" to be completed in eight neat, well-printed, and handy volumes. The "second-rate sensitive mind" whose "supposed Confessions" seemed prophetic of the "Two Voices" appears no longer as "not in unity with itself." It is perhaps of less moment whether it is the peach or the pear that was knotted to the garden wall in "Mariana," though a moated grange might well possess the former, as every walled garden has its pear-tree.

Gum Boughs and Wattle Bloom (Cassell & Co.) is the appropriate title of a series of papers descriptive of life in Australia, originally contributed by Mr. Donald Macdonald to the Melbourne *Argus* and other journals. The life and society depicted in this little book are not to be found in the cities and townships. The communities of birds and beasts, of fish and reptiles, studied in their far and wild habitats with the patience and keen interest of a naturalist, are vividly presented in these pages. Mr. Macdonald disclaims the position of a naturalist, though his book shows he is one by instinct. His descriptions of the round of natural life in the wild Bush, the mountains and streams of Gipps Land, the great plains of Riverina, and the southern coast of Victoria, are often notable for unadorned simplicity and remarkable pictorial power. They make a "new chum" of the reader who has never voyaged to Australia, so faithful and realistic are Mr. Macdonald's

transcripts. "Village and Farm" and "The Home of the Black-fish" are studies from nature that might have been written by Richard Jefferies, if that gifted writer had visited Gipps Land.

The Lost Dauphin, by A. de Grasse Stevens (Orpington: George Allen), is a fresh attempt to unravel the mystery of the Temple by a writer who believes, as many good authorities have believed, that the unfortunate son of Louis XVI. did not die in prison, but was smuggled to America with the connivance of the Duc de Provence. The speculative [illegible] in this book is not more strange, and perhaps less incredible than that of Naundorff. The writer steers clear of all recent [illegible] the subject, such as Count d'Hérisson's curious contribution in *Le Cabinet Noir*, and deals solely with the American theory which identified Louis XVII. with Mr. Eleazar Williams, missionary among the Oneida Indians, whose story is certainly remarkable. There is plenty of skill and ingenious pleading in the book, and the author very frankly acknowledges the impossibility of proof, as indeed everybody must who believes there is any mystery at all connected with the fate of the Dauphin.

Mr. Gladstone makes but a thin and colourless contribution to Mr. Andrew Reid's collection of economic panaceas—*Bold Retrenchment* (Whittingham)—though it is not without a humorous audacity. "There are few things," he writes, "in the Political Sphere that would give me greater pleasure than to see the Liberal Party once more address itself to the promotion of Effective Economy in the Public Expenditure, by which it has gained so much renown and done so much good in bygone days." Not even the pretty notion of Lord George Gordon conferring with his humble follower, Mr. Simon Tappertit, on the virtue of tolerance is more diverting than the spectacle of the man of the hundred millions yearning for retrenchment in the company of Mr. John Page Hopps and Mr. Andrew Reid. For the rest, we have the old quack remedies and the familiar display of muddle-headed fanaticism. Mr. W. S. Shirley, M.P., differs from most of his associates in wishing to keep both army and navy in "a state of thorough efficiency." He only wants to get at the "Civil Service fopps (*sic*)." Mr. Labouchere accurately gauges the value of his opinion of the army by confessing that he writes as a civilian. Mr. Reid thinks we should never go to war, but await the invader with a "magnificent yeoman and peasant home-guard," at an annual cost of 10*l.* per head; and a short way with "those dreadful estimates" is dimly hinted at in the spluttering rhetoric of the manifesto signed "John Page Hopps." The sad case of the Financial Reform Association is set forth with much piteous whining. "Our motions in the Commons were rejected with crushing majorities." "We were loaded with abuse, branded as liars and fabricators," &c. On the whole, the branding has not been ineffectual, though it may yet be necessary to repeat it.

Hazell's Annual Cyclopædia for 1888 appears to be slightly less in bulk than last year, though the number of separate articles has been increased. The information is varied and useful, but requires a good deal of correction in places. It will probably be news to Mr. Comyns Carr that his real name is "Joseph Williams"; and Augustus Reginald Dunshunner, Esq., of St. Mirrens, would certainly not recognize himself as "Augustus Dunsbunne," though the latter is a very nice name. Of course it is difficult to get so large a mass of particulars exactly right; but they are not much use if they are wrong.

Readers of the second edition of Mr. Vine's *Cæsar in Kent* (Elliot Stock) will derive great assistance from the two maps now added, one of which indicates the probable positions of Romans and Britons on Barham Down, and the other Cæsar's route through Kent to the Thames and his two Channel passages from Portus Itius.

We have received the *Royal Navy List* for the current quarter (Witherby & Co.); the *Shipping World Year-Book for* 1888 ("Shipping World" Office); the *Fifth Annual Report of the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association*, and the official *Reports of the Mining Industries of New Zealand* (Wellington, N. Z.: Didsbury).

We have also received the second edition of the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, with notes, commentary, and translation, by Professor Jebb (Cambridge: University Press); the *History of Pedagogy*, translated from the French of Gabriel Compayré, by W. H. Payne, M.A., of Michigan University (Sonnenschein & Co.); *Highland Day Dreams*, by George Mackenzie (Inverness: "Northern Chronicle"); *Poems and Translations; Addresses; Uppingham School Songs*, by Edward Thring (Fisher Unwin); *Geography for Schools*, by Alfred Hughes, "Clarendon Press Series" (Oxford: Clarendon Press); *Painting in Oil*, by M. Louise McLaughlin (Cincinnati: Clarke), and *George Frederick Handel*, by T. Cuthbert Hadden (Allen & Co.)

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IT would be too much to say that Mr. GLADSTONE deliberately goes about to place his party in supremely ridiculous positions. We do not think, indeed, that his sense of humour is strong enough to recommend to him any such diversion. Other explanations must be sought for the fact that he so frequently allows his followers to involve themselves up to the eyes in all sorts of Parliamentary undertakings, and then at the last moment leaves them in the lurch. It cannot be solely out of mere love of surprising the public—though Mr. GLADSTONE is not superior to that passion—nor out of mere wanton desire to indulge the sense of absolute power—though this also has unquestionably charms for him—and it is quite possible that both motives may appreciably influence his conduct in this respect. We are disposed to attribute it mainly and in most cases to the fact that the great Parliamentary strategist often postpones the settlement of his strategic plans to the very eve of the battle, and that his intense self-absorption prevents his troubling himself to inquire what may be his army's expectations on the subject. In the present instance, however, it is difficult to believe that Mr. GLADSTONE's surprising speech on the Address—a speech which has left his followers in a condition of the most ludicrous discomfiture—could have been the response to a sudden inspiration. No doubt he might allege that this was, in fact, its precise character, and that, since he was in duty bound to await the Speech from the Throne before deciding on his attitude towards the Government, it could not be otherwise. This, however, would be the merest conventionalism of excuse. The general tenor of the Royal Speech was, as it always is, substantially matter of public knowledge at least a month ago; and, further, the demand of the situation, as the militant Gladstonians regard it, is that the Government should be dragged to justice for their past administrative misdeeds, and not be for a moment permitted to purge themselves by promises of good legislative conduct in the future. Moreover, Mr. GLADSTONE had, barely twenty-four hours before rising in his place in the House, afforded what appeared to be the clearest intimation of his agreement with his party on this point. The sight of "the white cliffs "of Old England" had produced the reverse of what is supposed to be its customary effect on the returning traveller; and, if Mr. GLADSTONE murmured "This is my "own, my native land," he followed it up by something like a declaration that he is very sorry it is. Almost his first words of greeting to his country after his stepping ashore at Dover consisted of an unfavourable comparison between her government and that of the only surviving despotism in Europe. She was, he said, holding down Ireland by force, as Russia is not doing to Finland—nor, we suppose, to Poland—and the "painful spectacle" thus presented by her was a "fact of terrible solemnity," a "grave question before "us," a state of things to which it "depends on you, the "people of England, to put an end."

Who would have supposed that this same patriot would, before he was another day older, address the authors of this state of things, the men responsible for this fact of terrible solemnity, the wielders of this more than Russian tyranny, in honied words? that he would speak of his former struggles with those criminals as "painful discussions which "exhausted our time and strength," which were "unfavour-"able to the growth of Christian charity," and which there "was no disposition on that side of the House to renew"? No disposition on that side of the House to renew those discussions? Why, we had all understood that, so far from this, there was a disposition, amounting to a determination, to do nothing else. It was like COLERIDGE and his lay sermons. Yet here was the leader of the party of Liberalism, the apostle of clemency and justice, who had only the day before denounced the shameful oppression of Ireland as utterly disgraceful to the country—here was this extraordinary man hobnobbing, so to speak, with the oppressors, and turning away from their bound and bleeding victim in order to assist them to ingratiate themselves with the English public by holding "a useful, and even a distin-"guished, Session" of Parliament. No wonder the army looked in mute amazement at their incalculable commander. No wonder Lieutenant-General Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, who had conceived a special plan of attack on the Government all out of his own head, was a little disconcerted—though, of course, he was far too well trained an officer to show it—at learning, not only that his strategic scheme had been materially modified by his chief, but that in that chief's opinion the attack should be delivered under entirely different circumstances and even on a different night. Such things cannot "over-"come Gladstonians like a summer cloud without their "special wonder." But our point is, as we have said, that the suddenness must have been merely in the announcement of Mr. GLADSTONE's resolve, and not in its conception. He must have made up his mind even before he went abroad that this should be his declared line of tactics for the Session. It is probable, indeed, that he made up his mind to it as long ago as before Mr. PARNELL's well-remembered conversation with his interviewer on the Irish press; and that Mr. GLADSTONE's colleague in the command was, on that occasion, merely stating a plan of action already concocted between the two. If that was the case, Mr. GLADSTONE's English lieutenants have some ground of complaint. No doubt it is necessary that the leader of the Irish division should be quite in the English commander's confidence, if, indeed, he has not a determining voice at the joint council of war. But the leader's contempt for the distinguished members of his highest staff need hardly have been shown so cruelly as by the keeping them in total ignorance of his plans, and thus allowing them to make themselves ridiculous by threatening all sorts of valorous Parliamentary enterprises which he had not the least intention of permitting them to execute.

No doubt, however, they will console themselves by concluding that, if Mr. GLADSTONE has deceived them, it was only that he might hereafter deceive his adversaries. They may bethink themselves, too, that the line of action which he has marked out for them is, after all, not only the most promising of advantage—though that, indeed, is not saying much—but also the only conventionally decent course to pursue. The Speech from the Throne they must perceive to have thoroughly well deserved the praises, sincere or not, which their leader bestowed upon it. Its programme is not an ambitious, but it is an eminently useful and serviceable, and in no sense whatever a partisan one. "I admit," said Mr. GLADSTONE, "that your legislation begins well; indeed, "manifestly in the selection of the subjects as far as they "go you have contemplated wider interests than the inte-"rests of party. We shall desire to second your efforts "in that direction." It is impossible not to sympathize with right honourable occupants of the front Opposition bench who were compelled to listen to such language as this from the lips of their revered leader. Yet, painful as it must be to them, we still invite them to consider whether it was practically open to him to employ language of any other kind. We are persuaded that when the first pangs of disappointed factiousness have subsided, they will acknowledge that Mr. GLADSTONE has exercised a sound discretion—if he has been rather slow in revealing it. When a Government, of whatever political complexion, undertakes to deal with the question of local government, to cheapen the transfer of land, to settle the embittered

dispute about tithes, to promote technical education, and to render half a dozen other useful, if unpretentious, services to the public, it is, on the whole, the wiser course for a leader of the Opposition *not* to announce to the public that he will use his utmost efforts to prevent any of these things being done until the Government of the day has consented to break up the United Kingdom. It is, on the whole, the wiser course for a leader of the Opposition so situated to say that he warmly welcomes the political programme of his opponents, and that he will do his best to enable them to carry it out—always with the proviso—and is there any proviso of greater importance?—that their attempt be made in a judicious manner. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT understands this, we are sure, if more eager spirits like Mr. JOHN MORLEY do not. Sir WILLIAM quite perceives that the proper course for an Opposition in such a case is not to present the point of the sword to the adversary, but to take him cordially by the hand, and afterwards, though sorrowfully and under a deep sense of public duty, trip up his heels. And, if all Mr. GLADSTONE'S followers are not equally alive to this at first, we are quite sure that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT will not only be willing to explain it to them, but will cheerfully endeavour to enforce his teaching by practical illustrations.

SIR HENRY MAINE.

THE admirable biographical notice of Sir HENRY MAINE which appeared in the *Times* on Monday last would dispense us from saying anything more if he had not stood in a peculiar relation to the *Saturday Review*, and to most of its original contributors, of whom he was one of the most distinguished. This article is written by one of them who knew him for more than forty years; lived with him during nearly the whole of that long period upon terms of brotherly intimacy and affection, never interrupted by the smallest passing cloud, and was for upwards of thirty years connected in the closest way with all his undertakings, literary, legal, and political.

> His saltem accumulem donis et fungar inani
> Munere

is a perfect expression of the two sentiments which his death rouses—the moral impossibility of keeping silence on the occasion, and the emptiness of all that can be said. The biographical part of the article in the *Times* supersedes the necessity for any narrative of the events of Sir HENRY MAINE'S life, but it leaves something to be said on his character.

The whole colour of his career, the nature of his successive undertakings, and the way in which he carried them out depended upon his physical constitution. The writer in the *Times* correctly states his physical advantages as a lecturer. He had a striking face, a remarkably powerful voice, and a rather tall and well-proportioned figure; but he was from boyhood essentially delicate, and he overtaxed such strength as he had at the beginning of his career. Till he was forty years old he hovered on the verge of being an invalid, and had several most trying and tedious illnesses. He was forced by one of them to refuse the first offer made to him of the office of Legal Member of Council in India, and it was only the accident of Mr. RITCHIE'S death, after holding the office for six months, that enabled the country to obtain Sir HENRY'S services. The Indian climate suited him, and he returned to England a healthier man than he left it, but he was never robust. He suffered of late years from various ailments, which gave his friends much uneasiness; and his death was preceded by many months of ill health of a distressing kind.

One effect of this was that he never, after he took his degree, was physically capable of severe continuous drudgery. In no one of the three professions which he followed, and in each of which he excelled nearly all his competitors, did he go through the elaborate processes of detail which in nearly every case are requisite to success. He was not one of the journalists who can sit in court pleading cases all day and write articles all night. He was not one of the Indian administrators who are as much at home in the saddle as at the desk. No man of our time did so much for the revival of the study of Roman law; but it is greatly to be doubted whether he had any special familiarity with the Pandects or the Code.

Sir HENRY MAINE'S great peculiarity, his unique distinction, was that, by extraordinary care and skill in the use of mental gifts equally extraordinary, he was able to pursue with triumphant success three several professions of the most arduous kind, without the assistance which great physical strength and energy would have given him, and without treading in the routine to which each of them, as a rule, confines those who follow it successfully.

The most obvious of these qualities were an almost preternatural quickness of understanding and facility of expression. Sir HENRY MAINE could read a thick volume, and that in such a way as to appropriate what concerned him in it, whilst an ordinary man read a hundred pages. One would have said that his brain and nerves were on the very verge of morbid excitability if his temper had not been remarkably sweet, gentle, and even patient. His quickness showed itself as much in his power of applying as in his power of grasping principles, and as much in expression as in conception. These qualities were invaluable to him as a journalist. They enabled him, whatever might be the subject on which he wrote, to see at once with intuitive quickness exactly what he had to say, and to say it in language almost mathematically accurate.

These qualities were remarkable enough to secure a considerable success in life. But in him they were combined with others rarer and more remarkable—qualities for which journalism gives comparatively little scope, but which are essential to the more permanent forms of literature. These Sir HENRY MAINE possessed in the highest degree, and employed upon a branch of knowledge which he may almost be said to have called into existence, at least in this country. As a lecturer and as an author on subjects connected with the origin of laws and the history of the early forms of political institutions he was as successful as he was in journalism. His powers as a lecturer were remarkable; but, of course, his, like all other lectures carefully prepared beforehand and not illustrated by experiments, were open to the remark that, when all was said and done, they were like, and indeed actually were to a great extent, chapters of a book read aloud. Their importance is shown in the books which give their results in a condensed form. This is not the place for the discussion of their contents; but it may be said in general that their great distinguishing characteristic is that they were written as if by inspiration. Their author had a power of seeing the general in the particular which we do not think has been equalled in literary history. His works are full of generalizations, which are as remarkable for their clearness and their sobriety as for their intrinsic probability, and which were reached, not by any very elaborate study of detailed evidence, but by a kind of intuition. He seemed to see things "in their quiddity," and to reconstitute them from fragments with the genius of OWEN or CUVIER. In his *Asiatic Studies* Sir ALFRED LYALL gives striking instances of this from his speculations on the origin of clans. Sir ALFRED found in Rajputana the precise practices which Sir HENRY MAINE had suggested as a possible explanation of some scattered facts which he had noticed in his reading.

This quickness of apprehension, power of expression, and luminous intuition would perhaps lead an uninformed observer to the conclusion that their possessor had the temperament of a poetical enthusiast. No greater mistake could have been made. They were associated with a temperament which was liable to err on the side of caution, regard to actual circumstances, and to immediate practical consequences, and a total absence of any sort of enthusiasm or illusion. In his third profession, that of a statesman, these qualities were conspicuously displayed. Sir HENRY MAINE never made a mistake in his duties as an adviser of the Government of India. He was wise, calm, cautious, and reasonable to a degree of which it is difficult to give any adequate notion. He was sometimes charged with idleness in India, and it is no wonder that the charge was made in a country where the standard of industry is so high as to be apt to demand unremitting drudgery, and where more valuable and rarer qualities are apt to be regarded with cynical suspicion and ignorant contempt. Sir HENRY MAINE undoubtedly did not work so hard as many of his colleagues; but there was probably not one of them who could have done at all what he, whenever called upon, did supremely well.

It is difficult to speak of his moral and personal qualities. He was not a man of wide popular sympathies, nor was he

ever called upon to enter into any of the conflicts which attract much public attention; but to the few who knew him really well he endeared himself to an extent which it is impossible to describe without entering upon matters with which the public has no concern. There are persons to whom the world can never have the same aspect again as it had when he lived in it.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S SPEECH.

THAT Prince BISMARCK would carry his Army Bill was so entirely a foregone conclusion that hardly a thought can be said to have been spent on it even by the most determined quidnunc. But the PRINCE was gracious to the quidnuncs for all that, and provided them with two genuine sensations in one week, or at least in one period of less than seven days. The first of these can indeed only be called genuine from the point of view of the recipient. The publication of the Austro-German treaty was the publication only of a *secret de Polichinelle*. It had existed for nearly ten years, and every one who cared to inform himself at all about foreign politics was practically acquainted with its general provisions, if not with its actual terms and details. The formal utterance of those terms, therefore, might be thought, if it had any dread significance at all, to be somewhat alike in dreadfulness to the practice, once so redoubted—recently, alas! so much vulgarized—of "naming" a member of the House of Commons. Everyone knew the erring member's name, yet the pronunciation of it for the first time by a reluctantly comminatory Speaker sounded like the crack of doom. Everybody knew the contents of the Austro-German treaty, but the formal declaration of them sounded like an immediate prelude to a declaration of war. Of course the publication was asserted to be made merely for the purpose of convincing the world of the absolute peacefulness of the arrangement. But this of itself frightened the alarmists more than it calmed them, while those who are by no means inclined to alarm had to admit that, though the thing might be quite insignificant in itself, it certainly was surrounded with many significant circumstances.

As to the PRINCE's own speech, it would be rude to cry "Known!" Yet perhaps any tolerably skilful publicist in any country of Europe might have produced a sealed sketch of it, which on opening would not have been found to go very far wrong in point of matter. The PRINCE-CHANCELLOR in one way at least may be said to have amply earned the eighteen modest quenchers which, according to a historian mindful of the taste of the day, cheered him on his oratorical way. Even he has never carried further the audaciously calculated frankness which, as it has often been observed, is as good for concealment of thought as Mr. GLADSTONE's laborious ambiguity. It is easy to conceive and not easy to exaggerate the relish with which the PRINCE must have explained that he only spoke because he knew his silence would cause greater anxiety—well knowing all the while that what he was going to say would not calm or satisfy anxiety one whit. There was, of course, "no change" since he had last spoken in the Reichstag—though, by the way, the distinguished orator did not explain how this was consistent with the supernatural state of tension of which he had just spoken. At any rate, things were much better in France—it being well known that the present apprehensions are not turned to France at all. People were more afraid about Russia, but he could see nothing more threatening in the Russian direction. Pressmen might see it; but pressmen were not of the slightest importance, only slingers of ink on paper. In Russia particularly nobody was of any importance but the EMPEROR; and, if anything can exceed the warm, yet pacific, disposition of Prince BISMARCK towards the CZAR and Russia, it is the warm, yet pacific, disposition of the CZAR towards Prince BISMARCK and Germany. Then people talked about massing of troops on frontiers—that meant nothing at all except that Russia wanted to have her troops massed, perhaps in expectation of an Eastern crisis. It might be so; but he, the PRINCE, rather thought there would not be a crisis for twenty years. Even if there were, it would not matter to Germany. Now nothing, of course, could be rosier than all this; but, as more than one intelligent critic has remarked already, the speaker probably by the time he had got so far recollected that he was proving a little too much, and that even his foregone conclusion—his Army Bill—might slip through his fingers if he proved any more. If everybody all round Germany is animated with such wholly excellent sentiments at the moment, what a very odd moment to choose for making up your total of five or six million troops by a fresh levy of seven hundred thousand men and for running into debt to the amount of fourteen millions sterling! The PRINCE, a country gentleman of the best, probably reflected that one does not hire an army of extra keepers at the very time when it is quite certain that nobody thinks of poaching or trespassing, or invest half a year's income in man-traps and spring-guns when it is clearly proven that there is not a dangerous character in the neighbourhood. So he went off on the other tack. Experience had shown that it was always well to have plenty of keepers, that sudden orders for man-traps were always liable to find manufacturers unable to supply the demand. There was a great deal of poaching and trespassing forty, thirty, twenty years ago, though of course not now, and there might be again. Other people were putting themselves in a posture of defence; you must be "as strong as possible." There might be complications, there might be coalitions; though he himself had always loved Russia, and had been quite a "fourth Russian "plenipotentiary" at that Berlin Congress which deprived Russia of nearly all the fruits of her labours—so that it may be feared the fourth Plenipotentiary was rather a fifth wheel. And he loved Russia still, and he would be quite loyal to her and to the Berlin Treaty as to Bulgaria. But—but "a State like Austria does not "vanish, and a State like Austria, if not loyally supported, "will be estranged."

Practically these words make by far the most important summary of the speech; they constitute the text on which all the rest is mere gloss, and it is not to be wondered at that the agents, hired or volunteer, of Russia have been provoked by them into relieving their feelings in splenetic outbursts against Austria herself. The real drift of them, and with them of the whole speech, is plain enough. Prince BISMARCK is quite ready to say the most amiable things about all, or nearly all, Europe. He has not the remotest idea that anybody is going to attack him, and as for attacking anybody, that is quite out of the question. Of Russia, in particular, except in so far as concerns a few irresponsible and unimportant Teutophobe pressmen, he is the firm friend. He will, if she likes, be rude to Prince FERDINAND for her; he will be as "correct" as she likes in all his attitude. He will even admit, though he confesses that his friends and allies will not admit, her pretensions to some entirely indefinite "sway" in Bulgaria—a "sway" conditioned by the suzerainty of the Porte and the conditions of the Berlin Treaty. But he takes leave to observe that Austria is not a quantity to be neglected, and that for his part he is not going to neglect her, come what may. Now everybody knows that the question of Austria *v.* Russia is sometimes very much more than a question of correct attitudes; that the "race for Salonica" is to Austria a question of life and death—to Russia a question of the final accomplishment or the almost certain disappointment for ever of the one dream of her rulers since (as some distinguished historians would say) "the fire-tubes "of the Greek galleys triumphed over the monoxyla of "IGOR." Prince BISMARCK, of course, says nothing of this. But he first prepares the way for his speech by ostentatiously publishing a treaty in which he engages in the closest connexions with Austria, and then he observes, in one of those half-parentheses which often contain the most important parts of such speeches, that the one definite thing that he will not do is to estrange Austria. Nor, perhaps, is the significance of the declaration thus made and thus prepared lessened by the little fact that its formal occasion is the demand for seven hundred thousand men, and for fourteen millions of money. It would be totally idle, especially after Lord SALISBURY's comment on it, to attempt to see anything pacific in Prince BISMARCK's speech. It shows—what all men knew before—that he does not want to provoke a fight; it shows also, and more clearly than ever, though with no absolute novelty, that he has not the slightest intention of refusing a fight if it is forced on him by a certain course of conduct. And that course of conduct is the exact course of conduct in which, unless her proceedings are at once unintelligent and unintelligible, Russia is engaged.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

THE Local Government Bill, if it has been skilfully and judiciously framed, will probably be passed. At present it is scarcely introduced under brilliant auspices. Its well-wishers have satisfied themselves that, as THIERS said of the Republic, it will cause the least possible division among followers and friends. The prophecy of the French Minister has not been confirmed by experience; and Mr. PARNELL apparently thinks it possible that the Parliamentary majority may break up on the issue which has been deliberately selected by its leaders. On the other side may be cited Mr. RITCHIE'S statement that the Cabinet is unanimous in approving the provisions of the Bill, and the expression of his confident belief that it will command the support of the Liberal-Unionists. An eminent member of that party is reported to have said, in answer to a question whether in his judgment the expected measure would render local administration better and cheaper, that it would, on the contrary, make it dearer and worse, but that the Bill nevertheless ought to be passed. There is no doubt that it is a part of the duty of a statesman to consult public opinion in many cases in which he may himself not share its conclusions. If a political change is inevitable, a Conservative Minister may sometimes act wisely in undertaking the conduct of a measure which might in other hands be connected with dangerous innovations. In the present case there is no immediate demand for a novel system of local administration; but a refusal to deprive the county justices of their ancient powers might furnish an excuse for agitation and for consequent excitement. By far the greater part of the taxation nominally imposed by Courts of Quarter Session is determined by Acts of Parliament. The remainder of the county rate is comparatively insignificant in amount, and it is universally admitted that it has been economically assessed and prudently employed. The theoretical objection to the severance of taxation from representation is applicable to the case, because the magistrates are appointed by the Crown. The whole course of modern legislation tends to diminish the control of the larger ratepayers and taxpayers over local and national finance; but the anomaly of taxation by justices is simpler and less open to dispute. The gentry who occupy the bench of magistrates are undoubtedly an aristocratic body, and no popular argument can now be urged in defence of any kind of privilege. The Conservative Government of thirteen or fourteen years ago committed itself to the expediency of a measure of Local Government, and the present Ministers were perhaps glad to discover a project of reform which is not inconsistent with their party traditions.

Mr. PARNELL'S authoritative discouragement of Obstruction by his squadron of Nationalists indicates his hope that the Government may be defeated on some of the clauses of the Bill. He rightly holds that the rude violence of his followers tends to cement the alliance against which it is mainly directed. The policy of obstruction failed in the last Session, and consequently Mr. PARNELL, followed, as the debate on the Address shows, by Mr. GLADSTONE, now professes a disinterested zeal for the progress of English and Scotch legislation. They will, indeed, protest against the exclusion of Ireland from the supposed benefits which are to be conferred on Great Britain, or perhaps only on England; but they will probably content themselves with one or two divisions, in which they will certainly be defeated. The present House of Commons will not be persuaded to establish anarchy and robbery in Ireland by conferring on branches of the National League powers of taxation and of coercion which would become lawful. The Separatists must renounce for the present the hope of effecting part of their objects by consent of a Parliament which has emphatically rejected Home Rule. The English Local Government Bill will confer on County Boards or Councils the control of the rural police. Only a very small section of the House of Commons will have the audacity to propose the extension of such an arrangement to Ireland. The controversy will not be extravagantly prolonged, if Mr. PARNELL'S intentions have been correctly interpreted. His present policy is to keep Irish affairs in the background, and to trust to internal dissensions for the dissolution of the Unionist alliance. The Government will probably be allowed to carry the second reading of the Bill without direct opposition; but its supporters may differ widely on the details. It will be difficult to judge of the prospects of the measure until the proposed constitution of the governing bodies has been announced. The boldest plan will also be the safest; and, if the precedent of the Municipal Corporations Act is followed, the Government will have little reason to anticipate defeat.

Some members of the Government may perhaps attach serious importance to the Bill which their colleagues have accepted for political reasons. Mr. RITCHIE seems to be excusably enthusiastic for the measure, which, if it is successfully conducted through the House of Commons, will justify his promotion to the Cabinet. Mr. GOSCHEN has, since his entrance into public life, consistently affirmed his belief in the beneficial tendency of municipal institutions. In spite of experience, he seems to think that County Chairmen will, after their local training is completed, emerge into the class of statesmen. Long since, when he was a member of a Liberal Cabinet, he prepared a Bill to give effect to his opinions, which in those days was considered bold, if not revolutionary. He has probably taken an active part in preparing the Ministerial Bill, and he will be one of its most powerful advocates. Some members of the Cabinet, though they will dissemble their indifference, may perhaps agree with Sir M. HICKS-BEACH in deprecating both the urgency and the probable utility of the Bill. If Lord SALISBURY could be required to explain fully his opinions and his motives, he would probably say that he could not afford to incur the reproach of absolute legislative inaction. It was desirable to find some measure for which plausible reasons could be given, and Local Government had the advantage of being unconnected with Ireland, with Fair trade, and with other dangerous topics. If Mr. GOSCHEN was impressed with the educational advantages of practice in local administration, Lord SALISBURY could have no wish to contradict him. It is true that in more than fifty years municipal government has produced only one politician of the first Parliamentary rank, whose position as a statesman has yet to be established. Chairmen of Quarter Sessions have contributed larger reinforcements to the class of political leaders. The discussion is, in any case, of minor importance. Public functionaries ought to be appointed because they are qualified to perform the duties of their respective offices, and not that they may afterwards become capable of filling higher positions. Household suffrage has but a doubtful tendency to bring into prominence the ablest members of the local community. The County Boards will probably resemble in character the existing Corporations.

The definition of the powers to be conferred on the Boards which are to be created is next in importance to the qualification of the constituencies. There are grave doubts as to the expediency of transferring the administration of the Poor-law from the Guardians to the new county councillors. The administration of the Unions has, of course, not been faultless; but it has been, on the whole, both meritorious and successful. Within a very recent period a more vigilant control has been exercised over the grant of outdoor relief. The proportion of paupers to the whole population is smaller than in the earlier times of the new Poor-law; and many Guardians, and more especially the Chairmen and Vice-Chairmen of the Unions, have acquired wide and valuable experience. It may be hoped that the Government intends, not to supersede the Boards of Guardians, but to place them under the control of a higher local authority. To this scheme also there are obvious, though not conclusive, objections. If the object of the framers of the Bill is to relieve the central Local Government Board of a portion of its present duties, there will be a less stringent guarantee than at present for absolute impartiality. It may also be difficult to reconcile the Guardians to the proposed subordination to a local authority which they may perhaps regard as not superior to themselves. As it is not proposed to interfere by the present Bill with urban Corporations, there will be an anomaly in the administration of the Poor-law in the towns and in the country. It is, of course, possible that when the Bill is introduced sufficient reasons may be assigned for its provisions.

The authors of the Local Government Bill have perhaps left for future consideration practical questions which will necessarily arise in the operation of a novel system. The members of the governing body will reside at long distances from one another, and sometimes from the county town. County magistrates have repaired to the local seat of government half a dozen times in the year, and, for the most part, their time has been at their own disposal. The County Boards will probably be chosen among farmers, tradesmen, and other men of business; and, if they are to exercise any practical authority, their meetings must be weekly, if not

more frequent. In the great towns an active member of the municipality has often to attend the sittings of two or three Committees as well as the full meetings of Council. Residents in country districts can scarcely attend to their duties with equal assiduity. The consequence may be that the municipal representation of the county will be entrusted to persons who will make an occupation of local business, and it will probably be found necessary to provide for travelling expenses. The next step will be to attach salaries to the office, with the result of making the employment into a profession. Sanguine advocates of municipal government have assumed that many members of County Boards will be selected from the ranks of the present magistracy. There would be no better security for careful and upright administration; but social jealousies and political prejudices will tend in the opposite direction. If membership of the Council at any time becomes a paid office, it will become the object of such organizations as those which distribute party patronage in the United States.

SEVEN HUNDRED A YEAR.

A GENTLEMAN connected, as he says, with a large retail house has been asking the world and the *St. James's Gazette* whether he can marry on 700*l.* a year. To be sure, he is a sarcastic young man, and his purpose is, no doubt, just the reverse of what appears. The whole question is a little impertinent. Of course a man may marry and have a large family, and be happy, on 700*l.* a year, if he gets it "regular," as Sir GEORGE DASENT'S butler liked his meals. It is all a question, as a philosopher once famous would have put it, of the who, and the where, and the how. What kind of man is to marry what sort of woman, in what social rank, with what tastes, ambitions, and desires. In Tahiti a man might be delightfully contented with climate and the affections alone. Society he would never lack; 'tis an eternal Trouville, the costumes as graceful as inexpensive, amusements healthy and endless, no taxes, plenty of bread-fruit, all the world unemployed, and no politics. But Mr. LAYARD, who started the thrilling topic in the *Nineteenth Century*, was thinking of persons in the middle class, the polite, or refined, or educated professional middle class; it is difficult to find a name for this section of the *bourgeoisie*. They have rich friends and relations, and know a few Lords, and have perhaps been at Eton, or Rugby, and at the Universities. Can men of this kind live in London, with wives their social equals, on 700*l.* a year? As a rule, they had better not try the experiment. It requires pluck, originality, industry, and a share of good fortune. Nobody can make sure of the latter gift; most people credit themselves with the others. But the young people will need to know each other better than lovers use before they can be sure of each other. If they like to live only for themselves and their small families, all is plain sailing. We are presuming that the 700*l.* is as much a certainty as any interest in these revolutionary times can be. This is not saying very much; but it applies equally to all fortunes, little or great. If the man is only making 700*l.* a year, we recommend to the lady's father the conduct of the cruel parent in the song. The lover speaks:—

> Once I loved you,
> Loved you blindly;
> But your Pa
> Behaved unkindly,
> Gave poor Reg-
> inald his *congé*
> One day in
> The *salle-à-manger*.

REGINALD should have his *congé*—that is, if his 700*l.* be made in the perilous paths of literature or the Bar. If he has a definite salary, a pretty sure thing, and certain to rise, that may be different.

The seven-hundred-pounders will find it difficult either to go out or to entertain their friends. Cabs are costly. Going out to dinner in omnibuses and railways is not easy, though it is attempted by some. If the young persons do dine out, they cannot ask their friends to the stereotyped kind of entertainment to which GORDON justly preferred life in the less salubrious districts of Central Africa. It must be an affair of the Thackerayan leg of mutton and of very few guests. Theatres will be impossible expenses; for the happy pair will live remote from the Strand. Occasionally they may go to some high-perched and low-priced seats. But a vast multitude of men and women are only wearied by the theatre. Wines worthy of the name will be remote luxuries; but to many a little whisky and water is very much more truly agreeable than all the *crûs* of the Widow of Eastern France. As to rent, there are places within easy reach where a nice old house and garden can be got for 50*l.* a year, and where only your friends that are friends indeed, will come to visit you. Tobacco is not a necessary, but a moderate man that makes his own cigarettes will not be ruined by tobacco. For travelling, it is a positive fact that ladies will gallantly journey by third class and never complain. Indeed, women of the right sort are infinitely less fond than most men of "comfort, the mother of "slavery." We are presuming that the young people are in good health, for your languid invalid had better not marry on 700*l.* a year. It is clear that if the husband has a morally safe 700*l* a year and brains, he can very soon add immensely to the sum, and may speedily be able to see his friends and enjoy himself like other members of the class in which he is born. If he is incapable of such exertions, the young lady had better not marry him. It is certainly not worth her while to practise strict economy, and to flee the world, for the sake of loafing in or near London with an idle man on 700*l.* a year. If the money is safe, and the love is strong, why do they not go and enjoy each other's company in some land where the climate is on a level with the affections? In Corfu you can dwell among the gardens of ALCINOUS, and be rich on 700*l.* a year. What is the attraction, to people who can live out of it, of this dirty rowdy town, where you see millionaires and mendicants everywhere, everywhere starvation and opulence, everywhere hear the ominous cries of the latest and worst news? We mortals are like sheep in our gregariousness, and yearly become worse and more sheep-like. Common sense and comfort and τὸ εὖ ζῆν dictate a migration of the sturdy middle classes. An insane and imitative and pleasureless expensiveness is inherent in the present condition of our life in London. We pine for each other's company so much that many even go to "At Homes" of every melancholy description. We must have champagne where our grandfathers drank quite as agreeable but less expensive liquids. Everybody tries to do what everybody else does. Any young lovers who like can turn their backs on all this, if they have 700*l.* to be happy upon, and if they have a proper contempt for their Aunts. Only they must be quite sure of each other, and of their purpose; and human nature is never quite sure. They must at once make a break with their old habits; with clubs, parties, first-class carriages, flowers, wine, cigars, and all but the very humblest kind of book-collecting. They must get their books from circulating libraries; a painful, all but a degrading, necessity. However, it is believed that this is one of the last aspects of comparative poverty to frighten the youthful and passionate. That is a profane and Americanized version of the poem which runs thus:—

> All lovers young, all lovers must
> Upon Seven Hundred come to bust.

The problem, like others, is quite relative. Many members of the polite middle class can marry on 700*l.* a year. Many others cannot. It is not easy to bring the men and the women who have this art of economy and this contempt of a very stupid kind of world together in matrimony. The man may be of the right sort, the woman may be conventional, or *vice versâ*. They may have friendly rich uncles, who practically "see them through," or they may be kinless loons. Not every pair who have the pluck to try have the pluck to succeed, and their latter end is much worse than a mere blighted affection, of which everybody is like to have had plenty.

MR. GLADSTONE'S RETURN.

MR. GLADSTONE succeeded in returning to his native country with a little less fuss than was apparently thought necessary when he left it, but still in a sufficiently Gladstonian manner. To reach home quietly and hold the ordinary gathering of Opposition leaders before the meeting of Parliament in the ordinary manner would, of course, have been unworthy of a pillar of the people's hopes. On the whole, however, the reception on arriving at Folkestone, where Mr. GLADSTONE did not, in the proper sense, "arrive" at all—the reception by Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR and Señor ALBERTO NIN at Charing Cross, and the other proceedings, may be regarded with some gratitude as a minimum of ostentation. But an amiable writer in the *Times* has

surely been over-generous in congratulating Mr. GLADSTONE on the unusual directness of his reply to the usual Custom-House demand—a reply faithfully chronicled by the admiring Jeames. The regular answer of ordinary folk in such a case is confined to one word—"No" or "Nothing"; Mr. GLADSTONE'S disclaimer of smuggling appears to have taken seventeen, and must so far be admitted to have been highly characteristic. This remark must not be mistaken for minute criticism of the ungenerous sort; it is rather an acknowledgment of the fact that when great men provide matter for discussion it is both impolite and wrong not to discuss it.

The words which the leader of the Fifth Party addressed to those who congratulated him, in terms somewhat more suggestive of successful jockeyship than of the achievements of a statesman, on his "bold and skilful" leadership were not so very many more than those in which Mr. GLADSTONE disclaimed the possession of "a single article "liable to duty, even a bottle of Eau-de-Cologne." They exhibit, however, the wisdom of the ancients as to the small influence of foreign travel. Mr. GLADSTONE went to find admirers of his Home Rule policy, and he has found them. It was hardly to be supposed that Italian admirers of Mr. GLADSTONE, to say nothing of Parisian Communists, would come to see him with a special mission to impress his mistake upon him. It is, indeed, well known that the wisest Italians, smarting under the effect of centuries of "Home Rule," and the foreign rule which "Home "Rule" always brings after it, thoroughly sympathize with England's uncompromising defence of the Union. But Italy has an amiable sentiment for Mr. GLADSTONE, who long ago did her the honour to make her one of his numerous steps to popularity, and who has never, as in most other cases, had any inducement to kick this particular ladder. If there are fewer enemies of England there than in almost any other Continental country, there is nowhere greater ignorance of English politics. Nor can it be regarded as surprising that Mr. GLADSTONE, who contrives to find support for Home Rule at home, where ninety per cent. of educated and intelligent persons are against Home Rule, should find it abroad. It would also appear that Mr. GLADSTONE has wisely not attempted to injure the beneficial effect of his holiday by any historical or political studies. He left England after proving at Dover that he had constructed for himself a history somewhat like the legendary French school-books, where the French won the battle of Waterloo, and he comes back to Folkestone with a political geography to match, in which Finland is an example of the conduct which England ought to pursue towards Ireland. As it has been frequently pointed out that Finland is a very strong argument against Home Rule, and has only a few years ago illustrated the dangers of that arrangement, Mr. GLADSTONE, if he had been any one else, might have been asked to take his choice of pleading guilty to one of three charges—ignorance, forgetfulness, or disingenuousness. But as it is, he need only plead guilty to being Mr. GLADSTONE.

The state of things to which he returns is of more interest than the stale and ready-made platitudes or fallacies with which he returns to it. It is announced, with what truth we know not, that two more Unionist sheep, Sir THOMAS GROVE and Mr. BENJAMIN HINGLEY, have sought the Gladstonian fold. We were under the impression that both had broken Unionist bounds some time ago; but if their conversion is recent, it is probably due to the Lixnaw murder. Sir THOMAS GROVE and Mr. HINGLEY must have been convinced that the National League is by so much to be preferred to Mr. BALFOUR as the penalty of death, which it can and does enforce, exceeds the penalty of imprisonment. Or perhaps the methods of Canon O'MAHONY and not those of the League executioners have had effect on these legislators. Mr. GLADSTONE'S eyes may also have been rejoiced by the announcement that an address to him in favour of Home Rule, and signed by the clergy, is in process of being drawn up. If so his pleasure is certainly shared by his opponents. All careful readers of their newspapers must have observed the awkward phrase "ministers of religion," which is usually employed in reference to such addresses. The reproach is now to be wiped off by a genuine clerical document in which the enemy shall have no ground to ask whether the signatures are those of Happy Joe and the Converted Cabman. Unluckily, the names of the first signatories and organizers, which have been published, supply the most remarkable comment upon and exemplification of the mental and moral calibre of the Gladstonian party that has yet been provided, frequent and remarkable as such exemplifications have been. The Church of England to-day may not include among her functionaries so large a proportion of the brain of the country as in the days of HOOKER and DONNE, or in the days of BUTLER and BERKELEY. But it was surely unwise of Gladstonians to expose the nakedness of their clerical land by putting forward such a list as this. A second or third rate academic office-holder and schoolbook-compiler like Dr. KITCHIN; the husband of Mrs. JOSEPHINE BUTLER, of whom all that is publicly known is that he is Mrs. JOSEPHINE BUTLER'S husband; and Canon WILBERFORCE, of whom it is known that he is the son of a man of genius, and that he himself is the hare-brained supporter of every crack-brained fad that presents itself—these are three of the most generally known names. And the rest are like unto them, including a popular preacher or two, a member of a distinguished family of cricketers, an ex-colonial Bishop (no collection of this sort, even if it be the committee of a proprietary club, is complete without an ex-colonial Bishop), and two or three of that peculiar class of High Churchmen, if we may sully that most honourable name, whose motto is apparently "high dressing and low thinking." We miss, indeed, some names which ought to be, and we hope soon will be, on the list. The Rev. STEWART HEADLAM has been most unjustly deprived of his proper place of vantage, and those Great Twin Brethren of the Religion of Truth, Messrs. KENNEDY and TUCKWELL, ought not to be left in the lurch. But still the catalogue is very fairly representative, and it tells exactly the same story as the catalogue of supporters of Mr. GLADSTONE in every class, profession, and other division of mankind. Take whatever such division may be preferred, range the Unionists and the Separatists in it against each other, and, with the usual exception here and there, the same result will be found. For Unionism, scholarship, learning, practical experience and ability, weight and consistency of character, professional distinction. For Separatism, popularity-hunting, frothy talk, fadmongering, sciolism, charlatanry. We own that exceptions, if anywhere, might be expected in the Church and the Law, for the attractions of the "better benefice" are strong in each, and Mr. GLADSTONE is still quite a possible Providence. It is, at least, creditable to Divinity that there is to be found among clerical Gladstonians no Sir CHARLES RUSSELL and no Sir HORACE DAVEY—at most a Dr. PANKHURST or a Mr. R. T. REID. Now Mr. GLADSTONE, though his precious balms to the Church have been of a somewhat head-breaking character of late, is believed to be still attached, in his own very peculiar way, to that institution. It must be a little annoying to find that the Church responds to his affection in the persons of Canon BUTLER and Canon WILBERFORCE. He might forgive the opposition as a Christian; it must be terribly hard to pardon the support.

LORD DURHAM AND SIR GEORGE CHETWYND.

We cannot concur in the approval so freely and hastily expressed of the course which the Jockey Club on Tuesday unanimously decided to take. We do not think "it is desirable that the matter in dispute between Sir "GEORGE CHETWYND and Lord DURHAM should be taken "to a court of law," either "with a view to the whole "matter being referred to arbitration" or otherwise. If Sir GEORGE CHETWYND, when he read a report of Lord DURHAM'S speech at the Gimcrack Club, had thought fit to commence legal proceedings, it would, no doubt, have been proper for the Jockey Club to await the result of those proceedings before taking any action of its own. But the question whether a particular owner of racehorses and a particular jockey have "pulled" horses—that is, prevented them from winning in order that they might have an unfair advantage in future handicaps—is one which the Jockey Club must be peculiarly qualified to decide. Indeed, if it cannot deal satisfactorily with such a point as this, the value of the institution is not very easy to see. The appropriate penalty for the offences charged against Sir GEORGE CHETWYND and WOOD is exclusion from the Turf, unless, indeed, there should be material on which to ground a prosecution for conspiracy to defraud. Lord AYLESBURY, as everybody knows, was warned off Newmarket Heath some months ago, and no court of law was troubled with the matter. The reasons for preferring a judicial tribunal to the Club were stated with great clearness by Lord DURHAM, who has shown from the beginning a most praiseworthy readiness to prove the truth of all the accusa-

tions he made. Lord DURHAM says that the Stewards of the Jockey Club are not accustomed to the formalities of a trial, that they have no power to take evidence upon oath or to compel the attendance of witnesses and documents—that, in short, they would never get to the bottom of the thing. But the Jockey Club has surely power over its own members and over men whose livelihood depends upon its support. Lord DURHAM must be presumed to have his facts in a presentable shape, and to be capable of establishing affirmatively the truth of his case. He cannot be merely relying upon the hope that certain persons will in the witness-box tell what he believes to be the truth. He must have gone further than that. He must know approximately what his own witnesses will say. There is a good deal of superstition about oaths and the compulsory power of tribunals. Perjury is exceedingly common, and among a hundred people who commit it ninety-nine escape with impunity. You may bring a horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink; we do not envy the position of a man who has to justify libel out of the mouths of evasive and reluctant witnesses. It is the duty of the Jockey Club to purify the Turf, as Mr. CHAPLIN maintained in his very forcible speech; and, as a matter of fact, Lord DURHAM at York went far beyond specific imputations upon individuals. He attacked, as Mr. CHAPLIN showed, the morality of the racing world; and far be it from us to say that he was wrong. A judge and jury, or an arbitrator, would be bound to confine themselves to the particular misconduct alleged against Sir GEORGE CHETWYND. The result of the trial could not possibly remove the need for further and more general inquiry.

The motion to which the Jockey Club agreed was naturally and properly recommended by the character of the mover. The Duke of RICHMOND's name is almost a synonym for respectability, and the high political offices which he has filled give him in his old age a sort of proconsular rank. Nevertheless, we cannot follow him in his train of argument. He wants two incompatible things—a legal tribunal and a committee of experts. He suggests that the action to be brought by Sir GEORGE CHETWYND should be, "with the "consent of the parties," referred by a Master to arbitration. Everything in this singular litigation is to be by consent of the parties. Mr. FINLAY, than whom there could be no higher authority, told Sir GEORGE CHETWYND that the speech at the Gimcrack Club gave him no cause of action. Slander, it must be remembered, is not actionable, however defamatory, unless it imputes crime or unprofessional conduct, and Sir GEORGE CHETWYND can hardly be said, in the ordinary sense of the words, to have a profession. Thereupon Lord DURHAM obligingly offers the Stewards copies of his speech, so as to turn the slander into libel, and further undertakes not to raise any question of privilege. He also writes a letter to the Stewards accusing Sir GEORGE CHETWYND of "having connived at serious malpractices "which are contrary to the Rules of racing." What view a court of law may take of all this we do not know. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who was consulted by Mr. LOWTHER as "a lawyer and an athlete," seems to think it is all right. So does Mr. Justice HAWKINS, who allows himself to be described, somewhat oddly, as the "legal adviser" of the Jockey Club. Sir RICHARD WEBSTER, it will be observed, is curiously guarded in his opinion. "If," he says, "Lord "DURHAM publishes any statement defamatory of Sir G. "CHETWYND or any other persons, the Court would not "decline to entertain an action at the suit of Sir G. CHETWYND "or any other persons libelled; but any such publication "should be made by Lord DURHAM independently and of his "own responsibility, and should not be made under any "circumstances which would be held to be privileged." A more strictly oracular deliverance never proceeded from the Temple. Unfortunately Lord DURHAM, by writing to the Stewards, has made the publication in circumstances which might be held to be privileged, though he has agreed to waive the privilege. If a case presented to the Court in such a manner as we have described be not collusive, then that word must be restricted to mean corrupt and dishonourable collusion, or it will cease to have any intelligible significance whatever. If Sir GEORGE CHETWYND brings an action against Lord DURHAM, as we understand he means to do, he will not have brought it of his own accord to clear his character, or even to recover damages, but under pressure from a voluntary Association, which is anxious to relieve itself of its own proper duties. This seems to us an abuse of legal process. The Queen's Courts, so far as they are civil tribunals, sit to redress the grievances of individuals, not to investigate the purity of the Turf. Sir GEORGE CHETWYND does not wish to resort to them. He demands to be heard by the body to which he and Lord DURHAM both belong. It might have been wiser for Sir GEORGE CHETWYND to have acted otherwise, though in the face of Mr. FINLAY's opinion we do not quite see what else he could have done. But, as he asked for an inquiry by the Jockey Club, he should have got it directly, and not by the circuitous method of a reference to arbitration by consent.

SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH.

HAVING, to the regret of his friends and his party, resigned his seat in the Cabinet, Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, like many predecessors in similar circumstances, is exulting in his recovered freedom. There is no season at which a zealous but independent supporter is more troublesome to his recent colleagues. The members of a Government are incessantly required, not only to acquiesce in unpalatable decisions, but to conceal in the strictest secrecy their own disapproval of measures for which they are officially responsible. Convictions which have been overruled by external authority become stronger as they find no vent in speech or action; and, when the pressure is removed, the temptation to seek publicity is apparently irresistible. Sir M. HICKS-BEACH has caused some embarrassment to the Government by recent disclosures on Irish questions. It was unnecessary to give the irreconcilable opponents of his party an excuse for claiming an ex-Minister as a dissentient from the policy of the Cabinet. It was easy to foresee that ambiguous language would be misrepresented by suppression and by exaggeration. In his latest speech at Bristol Sir M. HICKS-BEACH once more assumed the character of a candid friend in discussing the measures of general legislation which ought, in his judgment, to be introduced by the Government. Even if his opinions on policy were sound, he must have been aware that they would certainly not be adopted by the Government. According to a well-known dogma, that a thing is true is no reason for saying it. It may be a reason for doing it, if it can conveniently be done. In drawing up a programme for the Session Sir M. HICKS-BEACH by anticipation reflects a censure on the Government for its certain refusal to follow his advice. The consequence is that the party may be weakened and the majority divided, without possibility of advantage to any section of the House of Commons except to the followers of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. PARNELL. Even wise counsels may in this manner do practical mischief, and Sir M. HICKS-BEACH's recommendations are much the reverse of wise.

Three or four years ago he was regarded as an orthodox Conservative, who might perhaps, in case of need, be employed to counteract the supposed laxity of the actual leader of the party. Eventually, for some reason which has never been explained, except as a result of personal jealousy, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE was deposed, or sent upstairs; and Sir M. HICKS-BEACH took his place, to be in turn superseded by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. By this time the relations among the leaders of the party had become simpler, steadier, and more intelligible; and there is no reason to suspect Sir M. HICKS-BEACH of personally ambitious designs. He may probably, as he becomes accustomed to a voluntary exclusion from office, be less impulsive and restless. The party is not in a condition to dispense with obedience to discipline. The supporters of the Government will have enough to do in defending it against factious attacks from the apologists of disorder in London and of rebellion in Ireland. It will also be necessary to assist in the construction of a sound measure of Local Government; and it is possible that there may be important discussions on finance. Sir M. HICKS-BEACH, passing lightly over inevitable duties and difficulties, proposes that the Conservative party should plunge into an abyss of revolutionary legislation. Many amateur politicians have made similar suggestions, in the hope of competing with the Liberal party for popular favour. Their general policy corresponds to the Western operation of burning the prairie in front for the purpose of extinguishing the conflagration behind. If the Conservatives could be induced to set fire to Church and State, there would be so much less for the Radicals to destroy when they succeeded to power. That bookish theorists should approve a suicidal enterprise is less surprising than that a veteran of long Parliamentary

and official experience should ever take these projects into consideration. Sir M. HICKS-BEACH might be entitled to understand that Conservatism is worthless except for the conservation of established institutions. Meddling and tampering with their characteristic traditions facilitates incendiary projects. If additional arguments against destructive Conservatism were required, it might be worth while to remember that the proposed change of front must be executed in the presence of the most skilful of Parliamentary managers. Mr. GLADSTONE is not the man to sacrifice his own opportunities of popularity for the benefit of his detested antagonists. As soon as Sir M. HICKS-BEACH put his hand to the constitutional fabric in the way of so-called reform, Mr. GLADSTONE would make his puny efforts ridiculous by a violent overthrow of half the edifice. He has on former occasions showed his skill in baffling half-hearted competitors. In 1867 he swept away Mr. DISRAELI'S fancy franchises and lateral extensions of the suffrage, and created the uniform constituencies which in the next year restored him to office. His mysterious offer to Lord SALISBURY of support in a Home Rule measure would have enabled him to repeat the tactics which had simplified the Reform Bill. If the Conservatives had accepted his overture, Mr. GLADSTONE would have used them to pull the chestnuts out of the fire, and it would then have been easy to exclude them from any share in the proceeds of the operation.

According to Sir M. HICKS-BEACH'S plan, the Conservatives are to strengthen their hold on the confidence of the country by undertaking in the present Session the reconstruction of the Established Church and the House of Lords. It may be admitted that the proposal is so comprehensive that the disruption of the party which would certainly follow would be the least important of its consequences. The revolutionary section of the Liberal party would naturally take the opportunity to move amendments which would be fatal if they were carried, and dangerous when they were discussed. The reform of the House of Lords has often been talked of, but no practical scheme has ever been devised, and Sir M. HICKS-BEACH'S selection of one among many possible changes shows that he has an inadequate conception of the importance of the policy which he would introduce. He thinks it worth while to return to the obsolete and trivial contrivance of creating a certain number of life-peers. Such a measure, if it stood by itself, would have no serious result, and, indeed, it is doubtful whether there would be any considerable number of qualified candidates for such promotion. A much more important consequence of interference with the constitution of the House of Lords would be that the abolition of two estates of the realm would at once become, and would remain, an open question. The Government would by the proposed measure justly alienate the confidence of many of its supporters; and, when it was consequently driven from office, there would be no longer an insuperable obstacle to the establishment of Irish Home Rule. Sir M. HICKS-BEACH, and any allies whom he might enlist, would have the satisfaction of knowing that they had established their claim to the character of subversive Liberals. His appetite for change would, nevertheless, not be fully satisfied. Not content with disturbing the foundations of the Constitution, Sir M. HICKS-BEACH thinks that the Government would do well to remodel the Church. In both cases the title which is derived from prescription and usage would be invalidated; and there is not the remotest reason to believe that in return the Establishment would be made more popular, as it would assuredly be deteriorated in character. The enemies of the Church have, for some time past, suspended general attacks on the Church, perhaps because they think it more advisable to begin with the abolition of four of the existing dioceses. It is from a Conservative quarter that the present agitation is to proceed. It is true that two or three injudicious prelates have proposed mischievous innovations for the purpose of making the clergy more clerical, and of severing the intimate connexion between the Church and general society. But speeches and motions in the House of Lords are comparatively innocuous; and the Ministers have not been so foolish as to compromise their position by wanton ecclesiastical innovations.

No want is less urgent than additional security against the admission of unfit persons to orders. The temptations of a clerical life are by no means excessive; and it is notorious that professional and general opinion enforces on the clergy, if they require such compulsion, morality, decorum, and parochial activity. Many of the best of them are appointed to their benefices by private patrons, and the system of lay patronage has done much to prevent the Anglican priesthood from degenerating into a caste. It is, of course, intolerable to bigots and fanatics that the clergy should be Englishmen and gentlemen, taking a legitimate interest in the ordinary affairs of the world. Private, and in a less degree episcopal, patronage has done much to counteract the evil tendencies of professional isolation. It is true that livings are not always bestowed on the most popular preachers, or even on the most laborious of curates; but the general result is satisfactory, and it is well known that, in the few benefices which are liable to popular election, scandals are exceptionally prevalent. Not satisfied with the other methods which he has unconsciously devised for the overthrow of his party, Sir M. HICKS-BEACH would advise the Ministers, if they escape from the catastrophe of their attack on the House of Lords, to bring in a Bill for turning the Church upside down by giving the parishioners, according to the common formula, a voice in the appointment of incumbents. It is evident that a veto on nominations would be rapidly converted into direct patronage. The bishop has already the power and the duty of rejecting an unfit candidate. The parishioners would rather consider his appearance, his more or less polished manners, and perhaps his political opinions. It might almost be a question whether a Church Establishment would be worth preserving under conditions so degrading; yet the main objection to Sir M. HICKS-BEACH'S proposal is, not that it is utterly bad in itself, but that it would inevitably lead to Disestablishment, having, in the first instance, destroyed the present Ministry and perhaps effected Home Rule. It may be hoped that Sir M. HICKS-BEACH will, in his place in Parliament, be more cautious than on provincial platforms.

THE CARDINAL'S DILEMMA.

IT is never easy for any man, even for a Cardinal Archbishop, to know when he has said enough, and it is particularly difficult when he has talked himself into a logical fix, and has to prove that he has neither committed himself to the support of something mischievous nor yet been talking nonsense. Dr. MANNING has been sitting and writing between the horns of this dilemma for the whole of the past week. He has wriggled manfully, but it is needless to say in vain, and he must finally be left on one of those two horns. The CARDINAL has had a great deal to say of the kind usually said by gentlemen in his unfortunate position. He has given little bits of autobiography with superfluous apologetic introductions. He has been profuse in declarations that he never meant to hurt the feelings of a critic who never complained that his feelings were hurt. He has answered charges never brought against him. He has launched into ingenious disquisitions on the nature and use of capital. All of this is very pretty and very proper for the purpose of confusing the point at issue, but it does not get the CARDINAL out of hearing of the horns of the dilemma which are blowing at his door, as the Irish-American orator put it. Dr. MANNING is accused by Lord SALISBURY and by a Correspondent of the *Times* signing himself "G." of having proposed to do a given mischievous thing. He has only to prove either that the thing is not mischievous or that he did not suggest it. Apparently neither of these courses is open to him. Instead of one demonstration or the other, Dr. MANNING gives a good deal of discursive talk, and tries to prove that something undistinguishable to the naked eye from the mischief aforesaid is really quite different. In the course of his letters he has started some side-issues which might lead to pretty arguments. One of the most fruitful was his *obiter dictum* that every criminal was once an innocent child, whom Society has corrupted. It is by no means clear to us that the CARDINAL has not committed himself here to the Pelagian heresy and come smartly into conflict with St. AUGUSTINE, whom the Church reveres. But he must be left to fight that out with the POPE.

It is always well to take an observation, as DANIEL WEBSTER sensibly insisted, in order to find out your longitude and latitude after a storm of talk, to discover what the matter to be proved or disproved originally was. The CARDINAL gave it as his opinion that at such a time as this there ought to be work for "unemployed, honest, deserving "men." Lord SALISBURY called this the advocacy of "national workshops," and gave his reasons for using that phrase. "G.," who had already drawn the CARDINAL'S fire under another signature, came forward with a series

of practical questions. He wanted—and many others of us want—to know how this work is to be provided and what it is to be. Is it to be remunerative work undertaken on business terms and at the market rate of wages? If so, how does the CARDINAL propose to create it? Dr. MANNING has been forced to confess that he cannot make remunerative work out of nothing, and that what he wishes to do is to give the "unemployed, honest, deserving men" something to labour at for something less than the market rate of wages. But, then, he only sets himself another list of questions to answer. How does he propose to supply this without imposing a burden on the community which in the long run will augment the very evil he wishes to cure by wasting a part of the national capital on useless work, and so diminishing the fund from which all labour is paid? This is a thoroughly practical question, and is not answered in the least by quotations which prove that Mr. MILL had a slightly sentimental leaning towards Socialism—which we knew—that he was skilful in scoring off disputants on the other side—which is a matter of common knowledge—and that he was sometimes, for so very able a man, strangely deficient in a sense of the ridiculous—a fact of which we were well aware. Dr. MANNING has certainly shown "G." that an eminent economist can be quoted on his side, and that is a warning to people who enter into discussions with trained disputants to be careful of what they say. But the CARDINAL's own argument looks no stronger than before. Dr. MANNING continually quotes the Poor-law of ELIZABETH as a proof that his wish to find paid work for the unemployed is practical. We should prefer to say that the law of ELIZABETH is a proof that Government once tried to do what the CARDINAL recommends, and that its history affords a convincing demonstration of the truth of "G.'s" contention—that all such efforts must in the long run do more harm than good. The old Poor-law was quite as efficient in keeping down the general rate of wages—and thereby harming the whole labouring class—as in helping the unemployed. Its indirect influence in the perpetuation of a pauper population, in the encouragement of bastardy, and the discouragement of thrift is too notorious to need pointing out again. The CARDINAL's critics insist that he wishes to revert to a bad system which we have given up long ago. He does not in the least prove that his proposal is not bad by asserting that it has been tried before. Nobody accuses him of asking for something entirely new, but of asking for something mischievous. No amount of demonstration that it has been tried before will alter its character.

The CARDINAL endeavours to avoid the charge of Socialism by defining the word in his own way. There is little profit in arguing whether certain measures should be called Social legislation or Socialism, but whatever name is preferred, nobody can be in any doubt as to the tendency of such words as these:—"The poor possess nothing but their inheritance "of natural right. If the Poor-law of ELIZABETH had "not been passed, the English land laws would scarcely "have survived until this day. From HENRY VIII. till "CHARLES II. the possession of land had been passing from "the many to the few. In proportion to the population it "was never held in so few hands as at this day. The "yeomen and statesmen and the forty-shilling freeholders "are gone. It is a grave danger to treat the natural right of "the poor as a popular delusion. If the rich should be taught "to deny this natural right, a habit of mind full of misconception and unnatural would be formed in them, and if "the poor were to know that this last natural right in "themselves and their children were denied, a dangerous "resentment would inevitably arise." Natural right to what? To be preserved from death by starvation? That is secured him by the Poor-laws already. Or is his natural right to include the right to a part of the land and to paid work? If it is this last, then the CARDINAL, let him wriggle and chop logic as much as he pleases, is talking Socialism. We will concede to him the Socialistic tendency of the Elizabethan Poor-law if he likes, and are quite content to take its influence as proof of the mischievous working of all such legislation. Fine phrases, declamation, and appeals to sentiment will not alter the fact that when population increases faster than the means of subsistence the result must be poverty. This is no reason why any community should do so cruel and so unchristian a thing as to leave people already born into the world to die of want of food; and the law, as Cardinal MANNING knows, provides that they need not so die. But it is a very good reason why we should not adopt a course which would infallibly tend to increase the pressure of population on means of subsistence, and thereby perpetuate and extend the evil. If the CARDINAL thinks this view headless and heartless, he can try to show by argument how a better course can be taken. Frothy declamation will not do, nor vague talk about natural rights, nor yet threatenings of dangerous resentments. This sort of chatter is no proof that the speaker, whoever he is, has a livelier sympathy with the unemployed than others who use less rhetoric. It may be a proof of looseness of soul, or even that he who uses it is of opinion that it would be a good thing to dish the Social Democratic Federation. Is it possible that some notion of the sort has been floating in the air of the ARCHBISHOP'S House, Westminster, S.W.?

THE LAST SPEECHES OF THE RECESS.

THE oratorical campaign of the recess has been not unfitly closed by speeches from Mr. GOSCHEN, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, and Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH. It is, of course, desired by the leaders on either side that the last words addressed to their armies before entering upon the real battle of the Session should be as inspiriting as possible; and while Mr. GOSCHEN'S power of animating the fight is well known and highly valued by Unionists, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is for the Gladstonians—well, "the best they can do." The speeches of the two differ as the language of the victorious military commander of real life differs from that of the theatrical variety of the same; but those who cannot get the real thing must, of course, put up with the best attainable counterfeit. If Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S rhetoric does not, like Mr. GOSCHEN'S, breathe the very spirit of confidence, it is amply filled out—as amply, indeed, as that of a Biblical hero, whose style and bearing generally is not unlike his own—with all the phrases in which confidence would naturally express itself. He is always inviting his enemy to come to him, that he may give his flesh to the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field; and, though this sort of thing is rated at its true value in the House of Commons—where, indeed, GOLIATH shows a good-humoured consciousness of and acquiescence in the fact that no one takes him seriously—we suppose that there are people in the provinces, some, perhaps, even in Sir WILLIAM'S own constituency, with whom it "goes down." Considered solely from the histrionic point of view, his last performance before the good people of Derby was quite among his more successful efforts. It was not so conspicuous, perhaps, for what, in the scanty vocabulary of his earlier admirers, used once to be called "epigram"; but the BOBADIL note of bluster was better maintained throughout than it sometimes is, and one felt that the simpler and less experienced of the orator's hearers might really have been enabled by it to enjoy for a brief hour the illusion that their side is winning.

Realities, however, should take precedence of theatric display, and Mr. GOSCHEN'S speech at the Fishmongers' Hall, after his presentation with the freedom of their Company, claims the first attention. Both the place of his entertainment and the persons of his entertainers were of auspicious association. It was through the City of London that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER first entered public life, nearly a quarter of a century since, and it is from one of the not too numerous Liberal guilds of that City that he has now received an honour which implies that, in the opinion of its donors at all events, he is as good a Liberal to-day as he was four-and-twenty years ago. Anyhow, the list of Liberal statesmen, from GREY to RUSSELL, to which Mr. GOSCHEN'S name as a freeman of the Company has now been added, contains names which posterity is perhaps likely to remember somewhat longer, and to connect more closely with the famous political achievements of the party, than those of Mr. GLADSTONE'S present associates. The guest of the evening, however, had naturally only an incidental reference to make to the party creed held in common by his hosts and himself. He spoke chiefly as a Unionist and of the cause of the Union; and his report of that cause and its prospects was as all of us, not even excluding (in their secret hearts) the Gladstonians themselves, were well aware that it must and would be, of a highly encouraging nature. It was full of that best sort of encouragement which reports convey to those who consider not merely the tone which pervades them but the facts which they contain. If, said Mr. GOSCHEN, our friends the Gladstonians are content with the results of the political conflict thus far, "so in all humility are we; and there "are few Unionists, Conservative or Liberal" (we ourselves

venture to add that there are, in reality, few Separatists, English or Irish), "who are not disposed to think that, at "the moment, we are stronger than we were a year ago. "We had an arduous Parliamentary session; we have had "an equally arduous Parliamentary recess." Ministers are satisfied with the session because "it taught them that they "could rely upon the alliance which is at the bottom of the "present strength of HER MAJESTY'S Government," and they have equally good reason to be satisfied with the results of the recess. The Gladstonians, as Mr. GOSCHEN reminds us, intended in the course of the last six months to sweep the Unionist party away. They intended, he said, to "raise "the country against us"; "to create an agitation so strong "and so certain to be successful that when Parliament "met we should bow our diminished heads, and should in "all humility ask Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. PARNELL, and his "friends to relieve us of the responsibility which we were "no longer able to bear." It was unnecessary to add that that is not the spirit in which Ministers are about to meet Parliament. The contrary is evident enough from the note of cheerful confidence which rings through every speech they have delivered. It is quite clear—it must be admitted even by the enemy—that, whether the cause of the Union is or is not winning everywhere, it is the strong and ever-strengthening conviction of Unionists themselves, from the chief Ministers down to the obscurest of their followers, that such is the case.

What facts has Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT got to oppose to this conviction? Words to assail it with we know he has—in abundance—but what facts? When he has done cracking jokes on Lord SALISBURY'S "tobogganing" metaphor a metaphor which implicitly contains all the witticisms, such as they are, which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT seemed to regard as additions of his own—when this and similar diversions come to an end, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S speech, for all practical purposes, is at an end also. Occasionally, indeed, the speaker threw out some casual and conventional party taunt, or rehearsed the "regulation" article of faith about "the country being on the side of" whatever retrogression it may suit Mr. GLADSTONE'S satellites to represent as progress; but no jot or tittle of positive evidence was offered in proof of this latter assertion, nor did Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT even venture to explain away the negative evidence which makes, as Mr. GOSCHEN has insisted so strongly, for the opposite conclusion. It is true we are treated to the thrice-told tale of Catholic Emancipation, Parliamentary Reform, and all the rest of it, with the supposed inductive inference therefrom that whatever policy the Liberals support and the Conservatives oppose must ultimately be adopted by the country. At this time of day it would be disrespectful to the public intelligence to labour the two severally complete replies to this; first, that the question whether it *is* the Liberal party which is supporting Mr. GLADSTONE'S policy is the very question in dispute; and secondly, that the political ancestors—not of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT: he has none, unless it be RIGBY or BUBB DODINGTON—but of those with whom Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is now acting (a word appropriate in any meaning), can hardly be allowed to reckon their hits without their misses. Until they have explained away the awkward fact that they have been for more than two centuries opposed continuously to the existence of the Church of England, and, intermittently, to that of the monarchy, their success in winning over the country to their views has been scarcely uniform enough to form the basis of a safe induction. Let us invite Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to drop history, and, descending to contemporary fact, to state what grounds he has for thinking that Mr. GLADSTONE has made good his lieutenant's singular boast, and proved himself so much wiser than the "Roman fool" in his choice between the *victrix* and the *victa causa*. "I "was going," said Sir WILLIAM proudly, "to apply to the "two statesmen a saying which was applied in ancient "times to two great opponents" (CATO and the Gods?), "and I would say that the conquering cause commended "itself to Mr. GLADSTONE and the vanquished to Lord "SALISBURY." No doubt the conquering cause has always commended itself to Mr. GLADSTONE—or, rather, he has commended himself to it whenever he has correctly discerned it, which, we admit, he has pretty frequently done. But where is the evidence that he has correctly discerned it here in this case? Where, we ask with Mr. GOSCHEN, are the indignant crowds which were to have risen against the Crimes Act and swept the Government from office? *Et responsum est ab omnibus*, &c. They are not to be found. The country is perfectly calm under all the froth and fury of the Gladstonian stump-orators; and upon them lies the burden of showing that its calmness is other than the tranquillity of content.

The interest of Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH'S address to the Constitutional Union on Procedure Reform has been rather impaired since it was delivered by the references to the question in the House of Commons. From these it is to be gathered that the Government do not contemplate any very considerable changes or extensions of the present Rules, and it is therefore unnecessary to follow Sir MICHAEL through the five divisions of his subject. He did, however, refer at the commencement of his remarks to the particular question to which Ministers, we imagine, are directing their chief attention—that, namely, of providing some more effective means of repressing disorderly behaviour and disgraceful language in the House of Commons—and here he is to be congratulated on having been the first to recognize the right and duty of the House to push its disciplinary action, if necessary, in these cases beyond the limits of a mere suspension of the offenders. The spirit displayed by those members who "take a pride in defying the "House," and perhaps "even desire to bring it into "contempt and disgrace," cannot, as he justly says, be adequately dealt with by any change in the Rules of Procedure, which can do no more than check its manifestation. It must be punished, not through the offending member, but through his constituency. If a member disgrace himself by continual conduct of that sort, the House of Commons, if it chooses, may expel that member. If the constituency persists in returning similar offenders, the House may decline to allow the issue of a fresh writ for that constituency, even, if necessary, for the whole duration of a Parliament. "And I must say I feel," added Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, "that one instance of an exercise of "the power of the House in that way would do very much "indeed to make insolence and obstruction less popular "with Irish constituencies than they are at the present "time." We think so too; and, as it seems more than probable that, in the case of one notorious member, at any rate, the House will soon be confronted with the necessity of such action, it would do well to familiarize itself therewith by antecedent discussion.

NAVAL ADMINISTRATION.

THE quarrel over the navy started by Lord CHARLES BERESFORD'S resignation has died at an unexpectedly early age. It suffered from a congenital want of stamina, and turned out, after all, not to have vivacity enough to preserve it from extinction. Lord GEORGE HAMILTON had the easy task of slaying the slain when he made his promised answer to his late subordinate last week. Lord CHARLES and his friends had done the First Lord's work for him already when they had once acknowledged that the Civil Head of the Admiralty must in the long run be master in the office. Since on their own showing the First Lord was not bound to take the advice of experts, simply because it was their advice, they, for their part, were bound to show that he differed from them on some point of vital importance. They have conspicuously failed to do anything of the kind. It turns out that the ostensible cause of quarrel was, whether certain naval officers were to be paid on what Lord CHARLES himself considers an extravagant scale. The cause of dispute was the more unhappily chosen that it had already been disposed of in the office, and was revived by Lord CHARLES himself, in what he calls "Saxon," and what we are inclined to guess was the style of Mr. CHUCKS. Let us hope the correspondence will be laid before Parliament.

We have still to learn what it is exactly that the naval officers wish to have done to improve the Admiralty. Admiral Sir G. HORNBY, Admiral Sir G. ELLIOT, Admiral Sir R. SPENCER ROBINSON, and admirals not a few have written to explain; but, after all, we remain in as much doubt as before. These officers agree that the First Lord must be captain of the ship, and yet they wish to keep him, in some way or another, under check, if not under control, by a council of experts. The two wishes are hardly compatible. Sir R. SPENCER ROBINSON expressly declares that "nothing would be allowed in them [*i.e.* the experts] "resembling petulance, fault-finding, or insubordination." But who is to be judge? Sir R. SPENCER ROBINSON must surely know that a resolute First Lord—a man of PALMERSTON'S self-will or Lord DALHOUSIE'S—would very soon make his Sea Lords understand that any action of theirs which in any way hampered him would be considered as

petulance, fault-finding, and insubordination. The only alternative to the absolute authority of the First Lord would be some entire change of system which would put the government of the navy into other hands. It does not appear, however, that the Admirals ask for this. No doubt a wise First Lord will be largely guided by the opinions of naval officers; but it is not pretended that Lord GEORGE HAMILTON has neglected the advice of his experts. Sir R. SPENCER ROBINSON complains that we have no security that his successors will be equally competent. But what guarantee can we have? The Admiral must know that the value of every system depends on the men who administer it. Government by experts is no security for good administration. The French army has always been under the control of generals, and yet all the world knows that before 1870 it was allowed to fall into the most disgraceful state, and was found, like the Spanish forces described by the Duke of WELLINGTON, to be wanting in everything at the critical moment. The French navy is administered by experts, and yet it is certain that it suffers from some of the worst defects of our own administration. Money is wasted in the dockyards, ships take an inordinate time to build, torpedo-boats fastened with lead rivets are supplied. The Chamber cuts down the Estimates without mercy. Under the same system the same things might happen here. The only security against them is the existence of a high standard of honour and of faculty for doing good work in the Admiralty. These things may be found, and, by general consent, are found at present in our own administration. There is only one security for their permanence, and it is the firmly expressed resolution of the country to have a good navy. As long as politicians have to count with that, every Cabinet will take care not to incur unpopularity by neglect. Parliament will vote the money the country is willing to spend. Naval officers can do their share of the work by settling in their own minds what a good navy ought to be and explaining the same publicly. They are ready enough to write letters to the papers. As for schemes of reorganization, enough money and time has been wasted on them already.

A SUGGESTION TO THE ABLE EDITOR.

IT may be taken as acknowledged on all hands that Prince BISMARCK has made a very interesting speech. We all waited for it, and a great many of us have been commenting on it. That being so, why were we not allowed to have it as delivered? We do not assert, as Cardinal MANNIN might, that the reader of the daily papers has a "natural right" to the very words used by Unser REICHSKANZLER, but only that since so much was given on the subject, the space might have been occupied with the PRINCE's own words. It cannot be any dearer to telegraph a speech than to telegraph general comment and report.

Still, if several columns of close print full of the PRINCE's eloquence are more than the public can be expected to face, we might at least be spared columns of vague reports of the hazy remarks of insignificant third persons. It is useless to say that nobody need read these things. The gentleman who is looking for facts in his penny paper must read them, if only to be sure that there really is nothing in them. The able editor would surely give up publishing mere gabble if he only knew what emotions of rage and fury fill the bosom of his best customers when they find they have paid for this sort of thing:—

Madrid: Tuesday night.

Commenting upon the speech of Prince Bismarck, the Madrid papers echo the impressions in political and diplomatic circles that a conflict between Russia and Germany cannot long be averted. The majority of Spaniards would prefer to remain neutral in European complications.

It may be very right in the Madrid papers to "echo the "impressions" of diplomatic circles. In the fine dry air of Madrid they are probably audible, though here the description suggests nothing so much as unpaid attachés playing quoits. But why should we have to listen to the echo of an echo? A journalist who was fit for anything could make up volumes of such foreign correspondence while his editor with moderate haste might tell a hundred. What does it matter whether they want to remain neutral in European complications at Madrid? Is the Republic of San Marino convulsed? Are they disturbed in the Valley of Andorra? The opinion of the Continent may be important, and it is well to know it; but it is not vague talk reported in a condensed form from outlying places, neither is it the opinion of M. A. or M. B. who signs his articles in one or the other French paper. We never have understood why the man on the knifeboard did not arise and address the editor on the subject of these quotations. "I pay my money," he might say, "and make "your paper a good advertising medium, in order to know "what is going on—not because I want to hear what quite "ordinary French journalists are saying, and in translations "too. If it were RIVAROL or the Chevalier VON GENTZ "there would be some advantage in getting their opinion; "but they are dead, and as for these persons you bore me "withal, who are they? In ordinary times one must "put up with them. You may use them to fill up space, "as HORACE GREELEY telegraphed the Old Testament to "keep control of the wire from Niagara; but, when Prince "BISMARCK is speaking, it is really too much to be interrupted by French journalists. They are nobody, and re"present nothing. They have nothing to say which a "hundred gentlemen in Fleet Street could not say. As for "their manner of saying it, the merit of that disappears in "translation. When I want news, do not give me un"digested lumps of French leading article. If you do, I "will ——." What the man on the knifeboard could do we do not very well know; but, if what he means is that he would transfer his subscription to the first daily which would confine its foreign correspondence to news only, report the news in proportion to its importance, remember that politics are not everything, and that the talk of journalists is not politics, he has our entire sympathy.

THE SEA-URCHIN.

MAN is, no doubt, the happier and better for most things that come out of the sea, but unfortunately in the British islands prejudice cuts us off from more than half the joy and comfort which we might have. On the Mediterranean coasts, however, the people are wiser, and all manner of assorted sea creatures are eaten under the name of *fruits de mer*, *coquillages*, and *frutte di mare*; they are almost all good, but our present object is to sing the praises of the type of the Echinodermata. The sea-urchin—sea-hedgehog, or sea-egg, as he is called on our coasts—most people who have been to the sea-side know him by sight, either in the form of a sort of dark but vividly coloured horse-chestnut, or, when the spines are nibbled off, in the form of a misshapen, beautifully carved egg. But few who have not been on the Mediterranean shore know this creature at table, and perhaps he there shines more brilliantly than elsewhere. The flattened side of this animal's shell having been cut out with a pair of scissors, and the rest having been given a sluice out with sea-water, there is revealed to our sight a delicate enamel saucer, with radiating leaves of orange-coloured—shall we call it jelly, or what?—sticking to the sides. This must be carefully scraped out with a teaspoon, or wiped out with a piece of crumb of bread and eaten. There are always bold persons who, in attempting to describe unknown food, will cheerfully say that it tastes like something else, as if anything tasted like anything else. Such a one would probably say that sea-urchins tasted like oysters, or like periwinkles, or tasted of the sea—and perhaps he would not be wrong. We prefer to say that they taste like sea-urchins. On the French coast they have the advantage of costing from one penny to twopence the dozen, and a dozen with bread and butter make a very good lunch. This is a merit, that the urchin is very good to eat; but that is not an end of him. You save one sea-urchin from your meal, and put him in a pot of sea-water; soon he begins to put out a number of fine threads, each ending in a tiny sucker about the size of a pin's head, and lays hold of the sides of the pot and hauls himself about. Then, too, when there is an end of him, you can puzzle over the beautiful and complicated bony framework of his jaws, which naturalists choose for some occult reason to call the lantern of Aristotle. Plain folk only know of the lantern of Diogenes. Again, the enjoyer of the sea-urchin, if fortunate enough to possess a good magnifying glass, can look for the madreporiform tubercle, and whilst shuddering at the name can admire the beauty of this filter by which the water is cleared from grit. The water passing through this has to be perfectly limpid, for it is used in the complicated hydraulic machinery by which the thread-like sucker-ended mooring and warping lines are worked—we regret to say that this beautiful apparatus is called the Ambulacral system. Again, in the morning when it is warm, but the sun not too high, if it is a calm day let the student consider the subject of his study from the point of view of the sportsman—let him take a boat and say that he wishes to *faire quelques oursins* (if he be in France). He will be provided with the necessary instrument, which consists of a long pole, at the end of which are a series of strong iron prongs, forming what would probably be called in a neighbouring island "a fork in the shape of a spoon." The fishing-ground is some spot in from three to five feet of water, with a rocky and slightly weedy bottom. On reaching the ground a sharp look-out must be kept, and if the water be at all ruffled with the wind, a few drops of oil must be sprinkled on it from time to time from a feather to ensure a transparent surface. When the game is sighted the fork part of the instrument comes into play to scrape the urchin out from his

lair under the rocks, for he seldom is weak enough to walk about on a smooth surface; when the quarry is perfectly loosened, the fork assumes the function of a spoon, and the game is raised to the surface, and deposited in the bottom of the boat. The sport sounds tame, but in reality, owing to the difficulty of excavating some particularly fine specimen from his rock cranny, the movement of the boat, and the occasional spilling of a sea-urchin out of the spoon just as the surface is reached, is most exciting. Perhaps the excitement is mild, but it is quite enough on a fine warm day, floating on a violet sea, with a sapphire sky overhead, and a letter in the pocket dated two days ago from London saying, "We are having very fine weather here now; no frost, and since yesterday but little fog; indeed, I have been able to go out several times last week, &c." Nor must it be imagined that the sea-urchin forms the only game to be met with in these happy hunting-grounds, and to be taken by the simple instrument we have described. Sometimes, in trying to dig out a sea-urchin, a whole patch of weed will be seen to move and develop legs. A pang of joy passes through the heart of the experienced fisher, and he uses his utmost skill to spoon up what he knows to be a spider crab. If he succeeds, he knows that he will have an excellent delicacy to add to his meal. We may also take sea-anemones, good for Bouillabaisse; Venus's ears, known in these waters as Oreilles de St. Pierre, good to stew; varicoloured weed and quaint star-fish; and occasionally a large octopus may be partly coaxed, partly wrenched from the rocks, and may be stewed, fried, or added to Bouillabaisse. But, above all, the sport is pursued in fine, calm weather only, in a boat, and there is no need to hurry or to strike quickly, or generally put oneself out.

DE MORTUIS.

We should be very sorry to find that, by mere unwittingness, we killed that excellent and veteran dramatist Mr. Maddison Morton last week if the accident had not brought out the eminent and beneficent powers of Mr. Punch, who has promptly made Mr. Morton alive again. In one sense, neither his nor our exertions were required, for the author of *Box and Cox* is immortal already. But it may be a warning to evildoers to show how easily we can kill; and it cannot but be good for morals to show Mr. Punch in an attitude which was not exactly that of his earlier and pre-literary days. He used, if perambulating comedians do not malign him, to be rather addicted to—let us say to the *other* proceeding. But Moral Progress has turned him from a man- or at least child- and wife-slayer, much in danger of the hangman, and even of worse avengers, into a resuscitator (by which Heaven forbid that we should mean a resurrection-man). And, to drop metaphor, we are very much obliged to Mr. Punch for correcting our mistake, very glad that it was a mistake, and very ready to apologize to Mr. Morton for anticipating his immortality. We only wish that all men of his age could look back on such unblemished services to the public as he can.

But this little unintentional homicide, which the magic wand of Mr. Punch has happily set right, makes us think of certain other things where homicide has also been committed, and where resuscitation seems more difficult, though the things and persons in question still walk abroad after a fashion and simulate a ghastly life. What shall we say, for instance, of the knowingness of Mr. Labouchere, who is nothing if not knowing? Here is Mr. Labouchere, in his periodical of this week, asking why colleges which are hard up, and St. John's College, Oxford, in particular, do not economize by curtailing their ridiculous expense in wine? Mr. Labouchere, we think, was a University man, which makes this utterance more surprising. Does he really think that, if the lamented Alderman Falkiner, who never went to bed without six bottles of claret under his belt, were a fellow of a college, and pursued that practice, the cost of six bottles *per diem* of '64 Lafite, bought dogmatically, and interest charged at five per cent., would come upon the college funds? Is he unaware that the sole expense which comes upon those funds is the first cost, which is repaid as the wine is drunk? If he is unaware of all this, what becomes of the knowingness of Mr. Labouchere? If he is aware of it, what becomes of his—let us say trustworthiness? But, perhaps, when colleges and crowned heads are in question these things do not matter; and so Mr. Labouchere's knowingness, in a sense, still survives.

There are other entities of which we cannot take quite so cheerful a view. What poppy or mandragora, or rather—for these are not the right things—what treacle or mithridate shall ever antidote the poison which has been self-administered to the reputations of divers politicians in these last months? We do not speak of Mr. Parnell, Mr. Dillon, and their likes—the bubble reputation has burst long ago there, and nobody but a lunatic would seek to mend it. But who shall revivify Sir George Trevelyan's consistency, Sir William Harcourt's wit, Mr. Blunt's Arab chivalry, and many other snows of yester year? Will Mr. Punch touch them with his wand? Although Mr. Punch has sometimes lately shown an inscrutable tendency to favour that same Irish blackguardism which once he represented as kicked across the Ocean, and more recently as lurking in its proper form behind a curtain—we don't think he would or could do it. And if he cannot, who shall?

"Now, what can they mean by denying these things?" said an innocent person the other day in reference to the attempts of the Separatists and their leaders to deny that within less than half as many months as there were votes to gain by the denial the said Separatist leaders and organs were accusing the Parnellites of exactly those crimes of which they now declare them totally guiltless. That is a question which can only be answered by some such theory of stone-deadness as that which we have hinted at. Sir William Harcourt thinks that his own utterances when he spoke not six years ago on a certain Crimes Bill are as dead as the shivers which he underwent in consequence of certain consequences of that Bill. Mr. Gladstone thinks that his imprisonment of Mr. Parnell is dead, that his remarks on that imprisonment are dead, that his legislation against the Land League is dead, and that there is no danger of anybody making it alive again. As for Sir George Trevelyan, the charitable have another theory for him. Mere boredom is, no doubt, the secret of Sir George's apparently eccentric behaviour on the Home Rule question. At the beginning thereof who so attentive, who so heroic as Sir George? But time goes on, and the same old question continues. "I say," says Sir George, "let's have something else." And he determines that, as far as he is concerned, he will. Still it appears to be the general impression, and not merely, as Mr. Gladstone would like to have it, the impression in "the South of England," that all these sayings and doings of the distinguished persons referred to are not dead and may possibly go on rising in judgment against them—a most improper and ungentlemanly thing, doubtless, of bygone words and things to do, and yet somehow it is done. On Thursday last, for instance, men saw a Parliament meeting with Mr. Gladstone, who ruthlessly crushed twenty years ago the Fenianism which was an almost respectable thing compared with the League of Murder, who imprisoned Irish leaders by dozens only the other day, and who received with modest smiles and heartfelt sense of rectitude the cheers of Englishmen when he announced their incarceration;—with Sir William Harcourt, who by turns thundered at Irishmen and shivered in his shoes at them about the same very recent time, who talked about "Parnellite juice" but a few months ago;—with Sir George Trevelyan, who has come to Mr. Gladstone's heel like a whipped hound after a slight truancy, and who but a short time since was, like the same hound unwhipped, chasing at Mr. Gladstone's order Irish Nationalists to gaols and plank-beds;—with all these and others alive, hearty, and ready for business. When they see such men hobnobbing with their former victims and convicts, what do they think? That is a very interesting question, and the answers are various. The cynic of course says that they don't think anything at all; first of all because the operation of thinking is one with which they are unfamiliar, and, secondly, because they have not the necessary knowledge. They may have begun the study of Irish affairs at about the same time as Mr. Gladstone; who, by his own account, carried out Lydford law in that matter, and only began to inquire whether Irishmen were not by chance innocent at the moment when he left off punishing them, or rather was deprived of the power of punishing them, as guilty. With these persons it would seem that we must borrow Mr. Punch's wand, or at least the exercise of it in the case of the venerable and excellent author of *Box and Cox*, and try to make the dead alive again. In the Session which is beginning it will constantly, we fear, be necessary to repeat old stories. It is Mr. John Morley—we think, a good authority to cite, surely, in this matter—who has said that the political person must never be afraid of repetition. Perhaps repetition in this case will hardly conduce to the welfare of Mr. Morley's party, though it will do himself no harm. And, for our part, we can assure the whole batch of Gladstonians, from Mr. Gladstone at their head to Mr. Anybody at the tail, that they will certainly, dead as they may be to honour, not be allowed to bury their dead words spoken in the days when they were honourable. How it could be right to imprison Mr. Parnell a few years ago and wrong to imprison Mr. O'Brien now; how it was virtuous of Sir George Trevelyan to send this man to gaol and wicked of Mr. Balfour to send that man for rather worse offences; how it happened that the Land League, which incited to murder and rent-stealing, was steeped in crime, and the National League, which incites to rent-stealing and murder, is steeped in innocence—these and other questions are not going to be left to moulder quietly away, as doubtless Gladstonians would like them to be allowed to moulder. It is difficult to imagine anything more foolish than the conduct of those estimable Conservatives who say, "Oh! let us forget the Irish question and go to business." The Irish question is the business, and till it is—not shelved, but well and thoroughly knocked on the head by good hard strokes for many weeks and months—there will be no peace, nor anything like peace. And among those good hard strokes none can be better and harder than the constant repetition that the record of every Gladstonian of eminence, with two or three exceptions, is fatal to his competence and his honesty in this matter. He may have been a reckless or a thoughtless tyrant three short years ago; he may be a reckless or a thoughtless revolutionary now. But he must take his choice of one or the other category. And, whichever he elects to figure in, it will hardly be thought that he is a fit and proper person to be entrusted with the government and, what is more, with the reconstruction of the government of the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

THE POPE AND THE PILGRIMS.

THAT "there is nothing so misleading as facts except figures" is an axiomatic or epigrammatic paradox which has only too often been illustrated from the apparently endless wrangle alike over the minutest details and the gravest problems of history. But we may well cease to marvel at the startling historical divergences which were satirized by Thucydides two thousand years ago when we find no closer agreement attainable about events which are happening under our own eyes. It is barely ten days ago that the Pope gave audience to a body of 300 Irish pilgrims, headed by Archbishop Walsh and seven bishops, and already the most diametrically opposite versions are circulated and credited in various quarters of what he said to them. To be sure one of these versions rests mainly on the authority of Archbishop Walsh, and on such matters Irish Nationalists, and especially Nationalist ecclesiastics, can hardly be considered very trustworthy witnesses. According to what appear to be authentic reports of the address, both French and Latin, his Holiness inculcated on his hearers in distinct, if not very incisive, terms the paramount duty of obedience to the law. After some general remarks on his paternal solicitude for Ireland and regard for the integrity of her faith, we find a reference to the mission of Mgr. Persico and to the papal missive addressed to Cardinal MacCabe, then Archbishop of Dublin, four or five years ago, which, it will be remembered, sternly denounced the Land League. We give the passage as reported, the italics being our own:—

And you are right in remaining firmly trustful in our good will, for we shall not cease to treat the Irish with that love which justice claims; and we shall also persevere in watching over their tranquillity and prosperity, so that it may be acknowledged that we have always responded to the hope placed in us by you. Of that bent of our mind you have at this very moment a striking testimony in the fact that in connexion with the present state of affairs we sent on a definite mission our venerable brother, the Archbishop of Damietta, in order that it might be possible for us to know further from his report what is the condition of things and what is best suited to you. But the difficulty is pressing. What we have indicated in the letter which we addressed in former years to the Archbishop of Dublin *must be taken as a sure and firm rule of conduct*. This is required not only by religion that religion which is the principal praise of the Irish nation—but by the common advantage, because *at no time can it be useful to society to violate justice, the foundation of order and all well-being*.

The Irish are next reminded of his Holiness's recent policy in Germany, where "the Catholics escaped the dangers which threatened them *by their moderation and respect for law*. Why should not the result of similar conduct be the same in Ireland?" The injunction might be clothed in stronger language, but its drift at least seems unmistakable, and it must be remembered that Mgr. Persico's report has not yet been presented, on which Leo XIII. may intend to base a more decisive verdict. Whether the accuracy of the text of the discourse we have quoted is called in question does not clearly appear, but at all events it is wholly evacuated of its obvious and natural sense, if the statement of Archbishop Walsh may be trusted, who declares, according to the Roman Correspondent of the *Times*, "that in a private audience granted to the Irish bishops the Pope delivered another version of his mind, whereby 'the interests of Ireland'"—as Dr. Walsh understands them—"were to be protected from the influence which was expected to be exercised by the public address of his Holiness to the Irish pilgrims, *among whom there may have been some loyal or indiscreet persons*." Leo XIII. is thus represented by Dr. Walsh, if we may be pardoned the use of plain language, as a very artless dodger indeed. He first makes a diplomatic address to the Irish pilgrims studiously framed to bamboozle such "loyal or indiscreet persons" as might be present—the Duke of Norfolk was one of them—and through them the British public generally, and the same evening in a private interview with the Irish bishops—whom he has more than once pretty sharply reprimanded before, and some of whom have not obscurely threatened to foment a schism if their wishes are disregarded—assures them that his public address was only meant to throw dust in the eyes of the public, and that he really sided with them and their Parnellite friends all the time. And finally he permits, or does not forbid, Dr. Walsh to blurt out this nice little secret a few days afterwards, for the edification of the Separatist party. The *Times'* Correspondent—who is "as far as possible from a Catholic"—entirely refuses to believe that the Pontiff thus "palters in a double sense," and, judging from everything that is known of Leo XIII., both before and after his accession to the Papacy, we fully agree with him. We too feel no doubt that the Pope "is as incapable of the haggling for a price, of which his enemies suspect him, as of the evasion"—not to add stupidity—"of which this report (of Dr. Walsh's) would accuse him." It may be added that a later telegram of February 8 cites a message from his Holiness conveyed to the bishops through the Prefect of Propaganda, on their departure from Rome, directing them "to preach to the Irish people respect for the law and a calm and prudent line of conduct;" *i.e.* bidding them do the precise contrary of what they have been doing hitherto.

The real difficulty of the situation at Rome is indicated by the same Correspondent, as we have more than once indicated it ourselves, in a passage which has also an important bearing, as he himself points out, on the question of restoring diplomatic relations with the Vatican. It is certainly true that the Pope is surrounded by advisers of different policies, to whom he is obliged from their position to pay some show of deference, and that, owing to the want of any official intercourse with England, "his nearest and most numerous advisers (on this question) are the Catholic bishops of Ireland, who, with Cardinal Manning, are the most determined and dangerous enemies of the preservation of the Union, and whose whole influence is exerted in support of the Separatist agitation." On the other side indeed are the loyal English (Roman Catholic) bishops—with one or two exceptions—and the loyal nobility and gentry, at the head of whom stands the Duke of Norfolk; but, adds the writer, "under the disadvantage that their primate"—he is, by the way, giving Cardinal Manning a title to which he can lay no claim—"is doing everything in his power to destroy the influence which they might exert in favour of the Government." A Pope who was weak or narrow-minded, or who really sympathized with Parnellism, could hardly have failed long before now to be drawn over by so strong and persistent a pressure to the Separatist side. It speaks much for the firmness of Leo XIII., and his genuine sympathy with the cause of law and order, that during this long contest he has shown no sign of yielding to the urgent pressure put upon him, and that he has now seized the occasion of receiving a numerous deputation of Parnellite pilgrims, who came before him with their mouths full of national blarney and in the undisguised hope of securing his sanction for their continuance in a course of shameless defiance of the laws of God and man, to put on record a firm and dignified, if temperate, assertion of the indefeasible obligations of justice and civil obedience. And it is a very instructive circumstance, to which the same Correspondent calls attention, that the most strenuous opponents of the scheme for reopening diplomatic relations between England and the Vatican are precisely those prelates who are the keenest advocates of Home Rule—Cardinal Manning and the Irish archbishops and bishops as well in Ireland as in the Colonies. They know well enough—none better than the Cardinal Archbishop—that the residence of a papal nuncio in England would deprive them of the virtually absolute authority in all matters relating to their Church which they now exercise, including *inter alia* the selection of Colonial bishops. The Cardinal is said to be in the habit of despatching to Rome at brief intervals an elaborate report of the state of things ecclesiastical and political in England, and his activity in this respect would of course be curtailed or superseded by the presence of a nuncio.

In this connexion the appointment of Colonial bishops is not so trivial a matter as may at first sight appear. The Irish are much the same in the Colonies as they are at home, and are always ready to "boycott" any bishop or priest who is not to their liking, notably if he is an Englishman. Thus *e.g.* the late Catholic metropolitan of Australia, Archbishop Vaughan, was a man of popular gifts and with a strong wrist, and was able, albeit an Englishman, to hold his own with the universal respect of his Protestant fellow-citizens as well as of his own flock. His successor, Cardinal Moran, whom the Pope had designed to translate to Dublin in place of Dr. Walsh and who had the reputation of a loyalist, is said to have fallen helplessly into the hands of the Irish priesthood, while one of his suffragans—Bishop Torregiani of Armidale, an Italian monk who during twenty-five years of parochial work in this country thoroughly naturalized himself as an Englishman, and who was appointed bishop at Archbishop Vaughan's request—narrowly escaped being murdered three or four years ago by an Irish fanatic, whom his judges, with questionable leniency, consigned to a lunatic asylum instead of to penal servitude. He had felt bound to suspend three Irish priests, who were dragged away from the altar trying to say mass when drunk, and it came out on the trial that this miscreant, who fired at the bishop, while celebrating High Mass in his Cathedral on Christmas Day, had been for several weeks in close personal intercourse with one of these three clerical worthies. We merely recall the incident—which found its way at the time from the Australian into the English newspapers—in order to show that the Ethiopian does not change his skin by transplantation to another clime. It is much to be desired that the Pope may see his way to formulating some authoritative decision on the burning question at issue between Bishop O'Dwyer and Bishop Healy and all or nearly all their episcopal colleagues, backed by the great bulk of the Irish priesthood, as to the relative obligations of obedience to the behests of the National (Theft and Murder) League, and obedience to the second table of the Decalogue. To obey both is of course impossible. No man can serve two masters. And in this purely moral question, whatever may be thought of Home Rule in the abstract, the Pope is obviously entitled to speak with full authority to his spiritual subjects. Nor can he entertain any doubt that the English Government is just as much bound forcibly to suppress the Plan of Campaign as it was bound to suppress, and did suppress, Indian Thuggee, with which indeed the Plan has much in common. In one respect indeed the comparison is a libel—on the Thugs; for they were content to murder, as part of their religion, without—so far as we are aware—undertaking to canonize murderers. And we are taught on very high authority that to take delight in those who commit criminal acts, including "murder," betrays a yet lower depth of moral degradation than to commit them oneself. But Archbishop Croke, the *Freeman's Journal*, *et id genus omne*, have done their best to canonize "the Manchester martyrs," while they more than condone the saintly exploits of the heroes of Phœnix Park notoriety—possibly agreeing with Mgr. O'Reilly that they "were suborned by the Dublin Castle officials." But this by the way. In directing the attention of the Irish pilgrims to his letter to the late Cardinal MacCabe, which "must be taken as a firm and sure rule of con-

duct," and reminding them that the religion on which their nation prides itself, no less than the well being of the community, forbids all violation of justice and social order, the Pope has already by necessary implication condemned the National League and the Plan of Campaign. That he should defer any final pronouncement till he has received the fuller information which is being collected for him in Ireland by his appointed delegate is intelligible enough and needs no defence. But that he is meanwhile preaching to the Irish faithful in public, in presence of "loyal" Englishmen, the duty of peaceful law-abiding citizens, and preaching violence and sedition in private to their spiritual leaders—that, *pace* Dr. Walsh, is neither intelligible nor fairly credible. It has been left for this Parnellite archprelate to insinuate against the supreme head of his Church an infamy which the bitterest Protestant would have shrunk from suggesting, and which none but Irish Catholics are likely for a moment to believe.

HARES.

THE past shooting-season has been one of the best ever known for grouse, partridges, and pheasants; but it has been about the worst within living memory for hares. Without doubt, if they had had a chance, hares would have been proportionately as plentiful as winged game; the spring and summer were all in their favour, and this very fact makes their decrease the more remarkable. So evident is this decrease that many things are more improbable than that hares should become extinct in England if things go on as they are at present.

The Ground Game Act has affected hares far more than rabbits. The latter are so prolific that it is next to impossible to exterminate them where they have once established a firm footing under favourable conditions. Hares, on the contrary, are not great breeders, and, as they rear their families above ground, the dangers to which they are exposed are infinitely greater. Moreover, hares are prodigious fools; they seem to do all in their power to get into snares, and they proverbially offer the easiest of shots to gunners. A farmer, who wishes to be rid of them, has only to enlist the services of one of the so-called vermin-destroyers (arrant poachers would be a better name for them), and his hares will vanish in a wonderfully short space of time. Under these conditions it is scarcely to be wondered at that hares should be rapidly disappearing: but, besides all this, they labour under another serious disadvantage. It is illegal to kill owls, goatsuckers, stonechatches, larks, lapwings, or sandpipers at certain seasons of the year; we protect our coulterneibs, our hoopoes, our phalaropes, and our thicknees; yet there is not a day between the 1st of January and the 31st of December on which the poor wretched hare may not be destroyed. If the vermin-catcher can but kill a hare who is on the point of having a family, he feels as virtuous as a lady who has killed what she fondly believes to be a queen-wasp in the spring.

Last Session, Colonel Dawnay's Bill to make the interval between March 12 and August 12 a close time for hares fell through; but, when we consider the many dangers to which they are exposed in these days, it may be a question whether, if it is worth while to legislate on the subject at all, it would not be well to extend the close season still further. Indeed, we should not be far wrong in saying that the second half of August is one of the most fatal times for hares, as they are ruthlessly killed during that period by farmers' men in the cornfields. When the reaping is in progress, as the patch of corn still uncut becomes smaller and smaller, the surrounding crowd of labourers, boys, loafers, and dogs keeps closing round it and becoming more and more excited. Under similar circumstances in years gone by a few rabbits were perhaps killed in the presence of the keeper, while hares were allowed to escape. Now, not only is every available rabbit worried, shot, or knocked on the head, but, whenever an unlucky hare bolts from the rapidly-diminishing cover, it has to run the gauntlet of half the mongrels of the parish, of a horde of men and lads armed with sticks and stones, as well as of the fire of every rusty single-barrelled gun that can be pressed into the service. Still, it would be a great thing if a close time were appointed even for the five months from March 12, and it is said that more than three hundred petitions, bearing some forty thousand signatures, have been prepared in favour of such a measure. If hares are not to become as rare as badgers and wild cats, something must be done, and that quickly.

SAMSON AT THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

A SECOND praiseworthy performance was given at the People's Palace on Saturday last by the Handel Society. The work chosen was Handel's Oratorio of *Samson*. This, one of his finest compositions, is unfortunately seldom heard in its entirety, although written in the zenith of his power. It was begun and completed within a month after the production of the "Messiah" in 1741. Handel himself thought it one of his greatest works, and is said (after he was blind) always to have wept at the air "Total eclipse." This was sung with great pathos by Mr. John Probert, for whom we venture to predict an important career. His rendering of the duet "Go, baffled coward, go," with Mr. H. Pope was given with much dramatic force and vigour. The Society altogether was very fortunate in the choice of soloists. Miss Philippine Siedle has a clear and very true soprano with a good upper register, and Mme. Julia Lennox a sympathetic and fine-toned contralto, but we wish she would control the almost continual "tremolo" which is too often the snare of otherwise excellent singers. These two ladies were sisters, and evidently very popular. Mr. H. Pope, who took the bass part at short notice, has a fine, well-trained voice, but with an occasional thickness of articulation; and Mr. Williams kindly undertook the part of the Messenger when Mr. Probert was called away. "Let the Bright Seraphim" of course was encored, and the trumpet obbligato (Mr. Morrow) was all that could be wished. Both chorus and orchestra showed marked improvement under Mr. Docker's conductorship, but still we wish the voices were rather stronger, as they are overweighted by the instruments. This is so especially with the tenors, a gallant little band of twelve who did wonders, considering their number. Out of the 260 members of the Society there were only about 135 performing on Saturday. The slow, massive choruses were excellently rendered, especially "Round about the starry throne," "Great Dagon," and the Chorus of Virgins; but both chorus and orchestra get flurried in the fast movements, and are inclined to hurry. In spite of this fault, the orchestra played the fugue (allegro) in the overture far better than the first slow movement. All the parts warmed up to their work and improved as they went on, helped greatly by Mr. Croager's fine bursts of "organ."

The Handel Society has the distinction of being entirely amateur, both as to chorus and orchestra, and although it would be unfair to expect the complete accuracy and finish of a professional rendering, or even of those musical Societies which are supported by professional orchestras, it was a most creditable performance. The managers of the Society show a very wise judgment in having most of their public concerts in parts of London where they give the greatest pleasure, and away from the critical competition of "West End" performances. We only wish the "West End" audiences were as sympathetic and enthusiastic as the audience of last Saturday. The hall was crammed, notwithstanding the many rival attractions in the neighbourhood; even another oratorio, Spohr's *Last Judgment*, was given close by the same evening at the Toynbee Hall. We are indebted to the Handel Society for the reproduction of many of Handel's works—*Saul, Belshazzar, Jephtha, &c.*; nor does it confine itself entirely to his compositions; Gluck, Cherubini, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Raff, and many others are to be found on its list. It was started in November 1882, and we hope has a long and prosperous career before it.

THE STATE OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

THE publication of the Austro-German Treaty on Saturday morning created a very anxious feeling upon the Stock Exchange. For several weeks previously there had been a stoppage of speculation, and the smaller speculators more particularly had recognized that the condition of the Continent was too dangerous to permit of any considerable rise in prices. Consequently there was a gradual lessening of the account open by them. There were exceptions in the cases of mining shares and of copper and tin; but, speaking broadly, speculative business upon the Stock Exchange had been declining for some considerable time past. On the other hand, there had of late sprung up, as we pointed out last week, a very considerable investment business. Hopes were beginning to revive that peace would be preserved, that the unwillingness of the saving classes to allow their savings to remain any longer idle would cause a rise in investment stocks which would gradually extend to the more speculative stocks, and that thus once more speculative business would begin. And the hope was strengthened by the extreme lowness of the rates of interest and discount. In the early part of last week these hopes were growing very strong; but the publication of the Treaty completely dispelled the hope and caused, on the contrary, grave anxiety. There was nevertheless no serious fall; but this was due solely to the unwillingness of holders to sell. As our readers are aware, the members of the Stock Exchange consist of two classes—brokers, who act as agents for the public, buying or selling, as the case may be, for a commission; and jobbers, who are somewhat in the position of wholesale houses in the markets for commodities. It is the business of a jobber to either hold himself or to know where he can find at a moment's notice the stocks in which he deals, and to sell them to any broker who wishes to buy. It is also his business to buy the stocks in which he deals from brokers. His profit is derived from the difference between the price at which he buys and the price at which he sells. In ordinary times where there is a free market for a stock a jobber is willing to deal at very close prices; in other words, he will buy from a broker at about an eighth or a quarter, or, at the outside, a half per cent. under the price at which he is willing to sell. But when times become anxious, jobbers become unwilling to deal at close prices, and sometimes even are unwilling to deal at all. The object of every jobber who understands his business is at the close of each day to have as nearly as possible what, in the language of the Stock Exchange, is called an "even book"; in other words, his object is that his purchases and sales shall as nearly as possible balance each other. Now, when the public becomes anxious there is little probability that there will be much buying, and the jobber foresees that if he

goes on buying he will be unable to sell. He will in consequence, as the phrase goes, be "loaded" with stocks which he cannot get rid of. If he is wealthy his capital will gradually be all locked up, and he will practically be compelled to suspend operations; if he is not wealthy he will be obliged to borrow in order to pay for the stocks he has bought, and, should times grow worse, bankers may refuse to lend the money he requires. The result is that in times of political or financial anxiety jobbers become unwilling to buy. The offer of a very small amount of stock induces them to lower prices, and if offer succeeds offer prices fall with extraordinary rapidity, and yet the amount of business done may be exceedingly small. It will be seen that the only way, in fact, in which the jobber can protect himself when there is an eagerness on the part of the public to sell is by constantly lowering his quotations, in the hope that he may thus stop the rush of sales. On Saturday and Monday last jobbers adopted this attitude, and had holders pressed sales the fall would have been serious indeed. Luckily holders did not press sales. They were expecting Prince Bismarck's speech, and trusted that it might contain something reassuring. Consequently, they refrained from throwing their stocks on the market, and both on Saturday and on Monday, while there was extreme anxiety and even alarm, there was no material fall in prices. Prince Bismarck's speech has been regarded by the market generally as reassuring, and for the moment there has been a partial recovery in prices; but the position is very critical even yet, and any accident may cause a return of the alarm.

The course of prices depends largely upon the view which bankers may take of the political future. Of late years bankers have been increasing very rapidly the loans they make to the Stock Exchange. Formerly lending upon the Stock Exchange was left either to special houses or only engaged in to a very small extent by ordinary bankers; but of late the resources have grown so large, while the discount business has shrunk so considerably, that bankers, almost without exception, have turned to the Stock Exchange as one of the most profitable ways of employing their deposits. Unfortunately, the system they adopt is calculated to cause great fluctuations in prices and sometimes grave disaster. There are twenty-four settling-days in the year upon the Stock Exchange, the interval between one settling-day and another varying from 14 to 19 days; and the usual practice of bankers is to lend only from one settling-day to the following settling-day. They are thus able to call in their loans in a fortnight or a little more if they should require to do so. Of course there are numerous occasions on which they lend to houses in very good credit for longer periods, but we are speaking of the more usual mode of business. And, further, the bankers ordinarily lend at what is called a "10 per cent. margin." Suppose, for instance, the stock stands exactly at par, the banker will lend 90 per cent. of the money upon it, provided the borrowing broker lodges with him what is called "cover" to the extent of 10 per cent., the "cover" being either in cash or in assured securities. And it is a condition of the transaction that the borrower shall always keep up this "10 per cent. margin." If there is a fall in the price of the stock, the borrower is at once called upon by the banker to make good his "cover"; if he is unable to do so, then the stock upon which the money is lent is sold; and, if many borrowers should be unable to make up their "cover," and consequently the sales should be numerous, these large sales cause a further fall in prices. Then other borrowers are called upon to make good their "cover," and in this way a multitude of sales may be forced on, and a heavy fall may result. No doubt the borrowers are largely to blame; but borrowers are proverbially sanguine, and of all borrowers speculators are the most so. As a matter of course they would not buy stocks did they not believe that prices were about to rise, and, consequently, they borrow with a light heart upon the conditions imposed by bankers. But the bankers are professional dealers in money, and as they lend only for a moderate rate of interest, they ought to think, not only for themselves, but for the borrowers, and more particularly for the general public. They should so frame their mode of doing business that it would inflict a minimum amount of suffering. A much more prudent and satisfactory course would be to insist upon a larger margin of cover being deposited in the beginning, say, 25 or 30 per cent. A fall of 25 or 30 per cent. is most unusual, and therefore it is rarely that forced sales of any amount would occur under this system. Further, the banker being fairly well protected under the suggested arrangement, should agree with the borrower that he would not insist upon the full 25 or 30 per cent. margin being kept up, but that a very much smaller margin would suffice. A reform of this kind would protect the banker better than the present system, would avoid the violent fluctuations in prices that now so often occur and the heavy losses inflicted upon borrowers, and, lastly, it would give a salutary check to reckless and wild speculation.

Even, however, if bankers here at home preserve their heads, and avoid, as far as they reasonably can, inflicting losses upon their customers, the markets may be disturbed by the action of the Continental Bourses. In Berlin more particularly there has been a very large and a very reckless speculation for the past four years. The speculation has been most rash in the securities of the Russian Government, but it has been wild in various other departments. If the bankers and speculators of Berlin should become alarmed, they may begin to sell on a vast scale. They are not likely to do so, it is true, unless the outbreak of war appears to them imminent; for it is certain that large sales by them would prevent all the other Bourses and Stock Exchanges from buying. There would, in consequence, be a very heavy fall, and the bankers and speculators of Berlin in consequence would suffer grievous loss. But, if the belief should become general in Berlin that war cannot be avoided and will come soon, they may face even this serious loss rather than be caught by the outbreak of war in the midst of the reckless speculation they have so long been carrying on. It is also possible that there may be a breakdown of the speculation in Paris. In Paris the speculation has chiefly been in copper and copper-mining shares, but it is understood that there has also been a considerable speculation in Russian bonds; and, if alarm should grow up in Paris, selling might begin there, and this might cause a great disturbance on the London Stock Exchange. The probability appears to be, indeed, that there will not be a very heavy fall unless the political situation becomes much worse than it is at present; but that there will be intermittent scares is extremely likely. Prince Bismarck's speech has somewhat reassured the Bourses and the Stock Exchange, but it has not dispelled anxiety. Too much is obscure and uncertain to allow of a revival of confidence, and while alarm exists every accident will induce some few speculators in their own defence to put down prices. On the other hand, everything reassuring that occurs will induce speculators for the fall to buy back what they have sold without possessing, and thus will cause a recovery in prices. Until, then, the political situation is cleared up in one way or another, the probability seems to be that we shall have every now and then a fall more or less material in prices, and that this will be followed at a short interval by a recovery more or less complete. Should war actually break out there can hardly fail to be a great fall in prices. The prices of some securities may indeed fall from 20 to 40 per cent., notably Russian bonds. Even if war is avoided, should the Austrian Government considerably increase its armaments, or ask for a very large vote, the likelihood seems to be that the fall will be considerable. On the other hand, there is this favourable circumstance, that the amount of speculation, here in London, at all events, has been greatly reduced during the past few months, and that consequently a great crash upon the London Stock Exchange is not probable. The disaster will mainly fall upon the Berlin and the Paris Bourses, if there should be a war. The crisis, should it come, will be rendered more serious if there is a financial crash either in Berlin or Paris, leading to a large drain of gold from London. But if, on the other hand, the world having now had such ample warning, there should be an export of gold from the Continent to this country, keeping the rates of interest and discount here moderately low, the crisis here would be greatly diminished. Then bankers would be more disposed to lend than if there was a financial alarm added to a political and Stock Exchange scare. But in any case the outbreak of war could hardly fail to be accompanied by a very serious crisis.

EXHIBITIONS.

THE Fine Art Society have opened another exhibition of the water-colour drawings of Mr. A. N. Roussoff. In the show of last year most of the sketches were Venetian, and this year it is again Venice that Mr. Roussoff illustrates. The manifest improvement of the artist in some way justifies the rapid succession of these exhibitions. Mr. Roussoff's tone was rather shaky last year, and his composition was too frequently cut up into patches of bright colour. Though his composition is now good, facile elegance of workmanship still remains his foremost quality. His colour tends to be a little hard and metallic at times, and this is especially noticeable in his rendering of pure landscape. Such a defect is less pardonable here than in the flat, firm surfaces of buildings. "In the Pinetta, Ravenna" (31), a close study of pine-trees, is an example of his want of the texture and rich accidental colour suitable to landscape treatment. Nor is he conspicuously successful in large figure-work. "For Whom?" (14), to take an extreme instance, displeases one by the commonness of the idea and the cold hard banality of the execution. His graceful, "chic," facility tells best in small corners of buildings, streets, bridges, canals, &c., where the figure plays the smallest part, and architecture, bright walls, and costumes make up the main interest. "The Frari; a Grey Day" (9), "Waiting" (16), "Baiting Boats" (26), "Venetian Chimney-pots" (38), are some of this sort. "Fishing Boats" (30), a view of a pearly grey sea, is one of the best of the more maritime sketches. Perhaps we should call "Before Dawn" (28), and "Off S. Giorgio" (19), the best of the open-air work. Though a trifle hard, these are true and carefully observed renderings of a picturesque hour in the day. "The Confessional" (39) is certainly one of the softest and most luminous of the studies of interiors. As a whole, the show would make a better appearance had its aspect of uniform, tight finish, been varied with some looser, freer, and more accidental-looking sketches, such as "The Limekilns," which made so good an effect in Mr. Roussoff's former exhibition.

As may be guessed, there are also a great many views of Venice in Miss Clara Montalba's collection of water-colour drawings at Mr. McLean's Gallery. Unlike Mr. Roussoff, however, Miss Montalba treats many and divers scenes with an admirable variety of colouring. Her work bears being seen in quantities, for she is a real colourist, and not a person who cooks up one palatable

scheme of tone. She can play her tune in many keys of colour, and she obtains a broad and harmonious beauty in them all. Although we have enjoyed her work in galleries, and especially amidst the niggling of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colour, we had not formed so high an opinion of her as she deserved. Her work is not always without faults, and it is only when one can appreciate the variety and the genuineness of her imagination in colour that one perceives that she is a true and original artist. She has, in fact, what is called "a game of her own," and a Montalba is a definite and recognizable style of picture. Varied as is her choice of subject, embracing Venice, London, the English coast, Holland, and the Riviera, different as her schemes of colour are, whether in cool grey and blue or in warm brown and orange, the principles of her method and the sentiment of her art remain the same. There may be a suspicion of mannerism about one or two among the less observed and more decorative of her works, but a person must be without any sense of nature or of art who fails to appreciate the broad and vivid effect of such gems of colour as "After Sunset—Ramsgate" (9), "A December Day—Venice" (51), "Antibes, Riviera" (67), "Sunset—Venice" (71), "The Salute" (94), and "Pappendrecht" (47). These represent several kinds of observation, and a wide range of decorative effect. It would be no more easy to beat the luminousness and warm depth of the green and brown "Sunset Venice" than the robust dignity of the blue and brown "Antibes," or the cool fresh atmospheric qualities of "A December Day," "The Salute," and "On the Grand Canal" (37). These and similar drawings are perhaps the best in the show; for their high decorative quality reposes on a solid basis of natural fact. Miss Montalba is one of the few artists of the day who have stumbled neither into the pitfall of symbolism, literary painting, or unsupported "chic" on the one hand, nor, on the other, into that of brutal, unreasoning, or photographic realism. Besides the drawings we have spoken of, the show contains many large flourishes of rich colour, composed with more or less reference to nature, and some representations of crowds cleverly spotted in, such as "Regatta—Venice" (3), "Arrival of the King and Queen of Italy in Venice for the Festivities, May 1887" (11), "Waiting for Queen Margherita's Gala Escort" (15), and "Ramsgate Sands" (33). Fault-finding in an artist of such marked gifts would be an ungracious as well as a very difficult task, especially as regards her best work; but it may be said with some truth that Miss Montalba in weak moments tends to rely entirely on the quality of her colour. Sometimes she blots without subtlety of suggestion, or even conveys a hint of incorrect and clumsy form. The lovely blot of colour "Galeots Dort" (17) might surely have been finely and nervously drawn as to the main lines of the long spits and banks. We do not want harder delineation or more detail. A picture need not, and should not, be fully explanatory; but, when a form is given, it should be given right. We do not say that Miss Montalba is much of a sinner in this way, or that her manifest beauties do not amply condone her shortcomings; but that it is a dangerous plan to begin to get colour cheaply, as may be seen in some of Monticelli's work.

Last week Miss Donald Smith held an exhibition in her studio of work in oil and water, entitled "Sketches in Town and Country." In oils she is as yet timid in technique, and, though pleasing in arrangement, her pictures appear somewhat small and hard. Several of her water-colours, however, show that she has studied this medium to some purpose. Her wash is pure and limpid, and with this she combines a good deal of precision. Many of her sketches of landscape have been made on the Thames; but, on the whole, we prefer her treatment of architectural subjects, and we would especially praise the firm drawing and pure sky of "Notre Dame—Evening" (53), and the fine tone and suggestion of architectural detail in "Canale San Maurizio, Venice" (54).

"In and Out of Doors" is the title of a collection of water-colour drawings at the Goupil Galleries, by past and present students of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colour. The drawings make a pretty exhibition, full of proofs of technical skill and cultivated appreciation of art; but one rather misses evidence of the student's zeal for nature, and conscientious regard for the logic of effect. Signs may be noticed of a tendency to substitute manual for intellectual labour, and of ambition directed to pretty picture-making rather than to pushing forward a personal conquest of nature. So, looking round the walls, one becomes aware of holes in the tone, so to speak, of elaboration on a false basis, of feeble values, and of gaps in the continuity of the aërial effect. These faults are perhaps not extremely pronounced, and they are certainly not universal, but they are the last defects that should be encouraged in students. Imagination should be nursed on the study of reality, and should not be weaned till sincerity becomes a second nature. We have at times expressed impatience that such artists as Messrs. John Collier, J. M. Swan, and Arthur Lemon should carry the restraints of education too far and should hold the imagination too long in check. Unquestionably, however, theirs is a safe fear; it places a man to start with upon a height from which it takes him a long time to slide down to the position of a played-out Academician and from which he is at an advantage for reaching the summits of mastery. In this exhibition Mr. Nelson Dawson shows great technical accomplishment; but his elegance, based on flimsy unrealities of tone, is somewhat ineffective and unconvincing. Mr. A. C. Wyatt, also strong in manipulation, sees narrowly and builds up rather than conceives an arrangement of his elements. The results are seen in the hardness of his work and the vicious inkiness of some of his shadows. Other and worse sinners do not possess the force of these men and so may be passed over. Very conspicuous amongst the best and most promising work are Mr. A. E. Bower's fine and natural study of the dark grey of late evening, "The Haunted Mill" (40); Mr. F. Althaus's spirited dark blue sketch in excellent unity of tone, "The Coming Gale" (70); Mr. Falconer Clark's robust piece of colour, "An Old Smuggling Post" (50); and Mr. W. Luker's conscientiously observed study of an interior with figures, "Home: a Wet Day" (76). Further good work comes from Messrs. Angell Brindley, MacIver Grierson, W. J. Carpenter, C. J. Fox, Honeywood Waller, and F. Short.

RECENT CONCERTS.

Mr. Henschel may be warmly congratulated upon his last concert, which took place on Tuesday, the 7th. With the exception of the "Eroica" Symphony, the programme was devoted to Wagner, who, it will be remembered, died on the 13th of this month, 1883. Mr. Henschel showed a distinct advance upon his former conducting of symphonies in his manner of dealing with the "Eroica": but it must still be admitted that the majesty of Beethoven occasionally escapes him. The abrupt jerk with which Mr. Henschel indicates *forte* passages is hopelessly destructive of largeness of effect, and this shortcoming was painfully apparent in the last movement of the symphony, which was undignified, hurried, and curiously monotonous in effect, somewhat marring an otherwise excellent interpretation of this great work. The first movement and the Scherzo were especially well played; the Funeral March was, on the other hand, taken in perilously slow time, and was not a little wanting in light and shade. The symphony was followed by a surprisingly good rendering of the Prelude and Finale from *Tristan and Isolde*, in which Mr. Henschel showed more of the genuine qualities of a conductor than he has hitherto betrayed. The orchestra played admirably throughout, and a broad, intelligent, and dramatic, if not passionate, interpretation was obtained. We cannot bestow quite such high praise on Mr. Henschel' manner of dealing with either the "Siegfried Idyll" or the Prelude to *Parsifal*, in which the brass was painfully coarse and uncertain, and the general effect somewhat colourless. In the "Siegfried Idyll" there was an occasional tendency to confusion, and some want of delicacy of perception and finish. But it is only just to add that it may now be said that, setting Dr. Richter aside, Mr. Henschel has given the most intelligent interpretation of the works of Wagner, above mentioned, which we have heard in this country. The "Kaisermarch" brought this, the most successful and best-attended of the London Symphony Concerts, to a close. Of the performance of Berlioz's *La Damnation de Faust*, under Mr. Barnby, at the Albert Hall on the 19th of last month we cannot speak with much patience. Berlioz presumably knew what he was about when he wrote down the indications of his score; but Mr. Barnby now, as on former occasions, persists in setting them at naught. The result is that the work drags throughout. The Hungarian March especially suffers under Mr. Barnby's slow, heavy, and monotonous treatment; and it was, moreover, played with a great want of crispness by the orchestra. The Easter Hymn, one of the finest numbers to be found among the works of Berlioz, completely loses its significance under this treatment, and becomes suggestive rather of Scotch Presbyterians on a wet Sunday than of the triumphant joy and passionate gratitude of happy souls. The sepulchral solemnity of the Amen Fugue is simply astounding when one remembers what Berlioz has himself left on record concerning this chef-d'œuvre of musical irony. The Women's Chorus was distinctly unsatisfactory, and the whole performance lacking in point and vigour. Mme. Nordica's singing of the part of Margaret was careful and mechanical. She entirely missed the sentiment of the wonderful ballad of the King of Thule, of which the conclusion was most infelicitous. Mr. Banks was obviously suffering too much from cold to do full justice to himself in the music of Faust. Mr. Henschel's Mephistopheles was not a performance of unmixed merit, and we may in particular mention that he sang the Serenade with a laboured good-nature that might well have made the attendant devils weep.

ARIANE.

Those who can remember the events of thirty years ago will doubtless have a distinct recollection of the excitement created over the announcement that Mlle. Piccolomini was about to appear in *La Traviata*. Society was shaken to its very foundations at the prospect of that engaging young lady venturing to challenge Mrs. Grundy by, to quote a contemporary of the period, "flaunting herself before the intelligent and respectable British public as the heroine of a vicious French drama." As to Alexandre Dumas *fils's* drama *La Dame aux Camélias*, there was not the remotest chance at that epoch of its being licensed, and it is only within the past ten years that it has been played in England, very slightly altered, indeed, but under various aliases, such as *Heartsease* and *Camille*. We have changed all this, to judge from the example set on Wednesday evening, when its able director placed upon the boards of the Opera Comique a new play by Mrs.

Campbell Praed, entitled *Ariane*, of such a dubious character that, unless a reaction does not speedily set in, our stage will eventually fall even to the same low level as that of Paris. And it must, moreover, be admitted that, however vicious a French play may be, it is usually acted with great discretion and delicacy, and its naughtiness gilded by the wit and sparkle of the language in which one can say things that would be detestably coarse in any other. *Ariane* is a vicious piece, and its dialogue is throughout the reverse of witty. The plot is so disagreeable that it can only be related in the briefest possible manner. It deals with the evil ways of a certain Chevalier de Valence, an old French adventurer, who, having—to use his own expression —"sold" his beautiful daughter, Ariane, to a rich but foolish young man named Harvey Lomax, in order that he may himself live an idle and comfortable existence at their expense, suddenly discovers that his child is not happy, and, what is far more important, that his son-in-law is rapidly losing his fortune. He therefore selfishly concludes that, should Mr. Lomax eventually come to financial grief, he, the Chevalier, will be in a very disagreeable plight indeed, with old age and poverty staring him in the face, and perhaps his extravagant daughter and her child left upon his hands again into the bargain. This state of affairs must be prevented at all costs. Chance favours him, and he soon finds out that his darling Ariane's husband ill-treats her, and that she has platonically placed her affections in the dangerous keeping of a fascinating millionaire. He now determines to bring about a divorce between Ariane and the impoverished Lomax, and thus enable her to marry her lover, and himself to share their fortune and bask in their luxury. All this mischief he carries out on strictly ready-cash terms, previously arranged upon between himself and the millionaire, Sir Leopold d'Acosta. Lomax, who, by the way, is a drunkard, is tempted into an elopement with a very questionable young woman, who is bribed for this disgraceful purpose. The pair are next tracked to a cottage in the country by the Chevalier and his detectives, and a divorce suit sets Ariane free to marry Sir Leopold, which she accordingly does. However, her first husband, who in the meantime has turned teetotaller, returns, and reveals to her the abominable plot in which her father and husband had been engaged in order to separate them. Having so done, he takes aim at his rival Sir Leopold, but shoots Ariane dead instead. Finally he rushes from the chamber, and a detonation in the garden indicates that he has committed suicide. Such is the sorry subject of this offensive drama, which is dragged through four long acts, and told in realistically crude language, only relieved here and there by the irrelevant gossip of minor and absolutely useless characters who have nothing whatever to do with the plot, and hinder the action of the piece, which is already sufficiently fettered. Mrs. Bernard Beere, as Ariane the heroine, played, as she always does, remarkably, but not so well as we have seen her in less unpleasant pieces. She seemed to be perpetually struggling with a dead weight, and hopelessly endeavouring to create an interest which she herself appeared unable to feel. It was only in the last two acts that she found any opportunity to display that intensity and power for which she is justly celebrated. In the scene in which her husband vainly pleads to her for forgiveness, and in the last, where she dies, Mrs. Bernard Beere acts finely. M. Marius, as the iniquitous Chevalier de Valence, by dint of subtle and quiet acting, and a display of well-bred cynicism, rendered endurable an otherwise intolerable part; for De Valence is nothing more nor less than a very commonplace Iago, a hypocrite and an unnatural villain, who conceals his iniquity under the guise of cleverly assumed bonhomie and good-nature. Mr. Leonard Boyne played the objectionable part of D'Acosta with a good deal of dignity. Never perhaps before has Mr. Henry Neville been seen to so much disadvantage. We somehow or other have come to consider Mr. Neville as an essentially "heroic" actor, and great was the disappointment when he appeared in so wantonly loathsome a part as the weak and unmanly Lomax, whose final outburst of mock, but murderous, heroism is highly offensive. Miss Laura Linden was cast as the adventuress Babette; but it is a part not at all suited to her appearance or her bright style, although she certainly showed considerable talent in her endeavours to portray the full meaning of this unpleasant impersonation. Of the rest of the cast there is little to say; for the actors and actresses had very little to do save walk about and pose themselves in so-called "society attitudes," and talk of things which had no connexion whatever with the plot, except perhaps to pad the dialogue, and thereby drag out the unpleasant length of this most thoroughly disagreeable piece.

REVIEWS.

SPORT IN BENGAL.*

CIVILIANS and planters may deplore the diminution of large game in some districts and the excessive population of other parts of India, and eloquent Baboos may seek to win English constituencies by promising to sweep away the Game Laws with other remnants of feudalism; but this book proves clearly that there is still a fair field for the sportsman in Lower, Central, and Western Bengal, if he only knows how to look for it. Mr. Baker has served the Government with credit and efficiency for thirty-five years. As Deputy-Magistrate at the subdivision of Sasseram, in the district of Shahabad popularly known as Arrah, he distinguished himself during the Mutiny, helped to keep open the Grand Trunk Road, and was present at divers operations which followed on the rebellion of Koer Sing. He subsequently rose to be Deputy-Inspector of Police under the Government of Bengal. He has traversed, either for duty or recreation, nearly the whole of the Bengal Province, and seems as much at home on the alluvial formations of big rivers, like the Megna and the Poddha or Ganges Proper, as he is in the Sál forests and the laterite formations of Chutia Nāgpūr and the plateau of Hazaribagh. He is a proficient with the spear, the rifle, and the smooth-bore, and he writes generally in a clear and animated style. It is, therefore, to be regretted that some of his descriptions are spoilt by flippancy and attempts at humour which never elicit a smile. One or two of his conclusions or recommendations are contradictory, and we could have wished that he had dwelt more on the good qualities of the natives than on their moral defects. But Lord Ripon, by persisting in wanton and sentimental legislation, is partly responsible for a marked change in the relations between the native community and the ruling race. If Mr. Baker is annoyed with the pretentiousness of the gushing, vapouring Baboo, and with the absolute refusal of villagers to disclose the haunt of a tiger or leopard that has been slaying men or beasts by scores for months together, the critic may in his turn complain of careless editing and want of revision of the press. Nadiya or Nuddia, the seat of Sanskrit learning and of the purest-spoken vernacular of Bengal, becomes Nadiga. It is somewhat difficult to discover the fine districts of Rajshahi and Dacca in their disguises of Kayshye and Dana, and there are other irritating misprints which the Deputy-Inspector of Police would have been the first to censure in one of his subordinate's monthly and annual reports. But there is a vast deal of experience, graphically told, and a reader must be hard to please if he cannot find amusement and instruction in a book which shows him how to stalk the buffalo, circumvent the deer and the tiger, indulge in snipe-shooting without endangering his health, carry his supplies and his comforts with him in tents and in boats, make the most of the cold season, and snatch a fearful joy or two out of a brief expedition undertaken in the hot weather and rains.

We share Mr. Baker's dislike to very big hunting parties and splendid lines of elephants. Doubtless to see the Commissioner of the Division organize a beat in the Terai in the grand style, and to assist at a drive in the Tributary Mahals of Cuttack, when some sporting Raja turns out two or three thousand of his *Paiks*, or men who hold lands for the performance of certain vague services, is a thing to be remembered. And we are tolerably familiar with the rules and regulations which must be observed by all sportsmen on some of these occasions on pain of expulsion for disobedience. Deer are to be allowed to slip away unharmed. Not a shot is to be fired at peacock and jungle fowl as they rise in small bouquets. Even buffaloes are spared. Nothing is to be done which could alarm what the purely sporting pen is apt to denominate "the gentleman with the striped waistcoat." And then, owing to mismanagement or misconstruction of orders, the line is broken at a critical moment, or a certain strategical operation fails, and the sportsmen, hot and irritated, return to camp at a late hour in the afternoon, having extorted a tardy permission from their sulky Commander-in-Chief to shoot at anything that gets up. Of course there are moments of triumph in these great operations, when a tigress, disturbed at her meal and jealous for the safety of her cubs, comes roaring through the grass jungle, leaps on a small pad elephant, and strikes terror into the breasts of those splendid animals the staunch Hyder Ali and the fearless Peari. Then ensues a free fight for five or ten minutes, till a shot from the unerring Express of "the Major," or some titled tourist from England, settles the business. But, on the whole, we prefer Mr. Baker and his two or three trusty companions, who, with a moderate number of elephants and a good stud of horses, are ready for any kind of sport, "on foot, in the howdah, or the saddle."

One episode amongst the many in which the author took an active part deserves special recognition. Most Indian sportsmen know something of the terror that pervades scores of villages owing to the man-eating tiger; the seeming ubiquity of the animal—here one day, and ten miles off the next; the helplessness of the native *shikari*, with his bowstring and poisoned arrow, set in a path which the animal cleverly manages to avoid; and the notification of a despairing Government extending the reward to ten times the usual amount for the destruction of this species. It fell to Mr. Baker, after some wearisome nights spent on platforms in the vain hope of catching a noted man-hunter, to kill it in broad daylight. A woodcutter was plying his trade at some little distance from the thick jungle which the author was skirting because it was market-day, and there was just a chance that the cunning tigress might be there and on the look-out for a stray buyer or seller on his return home. How the tigress selected a dry watercourse so as to stalk the woodcutter; how she crouched and crept noiselessly along; how Mr. Baker, with two faithful attendants, crouched in his turn and stalked the stalker; how he severely wounded the animal with one bullet, followed this up by a second, and finished it with two more as it came straight at him; how the carcase was seen by two thousand villagers; and how the two native henchmen came in for a reward of three hundred rupees given by a grateful Government, should all be read in Mr.

* *Sport in Bengal; and How, When, and Where to Seek it.* By Edward B. Baker, late Deputy Inspector-General of Police, Bengal. London: Ledger Smith & Co.

Baker's own words. It is not every sportsman who has such a chance or who avails himself so cleverly of it.

Mr. Baker's book is not one merely of adventures and lucky shots and more lucky escapes. Like all genuine sportsmen, he is something of a naturalist and a keen observer of the habits of wild animals. He confirms the statement that, though the tiger of the hills differs from the tiger of the plains in such particulars as colour, length of stripes, and rings on the tail, the species for practical purposes is one and the same. But this is subject to the explanation that the prey of the tiger differs according to the locality which it frequents. In heavy tree jungle it lives on deer and hogs. In large plains where bulrush and high grass alternate with open pasture and cultivation the animal becomes "a cattle-killer." Last and most dreaded is the man-eater, who may be found wherever a portly Brahman goes to the tank or river to bathe, and the sound of the hatchet betrays the whereabouts of the woodcutter. The accounts of tigers that measure twelve or thirteen feet from the nose to the tip of the tail are very properly scouted. They may be classed with wonderful elephants of twelve feet in height. The average length of the tiger is about nine feet and a half, and that of a leopard about seven. Mr. Baker throughout a whole chapter uses the term panther to designate the leopard, and seems to hold that there are three kinds of panthers in Bengal—the common panther, the clouded panther, and the black variety. Dr. Jerdon and Mr. E. Blyth, who may be trusted on this knotty point, have maintained that the Indian panther and leopard are simple varieties of the same species of cat. Captain Baldwin, in his excellent work on *The Large and Small Game of India*, held, on the other hand, that the two species could be distinguished, the skull of the panther being long and pointed, and that of the leopard rounded and short. In this opinion he is supported by the late Sir Walter Elliot. Whether there be two species or two varieties of the same species, there is no doubt that there is a marked difference in the size of some of these animals when full grown, just as with us there is a large kind and a smaller kind of woodcock. The black species of panther merely justifies Mr. Blyth's doctrine that melanism is common to all animals. A black panther presented to the Marchioness of Dalhousie was for many years to be seen at the country seat of the Governor-General, of which a poet wrote in an elegy on a clerk in a merchant's office—an Oriental Tim Linkinwater:—

> And every Durga Puja would good Mr. Simms explore
> The famous river Hooghly up as high as Barrackpore;
> And visit the menagerie, and in his pleasant way
> Declare that all the bears were bores! alack and well-a-day!

On some other points we join issue with Mr. Baker. In discussing the kind of horse best suited for the sport of hog-hunting, he seems to put English, Australian, and Cape horses first; next Cabulees, Kattywars, and countrybreds; and last of all the Arabian. A page or two further on he contradicts himself, apparently, by saying that a staunch Arab is preferable to any other breed for riders not above a certain weight. Now for any rider under twelve stone we should certainly put the Arab first. His pluck and endurance, the ease with which he wheels and turns and follows a "jinking" hog, his endurance of heat, his ability to pick his way at full speed over broken and hard ground, and his general docility of temper, make him invaluable for this kind of sport. Cape horses, it is notorious, are very soon fagged, while the Arab, with a little breathing time allowed him after each run, comes up to his work, like the typical prizefighter who always appeared "smiling" at every fresh round. A good English horse, thorough or three-parts bred, certainly outstrips the Arabian, but he is apt to be thrown out when the hog twists and turns. We admit, however, that occasionally, in a Deccani, a Cabulee, a countrybred, or one rejected from the Government Stud while it existed, there were specimens which for speed, pluck, and staying power, in a fair field, nothing could touch. Mr. Baker, as in the case of tigers, throws doubt on the accounts of boars that stand forty inches high at the shoulders. We agree with him that sportsmen are fortunate when they spear animals of thirty-five inches; and that there are few phases of excitement that can rival a day with the Tent Club at Tamlook or with the Magistrate on the grassy islands of the large streams of Eastern Bengal. Sportsmen will generally do well if they hunt the boar in parties of three or four or, at least, in couples. The best of riders may be unhorsed in a blind ditch, and a second spear may save a fallen comrade's life and limb when the enraged boar, with fiery eyes and foaming tusks, comes down on a prostrate rider. Some chapters in this work treat of sport of various kinds in unfamiliar places. The passages which describe duck-shooting in the Bengal districts of Fureedpore and Backergunge, where the natives construct their huts on little hummocks just above inundation level, live on fish, and go to market in canoes; the hints about snipe-shooting and the boot that will stand the mud of Bengal, and combines "strength, pliancy, and lightness"; the directions as to accoutrement, shape of pith hat, change of clothes and moderate refreshment, and the observance of precautionary rules; the descriptions of scenery, showing how the monotony of wide plains of rice bordered by villages invisible owing to the denseness of the foliage, is relieved by magnificent rivers or by hills of red sandstone—in all this there is no sameness and some originality. The value of the book is further enhanced by a vocabulary of useful terms and of native names for divers birds and beasts. We should not pronounce any sportsman wrong when he gives the names which, familiar in one district, are not recognized in another. But an omission or two may be noticed. The common teal is often known as *narul*, plover as *chaega*, the porcupine sometimes as *sajjaru*, the hare as *lāpha*, and the snipe as *Kādakancha*—i.e. the bird that bores in the mud. There is no distinct mention of the cotton-teal or *gengrail*, called by English soldiers the "fix bayonets" bird for a fancied resemblance in its cry to these words. Captain Baldwin catalogues this species as the white-bodied goose-teal, and particularly says that it must not be confounded with the clucking-teal, an exceedingly rare bird.

The conclusion to which Mr. Baker's remarks, as well as recent sound sporting literature point, has just been arrived at by the Government. We learn from the Indian journals that a close time, embracing wild birds as well as the partridge, the jungle-fowl, and the hill-pheasant, has now been established by legal enactment. Some of the waders and divers have hitherto set up a close season for themselves by the simple expedient of retiring in April to fastnesses and hills on the eastern frontier, and not returning to the plains till the autumn. But for the genus francolin, the sand-grouse, and the various kinds of pheasants and others, there has been no protection from the prowling pot-hunter and the native, who spares neither sex nor age when he can sell feathers and skins for a few annas. The wholesale destruction of game and fish in some districts has been positively appalling. No philanthropist need be afraid that recent legislation in India is intended to create any new or exclusive rights or interests in game. All tendency to over-preservation will be easily kept in check by numerous kites and jackals and vermin. In establishing a season when persecution by gun, snare, and net shall cease, the Anglo-Indian legislator has only helped to preserve some of the most beautiful of nature's creatures and to raise India to the level of all civilized communities, under whatever form of Government they may exist.

NOVELS.*

MISS MARIE CONNOR'S story, *Husband and Wife*, has few elements of originality. The oldest plot, it is true, the tritest combination of human feelings and actions, can be treated so as to present fresh interest. We are finite creatures; but the tricks we play before high Heaven are infinite in their variation. As with the physical features of the human race, our "sports," to borrow a word from the philosophy of evolution, are, within a narrow limit, limitless. So, when an author takes three people—a husband, a wife, and "another"—and begins to make material for three volumes out of their mutual relations, we need not necessarily count on repetition of an old story, though we may expect certain often-repeated incidents. What is wanting in the present case, however, is not only novelty of conception, but lifelikeness in execution. The author has tried in a praiseworthy manner to depict original people, and to cast them in striking moulds. Lady Elchester is meant to be a creature of complex character and conflicting passions. Edward Galbraith, her companion in wrongdoing, is a being of thwarted genius, or rather disappointed ambition, moody, high-souled, high-strung, soured and cramped by want of success and devoured by absorbing egotism. Yet assuredly the author did not mean him to impress us as a scurvy knave, and that is precisely the light in which his behaviour presents him. Edward Galbraith has married a gentle and loving woman, one of those rustic beauties who in novels always appear in grey gowns without any ornaments but a daisy or two, and outshine professional beauties clothed in little but diamonds. Margaret is truly a dowdy woman, but her spiritual qualities are supposed to radiate through her person, which is besides always described as most beautiful. These two are the "husband and wife," and Lady Elchester, a Frenchwoman, widow of an English baronet, is "the other." Lady Elchester is, as we have said, a carefully studied and elaborated being. We read of "a vista of the aisles of that soul, born to be free and full of light, now paved with ashes, walled with callousness, and roofed with chaos." We do not form a very distinct idea of this gloomy female philosopher; but we are frequently assured she had innate nobility, and was full of fine impulses. Nevertheless, when the bored Edward and the cynical widow meet, they fall in love, principally, as it would seem, because it gives them some excitement and something to do. Margaret goes out in a thunderstorm, and is stricken blind by the lightning—hopelessly blind for life. Her husband, whom we should have expected to be turned from erratic courses by this catastrophe, is instead much annoyed, behaves unkindly to the sufferer, and presently goes off with Lady Elchester, leaving his helpless wife and little child to shift for themselves. Sympathy is demanded for the selfish couple, who wander about the Continent, very happy, though painfully conscious of the world's disapproval; while Margaret and little Theodora subside into obscurity in South Wales. It is not possible to say that any of these personages, either during the pursuance of these adventures or in their *dénouement*, act like real people. They are creations of the author's imagination; "transient and embarrassed phantoms"; inconceivable mixtures

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* *Husband and Wife*. By Marie Connor. 3 vols. London: White & Co. 1888.

A Lion among the Ladies. By Philip Gaskell. 3 vols. London: White & Co. 1888.

The Algerian Slave. A Novel. By L. G. Séguin. London: W. Bartholomew. 1888.

of irreconcilable motive. Miss Connor's copiousness of language, energy of diction, and activity of imagination need to be tempered by experience of the world and study of living men and women. A stronger sense of the humorous side of life is not to be had for the wishing or the advising, so it is useless to say anything about that. It would help writers of novels out of many a mistake. What may be acquired, however, is a clearer knowledge of how men and women of the world talk. A man speaking our language so well as M. Hector Flamant is supposed to do needs not help it out with so much boarding-school French. And would a well-bred man hold this little conversation with his friend on hearing of the friend's marriage:—"And you don't regret the match?" "No. Why should I?" "Oh! no reason at all—only, an actress's daughter!" Sir Henry Elchester received the remark "coldly," as well he might.

A good dashing military novel is always popular, but few things are more depressing than a record of barrack-room chatter and common regimental incidents. Even these, however, may by the expert be made readable when intimate knowledge and a good share of sense and humour are brought to the task of describing them. We cannot say that Mr. Philip Gaskell has displayed any of these qualities in his story, *A Lion among the Ladies*. The manner of writing is incoherent and distracted. Dislocation is a feeble word to express the broken and tottering condition of many sentences in these rambling pages. Analysis of the characters introduced helps the interest very little. Captain Guy Leycester is represented as a "Lion among the Ladies" by virtue of his handsome face and figure, insinuating manners, and way of talking to married women "in a voice which long practice rendered indistinct to all save the person especially addressed." He is much more like a jackal among the men; for his theories of life, and his practice too, are gambling, universal debt, and indiscriminate fleecing of tradesmen. Captain Leycester's conception of an honourable way of meeting pecuniary obligations is to get valuable jewellery from shops where he has no intention of ever settling the bill, and presenting it to the wife of the friend from whom he has borrowed money. As he is at the same time making violent love to the lady, the scheme serves two ends, or would do, were the virtue of Mrs. Denham less immaculate. So far as the plan does go it is successful; for Mr. Denham accepts the bracelets as part payment of his loan, and takes the rest out in the rent of his house, which Captain Leycester induces a fellow-officer to hire for a term. The behaviour of another ornament to the "Chalkshire Rifles"—Major Brereton—who takes a married woman's diamonds as a bribe to return her silly love-letters, seems comparatively honest; yet Major Brereton is a very black sheep, while the "Lion" is the pet of the corps and of his social circle. We must not, however, do injustice to Mr. Gaskell's sense of retribution, for the gallant "Lion" is eventually slain in the Soudan, which, we observe, the author thinks is in South Africa. Major Brereton is punished by marriage with a scheming young lady, who had stolen her friend Lady Gregorie's diamond pendant. There is a tremendous amount of flirtation amongst these persons, some of whose agreeable qualities we have indicated; but it is not good, honest, amusing flirtation. The story is of vulgar people, told in a common and slipshod fashion, and presenting no qualities, so far as we have been able to ascertain, justifying its existence.

We have a distinct recollection of a very good book written some years ago about the Black Forest by L. G. Séguin, the author of *The Algerian Slave*. It was not only an agreeable work to read, but a valuable guide to the Black Forest, itself a most agreeable place to visit. A guide-book is not perhaps the most promising herald for romances; but in this case it is not an untrustworthy one. *The Algerian Slave* calls itself on the title-page a novel, and as such we are bound to receive it. But it is a great deal more like a descriptive guide to Algiers. Descriptive, and also historical; for it is the Algiers of the early years of the century we are told of, when France and Spain and England were at war, when pirates infested the Mediterranean, Christians were slaves among the Turks and Arabs, and Algiers was the "Nido Algeri di ladri infame ed empio" it happily is no longer. The adventures of Giuseppe Caroli, the son of a Genoese captain and a "peerless English maiden," are made the string on which to thread incidents of the times and minute descriptions of the state of social and political disorder prevailing. The story is circumstantial and not unreadable, inasmuch as it travels not out of realities and probabilities. Imaginative it is not, nor exciting; but the pictures it presents of Moorish life and domestic interiors are not uninteresting.

THE VYNE.*

IN undertaking this work, and in his satisfactory execution of it, Mr. Chaloner Chute has not only conferred on his countrymen a public benefit, he has performed, we venture to think, a public duty. And, in support of our assertion, we will quote the pregnant words written many years ago by Sir Francis Palgrave, one of the most graceful antiquarian chroniclers that this country has possessed:—"The genuine history of a country can never be well understood without a complete and searching analysis of the component parts of the community as well as the country. Genealogical inquiries and local topography, so far from being unworthy of the attention of the philosophical inquirer, are among the best materials he can use; and the fortunes and changes of one family, or the events of one upland township, may explain the darkest and most dubious portions of the annals of a realm." We do not know that Mr. Chute has ever read these words, but he has at any rate acted in the spirit of them in giving us a lucid account of a homestead which, from its antiquity and from the high position held by some of its owners, offers as many and varied points of interest as any dwelling-house, except a few of the more princely and historical palaces, in England.

The Vyne lies in the parish of Sherborne St. John, almost on the borders of Hampshire and Berkshire. It is on the high road betwixt Winchester and Reading. It is almost certain that it was the Vindomis (*vini domus*) of the Romans, and owed its name to its convenient situation as a baiting-house between those two important towns. Mr. Chute gives excellent reasons for believing that it was at one time the headquarters of a Roman Legion, and that it may have been visited by the Emperor Hadrian when he came over to inspect the newly acquired province of his rapidly overgrowing Empire. In illustration of its occupancy by the then masters of the world, Mr. Chute tells us that towards the end of the last century a gold Roman ring was dug up in the immediate neighbourhood of the Vyne, engraved with the head of Venus, and the words "*Seneciane vivas IIude*" (*i.e. secunde*), "O Senecianus, mayest thou live prosperously!" In this fact there is, of course, nothing extraordinary, but the sequel to the story entitles it to rank among the most curious of coincidences. At Lydney, in Gloucestershire, seventy miles from the Vyne, a small leaden tablet has been found among the ruins of a temple dedicated to Nodens, who seems to have been a sort of British Neptune. Rudely scratched upon it were these words, which seem to show that it was the mode of advertisement adopted by Silvianus to recover the ring found so many years afterwards in the grounds of the famous Hampshire house. "To the God Nodens. Silvianus has lost a ring. He has vowed the half to Nodens if he recovers it. Among those who bear the name of Senecianus, to none grant health until he bring the ring to the temple of Nodens." Mr. Chute remarks that, "after fifteen centuries the grounds upon which Silvianus claimed this ring can only be conjectured. Perhaps he had given it to Senecianus in token of friendship, and afterwards had occasion to recall it, or Senecianus may have lost it in a wager and unfairly kept it back. One thing only is clear, that Senecianus, thinking that possession was nine points of the law, declined to part with it; and it has been suggested that he had his name engraved upon it, accompanied by the wish for his own good health, as a kind of countercharm to the inscription on the tablet."

The de Ports of Basing, who afterwards took the name of St. John, and gave their acquired appellation to the parish of Sherborne, seem to have been the first lords of the manor of the Vyne. Their descendant, the Marquess of Winchester, still lives at Amport, one of the lordships conferred by the Conqueror on the grandfather of John of Basing. In the reign of Henry II. Henry de Port, who then lived at the Vyne, built and endowed the Chantry Chapel. In the fourteenth century the Vyne passed to the distinguished family of Cowdray, whose splendid mansion house in Sussex still bears their name, and is "famous no less for its stately beauty than for its tragic fate, having been ruined by fire at the same time that its owner, the eighth Lord Montague, perished by water in the falls of the Rhine, near Schaffhausen." From the Cowdrays the Vyne passed by marriage to Sir William Fyffhide, whose son leased it to William Gregory for certain consideration, including the payment of one rose at the Feast of St. John the Baptist. In 1386 the family of Sandys acquired the manor, and in the sixteenth century the present chapel attached to the manor-house was built by William, first Lord Sandys of the Vyne, who seems to have stinted nothing to make it beautiful architecturally or to decorate it magnificently. It still stands undesecrated, and still retains its pristine loveliness. It was the same princely gentleman who built the present dwelling-house. This is the Lord Sandys immortalized by Shakspeare as sturdily protesting against the expensive mummeries of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. He was made a Knight of the Garter, and as Treasurer of Calais was active in defending the marches against the French. On resigning the treasurership of Calais he was made Lord Chamberlain and named Captain of Guisnes. Henry VIII. visited his old servant more than once at the Vyne. On one occasion at least he was accompanied by Anne Boleyn. At one time, disgusted with the capricious tyranny of the King, especially in matters of religion, there is no doubt that the brave old lord not only made use of flimsy excuses to keep away from Court, but that, in his zeal for the ancient faith, he let it be believed by the Emperor's Ambassador in London that he would be willing to welcome any action on the part of Charles V. to "apply a remedy." The Envoy's letter to his master hints that Lord Sandys would not even resist his invasion of this country. Fortunately for his fame, his discontent found no vent in action. We have little doubt, moreover, that his old English spirit would have come back to him at the sight of a foreign foe on our shores, and that he would have done his doughtiest to send him back again with a flea in his ear. At any rate, so far as acts and deeds went, he lived and died the loyal

* *A History of the Vyne in Hampshire: being a Short Account of the Buildings and Antiquities of that House, situate in the Parish of Sherborne St. John, co. Hants, and of Persons who have at some time lived there.* By Chaloner W. Chute, of the Vyne. Winchester: Jacob & Johnson. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1888.

servant of a tyrannical and exacting master. The third Lord Sandys entertained Queen Elizabeth at the Vyne. His second wife, a daughter of Lord Chandos, had a scar on her fair forehead. The poet Gascoigne thus, in a song of many stanzas, from which we only quote a few, contends that the blemish was no disfigurement:—

In Court who so demandes
What dame doth much excell,
For my conceit I must needes say,
Faire Bridges beares the bel:

Upon whose lively cheeke,
To prove my judgment true,
The rose and lillie seeme to strive
For equall change of hewe:

And therwithall so well
Her graces all agree,
No frowning cheere dare once presume
In hir sweet face to bee.

Although some lavish lippes
Which like some other best,
Will say the blemishe on her brow
Disgraceth all the rest.

* * *

The skar still there remains;
No force: let there it be;
There is no cloud that can eclipse
So bright a sun as she.

In 1649 the Sandys family sold the Vyne to the Chaloner Chutes, whose representative in the female line still possesses the historical old house and demesne. The Speaker, Chaloner Chute, who bought the estate, was "a man of great wit and stately carriage of himself," who was so conscious of his powers that, when he was a practising barrister, he ventured to take liberties such as Roger North says no Chancery practiser ever did or will do again. "If he had a fancy," says Mr. North, "not to have the fatigue of business, but to pass the time in pleasure after his own humour, he would say to his clerk, 'Tell the people I will not practise this term,' and was so good as his word, and then no one durst come nigh him with business. But when his clerks signified he would take business he was in the same advanced post at the Bar, fully redintegrated as before, and his practice nothing shrunk by the discontinuance. This shows a transcendent genius, superior to the slavery of a gainful profession." He was a zealous friend of Episcopacy; and when, on the impeachment of the Bishops before the House of Lords, none of the counsel retained by the prelates except himself ventured to come to the Bar for the defence, and the Lords asked whether he would plead, "Yes," said he, "so long as I have a tongue to plead with." His descendant, John Chute, who succeeded his brother Anthony at the Vyne in 1754, was the friend and correspondent of Horace Walpole and Gray. The former was a frequent guest, and found Mr. Chute a kindred spirit in his somewhat crude architectural and antiquarian tastes. He gave the owner of the Vyne two stone eagles for the outside of his house, and he took the liveliest interest in the erection of a new staircase and in the construction of a monument to the Speaker Chute. Many letters from Gray and Walpole are given in this volume. Some of them have not hitherto been published. On Gray's return from the Continent he writes to his friend in Hampshire:—

Nunc ad te totum me converto, suavissimo Chuti, whom I wrote to from Dover. If this be London, Lord send me to Constantinople: either I or it are extremely odd: *the boys laugh at the depth of my ruffles, the immensity of my bag, and the length of my sword.* I am as an alien in my native land, yea I am as an owl among the small birds. It rains: everybody is discontented, and so am I. You can't imagine how mortifying it is to fall into the hands of an English barber. Lord, how you or Polleri would storm in such a case! Don't think of coming hither without Lavour, or something equivalent to him. The natives are alive and flourishing: the fashion is a grey frock with round sleeves, bob wig, or a spencer, plain hat with enormous brims and shallow crown, cocked as bluff as possible, muslin neckcloth twisted round, rumpled and tucked into the breast; all this with a Sa Faring air, as if they were just come back from Cartagena.

In another letter he writes "The Town are horn mad after Mr. Garrick. There are a dozen Dukes of a night at Goodmansfields sometimes, and yet I am stiff in the opposition." A saying of Sir Isaac Newton is quoted, in which the great philosopher expresses his contempt for antiquarianism, and especially for antique statues, which he calls "stone dolls." How different this narrowness of judgment from the frank regret of Darwin, that he had not better cultivated the æsthetic tastes, instead of letting "his mind become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts." "The loss of these tastes," the more genial-hearted author of the *Origin of Species* goes on to say, "is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature." Mr. William Chute, for some time M.P. for Hampshire, who was born in 1757 and died in 1824, was a keen sportsman, and somewhat of a humourist, even in his capacity of M.F.H. His meets were never advertised, and no one knew whether the hounds were to hunt twice or thrice in the week or five times in the fortnight. On one occasion the great Duke who hunted with "the Vine" from Strathfieldsaye, rode about a whole day without finding the Master or the hounds. His letter to Mr. Chute on the subject is a model of courteous and kindly remonstrance. This Mr. William Chute was a man who knew how to give as well as how to take. "Sir John Cope of Bramshill, who professed Radical opinions, once wrote to him that he had a litter of fire-dogs in that year's entry, whose names had all pretty much the same meaning, for they were *Placeman*, *Parson*, *Pensioner*, *Pilferer*, and *Plunderer*; but the Tory Squire, with a ready invention, retorted that he could show him a litter of which the five names were equally synonymous; being *Radical*, *Rebel*, *Regicide*, *Ruffian*, and *Rascal*."

The last chapter in this very interesting volume gives a catalogue of the treasures of art to be found in the Vyne Manor-house. Among these are family and other portraits and paintings, by Holbein, Poussin, Andrea del Sarto, Van der Heyden, Lucas de Heere, Titian, and others; Roman monumental marbles, some good statuary, and some stained glass windows, which are mentioned by Peter Heylin, the biographer of Laud, together with those of Fairford and Canterbury, as having survived the Reformation. When he sees in the catalogue of statuary the immediate juxtaposition of such names as Rameses, Nero, Hercules, Seneca, Milton, Mary Queen of Scots, Shakspeare, Pitt, and Fox, the reader will be inclined to hum the lines of Milliken's famous ballad, which tells of

Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodemus,
All standing naked in the open air.

Almost every page of *A History of the Vyne in Hampshire* is replete with interest.

MEMORIALS OF THE WEST.*

MR. ROGERS announces in an "Apology to the Reader" that his work "pretends to no merit either of style or composition," and we are glad that it makes no false pretensions, and that it "courts neither enconium (*sic*) nor criticism," which causes us to marvel that we have received it. However, it shall have both praise and blame. In the first place most of the subjects are well chosen. No one, for example, who has walked from Seaton to Beer is likely to forget the path over the cliff, or to be unwilling to be remi[illegible] of it. The f[illegible]tu[illegible] of families, such as the Waldhams and t[illegible] Parbe[illegible]y [illegible]f S[illegible] and the Courtenays, the Carews, and the Poles of Devons[illegible]re of more than local interest. And if any one does not [illegible] for such houses as Barrington Court and the oddly na[illegible]king Ina's Palace" at South Petherton, he is only worthy t[illegible] his life in a newly-built suburb of London. Mr. Rogers [illegible] some right to speak of these matters; for it is evident that he appreciates the scenery of the West country, that he thoroughly kn[illegible] the places about which he discourses, and that he enjoys [illegible]king a[illegible] noble building. Unfortunately, however, he has pr[illegible] an intolerabl[illegible] irritating book. He adopts a style that is, we [illegible]ove, peculiar to the antiquarian correspondents of provincial newspapers, peppering his pages with "we ween," "quotha," and "we trow," and breaking out in addresses to the reader, to the person about whom he is writing, to himself, and to nobody in particular. His grammar is wild, and his sentences often unintelligible. What, we wonder, does this mean:—"Like its name, the Church of Bradford Abbas has an intensely ecclesiastical appearance the more easily reconciled when we find," and so on. No one surely ever rambled and maundered [illegible] such an extent on paper before. He is always getting in[illegible]me churchyard, and, instead of betaking himself at once to a[illegible]itaphs worth noting, sitting down on a "grassy mound," with the unpleasant result that he is moved to write pages of [illegible]editations such as:—"Alone, to the alone, and yet not alone [illegible]ough the busy living world of the present be shut out. A[illegible] the wondrous wo[illegible] the generations of a thousand years, passive and d[illegible] around us, waiting the warm spell of conjuration to [illegible] outward and visible signs of their presenc[illegible] e) us everywhere." He is fearfully addicted to [illegible] quotations, and besides numberless scraps of other people's poetry, gives us as many as sixty poems of his own composition. About these we should have been glad to say nothing, but as they have a special index, and take up no small part of the volume, they must be noticed; so we give a specimen, a verse from a piece entitled "The Butterfly and the Beetle"—perhaps some one with ample leisure may succeed in attaching some meaning to it:—

There is an earth and heaven ye say to me—
One tearful, dark! the other sunny, bright!
Creatures ye are of both, and this to thee
Unseals our pictured lessons to thy sight:
To-day (thy night) the beetle's path ye wend,
To-morrow with a seraph's wings ascend.

In spite of all drawbacks, however, a reader of inexhaustible patience will find a good deal of interesting matter in Mr. Rogers's book. His paper on Ottery-Mohun, for instance, contains the well-known story of the evil deeds of the last Lord Mohun, and an account of the Carews, chiefly made up from Sir John Maclean's scholarly edition of Hoker's Life of Sir Peter Carew. The volume is copiously illustrated, and the representations of brasses and other monuments, and of coats of arms, are specially welcome.

THE SIGNS OF OLD LOMBARD STREET.†

THIS book is published on the old subscription plan, the names of the subscribers following the title-page. It is a method of publication open to abuse, but in such works as this on the

* *Memorials of the West, Historical and Descriptive.* By W. H. Hamilton Rogers, F.S.A. Exeter: James G. Commin. London: John Slark. 1888.

† *The Signs of Old Lombard Street.* By F. G. Hilton Price, F.S.A. With Sixty Illustrations, by James West. London: Field & Tuer.

Lombard Street Signs, where the interest is both archæological and local—that is to say, limited in extent—it is a plan much to be recommended. Not the least of its advantages is that it enables the author to produce his work in such a handsome form, with printing and paper so admirable, as that in which the *Signs of Old Lombard Street* has been given to its subscribers.

Lombard Street is not like unto Cheapside, or even the Strand, for interest and historical associations. But many well-known names are collected by Mr. Hilton Price from those of former residents in the street. Here lived Robert Amades, Keeper of the Jewels to Henry VIII. At the sign of the "Ring and the Ruby" Queen Elizabeth's goldsmith, Thomas Muschamp, carried on his business. On the site of what was afterwards the "Grasshopper" Jane Shore's husband had his shop:—

> In Lombard Street I once did dwelle
> As London yet can witness well:
> Where many gallants did beholde
> My beauty in a shop of golde.

Sir Thomas Vyner and his son Sir Robert, the "Prince of Goldsmiths," lived here and were buried in the church of St. Mary Woolnoth. And another resident was John Colvill, the friend of Samuel Pepys. In the *Little London Directory* of 1677 a list is given of the goldsmiths who kept "running cashes." There were twenty-seven of these in Lombard Street, and the signs of the houses where they carried on trade are given. Mr. Hilton Price, however, has recovered over a hundred signs once belonging to the street between the years 1488 and 1799, most of which can be identified with the houses as they are now numbered.

The signs of old London, like the signs of modern London, now only seen outside taverns, showed a remarkable lack of invention. The "Sun," the "Bolt and Tun," the "Flower de Luce," the "Rose," the "Angel," the "Mermaid," the "Plough," the "Feathers," the "Crown," the "Three Anchors," would do for any roadside inn of modern days. A few, however, are unexpected. The "Morocco's Head" would now be the "Saracen's Head" or the "Moor's Head"; the "Hat and Harrow" is a queer conjunction; the "Unicorn and King"—here the animal is figured kneeling before a [illegible] damsel carrying a lily—probably indicates that the old "Unicorn" destroyed by the Great Fire has passed into the hands of a goldsmith, who makes rings; the "Cardinal's Cap" clearly belongs to pre-Reformation times, and was changed after the [illegible] to the "Cock"; the "Grasshopper" is not [illegible] but it is interesting, because it [illegible] the sign [illegible] Jane [illegible] first and of Sir Thomas Gresham afterwards.

The drawing of the signs was generally—we suppose that Mr. James West has faithfully copied them—very good, and less conventional than might have been expected. The Head of Charles I. the Royal Oak, with three Crowns round it—here Pepys and Alexander Broome drank Haut Brion in the year 1663—is very quaint and pleasing; the Three Angels are as lavish of their charms as if they were the [illegible] Choristers; the "King's Head" shows, apparently, the [illegible] countenance of the second James. The "Anchor," the "Rose," the "Crown," the "Bible," and the "Castle" cannot possibly be mis[illegible] [illegible] must not forget the careful notes made b[illegible] m[illegible] of this learned and useful work to every drawing [illegible] [illegible] may gather the best account of old L[illegible] Street [illegible] ever been put together. Would that [illegible] take the same pains with other streets! We [illegible] to submit to their consideration the claims of Thames Street, much neglected, but full of historical interest; of Cheapside; of Ludgate Hill and "Pawl's"; and of Leadenhall Street. There are other streets; but let us begin with these—a book on each of these will be no lack of subscribers, and the Leadenhall Press may be trusted to produce the books as beautifully as Mr. Hilton Price's *Signs of Old Lombard Street*.

NOVELS.*

Of books such as Mr. Robert Buchanan's latest novel one is tempted to say, with Dr. Johnson, when he compared a woman's preaching to a dog dancing on its hind legs, "Sir, the wonder is, not that the thing is done well, but that it is done at all." No one can possibly read *The Heir of Linne*, and notice the extreme thinness of the story, the scantiness of the dialogue, the threadbare quality of the incidents, and the scamped and scrappy nature of the descriptions, without feeling that the wonder is that the novel has been written at all. Out of the stuff with which he has provided himself none but the wielder of a most practised pen could possibly have produced even so meagre a narrative as Mr. Buchanan has succeeded in putting together. And yet, in reading Mr. Buchanan's book, it is impossible to quite forget the power and vigour of which he is in reality capable. Those who have taken the trouble to study the Italian fresco-painters of the end of the seventeenth century, who covered the vast walls and ceilings of the late churches and palaces, will remember how sometimes the scamped figures that sprawl across a Heaven or an Olympus, on fluffy clouds of cotton-wool, show, when looked at closely, that the painter had in reality capabilities for higher things. Had the taste of the time demanded it, he could have filled his wall-spaces as fairly and as thoroughly, if not as delicately, as Luini. Since, however, he lived in an age that would tolerate bad work, and since to pad and scamp was easier than to work like an artist, he padded and scamped. Feelings of this sort are produced by reading Mr. Buchanan's novel. We feel he might easily do so much better; indeed, we remember that he has done much better, and yet we see him working so ill. Those who approach *The Heir of Linne* must banish from their minds the old ballad, which lends nothing in story or incident to the book. The plot of the present work, such as it is, revolves round the figure of Willie the Preacher, a broken-down Socialistic stump-orator, who in early life has been first a minister of the Scotch Church, then a friend and disciple of Robert Owen, till at last, ruined by drink and a touch of madness, he has broken from all creeds but some fantastic creation of his own, and has taken to wandering up and down the south-west coast of Scotland, preaching, singing, and begging. If in the picture of Willie the Preacher there is something that interests us, there is nothing either original or remarkable in any of the other characters of the book. They, indeed, are simply constructed out of novelists' common-form. There is the wicked old laird, who repents too late—that is, when he hears that the woman he has ruined and his child are drowned. There is the woman herself (of course a melancholy but saintly victim, who hopes against hope that the laird will do her right in the end), and the child (of course lovely and good till he grows up, and then tall, stern, and noble-minded), who are neither of them drowned, though, in the usual way, every one imagines they are. There is also the adopted daughter of the laird, who softens the old man into comparative decency of deportment; and the laird's Paris-bred heir. Need we add that besides there is a complicated will, with the usual intricate marriage provisions so much in favour with novelists; and, last of all, an innocent girl with whom the heir has gone through a mock marriage?

The faults of *A Breton Maiden* are in some ways the very opposites of those of the novel we have just been discussing. Instead of the work being that of a practised pen, it is essentially that of an amateur. Instead of the story being too thin and too commonplace, it errs from being confused with a crowd of incoherent incidents, and from relying too much for its interest on rather far-fetched situations. Every page, indeed, of *A Breton Maiden* shows signs that the author, if not exactly new to her business, has by no means completely mastered the technical part of the art of novel-writing. Still the faults that arise from lack of skill are in reality far less tiresome, and so far more pardonable, than those which come from padding. Brittany at the time of the Revolution is a good place in which to lay a story. The strange customs of the Bretons, their dogged, uncompromising national character, their storm-beaten sea-coasts, the wild and wind-swept heaths on which stand the cromlechs and dolmens still regarded with so much of superstitious reverence by the peasants, the weird beauty of that Celtic legendary lore of which the Bretons are now the chief guardians, all render Brittany a peculiarly promising scene for a novelist. To say that the "French Lady," who, as the title-page tells us, is the author of *A Breton Maiden*, has made the fullest use of her local colour would perhaps be going too far. Still she has not altogether neglected it, and has up to a certain point used her opportunity well. She is evidently intimately acquainted with Brittany and the Bretons, and so what she tells us of them is of real interest. Her account of the Bretons is thus the redeeming feature of the book, for it must be confessed that her plot becomes often very much confused. At one period, indeed, its development reminds one of a harlequinade, so rapid and so eccentric are the movements of the characters. They fly backwards and forwards, and play hide-and-seek with ferocious soldiers in old castles, woods, and farmhouses in a manner truly bewildering. Into this tangled web we do not, however, propose to introduce our readers. We will content ourselves with mentioning that among the characters there are—a Chevalier destined by his uncle to make a *mariage de convenance* with a rich heiress who, notwithstanding that the Chevalier falls desperately in love with her, does not marry him; a friend of the Chevalier who does marry her—that is, if the young couple ever escape from the dangers amidst which the end of the third volume leaves them; a disagreeable Breton noble who will keep proposing to the heroine; two amiable uncles; one amiable but invalid aunt; an honest farmer; a proscribed priest and his sturdy brother; a devoted servant, and a host of supers in the shape of loyal peasants and cruel soldiers. The following passages may be quoted to show that the writer is not without a certain descriptive power. The peasants row out in their open boats at midnight to hear mass, said upon the water by the proscribed Curé of their village, who is under the ban of the Jacobins:—

> Soon in the perfect silence of the night, only broken by the noise of the oars, was heard a distant silver bell; and every barque rowed towards the place from which the sound came. One large boat, all alone, was there in the distance, and, as soon as it was perceived, the eyes of the crowd of men, women, and children, in the other boats, were all directed towards it. They remained at a respectful distance and formed a semi-circular group round it; then the boat advanced towards the centre and stopped, and in the midst of the silence, broken only by the gentle murmur of the waves that came rippling up against the keels of the boats, a man's voice, close, strong, and solemn: "Dominus vobiscum!" and the kneeling crowd responded: "Et cum spiritu tuo!" and the Curé, clothed in his white surplice and embroidered stole, the golden threads of which now and then glittered like the twinkling light of a star, began to say

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* *The Heir of Linne.* By Robert Buchanan. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1888.

A Breton Maiden. By a French Lady. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett, Limited. 1888.

Mass to the serious and attentive crowd, whose murmured responses lost themselves on the moving waters. And, when the silver bell announced the elevation of the consecrated Host, the crowd prostrated themselves and wept aloud, for their shepherd was an outcast, and the consolations of religion they could only get by stealth.

We cannot leave the *Breton Maiden* without noticing the quaint Gallicisms which a "French lady" has scattered with no unsparing hand over her book. "It's most gallant. But who forces . . . ?" says the friend when the Chevalier announces his intention to marry. "Ah! uncle, uncle, whatever put it into your head to marry me?" is the pathetic exclamation of a nephew, not of a niece. Occasionally, however, the style ceases to be French, and drops, we are fain to admit, into the worst three-volume idiom—"One they were and one they were to be, and he was bright and handsome, and could plead so well!" If there were no reviewers, even the print and paper would call out on such writing. With one more criticism we shall rest content. It cannot be believed that a poem in Breton, or for that matter in Chinese, could exist with any lines that could possibly be translated, even into prose, thus:—"He is dressed like a peasant, blue overcoat with embroideries, blue waistcoat, and leather gaiters, small straw hat with red lines." The reader, however, must not be discouraged by these little weaknesses of style; for, after all, the interest of the book itself is very little affected by them.

FLOUR MANUFACTURE.*

ONE of the very oldest of industries, of which there is evidence in far-off prehistoric times, found in the lake-dwellings of Europe as well as in Egypt and in the East, is the preparation of the wheat grain for food by bruising, crushing, and milling. Man's original grinders were, of course, his molar teeth, but it may be presumed that these grinders wore out, as they still do, and instead of starving, as the poor old toothless lion does (is the natural death of wild beasts starvation?), being endowed with intellect and ingenuity, man ground his food between stones, and further, to save himself trouble, employed his women and his slaves to do it for him, as the Bible testifies. The fruit of the wheat plant—Dr. Kick says it is a fruit and not a seed (p. 21), because the germ is supplied with nourishment in the endosperm—that we eat has been the principal food of the nations of central Europe and the countries surrounding the Mediterranean for countless unknown generations, and has been carried as such to America and all lands peopled by Europeans. There are parts of the world too cold and parts of the world too hot for the wheat plant, but the grain or flour can now be carried to the outermost parts of the earth, and it will probably supersede in the long run, as a better food, the rice of the Chinese and the Indian nations.

This work of Dr. Kick's is the standard work on the modern methods of manufacturing flour, or, in simpler English, of milling, and the present is a second edition, with a supplement dated 1888, very carefully translated into English by Mr. Powles. The evolution of milling would be very astonishing if the complicated machinery of the present day for all purposes were not so familiar to us. Nevertheless, the march from the bruising stones now stored in museums to the roller mills of to-day ought to be of high interest. The power employed has proceeded from the hand and arm to the patient ass, to the water and wind power, to the steam now so much in vogue, which last is probably again to be replaced by a more economical and better force applied by electricity. Wind and water occupied a long period in the history of milling, and the miller is a romantic personage in many a song and many a story. There is a deep philosophy in the windmills of Don Quixote, and go where you may the miller will rank amongst the most intelligent of the population, by virtue, no doubt, of the educating influence of his machinery. The milling to which we have b n accustomed in England is the ordinary grinding with millstones, from the rough-and-ready way of the country miller by the stream with his water-wheel, or on the hill with his windmill, to the town miller with his silk dressing-machines and his superfine flour, each supplying his district according to the demand, or, rather, regulating the demand by the produce he is able to supply. Dr. Kick, being an Austrian, describes the process of milling with millstones, as practised in Austria and Hungary, and he explains the construction of the millstones themselves, the best being made of a French stone in sections, cemented together in the round millstone shape. The upper millstone is the "runner," the one that revolves, and the other performs the proverbial part of the nether millstone. The nether millstone has sometimes been made the runner, and sometimes both have been runners, but there has been no marked difference in the result. Millstones are best adapted for low grinding, which, according to modern notions, is a very low thing indeed, adhered to, we regret to say, by the English long after such low practices had been abandoned by nations of a higher milling civilization. Low grinding is performed by the stones being placed so close to one another that the grain is ground into one mass of crushed meal, to be afterwards "dressed," or sifted, by dressing machines of wire or silk, according to the miller's ability, into flour and offal. High grinding is performed by the grinders being placed so far apart as only just to touch the grain on the first occasion, to be succeeded by a dozen or more distinct, and, in a milling sense, different, processes of crushing. This high grinding is the modern milling, or flour manufacture, the science and art of which Dr. Kick's book fully describes, and is the authority in the hands of every miller who has any respect for his calling. Householders know that Hungarian flour is the finest and best that can be got for special purposes, and this flour has been imported from Hungary up to recent times to meet the demand for it. English millers, however, have now adopted the Hungarian method, as expounded by Dr. Kick; and the very best flour, as fine as any Hungarian, can be obtained of English manufacture. There is a demand in Hungary for the very finest flour, and a demand also for the lower sorts; hence the fact that the Hungarians and Austrians have elaborated the very complicated machinery now in use. Millstones have given place to rollers of iron, steel, or porcelain, much smaller and handier than millstones, and more easily adjusted. We will attempt to describe the modern process of high milling in the best mills in a few words, recommending the reader to Dr. Kick's book for further information as to his principal food; for, after all, what a small proportion does his meat bear to his flour food in his daily meals if he is a wholesome feeder!

The miller first catches his hare—in other words, he obtains the wheat that he requires, making selections for his special purpose from the great varieties that are offered to him on the market. This is not the place to treat of the different qualities of wheat; suffice it to say that the English farmer grows the finest white and red wheats, but they require mixing with others from a drier climate for the miller's use. Having made a suitable mixture of wheats, the first process within the mill is to thoroughly cleanse the grain. In a high-class mill this is the first ing nious and complicated operation that is likely to strike a stranger with wonder. The wheat looks fairly clean till the refuse of the cleaning is exposed to the naked eye, when the abominable stuff that would have otherwise "gone into consumption" is made painfully manifest. The berry goes through many different sorts of cleaning before it is entrusted to the rollers. Some wheat, which has been threshed on an earthern floor—Indian wheat, for example—must be washed and dried. All seeds other than those of wheat must be taken out. Foreign substances of all kinds, an indescribable medley acquired in transport, must be rejected; amongst these are small pieces of iron, needles, odds and ends of nails and wire, which would damage the rollers, to say nothing of our digestion. These trifles are seized by a series of strong horse-shoe magnets, through which the wheat is made to run. And the skin of the berry itself is thoroughly cleaned by machinery. There is a deep crease or furrow in the wheat berry, dividing it into two parts, as every one must know. This crease is a refuge for dirt, and can only be cleansed by dividing the berry into two parts. This duty is performed by the first set of rollers, and the true milling has begun by the first "break," as it is technically called, the rollers being set so high, or so far apart, as only just to separate the two sections of the grain at the crease. The grain then passes through six or more sets of iron or steel rollers one after another, each performing their office of "breaking." Some of these rollers are smooth, others are grooved, and the surfaces of a pair turn on their axes at a different rate of speed in the same direction, by which the breaking process is more complete. This breaking may be called process No. 1. After each set of rollers there is a "scalper," a milling term taken from the Americans. The berry being broken by the rollers, the scalper is a machine that takes from the broken berry whatever flour or refuse may be loosened; but this is not the fine flour which it is the object of the miller to make. The scalping may be called process No. 2. The product of the breaking rollers is then passed to the "purifier," a term used for the machine which separates the light particles of bran from the heavier particles by a current of air. Process No. 3. The product is then passed on to the porcelain rollers, which are a second series of six or more sets of fine rollers, and this process No. 4 is technically called "reducing." The product which is submitted to the reducing process is called dunst, semolina, coarse and fine; and middlings, coarse and fine. After each reducing there is purifying, as before described, and dressing. Dressing, process No. 5, is accomplished by sifting the product of the reducers through exceedingly fine silk dressers. To make fine flour, therefore, there is crushing, purifying, and dressing, to be repeated over and over again, until everything but the purest flour, or endosperm of the grain, has been eliminated—leaving a very beautiful object to the eye. It will be seen that the term purifying consists in separating the light from the heavy particles by currents of air; and the term dressing consists in separating the coarse from the fine particles by sifting. This is a short account of the milling carried on in our best modern roller-mills. The power, water or steam, as the case may be, is applied to the whole by means of bands and wheels; no hands are used, except to examine the results, and from the uncleansed wheat to the last process all is passed on automatically. There is, moreover, a curious dust machine, contrived to absorb all the dust flying about in a mill, which would not only be an annoyance to the men, but would also find its way into the flour. The finest Hungarian flour is indicated by Nos. 000, 00, 0, and the other qualities by Nos. 1, 2, 3, &c., showing that after No. 1 had been reached it was necessary to use 0's to mark further progress in refinement. The final result of good milling is 80 per cent. of flour, of which 50 per cent. may be very fine, 16 per cent. of bran and offal, and 4 per cent. of loss.

* *Flour Manufacture: a Treatise on Milling Science and Practice.* By Friedrich Kick. Translated from the second enlarged edition, with supplement, by H. H. P. Powles. Illustrated with 24 Plates and 113 Woodcuts. London: Crosby Lockwood & Son.

Millers usually divide their produce into flour of all degrees for which they may have a demand; pollard consisting of rejected portions of the grain which is not bran—very good cattle food; and bran, which is the mere outer skin of the wheat berry. The better the miller, the worse the bran, is a well-known saying amongst cattle feeders; for the good miller strips the outer skin off the grain, and leaves you nothing but skin or bran.

Dr. Kick's work is highly scientific and technical, and cannot be recommended for its amusing qualities. But it is the miller's text-book, and is a study for every one interested in a subject of vital importance.

THE LIFE OF MRS. ABINGTON.*

SEVENTY-THREE years after her death, and eighty-nine after her retirement from the stage, "Nosegay Fan" is promoted to be the subject of a memoir. Her early life was in sufficient contrast with her later career to justify the tongue of current scandal in wagging against her. Born of obscurest parentage—her father, first a soldier, afterwards kept a cobbler's stall; her brother was an ostler in Hanway Yard, and her mother died while Frances was still a child—she lived to "ride in her own coach," and, with more prudence than ordinarily distinguishes members of the class from which she sprang, to enjoy a comfortable maintenance during her declining years. She escaped, however, the less than dubious honour of a biography such as was assigned Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. Baddeley, Miss Bel'amy, or Mrs. Cibber. No pamphlet warfare attended her proceedings. Not a single entry under her name appears in Mr. Lowe's *Bibliography of the Stage*. It is difficult to know to what cause to assign this happy immunity. Gossip enough concerning her there was in her lifetime, God wot. This, however, is mainly buried in old and scandalous newspapers and magazines. Were it not for the record given to the world during her lifetime in that pestilent publication, *The Secret History of the Green Room*, there would be scarcely a reason to doubt that the virtues of Frances Abington were as shining as her abilities, and were calculated to shed a lustre upon the respectable family with which, after her advancement in her profession, she amiably, if gratuitously, allied herself.

Now even, when the anonymous compiler of to-day has cast upon Mrs. Abington a light which his predecessor of a couple of generations ago failed to afford, perhaps because the sight of a gem with so many facets bred a doubt as to his capacity to do it justice, pretty Fanny's peccadilloes are spared. No attempt whatever is made to drag her "frailties from their drear abode." Garrick's censure of Mrs. Abington is of course recorded. On the back of one of her letters to him Garrick has written that she was "The worst of bad women." This spiteful outbreak had, however, reference to her temper, after a more than usually fervid display of its nature, and might possibly be taken as a proof of her pious austerity. Seldom, indeed, has an equally decorous biographer dealt with a heroine equally frail. The marriage of Frances Barton in September 1759 to "Mr. James Abington, a trumpeter in the Royal service," is duly chronicled. We are told, moreover, that the name Mrs. Abington now bore was "a name she was destined afterwards to cover with lustre, but a name, so far as she was concerned, connected only with difficulty and unhappiness."

Of the circumstances that preceded or accompanied her marriage there is no hint. The separation which followed cannot be passed over in silence. With a discretion as rare as it is commendable, her biographer says, "As Mrs. Abington grew popular her husband showed unmistakable signs of jealousy, *whether justifiable or not it is not easy to say*; but things came to such a pitch, and the dissatisfaction grew *so* mutual, that by common consent they parted."

To what good fairy Mrs. Abington owes her happiness it is, in her biographer's words, "not easy to say." Certain at least it is that, while her distinguished talents have met with full and steady recognition, she has escaped most of the penalties of histrionic greatness. It is no business and no pleasure of ours to revive the accusations that were brought against her while she was still living, and remained, possibly through a justly entertained contempt for the polluted source whence they sprang, unanswered. We will even applaud the new system of preparing a theatrical biography which, passing by the materials on which previous scribes were accustomed to dwell, records all that is creditable to an actress, and places in the other scale nothing except her shrewishness. We content ourselves, accordingly, with saying of this beautiful, accomplished, and inspired vixen—the first Lady Teazle and, it has been held, the best Beatrice—that she has been more fortunate, as regards the records of her private life, than some of her contemporaries.

The artistic career of Mrs. Abington is not eventful. Much credit is due to her for the manner in which she educated herself; so that, while singing or selling flowers in Leicester Fields, reciting at public-house doors, or acting as servant to a French milliner in Cockspur Street, or cook-maid in the kitchen of Robert Baddeley of histrionic fame, she learned, according to the perhaps not very exacting standard of that day, to "read and speak French with facility" and to "converse in Italian." She appeared upon the stage, and created slowly a favourable impression. She then went for five years to Dublin, and returned the height of the fashion. Hitchcock, in his *Historical View of the Irish Stage*, speaks of her as "then" (1762) "esteemed one of the first comic actresses ever beheld in this kingdom"; and Tate Wilkinson, who acted with her at Smock-Alley Theatre, goes into unwonted raptures over this invaluable "jewel," which had been in Dublin "almost in a state of obscurity." Her taste in dress was admitted to be equal to her abilities; she was an acknowledged leader of the *ton*; ladies imitated her attire; and the Abington cap became the rage. Her subsequent career until her retirement was passed in the blaze of triumph. Its principal events are well known. The number of important characters she played, her influence over Johnson, who, though he could neither see nor hear, obeyed her command to go to her benefit; how Reynolds painted her as Miss Prue, and how Horace Walpole paid her the highest compliments, and gave her leave to bring an unlimited number of friends to inspect his possessions, are not these things told more or less unveraciously in the glowing chronicle of Dr. Doran? Suffice it to say that for thirty years she queened it over the stage on which she walked, stamped, played, fretted, and sulked in a manner that enchanted every one except those who were at the mercy of her whims and vagaries.

Not very difficult is the task of spreading over a volume the record of her successes. The casts with which pieces were played are given in Genest. These printed *in extenso* fill a considerable space. Records of her successes in Ireland are found in Hitchcock and elsewhere. Davies in his *Life of Garrick*, Dibdin in his *History of the Stage*, Boaden in his *Life of Mrs. Jordan*, supply more or less information, and the *Garrick Correspondence* furnishes a supply of petulant, spiteful letters which are reproduced, and constitute the most amusing reading in the volume. The prologues she recited and the lumbering impromptus which were written upon her contribute further materials; and the volume, thus constituted, extends to the regulation size of the less important theatrical biographies.

Bringing together a quantity of information only to be found by some research, this Life claims recognition. We should be thankful for more accuracy, and, though this perhaps is hypercritical, for a few traces of style. On p. 10 we are favoured with the following astounding cast for *The Winter's Tale*, which, as a literary curiosity, we copy *in extenso*. The date of the performance is said to be March 24, 1757:—Leontes, Garrick; Daffodil, Woodward; Tukely, Palmer; Dizzy, Yates; Sophia, Miss Macklin; Arabella, Miss Minors; Mrs. Dotterel, Miss Barton; Widow Damply, Miss Cross; Lady Fanny Pewit, Mrs. Bradshaw. So startling is this it throws other errors into the shade. We might otherwise congratulate our author on the discovery of Thomas Moseen, an actor and a dramatist previously unknown to fame, and of a play by Meliere (*sic*) entitled *George Danyin*; on speaking of Mrs. Baddelay (*sic*) as a cook, on the play of *Albumazer*, and on Mrs. Abington, as regards dress, appearing "parfaitement habile." What, however, is more aggravating than any error is the dexterous way in which quotation marks are used. Where these leave off is not seldom a matter of dubiety to the reader. This has the advantage or disadvantage that the author may be robbed of the credit of some cunning turn of phrase or startling departure from recorded history the responsibility of which may be fastened upon Genest, or Davies, or who knows what chronicle, of things theatrical. The grace and refinement of style meanwhile may be guessed from the passage in which it is shown that after "Mrs. A——s" (why this discretion?) "return to England . . . the same jealousy" (on the part of Mrs. Clive) "again broke out and would sometimes display itself in bickerings and altercations that were not *entirely congenial to the delicacy of the sex*." An engraving of Cosway's portrait of Mrs. Abington appears in the volume, which is supplied with a full index.

* *The Life of Mrs. Abington.* Including Notes upon the History of the Irish Stage, by the Editor of the "Life of Quin." London: Reader.

COOKERY BOOKS.*

THE triumph of the "little dish" is one of the rare pieces of real progress in an age of much sham progress. It is a triumph which has been hardly won, and over which, perhaps, it is pardonable for those who by learned discourse in the proper places, such as this *Review*, have helped it on, to pride themselves. It is not, we think, more than ten, certainly not more than twelve or fifteen, years since an indignant correspondent of that very estimable paper the *Queen*, which had been setting a good example by giving recipes of the kind, broke out in thunder on the head of the devoted editor. "How long," he asked, or at least he used words to this effect, "were these degrading kickshaws to be held up to imitation?" And then followed a passage which was so exquisitely British and human that it has dwelt in our memory as things seen in a casually taken up newspaper do not often dwell after many years. "Young ladies," said the indignant one, "would lose their appetite, and young men their patience, *before the joint appeared*." We forget whether the editor of our esteemed contemporary summoned up courage enough to hint that possibly

* *Oysters à la Mode.* By Mrs. De Salis. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1888.

Soups and Dressed Fish à la Mode. By Mrs. De Salis. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1888.

The Afternoon Tea-Book. By Agnes C. Maitland. London: Hogg. 1888.

Dainties, English and Foreign. By Mrs. H. C. Davidson. London: Hatchards. 1888.

365 Puddings and Sweets. By Lucy Jones. New edition. London: Allen. 1888.

"the joint" might never appear at all, and might, once in a way, be no great loss. Probably he did not, and was wise in abstaining, for the afflicted enemy of kickshaws might have gone away and done some rash act like the historical admirer of crumpets. But we have always dated the triumph of little dishes from that letter, not of course as a cause, but as a symptom. The correspondent of the *Queen* was like Mr. Swinburne's Pagan priest. He saw the little dishes; "he knelt not, neither adored them"; but he evidently knew that "the joint" was doomed at least as a sole and single source of food. Far be it from us to wish that it should suffer any further eclipse than that of having other lights to share and vary its sometimes rather oppressive splendour.

Mrs. De Salis has done as much as another to assist the substitution of aristocracy for tyranny. We do not, indeed, much like her catchword "À la Mode." In the finer and greater arts, such as cookery, fashion is nothing. Little dishes are not better than large ones because they are fashionable, but because they are cheaper, more varied, healthier for persons who do not take a great deal of exercise, and better suited to add an interest to life. However, no doubt the great name of "Beef à la Mode" gives the phrase a certain authority in cookery. Mrs. De Salis's opinions on what the later Lord Peter would have called "the general question" are sound, for she admits that she thinks oysters best when unadorned. But it is no paradox to say that in art we do not want the best only; we want all the good things; and in many ways (with a restriction to be noted presently) cooked and dressed oysters are very good things indeed. We question, indeed, whether there is a better dish of its kind in the world than the old-fashioned scalloped oyster. The learning in the introduction is but kitchen learning, and when Mrs. De Salis says that Essex and *Suffolk* are the most celebrated localities for oysters, she must mean Essex and Kent. Nor do we know what she means by "the celebrated Rocher de Cancale oyster." The "Rocher de Cancale," it need hardly be said, is famous as a place of eating, not of fishing, oysters; and if Mrs. De Salis has ever eaten oysters at Cancale itself (where there are no rocks at all) we think she will agree with us that they are no great shakes. But all this does not matter. The important point is the receipts. We do not observe in these any warning against tinned oysters such as we should like to have seen. They are sometimes very unwholesome; they are almost always tough; and they are generally either flavourless or coarse. No doubt there are exceptions; but as a rule we should say, "Don't have oysters at all if you cannot get them fresh." Mrs. De Salis, however, gives and largely uses in her receipts a preparation called oyster powder, which is derived from the actual fresh fish, and which, though we have not tried it, seems not unpromising. We like the recipe for "Attelets of oysters"—a sort of a cross between a scallop and a rissole. "Little bombs of oysters" are of the more elaborate order of cookery, but excellent. Of oyster sandwiches we do not approve; they are sloppy, and the oyster has a fiendish habit of evasion. Neither are we great partisans of curried oysters, which are nearly always tough. But "Chartreuse of oysters," "Oyster cream," and "Fleur d'huîtres au cordon bleu," may all be recommended to those who believe in very elaborate cookery. For ourselves, without being rigid puritans as to oysters *au naturel*, we are inclined to think that the simpler accommodations are the best. Of these there is a capital fricassee here; also a good "Huîtres au plat." "Oyster roly-poly" sounds and reads a little like confusion, but it may be good; and we really do not know that in all the book, where there is nothing bad, there is anything better than "Stewed oysters of the last century." This is very much like the traditional receipts which people used to do for themselves in little silver saucepans in the days of suppers. A few miscellaneous shellfish receipts are added, and they make a very good finale. Mrs. De Salis has the large charity to condescend even to periwinkle patties. The whelk must, after this, feel jealous at his surely arbitrary exclusion.

The companion volume on *Soups and Dressed Fish* (the latter a good old phrase which has rather gone out of late) has, of course, a much wider subject; but the author very modestly and honestly disclaims much originality here. Still we find some novelties, at least novelties to us. The opening article, "Alma Mater Soup" (it would, we think, make an English University cook stare), is a kind of glorified sheep's-head broth which we do not remember to have seen before. "Purée d'asperges" and "Potage aux pointes d'asperges"—two good things (but the latter is the better) often confounded in English menus—follow with other well-known soups. In the Bouillabaisse receipt we miss the bread which plays such a large part in the best form of the soup, and indeed sometimes makes Englishmen deny it the name of soup at all. The Bisques are good; but is not bisque rather too much eating and drinking mixed? The most orthodox soup, "à l'Impératrice," is, if we mistake not, a simple *consommé* with poached eggs in it, which is said to have been invented, and succeeded, on the spur of the moment at Compiègne. Here it is a *purée* of lettuce. We do not find, and we are not sure that we ever have found in a book, the plain but excellent fish soup which is called, in Scotland—at least in the North of Scotland—"Fish in sauce," or "Fish and sauce." And we think it a mistake to use sherry, unless it be very old brown sherry, instead of Madeira in turtle soup. But these are the only unfavourable criticisms that occur to us, and these are not very unfavourable. In the fish division we only do not find much to notice because all is good. We should add some garlic to the "Barbue à la Provençale," and in the receipts for dressing salmon we note a little of the (we had hoped) obsolete error of smothering the natural and unsurpassable flavour of the fish with all the strongest foreign tastes of sauce. But "Soles à la désso" deserve particular notice.

Mrs. Maitland's book is as miscellaneous as the meal for which she is catering. Her recommendation of ordinary saucepans for making coffee and chocolate is rather unusual. There are numerous receipts for fresh bread, cakes, &c., especially Northern varieties of the latter. Both "John Peel's teacakes" and "Liverpool Exhibition hotcakes" read well, but caraway-seeds in Bath buns are all wrong. After more than a hundred varieties of this kind we come to sandwiches. A honey and oatmeal variety of these we do not remember to have seen elsewhere, and there is another curious device of the same sort composed of Devonshire cream and biscuit powder. "Lauretta sandwiches," yet again of the same kind, but depending generally on cream cheese, with very original garnishings, may also be noted. In fact, these are interesting additions to that restoration of the sandwich which we are glad to see, and which is one of the not many good results of the practice of five-o'clocking. The cider-cup receipt is fair: but it is a vain imagination that ice should not be put into cider-cup. It can be cooled that way just as well as by the tedious standing in a refrigerator, and there is absolutely no difference of taste. The note to "put the sugar last of all" into claret cup is a more important error. What is the result? The fine powder revives the effervescence of the soda-water, and the mixture, losing an unnecessary amount of gas, becomes vapid. The best way is to put sugar, flavourings, and whatever "alcohols" are used, first of all; to add the claret after these have well amalgamated, and to put in the fizzing water last of all, even, if anybody likes, after the ice. But perhaps no lady ever did quite understand cups. The "Mandarin's" cup is ingenious, but rather a punch than a cup. There is a good cool tankard; and, on the whole, the book, at a small cost and in very small space, provides an unusually miscellaneous collection of receipts for the same meal.

The fourth book on our list is, like all the others, small and of small things; and also like all the others makes a commendable attempt to provide novelties; but it is of a more general and miscellaneous character. Mrs. Davidson appears to have drawn largely on Spanish receipts—a source not hitherto much worked in our country, probably because of the notion that, except chick-peas, garlic, and oil, there is nothing in the Spanish cook's pharmacopœia. A considerable variety of tortillas is given, but the tortilla of Mrs. Davidson appears to be an omelet, while we had always understood that the real or Mexican tortilla is a pancake or fritter, the difference, of course, being the inclusion of flour. "Bacalao," or dried fish, also figures. Two tripe receipts of Spanish character, or at least names, may please those who delight in that savoury, and a "Sole asado"—a kind of sole au gratin—reads well. Even a *deslichado doblado* might, if he liked sweets, rejoice in a "Soplado," which appears to be a sort of marchpane or almond sugar cake. "Rosquilla" is a much more unfamiliar thing of the same kind, the unsubstantial foundations whereof appear to be eggs, aniseed, and sugar. "Buñuelos" simple, or "Malaganian" (a name strongly suggestive of Famongomadan, and the other gigantically denominated giants in the *Amadis*), "Bollos," "Manecados," "Mantequillas," "Soplillos," "Turon," all these things will look well in menus, and provided man fears not toothache or cloying, perhaps not taste ill in the mouth. The oddest named thing in the book is "Angel's hair." We shall not say what it is, only observing that, of all the angels we have known (and thank Heaven! we have known many), no one ever had hair in the least like this. We do not know that we care much for iced soup, but if anybody does, he will find two prescriptions here; and there is a good Puchero. The two receipts "à la Valenciana" contain oil enough to satisfy anybody; but, without sharing the British delusion above mentioned, we can hardly believe that any Valencian receipt for cooking mutton and chicken can be totally destitute of garlic. For do not Valencians, or did not they, speak a dialect of the Langue d'Oc? Various réchauffées of beef with Hidalgish names—"fricando," "rehogardo," "guisado," *omne quod exit in* o—are promising enough, and Spanish onions, "rellenas," sound to the manner born. It should not be supposed that Mrs. Davidson confines herself to these outlandishnesses. We have only cursorily noted the most novel or novel-sounding of some three hundred receipts. As may be guessed perhaps by the cunning, even her English prescriptions have a general tendency to the full-flavoured; but full-flavoured cookery, though English interiors cannot stand a long continuance of it, is well enough now and then, and we recommend the book as having what neither all nor most cookery-books have—a place and a character of its own.

Miss Jones of all our authors alone appears not for the first time, and her book is occupied solely with the comparatively poor creature "Sweets." For these reasons, and these only, we dismiss her more briefly; but those whom her matter concerns will find her a faithful and fertile source of information.

THE CLASSICAL REVIEW.*

THE *Classical Review* has entered upon its second year of existence, and that the sanguine expectations with which it was started have not been altogether disappointed may be conjectured from the fact of an *Archæological Review* being now

* *The Classical Review.* Vol. I. London: David Nutt.

projected by the same publishers. That the *Classical Review* has well earned all the success which it has achieved will not be denied by anybody who has studied the successive numbers as they appeared, now collected in a handsome and serviceable cover for the library shelves. Not the least interesting parts of the *Classical Review* are the obituary notices of recently departed scholars. Chief among them is the illustrious Johan Nicolai Madvig, who died at the end of 1886, aged 84; not by any means a mere *savant*, he was an active politician, a member of the Danish Parliament, and at different periods Minister of Worship, Inspector of Education, and President of the Council. "He was the hero of the whole Danish student-world, and to the last he delighted to associate with them." On his critical work many acute and some flippant attacks have been made, but the scholars who were best able to detect the faults of his method were most enthusiastic in recognizing its commanding merits. Cobet's words in proposing his health deserve to be requoted:—"*Pugnabimus tecum, contendemus tecum, eoque vehementius pugnabimus quo te vehementius admiramur.*" Amongst other deceased scholars mentioned in the *Classical Review* are Dr. Thompson (Master of Trinity), a fastidiously sound Platonist, a triumphant vindicator of the *Sophist's* authenticity, and the maker of many caustic witticisms; Henri Jordan, unrivalled as an authority on Roman topography; G. H. Heslop, editor of many speeches of Demosthenes; Wilhelm Henzen, an eminent specialist in Latin epigraphy, well remembered for his courtesy to strangers at Rome; and Carl Schaper, a fluent Latin speaker, editor of Virgil, who did not relax the energy of his research even when his mortal sickness was upon him. The November number of the *Classical Review* contains a pleasant account of Windisch's memoir of Georg Curtius, the learned but ever learning philologist. A critic rather than an enemy of the new school of grammarians, he had the knack of laying his finger on the weak places of "the doctrines now rapidly becoming popular."

In this as in other matters of controversy the conductors of the *Classical Review* have succeeded in presenting both sides of the question. Karl Brugmann's "complete official statement of the new Indo-European grammar" is received with gushing welcome by one philologist (who disclaims that offensive description); but another, less convinced or more cautious in expressing his assent, writes with judicious reserve on Engelhardt's theory of Latin conjugation. "Some of the illustrations [of the syntax] are enough to take away the breath of a scholar who has not followed the more recent developments of comparative philology." Professor Wilkins goes out of his way to doubt whether Engelhardt is meat for babes, perhaps because Mr. T. C. Snow had previously declared that Brugmann's book not only could be used by schoolmasters, "but it must." In Mrs. Oliphant's last novel one of the characters, a good Conservative, favours Greek and Latin, because (it is innocently declared) there cannot be any newfangled ways of teaching old things like the classics. Of the prospects of the movement for "reforming" the English pronunciation of Latin Mr. Postgate, writing in April, took an extremely hopeful view; the alterations proposed in Messrs. Trübner's pamphlet had been approved by the Philological Societies of Oxford and Cambridge, and it was expected that at Cambridge the system would be put into practice at the beginning of Michaelmas term. Admitting the existence of differences among the Reformers, Mr. Postgate considered that there was a fundamental agreement, as to "general effect and essential particulars," sufficient to justify a beginning in practical work. It is not stated whether the scheme of pronunciation (that which is attributed to the Augustan period) is to be extended in its entirety to the earlier and later writers, or whether the unhappy undergraduate is to modify his pronunciation according to the date of his author.

Under the head of Appeals, J. E. B. Mayor demands with justice that "the republic of scholars" shall extend a liberal support to Professor Wölfflin's Thesaurus of Latinity. The subscribers take 250 copies, so that only 280 are offered for public sale; and four volumes have already appeared at the very moderate price of 12*s*. each. In this *Archiv für lateinische Lexicographie* "many hundreds of words are registered for the first time," and "the whole method of lexicography is criticized from many points of view"; so that an eye trained by these volumes will search the field of Latinity "with a clearer vision and a more definite aim." A small subsidy is allowed by the Munich Academy, and the highly capable editor receives no remuneration; but an increase of subscriptions is urgently needed. Another proposal, not less deserving of serious consideration, but not appealing to the pocket, is to adopt Mr. E. M. Thompson's scheme for making a descriptive catalogue of classical MSS. in public and private libraries, in the first instance at home, but afterwards (if possible) abroad. The editor of the *Classical Review* is anxious to be informed of the existence of any such MSS. and of the names of persons willing to assist in drawing up the descriptive catalogue. Chronological order will be preserved as far as possible, and a start is to be made with the Greek poets. It may be noticed here that Mr. W. F. R. Shilleto's index to the *Classical Review*, exhaustive as it is, does not give sufficient help to the hasty reader. Thus in referring to it for the above scheme, no mention is found under the head of "Catalogue," or "Manuscripts," although it appears under "Scheme," "Classical," and "Thompson." It would be easy to criticize the manner in which the editor has allotted the not very great space at his disposal; but he has many tastes to consult. Some will think that justice has not been done to the scholarship of the New Testament; others that more than is due has been conceded to numismatics and other branches of archæology; but this at least is a movement in the right direction. Thanks to the co-operation of gentlemen connected with the British Museum, there is no longer any excuse for the Latin and Greek literatures being taught and learnt as if they had never stood in direct relation with real life. Every facility is afforded in the *Classical Review* to scholars who are anxious to keep themselves abreast of Continental research. Some persons will be surprised to discover the great and successful activity of French scholarship. Practical training in palæography is given at the École des Chartes; and an *Album Paléographique* was published last year, which contains, with descriptive letterpress, fifty photographic facsimiles, taken chiefly from French MSS., ranging from the fifth to the seventeenth century. As Mr. Thompson remarks, it is easier to send the MSS. (in facsimile) to the world than to send the world to the MSS., and he hopes that a future increased demand of these facsimiles will result in lowering the present almost prohibitive prices. The subject of classical education in France is discussed in a series of letters, not yet complete, addressed to the editor by a French professor.

In original articles, though there are a few both important and interesting, the *Classical Review* is somewhat deficient. The bulk of each number is given to elaborate notices of recent English and foreign editions, written in the German style, and signed in every case with the reviewer's name or initials. To this plan the objections are obvious; but none of the possible evils have as yet arisen. These detailed criticisms of important books will be found specially useful by the diligent scholars who keep their texts "noted up to date." It is important to know what J. E. B. Mayor says about Friedländer's *Martial*, Robinson Ellis about Bücheler's *Juvenal*, or Jebb about Schmidt's *Greek Dramatists*, not because it is the dictum of a great scholar, but because it is certain to be well said and worthy of record. Up to the present time readers of the *Classical Review* have not been enlivened by a controversy. We are glad to see that the "Note and Query" system has been adopted and successfully developed. Many of these "little bits" are capital reading, instructive as well as suggestive, and the plan ought to draw valuable contributions from scholars who are unable or unwilling to undertake the labour and expense of producing complete and substantive editions of the classics. Moreover, a man may be an indifferent scholar, quite unfit to write a treatise or make an edition, yet he may have a few bright ideas which ought not to be lost. Much future elucidation may be collected by saving these classical candle-ends. Not the least interesting of these casual paragraphs is Dr. B. H. Kennedy's only contribution to the first volume of the *Classical Review*: the proposed derivation of *titulus* from *stilus*, initial "s" being dropped as in many other words, and *titulus* being either reduplicated from *tilus* or converted by assimilation from the diminutive *tilulus*. This happy thought was suggested by reading in Rabelais the phrase *tiltre au dessus*, the title above the page—the *stilus* above the *stilus*—that which is written above to explain that which is written below. Unnecessarily, as we think, Dr. Kennedy makes an apology for dipping into his Rabelais. It was for the sake of the old French, not the matter; but let that pass. Old-fashioned scholars will notice with pleasure that Greek and Latin versification has not yet taken its place among the lost arts. Mr. E. D. Stone gives in Greek a patriotic *Carmen Sæculare*:—

ἀλλὰ παῖδες 'Αλβιῶνος οἷς παρέσχεν ἡ Τύχη
γῆς κρατεῖν, τέχνας τ' ἐπασχεῖν πολυπόνοις μοχθήμασι,
'Ινδίκην τ' ὅσοι κατοικεῖτ' ἢ Λιβυστικὴν χθόνα
Καναδίαν τε τήν τε νῆσον τὴν ἐπώνυμον νότου
ταὐτὰ καρδίαις φρονοῦντες εὐτόνοις γηρ.ύμασιν
τὴν ἔτος τόδ' εὐθενούσης κύριον τυραννίδος
νῦν ἄγουσαν εὐλογεῖτε, πέμπετ' αἴσιμον μέλος.

Mr. G. C. Warr writes a Dedication from the forthcoming *Echoes of Hellas*; and "G. Denman, Trin. Coll. Camb. quondam Soc." has made a copy of Greek Iambics out of *Black-eyed Susan* (ἡ μελάνοσσος Σούσαννα). We believe that the Greek will suggest to those who have nearly forgotten them the English words of Susan's "sweet William":—

Σούσανν' ἐμὴ Σούσαννα, φίλτατον κάρα,
βέβαιος ἡμὴ πίστις αἰὲν ἐμμενεῖ
φέρ', ἐξαλείψω χείλεσιν πτηνὸν δάκρυ·
ἀποίχομαι μὲν, νόστιμος δ' ἐλεύσομαι.
ἄνεμοι μεταλλάσσοιεν θε· καρδία δ' ἐμή.
μαγνῆτις οἷα, πρός σε, τὴν Ἄρκτον, ῥέπει·
οἴκοι μενόντων μὴ πίθῃ λόγοις βροτῶν,
πίστιν θελόντων ψεύδεσιν διαστρέφειν,
ὡς δῆθεν ἀνδρῶν ναυβατῶν, ὅπῃ χθονὸς
τύχωσ', ἔρωτα καινὸν εὑρόντων ἀεὶ—
πιθοῦ μὲν οὖν σὺ ταῦτα προσποιουμένοις,
σὺ γὰρ πάρει μοὶ πανταχῇ πλανωμένῳ.

It happens that relatively few pages of the *Classical Review* have been devoted to Ancient History. Mommsen's last volume (*The Roman Provinces under the early Emperors*) receives a short review; so do Fränkel's revised edition of Boeckh's *Public Economy of Athens*, and Schiller's *History of the Empire*. Roman Jurisprudence comes in for incidental discussion in Mr. Roby's examination of some of the points of law involved in Tyrrell's edition of *Cicero's Correspondence*. Full accounts are given of recent excavations at Assarlik, Smyrna, Tiryns, and elsewhere. In promising to deal with all that concerns the language, life, and literature of Greece and Rome down to the

year 800 A.D. in the case of the Western Empire, and to the year 1453 in the case of the Eastern Empire, the editor had undertaken a sufficiently arduous task; and he is to be congratulated on having distributed his pages over the different epochs of this wide period, not of course with equality, but certainly with judicious impartiality.

One of the most practical features of the *Classical Review* is the monthly list of new books published in England and on the Continent, with the prices duly stated. This by itself makes the *Classical Review* indispensable to teachers. A record is kept of the most important recent events at the English and other Universities. It would be pleasant to discuss some of the innumerable questions of interest which are raised in this volume. Enough has been said to prove that the *Classical Review* has been well conceived, well managed, and well executed.

A CENTURY OF BALLADS.*

THERE has always been a kindly feeling in English literature for those artless old ballads of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries which travelled through the country in countless pedlars' packs to be the only learning of many a cottage and the delight of many a fireside. In the pages of Walton—pages which seem perennially fragrant with meadow-sweet and flowering rushes—one of Mr. Piscator's chief allurements (or baits) to his companion Viator is an "honest Alehouse," with its "cleanly room," its "Lavender in the windowes" and "twenty Ballads stuck about the wall"; and Swift, describing a country home in "Baucis and Philemon," does not omit these modest mural decorations. "I cannot for my Heart," says Addison in the *Spectator*, "leave a Room before I have thoroughly studied the Walls of it, and examined the several printed Papers which are usually pasted upon them"; and he goes on to mention one of the very pieces specified by Swift, the pretty "Tragical Story" of "The Children in the Wood"; adding, incidentally, that the late Lord Dorset (*i.e.* Prior's patron) "had a numerous collection of old *English* Ballads, and took a particular Pleasure in the Reading of them." Goldsmith, again, frankly admits his preference for "Barbara Allen's Cruelty," as rendered by his father's dairymaid, over any of the quavers and *roucoulements* of Signora Colomba Mattei; and in the *Vicar of Wakefield* he dilates upon the "soothing ballads" sung by the blind fiddler and Farmer Flamborough. Evidently, in those words from *The Winter's Tale* which Mr. Ashton quotes in the forefront of his book, "he loved a ballad but even too well."

Some of these homely canticles, which were so grateful to Goldsmith and Addison and Swift and Walton, Mr. Ashton has collected into a goodly volume, with an environment of luxury entirely alien to the "brown sheets and scurvy letter" of their originals. He has also copied with much spirit (one hesitates to use the long-suffering word *facsimile*) the rude old plank-cut designs which adorned and (with some latitude) interpreted them. Many of these, although, like the penny showman's characters, they play diverse parts, have considerable vigour and some pictorial feeling. There is a portrait of Queen Elizabeth prefixed to "The Bride's Good-morrow" which is almost a work of art. Others, as, for example, that to "The London Ladies' Vindication of Top-Knots," which represents a very *décolletée* damsel of the Lely type profusely decorated with patches, are useful indications of costume. Others, again, as the heading to the "Merry Milkmaids" and "Barbara Allen's Cruelty," are so quaint and elementary as almost to arrive at humour. Of the ballads themselves, most of the interest that still clings to them is rather antiquarian than literary. One may learn from "A Posie of Rare Flowers" some of the pretty old garden names ("Start-up and kiss me," to wit); from "Heyho, Hunt about," what were the popular names for women; from "The Sorrowful Lamentation of the Pedlars" what fashion of ware they carried in their packs; and from "The Traders Medly" those cries of London which sprightly Mr. Will Honeycomb (surely with superfluous tolerance) christened the *ramage de la ville*:—

> Ripe Kentish Cherries for three pence a Pound,
> Figg, Figg it away, for I tell you they'r sound,
> Hot Pudding Pies, here's two for a Pennie,
> Come buy my card Matches, as long as I've anie;
> Flowers for your Gardens,
> Come buy my bak'd Wardens,
> Here's two for a Farthing;
> Will you buy my Furbeloe Pears?

"Here's Milk for a Pennie a Quart," says another stanza—a statement from which, however, it would be rash to draw conclusions without very precise data as to the value of the currency. Upon the social ballads, among which the foregoing are classed, follow the supernatural division, perhaps to be more accurately qualified by the adjectives "gruesome" and "grisly" than the much-abused prefix "weird." These deal largely with witches and witch-finding, and the doings generally of his Satanic Majesty, who, in the head-piece to "Strange and True News from Westmoreland," is certainly painted at his blackest. This doleful tragedy, printed "at the Golden Ball in Py Corner," and going (rather incongruously) to the tune of "The Summer Time," relates the condign fate of one Gabriel Harding, who returning home drunk, murdered his wife with a blow on the breast, and was afterwards himself "removed" by the Devil in the guise of a stranger clothed in green, all of which is attested by "the Chiefest in the parish," who have thereunto set their hands. Another, "The perjured Ship Carpenter" (of Gosport), offers a salutary monition to all young mariners, who, "one foot on land and one on shore," court damsels "to be their dears," and then desert them:—

> I hope this may be a warning to ALL
> Young men how innocent maids they enthral.
> Young men be constant; and true to your love,
> Then a blessing indeed will attend you above.

Le style en est vieux, as Alceste says, but the morality is irreproachable. The "Historical Ballads," which include a picture of the execution of King Charles I. of Blessed Memory, and bewail the "most solid FUNERAL" of his son, come next; after these the "Love Ballads," one of which seems expanded from the amatory conceit "I'll be a park and thou shalt be my deer," in *Venus and Adonis*:—

> Be thou the Swan,
> I'll be the bubbling River,
> Be thou the gift,
> and I will be the giver.
> Be thou the chast Diana,
> and I will be as chast,
> Be thou the Time,
> I'll be the houres past.

"Local and Miscellaneous Ballads," "Sporting Songs," "Drinking Songs," and "Songs Naval and Military," make up the collection. One of the last-named examples, recording the adventures of a certain Captain Chilver of the *Benjamin*, supplies that hitherto unfound rhyme to "silver" which long ago taxed even the ingenuity of the author of *The Mikado*. On the whole, Mr. Ashton's compilation is exceedingly interesting, though it may be doubted whether regarded as literature it deserved so sumptuous a setting as a guinea quarto.

* *A Century of Ballads.* Collected, edited, and illustrated in Facsimile of the Originals by John Ashton. London: Elliot Stock.

SOME VOLUMES OF VERSE.*

THE question whether man's capacity of silliness is greater in prose or verse has yet, we believe, to be decided. Statistics are wanted, for your poet is somehow able to struggle into print where your prosaist has perforce to remain himself his only publ[illegible]. We venture to think, however, that if comparison might be made and a balance struck, it would be found that the superior ass is the poet. In the very nature of rhyme there is something inimical to reason. The very greatest poets have not scrupled to write nonsense now and then; while others, quite eminent in their degree, have never written anything else. What, then, can we expect of the ordinary human being when he (or she) is tempted to drop into poetry? How should he escape the ironical fate that has snapped up so many of his betters? how, save to his utter destruction, dabble in a material the use of which has proved fatal to the liveliest wits of the world? To them it was sport, to him it is disgraceful death. Perhaps the wisest thing about him is the spirit in which he meets his doom. "'Thank'ee,' said Mr. Toots, 'it's of no consequence. Good night.'" He writes, he rushes into type, and there is an end of him. In the language of Omar of Nuishápúr:—

> The eternal Printer from that Press hath poured
> Millions of Tootses like him, and will pour.

He fulfils his function (it must be owned) with a certain propriety. Thanks to him, we know the maximum of human foolishness.

In *The Lyric of a Hopeless Love*, the heroine of which, a certain Flora, has much to answer for, there are some four hundred mortal pages, each of which contains, on an average, two stanzas of nine verses apiece. It follows, on a moderate computation and allowing for breaks, that Mr. Wilson has found it impossible to mourn the hopes that leave him in less than seven thousand six hundred and fifty octo-syllabics, exclusive of the Sonnet introductory, or "Key-Note" (for so he calls it), which puts on to the gross amount the orthodox fourteen more. Has Flora read them all, we wonder? And if she has, does she regret her coldness? Or is she sensible enough to rejoice in it? If she had accepted her bard, the world had been the poorer by close on eight thousand verses; so that, if she is patriotically inclined, and has any kind of feeling for the tongue that Shakspeare spoke, she has ample ground for sorrow. For the fact is, Mr. Wilson's Muse is beyond conception fluent, and as Mr. Wilson is prodigal of words without even a show of consideration for their meaning, and selects his rhymes with a fine regard for sound and a magnificent contempt of sense, the confusion he produces in the reader's mind is scarcely to be paralleled elsewhere. Here is a stanza taken more or less at random from the eight hundred and fifty or so in which he has deemed it incumbent upon him to have it out with Flora:—

> Because thou art perfection ripe,
> I took thee for my theme,
> Knowing that if I sang the type
> Of esperance supreme,

* *The Lyric of a Hopeless Love.* By A. Stephen Wilson. London: Walter Scott.
Some Dainty Rhymes. By Waldo Messaros. Philadelphia: Rufus C. Hartranft.
Darkness and Daylight. By "Libra." London: Baldock.
A Leaf from Marc Antony. By Benjamin George Ambler. London: Elliot Stock.
Rachel; and Other Poems. By I. S. Birmingham: Cornish.
David Western. By Alfred Hayes, M.A. Birmingham: Cornish.
The Islanders. By Edward Kane. London: Elliot Stock.

My words will double import bear,
Thy love and that which man will heir
When beauty shall redeem—
The starry scope of what subtends
The apex in thy soul which ends.

Is it wonderful that Flora should have been cruel? What young lady who respects herself and her mother-tongue would calmly endure the reproach of an apex ending in her soul and being subtended by the starry scope of something that is dreadfully nameless? "No wavering thought," pipes the poet a page or two before,

Unfaithful roves
To any bower of secret groves
Where leman smiles or frowns.

One can imagine better news for Flora than that; and when Mr. Wilson, preparing to take leave of her (and his proofs), calls out in impassioned tones,

O, Flora, Flora, nevermore
Can bardic haunts to me restore
The shades with thee replete,

one can imagine her a little puzzled as to the writer's meaning, but hoping dimly that he thus signifies his intention of resigning the practice of the Muse, and uncommonly glad in the prospect.

"The author," says Mr. Waldo Messaros, "offers this little cage of singing-birds to the public with much diffidence and hesitation, and only because the voice of friendship called more loudly than that of inclination." It is the old business—this of the "partial friends"; and the wonder is that it has never yet been recognized by anybody who happened to be furnished with them that, the truth is, they are the poetaster's deadliest enemies. But this is by the way. Mr. Messaros goes on to note that, however this may be, "they"—the singing-birds aforesaid—"have given him comfort in many lonely hours" (with which, one would think, he might well have been satisfied) "and have been the means of many lasting friendships" (what more does the young man want?); but he "hopes that some heart-gates may be open to them, and that, entering, they may make grateful music in return for gracious hospitality." The wish is touching; the sentiment is neither inhuman nor immoral. But in the name of all that is Apollonian, what sort of hospitality can be expected for, and what sort of friendship with what sort of people could have been engendered by, such verses as these—

Where are the heavens that stooped to thy spindles
Bosomed and bowelled with ominous gloom?
Swept by the besom of summer that kindles
The hearth of the gods with the glory of noon—

which Mr. Messaros is valiant enough to address "To a Pine Tree"? We should add that he is not always so original as here. His Muse is generally fluent, and is sometimes quite melodious; and now and then, as in "Spring in Hellas" (which begins, however, with the unfortunate statement that he "*trummed* upon the *sasa*"), he contrives to write verse that is both genuine and graceful. But he should not address his mother as "Form of Juno"; and, in singing such mysteries as the birth of Eros, he should know better than (like a sportive linendraper) to begin his song with the bathos of his first two verses—

When Chaos wooed the Virgin Night,
And tore her robe in tender strife—

and imagine that any one will read further.

The poetry in *Darkness and Daylight* is too wonderful for description or analysis. The author's numbers are a trifle rugged; her rhymes, like ill-matched couples, often clamour for divorce; such "effusions of sensibility" as she contrives to produce in earnest were beyond the genius of the mildest parodist to produce in jest. Her morals (it is just to add) are unexceptionable, while her cast of mind is serious and pensive in no mean degree. Thus, she is found extracting the moral of a Calico Ball in a way that William Wordsworth himself would have approved—

It was all to me, just
As much worth as the dust,
And will serve throughout life as my guide;

though, like ourselves, he might have failed to catch the exact drift of it. The story of the life and death of the "young and beautiful Cashmerian maiden," who chanced "in her frequent wanderings among the mountains to form the acquaintance of an officer of the Christian faith"—a strange and novel term for a curate, by the way, and a strange and novel place!—and who—

While shoeless she fled from her mountains
To roam where the great Earth-god reigned—

came to a bad end "under a cathedral porch" in merry England, is one long dream of delight; so is her "Ride with Oneiros"; so (in short) is everything she hrs done.

Mr. Ambler's initial poem, "A Leaf from Marc Antony," sends us back to our Shakspeare, and sets us quoting with a new rapture. His "Eurydice" has a certain lyric movement, tame and inefficient though it be; his "Alcestis" is lacking neither in dignity nor in sentiment; his "Proof" is a parable ingenious and by no means ineffective; his other essays are less to be commended. His intentions are strictly honourable; but he lapses now and then into such statements as this:—

My haughty passions soaring wild
Fold up their wings, and nestle mild
Beneath her soft affection;

or this other:—

Along life's byways come to me
Two tired feet and slender,
Whereon I gaze as reverently
As on a vision's splendour.

Perhaps the best thing in his book is this:—

Dear, if I to thee could bring
Any gift that holds no sting,
Any cause for mirth the years
Never should transmute to tears,

I should tread where none have trod—
None, except the Very God:—

In which the thought is just and the expression at least adequate. Better craftsmanship than Mr. Ambler's and a richer vocabulary are to be found in *Rachel: and Other Poems.* The tone and sentiment are unaffectedly and simply pious; the manner is Tennysonian; the writer has a trick of moralizing—as in the copies of verse entitled "On a Faded Harebell," "Green Leaves," "A Raindrop"—to name but these—which suggests a devout student of Wordsworth. The Rachel of the opening number reminds us rather of a pupil of the Laureate and Miss Yonge than of the wife of Jacob; but her meditation is well written, and has a mild fervour of idea and expression which will commend it to readers of a certain class. In a little cycle of sonnets—"Nanlizel Bay," "Kynance Cove," and so forth—there is more art, and there is also a stronger inspiration. A "Child's Birthday Hymn" is quite a good thing of its kind. The whole book, in fact, is more or less above mediocrity; it is a gathering of echoes, but they ring true, and are prettily contrived and phrased. Much the same may be said of Mr. Hayes's new poem, *David Western*—a long narrative in blank verse. But for Lord Tennyson it would never have been written at all; so that it is no fit reading for such as hold all imitative work superfluous. Those who think otherwise will find it interesting enough. Mr. Hayes has the virtues of sincerity of mind and loftiness of aim; he looks at nature with a most constant heart, howbeit he has an all-too Tennysonian cast in his eye; he has plenty of thoughts and plenty of words; and he has caught so much of the master's manner that he may be said to have found it a liberal education. If that be enough to make him a great poet, then is *David Western* a great poem.

Mr. Kane appears to have suffered; at all events he prefaces his work with a familiar stave from the *Inferno*, and he dedicates it, with much solemnity and excess of particularity, "To the Memory of the Days When it was First Begun." It is called *The Islanders*; it is couched in the Spenserian stanza; it is described as "A Poem in Seven"—not books, as the modern fashion hath it, but—"Cantos," which takes back the swift-minded to the brave days of Byron and Scott, and from which, if the swift mind is master of its choice, it will probably decline to return. For the scene of Mr. Kane's epic is "an island in the far seas . . . peopled by a race sprung from a Grecian hero, and a maiden sprung from the Sea"; and the events he has to narrate are worthy of the scene and the race. "Love and liberty," it appears, "are the laws of the island, and as yet have never been transgressed"; but, as constancy is an essential in law the first, while the bearings of law the second appear to be capable of no particular application, there can be no doubt that the condition of things is far from ideal. This reflection occurs with force to Glaucus, the High-Priest of the Sea. He is happily married to a fair and faithful one, whose name is Evanthe; and the Island is pre-eminently a place of "white limbs," "lilied limbs," "sweet limbs," "white woudrous limbs," "naked white of limbs," "harmonies of limbs," "lovely limbs," "wondrous limbs," "white wonders of maidenhood," "warm white curves," and all the rest of it. But he pines for Paris (as it were), and therewith for "sensual delights, lawless loves, and enjoyments free from the fetters of religion." One night he has a dream of (so to speak) a classic ballet at the Eden Theatre; and after this his mind gives way, and he is moved to relate the principal features of his dream to the night-winds and the stars. Evanthe listens unseen, and is shocked by the story, as any decent matron would. She demands the renewal of his love, as wives will under such circumstances, and Glaucus is so much incensed thereby that he slays her on the spot. That done, he addresses her in a speech of sixty lines or so, concluding in this wise:—

Lo, for this one last night we lie again,
Bosom to bosom as in hours of yore,
Lips laid to lingering lips—hearts full and fain!

As he says, so he does; and in the morning he tells the Islanders that "his life-dream is lost, and all its beautiful rivers fail." The Islanders are content, and some days after a babe of the female sex is cast upon their shores in a golden casket. This is the beginning of their woe, for Glaucus (to put things briefly) comes in time to regard the foundling as (metaphorically speaking) a substitute for Paris and the Eden ballet. She is more or less betrothed to his son Dion; but to this bold bad man, this *viveur manqué*, that matters nothing. He pursues her with improper overtures; she withers him with refusal; and he takes advantage of the fact that she has ideas of her own about religion to have her offered up, Andromeda-wise, to the Sea-god. She is rescued by Dion (who takes care to bring with him "the garments meet for her white maidenhood") on a raft, and the two float out together "to a deathless Now," while the Island, stricken with

earthquake and a tidal wave, sinks comfortably to the bottom of the sea.

"'Thank'ee!' said Mr. Toots. 'It's of no consequence. Good-night.'

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE Memoirs of the late M. de Falloux (1) make so much the most important book in their own department of French literature which has appeared recently, that they deserve not merely a first place, but a place to themselves. Taking literary and intellectual ability together with excellence of character, and adding the advantages of station and general accomplishment, M. de Falloux was not far from being the best man that the Royalist party in France has had to show since Chateaubriand. If he had not the eloquence of Berryer or of Montalembert, he was a much better Royalist than the latter and had other advantages over the former. In his literary work he for the most part chose to serve as herald to his friends, Mme. Swetchine, Lacordaire, Cochin, and others, but he was quite worthy of the "green palms" of the Academician. He must evidently have taken considerable pains over this book, of which he lived to see some proofs, and which his nephew, M. de Blois, has completed. Its interest is certainly great. To the merely general reader that interest may appear to diminish after the first two hundred pages, in which M. de Falloux is chiefly anecdotic. He tells us first of the state of his country-side, the Angevin border of La Vendée, in his youth before the escapade of Mme. de Berry made the July Government reduce La Vendée to an ordinary condition of things. He gives personal accounts of divers delightful country gentlemen, the most delightful being a certain M. de Candé, who, in the severity of his principles, first attempted to unroof, and then did actually wall off, part of his château when it was contaminated by Orleanist troops, but whose natural hospitality led him to convey fruit, game, and so forth, by secret means, to his politically-detested guests. M. de Falloux tells, from the account of the yeoman who saw it, the story of the murder (for murder it certainly was by all the laws of war as well of peace) of Cathelineau, and he has anecdotes not merely of some of the men of 1830 who frequented Royalist society for a time (Hugo had ceased to be a Legitimist almost before M. de Falloux's day), such as Sue, Balzac, and Sainte-Beuve, but of others, such as Bourmont, whose supposed treason he warmly denies. He early made a pilgrimage to pay his respects to the twice-exiled royal family in their vast and dreary retreat of the Hradschin at Prague, and he may be said to have known Henri Cinq all his life.

The greater part of the book, however, is occupied with the part taken by M. de Falloux himself in politics, from the time when he first entered the Chamber in the late years of the July Monarchy to the last blunder of the Monarchists a dozen years ago. And here the interest, though by no means lessened, appeals to a smaller class of persons; for it is almost wholly political, and to understand the book it is necessary to be acquainted with the very intricate political history of France during the last forty years. It is almost unnecessary to say that the perusal leaves us with no lessened opinion, either of the probity of M. de Falloux, of the unwisdom of the extreme Royalists, or of the fatal irresolution and lack of judgment of their master. The Count's own *mot* when an enthusiastic *fils des croisés*, Théodore de Quatrebarbes, had discovered in Henri Cinq a "Henri Quatre corrigé par St.-Louis"—"Ah! mon cher, je me contenterais d'un Charles Dix corrigé par Louis XVIII."—is a sound as well as a smart epigram. But we are bound to say that the same perusal has, if possible, lessened our opinion of the wisdom, the practicability, or the adaptation to any possible good result of the policy of the *Droite Modérée*. M. de Falloux, no doubt, did not invent that policy, and was not responsible for its invention. But we know no example in history which gives any hope of success, and we are sure that this example gives a sure presage of disaster, to any plan of trying to serve two masters in a similar way. Let us grant that total abstention from all public life, except on occasions of armed insurrection, is not desirable in such a case as that of the French Royalists; that a man may even allow himself to be sent to Parliament by electors who know and agree with his principles. But we cannot ourselves conceive by what casuistry a Royalist such as M. de Falloux could have allowed himself to be the Minister and adviser of a Republican President, and that President a Bonaparte. We are no great admirers of "the people" in the ordinary sense of the word; but we are sure that "the people" always judges, and rightly judges, a party which condescends to such a policy as a party which is either lost or deserves to be lost. Independently of this general error, the Moderate Right seems to have constantly committed two particular errors. It never quite knew whether it meant to serve Pope or King first; and it always blenched when matters came to the drawing of the sword, though it was quite ready to blow the horn. It has always seemed to us most ungenerous to accuse the Count of Chambord of hesitation and cowardice when these wise counsellors of his were constantly deprecating any attempt at a Loch-na-Nuagh or a Fréjus. It is at least possible that the White Flag might have been thrown to the winds in 1848 with success; we are afraid we must say that it could have met with no disaster more ignominious than the series of draggings in the mud by its own bearers, especially the Moderates, which it has undergone since. At the same time, no qualified historical student will deny a hearing to a policy represented by such men as Berryer and M. de Falloux himself, and they will find everything that can be said for it here. We cannot spare the book more space at present; but it may be repeated that the general reader can hardly fail to read part, at least, of it with pleasure, while every page is instructive to the politician. Especially may it be commended to any politicians who look forward some day to having to play a part such as that of M. de Falloux, and who hope to play it, not with purer intentions or greater abilities, but with better luck.

(1) *Mémoires d'un royaliste*. Par le Comte de Falloux. Two vols. Paris: Perrin.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE *Autobiography and Reminiscences of Sir Douglas Forsyth* (Bentley), edited by his daughter, is the record of a distinguished career in Anglo-Indian diplomacy and exploration set forth within the reasonable limits of a single volume. We learn from the Autobiography—which is unfinished, and occupies only the first four chapters—that Sir Douglas Forsyth in his school days was considered a dull boy, and it was the mere report that his father had described him as the dunce of the family that spurred him to action. Other reported dullards have been moved to assert themselves by similar salutary yet galling means. By his success at Haileybury College, when preparing for the Indian Civil Service, his shortcomings at Rugby were speedily forgotten. A pleasant story is told of his early experience of official life in India. It appears that he declined an appointment at Simla at Rs. 400 per month, because he found by the rules of the Service he was entitled to draw Rs. 500 monthly if on sick leave only. This not unnatural decision provoked a strong letter from Lord Dalhousie's secretary, in which Forsyth was soundly rated for preferring idleness on Rs. 500 to doing his work on Rs. 400. The little misunderstanding, however, was soon rectified. The Autobiography ends somewhat abruptly with the story of the mission to Russia in 1869, when the interminable Afghan boundary question and British relations with Shere Ali engaged the diplomatist's skill and tested his tenacity. At this date Sir Douglas Forsyth had been led to study Central Asian politics, while endeavouring to open up fresh commercial channels between India and the North-West, from which attempts resulted the important expeditions of 1870 and 1873 to Kashgar and Yarkund. Every one interested in the geography of Thibet and Eastern Turkestan and the extension of Indian trade with Central Asia is familiar with the story of these missions. It is a story that well repays perusal in this lucid and entirely readable book.

The period embraced by Lady Jackson's latest studies in French history—*The Last of the Valois*, 1559-1589 (Bentley)—is peculiarly rich in contemporary records, and possibly for this reason is extremely seductive to writers who attempt what may be called the sectional presentment of history. This method possesses obvious advantages to the picturesque writer, who is more allured by the glow and movement of the memoir-writers and annalists than intent on sifting their contradictions and discrepancies. Periods also are easily determined, being of perfectly arbitrary limits. The danger lies in the errors of accent that spring from over-concentration, by which incidents of little moment assume mirage-like proportions. Lady Jackson has not altogether avoided diffuseness, though in the selection and use of material these volumes show an industry that is well applied on the whole. The historic muse is perhaps not dignified by the sensational headings of certain pages, or the too frequent allusions to Catherine de' Médicis's "flying squadron" of light ladies, and such phrases as the "Demon of the South."

Mr. Joseph I. C. Clarke's historical drama *Robert Emmet* (Putnam's Sons) is made up of six acts of dialogue or declamation, written throughout in prose, and illustrated by an "arto-type" of the Comerford miniature, facsimiles of pencil drawings taken during the trial of Emmet, and other sketches. There is not much to be said for the dramatic quality of Mr. Clarke's play, though his book is nicely got-up. To judge from the character of Emmet, as here presented, the drama is written for the theatre. Emmet is made too stagey, and the "business" directions are sometimes a little difficult. In the first act the hero observes to his friend, Lord Wycombe, "They are taunting me, and they cannot put down my indignation with a sneer" [*stands grimly*]. At p. 94 this strange direction is repeated.

Jack's Yarn: or, Perils in the Pacific, by Robert Brown, A.B. (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), appears to be a belated Christmas book, though a capital book for any season, original in conception, brightly written, and full of excitement and diversion. Jack's yarn is the fruitful source of many, some of which are likely to lift the eyelids of seamen as well as landfolk, and Jack himself is a superb specimen of the ancient mariner, who saw the battle of Trafalgar, and ought to have been promoted from "A.B." long before he arrived at the age of ninety-four.

The reader of Mr. H. C. Davidson's Manx story, *Mad or Married?* (Allen & Co.) will probably find the question as hard to solve as the Manx joke "Hi, Kelly!" So far as the heroine of this extremely sensational tale is concerned we are inclined to think that she is less mad than her admirers. Whether in her astral body she was married on the Scottish shore to a sympathetic landscape-painter must be left to some subtle-souled psychologist.

A Ride through Syria, by Edward Abram (Abram & Son), is a brief, but readable, account of a journey from Jaffa through Damascus to Baalbec, the fruits of a vacation ramble undertaken in the commendable spirit that defies disappointment.

Mr. H. Halliday Sparling has edited for the "Camelot Series" the translation by Messrs. Eirikr Magnússon and William Morris of the *Völsungasaga* (Walter Scott).

Among our new editions we have Mr. Stephen Dowell's *History of Taxation and Taxes in England* (Longmans & Co.), in four volumes; Thackeray's *From Cornhill to Cairo*, in Messrs. Routledge's "Pocket Library"; *The Caxtons*, the "Pocket Volume Edition" (Routledge); and *Mad*, a novel, "by the Marquis Biddle-Cope" (Ward & Downey).

Dr. WALDSTEIN (*whose presence at a political meeting at Cambridge was announced in some daily papers and was commented on in the* SATURDAY REVIEW *of January 28*) *is M.A. and Litt.D. of Cambridge. He received an honorary degree in* 1882; *and he became by the operation of the statute and by residence a fully qualified Master of Arts.* Dr. WALDSTEIN, *who is also a member of King's College, University Reader in Classical Archæology, and Director of the Fitzwilliam Museum, can therefore vote at Cambridge, though he passed no undergraduate career there. The Librarian cannot vote in the House of Commons. We believe that* Dr. WALDSTEIN *did not attend* Mr. DILLON'S *meeting as a Home Ruler or as a Unionist, and that he desires to take no active part in English politics.*

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

The ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT *has been* REMOVED *from* 38 *to* 33 *Southampton Street. All communications respecting* ADVERTISEMENTS *should therefore be addressed to* Mr. JOHN HART, 33 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

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OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

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London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

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OF

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No. 1,686, Vol. 65. February 18, 1888. [Registered for Transmission abroad.] Price 6*d*.

A FARCE ON TWO STAGES.

THE various proceedings of last Monday in reference to Irish matters would supply as good a text as can reasonably be expected to be supplied by the proceedings of any one day for the consideration of the intelligent foreigner or the intelligent anybody else. In the morning one of the farces which long-suffering London permits from time to time to interrupt its business and its more rational pleasures was got up by the usual persons in the usual way. The meeting having been permitted, wisely or unwisely—we think on the whole wisely—by the authorities, and there being no danger of broken heads or "six weeks," Professor STUART was fortunately not prevented by any of the accidents which kept him out of Trafalgar Square from giving the assembly the benefit of his presence. With him were some dozen more or less obscure Radical members of Parliament, and Mr. TIMS and Mr. PERCY BUNTING and Mr. ÆNEAS SMITH and other famous men. The imprisoned Irish members were represented by Mr. SULLIVAN, an amiable person, who appears to have suffered nothing from his imprisonment except a bad attack of versification. The attendance consisted of the usual thousands—more or fewer—of loafers and roughs. The utterances were as usual; the decorations—crownless harps, and so forth—were as usual; the enthusiastic reports in the present tense were as usual; and the meeting, as most usual of all, dispersed, after the pleasure of marching, to the business of picking pockets. They had been prisoners themselves, and they could enter into Mr. SULLIVAN's feelings; but they remembered that, as one of their panegyrists has it, this sympathy "involved the loss of a day's wages," and they owed it to their families to make that good.

The diversions of the evening were twofold—in the House of Commons and out of it. The banquet of the night was very much like the procession of the morning. The same persons were present, and, to the great disgust of some enthusiasts, who have brought railing accusations in consequence, the same persons were absent. As before, no one of Parliamentary calibre heavier than Mr. STUART and Sir WILFRID LAWSON could be got to be present, and the place of the Liberal leaders was again supplied by Mr. TIMS and Mr. PERCY BUNTING and Mr. ÆNEAS SMITH. Professor STUART again introduced the Hero and bard of Tullamore to the meeting, and the meeting again heard impassioned language from the hero and Bard of Tullamore. The fact that Mr. SULLIVAN is not one of the newer and businesslike kind of Nationalists at all, but an amiable, feather-headed survival of the feather-headed amiability of '48, a Young Irelander grown old, with his head as green as ever, was almost a sufficient comment on the silly business, if any further comment had been wanted than the utter absence of serious weight, political authority, or anything else in the whole affair. The wildest estimate of the total attendance in Hyde Park, pickpockets, loafers, and all, does not reach the population of an average London borough—of one of those boroughs in which Home Rulers and Gladstonians have been beaten so soundly. The speakers and occupiers of the platforms included not one single politician of even second-rate ability, and very few of even second-rate notoriety. Nothing said shows either the sense of a real political cause in the speaker or a hope of producing such a sense in the audience.

Yet, if the intelligent foreigner had augured badly of Home Rule from the pickpocket processionists and the platform platitudinizers, he could hardly have had his spirits raised by shifting his place of observation from Hyde Park and the Criterion to St. Stephen's. A mighty constitutional question was going to be raised. The Arrest of the Three Members was to be elevated once for all to a position beside the Arrest of the Five. But it is always dangerous to arrange incidents of historical importance beforehand. It is improbable that much could have been made out of the question anyhow; but any little chance it had was extinguished by its raiser in Parliament. Mr. PICTON, with Nonconformist wit, compared Mr. O'BRIEN to St. PAUL, and indulged in a reminiscence of his schoolboy days, apparently at a very odd school, so utterly pointless that the merciful *Daily News* suppressed it in its Parliamentary report. The SPEAKER took two-thirds of the wind out of the Opposition sails by promptly, and in accordance with the strictest rule and precedent, deciding that the House had nothing to do with the arrest of Mr. GILHOOLY and Mr. PYNE, and the Government took the rest by as promptly making a proper and sufficient apology for the mistake which had been committed in the case of Mr. O'BRIEN. And then the thing was practically over, and might as well have gone at once to the division, which finally, in a House not extraordinarily full, affirmed the decision of the SPEAKER and of Ministers by something like the full Ministerial majority. But, of course, this would not have suited either the obstructive or the ostentatious instincts of the Opposition. So the House was treated to the spectacle of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT correcting, first the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and then Sir HENRY JAMES, on questions of law. Mr. BRADLAUGH expressed a constitutional aversion to detectives. The Mr. O'BRIEN in question took occasion for some minutes of the usual vapouring, which at his own next real arrest will no doubt be exchanged for the usual whining. Mr. PARNELL thought it might kill a man of nervous disposition to be pounced upon by constables—in reply to which it can only be said that Mr. PARNELL's partisans in Ireland know better ways of killing than that. Even Mr. GLADSTONE was put up; for the service of Mr. PARNELL is a hard service, and it was no doubt felt that some night's exploit at Westminster must gild the day's absence of the Liberal leaders at Euston. All this talk, as the defenders of the Government had no difficulty in pointing out, simply amounted to an evasion of two simple truths. The first is that privilege of Parliament does not cover crime. The second is that, whether it does or not, a mistake at once acknowledged and apologized for cannot constitute a breach of privilege in the eyes of any reasonable assembly, however much disposed it may be to stand on that privilege itself. Yet privilege, as Sir HENRY JAMES enraged the Parnellites and Gladstonians by incidentally remarking, is an altogether undemocratic thing.

It can hardly be necessary, but may be instructive, to complete the survey of unreality and charlatanism by noting some comments on Monday's displays. A single example shall suffice. One commentator says that the array of pickpockets and professors was a review of organized Liberalism in the capital, and that every captain of fifty on that occasion "knows where to find five hundred on the voting day." The same authority puts the combined strength of professors and pickpockets at seventy thousand. Therefore the captains of fifty know where to find seven hundred thousand Liberal voters in London. As a matter of fact, the entire constituency of the metropolitan district, in which Gladstonianism is at a ruinous minority, does not amount to half a million. Perhaps it may be thought that stuff of this sort is unworthy of serious refutation. It is sometimes worth while to take rant of the kind seriously and to show what rant it is. But it may be admitted that it is rant strictly in accordance with the proceedings which occasioned it, and with the utterances of the spokesmen at those proceedings, from Mr. PARNELL and Mr. GLADSTONE in the House to Mr. PICKERSGILL and Mr. TIMS on the platform. In this pretended Home Rule movement, as the novelist said of his

heroine, "there is nothing real." Its arguments are hollow, its statistics are false, its rhetoric is rotten, its poetry is Mr. SULLIVAN'S, its law is Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S, its eloquence is *United Ireland*, its processionists are honest tradesmen only after the fashion of yet another character of fiction. What there is not in but behind it that is real is unavowed, and studiously kept in the background. The desire of Irish peasant criminals for the property of their landlords and the blood of their personal enemies, the desire of Irish agitators for office and its profits, the desire of English politicians for office and its power—these things are real enough, but they make little open figure either in Hyde Park or at Westminster.

LORD DUFFERIN.

LORD DUFFERIN'S intention of resigning the Indian Viceroyalty in a few months has caused universal regret. In the highest office, except that of Prime Minister, which can be held by a British subject, as in many public appointments in different parts of the world, Lord DUFFERIN has been highly successful. His whole career has tended to counteract the vulgar prejudice that genial humour is in any degree incompatible with practical vigour in affairs of State. The hereditary gift of wit was transmitted to him from SHERIDAN in uninterrupted succession. In LORD DUFFERIN'S early youth his *Letters from High Latitudes* recalled, notwithstanding the dissimilarity of form and of subject, the gaiety and brilliancy of the *School for Scandal*:—

> Olim juventas et patrius vigor
> Nido laborum propulit inscium—

but, like the hero of HORACE, he soon after tried his strength in severer labours. Lord PALMERSTON must have thought highly of the capacity of a novice in diplomacy and administration when he sent Lord DUFFERIN as Commissioner to Syria with the duty of repressing the disturbances in the Lebanon. The choice of the Minister was justified by the prudence and energy of his agent, who had not shrunk from the responsibility of inflicting capital punishment on one contumacious offender. From that time Lord DUFFERIN was marked out for political employment, but vacancies were rare during Lord PALMERSTON'S long administration; and in the course of several years he only held secondary Ministerial offices. His rise would perhaps have been more rapid if he had not been deprived by his early accession to the peerage of the opportunity of serving an apprenticeship in the House of Commons. On the whole, he had no reason to complain of neglect or discouragement. When he had scarcely attained middle life he became Governor-General of Canada, where he adapted himself with characteristic tact to the peculiar duties of his position. Although the representative of the Crown in a self-governing colony has no initiative and little power of independent action, his personal influence may have great political value. The social qualities of Lord DUFFERIN rendered him generally popular, while his sound judgment and his experience in affairs commanded the respect of the leaders of colonial opinion. He was also liked and respected by the statesmen of the neighbouring Republic with whom he had occasion to come in contact.

Lord DUFFERIN had received his Canadian office from the Liberal party, to which he had always belonged. His next appointment involved the high compliment of selection for an important post by a political opponent. Lord SALISBURY, then Foreign Secretary, offered Lord DUFFERIN the Russian Embassy; and he could have no hesitation in accepting the proposal. It is difficult for any observer, except superiors and colleagues, to judge of the conduct and merits of a diplomatist; but there can be little doubt that Lord DUFFERIN avoided unnecessary friction with a Court and a Cabinet which were not uniformly friendly to his Government. It was thought that he made himself personally agreeable to the aged Chancellor who still either really or ostensibly directed the policy of the Empire. Before his mission was ended, Lord DUFFERIN was almost an eye-witness of a terrible occurrence. He had an audience of the Emperor ALEXANDER II. only a quarter of an hour before his atrocious murder, and he heard the explosion, which he at once attributed to its real cause. He was afterwards removed to Constantinople, and it was as Ambassador to Turkey that he was instructed by Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government to investigate on the spot the condition of Egypt. The remedy which he suggested for the misgovernment and for the distressed condition of the country was to copy as closely as possible in Egypt the method by which Indian kingdoms and principalities have been effectually reformed. A "masterful Indian Resident" would, in Lord DUFFERIN'S judgment, supersede the necessity of any detailed measure of improvement. He could, of course, not insist on the acceptance of a suggestion which was not necessarily practicable. French jealousy, perhaps, furnished a sufficient reason for a less vigorous course, and the English Government had neither the wisdom nor the energy which would have been required for the regeneration of Egypt. It is possible that Lord DUFFERIN may again be employed in the diplomatic service. One of his immediate predecessors in the Viceroyalty is now Ambassador at Paris, and there is no doubt of Lord DUFFERIN'S fitness for a similar post. It may, indeed, be said that there is no official duty which he would not be competent to discharge. He has had the remarkable felicity not only of being equal to the demands of any post which he has held, but of satisfying the expectations which had been formed of his success.

As soon as it was known that Lord RIPON was about to return from India, Lord DUFFERIN was almost by acclamation designated as his successor. He was appointed by Mr. GLADSTONE'S Government, and he would almost certainly have been preferred to any rival if the Conservatives had been in office. Scarcely any public servant has received the same degree of recognition, although he has passed the greater part of his life abroad. Except in Canada, Lord DUFFERIN had held no great administrative office; but it was rightly thought that general ability and resource were the conditions of fitness for a post which might require the highest qualities of statesmanship. It was impossible to foresee the demands which might be made on the capacity of the VICEROY. He might, perhaps, have to conduct a great defensive war, and it was certain that he would have to deal at home with the results of a rash and feeble policy. The necessity of taking some decisive means of repressing the insolence of the Burmese Government was already becoming evident, and there was reason to apprehend complications with a European Power which was busy with intrigues at the Court of Mandalay. The danger of war with Russia afterwards become more imminent, and even the Government of Mr. GLADSTONE was prepared for a rupture in consequence of the incidents of Pendjeh. The solution of the Burmese problem was perhaps not wholly Lord DUFFERIN'S work; but he cordially approved, and he executed with laudable vigour, the policy of annexation. It is not his fault that the conquest has left many relics of strife behind it. There has now for some time been a sporadic contest between the English authorities and the turbulent part of the population under the name of Dacoits. Those who best know the state of the country express a confident belief that disorder will gradually be suppressed. There is no doubt that English rule, when it is permanently established, will greatly increase the prosperity of Burmah; and there is reason to believe that the occupation of the province will be not only inexpensive, but profitable. In the meantime the primary object of the enterprise has been fully accomplished. The French adventurers who surrounded King THEEBAW, and who would probably soon have concluded an alliance with his Government, are effectually baffled.

The settlement of the Afghan frontier postpones, and perhaps removes, the danger of a rupture with Russia. It would be unwise to rely on promises and diplomatic agreements as a complete security against aggression; but Lord SALISBURY is apparently disposed to trust the assurances of Russia, and it is obviously prudent not to furnish a pretext for irritation by unnecessary displays of suspicion; it is not known whether the VICEROY has directly contributed to a result which must be accepted as satisfactory. There is no doubt that he has to the utmost of his power made preparations which may discourage invasion by rendering it more perilous to the aggressor. There is no duty more incumbent on a Viceroy than provision for the security of the frontier. Lord DUFFERIN has at the same time continued the policy of supporting the AMEER. It is probable that ABDURRAHMAN may not be a model ruler, but he has so far been a faithful ally. It would appear that he has defeated various attempts at rebellion by dissatisfied chiefs. It is necessary to choose among the numerous claimants of the succession of SHERE ALI, and the preference has properly been given to the *de facto* ruler of Afghanistan. Lord DUFFERIN'S domestic and financial policy has been safe and unambitious. No encouragement has been given to

the native agitation which had been stimulated by foolish English politicians. On the other hand, nothing has been done to discourage legitimate aspirations, nor is the VICEROY responsible for imprudent encouragement of jealousy between Hindoos or Bengalees and Mohammedans. That the finances are not at present prosperous is not the fault of the Government. The mode by which the deficiency of the year has been met seems to approve itself to the best Indian financiers, and it has not been severely blamed by English critics. It is unfortunate that the expense of the annexation of Upper Burmah should have largely exceeded the estimate; but desultory warfare in conjunction with a total change of government cannot but be costly. The railways and fortifications by which the Northern frontier is protected probably tend to economy, though they are in the first instance expensive. The financial difficulties which have been overcome by fresh taxation are perhaps only temporary.

As Lord DUFFERIN will not resign his seat before October, it is not absolutely certain that the selection of his successor will rest with the present Government. The proposed appointment of Lord LANSDOWNE will be generally regarded as judicious. There may, perhaps, be political reasons for preferring to members of the Conservative party a Whig magnate who is a zealous supporter of the Union. The Separatists have long since discerned the connexion between the maintenance of the English dominion in India and the continued integrity of the United Kingdom. Lord LANSDOWNE will be pledged to resist any policy in the East or in the West which leads to the dissolution of the Empire. He has incurred the special enmity of the Nationalist agitators. One of their principal leaders not long since undertook a voyage to Canada for the purpose of denouncing the Governor-General. Mr. O'BRIEN's self-imposed mission ended in ridiculous failure, and there is reason to believe that Lord LANSDOWNE enjoys the confidence of the Canadian people. The appointment of a Liberal-Unionist to the Indian Viceroyalty will tend to cement the alliance between the Conservative party and the Liberal-Unionists. It is improbable that his appointment should have been publicly announced unless the Government felt confident that no rupture was to be apprehended. The personal fitness of Lord LANSDOWNE is undoubtedly more important than any political combination of English parties. The office of Viceroy requires qualifications of so high an order that they can only be tested by success; but it is satisfactory to know that Lord LANSDOWNE possesses undoubted ability, and it is an advantage, as Lord DUFFERIN remarked, that he is in the prime of life. Some great political issues which have demanded the attention of some of his predecessors are, it may be hoped, finally settled; but there is abundant room for the exercise of sound judgment and of statesmanlike foresight.

THE NEW RULES OF PROCEDURE.

WE should be very slow to assume that Mr. GLADSTONE's disposition towards the further reform of Parliamentary procedure is as amicable as his attitude. It may be remembered, indeed, that he qualified his professions of good-will to the Government, in respect of the matter, with the for him significant proviso that the new Rules must not be "of a nature to lead to protracted debate and "vehement differences of opinion among large sections of "the House." And, if we attempt to define hypothetically a series of procedure proposals which Mr. GLADSTONE could *not* describe as "of a nature to lead to protracted debate and "vehement differences of opinion among large sections of "the House," we shall probably have to confess to having found our imagination exhausted in the effort. PROTEUS is perhaps a little easier to confine within the bonds of the positive proposition, that the new Rules to secure his approval must "aim rather at giving effect to the general "principles of good government and to the general sense "and feeling of the House than at attempting to esta-"blish domination by mere triumphs of one party over "another." For, if we except the Rule by which it is proposed to reduce the minimum majority by which the Closure can be imposed from two hundred to one hundred, there is no one of Mr. SMITH's proposals which even perversity could represent as of a partisan character. And as to the Rule to which we have just referred, it ought to secure the support of Mr. PARNELL on the principle recently avowed by him—namely, that it is to the interests of the present minority to strengthen machinery which they will so soon require for the enforcement of their triumphant policy on a discomfited Unionist Opposition; and, if this is Mr. PARNELL's view, it may possibly become Mr. GLADSTONE's also.

As regards the other proposals which the Government have laid on the table, the most important of them in appearance is that with respect to the hours of sitting. Whether the House will, on the whole, gain much by meeting at three o'clock instead of four, and adjourning from eight to nine, instead of at the present uncertain period, for dinner, is perhaps open to some doubt; but as to the wisdom of peremptorily closing debate and discontinuing business with a view to a fixed adjournment at 1 P.M. on four nights of the week, there can hardly be two competent opinions. But this reform is, in our judgment, even more valuable for the ulterior steps to which it commits the House than for what it naturally effects. It is true that the indefinite prolongation of debates has mainly profited the Obstructionist; but it must be remembered also that one reason why debates, especially in Committee, have had to be protracted so far into the small hours is because, Obstructionists having monopolized so much of the earlier part of the night, the prolongation becomes absolutely necessary in order to find speaking-time for Ministers and others whose business it is to address the House on the subject before it. Hence the immediate effect of the new Rule, unaccompanied by any other alteration in procedure, might merely be to surrender the whole working-night to one or two Obstructionists who might be the first to catch the Speaker's eye. Once fix an absolute limit to the duration of debate, and the Government will be bound to take care that the time so limited is distributed among members of the House with some sort of reference to their relative claims to appropriate it. The proposal to discontinue the Committee and Report stage of the Address, to forbid the introduction of amendments to the motion to go into Committee, and the limitation of the right to move amendments on the Report, are all steps in the right direction. They are aimed, that is to say, at the abridgment of the too abundant opportunities for talk which our Parliamentary system at present affords. Any one who takes a *bonâ fide* interest in the improvement of legislation will find plenty of facilities left him for bringing his suggestions before the House. The proposed authorization to the Speaker to take divisions at his discretion by calling upon members to rise in their places will, if assented to by the House, remove another cause of useless delay, and disarm the Obstructionist of one of his most potent weapons. Perhaps the least satisfactory proposal on the list is that relating to disorderly conduct. Its tenor is certainly somewhat of a disappointment to general expectation. Apparently it does no more than enable the Speaker to order an offending member to withdraw immediately from the House during the remainder of that sitting, with the further proviso—so as to prevent a technical compliance with the order by the delinquent's merely retiring below the bar, or taking a seat under the Speaker's Gallery—that the member so dealt with shall withdraw "from the precincts of the House." It is surely doubtful, however, whether this is a sufficiently formidable addition to the present punishment of suspension to make it worth while to attach it thereto. We would much rather that the Government had proposed some effective method of dealing with deliberate and habitual offenders against Parliamentary decency—a point which they have left entirely untouched.

THE STORY OF LEFEVRE.

[*Communicated by a Nephew of Mr. T. A. D-ck-n.*]

CHAPTER VIII.

"IN a day or two, or less than a week," added my uncle THOMAS smiling, "he might march home again." "He "will not march, with all submission, this week," said the Under-Secretary. "He will march," said my uncle THOMAS rising from his chair. "With all submission," said the Under-Secretary, "he shall never march, but to a gaol." "He shall march," cried my uncle THOMAS; "he shall "march to his place in Parliament." "I will not stand "it," said the Under-Secretary. "He will be supported," said my uncle THOMAS. "He'll be dropped at last," said the Under-Secretary, "unless, indeed, he drops of himself, "as I hear is likely." "He will not drop," said my uncle

THOMAS firmly. "Well, well, good day," said Sir W-ST, maintaining his point; "do what you can for him; I "believe the poor creature will fly." "He will not fly, "by —— !" cried my uncle THOMAS.

The reporting gentleman who sped back to the office with this oath blushed as he handed in his flimsy, and the sub-editor, when he went over the proofs, ran his pencil through the word, and altered it to "GL-DST-NE."

CHAPTER IX.

My uncle THOMAS went closer to the Under-Secretary's bureau, and put the case more clearly before Sir W-ST R-DGW-Y, reminding him that LEFEVRE was a lieutenant in H-RC-RT's company, and would not be likely to incite to any breach of the law, adding that the purpose of the Loughrea meeting was to induce the tenants, not to withhold their rent, but to purchase their holdings under Lord ASHBOURNE'S Act. Having satisfied the Under-Secretary with these assurances, my uncle THOMAS returned to his inn, and, telling the Boots to wake him in time for the first train westward, he went to bed and fell asleep.

CHAPTER X.

The sun looked bright the morning after to every eye in Loughrea but LEFEVRE'S; the hand of funk pressed heavy on his eyelids, and hardly would the pump-handle of stump-oratory have made a shift that day to describe its arc had not my uncle THOMAS, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the Lieutenant's room, and, without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bedside, and independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did; how he had rested in the night; what was his complaint; where was his pain, and what he could do to help him; and without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the Under-Secretary the night before for him.

"You shall come home directly afterwards, LEFEVRE," said my uncle THOMAS, "to my house; and we'll send for a "reporter to revise his account of the matter; and we'll "have an interviewer; and the Under-Secretary shall see a "report of your speech; and, in short, I'll see you through "it, LEFEVRE."

There was a frankness in my uncle THOMAS—not the effect of familiarity (which had bred another feeling in his mind), but the cause of it, which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the cuteness of his nature. To this there was something in his looks and voice and manner superadded, which eternally beckoned to the chicken-hearted to come and learn courage from him; so that, before my uncle THOMAS had half finished making these kind offers, the Lieutenant almost insensibly became stronger at the knees, and he had stretched out his hand for his dressing-gown and was drawing it towards him. The blood and spirits of LEFEVRE, which had been waxing cold and slow within him and retreating to their last citadel, the heart, rallied back; the film forsook his eyes for a moment; he looked up wishfully in my uncle THOMAS'S face, then took a look at the situation, and his confidence, somewhat slight as it was, was for a moment shaken. Suppose Mr. B-LF-R should take a different view of the matter from Sir W-ST R-DGW-Y?

Nature instantly ebbed again, the film returned to its place, the pluck wavered—sank—revived—wobbled—sank again—revived—squirmed—recovered again. Shall I go on? No.

[It is not necessary. The issue of this severe mental struggle is to be found in the reports of the newspapers.—ED.]

THE DEBATE ON THE ADDRESS.

THE earlier part of the debate on the Address and on Mr. PARNELL'S Amendment turned on the time-honoured issue of *post hoc* and *propter hoc*. It was agreed on both sides, for the purpose of the argument, that Irish crime had diminished, in consequence, as the Government contends, of the vigorous execution of the Crimes Act. The Opposition loudly deny the connexion between coercion and the partial restoration of order. The Crimes Act is certainly a *vera causa*, or, in other words, an existing fact. But it happens that Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. PARNELL, with the whole body of their adherents, are convinced that it has no relation to the tranquillity which it was intended to promote. They have another and an anterior *hoc* of their own to explain the improvement which it is not their immediate interest to deny. According to Mr. PARNELL, a miracle has been worked by Mr. GLADSTONE, and the Irish people abstain more or less from murder and outrage because they now rely on English sympathy with their demand for Home Rule. As the convictions of all the disputants uniformly follow their party organization, the contest would, as far as the House of Commons is concerned, have been simplified by beginning with the division and omitting the speeches. It is, however, natural and right that an appeal should be made to public opinion; and there are perhaps some impartial politicians out of doors who are still open to argument. Attacks on the policy of "the accursed Act," as one Irish orator called it, are only relevant to the present discussion as far as they tend to show that it has failed to accomplish its object. If it has succeeded in its main purpose of crippling the National League, it will be regarded by the Separatists as doubly accursed. It may be remarked that, while Nationalist members repeat Mr. PARNELL'S explanation of the diminution of crime, Home Rule is scarcely mentioned in Ireland. Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE and Mr. WILFRID BLUNT are welcomed at Nationalist meetings, not as advocates of Irish independence, which is seldom or never mentioned, but because they encourage tenants to combine against the payment of their rents. Mr. PARNELL has not succeeded in communicating to the mass of his partisans in Ireland the sentimental gratitude to Mr. GLADSTONE which he expresses in the House of Commons.

The protest against obstruction with which Mr. PARNELL began his ingenious speech was probably sincere. His motive for abandoning the tactics of the last Session are fully understood. The combined Separatists then fully believed that they would be able to break up the hostile majority, either on Procedure or more probably on the Crimes Bill. It was thought that pertinacious delay would give time for effective appeals to the popular prejudice against coercion; and hopes were entertained that the House would be prevented, by want of time, from passing some of the clauses. The obstructionists were greatly disappointed when the Ministerial leader induced the House of Commons to pass in bulk the clauses which would otherwise have been the subject of endless debate. The conduct of the Opposition had provoked general disgust and indignation, and it had provided the Government with a sufficient excuse for the scanty legislation of the Session. Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. PARNELL have had the good sense to learn by experience. They now see that their chance of dissolving the majority depends on its own possible dissensions, and that it is not to be effected by external pressure when it is, as last year, indiscriminately applied to both its sections. The Government is now promised the support of its enemies in all beneficial legislation. Mr. GLADSTONE beams with amiable toleration for the proceedings of the only country in Europe which, as he informed the Shorncliffe audience on the previous day, keeps another country in subjection. Mr. PARNELL was, at first, almost equally amiable, until he entered on the recapitulation of Mr. BALFOUR'S delinquencies. The Ministers will scarcely be imprudent enough to rely on the forbearance of either of the Opposition leaders. The frivolous debate on the blunder of a policeman indicated more clearly than any set speeches the temper in which the Separatists begin the Session. The debate on Mr. PARNELL'S Amendment was to have been finished on the second night; but as it raised the main questions which are at issue between the Government and the Opposition, an extension of time was perhaps not unreasonable. The damaging effect of the speeches of Colonel SAUNDERSON and Mr. T. W. RUSSELL is, of course, not acknowledged by the Separatists; but they can scarcely dispute the representative character of either member. One of them expresses the opinions of the Conservative minority throughout Ireland, and the other is equally entitled to speak for the Liberals of Ulster. If the determined opponents of the National League and of Home Rule are satisfied with Mr. BALFOUR'S defence of their rights, the contention that the Crimes Act has proved to be ineffective can scarcely be well founded.

All the attacks on Mr. BALFOUR'S administration assume that he had a discretion to enforce the Crimes Act or to leave it in abeyance. It might as well be held that a commanding officer in time of war is at liberty to neglect the duty of inflicting damage on the enemy. The Parliament

which first passed the Crimes Act and then authorized the Proclamation of the National League imposed on the CHIEF SECRETARY the important duty of punishing violations of the law. If statistics and credible reports may be trusted, the vigorous enforcement of the Act has produced highly beneficent results; but, even if the experiment had failed, it was necessary that it should be tried. The assailants of the Government, and especially the foul-mouthed calumniators of the CHIEF SECRETARY, have carefully abstained from all notice of the consequences which would have followed an inactive policy. In many parts of Ireland, and especially in Clare and Kerry, branches of the League, urged on by unscrupulous demagogues, were threatening and persecuting those who ventured to disobey their commands, including tenants willing to pay their rents who might contravene the Plan of Campaign. Mr. DILLON, MICHAEL DAVITT, and Mr. W. O'BRIEN were perhaps the most daring instigators of violence and tyranny; but other popular orators were zealously preaching resistance to law. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN and other opponents of coercion, when it is not practised by themselves, virtually suggest that the most active and most dangerous promoters of sedition should have been allowed to pursue their avocation in security. The weapon which Parliament had forged for the repression of disorder ought, in their opinion, to have been deliberately allowed to rust. Perhaps the Crimes Act would have been regarded with comparative toleration if it had provided for the trial of offences by juries which could be trusted in all cases to acquit. Some of the Separatist speakers applied the strongest terms of vituperation to the resident magistrates, really on the ground that they have done their duty. The fact that most of them had been appointed by Lord SPENCER to the same or to equally responsible posts was conveniently forgotten. One of their judgments only has been reversed on appeal; and in the greater number of cases the accused persons scarcely pretended to be innocent. The apologists of sedition and of local tyranny contend on behalf of their clients, not that they have refrained from breaking the law, but that disobedience to its enactments was morally justified. The same argument is implied in the pretended distinction between political and ordinary offences, and for the present purpose political crimes may be defined as illegal acts committed by members of Parliament, priests, journalists, and other persons of similar position.

Probably most Irish Nationalists would admit that agrarian murders are not entitled to immunity as political crimes. In such a case as that of FITZMAURICE, who is the latest victim of assassination, the branch of the League by which he was boycotted, including the priest who presided at the meeting, were morally, if not legally, involved in guilt of the same nature with that of the actual murderers, inasmuch as their action was, though perhaps without their distinct purpose, one of the probable causes of the actual crime. Whether they were culpable or not, their denunciation of the unfortunate man was not a political proceeding. Mr. T. W. RUSSELL protested with creditable vigour against the doctrine that the ringleaders should be spared, while their agents and dupes are held responsible for their less criminal obedience to orders. Mr. PARNELL indeed complained that newsvendors and other lawbreakers of humble station had in some instances been apprehended. It would probably appear on inquiry that the lowest class of servants of the League has not been held responsible, except in cases of continuous defiance of the law. If the hawker of a prohibited document obstinately refuses to discontinue his occupation, he can scarcely be allowed to escape the consequences of his perversity. Mr. PARNELL prudently abstained from mentioning the sentences which were passed on offending newsmen. He mentioned the case of a foreman in a newspaper office who had been prosecuted instead of his employers. It appeared that he was the registered proprietor of the paper, and that there was no one else in the office on whom process could have been served. The real and pretended indignation which has been provoked by the punishment of more conspicuous personages is much more vehement than Mr. PARNELL's protest on behalf of petty offenders. It may be doubted whether the mass of the community disapproves of impartial dealing with priests and laymen, with barristers and with peasants. It is certain that, if Mr. BALFOUR had made a distinction in favour of offenders of a superior order, he would have been attacked for undue aristocratic preference. Some of the agitators who have undergone short terms of imprisonment have been guilty of the gravest crimes. Intentional and systematic violation of law is not a venial offence, even when it is not aggravated by participation in conspiracies against property and life. It is not a little strange that scarcely any speaker on the side of the Opposition attempted to maintain Mr. PARNELL's second proposition. The improvement in the condition of Ireland was declared to have nothing to do with Mr. BALFOUR's administration. That it was in any way connected with Mr. GLADSTONE's deferred Home Rule Bill was not seriously urged; and, indeed, the pretence was generally forgotten. If the Opposition holds itself bound by the promises of its two leaders, there will not be many more debates on a subject which is thoroughly exhausted. It is impossible that any speaker should sink below the level of Mr. ELLIS and Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE.

ARMY REORGANIZATION.

THE Memorandum published by the War Office on Saturday last shows that Mr. STANHOPE is really trying to give effect by the beginning of this Session to the promises made before Parliament rose in 1887. He then undertook to put his department on a sound basis, and briefly showed how he proposed to do it. The Memorandum is simply his speech put into the imperative mood. In that condition it looks very well. We may now take it as settled, as far as this Memorandum can do so, that in future every War Office herring shall hang by its own head. The Military Department is to work together under a recognized chief, and the civil side likewise. Each subsection is to have its own definite functions all to be performed in a rational way. The ten paragraphs on the Military Department deal each with a general or director of something who is to be responsible in future if anything goes wrong in his office. Seven paragraphs define the duties of the Civil Department in an equally luminous way. All this, as we have said, looks very well, and might inspire enthusiasm if it was not read by the light of some experience. Unfortunately these army reorganization schemes have a certain resemblance to the hundred years' truces with SALADIN which made WAMBA the son of WITLESS feel so very old. There have been so many of them, and they have always been going to settle everything, and yet after much less than a hundred years it is to do again. Even if Mr. STANHOPE's plan is such a very good one (and we have no doubt that an army could be well administered on it), there is cause for much modesty on the part of some of us in the reflection that it has taken our rulers exactly two hundred and twenty-eight years of experience in the management of standing armies to learn how to organize a War Office. To be sure the Memorandum cannot be said to contain absolute novelties, but that again is not an altogether encouraging consideration. If, indeed, this last change is only a return to the practice of the days before the Crimea (which is to some extent the case), then, with the recollection of what that war was to guide us, we have excellent reason for not being enthusiastic about this last reorganization of the War Office. In the Crimea, though more outcry was made about it than was quite just, there was abundance of mismanagement and confusion, and there was certainly an abject slavery to red-tape among military men as well as civilians. The present reorganization will give no security against a recurrence of the same sort of blundering; nor, indeed, will anything except a general agreement to cease grumbling at the system, and to take to punishing individuals when things go wrong, so as to make all understand that in war the object is to beat the enemy, and not to play the great War Office game.

Examination of the Memorandum does not by any means inspire confidence that the evils of the old system will be wholly removed by the new plan. The current work of administration may doubtless be better done under it; but mere delay in doing routine work is not the worst fault of the department. Its vice has been that it was managed, not with the primary object of supplying a good army, but in subordination to the temporary political interests of the body of gentlemen forming the Cabinet for the time being. The new scheme affords no sort of security that the same sort of mismanagement will not be repeated. Much is said and implied about the responsibility of the Military Department, but we do not learn how far its responsibility is to go. There is nothing to show that in future the military men in the War Office will be better able than in the past to prevent the depletion of the stores whenever the Secretary finds it convenient to make things pleasant for the Chan-

cellor of the Exchequer. There is nothing to show that in future the Secretary will be less able than in the past to go over the heads of technical Committees, and order the choice of a certain rifle at an immense ultimate expense to the nation. It would perhaps be too much to ask of any scheme of departmental reorganization that it should secure us against the inevitable vices of Parliamentary government; but then that is a reason for receiving such things very coolly. But even within the Office itself the new scheme allows of the continuance of that practice of endless letter-writing which would make an English Government office a paradise to the late Mr. MICAWBER. Under the head of "Proposals for New Expenditure, &c.," it is provided that, when the Military Department has to ask for more money, its claim must go to the Financial Division before being submitted to the Secretary of State. We entirely fail to see what purpose this can serve, except to encourage the practice of wasting time in mere useless scribbling. The Financial Division's business is to do the accounting and bookkeeping for the Office. It has no power to stop the final reference to the Secretary, and can only waste time and multiply the already enormous mass of letters all folded in four and neatly docketed which cumber the archives of all Government offices. One explanation may be given with some plausibility for this part of the Memorandum. It is that Mr. STANHOPE is in mortal terror of finding himself at the mercy of a Military Department truculently clamouring for more, and has set up the Financial Division as a dyke, or, at least, as a remora to protect himself. This may be natural and even pardonable in a Secretary conscious of human weakness, but it does not afford any reason for believing that there will be less endless scribbling by deputy inspectors to second clerks, or less tugging and riving by different sections over the Budget. Now these were just the tiresome old vices of the War Office, and any new scheme which leaves them untouched must expect to be received with at least very tepid welcome.

THE METROPOLITAN BOARD.

THE Metropolitan Board of Works Inquiry Committee has issued an appeal to the metropolitan members of Parliament, asking them to support an investigation into the charges made against the Board. Those to whom this request has been addressed saw the desirableness of complying with it, and supported Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S motion yesterday morning. Two of them, indeed, who are or have been members of the Board—Mr. HUGHES and Mr. WEBSTER—announce that, in their opinion, it is a perfect body, assailed, from the worst motives, by a corrupt press and unprincipled agitators. But even Mr. WEBSTER and Mr. HUGHES—the Gog and Magog of Spring Gardens—will find few people to share their views, and even they shrank from burking inquiry. For, if the miscellaneous crew of select Vestrymen, under whose dominion Londoners have the privilege to dwell, do really add the innocence of the dove to the wisdom of the serpent, they have nothing to fear, but everything to hope, from the most searching and minute examination of their acts. It is obvious that if any member of the House of Commons, who either is or has recently been a member of the Board, had opposed the appointment of a Commission, he would have laid himself open to a very unpleasant construction of his motives on the part of the uncharitably disposed. Mr. DE TATTON EGERTON, a colleague of the two gentlemen already mentioned both in the House and on the Board, though not a metropolitan member, has been amongst the strongest advocates for a Commission, and he is understood to be supported, at the eleventh hour, by the Board's Chairman, Lord MAGHERAMORNE. The scandals with which the Board has been for some time unpleasantly associated culminated the other day in the case of the Assistant Architect, who had confessed to just that sort of indiscretion which is least excusable and tolerable in a public servant. But this is only the last straw; though the behaviour of the Board is a straw of another kind—the straw that shows which way the wind blows. Every one remembers what serious accusations were made against the Board last summer, and how they were evaded. At last, after much pressure from what the incriminated parties doubtless regard as a venal press and an ignorant public, the Board solemnly resolved itself into a Committee, consisting of itself, to decide whether imputations made upon itself were true. Most of the complainants refused to take part in so degrading a travesty of justice; and the Metropolitan Board had the proud satisfaction of acquitting itself from guilt, and declaring that it left the court, or rather remained in the room, without a stain upon its public character.

But this was a little too much for the licentious journalists and the clamorous mob of whom the Board stands in such wholesome awe. During the recess the self-exonerated Vestrymen have enjoyed rather warm times, and with the opening of the Session Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has taken up the cudgels against them. Lord RANDOLPH represents South Paddington in Parliament, and Mr. FARDELL, who represents Paddington on the Board, has been conspicuous among the sensible and honourable minority who protested against submitting in silence to grave allegations of official corruption. The notice which Lord RANDOLPH proposed, and which, with some verbal alterations suggested by the SPEAKER, was carried yesterday morning, is sufficiently important to be quoted in full. It runs as follows:—"That an humble Address be presented to the Crown "praying that a Royal Commission, empowered by statute "to take evidence on oath, to compel attendance of wit- "nesses, to grant certificates of indemnity to witnesses in "such cases as may be desirable and proper, and to call "for all necessary records and documents, be appointed to "inquire into and report upon the working of the Metro- "politan Board of Works, and into the irregularities which "are alleged to have taken place in connexion therewith." This motion having been passed, it becomes the duty of the Government to introduce a Bill conferring the necessary powers upon the Commission. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has removed the objections which were at first made to the appointment of a Royal Commission, on the ground that it would not be able to enforce the attendance of witnesses, or to insist upon their answering the questions put to them. Those objections were perfectly valid, for without compulsion the truth will never be got out of the Board. A Select Committee of the House of Commons, upon which compulsory powers might be conferred by the House, has been suggested as a preferable tribunal, and it might certainly be appointed far more speedily, without the elaborate formalities of a Bill and without the assent of the House of Lords. But Lord RANDOLPH argues, on the other hand, with some force, that the taint of party politics always clings to a Parliamentary Committee. Names are canvassed, the balance of parties has to be more or less accurately observed, and the Irish Nationalists insist upon having a voice in the matter. A Royal Commission, though it must of course be nominated by the Government of the day, may be framed without any regard for the issues which divide the political world. There are men of great and acknowledged eminence whose political opinions, if they have any, are quite unknown; and, at all events, nobody would think of asking in such circumstances as these whether the Commissioners were Conservatives, or Liberal-Unionists, or Home Rulers. The matter is one which concerns the ratepayers of London, who have a right to know whether their money is being spent and their affairs administered by men of common sense and common honesty.

The case of the Committee is set forth in a letter from the Chairman, Mr. MARK JUDGE, to the members for London constituencies. We must confess that we do not quite understand why the question has been left for Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL to take up. HER MAJESTY'S Ministers might with advantage have forestalled him. The present Leader of the House of Commons is a metropolitan member. So is the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. Mr. SMITH is, indeed, regarded as the *doyen* of the body, while Mr. GOSCHEN is the most intellectually distinguished. If it be necessary to give a night for the rant and fuss about Trafalgar Square, of which most sensible people are heartily sick, it was, we should have thought, far more incumbent upon the FIRST LORD of the TREASURY and his colleagues to entertain the question whether the chief rating authority in London is a nest of jobbers and a den of thieves. For this is really what it comes to. Mr. JUDGE talks somewhat vaguely about "improper proceedings in connexion with "the sale of the Board's lands, which have resulted in "serious loss to the ratepayers." This is the case of Mr. ROBERTSON and Mr. VILLIERS known as the Pavilion scandal. But on two points he is precise enough, and they alone justify Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S motion. It is said, and Mr. JUDGE offers to prove, that "dan- "gerous and unsanitary property belonging to a member "of the Board" has been "repaired by the Board's work-

"men at the expense of the ratepayers." It is further alleged, and this time at least we know where we are, that "members and officers of the Board" have "made use of "their position for the purpose of obtaining advantages "for themselves from persons doing business with "the Board." Mr. HEBB, the Assistant Architect, has admitted that he asked for and obtained gratuitous tickets of admission to theatres by virtue of his official position, which enabled him to insist or to refrain from insisting upon structural alterations being made by the lessees. Why was not Mr. HEBB dismissed? It is impossible to suppose that even members of the Metropolitan Board did not know him to have been guilty of gross indiscretion, or that they were not aware how injurious their condonation of it would be to them in public opinion. The charge of repairing private property at the public expense is, if possible, more serious still; but the evidence in this case has not, so far as we are aware, been given to the world. Mr. JUDGE, however, on behalf of the Committee, pledges himself to lay before the Commission the names of the persons incriminated, together with the names of the witnesses who are prepared to prove the charges. After all that has passed, it is not wonderful that the House of Commons unanimously adopted the motion of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. To reject it would only have left the Metropolitan Board in a worse position than before, while it would have refused to metropolitan ratepayers that which they had a clear right to demand.

Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's political position and the intrinsic importance of the subject combined to prevent his motion from being blocked, and therefore it could be taken at one in the morning. There are very strong reasons against delay, and no objection whatever to the utmost conceivable promptitude. The case for the prosecution is ready, and the defendants have had ample time to prepare their answer. If the sword had been kept hanging over them much longer, there is no saying what might not have happened. Documentary evidence is often the most valuable of all, but it has an unfortunate habit of disappearing just when it is most wanted. A paragraph in the Report of the Committee of Inquiry is most significant. "Some of these charges," it says—meaning the charges which we have already mentioned —"are based on evidence which refers to Minutes of Com- "mittees of the Board, and as the object of the Inquiry "Committee is simply to get at the facts, two applications "were addressed to the Board asking that permission might "be given to the Chairman and Treasurer of the Inquiry Com- "mittee to examine the records of the Board's Committees. "The Board declined to grant this request, though on each "occasion a minority of the members of the Board supported "the application." We have seldom read a more instructive statement. We trust that Parliament will take warning by it and lose no time in passing the Bill. Mr. BROADHURST moved that the scope of the Commission should be extended to the Vestries from which the Metropolitan Board is composed. We do not doubt that many London Vestries are very far from being what they ought to be, or that Mr. BROADHURST, before he was a member of Parliament, had opportunities of watching the way in which they did their work. But, as a practical man, Mr. BROADHURST must know the value of the principle "one thing at a time." Let the Vestries, whatever may be their shortcomings, wait until the *Curia*, to which they all contribute, has been thoroughly inspected and overhauled. So thought the House of Commons, and rejected Mr. BROADHURST's amendment by a large majority. To one request of the Committee Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL returned a judiciously indefinite reply. The Committee asked that the members for Paddington, Lord RANDOLPH and Mr. AIRD, should invite Sir CHARLES RUSSELL and Professor STUART to co-operate with them. The aid of Sir CHARLES RUSSELL would no doubt be invaluable, if he had any time to spare from conducting half the sensational cases and attending half the public meetings in London. But the less said about Professor STUART as an instrument for obtaining accurate information the better. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is himself quite equal to accomplishing the not very arduous task he has undertaken. After settling the affairs of Europe, and disposing of the Triple Alliance, he must almost want a microscope to observe the proceedings of the Metropolitan Board.

"MATERIAL ACTION."

MR. LABOUCHERE is not likely to be offended if his interpellations to Sir JAMES FERGUSSON on the subject of the engagements of England are described as mischievous in the highest possible degree. For he means them to be mischievous, and intelligently adopts the proper mischief-making means to arrive at ends of mischief. It is the asserted conviction of the school to which Mr. LABOUCHERE belongs that anything which engages England in foreign politics is bad, and anything which disengages her from foreign politics is good. This conviction may, except in those Irish members of the party who frankly avow a desire to damage England in every possible way, be incomprehensible enough; for you can as well keep a European nation great and prosperous but disengaged from European politics as you can keep a mouse well and lively under an exhausted receiver. But, granted the end, the means are sufficiently well chosen. If it were possible, not only to demand, but to obtain, minute particulars in the House of Commons as to the engagements and intentions of Government in regard to foreign policy, a very few years would simplify the task of the catechizers, inasmuch as there would be nothing to tell them. Even as it is, the mere exposure of English Ministers to such catechizings seriously hampers them in acting for the good of the country. Such an extension of the practice as Mr. LABOUCHERE desires would make every foreign Government boycott England altogether in the matter of common understandings. Fortunately the nuisance has at present gone no further than this—that injudicious or ill-willed members of Parliament may ask what they like, and that judicious and well-meaning Ministers may answer what they like. There are perhaps few positions in which answers like that of the Saint—"He is near you"—are not only so excusable, but such a positive duty, as in the position of a Secretary or Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. There are departments of the public service where it is hardly possible for things to be too much open to the public eye; in this particular department it is hardly possible for some things at least to be kept from that eye too closely until the proper and safe minute. Therefore the questioner in such cases is for the time being a public enemy, and is to be treated according to the fashions and on the moral principles recommended by Lord WOLSELEY and other authorities. "The Under-Secretary's "Pocket-Book" would not be a bad book to write, though Sir JAMES FERGUSSON in particular has shown himself fairly independent of such aid. We have not the slightest intention of criticizing the terms of his answers to Mr. LABOUCHERE. To do so would be to do exactly what Mr. LABOUCHERE desires, and what the enemies of England abroad desire and are trying to do. In matters of foreign policy it is the right and the duty of every public writer and speaker to point out what line, in his opinion, Ministerial policy ought to take; but it is still more the duty of every such writer and speaker to abstain from extracting compromising declarations of the line that it will take. And, indeed, in these days the process is not only mischievous but idle, for the complications of things are so great, and the changes of them so rapid, that the most indiscreet Minister could hardly tell on Monday what he should do in a given state of things on Saturday.

The latest elements in the great problem of peace or war have been, besides this question of the engagements of England, the other questions of the position of Italy, of the chances of Russia taking some steps to benefit by Prince BISMARCK's curious recognition of her right to "sway" in Bulgaria, and, lastly, the fantastic notion still caressed by some French and Russian journalists, and supposed to have sprung from Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's tour, that England may be coaxed into a Franco-Russian alliance. The first and the last-named go together, and the mere consideration of them together is almost enough in the case of any reasonable person to decide both. The duties and interests of England are very simple and plain. Duty bids her see that the Turkish Empire, especially in Asia, is not further broken up without imperative reason, and interest bids her see that a new Mediterranean Power is not created in the shape of Russia. In neither of these respects is an alliance with either Russia herself, or France, desirable, or even possible. For such an alliance must be directed to the detriment of the other Powers, and the detriment of those other Powers can by no possibility benefit England. She might profit by the disasters of France; she certainly would profit, if only nega-

tively, by the disasters of Russia; but she has nothing to gain by the disasters either of Austria or of Italy, and so little as to be next to nothing to gain by the disasters of Germany. On the other hand, the three allied Powers by keeping Russia in check can give England much more securely the only thing that Russia herself can give—a guarantee against further encroachments in Central Asia. Only a madman or a traitor, therefore, could propose an Anglo-Franco-Russian alliance, and there is no reason to suppose that Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is a madman, while he certainly is not a traitor. Yet the amount of positive support which England could, should, or would give to the new tripartite alliance against French and Russian aggression is clearly a matter to be determined in the event of the case arising, and not before.

Much curiosity has been shown on the point whether Russia will endeavour to obtain the benefit of Prince BISMARCK'S offers. It is true that those who express this curiosity do not seem to be aware that these offers are uncommonly vague offers, and that they have practically been made many times before. French is the language of diplomacy, and there is a certain French adjective which exactly expresses Prince BISMARCK'S genial suggestion that Russia shall make some proposals to regain her sway and his genial assurance that these proposals shall have the support of Germany. This geniality is of course not treacherous or traitorous; but it is *traître*. If, of course, one assertion which has been rather rashly made were correct, and if Germany had given a positive undertaking, not only that she would not interfere in Bulgarian matters herself, but also that she would not even regard an attack on Austria, if Austria objected to Russian violence in Bulgaria, as a *casus fœderis*, then matters would certainly be different. But, if that were the case, the Austro-German alliance would be a pure farce, and we should probably before this have seen a fleet of Russian transports off Varna. Short of such a pledge on Prince BISMARCK'S part—a pledge which would amount to a contradiction of his whole speech—his suggestions to Russia in the Bulgarian matter are most emphatically hollow ground for any wise Russian to walk on. The Russian proposals are to be consonant with the Berlin Treaty, and yet Prince BISMARCK knows, and, indeed, with charming frankness, admits, that certain Powers very directly concerned refuse to see anything about Russian sway in that treaty. It is obvious that in any conference on the subject, even supposing that Germany and France blindly backed Russia, Turkey would have to be introduced to give the casting vote, and to give it in favour of an abolition of the SULTAN'S own rights. Otherwise it would be impossible to get a majority. Almost everybody who has looked into the matter believes that it is still more impossible for Russia to frame any proposals, do what she may, which shall satisfy at once the Berlin Treaty (even on the Bismarckian interpretation of that d cument), the objections of Austria, Italy, and England, her own desires, and the determination of the Porte to surrender as few of its rights as possible, and those only when forced. Prince BISMARCK'S offer, then, amounts practically to a suggestion that Russia shall make two straight lines enclose a space or construct a triangle the angles of which shall be equal to less or more than the normal amount. He, the PRINCE, will then not only give this triangle his most distinguished consideration, but will—*foi de Bismarck*—press its acceptance on assembled Europe with all the means at his command. No doubt he would, for his honour and honesty are both beyond suspicion. But somehow or other it is suspected that there may be a difficulty in first constructing the triangle.

MR. PARNELL'S AMENDMENT.

MOST Parliamentary debates, especially when they turn upon familiar political questions, consist, in the contemplation of logic, of not more than two speeches. That is to say, it seldom requires more than this amount of discussion to either establish or refute the proposition on which the debate has been challenged. Few issues submitted to Parliament are so complicated that a capable reasoner with the facts at his command, and from an hour to an hour and a half to array and develop his arguments, cannot put his case into a condition to be pronounced upon by any fairly intelligent tribunal without more ado. Certainly there is nothing in the proposition submitted to the House of Commons in the paragraph relating to Ireland in the QUEEN'S Speech, and traversed by the amendment of Mr. PARNELL, to make it necessary for the Court to call upon any one else besides Mr. BALFOUR and Mr. PARNELL himself. We might say, indeed, that the question was ripe for judgment after Mr. MORLEY'S reply to the CHIEF SECRETARY, were it not that that singularly weak effort of an able man was made under somewhat disadvantageous circumstances. Mr. BALFOUR'S facts and figures were fresh, and, his predecessor at the Irish Office having to deal with them on the spur of the moment, it might have been thought unfair to take his speech as representing the best answer which the Opposition could make to them. There can be no such unfairness, however, in assigning this representative character to the speech of a man who is a greater master of the subject than Mr. MORLEY, and who had had three days in which to study his opponent's statement. We shall undoubtedly be safe in regarding Mr. PARNELL'S reply to Mr. BALFOUR as having put the Opposition case as strongly as it can be put; and so regarded, it leaves that case not one whit stronger than it came from the hands of Mr. MORLEY. Both of them admit the improvement in Ireland; both suggest the same explanation of it, in substitution for that propounded in the QUEEN'S Speech; but as regards amount of success in the attempt to discredit the Ministerial explanation, and to procure acceptance of their own, there is nothing to choose between them.

Mr. PARNELL, like Mr. MORLEY, can see no reason for supposing that this admittedly vigorous enforcement of the law against certain disorderly and illegal persons can have anything to do with a reduction in their number. He attributes it solely to the operation of the good advice addressed—or alleged to have been addressed—to the former law-breakers by certain virtuous and disinterested counsellors in England. Even if the cause to which he ascribes the change were as conspicuously present as he pretends, its assumed potency would rest upon much the same evidence as that of the charms which, according to an historic sarcasm, have been found so efficacious, when accompanied with the administration of powerful antiseptics, in the work of disinfection. But, as a matter of fact, the particular incantations which Mr. PARNELL declares to have charmed away Irish disorder have never been audible on this side of St. George's Channel. We may observe that it would in any case have been a somewhat doubtful compliment on his part to his Gladstonian friends to suggest that they have only just awakened to the duty of dissuading Irishmen from crime; but let that pass. It is with the alleged fact of these all-powerful dissuasions that we are alone concerned; and there seems here to be fair ground for retorting Mr. GLADSTONE'S demand for statistics upon Mr. PARNELL. It would greatly strengthen his argumentative position if he were able to cite any examples of these sedative exhortations on the part of his English friends, to say nothing of proof of their efficacy. The only manifestations of Gladstonian activity in Ireland which the English public can recall had certainly the reverse of a tranquillizing effect. They occurred at Mitchelstown and at Woodford; at the former of which places the counsels of calmness addressed to the Irish people resulted in the first instance in a riot, in which the mob had to be fired upon by the police, and several lives were lost; while at the second there occurred the rough-and-tumble fight in the course of which Mr. WILFRID BLUNT was rolled upon the ground, and as a consequence of which he is now undergoing a term of imprisonment. We do not know whether these are the sort of incidents which, in Mr. PARNELL'S words, have "done wonders, worked miracles, changed the nature "of the people," because they are the only noticeable instances of the active display of that "English sympathy" to which Mr. PARNELL ascribes such marvellous effects. Perhaps he will say that this sympathy was silently operative, and that the consciousness of its existence made the Irish people more amenable to the restraining counsels of their own countrymen. Let us see, then, what sort of restraint these counsels were themselves calculated to impose. As regards crimes of violence the leading Parnellites could no doubt quote a sufficiency (though at the present moment we can recall none) of those eminently conventional recommendations to abstain from crime which they are accustomed from time to time to address to their countrymen. But they have shown themselves throughout the winter as determined as ever in their support of that system of terrorism of which the sanction is crime, and they have some of them taken active and open part in holding up to public execration those victims of the boycotter who have shortly afterwards become the victims of the assassin. As Mr. HARRINGTON, however, and others dispute their responsibility for the latest of these

outrages—and that although the Secretary of that branch of the National League in the district in which FITZMAURICE was murdered is at this moment collecting funds for the defence of the men pointed out by FITZMAURICE's daughter as the murderers—we will leave crimes of violence out of the account. But how stands the case as regards the boycotting tyranny itself—that tyranny the collapse of which is justly regarded by Mr. BALFOUR as the most gratifying of all proofs of the improvement of the situation in Ireland? Can it be pretended, even by Mr. PARNELL himself, that if and to the extent to which boycotting has diminished that result is or can be due to anything except the firm administration of the Crimes Act? Even he cannot and does not pretend that any change which has taken place in this respect is due either to the good advice of his followers or the sympathy of his English allies. It is because he cannot pretend this that he is driven to deny the fact of any diminution of boycotting. He knows that Mr. GLADSTONE has extenuated, and still extenuates, the moral and social guilt of those "coercive conspiracies" by describing them under the euphemism of "exclusive dealing," and absurdly comparing their organized attack on private liberty with the harsh or oppressive action of individuals. He knows that no single Englishman, from Mr. GLADSTONE downwards, has ever allowed compassion for the victims of the boycotter to mingle with the new-born "sympathy" which he is displaying towards Ireland, or has ever addressed a word of remonstrance to the persecutors. Lastly, Mr. PARNELL knows well that, so far from discouraging boycotting, his followers have strained every nerve to strengthen what they justly perceive to be their sole remaining weapon of power; that it is not many months since Mr. DILLON threatened that the man who brought himself under the ban of the League would be pursued by their tyranny even across the Atlantic; and that it is not many weeks since MICHAEL DAVITT exhorted an audience to treat such a man as a "social leper." Actively or passively, in fact, the whole Separatist party, Parnellites and Gladstonians, have supported the boycotter by every means in their power; and since the boycotter is losing ground every day, it is for them to explain his defeat, if they can, by any other cause than the administration of the Crimes Act.

The controversy was again taken up on Thursday night by Mr. MORLEY, under the renewed right of audience given him by the introduction of Mr. PARNELL's motion of amendment; but Mr. MORLEY did not succeed in strengthening his weak point to any noticeable extent. His only new argument, indeed, was one borrowed from the Irish benches, to the effect that the apparent reduction of boycotting is due to the fact that large numbers of formerly boycotted persons have now made their peace with the League. Mr. MORLEY's memory must indeed be short, or he would remember that, when the Crimes Act was under discussion, it was vehemently protested from the same quarter that the statistics of boycotted persons must be false because nearly the whole of the population of Ireland were in sympathy with the League already. "What you confound "with intimidation and pressure," Mr. MORLEY went on to say, "is, in fact, public opinion." Perhaps the late Chief Secretary may be able to recall a time when, in reply to certain questions from the Opposition, he admitted that the "state of feeling in Woodford was bad," or "rather bad," or described it by some other totally inadequate expression. Well, Mr. J. M. LEWIS, an Irish agent and Justice of the Peace, and a witness for the defence in Mr. BLUNT's action, has just described this state of feeling as displayed in March 1886. Here are some of his words:—"A man named "FINLAY had just been murdered. A crowd was assembled "round the widow of the murdered man jeering at her. "The murder took place in a wood three or four hundred "yards from the town. Witness saw FINLAY's body. A "ball had gone through his mouth. The jeering at the "widow took place half an hour after the murder." Let Mr. MORLEY read the further evidence of District-Inspector MURPHY as to the twenty-three families, consisting of ninety-two persons, boycotted at that time, and as to the details of the boycottings given by other witnesses; and let him consider whether the statement we have above quoted does not need revision. If the state of things described by these witnesses is a mere manifestation of "public opinion," as distinct from "intimidation and pressure," then we can only say that Mr. ELLIS's threat of proscription against the Irish Resident Magistrates must have been merely a mild and legitimate reminder to them to be careful in the discharge of their magisterial duties.

A PUBLISHER'S CONFESSIONS.

WHAT a Publisher's Confessions are really like is known only to his director, especially when he is a Limited Liability Company. What the author who writes as JOHN STRANGE WINTER thinks a Publisher's Confessions might be he has told the world in a shilling volume (F. V. WHITE & Co.) We confess that we have been rather disappointed than shocked. There is nothing revealed about "the trade" which has not been proclaimed by many authors on the housetop. The book is like books on the Eleusinian Mysteries—it tells you nothing that you are not familiar with as matter of report.

The confessing publisher has risen from poverty to eminence in his business. If he has behaved ungenerously to his partner's daughter, that is a vice inherent in a mean character; and probably nobody will assert either that all publishers are mean or that all other men in business are generous. The special crimes revealed by this publisher are that, when he promised to publish a book at cost price, he really charged "full retail prices," and that he saddled an author with certain expenses for advertising, which he never paid in money, but swopped with other proprietors of magazines. For these practices he quotes "the custom of "the trade"; and, if it be the custom of the trade to lie and cheat, so much the worse for them. But it is probable, or rather certain, that the evil custom is only practised by evil persons, and that we might as well call every author a plagiarist as every publisher a knave. However, this particular publisher is guilty of one particular and to the last degree improbable roguery wherein he cannot plead custom by way of excuse. A rich and pretty girl brings him a novel in manuscript, and pays 160*l.* towards expenses. There are publishers who do this kind of thing and publishers who don't. The authors who deal on these terms with publishers remind one of the proverb which, as the negro said to his master, "ends 'are soon parted' I dis-"remember how it begins." The confessing publisher sees that the novel is ungrammatical trash. He makes a hack author rewrite it for 25*l.*, publishes it, and it has a great success. The lady author never sees the proofs, and does not know that the story is not her own till it is published. She then accepts the situation, and the son of the publisher. The hack who really wrote the book now "puts a screw" on the publisher, and a variety of complications follow. By the way, this fellow is supposed to be an Oxford man. The style of his talk is the style of the gutter, and his conduct is little better than his style. Can any one, however inveterate an author, consider this intrigue of the money, and the manuscript, and the fair author who is not the author, a probable or even plausible account of what publishers are in the habit of doing and suffering? Mr. WINTER has written a great many books, which have a deserved popularity. Perhaps in none has he allowed more license to his imagination. But, when a critic says this, he is invariably met with the reply that "the story is true." This usually means that it was suggested by something which the author heard from somebody in conversation. Even granting that the story is true, is it typical? Could such a very soft-hearted rogue as the publisher, and one who knows his SHAKSPEARE so well, be a common kind of character? Are there many authors who will pay ridiculously large sums for the publication of books which they have not written, and will they put their names to them without even seeing the proof-sheets? If there are such persons, they will assuredly be fleeced, by one person or another, while the world stands.

There was once a not unpopular author whose good sense (except in certain transactions) was pretty generally acknowledged. His biography was written by the late Mr. LOCKHART, and Mr. GLADSTONE has regretted that the book "never had a really wide circulation." On the subject of publishers and their profits Sir WALTER SCOTT said (August 1807):—"Without any greater degree of *fourberie* than "they conceive the long practice of their brethren has "rendered matter of prescriptive right, they contrive to "clip the author's proportion of profits down to a mere "trifle." SCOTT's notion of what an author's profits should "fairly" be was twopence on the shilling in the published price. We have been informed that this is a very common rate in the trade of to-day, though we do not care to say how much the owners of the railway-stalls pay the publishers for the books which they sell at a shilling apiece. If this information be correct, the modern publisher must have somewhat deserted the "prescriptive right" spoken of

by Sir WALTER. Talking of his own time, he adds:—"I do not quite blame the booksellers when I consider the very singular nature of their *mystery*. . . . They are the only tradesmen in the world who professedly, and by choice, deal in what is called 'a pig in a poke.' When you consider the abominable trash which by their ignorance is published every year, you will readily excuse them for the indemnifications which they must necessarily obtain at the expense of authors of some value. . . . I apprehend that upon the whole the account between *the trade* and the authors of Great Britain is pretty fairly balanced. . . . I do not know but this, upon the whole, is favourable to the cause of literature." But "this, all this, was in the olden time long ago." As in all other professions, there are honourable men and men not so honourable in the art of publishing. The former are not hard to discover, and if they will have nothing to do with an author's work, that author may be pretty sure that his work is not worth printing. If he then declines on other people, he should not be surprised at the treatment they give him, any more than he should be surprised if he litigates by the conduct of Messrs. DODSON & FOGG.

OUR COMMERCIAL POSITION.

WITHIN the last ten days two different and equally competent authorities have spoken on the commercial position of this country. Apart altogether from the intrinsic interest of what they have to say their statements are valuable at present. It is tolerably certain that an attempt will be made by the Fair-traders to employ some part of the Session in seeking after a remedy for the alleged progressive ruin of this country by foreign competition. The subject is excellently fitted to afford an excuse for much waste of time in talk, and nothing could serve better to ward off that evil than a general conviction that there is no such ruin going on. The two authorities are the Chamber of Shipping and the Board of Trade, and they agree thoroughly on this point. If the Board of Trade is suspect to the prophets of evil as being enslaved to the orthodox economist, the Chamber of Shipping is quite free from reproach. It is not a Government office, but a voluntary and representative association. If it says that things are going well, it must be because the members feel the influence of prosperity on their bankers' accounts. And if shipping is flourishing, so must business generally, for they are bound up together. A cheerful report from the shipping interest is particularly valuable, because no branch of industry has suffered more severely from the long depression of late years. If, then, it has gone on increasing in bulk, and is now preparing for a further extension, there would seem to be no excuse for croaking. To judge from the Report of Mr. THOMAS SCRUTTON, which was apparently approved of by the members of the Chamber who are competent judges, the progress of our shipping has been extraordinary even in these last ten lean years. Since 1876 we have increased our shipping, not only absolutely but relatively. Ten years ago the number of voyages made by our ships "in the carrying trade of the kingdom" was 578,016. Against this the foreigners made 66,813. In 1886 the figures were respectively 606,106 and 49,688. The increase in tonnage has corresponded to the increase in voyages made. In 1876 the foreigners had 19,232,400 tons to our 98,015,567. Last year the proportion was 18,575,820 foreigners to 125,691,294 British. It therefore follows that we have increased while our rivals have gone back. In the face of such figures as these, reported by an authority which is above suspicion, the talk about the driving of English ships off our own trade by foreign competition, which was so common about the time of the new postal arrangements on the American line, looks foolish indeed.

On the supposition, which we suppose no one will care to contradict, that shipping can hardly flourish during a general decline of commerce, this report of Mr. SCRUTTON'S gives further authority to Mr. GIFFEN'S account of the actual extent of foreign competition with English trade published by the Board of Trade. His Report is sure to receive not a little hostile criticism, for, compared with the pictures familiar in the prophecies of the Fair-traders, it is decidedly optimistic. Mr. GIFFEN is not able to show that nobody except the Englishman is doing any trade in the world, which is the only state of things the Fair-trader seems to think really satisfactory; but he does produce reasons for believing that in the general increase of the commerce of the world this country has a very fair share. There are several parts of his Report which would stand being given in greater detail. It would be interesting, for instance, to learn why the trade of this country with Japan has fallen off, while the French has increased. From one set of figures which he has to give Mr. GIFFEN must have felt strongly tempted to draw a moral. They give the sums total of the trade of France. In spite of increase here and there it has decreased, and notably in the exports. While the trade of the other great nations with which Mr. GIFFEN deals has been on the increase, the French has on the whole fallen. It is matter for the reflection of Fair-traders that this shrinkage has coincided with a revival of Protectionist policy; or if they do not like the word Protectionist, then with a return to the practice of imposing penal duties. If Mr. GIFFEN is bound to confine himself to stating the facts, his French colleague, M. LEROY BEAULIEU, has amply spared him the trouble of drawing their moral. The limits imposed on him by the Board of Trade have confined Mr. GIFFEN to the main facts of the situation, and very rightly debar him from anything approaching to controversy in an official document. But he says quite enough for readers who can put the argument in for themselves. A general review of the export trade of the United Kingdom, Germany, France, and the United States, with a good list of countries given in one of the tables, shows that, if two of them have increased, so have we. In French trade there is a fall off of 909,000*l.* Germany and the United States have increased; but the additions of their trade put together just exceed the augmentation to our own. The figures are 39,134,000*l.* for us and 39,723,000*l.* for the other two. The sum total is made up by setting gains against losses. In China and Japan, for instance, our trade has gone back, which is sufficiently accounted for as regards the first of these countries by the impoverishment caused by the Tonquin business. On the other hand, business has immensely increased with British possessions. Taken altogether, the statistics of this Report prove that our trade with any given country is always either the best or the second best. Germany excels us in the Baltic, where it has Russia and the Scandinavian States for immediate neighbours. France does a larger trade with Belgium, Italy, and Spain, which are just over the border. Where the conditions are equal the United Kingdom has the advantage. We do an incomparably greater Baltic trade than France, and we greatly surpass the Germans in the Mediterranean. The competition of Germany has been the bugbear of alarmists for some years, and there is no doubt that the trade of the Empire has been increasing steadily of late. It is not at all surprising that a country inhabited by millions of hard-working people should do a great deal of business when it was released from the trammels imposed by internal division. It does not, however, follow that the prosperity of our neighbour must necessarily be our loss. The old belief that one man's gain is another man's loss in international trade dies hard; and many who have heard that Germany was doing more business have quite naturally jumped to the conclusion that room was found for it by elbowing out English trade. That the returns of the Board of Trade will convince them of the contrary it would be rash to assert; but they certainly afford proof that even in these late bad years our commerce has on the whole increased, and that our prosperity has kept abreast, and even ahead, of the prosperity of our neighbours. If the increase of German trade looks more striking, it is because it started from a much lower level.

Though both these statements, Mr. SCRUTTON'S and Mr. GIFFEN'S, are decidedly hopeful, they show that changes are going on in our commerce. Whether they are ultimately to be for the worse or not is a pretty matter of controversy. Perhaps the safest remark to make on the matter is that changes will do the least harm to people who meet them with their brains. Mr. GIFFEN gives it as his opinion that England is less an emporium than it was. The loss of our position as the great bonded warehouse of the world would doubtless be a misfortune, but to a very considerable extent it is inevitable. The opening of the Suez Canal, which was expressly made to be a nuisance to this country, the development of steam navigation, and increase of direct communication between all the countries of the globe must necessarily tend to make England less the common exchange of the world. The character of our shipping is being altogether altered by steam. The Chamber of Shipping is well enough pleased at the change, which means more

voyages, quicker profits, and, according to the popular view, greater security for the lives of crews and passengers. For these reasons Mr. SCRUTTON is inclined to be almost jubilant over the steady diminution in the proportion of sailing-ships built to steamers. It is not improbable that this revolution may in time be found unwelcome, for other than sentimental reasons. Shipowners may before long find themselves less able to secure men competent to navigate their costly steamers, which have hitherto been officered by men who have been made into seamen on the sailing-ships. But the change cannot be stopped, and must be met. Alterations in the course of trade and the nature of shipping have taken place, and will go on. We must adapt ourselves to them; and men of business have to remember that a power must be retained by the arts which gained it. Among the arts by which we gained our commercial position sitting down and crying for unattainable circumstances was not one. Our very different practice was to make the best of what there was to deal with. It does not appear from what the Chamber of Shipping and the Board of Trade have to say that we have as yet been found wanting.

KENSINGTON GARDENS.

THERE is unwonted activity in Kensington Gardens just now. A new entrance in the Bayswater Road, new paths, new trees, and the addition of a small slip of land, formerly a walled-in plot of garden, must be numbered among the proofs of energy shown by the authorities. Among the improvements now in progress, the most important is the drainage of the lower boggy ground near Palace Gate—a most necessary measure advocated in our comments on the tree-felling carried out last autumn. The extensive tract now being drained proves to be even worse than was at first surmised. It is a swamp of the most unwholesome kind, sufficient in itself to account for the decay of the neighbouring belt of trees, apart from the ignorance of forestry displayed in planting those trees. In spite of more than twelve months of unprecedented drought the cuttings made for the drain-pipes flow with water as soon as cut, although much of the soil is an impervious yellow clay. Being near the surface this clay prevents the rainfall to a great extent reaching the subsoil, and renders the ground oozy and damp even in the height of summer. Though marsh lights and fire-drakes may not sport their thin blue flames by night, any observant person must have noted that the winter fogs are densest here, and misty exhalations prevail on summer evenings. As this open space has long been the favourite playing-ground of the children of the neighbourhood, its drainage was imperative merely for sanitary reasons. There is fortunately a good fall towards the lower end of the Broad Walk; and the work, if thoroughly completed, ought to be very beneficial. It is a pity, however, that deep trenching was not carried out when draining and planting were undertaken. There is not much to be said for the policy of planting before the dead or dying trees already marked for removal disappear. As to the planting, so far as it may be seen, it is of the old regulation type. There are a number of young trees planted, all of one species—the lime—planted at regular intervals, after one pattern, like peas in a pod. The old rule of landscape-gardening was to open out views. We reverse the process, till the trees are not to be seen for the wood. We plant trees with reckless profusion; any trees, anywhere, and anyhow. The old method inclined to making vistas and the noble art of perspective. REPTON and his disciples delighted in clearing, and often cleared too much by their amazing transformations. Without doubt, errors may abound on both sides.

The maligned art of landscape-gardening has suffered revolution in the matter of planting. When the gentle elegiacal SHENSTONE settled in his sequestered vale he was so enclosed by woods he could scarcely have seen those hills "white over with sheep" of which he sang. His adorned farm at Leasowes, with its zig-zag walks, votive urns, statues, fountains, and grottoes was full of vain attempts to force the hand of nature. His tortuous Lover's Walk ended, oddly enough, in a Temple of Pan, not in a draughty cavern of sighs or a fane dedicated to Hymen. So does the wayfarer from Lancaster Gate to Palace Gate find a fair and promising garden end in a swamp. Yet we are spared most of the artifices which GILPIN found so futile and irritating. We see nothing nowadays like the poet's inscribed tablets inviting naiads to sport in crystal pools, or dip their feet in purling rills, where there was nothing but stagnant water for their disporting. At Hagley, too, where another poet essayed the topiarian art, the father of picturesque tourists could find nothing but "minute and trifling" views, and thought the famous Palladian bridge and much-sung waterway altogether "beneath criticism." His strictures, however, are not to be taken too literally. As he said to MASON, "We "picturesque people are a little misunderstood"; and so it may have been with the ingenious PAYNE KNIGHT and the complacent REPTON. The student of REPTON'S treatise, if he compares the woodcuts that display the natural landscape with the transformation effected by the overlapping sectional cuts, will almost invariably prefer the former to the triumphs of REPTON. There is much to be said for the ancient garden state. It should at least be reverently treated, if treated at all; and this, it is only fair to add, has been the fortune of Kensington Gardens. Mr. MILESTONE, a typical landscape-gardener suggested by PAYNE KNIGHT'S book on Taste, is made to give unconscious illustration of the truth. He depicts Littlebrain Castle unimproved by the hand of taste, embowered in trees, with its Gothic casements, and its turret with an owl peeping from the ivy—"And devilish "wise he looks," says Squire HEADLONG. "And here," rejoins Mr. MILESTONE, "is the new house, without a tree "near it, standing in the midst of an undulating lawn; a "white, polished, angular building, reflected to a nicety in "this waveless lake; and there you see Lord LITTLEBRAIN "looking out of the window." "And devilish wise he looks, "too," says Squire HEADLONG. What is wanted in Kensington Gardens is to avoid both extremes in clearing and in planting. The monotonous crowd of decapitated trees by the upper edge of the forlorn swamp ought to be rigorously thinned, and there should be prompt removal of the more afflicted limes, whose gaunt dead tops rise high above their healthier neighbours. This ragged regiment, with its scaffold-pole extremities, is not without a picturesque aspect. It recalls the "one instance of sublimity" which COLERIDGE found in DRAYTON:—

> Our trees so hacked above the ground,
> That where their lofty tops the neighbouring countries crown'd,
> Their trunks (like aged folks) now bare and naked stand,
> As for revenge to heav'n each held a withered hand.

But gardens should flourish and be green and beautiful. These stricken trees are dangerous and should go.

THE LEWIS.

THE report of Sheriff FRASER and Mr. MALCOLM MCNEILL on the state of the Lewis is about the most melancholy reading which has been published for some time. It is the history of the production of squalid and hopeless pauperism by well meant philanthropy and flukes of good luck. Nobody need indulge in what Sir WALTER would have called big bow-wow, or in bullying moral rebuke to the people of the Lewis, and that for various reasons. It will lead to nothing, for one thing; and for another, it is more than a little unjust. The history of the island given by the Sheriff and his colleague shows that the islanders have suffered, on a large scale, from a misfortune which has often proved the ruin of individuals. They have inherited too many casual small legacies. Twice within the last century the starvation of the whole population has been predicted, and on both occasions the prophets have been discredited by the sudden development of industries. First came the kelp; and, when that was ruined by science (which is always upsetting something), then it was the herring-fishery. Each of these things enabled a still larger population to live in what, according to its notions, was greater comfort. Sir J. MATHESON, who spent a great fortune, made elsewhere, lavishly in the Lewis, was another version of the kelp and the herring-fishery. Now all these sources of profit have stopped. The kelp is gone long ago; Sir JAMES is dead, and his money spent to as good as no purpose; the herring-fishery is no longer a resource. The cadgers have taken to paying the fishermen by percentages. This system, which is praised by some as fair, practically means that the workman who has no capital must share the risks of the capitalist. Under recent pressure it has spelt starvation to the people of Lewis. Not much importance need be attached to the account Dr. ROPER, of the *Jackal*, gives of their dirtiness. They are not much, if at all, dirtier than the whole peasantry of Scotland were at no very distant period. Edinburgh itself was not exactly a

model of cleanliness when WINIFRED JENKINS went on her travels, and the MUCKLEBACKITS would have been happy enough in the surroundings of a Lewis cottar. Yet the people of the East of Scotland are now a model to their countrymen of the West. Dirty as their houses are, they have not prevented the race from growing strong and healthy, on Dr. ROPER'S own showing; and what can any condition do for men more than allow them to be strong and healthy? The Doctor saw them loafing about with their hands in their pockets, but he might have seen English fishermen doing that at Whitby or Brixham. Nobody ever saw a fisherman doing anything else on shore. It is not said that the Lewis men are especially lazy when they go over to the mainland. If they do no work at home, one reason may be that they have no work to do.

An advocate of the cottars and crofters might on the whole make out a fair case for the class. The kelp was not their fault, nor the herring fishery, nor Sir J. MATHESON. More than that, they are not exclusively to blame if they are asking for useless, and even immoral, palliatives to their distress. Distinguished statesmen who have pandered to Irish anarchy, and British voters who have supported them, may bear their share of the stripes. Therefore the less bullying talk there is to the people of the Lewis for becoming numerous under every incentive to increase, the better it will be for the manners of all concerned. Then the less lying there is, the better it will be for our morals. It is sufficiently obvious, as the Sheriff points out, that, unless another kelp-collecting industry or another development of the herring fishery takes place, starvation will come upon the island. The rates cannot support the paupers thrown on them already. If the number of paupers is increased, there will be total bankruptcy and consequent famine. With this prospect before us, it is absolutely necessary, on every consideration of honour and interest, that some measure of prevention should be taken. The nature of the situation points out what the measures must be. They must not be anything which will tend to perpetuate the present misery. There is nothing which will do except a large measure of emigration. If this can be brought about by a spontaneous movement among the people themselves, so much the better. If not, then it must be produced by sufficient pressure—by steadily refusing to pass any more Crofters' Bills to perpetuate starvation, and by offering aid to the emigrants. It is clear that the State will very briefly have to choose between helping these people to go elsewhere or supporting them as paupers where they are. There can be no doubt which of the two is the more extravagant course. To leave the difficulty to settle itself is the one thing not possible. In other and perhaps happier times death by hunger and piracy would have afforded the necessary relief; but these rude old methods are no longer practicable. Law and sentiment alike forbid them. Therefore it follows that without more force than is strictly necessary, and under good, steady governance, the superfluous population of the Lewis must be helped to go where it may be a credit to the Empire, and can at least live a decent existence. Otherwise we may lay our account with having another Connemara on the West of Scotland, and we shall very briefly discover whether it is either cheap or convenient.

THE VICTIMS OF THE CRIMES ACT.

WE shall be excused, we hope, for not finding any transcendent importance in the dispute as to the numbers and character of the crowd by which the late Lord Mayor of Dublin was received at Euston Station, and subsequently preceded, accompanied, and followed to Hyde Park. On the question of numbers the controversy is of the idlest description. Almost any incident of the most trivial description taking place at a crowded part of London will collect a concourse of people at the rate of about a hundred a minute; and any ceremony even pretending to be of a political or otherwise public character, and of which due notice has been given beforehand, will assemble several thousand people betimes on the spot with a view to securing a good place for a view of the entertainment. When these thousands mount up to five or six, as they speedily do if the function takes any time, they reach the limit at which any trustworthy estimate of their numbers can, except by virtue of special and exceptional facilities for enumeration, be attained. If the crowd increases beyond this point, it may be estimated at anything from ten to forty thousand, according to the taste and fancy of the calculator. Now there are, we are informed, a certain number of Irishmen resident in London, and it is further a matter of general belief that among the metropolitan population there is an appreciable percentage of persons in want of employment. Out of these two classes—even allowing for the fact that they may to a certain extent overlap each other—there would be no difficulty whatever in getting together a sufficient assemblage of people at the reception of Mr. T. D. SULLIVAN to satisfy any reasonable expectations on their part. As to the character of the crowd, that is a matter on which it is much easier to form a tolerably safe opinion. No doubt it did not consist exclusively of the "dirty, ill-"favoured, and dissolute-looking boys" which it seemed to the perhaps jaundiced eye of a gentleman who admits that it lost him his train to be composed of. But when we are asked to believe that, even on a Monday—day of idleness as it often is for those who are exclusively known as the "sons of toil"—it would be possible to assemble many thousands of the "best type of English working-man" to greet the released Irish prisoners, we respectfully decline. We have very little doubt that the processionists in the street and the audience in Hyde Park last Monday had just about as much or as little claim to represent the best type of English working-man as the guests assembled at the Criterion had to represent the best type of English politician.

The whole question, however, would be of vastly little importance but for one consideration, which is this. The late occasion was the first which has presented itself for testing in the broad popular-demonstrationist fashion the general feeling of the outdoor English public about the victims of the Crimes Act. For a long time past we have been condemned to listen to the loud-mouthed protestations of the Gladstonian on the subject of "coercion," and the resentment with which it is inspiring the English people. Now there is not, of course, and never has been, the slightest reason for supposing that so far as the effective portion, so to speak, of the English public, the general body of the electorate, is concerned, there is any foundation whatever for these noisy boasts; but it is not unimportant to have had it also proved that, even among the least thoughtful and most impressionable portion of the English people, the rubbish about oppression and torture—such rubbish, for instance, as was "shot" in so remarkable a profusion by Mr. O'BRIEN on Thursday night—will in nowise "go down." Had any appreciable portion of the class of people who form the ordinary street crowds been taken in by it, they would certainly have assembled in strength last Monday afternoon, if only for the excitement of gazing at the victims. But the spectacular fiasco of the Euston reception, and the subsequent meeting in Hyde Park, has sufficiently shown that no body of English sympathizers worth mentioning could be got together for the purpose of the demonstration, and that its organizers, therefore, had to rely upon the ordinary masses of sightseers who can be got together for any cause, however trivial, in this largest city of the world. A few thousand Irishmen answered to the "whip," and, for the rest, the would-be manufacturers of a sensation had to content themselves with the same materials as are at the disposal of every troupe of street jugglers or every proprietor of a Punch and Judy show. The great majority of the citizens of London, even of the humblest class, are so far from sympathizing with the "victims of the Crimes Act," that they are not even interested in their personalities or histories, and are probably even unacquainted with their names.

THE CAMEL.

"L'ESTOMAC de M. de Cussy n'a jamais bronché"; which we choose to render—the Marquis de Cussy's camel never met with its last straw. It is a famous apologue and an applicable. De Cussy was a notable man enough in his day. It was he who was escorting the Empress Marie Louise back to Vienna when at Parma he heard of Napoleon's escape from Elba. Planting her there, he retraced his steps immediately and found his master back at the Tuileries, where he himself was an excellent prefect of the palace; but, the Hundred Days once over, De Cussy found himself suddenly a pauper, having always managed to combine indifference to his own interests with lavishness to others. This and his charms of manner made him popular, and he possessed that first talent of a born conversationist—a lending ear. But he was a born gourmet, too, and fully acted up to Colnet's line:—

Quand on donne à dîner, on a toujours raison

Great cooks struggled for his kitchen and stayed with him seven years. He gave a dinner once a week, never to more than eleven guests, and it lasted two hours. He cites with approval in his *Art Culinaire* one of the stories about that very unpleasant person Diogenes who, seeing a child eating too fast, fetched the boy's tutor a rousing cuff. De Cussy's own rigid rule was to eat moderately and to sip his liquors; and he preached putting down the knife and fork while still hungry, and then taking several glasses of an old wine, munching crisp breadcrust the while. Perhaps these were some of the reasons why the camel never refused, and explain his "easily digesting a whole red-legged partridge" on the very day of his death, at the age of seventy-four. Many a well-advised man nowadays would as soon eat Tom Jones's Partridge body and bones; and there have been what a vain world calls nobler deaths, to be sure, and different illustrations of Hamlet's grave dictum that "the readiness is all"; still we need not be too exclusive. This particular gourmet had the smooth-skinned, pink complexion of many an old-fashioned London merchant—in the daytime, that is; but a clever caricature of him by Dantan, which displays the bust of a heavy-chopped, bloated, old gormandizer, with a great Yorkshire pie for pedestal, must also have been but too near the truth, perhaps after dinner; for one of his sayings to Brillat-Savarin, who would have mirrors in his dining-room, was that a man should only look in the glass fasting. After this it would be of no use at all his telling us that he could take up his pen immediately after dinner in full repossession of his ideas, if we did not know from his sorry writings that he could not tack two ideas together, and that, whatever his practice was, his theories about cookery were not worth the charcoal for testing them.

His contemporary, Brillat-Savarin, to cite another of Colnet's lines, "mangeait en glouton et pensait sobrement." It must be a terrible blow to many a young enthusiast, light-heartedly entering his camel for a gourmet's career, when he first discovers that the reputation of Brillat-Savarin is all legend. He was a monstrous eater, and that is all. He kept no table, was a tall, heavy, vulgar sort of man, who went about in old clothes, and was well known as the drum-major of the Court of Appeal. He spoke little, and that little was curt and stupid. Like the parrot, he thought the more, and his posthumous masterpiece astonished none so much as his most intimate friends. Carême's secretary, who had opportunities of knowing, and De Cussy also, say that he gobbled without selection, spoke heavily, when he did speak at table, without any "look" in his eyes, and became absorbed—a nice euphemistic phrase—at the end of a meal. The *Encyclopédie des Gens du Monde* agrees that he was "thick," and a gourmand without any measure; making one of the nice distinctions between the gourmet (like De Cussy) who is hospitable, and the gourmand (like Brillat-Savarin) who is not. Carême wrote of him, that he never learned how to eat, which is extra hard upon him, for one of his aphorisms is, "L'homme mange; l'homme d'esprit seul sait manger." He liked coarse and vulgar meats, goes on Carême, and literally filled his —camel merely, "I have seen him sleep after dinner!" Dr. Joseph Roques, a great gourmet of the day, gives him the finishing stroke He was very fond of immense meat-pies, solid as a collared head. "They are exquisite," said he one day to the doctor, "you can eat as much as ever you like; and, if you do get a fit of indigestion, why five or six dozen of oysters will allay it. I never take any other remedy myself, and leave tea to weak constitutions." He died at the age of seventy-one, of a chill in the feet, caught at Louis XVIII.'s funeral.

Grimod de la Reynière came of a banking family, and no one had a bad word to say against either his palate or his camel. An accident in early childhood deprived him of both hands, which he replaced by many ingenious contrivances; and he even became a dandy in his youth, frequented the leaders of the Français, and visited Voltaire. He was muscularly strong, and had a strong constitution; eventually developed, let us say, a hump on his camel, and lived to be eighty. "For most people," wrote he in one of his Axioms, "a camel equal to any and every strain is the first requisite for happiness"; and, again, "The great thing is to eat hot, cleanly, long, and much"; and Victor Hugo might have said, "Roasting is at the same time Nothing and Immensity!" He was a charming talker in his best years, but latterly, wrote De Cussy, he got to be commonplace and garrulous about everything. The same Dr. Roques, exclaiming *quantum mutatus*, said in a sketch of Grimod's old age that

> he rang for his servants at nine in the morning, shouting and scolding until he got his vermicelli soup. Soon after he became more tranquil, and began to talk gaily; finally becoming silent, and going to sleep again for some hours. At his waking the complaints began over again; he would fly into rages, groan, weep, and wish he was dead. But, dinner-time come, he ate of every dish, all the time declaring that he would have nothing, for his end was nigh. At dessert his face began to show some animation, his eyebrows lifted, and some light showed from the eyes, deep sunk in their sockets. "How is De C.ssy? Will he live long?" he would ask; "they say he has a fatal ailment. They haven't put him on diet yet, have they? The rains were heavy; we'll have lots of mushrooms in the autumn. The vines are splendid; you must come for the vintage"; and so on, always about gluttony. Then he would grow gradually silent in his great armchair, and the eyes would close. At ten they came for him—he could no longer walk—and put him to bed.

And this was the youngster who, at the age of twenty, was caught by his own father sitting down, lone as the ace of spades, to seven roast turkeys, merely for their "oysters," their "sot-l'y-laisse," as the French say.

"The sole depository of the entire tradition of the State," Talleyrand, even at the age of eighty, ate but one square meal in the day, his dinner; and every morning he required the menu of it from his chef. He would rise at ten, dressing himself even after the hands had got rebellious; and half an hour later would have an egg, a fruit, or a slice of bread-and-butter, a glass of water with a dash of Madeira in it, or perhaps only two or three cups of camomile tea, before beginning "work." No coffee, no chocolate, and "China" tea very rarely. He dined at eight in Paris, at five in the country, well and with appetite; taking soup, fish, and a meat entrée, which was almost always of knuckle of veal, braised mutton cutlets, or a fowl. He would sometimes have a slice off a joint; and he liked eggs and custards, but rarely touched dessert. He always drank a first-rate claret, in which he would put a very little water; a glass of sherry he did not despise, and after dinner a petit-verre of old Malaga. In the drawing-room he would himself fill up a large cup with lumps of sugar, and then the maître d'hôtel—Carême, no less—would add the coffee. Then came forty winks; and afterwards he would play whist for high stakes. His senile eyelids were so swollen that it was a vast effort to open them to any width, and so he often let them close, and "slept" in company that bored him. He still continued to call up a secretary at night, and dictate to him through the closed bed-curtains.

"The eaters of my time," wrote Carême in 1832, "were the Prince de Talleyrand, Murat, Junot, Fontanes, the Emperor Alexander, George IV., and the Marquis de Cussy. Men who know how to eat are as rare as great cooks. Look at the great musicians and physicians," he goes on, with enthusiasm, "they are all gastronomers; witness Rossini and Boïeldieu, Broussais and Joseph Roques." The last-named backed this up in his treatise on Edible Mushrooms, maintaining that doctors who make a name —Corvisart, Broussais, and half a dozen others—are epicures for their patients' sake as well as their own. They can get a convalescent to eat when nobody else can; a fact which explains their success. Modern London, too, we are proud to say, can boast its successful medical gourmets. De Cussy—it is vain to expect an authority from him—said that Leonardo da Vinci, Tintoretto, Paolo Veronese, Baccio Bandinelli, Guido, and Raphael, were all noted gourmands; a fact which has not yet perhaps had its weight in estimating the naïve abstinence of the pre-Raphaelites, who might even have been vegetarians almost to a man, to judge from the type of their landscape-gardening. None of the foregoing great men had the beatitude of dying at table like some of the smaller fry. Dr. Gastaldy, a man with a wit and a palate so often met with in the *Almanach des Gourmands*, died with a champagne-glass in his hand and a joke in his mouth. Grimod de la Reynière's great-grandfather's death was exactly alike—in a fit of laughter, his lips still wet with Ay. Here is a fact for Mr. Galton; financial instincts, too, were hereditary in this family of farmers-general of the revenue.

Napoleon, as all the world knows, ate very plain food, and little of it, though always with hunger and rapidly. A little claret was all he drank; a single glass of Madeira would flush his whole countenance. He was neither an eater nor a judge of eating, wrote Carême, but he was grateful (was he?) to M. de Talleyrand for the style in which he lived. He differed widely from that poor Stanislas of Poland who fondly studied onion soup in the inn kitchen at Châlons. Napoleon had a strange theory about his bile. There is no personal defect that a man cannot get himself to be vain of, for one reason or another. "Don't you know," said he to the Comte de Ségur, "that every man that's worth anything is bilious? 'Tis the hidden fire. By the help of its excitement I see clear in difficult junctures. It wins me my battles!" Carême himself ate sparingly and drank nothing—a sort of Moses of the Promised Land by choice.

The skeleton Paganini was an appalling glutton, being only beaten in that by Cambacérès. Such men should be objects of pity alone, like the great Athenian chef Archetrastes, who ate enormously and digested with extraordinary rapidity. It could not have been assimilation; for, according to Polybius, he looked as if the wind would blow him away, and one could almost see daylight through him. There is one dear old story that always comes up in talk about great eaters; it has been told of all sorts of guzzlers, from a City alderman to the Judge of Appeal at Avignon, under the *ancien régime*. "And then, sir, we topped up with a gorgeous turkey, a first-chop bird—never tasted a juicier—melt in the mouth—crammed with truffles to the eyes—bouquet is no word for it—left nothing but the bones." "How many were you?" "Two!" "What! only two?" "Yes. Two. Why not? The turkey and myself."

The woeful extravagance of the past in foraging for the camel often excites surprise amounting even to doubt. For example, when the Duc de Penthièvre went down to preside over the assembly of the States of Brittany, he was heralded by 152 kitchen-men; and the Prince de Condé's cook used up 120 pheasants a week. A dinner presided over once by De Cussy at the Rocher de Cancale cost 4*l.* a head; but, as old Magny told the writer of this, the year before he died, the moderns beat that record easily, for, with *carte blanche* orders, he had just given a meal to the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris and seven guests, in George Sand's low little room, which came to 1,800 francs, or 9*l.* a head. This went chiefly in primeurs, rarities, and Magny's wonderful wines—"quantity as well as quality," as he himself has said it. Who will say that the Princes of the Church are played out? Magny—may nothing lie heavy on his breast—was a grand

old host; intimately interested to the last in every least thing put before you. Like Terré,

> Who'd come and smile before your table
> And hope you liked your Bouillabaisse;

his stout form would heave-to, as it were, and his round, strong, benevolent face would beam on you with a question or two, always to the point. And then, Pepper and Cheesecakes! to hear him row a cook for too much estragon in the tartare. Twelve months after he was gone his "gendre" had reduced the cookery to the greasy category.

Carême had 1,200*l.* a year from Alexander of Russia, and succeeded in disbursing for that potentate a total of 1,000*l.* a week. His accounts were as perfectly cooked as his dishes. "Economy," he wrote, with the lofty lunacy of genius, "is indispensable in our vocation; even the most exquisite and varied table must be logically restrained within exact limits." Economy must here be taken, a commentator might say, in the transcendental sense, as in "political economy," and such like phrases. Carême was proud of his mission—that was the word he chose—and of his literary talents. He kept a real secretary, and latterly turned in 20,000 francs a year by his cookery-books. He was nothing if not epigrammatic. When he was brought in contact with another eccentricity, Lady Morgan, at Baron Rothschild's, "she spoke to me of my works; I spoke to her of hers." He calmly mentions the King of England, his old master, by his Christian name. "I fully believe it, replied George, if Carême manages the table." There is a grandeur about these sayings which almost resembles death, in the levelling of all distinctions.

A gossip on cookery ought to end with something practical. To show we bear no malice towards the Vegetarians, let us take the Poluck's onion soup, at which no "runaway's eyes need wink." Take some crisp, hot, pulled-bread, in small pieces; butter it with the freshest butter; then toast it again well. Fry your onions, cut into dice, in some of the same butter, stirring constantly until they are of a light brown. Then add the pulled-bread, still stirring continuously, until the onions are well browned. Now dash in, still stirring, a little boiling water, to free the onions from the pan; add what seasoning you like, and the necessary quantity of hot-water, and let the whole simmer for a quarter-of-an-hour. Serve it scalding hot, and don't be deluded into putting broth into it instead of water, or the result will be ruinous all round.

TOPSYTURVITIS.

SOME ingenious persons have invented, or at any rate improved upon the fact so as to imagine, a kind of mental disease, in which the sufferer does and says everything in exactly the contrary sense and direction to that which he intends. If, for instance, he wishes to say "Bless you, my children!" he requests his offspring to go to the infernal regions; if he sets out to step westwards, he finds that his feet, like the ship, when it so puzzled Mr. Lewis Carroll's Bellman, "will travel due east," and if he wishes to assure a lady that she is exquisitely handsome, he candidly informs her that she is as ugly as sin. There seems to have been a good deal of this singular plague about during the past week. Even Mr. Punch's young men have caught it in a very odd fashion. That they should have "hit in" with certain notorious throwers of dirt at the police is odd enough, and is probably an example of the plague; but there is a stranger. As everybody knows, a certain "G." has been making a hare of Cardinal Manning not less ruthlessly and much less amiably than Father Tom made a hare of a greater even than the Cardinal. Now, the contrary-witted devil has made Mr. Punch's young man, when he meant to represent the Cardinal transfixed by "G.'s" arrow, represent "G" transfixed by the Cardinal's, though as Heaven and St. Aristotle know there never was one in his Eminence's whole quiver that even scratched "G." This is strange, but still stranger, and in exactly the same kind, was the heading of a note in the *Daily News* on Wednesday morning. The excellent *Daily News* has indeed had a series of attacks, for after admitting (*D. N.* Feb. 7) that the Marriott arrangement if open to some objection is "financially good" it has asked (Feb. 17) "to whom the arrangement is satisfactory?" Why apparently to its financial self. But to the other case. This heading was "The End of a Myth," and it referred to the remarks which Sir Charles Russell had made the night before about Mr. Gladstone and Colonel Dopping. The writer, of course, intended to write the "Confirmation of a True Story," if tricksy sprites had not turned the nib of his pen where the feather should be. But they had not done with him, for in the body of the note much worse symptoms of topsyturvitis (so the Scientific Man has named the disease) appear. First, it seems, Mr. Gladstone "inadvertently" made the original statement on the authority of Professor Stuart. What this means is, that Mr. Gladstone, with elaborate preparation and as an express illustration and example of his theory about evictions, accused Colonel Dopping of pointing a rifle at a child of tender years—a "boy in every sense of the term." Further, says the *Daily News*, "the alleged fact was of very little public importance," meaning, of course, as Mr. Gladstone meant, that if evictions were habitually conducted by agents who pointed loaded rifles at children, it would be a very serious matter indeed. "Having, however, ascertained that he had been partially misinformed, Mr. Gladstone, being an English gentleman, apologized, and expunged the obnoxious passage from the printed report of his speech." Alas! that the foul fiend should play such tricks with an honest journalist who meant to write, and no doubt thought he did write, something like this—the fact. "Mr. Gladstone, appealed to by the person he had calumniated, returned an evasive and rude answer; but, finding on inquiry that there was not a word of truth in his own statement, being informed by his own legal advisers that his case was awkward, and receiving a second summons, this time from Colonel Dopping's solicitors, he withdrew the passage, and protested solemnly that he never attached to it the only meaning it could possibly bear." This was what the poor man meant to say, and lo! the other was what he did say. "It's like some dèmd horrid dream" one can fancy him exclaiming, if he pursues the perhaps unwise plan of reading his own articles.

And the beauty of the thing is, or rather the horrid skill of the powers of evil is so great, that not only did this hapless *Daily News* man write exactly the contrary of what he no doubt meant to write about the history of the Dopping case, but he could not even see, or rather, though of course he saw, he could not, being an enchanted and bedevilled *Daily News* man, write, what Sir Charles Russell himself said. For Sir Charles, though he says that Mr. Gladstone consulted him before Colonel Dopping's solicitors wrote, forgot, in the first place, to mention that Colonel Dopping himself had written, and received a petulant and not in the least apologetic letter from Mr. Gladstone; forgot, in the second, to explain why it was that Mr. Gladstone came to him, a lawyer, to ask him what was the duty of a gentleman who had wrongly accused another gentleman; and forgot, lastly, to mention why Mr. Gladstone, having received this, his own, very judicious advice and determined to act on it, waited till the inferior branch of the profession on the other side gave him a hint before carrying it out. Nor was this all. Sir Charles has the credit of being a clever advocate; but heaven preserve us from such advocacy as one part of his speech! For he admitted that he had himself pointed out to Mr. Gladstone that it really did not matter whether he had used the word "loaded" or not, and that "an inference might unquestionably be drawn from the context that the words conveyed the idea" that the gun was loaded. The phrase is rather circumlocutory; but if it in its turn "conveys any idea," it conveys this—"if you did not mean that Colonel Dopping threatened to shoot the boy, you meant nothing at all." Now, it will be remembered that this is exactly what the persons whom the *Daily News* calls Mr. Gladstone's low-minded adversaries said. Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, declared that he had "another meaning," which he has never revealed, though he has been implored to do so, and which Sir Charles Russell by implication confesses to be an impossibility. Instead, therefore, of doing Mr. Gladstone any good, this little attempt at whitewashing by his counsel learned in the law leaves him just a little blacker than before. You don't go and consult a legal friend unless you have a shrewd suspicion that some legal trouble is coming on you, and when the legal friend tells you that, whether you used this particular word or not, the fair inference is that you meant so and so, you most assuredly, unless you are Mr. Gladstone, do not publicly protest that you meant something different, but what neither you nor the legal friend nor anybody else in this wide world can make out. It is quite possible that there may be some people who do not see that the peculiar dinginess of the Dopping affair consisted in this last piece of gratuitous prevarication, much more than in the petulant refusal to come down at first, and the undignified rapidity of the descent afterwards. But we prefer to think it a case of the terrible disease referred to, and not of mere blindness. The poor man meant to write "The Beginning of a Certainty," and he wrote "The End of a Myth."

It may be a variety of the same disease which inspired Mr. George C. Warr with certain marvellous verses which he has published "To the Irish Patriots." Mr. Warr begins:—

> Prisoners, may Hope be with you and enfold
> Your vigil on the patriot's hard bed.

How does Hope enfold a vigil, and what does a vigil look like when it is enfolded? The verses, indeed, dimly suggest the poem which much more cheerfully described how angels not only made the bed of an Irish gentleman, but performed other kindly offices for him; but the expression is inferior. Then Mr. Warr proceeds to talk about

> Law, the fiend with felon eyes and cold.

Now, if this line is intended as an attempt in the style of the immortal Mrs. Brownriggo sonnet of the *Anti-Jacobin*, it is very good indeed. But, if it is serious—and, as Sir Charles Russell would say, "it is an inference that unquestionably may be fairly drawn from the context that the words convey this idea"—is not this a little strong? It is particularly awkward for another Mr. George C. Warr, a Professor of an institution which describes itself as founded on the principle that "the doctrines and duties of Christianity as taught by the Church of England shall be for ever held and taught," and the senior *ex-officio* governor whereof is "the Lord Chancellor or Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of the United Kingdom." We don't remember that teaching of the Church of England which says that it is one of the doctrines and duties of Christianity to regard Law as a fiend with felon eyes and a cold, and it certainly would be very improper, as well as incongruous, for the Lord Chancellor or Lord Keeper of the Great Seal to countenance such a regarding of it. Further, Mr. Warr describes poor Law as

> Our Tories' Gorgon of the murderous head.

"Beshrew thee if thou hast not a felon cold in thy murderous head," quoth the Poet to Law. It next appears that this unpleasant personage and something called "a loud-tongued gaoler overbold" will "not tread too long on Erin's heart." Here there seems a mixture of metaphors. Who ever accused poor Medusa, even in conjunction with a loud-tongued gaoler overbold, of treading on anybody's heart? But the Poet is pardoned a few fine frenzies like this. We are not so sure that Erin will pardon him for his next flight, which assures her that

> Born in gold
> That showers from her Heav'n across the sea
> To her, as was of yore the Gorgon's foe,

&c. &c. Now really, really, Mr. Warr, that myth of Danae has always had a rather ugly possible construction, and Erin, we all know, is the most virtuous of young persons. She never would dream of becoming a mother without the proper ceremonies, or under the persuasion of gold. Besides, we cannot quite get Perseus and Danae, and the American Jove with his dollars, and the two Erins, one of whom has her heart trodden on by the fiend with a cold, and the loud-tongued gaoler, on all fours. But *quid dicimus?* all fours? Mr. Warr is not on all fours; he ends on a single toe, a most fantastic toe:—

> And he, the Toe,
> (Poor toe, that deals the kicks of Salisbury)
> Will cower at the Nation's final No.

Toe what does this toe point? How does a Toe cower? why should a toe cower at a No? O toe-toe obscure Toe! What a toe-tal eclipse of meaning is here! We feel inclined to break intoe verse ourselves to finish; but the temptation shall be resisted. For, after all, poor Mr. Warr's case—a case of most felon and murderous topsyturvitis—is clear enough. He was thinking of that capital cartoon of Mr. Punch's twenty years ago—the cartoon in which John Bull and Jonathan are making a football of Irish ruffianism, and he meant to celebrate it in song. Alas! the result was quite the contrary.

SELECTION OF SIRES.

BEFORE noticing any details of the great show of stallions at Nottingham, there is one point on which we wish to make a few remarks. Regrets have been expressed at the absence of premiums for breeds of horses other than thoroughbreds. The reply is very simple and obvious. Why did not the complainers furnish the necessary funds to supply premiums for as many breeds of horses as they thought proper? The greater part of the sum producing the different premiums distributed at Nottingham was the gift of one individual, the remainder being made up from the funds of the Royal Agricultural Society and a grant of 1,640*l.* from the Government. Surely this ought to have been an eligible opportunity for beneficence on the part of those who, both by word of mouth and newspaper correspondence, professed themselves so anxious for the improvement of our breeds of horses. Unfortunately it has become the fashion to consider the 3,360*l.* which was formerly given in Queen's Plates and now transferred to the Horse Trustees as a Government grant. It is nothing of the kind. Indeed it is as much a private gift as the doles of coal which many cottagers receive from their landlords at Christmas; but, just as these cottagers are apt to look upon the invariable present as a sort of right when it has been annually received from several generations of donors, so the recipients of the Royal bounty in this case have learnt to regard it as something of their own, for which no kind of thanks or gratitude is due.

One result of the Premiums for sires has been to produce the largest show of thoroughbred stallions that has ever been held in this or any other country. We may add that the attendance of horsey men and women was fully equal to the occasion. It is but fair to acknowledge that much of the success of this great show at Nottingham is to be attributed to the experience derived from the stallion show held last year at Newcastle. More than a hundred stallions were exhibited at Nottingham, and on the whole they were a good-looking lot, although there were many weedy brutes among them. The chief feature—nay, the surprise—of the show was the enormous proportion of horses that were rejected as unsound by the committee of veterinary surgeons. Stallions which had been passed again and again were now objected to by the "vets," among them being one that is said to have been purchased for 1,200 guineas, and passed sound within the last few months. Another had been passed three or four times, and sold for 900 guineas as a stallion. Then there was a horse that had raced all through last season, and been passed sound at the end of it before being bought for 500 guineas; and many, very many, others were pronounced unsound, to the disgust and chagrin of their owners. But what shall be said of Scotland, whose dozen candidates were all rejected? That considerable dissatisfaction would be expressed at the wholesale refusals of the veterinary surgeons was certain, and even many experienced horsemen who had no interest in the disgraced stallions questioned the wisdom of some of the rejections. It is, however, undeniable that the three veterinary surgeons had far better opportunities of judging of the different horses' soundness or unsoundness than had anybody else. This much, at any rate, may be said—that, unless Professor Brown, Sir Henry Simpson, and Mr. George Williams made many and prodigious blunders, an enormous proportion of horses standing as hunters' stallions are unsound, and that some such attempt as the present to assist breeders in finding sound sires was very urgently needed. This becomes the more evident when it is remembered that many country stallions whose owners knew them to be to some extent unsound were probably unentered for the Nottingham show. When all this is taken into consideration, every cause for surprise at the large number of unsound hunters, hacks, and carriage-horses bred in this country disappears.

On the whole, a fair lot of stallions stood the severe veterinary test and were selected for the Premiums. For the ten Eastern counties, including Norfolk and Middlesex, Lion, Pedometer, and Soulouque were chosen. The most admired of the three was Pedometer, a fine, large horse, with plenty of bone, by King Tom out of Miss Peddie by Poynton by Touchstone. He is the sort of horse that ought to get either good hunters or good carriage-horses, according to the class of mares that may be sent to him. For the four English counties north of Yorkshire, Blue Grass, Even, and Moss Hawk were selected, the most popular of the party being Blue Grass, an American-bred horse that was well known on the Turf in his day. Like Pedometer, he has a great deal of bone and power, and he is a free mover into the bargain. He has filled out very much since he was unsuccessful at Newcastle last year, and, as he is a young sire, he ought to have a useful career before him. It may be remembered that he beat Ossian, the winner of the St. Leger of his year, at 5 lbs. at Goodwood, and he trained on till he was six years old, a good proof of soundness and strength of constitution. One of his last races was over a three-mile course, for the Alexandra Plate of 960*l.* at Ascot, which he won by forty lengths from the notorious stayer Althorp. Even, by Quits, out of a Carnival mare, and Moss Hawk, by Blair Athol, were not quite so much liked. The horses chosen among the stallions for the ten Southern counties, from Cornwall to Kent, were Aerides, Huguenot, and Westburton. The first of the trio is probably the best, and he is by Cremorne. Huguenot is by Lowlander, who was just the sort of horse to breed fine hunter-getting sires. Westburton, by Reverberation, has a good deal of bone, but some critics took exception to his shoulders. Among the Yorkshire stallions the chosen three were Escamillo, Linnæus, and Jarnac. It was generally considered that Escamillo was the best of these. He is by Pero Gomez, out of Bonny May, by Newminster, so his breeding is good enough even for that most horsey of horsey counties. He ran a good many times on the Turf without displaying any remarkable brilliancy. Linnæus, who is seventeen years old, is one of the many greys got by Strathconan, and his dam was by Voltigeur. Jarnac is older still, being of the venerable age of twenty-one. The horses chosen for a district including some thirteen counties between Warwick and Pembroke are Q.C. and Scherzo. The former is a five-year-old colt by Wisdom, out of Brenta. As a two-year-old he won a Nursery Handicap at Brighton, and after that he never won a race, although he ran both as a three-year-old and a four-year-old. Scherzo, by Galopin, is another five-year-old. He was only kept in training for a couple of years, and in the second of those he ran a dozen times between March and October, winning two races, one of which was the Kempton Park Grand Prize of 837*l.* He is a horse of great size and power. Cheshire, Lancashire, and North Wales are to be represented by Prescription and Suleiman. The first-named was liked by some people on account of his size; others thought him "coachy," and wanting in muscle. Suleiman, who is eighteen, is by Knight of the Crescent out of an Orlando mare. He also is a big one, and we may observe here that, in our opinion, the judges are to be congratulated on having, as a rule, given the Premiums to large horses. Many country stallions are small, and so also are a good proportion of farmers' mares; the consequence is that in some districts a number of horses are bred that are only high enough for hacks, ladies' horses, or park-phaeton horses, while those which are tall enough for hunters or carriage-horses have only sufficient bone to carry ten or eleven stone. Five prizes of values equal to those of the Queen's Premiums were allotted by the Royal Agricultural Society to stallions in Nottinghamshire and five adjoining counties. Jack Tar, Khamseen, Lancastrian, Silver Crown, and Tiber were the winners of these. Khamseen, by Favonius, has the advantage of both size and quality. He ran often and won several races on the flat, and when his career on the Turf was ended he became a very fair steeplechaser. Lancastrian was also a tolerable race-horse, and a stayer into the bargain. Silver Crown was greatly admired. It will be remembered that he beat a field of eighteen horses for the Crawfurd Plate of 700*l.* at Newmarket.

The very responsible task of judging was delegated to Lord Arthur Somerset, Mr. Robert Howard, of Temple Bruer, Grantham, and Mr. J. L. Napper, of Loughcrew, Oldcastle, Ireland. Their labours were considerably lightened through the clearance effected by the veterinary surgeons. There were many complaints among the spectators at the slowness of the judging. This was unfair. Judges ought on no consideration to be hurried, and onlookers should have remembered that the adjudicators were employed solely to decide as to the distribution of the Premiums, and not with a view to the entertainment of the public. The veterinary surgeons were Professor Brown, Sir Henry Simpson, President of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, late Mayor of Windsor, and knighted in the year of the Queen's Jubilee, and Mr. Williams. That they have incurred a certain amount of odium by their wholesale rejection of unsound stallions is probable enough. Disinterested people, however, ought to give them due honour for the courage with which they discharged what they believed to be

their duty, at the risk of loss of popularity and possibly practice as well. Their task was an exceedingly unpleasant and thankless one. It has been suggested by an authority of great experience and high position that a six-year-old horse, passed sound by a board of veterinary surgeons, on leaving a training stable should be granted a certificate rendering him free from liability to further veterinary examination, so far as stallion shows are concerned, for the rest of his life. We should hesitate before condemning a proposition made by so able a judge; at the same time it strikes us that a horse might develop an hereditary infirmity, such as broken wind, after he had attained the age of six. It is objected, again, that if so many stallions are to be pronounced unsound at the competitions for the Queen's Premiums, owners may take alarm and refuse to send their horses, lest they should leave the show with the fatal stigma of unsoundness upon them. We cannot see that this should influence the Royal Commissioners, the judges, or the Board of Veterinary Surgeons in the least degree. It is either a *sine quâ non* that the selected stallions should be sound or it is not, and in the former case nothing should induce the authorities to pass any but sound horses. The improvement of our breed of horses ought to be the one object aimed at. The question of the success or failure of the shows should in no way hamper the action of the Royal Commissioners or their agents. Another suggestion has been made to the effect that the services of the successful stallions should be confined to mares which are *bonâ fide* the property of tenant-farmers. This sounds very plausible, and may be worthy of consideration; but, even if landlords and others are made to pay a higher fee, they ought on no account to be debarred from sending mares to the selected stallions. As far as we understand the principle on which the Queen's Premiums have been instituted, their sole object is the improvement of our breed of horses. The welfare of our farmers, much as it is to be desired, is another matter altogether.

THE "ZALINSKI" GUN.

THE dynamite pneumatic gun is the latest addition to the already long list of implements for the utilization in warfare of dynamite, gun-cotton, blasting gelatine, or any of the other various nitro-compounds known as high explosives. This weapon, like the automatic quick-firing gun, the controllable torpedo—on which so much money was recently expended—the submarine vessels with which, it is rumoured, we are to be provided within measurable time, belongs to that category popularly talked about as "weapons of the future"—an expression which may be taken to mean that, with the most admirable potentialities for destruction, they are open to great and rapid improvement. Indeed, pneumatic ordnance already possesses some of the characteristics of the ideally perfect artillery. Its action is noiseless, and unattended with any of the disadvantages of tell-tale flash and smoke. There is no recoil, on the one hand, and, on the other, the extreme lightness of its construction renders it especially adaptable to the disappearing carriage system, and admits of a minimum of hands for its service. The destructive power of its projectile—practically equivalent to a torpedo, hence its popular name of torpedo-shell—is perfectly terrific, and exerts itself over a wide area.

"The moral effect," as Captain Haig remarked in his recent lecture at the United Service Institution, "of shells falling noiselessly from the sky, fired by an unseen foe, with no report or smoke to indicate the point of their departure, must be appalling, especially when it is known that, should one fall anywhere near the ship, she is in all probability doomed." With all these qualities, however, the "pneumatic dynamite gun" is still in its infancy, and suffers from an important defect for an artillery weapon—shortness of range. Whilst a confident faith is professed in the possibility of achieving more satisfactory results, the greatest range hitherto obtained by the experimenters of the new weapon has not exceeded three thousand yards. But, even pending the promised development, it is undoubtedly capable of the most telling effect against armour, and should be compared, not with long-range or battering weapons, but with implements of the torpedo class whose power is due, not to the force of impact, but to the blasting power of their charge. Moreover, notwithstanding repeated assertions that shells filled with some of the higher explosives can be successfully fired from ordinary guns, it remains a fact that, whenever experiments have been carried on on an exhaustive scale with projectiles so charged, the danger of premature explosion has palpably asserted itself. Such was the case with the German Hellhofite, with the French Melinite, with the American Dynamite shells. The pneumatic system is undoubtedly the only one thus far devised with which anybody would venture to fire, for instance, a shell loaded with 600 lbs. of blasting gelatine.

The special characteristics of the torpedo-shell are essentially adapted to the purpose of coast defence, and it must be noted that the two Powers which at the present time happen to pay most attention to the protection of their coast line, the United States and Italy, have adopted the new invention. There is just now a certain amount of stir in military quarters on the subject of coast defence, and, notwithstanding Admiral Colomb's rather paradoxical opinion that the danger of England being attacked on her coast line is still extremely remote, it is to be hoped that an invention capable of achieving such results as the experiments in New York harbour displayed will attract more than passing attention. As Colonel Brackenbury remarked during the discussion which followed Captain Haig's lecture, there are not sufficient experiments in warlike matters carried on in this country.

WAGNER OPERA IN NEW YORK.

THE most potent element in the development of musical taste in the United States at the present time is the Metropolitan Opera House. Since that institution began its series of performances of German opera the increase of interest in the highest class of music has been very much more rapid than it was before. Before this the American public frequently heard such parts of the Wagner music dramas as could be properly given at orchestral concerts, and occasionally scenes were sung on the concert stage. *Lohengrin* and the *Flying Dutchman* were sometimes presented in a slipshod and unappreciative style by companies of Italian singers. Even *Die Walküre* was once butchered at the Academy of Music by the ill-fated company of which Mme. Pappenheim and Mr. Charles Adams were the bright particular stars. Through these various presentations of Wagner's work, or rather in spite of them, an anxiety to know more of the productions of the genius of Baireuth was created. When *Die Walküre* was finally produced in a tolerably effective manner four years ago, under the direction of the late Dr. Leopold Damrosch, it was a revelation to the Americans, and the impression made by it was profound.

Wagner has met with the usual opposition in America, where the principal patrons of opera have been in the habit of expecting and receiving amusement, not edification. But Mr. Edmund Stanton, who succeeded Dr. Damrosch as director of the opera, found that the works which in the long run were most profitable were those of Wagner. *Fidelio* alone has been able to dispute the palm with them. This important fact evidently led to the decision that the Nibelungen trilogy should be the central novelty of the season just closed. The forces of the Opera House have been hard put to it this winter. In fourteen weeks thirteen operas have been produced, of which five were novelties. These five were Nessler's *Der Trompeter von Säkkingen*, Spontini's *Ferdinand Cortez*, Weber's *Euryanthe*, and Wagner's *Siegfried* and *Die Götterdämmerung*. The first two were not successful. *Siegfried* was the third opera of the season, following on the heels of *Tristan und Isolde* and *Die Meistersinger*. It was given a number of times to large audiences. *Die Götterdämmerung* was produced a week before the trilogy was presented, and received two preparatory performances; while *Die Walküre* was sung once.

The characteristic omission of *Das Rheingold* was commented on by the American critics, but with by no means sufficient severity. The *New York Times* spoke of the production of the "trilogy" as acephalous. The difficulty which lay in the way of giving the first work of the series was a bad stage. The Metropolitan Opera House was constructed with a view to Italian opera, and was not furnished with the mechanical facilities necessary for the presentation of Wagner's spectacular effects. This deficiency has been made apparent in the present performances, the final scene of *Die Götterdämmerung* being sadly injured by the poverty of its scenic attire. It is the intention of the director of the opera to produce *Das Rheingold* next year after making the requisite alterations in the stage. The complete tetralogy will then be given. The present production, however, is an important achievement for a young opera-house in a country where a high order of music was slow in gaining a foothold.

The defects of the performances were unhappily numerous. First of all were those of the scenic department, and in this the mismanagement of light effects was most noticeable. American theatres are sadly behind those of Europe in this matter. Indeed, some of the "gas effects" in New York places of amusement are absurd, and nearly all of them are so arranged as to utterly destroy, instead of heightening, the illusions of the stage. In the first act of *Die Walküre* at the Metropolitan Opera House, the opening of the doors of Hunding's house and the revelation of the spring night were very badly done. The moonlight came from no less than three different directions; and that part of it which fell upon the faces of Siegmund and Sieglinde passed apparently through the roof of the house, where no opening had been made. On the other hand, the lighting up of the hilt of the sword in the trees, accomplished by means of a red electric light concealed just below the weapon, was admirable in appearance. In the second act of the same opera the combat between Siegmund and Hunding, carried on in a glare of white light behind a badly arranged gauze drop, was devoid of any aspect of mystery or tragedy. In the last act of the drama the flight of the Valkyries through the air was represented by luminous pictures thrown upon a drop scene by a stereopticon. The result was that, as the Valkyries moved across the sky from one side of the stage to the other they became sadly distorted as the angles of projection changed. The rising of the fire, accompanied by dense clouds of steam, around the sleeping Brünnhilde was well managed.

In *Siegfried* the stage pictures of the first act were excellent. The anvil rang beneath Siegfried's blows; the ruddy glow of the fire lighted his features; the forge was complete in every detail; the sparks flew commendably when he wielded the hammer, and the anvil with its oak pedestal was handsomely split to the ground by the grand stroke of the magic sword. The dragon in the

second act was absurd. It was a preposterous-looking beast, and made the audience laugh. Its movements were awkward, and altogether it destroyed the design of the author. Everything in the last act was tolerable, save the painted curtain of fire, which was raised from below at the change of scenes. It was an execrable contrivance, badly painted, and destructive of all illusion.

In *Die Götterdämmerung* the scenery was acceptable, but by no means great. The Hall of the Gibichungs was painted in Vienna, and was a good piece of work. The break of day on the banks of the Rhine was not quite true to nature, but it was theatrically effective, and may be set down as a successful bit of stage art. The last act was ruined by the final scene. A picture of Brünnhilde, bare-legged, mounted on her steed, and bearing the body of Siegfried to some place not mentioned in Norse mythology, was projected on a drop by a stereopticon. Walhalla was seen on fire, while Wotan, wearing for some unaccountable reason his wanderer's hat, stood in front of the castle, surrounded by his family. The Rhine did not rise with good effect, and Hagen entered the waters as calmly as if he were taking a bath. Coming, as all this does, after the noble scene of Brünnhilde's immolation, the effect of anti-climax was produced.

On the other hand, in the labours of the artists engaged in the performances there was much to commend. The greatest success was achieved by Mlle. Lilli Lehmann as Brünnhilde. Her conception of the part was apparently the result of a careful study, not only of Wagner, but of the sources from which he derived his material. This was manifested in the gentle solemnity of her scene with Siegmund in *Die Walküre*, where she conveyed truthfully the idea of impending doom. Nor did she in the anguish of the last act diminish the heroic proportions of her embodiment. In the awakening in *Siegfried* she retained the nobility of her demeanour, but with exquisite art delineated the development of human passion in her bosom. In *Die Götterdämmerung* she was all woman. The first scene showed her a dependent, loving creature, absorbed in her pride of her husband. In the great scene before the hall of Gunther she presented an impersonation filled full with passion. Her immolation scene was a noble piece of acting, and stamped her as one of the best of dramatic sopranos. Vocally she was worthy of high praise. She has of late acquired one or two minor faults of method, but these were obscured by the vigour and earnestness of her work. Taken as a whole, her labours deserved the high commendation awarded them by the American press and the applause bestowed by the audiences.

Herr Niemann was the leading male singer employed in the production. It is a matter for wonder rather than congratulation that he should be on the stage at something like the age of sixty. His voice is not gone, strange as it may seem; for he is still able to touch all the notes set down in the score. The quality of the sounds which he produces, however, is usually distressing. He is compelled to constantly force his voice in a painful manner, and many of his notes are utterly without musical character. It seems as if a singer of this sort would be intolerable, and he would be were it not for the fact that his acting goes so far to atone for his other work. He appeared as Siegmund in *Die Walküre*, and again as Siegfried in *Die Götterdämmerung*. He was the original Siegmund at Baireuth in 1876, and it was owing to the reputation as a Wagner singer acquired by him at that time that he was engaged at the Metropolitan Opera House. His acting as Siegmund was admirable in spirit and execution; but he achieved greater success as Siegfried through the notable excellence of his death-scene. He conveyed to the audience in a most striking manner the operation of Siegfried's mind in recalling Brünnhilde, and gave a remarkable exposition of the emotions of the soul in which memory had been awakened. His dying speech was delivered with touching sincerity, and the whole episode was moving.

In the second drama, *Siegfried*, Herr Alvary appeared as the young hero. This young tenor, who was not successful on his first appearance in America, is improving rapidly. His intonation is now generally correct, the quality of his voice is far more agreeable, and his acting is gaining in significance. His Siegfried was buoyant of spirit and by far the best work he had done. He was alive with the enthusiasm and freshness of youth, and presented a fine appearance of manly energy and courage. There was a brightness, a wholesome vivacity about his acting that was in keeping with the design of the author, and made his impersonation pictorially delightful. He sang the music with a good quality and power of voice, and generally with commendable expression.

Herr Fischer was the Wotan of the series. Next to Mlle. Lehmann he was the most artistic singer engaged in the representations. His voice is rich and full, though not powerful, and his method better than that of the average German singer. In appearance he was dignified, but there were occasions when his acting betrayed too much of his natural good humour, which was so delightful in his Hans Sachs. He also sang Hagen. Herr Ferenzy appeared as Mime early in the season, but illness incapacitated him, and his place in the trilogy was taken by Herr Kemlitz, whose performance was wholly unsatisfactory. His conception of the rôle was borrowed from his predecessor, who had a respectable notion of acting, but he had not the ability for the execution. In singing he was wretched. The other characters in the three dramas were assumed by Fräulein Brandt (Fricka, Waltraute, Erda, and Flosshilde), Frau Seidl-Kraus (Sieglinde, the bird voice, and Gutrune), Frauen Meisslinger and Traubman (Woglinde and Willgunde and two of the Valkyrs), Herr Robinson (Gunther), Herr von Milde (Alberich), and Herr Elmblad (Fafner and Hunding). Herr Elmblad was tolerably good as the wild worm. Frau Seidl-Kraus was not equal to the demands of any of her parts, being a mediocre singer and an exceedingly feeble actress. Fräulein Brandt, whose voice is much worn, was only tolerable.

Herr Anton Seidl conducted the performances, and deserves warm praise for his work. The orchestra of the Metropolitan Opera House is not composed of the best material in New York, nor is it properly balanced, the strings being too few. The score of *Die Götterdämmerung* calls for thirty-two violins, but at the Metropolitan there were not more than twenty-two. Two of the tenor tubas called for by the composer, four of the horns, and the bass trumpet were not employed; but still the brass held too great a balance of power. Nevertheless, the beauties of the scores of the three works were notably revealed under Herr Seidl's direction, and he overcame many difficulties with great patience and judgment. The ride of the Valkyries and their chorus was given with splendid energy; and the chorus of the vassals in *Die Götterdämmerung* was full of power. The Siegfried death-music, though deprived to a great extent of the proper stage display, was finely performed.

In spite of many defects, the presentation of the three operas of the trilogy was commendable. There can be no doubt that it will have a marked effect in stimulating the spread of musical taste in America. During the performances large numbers of persons from Boston, Worcester, Buffalo, Baltimore, Cincinnati, and other musical cities journeyed to New York to hear the Wagner dramas. The Opera House was crowded at each representation, and the principal artists were called before the curtain half a dozen times at the close of each act.

SIR SIMON AND SIR WILLIAM.

ONE of the latest utterances attributed, apparently on good authority, to Lord Beaconsfield is that he had invented a phrase for Sir William Harcourt. What it was he did not disclose. He died, and made no sign. He carried the secret with him to the grave, unless perchance it should be discovered when his literary remains are investigated. What would not one give for it? Whole volumes of Hansard would be cheaply exchanged for this perished sentence. The lost plays of Menander, the missing books of Livy, the unreported speeches of Lord Bolingbroke—all the sunken treasures of literature and time do not excite for the moment a keener regret than Lord Beaconsfield's silence, now incapable of being broken. We have got accustomed to the loss of these things, and do reasonably well without them; but the pang of knowing that Lord Beaconsfield had a description of Sir William Harcourt, and that it was not allowed to pass the bulwark of his teeth, is fresh and keen. We should have understood Sir William Harcourt the better for it, and one man's wit would have made a contribution, though not, indeed, upon a very important matter, to all the world's wisdom. No one, probably, regrets more profoundly this undiscoverable secret than Sir William Harcourt himself. It has left him the heir of unfulfilled renown. His chief title to fame has departed. If Lord Beaconsfield had spoken, Sir William Harcourt would have taken his place in that gallery of contemporary portraits which includes the arch mediocrity, the superior person, the great middle-man, the rhetorical sophist intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity, and others less important, who have acquired such fame as belongs to the poetasters and criticasters pilloried in the *Dunciad*, though some of them, as was the case also with Pope's victims, have titles to remembrance independently of the satirist's tribute to them. Sir William Harcourt is not very likely to be long remembered on his own account. His speeches, though lively contributions to present contests, will scarcely rank among the eternal possessions of his countrymen. We must be content to deal with Sir William Harcourt as we ourselves can see him, and to relinquish as cheerfully as may be the inestimable advantage of seeing him through the eyes of Lord Beaconsfield.

Sir William Harcourt made during the recess many contributions to the better popular knowledge of him, and since the Session opened he has thrown additional light upon himself. Sir William Harcourt is abundantly endowed with the sense of humour; but he himself is a greater joke than any he has ever made. He is most amusing when he is most serious, or rather when he affects an air of seriousness. His gravity is more piquant than his persiflage. He never perpetrated a practical joke with a more solemn countenance than when he stood up in the House of Commons on Monday and assumed to overrule by his solitary authority the concurrent opinion of Sir Henry James and the Attorney- and Solicitor-General upon a legal question. To rely upon his judgment against theirs upon any point of law is as reasonable as it would be to quote the *Comic Blackstone* of the late Mr. Gilbert à Beckett against the Blackstone of Mr. Serjeant Stephens or any authorized commentator. A Foreign Minister not now in office once emitted the dictum that knowledge was practically a knowledge of references. A man, he argued, might fairly be said to know a thing if he knew where to find it. It was sufficient to possess that learning of the index "which turns no student pale, yet holds the eel of science by the tail." Unfortunately, some knowledge of the thing is required in order to know

where to find it, and to know, further, whether you have found it or not; otherwise you may possibly produce as the thing itself quite another and different thing. Sir William Harcourt is as dexterous as any one can well be in offering brass for gold, and no doubt he sometimes honestly mistakes the inferior substance, which he possesses in abundance, for the more precious metal.

It is interesting, under the light of the new doctrine of heredity, to trace the persistence of family qualities in distant members of the same house. If there were time for it, and if it were worth while, an interesting parallel, for which Lord Campbell's *Lives of the Lord Chancellors* supplies abundant material, might be instituted between Sir William Harcourt and the most distinguished of his ancestors. The faculty for making a little law go a long way was possessed in an eminent degree by the first Lord Harcourt, of whom Lord Campbell says that he had "at least learned where the law on different subjects was to be found, so that, as the occasion required, he could get up an argument well upon any question *pro re nata*, and appear more learned than others, who had laid in a larger stock of law, over which they had less command." Sir William Harcourt does not perhaps possess this equivocal gift in the full degree in which Sir Simon Harcourt had it; but he has a very considerable power of dressing up ignorance in the garb of knowledge. Like his ancestor, he is an effective orator and well enough versed in literature; but the parallelism between Sir Simon and Sir William naturally fails in some points. Sir William, in spite of his strong sense of personal fitness and hereditary appropriateness, failed to persuade Mr. Gladstone that he would be the best of all possible Lord Chancellors. He was not, it would seem, the destined heir in his soft cradle to his great-great-grandfather's chair. In other particulars, too, it would be improper to insist upon a resemblance. Swift, in his poem called the *Fagot*, apostrophizes Sir Simon in the words, "Come, trimming Harcourt." Who would venture to couple this adjective with Sir William Harcourt's name? Mr. Speaker Onslow described Sir Simon as "a man very able, but without shame." Mr. Speaker Peel, we are sure, has never said, and never will say, anything like this of Sir William. Sir Simon Harcourt was more than suspected in the dynastic contests of the time of being secretly on the side of King James while he ostensibly served King William. Our controversies now are happily not dynastic; and no one will venture to accuse Sir William Harcourt of being one in heart with any political James while he serves as the lieutenant of any political William. Sir Simon Harcourt's loyalty to his chief was held in some doubt. A correspondent of Swift's, describing an interview with Harley, then Lord Treasurer, says, "the great attorney Harcourt kissed him at parting, and cursed him at heart." "They eat and drink and walk together, as if there were no sort of disagreement; and when they part, I hear they give each other such names as none but Ministers of State could bear without cutting throats." Sir William Harcourt is quite incapable of the Judas kiss of Sir Simon. He has boasted that his loyalty to his chief is his only claim to public esteem; and as we do not know of any other, it would be unfair to throw doubt upon this.

THE BANK OF FRANCE.

THE Bank of France concession will expire at the end of 1897—that is, in a little less than ten years—and already an active agitation has been got up hostile to the Bank. It is not very clear what the agitators want. They contend that the privileges of the Bank are too great, and that the return it makes to the State is too small, and they ask, therefore, that an inquiry should be instituted, and a very great change made if the concession is renewed. The agitators almost all belong to the Radical party, and perhaps they are actuated largely by political feeling. Not only in Paris, but at all the branches, there are Boards of Directors, and the Boards consist of the leading commercial men of the place. Practically, therefore, the whole of these Boards form a kind of commercial aristocracy in France. At the same time, the connexion of these various Boards one with another forms a very powerful body; and it is urged that the influence they wield is injurious to the State. While the agitation has been going on there has been a very considerable fall in the shares of the Bank. They stood at nearly 350 per cent. premium, and they have fallen fully 20*l.* per share in the course of a few months. The fall is believed to be entirely speculative. The shares of the Bank of France are allowed to be held by trustees, and consequently it is believed that the vast majority of the shares are in the possession of trustees and of quiet investors who are not likely to be alarmed by the present preliminary agitation. Whether there is any connexion between the speculation for the fall and the political agitation we do not pretend to say; but it is not uncharitable to assume that, even if the political agitators are entirely innocent, they may have been prompted by persons interested in bringing down the price of the shares in the hope that they may be able to buy them more cheaply than they had sold them. A speculation of the kind would seem very rash, for shares which are held so well as those of the Bank of France are supposed to be are not likely to be sold in very large quantities. Therefore, if speculators have largely sold what they do not possess, they may sooner or later be called upon to deliver the shares, and they can fulfil their contracts only by offering so high a price as will tempt holders to sell. Whether the speculators win or lose, however, is a matter of slight concern to the foreign public; what is of real interest is the political agitation and its probable result. The result does not seem likely to be great. As stated above, the concession has yet to run nearly ten years, and in ten years much may happen; so much, indeed, that the concession to the Bank of France may be completely cast in the shade. If war should break out, the Bank of France will be necessary to the French Government, and will doubtless then take care to have its concession renewed. If peace is maintained and the Moderate Party remains in power, Moderate Republicans will not risk making enemies of the monied classes by acting hostilely to the Bank of France. And even if the Radical party should gain the ascendency, it is not easy to see how they can very materially modify the existing concession.

Theoretically, there are undoubtedly strong objections to the giving of a great monopoly to a single bank. If the ground were completely clear, no doubt it would be much better to have a number of powerful institutions discharging the functions of the Bank of France than to have one single great corporation. The Bank of France, for example, has a monopoly of note-issuing in France. It would be much better either that the Government should reserve to itself the right of issuing notes, just as it reserves the right of issuing coin, or else that all banks fulfilling certain conditions should be free to issue notes if the public will accept them. But it is extremely difficult, under all circumstances, to undo accomplished facts, and in nothing is it more difficult than in the domain of finance. The Bank of France exists; it has branches in every town of any importance in the country; it has agencies even where branches would not pay; it is administered most ably; no institution in the world enjoys higher credit, for even during the war with Germany its notes fell to only a slight discount. It does an immense business; indeed, it plays a far larger part in the commercial life of France than does the Bank of England with ourselves. To a large extent it may be said to be the bank of the poor man. The bills which it discounts average only a few pounds—if we remember rightly, 12*l.* or 16*l.* in amount—showing that small shopkeepers, peasants, and other people deal very largely indeed with the Bank of France, and the notes of the Bank are held in the remotest corners of the country. It is almost inconceivable that an institution so ably managed, so firmly established, and enjoying so highly the confidence of France can be interfered with. Of course the Bank will shrink from a direct quarrel with the Government, supposing the Government were to try to impose unfavourable conditions; that is to say, the Bank will do much rather than lose its privileged position; but, on the other hand, the Bank is a commercial institution. Its *raison d'être* is to make profits; and, if an attempt is made to force upon it unprofitable conditions, it may refuse to accept the concession. Even then its position would perhaps be as strong as that of any bank in the world, and in all probability it would be far stronger for years to come than any State bank that could be set up in opposition to it. If the Bank were unable to come to terms with the Government and the concession were refused, the first result would be that the existing note issue would have to be called in and paid off. The Bank would have lost its right to issue notes; and, as those notes are only promises to pay, they would have to be honoured. As a matter of course, a notification would be issued requiring all notes to be presented for encashment within a certain time. The banknote circulation at present is a little over 110½ millions sterling. In times of inflation it has been much larger; but, while the political condition of the Continent remains such as it is, inflation does not seem probable. Assuming, then, that the circulation remained about this figure, the Bank would have to provide 110½ millions sterling to call in and pay off its notes. Against this liability, however, the Bank holds at the present time somewhat over 92 millions sterling in coin and bullion; it holds also somewhat over 24 millions sterling in bills which it has discounted and securities upon which it has lent; and, lastly, it has lent to the Government nearly six millions sterling. In actual cash, therefore, or in securities readily realizable, the Bank holds at the present time nearly 122 millions sterling, against the 110½ millions sterling liability upon its notes. Without serious inconvenience to itself, therefore, it could pay off the notes within a stipulated time. Of the coin and bullion held by the Bank, a little under 44½ millions sterling are in gold and a little over 47½ millions sterling are in silver. Now, our readers will recollect that both silver and gold are legal tender in France. Naturally, therefore, the Bank would cash its notes entirely in silver. The 47½ millions sterling and a little over which it holds in silver would be paid out to the holders of the notes, and the 44½ millions sterling in gold would be sent abroad and sold, silver being bought against it, and used in paying off its notes. Thus by exchanging gold for silver in redeeming its notes, the Bank would make a very handsome profit. On the other hand, France would be flooded with silver, and she would be almost entirely drained of gold. It will be seen, therefore, that the Bank has a very formidable weapon in any struggle that may be forced upon it. Practically it can say to the Government that, if compelled, it is ready to pay off its notes, and that it will leave France without a gold reserve. Our readers know how great is the importance attached by all commercial countries to the possession of a gold reserve, and how formidable, therefore, would be such a threat. At the present time more particularly, when the political condition of the Continent is so uncertain, France can least of all afford to part with its gold reserve; and as has just been pointed

out the gold reserve held by the Bank of France is immense. It is about double the stock of gold held by the Bank of England, and it is larger than any accumulation of gold held by any Government or institution in the world—the Treasury of the United States alone excepted.

Supposing, what is extremely improbable, that a conflict is forced upon the Bank of France, and that it threatens to refuse a modified concession, while adopting the course we have just indicated, it would be in the power of the Government, it is true, to legislate adversely to the Bank. It might, for example, forbid the Bank to pay its notes in silver; but it is scarcely conceivable that any Government that may be established in France would adopt such a policy. The Bank, as we have seen, holds over 47½ millions sterling in silver. It has accumulated that vast stock of the metal on the faith of the law making silver legal tender equally with gold, and to forbid the Bank to use in paying its liabilities coin and bullion which it had itself paid value for would be an unheard-of invasion of private rights. It is true that the oppression might be covered by a general demonetization of silver, but that is too big a measure to be adopted merely to coerce the Bank of France. Practically the Government would have no means of preventing the Bank from adopting the course sketched above. It is, we need hardly say, extremely improbable either that the Government would take up such an attitude as would compel the Bank to refuse a renewal of the concession, or that the Bank will prove so unmanageable that it will be obliged to drain France of the whole of its gold. Either, as said above, the concession will be renewed without question, or it will be modified in a fair and reasonable manner to all parties. The Bank, in fact, is the centre of the commercial organization of France. Anything done hostile to it would shake credit to its very centre, would alarm the rural as well as the urban population, and would cause widespread suffering and loss. On its side, the Bank will be eager to avoid strained relations with the Government, and doubtless if it is thought reasonable that the Bank should pay more than it does at present for the monopoly it possesses, the directors will offer no serious resistance. It is the Bank of the State; it is largely under the influence of the Government; its privileged position gives it an advantage over all competitors, which is indirectly, as well as directly, of immense pecuniary value; and the directors under all *régimes* throughout the past have been so fully sensible of all this that they have been ready to assist the Government of the day in every way possible. In the future they will no doubt be actuated by the same motives as in the past, and therefore we are rather inclined to think that the present agitation will die away; but unquestionably it is more serious than in some quarters it is represented to be. The prominence in the agitation of some of the Radical newspapers and of some of the Radical leaders has perhaps obscured its real importance; undoubtedly the whole commercial community feels a strong interest in the questions that have been raised. The Chambers of Commerce have applied to leading firms in the City for information concerning the Bank of England and its relations with the Government; and, on the other hand, amongst bankers here at home there is a strong interest felt in the issues that have been raised.

THE ANATOMY OF ACTING.

IN the February number of *Longman's Magazine* Mr. William Archer continues his rather purposeless investigation of the feelings of actors upon the stage. Throughout, as we read his essay, a trivial sentence from Miss Edgeworth's *Frank* keeps ringing in our ears—"And good little Frank believed him." The fallacy of Mr. Archer's system is contained in a sentence towards the end of his article, when, after quoting an actor's description of his feelings, he adds, "and he, of course, should be the best authority on this point." There are two reasons why this statement is open to question. In the first place, an actor, as a rule, knows neither the effects he is producing nor the methods by which he produces them so well as a skilled onlooker; and, in the second, he is, as a rule, too much prejudiced by various considerations to truthfully describe his method when he knows that his description is to be given to the world. The actor knows well that the illusion with which it is his business to deceive and entertain the public will be infinitely more complete if he can persuade them beforehand that he is actually experiencing the emotions which he has to display. Accordingly, in nine cases out of ten, he has sufficient professional discretion to assure Mr. Archer that he suffers when he weeps stage tears and that he is exhilarated when he makes stage laughter. "And good little Frank believes him." Mr. Archer might just as well accept as an established fact the conjurer's assurance that "he has nothing up his sleeves," or a clown's that "he didn't do it—upon his honour." But, however valueless the result, we find no fault with Mr. Archer for collecting these rather untrustworthy statistics, any more than we should blame him for collecting foreign postage stamps if it amused him to do so.

But, considering the peculiar temperament of the class to which he addressed himself for information, we are sorry that he should not have shown more editorial forbearance in the selection of answers which he publishes this month. His Question 2—"When Macready played Virginius after burying his loved daughter, he confessed that his real experience gave a new force to his acting in the most pathetic situations of the play. Have you any analogous experience to relate? and what was the effect upon the audience?"—is one to which we should have thought no one with much delicacy of feeling would have wished to reply; at all events, in detail or with personal illustrations. But so great is the actor's craving to talk about himself, and still more (when he possesses that accomplishment) to write about himself, that when the opportunity is offered to him he throws off all sentimental reserve, and glibly and elaborately describes how the death of some near relation has affected his acting. Surely it would have been kinder to the writers if Mr. Archer had suppressed such tasteless performances as these. At all events, he might have been sufficiently gallant to have destroyed or rather to have locked up in a jewelled casket and reverently buried the rather jarringly-worded contributions of some of his lady correspondents—ladies whose genius is so delightful and so highly appreciated—on the stage, that we regret that it should ever be allowed to risk tiring or over-straining itself in other fields. We are surprised that Mr. Archer, who is usually so conscientious in appending little explanatory notes, makes no comment on Mr. Wilson Barrett's statement that he has "seen an emotional novice drown herself in tears." We should quite have expected Mr. Archer to add, "Presumably Mr. Wilson Barrett was unable to reach the young lady in time to save her. Or the phrase may be purely figurative. In any case . . ." &c. Mr. Wilson Barrett tells us further on that he has "again and again held a mirror to a young actor, and when he has evidently been feeling deeply, his face, to his astonishment, has borne a peaceful, placid smile."

Mr. Leonard Boyne gives a picturesquely tangled account of an international incident which, he assures us, has affected his acting very considerably:—

> In the streets of Cardiff [he writes], I once saw an Italian stab another fatally. I was on the opposite side of the road, and I gave a yell or scream, and rushed to take the knife. This incident is always vividly before my eyes when I see Tybalt stab Mercutio, and I have ever since, when playing Romeo, used the "yell." I have noticed a dead silence come over the house immediately, as if something beyond mere acting had happened.

When actors write with such simplicity and singleness of purpose as this, it is to be regretted by people who like to be amused that they do not write more.

The next question discussed relates to laughter on the stage. But the only really important and world-stirring discovery made by Mr. Archer in this connexion is that the "extraordinary 'Kch!' (like the sound of a saw) with which, according to stage tradition, Sir Peter Teazle and Charles Surface accompany the back jerk of their thumbs to indicate the presence of the little French milliner behind the screen," must have originated in the "mechanical imitation by inferior actors" of "explosions of ill-repressed merriment." The remainder of Mr. Archer's article is taken up by an intimate discussion of the effects of acting upon the pores of an actor's skin—with regard to which we will preserve the masonic virtue of silence. As we said before, we desire in no sense to blame Mr. Archer for finding pleasure in the investigation of other people's business. On the contrary, we envy him the possession of so simple and conventional a taste. But we regret that the result of his researches—which can surely be of interest only to those who have assisted him in them—should take up so many pages of Messrs. Longmans' excellent *Magazine*.

THE *MONITEUR DE ROME* ON IRISH AFFAIRS.

THE interpretation which we ventured last week, on grounds of internal evidence and general probability, to put upon the Pope's allocution to the Irish pilgrims and which the Parnellite organs have peremptorily contradicted, has just received an unexpected and very decisive confirmation. The *Times'* Correspondent quoted last Wednesday an article of the *Moniteur de Rome*, which is the more remarkable because that journal, while not venturing to insert anything likely to expose it to papal censure, is not the official organ of the Vatican, and is, as the Correspondent words it, "anti-English in the extreme," and "has never before seen any reason or justice in any English contention about Ireland." Its testimony therefore, grudging and imperfect as it is, must be regarded as the unwilling admission, and a very significant one, extorted from a bitter opponent. We may be sure that it makes the least it dares of any censure conveyed in the reply of Leo XIII. and the most it can of his alleged sympathy with Irish "aspirations." Had his Holiness really explained his meaning to the Irish bishops in anything like the sense attributed to him by Archbishop Walsh, the *Moniteur* would have struck a very different note. For what does it now tell its readers? In the first place they are informed—in the teeth of the entire chorus of Parnellite and Gladstonian prophets—that there has been "real progress" and "many ameliorations" in the condition of Ireland during the last few years through the operation of a milder and more intelligent system of legislation. And then the *Moniteur*—magnificently ignoring the famous "last link" pronunciamiento—proceeds to console its Irish friends with the somewhat ambiguous assurance that they will obtain "complete legislative autonomy" when—but not until—England is convinced that they have no desire for "the rupture of the Union." That we are afraid will seem rather cold comfort to Parnellites who know anything of their own mind.

But the next exhortation addressed to them by their too candid monitor is of a still more dispiriting kind. They have been told again and again by their English allies, from Mr. Gladstone downwards, that they are the oppressed and persecuted confessors in a righteous cause, and that all the ills of Ireland are due to the lawless tyranny of a brutal Coercion Government. But the *Moniteur*, speaking with the recent deliverance of the Pope before its troubled gaze, is unkind enough to press upon them the disagreeably suggestive warning that "in any case the surest means whereby Ireland will produce the change of public opinion which will permit of the concession of an honourable and legitimate autonomy is *to restrain the present movement within the limits of justice, legality, and morality*"—which their leaders are never tired of assuring them have not been exceeded. "From this point of view," adds the *Moniteur*, "the advice of the Holy Father is inspired by a sound understanding of the interests of Ireland." The Holy Father therefore has evidently given them to understand that they have not hitherto paid due regard to the claims of justice, morality, or law. Dr. Walsh and Dr. Croke may with advantage take that lesson to heart; they hardly seem to have learnt it yet. Nor is even this the worst. In order to accentuate the indictment thus unceremoniously pressed home, the *Moniteur* contrasts the past conduct of the Irish agitators with that of an earlier generation of patriots, who by the way did very undisguisedly "aspire to a rupture of the Union," but whose methods of action were—we so far agree with the writer—decidedly more respectable than those adopted by the party who claim to be the modern representatives of their policy.

"We know," says the writer, "how much there was at first that was great, noble, and pure in the Emancipation movement in Ireland which began half a century ago"—or rather which closed nearly sixty years ago—"O'Connell was the eloquent and sublime incarnation of it." One may be excused for repressing with difficulty a disposition to smile at the apotheosis of O'Connell in the form of a "sublime incarnation." At the same time it may be allowed that, in comparison with Messrs. Ford, Davitt, O'Donovan Rossa, and the like—to say nothing here of Mr. Parnell himself—there is a kind of relative sublimity even about Dan O'Connell. He was generally speaking open and above-board; he not only never dirtied his fingers with "daggers and dynamite"—the one and sole *ultima ratio* of Parnellism—but he always exerted the whole weight of his influence to put down appeals to violence. He announced plainly that if Repeal could not be procured by peaceable means, he would not incur the responsibility of carrying on the contest. And after full allowance has been made for an inordinate vanity and love of notoriety, it may fairly be conceded that his leading aims were patriotic—as he understood patriotism—and not self-seeking. In all these respects he stands out, not indeed as a "sublime incarnation," but distinctly superior to those who claim the inheritance of his emancipatory mission. In the studiously-guarded but significant phrase of the *Moniteur*, "since then the current, in swelling, has received in its bosom elements which here and there (!) have corrupted its primitive purity. More than once (!) violence and crime have come to compromise and befoul the sacred cause of Ireland." The *Moniteur* is careful to explain that it does not hold the entire nation to be responsible for the "excesses of those who aim rather to make use of Ireland than to serve her"; but still, not only on moral grounds but for their own interests, "this noble Irish people, so good, so religious, cannot too earnestly seek to disengage its patriotic cause from all impure alliances." At all events, unless it will do so, it cannot expect the aid or sympathy of Rome. "How indeed can Ireland count on the sympathies of Catholics, how can the supreme and moderating power of the Church work in her favour, if it be shown that culpable and revolutionary elements mingle their action with that of the National movement?" Leo XIII. has testified his sympathy for them by the mission of Mgr. Persico, which will bear its fruits, "provided they give willing ears to the voice of the Sovereign Pontiff"—which is not quite the same thing as saying that "their political Pope is Mr. Parnell."

No doubt, as the *Times'* Correspondent observes, all this "points unmistakably to a severance of Irish interests from the plottings of those Americans who are using Catholic fires to cook their own revolutionary messes, and who will, when they have no longer any use for the Church, show themselves as little mindful of its interests as other revolutionists have been." No rational Catholic can doubt that the interests of his Church are on the side of maintaining intact those rights of property and orderly government on which the organization of society rests, or that such a state of things as the agitators are striving to force on Ireland would prove equally fatal to all discipline in Church or State. An eminent Irish ecclesiastic resident in Rome expressed this, we are told, by saying that "if ever laws were sanctioned against the Church in Ireland, it would be by an Irish Parliament." *Sic vos non vobis* would be the record of Catholic Home Rulers if they had the misfortune to succeed. Their Graces of Dublin and Cashel may not choose to see this, or may think it prudent to ignore it, but the Pope at all events can have no illusions on the subject. His reply to the Irish pilgrims supplied good evidence of that, and the *Moniteur* article puts his recognition of it beyond a doubt. The Duke of Norfolk is not indeed, as has been persistently alleged, the official representative of the English Government at Rome, but, no doubt, "like all other educated Catholics, he sees that an agitation of this kind carried on in Ireland will eventually turn its fury against the Church and other Conservative interests." The point may be worth emphasizing in view of a little pamphlet on *Ireland and the English Catholics* published the other day, with the object apparently of suggesting that, with the exception of "Mr. de Lisle and Lord Denbigh and the Duke of Norfolk," almost all English Catholics are Parnellites. The exact contrary is of course notoriously the case. We have no intention whatever of wasting powder and shot on a brochure which is beneath all serious criticism; for when you have once said that the anonymous writer appears to have learnt his lingo in the pothouse, his honesty at the Old Bailey, and his logic at Hanwell, there is little left to say. One characteristic passage however may be cited for the amusement of our readers from its mingled silliness and effrontery. "The balancing power which has beaten the [Home Rule] Bills is hatred of Catholicism and contempt for the Church. Were the Irish people faithless to their pastors they would win the support of the English Atheistic Poets and Dissenting Politicians." We had imagined that "Dissenting Politicians," and littérateurs who have at least as good a claim as Mr. Swinburne to the sobriquet "Atheistic," were just the kind of supporters "the Irish people" have won. "The price they pay," proceeds the pamphleteer, "for their fidelity to Heaven [as represented by Dr. Croke and the estimable Canon O'Mahoney] is still, as much as ever it was, the refusal of English Protestantism to think 'Papist rats' fit for Freedom." The anonymous author of this eloquent twaddle has evidently quite forgotten that the phrase he pillories in quotation marks, "Papist rats," was originally coined several years ago by no less distinguished a Protestant—though not an "English Protestant"—than Mr. Parnell himself, before he had seen his way to mounting to power on the shoulders of the creatures he described by that unsavoury name. It was certainly a fine stroke of unconscious irony to claim the palm of Catholic confessorship for a party whose acknowledged leader is the Protestant associate of Parisian Communists, while they, headed by some twenty of their bishops, have just been welcoming with open arms the one English politician who is the avowed and uncompromising apologist of the Jacobins. On one point we are afraid the unmannerly pamphleteer is right enough, when he boasts that "the Metropolitan himself"—*i.e.* Cardinal Manning—is on his side. His Eminence took the trouble to inform the world in the columns of the *Times*, during the General Election of 1886, that he was a Parnellite.

EXHIBITIONS.

THE Dudley Exhibition is not a bad collection of water-colours for a small Society. It takes rather after the Royal Institute than after the Royal Society in tending towards a certain realistic breadth of treatment. We speak of the better class of work; from the commoner sort, niggling and false colour are by no means entirely absent. Characteristic work of distinguished men—not members—such as Sir John Gilbert and Messrs. Birket Foster and Carl Haag, adds an interest to the show. Amongst the many contrasts of style which are to be seen we may mention two neighbouring drawings, excellent of their kinds—Mr. Sutton Palmer's "Bells of Ouseley" (249) and Mr. Rupert Stevens's "Langham Sketch" (249*). Mr. Stevens's sketch, like most of his work, is very large in manner and fresh and inspiriting in colour; Mr. Palmer's picture, though elaborated to smallness, preserves a soft refinement of colour and a considerable feeling for atmosphere. Work as delicate as this, or as Mr. E. Wake Cooke's "Clovelly from the Hobby" (167), cannot be lightly condemned, though it would be doubtless more effective if treated personally, and with a view to a broader and more striking general aspect. Mr. Conway Lloyd Jones, in "A Rainy Afternoon" (72) and "A Towing Path" (75), has succeeded in getting good values and a sense of open air; Mr. G. R. Burnett, in "Ploughing" (81), is generally broad and telling in his treatment. Mr. Carlaw has hit the true aspect of the stormy scene in his drawing "In Danger—East Bay, Helensburgh" (192); and Mr. C. E. Hern in "Study of a Stack Barge" (177) has treated a natural effect in strong rich colour. Amongst other good things of a solid realistic sort are Mr. L. O'Brien's "Lake Louise" (187), Mr. P. Ghent's "Sunny Morning on the Conway" (74), Mr. Russell Dowson's "On the Shore" (189), Mr. J. Knight's "October Day" (97), and Mr. C. J. Adams's "Sands near Criccieth" (18). Artistic feeling is more particularly shown in certain other works. Mrs. Heathcote gives proof of an original study of different kinds of effects of light in her imaginative and poetical sketches "Plain below Assisi" (99) and "Interior of Church" (181). Mr. F. G. Giampetri's work, "Beneath the Portico of the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina" (142), and "Crypto Porticus in Caligula's Palace" (194), possesses the firm stylish elegance of mature art. Mr. Burnett Stuart deals in classic sentiment and warm decorative colour in "Jaffa" (178), "Jerusalem from the Road to Bethany" (261), "The Dead Sea from Jericho" (268), &c. Mr. Donne's Alpine scenes are well composed, and the same may be said of pictures by Miss Kate Macaulay and by Messrs. R. A. K. Marshall and J. Webb. Good intelligent work that we cannot mention in detail comes from Messrs. A. G. Bell, D. Green, L. Pocock, F. Burgess, Rapetti, F. C. Nightingale, from Miss Rose Barton, and from Miss Edith Somerville.

A good deal of honest endeavour may be seen in the Exhibition of the Nineteenth Century Art Society. Much of it is crude and

uneducated work without doubt, but fortunately very little belongs to the category of unconscientious and clever facility. Landscapes outnumber figure paintings here, and small canvases big; but we have one large picture, at any rate, to speak of with decided approval. Mr. J. Olsson's imaginative landscape "Quivering Light" (224) is as good as anything in the gallery. The painter has chosen the same effect of early morning light that he treated in his picture exhibited in this gallery last year. He shows a serious improvement, however, in values and all the realistic side of his work. The quality of the blue of early dawn has been well observed, and the amount of relative definition of objects carefully considered. Artistic observation and refined colour are to be seen in some smaller works, and notably in Mr. Yglesias's "Walberswick" (44), with its lucid moving sky, rich green grass, and fine aerial distance; in the soft grey, umbery tones of Mr. R. West's "Riviera Washing Place" (201) and "Sketch in the Dargle" (34); in Mr. Blackman's soft, yet precise, "Evening: near Venice" (27); and in Miss Sheffield's simple and dignified sketch "Walberswick" (195), unfortunately skied. Mr. Archibald Webb draws and paints agreeably and artistically in "Rotherhithe" (32), though he is inclined to take a conventional view of the general aspect of nature. He obtains colour of pleasant decorative quality, as does Miss B. A. Brown in a "Study of a Corner of Old Chelsea" (185*). Flowers and pines are treated in a workmanlike manner by Mr. H. Franck in "Summer in Surrey" (55); a bridge and still water with some elegance by Mr. R. M. Chevalier in "On the River Mole" (202); and the sea by Mr. P. F. Walker with force and reality in "A Sou' Wester" (196). A certain dash and ease characterize Mr. Norton's "Dutch Fishing Boats" (174), Mr. Corner's "Towards Home" (98), and Mr. Yeend King's "October" (152). As most deserving of notice among the painters of the figure we may mention Messrs. Edgar Anderson, Izzard, and Dunsmore. Water-colours as usual abound, and some are good, such as Mr. M. Tuke's silvery-grey note "Inspecting Falmouth Pilot Boats" (291), his "On Board the Old Brigantine" (329), which recalls Mr. H. S. Tuke's excellent oil in last Academy; Mr. A. H. Foster's pleasing "After Rain" (338); Miss K. Macaulay's strong and bright sketches, "Laying down Lobster-pots" (327) and "Among the Hills" (328); Miss N. Davison's fresh-looking "Stranded" (313); and work by Messrs. J. M. Mackintosh, W. J. Boddy, R. H. Nibbs, David Green, and some others.

DRAMATIC RECORD.

THE plot of the one-act piece by Messrs. Bellingham and Best, entitled *Darby and Joan*, which was produced at Terry's Theatre last Saturday afternoon is simple enough. The curtain rises upon a scene representing a cosy old-fashioned parlour, wherein we discover Admiral Darby and his wife Joan, discussing by the fireside the propriety of an alliance between their granddaughter Joan and a certain "young" Darby, a poor naval lieutenant. The Admiral, for good reasons, is opposed to the wedding, whereas his wife is entirely in its favour, and consequently uses her persuasive powers to change her husband's mind. But it is not until the excellent couple fall asleep, as, it seems, is their after-dinner custom, in their favourite chairs, and dream of their own courtship fifty years ago, when the course of true love ran the reverse of smoothly with them, and wake up again, with the vision of their happy past still before them, that the matter of the disputed wedding is amicably settled. The dream is shown in action. Mr. Terry and Miss Clara Cowper, who impersonate Darby and Joan, by a clever arrangement of their seats, which are turned with their ample backs to the audience, contrive to slip out and effect behind the scenes what is known as a "quick change," so that presently Mr. Terry re-enters, in a naval costume of the early days of the century, as young Darby, and is seen stealing over the balcony into the apartment, and Miss Cowper, as young Joan, attired in the garments of our grandmothers, receives him in her arms, and they forthwith make ardent love to each other, and go through a passionate leave-taking; for young Darby must be on board his ship within the hour; but he swears before he parts eternal fidelity to his sweetheart, just as old Darby did half a century before to good Dame Joan. The piece, which we commend to amateurs, is gracefully written, and it is, on the whole, very well acted. Mr. Terry appears, however, to much greater advantage as old Darby than he does as the more youthful edition of that venerable sailor. Miss Cowper, on the other hand, is delightfully prim as the handsome, grey-haired Dame Joan, and she also looks and acts very prettily as the young girl. The chief defect of this piece, in an artistic sense, is that the "quick-change" business, which, after all, is a trick, deprives it of much of its sentiment, the attention of the audience being much more occupied with the manner in which the rapid disguises are effected than with acting.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's *Sunset*, performed for the first time at the Comedy Theatre on Monday evening last as a *lever de rideau*, met with some success. It is founded, "by permission," on a poem by Lord Tennyson, called "The Sisters," which must not be confounded with the more popular poem of the same name. It is a pity Mr. Jerome K. Jerome did not adhere more faithfully to Lord Tennyson's work, for he has rather diminished the interest of his little drama by the introduction of uninteresting characters, who are supposed to be north-country folk, and who distinguish themselves by talking of what is not in any way connected with the story, sometimes in a northern accent, and sometimes in a London drawing-room drawl. They were at their best but poor padding. The scenes between the two girls, who unknown to each other are in love with the same man, are prettily written; and the last, in which the elder sister discovers how deep-rooted is her sister Joan's passion for the hero, and announces her determination to sacrifice herself by persuading the lovers that her heart is still untouched, is so well contrived that it saved the fortunes of the piece, which was admirably acted by Miss Cissy Grahame and Miss Cudmore. The minor characters, hero included, have so very little to do, that it is scarcely fair to mention their work at all, especially as it was not particularly interesting. The night on which this piece was produced saw the popular *Arabian Nights* reach its hundredth performance.

Yet another one-act play, *The Postscript*, was produced on Tuesday at the Prince of Wales Theatre. The author is Mr. F. Hamilton Knight, a young actor, whose experience of the stage was evident in the neat manner in which his work is constructed. It is written with a good deal of skill and elegance. The plot deals with the self-inflicted sorrows of a pretty young English girl, named Marjorie Fleming, who somehow or other has got herself engaged against her will to her guardian, an Indian Colonel, who, however, in due time discovers that she is in love with a very nice young gentleman of her own age, who has recently heroically saved her life from a terrible fire. The Colonel, however, in a letter kindly tells Miss Fleming that she is quite free to marry Harold Treherne if she likes, but odd to relate he gives her this pleasing information in the postscript, which she does not read until the very last scene of the play, a neglectful act, which leads her into considerable trouble. Fortunately, Mr. Knight had secured the services of those two excellent actresses, Miss Norreys and Miss Enson, who acted charmingly. Mr. Brandon Thomas was a rather stiff and formal Colonel, and Mr. Lewis Waller a somewhat lackadaisical lover.

The new comedy in four acts, *His Romance*, which was put upon the stage at a matinée at the Olympic on Thursday, is an adaptation of a comedy by Herr Michael Klapp which is very popular in Germany. It contains several well-written scenes, and the dialogue is frequently amusing. The plot, however, is a mere thread upon which has been hung an amazing amount of well-contrived, but often superfluous, trivial incident. The Duke of Lovebrook's son, the Marquess of Hilton, has been affianced to a young lady he has never seen. In order that he may sow his wild oats before marrying her, he is sent on a Continental tour with his tutor, Major Rosenkrantz. The Countess of Southmoore, the mother of the young lady, fearing that she may lose him as a desirable son-in-law, starts off with her daughter in pursuit, and arrives at the same hotel on the borders of a Swiss lake. But the young gentleman in the meantime has fallen in love with Miss Sybil Baring, and determines to evade the scheming Countess and the Lady Clara, by pretending to be an actor. Hence arise some comical situations, and many which the adapter possibly imagines are such. In the end all comes right; the Marquess marries Miss Baring, and his confederate, the Major, wins the heart of Lady Clara. There is altogether too little material in this piece for four acts. It chanced that the performance, which was under the supervision of Mr. Henry Neville, was exceedingly good, and therefore the piece went with spirit and proved sufficiently amusing to warrant the applause with which it was received. It served to introduce a new actor, Mr. Meyrick Milton, who has much in his favour. He has youth, a pleasant appearance, a nice voice, and acts agreeably. Miss Norreys, as the heroine, was very quaint and fascinating, provoking a good deal of laughter by her artless delivery of slightly risqué speeches. Miss Agnes Verity, as Sybil, was also excellent. Mr. Bassett Roe was made up to look like a highly respectable, old-fashioned Duke, and Mr. Brandon Thomas was a gentlemanly Major, after the kind affected by Mr. Bancroft.

The season of French plays at the Royalty Theatre is marked by much variety, and it is due to M. Mayer to say that the performances have been on the whole of an interesting and creditable description. Mme. Mary Albert and M. Morlet, fair representatives of the lighter French opera, have gone, and the stage has lately been occupied with *Mam'zelle Nitouche*, in which an actress new to England, Mlle. Wittmann, was the principal figure.

The original Denise de Flavigny, when *Mam'zelle Nitouche* was first given at the Variétés five years ago, was Mme. Judic, and she is inimitable. To a certain extent the part is easy. Mlle. Wittmann, a pleasant actress, is well able to indicate the demeanour of the schoolgirl in the presence of the Superior, her slyness, and the love of adventurous fun which is veiled under an aspect of strict propriety. Mme. Judic possesses extraordinary finesse, and without any sort of effort gives point to what are apparently the simplest remarks; she has, indeed, a veritable genius for such characters. Mlle. Wittmann is without the artful artlessness of her distinguished predecessor, but she is agreeably vivacious, and sings M. Hervé's music as well as her limited means allow—for they are, in truth, very limited. M. Dekernel's aptitude enables him to get safely through any reasonable task, but he is not well placed as Célestin. M. Dekernel is primarily a vocalist, and as it may be presumed that the part was written for M. Baron, it is obvious why Célestin's music is of the simplest description. An admirably adroit comedian, M. Baron has no voice. M. Feroumont plays the Major, Comte de Château Gibus, who is attached to Corinne, the leading actress in the opera of M. Floridor, it being Corinne's flight from the theatre in a moment of pique that makes

it necessary to requisition the services of Denise. M. Feroumont does what is probably the wisest thing he can do, and that is to imitate M. Christian. M. Christian was remarkably successful in catching the tone and manner of the Ramollot type of field officer, and this study M. Feroumont fairly reproduces. The performance is generally entertaining.

We are happy to join in the acknowledgments which have been made of the improvement in *Partners* at the Haymarket. Mr. Buchanan's dramatic perception is limited, and it is a pity that Mr. Beerbohm Tree did not do what was necessary to be done before the drama was first acted; however, it is now cut and revised, and the result is satisfactory. As regards the acting there is also improvement. Mr. Tree has reconsidered his study of Borgfeldt, and the result is to strengthen the character. The man's simplicity of heart constitutes his chief charm, and this is not inconsistent with a moderately well fitting coat and a head of hair not wholly strange to brush and comb. In truth, Mr. Tree has made what is, after all, a very little change. He is somewhat neater, and he has to some slight extent softened his German accent; but the advantage gained is considerable. We no longer feel that Borgfeldt is an incongruous figure in his own house. Sincerity, tenderness, and emotional strength are notable features of Mr. Tree's performance. Mr. Charles Brookfield's Bellair could not have been better than it was, and cannot be better than it is. The young actor's versatility, the finish by which every character he undertakes is marked, and the fresh humour with which it is rendered, place him high in the front rank of comedians. Miss Marion Terry's Claire has gained in impressiveness. The play of *Cupid's Messenger* has been added to the programme. Of the *débutante*, Miss Freake, we shall hope to speak in terms of praise in the future.

IN THE TWO HOUSES.

EVIDENCES of Mr. Gladstone's peculiar method of managing his party were visible in the Upper no less than in the Lower House on the first night of the Session. The Leader of the Opposition in the Lords was apparently altogether unprepared for his colleague's ostentatious waving of the white flag in the Commons. Lord Granville's speech was framed in strict conformity with old-fashioned precedent; and, accordingly, while Mr. Gladstone was complimenting Ministers on the judicious selection of their legislative programme, he was himself engaged in a laboured attempt to demonstrate to them that every article of their last year's legislation has turned out a more or less complete failure. Abstractedly speaking, there is, of course, no inconsistency between these two positions. It is in theory conceivable that a Government who, according to Lord Granville, have not even succeeded in passing a satisfactory Mines Regulation Bill should be able to fulfil Mr. Gladstone's professed hopes of a "distinguished" Session by successfully coping with the large and difficult question of County Government. But things which are theoretically conceivable may be practically most improbable, and the tone of Lord Granville's speech would undeniably have been in closer harmony with that of Mr. Gladstone's, if he had been a little less anxious to represent the Government as a set of hopelessly incapable legislators. Nor was he much happier in his excursions into foreign policy. Even if Prince Bismarck's account of his services to Russia at the Berlin Congress had been inconsistent with Lord Salisbury's estimate of the success of our plenipotentiaries in maintaining English interests, the personal views of the German Chancellor would not have had any necessary claim to be accepted as the final deliverance of history on the matter. But in point of fact there is no such inconsistency between the opinions of the two statesmen; and it argues a certain lapse of dialectical acuteness on Lord Granville's part to have supposed that there was. To say that Prince Bismarck successfully seconded all the efforts of Russian policy so far as he was acquainted with its aims is not the same thing as saying that all those aims were attained.

On Mr. Gladstone's opening speech we have already commented. Histrionically speaking it left nothing to be desired. It would have been impossible to recognize the reckless and unscrupulous stump-orator of the recess under the well-draped disguise of the grave and moderate statesman, so tenderly solicitous of equity in criticism that he hesitated even to reassert the opinions to which he is irretrievably committed without first inquiring whether any statistics were forthcoming to demolish them. Nevertheless we are disposed to think that those militant members of his party whom his pacific attitude has disappointed may take courage. The debate of the following Monday quite sufficed to show that the old Adam is not altogether crucified with his affections and lusts. We do not apprehend that Mr. Gladstone's new-born desire for a Session of real work will prevent his lending a hand to any attempt to waste the time and exasperate the temper of Parliament which may be extemporized hereafter, as occasion serves, by his Parnellite allies. Moreover, it must be remembered that Mr. Gladstone's attendance in the House is likely to be at least as intermittent as it was last Session; and that, in his absence, his promises of co-operation with the Government will probably be interpreted by Sir William Harcourt in the same liberal spirit which animated his wholly gratuitous intervention on Monday last. On that occasion a debate which was on the point of expiring of itself was prolonged by his public-spirited efforts for a couple of hours. The resumption of the debate on the Address was marked by a speech from Mr. Parnell, in moving his Amendment, which, together with Mr. Balfour's speech on the Friday evening, may fairly be taken, as we point out elsewhere, to contain the gist of the whole controversy on the Crimes Act and its administration in Ireland. Equality of merit cannot, however, be predicated of the two performances. Mr. Parnell has often been more plausible in argument and more impressive in point of rhetoric than he succeeded in being last Monday night. Mr. Balfour, on the other hand, was in his best debating form, and left to Mr. Morley, who followed, a task with which that now practised debater could but imperfectly cope.

The discussion as continued after the speeches of Mr. Parnell can hardly be described as profitable; but it has been distinctly less tedious than has been usual with debates on the Address in recent years. Perhaps the exhaustion of some of the regular Parliamentary performers by their extraordinary efforts during the recess has left the field clear for others who do not usually succeed in obtaining so early a hearing. Mr. T. W. Russell, for instance, has seldom had so good an opportunity as that which presented itself to him last Tuesday night, and of which he made such excellent use. It is perhaps to be regretted, however, that Colonel Saunderson, who always infuses liveliness into a debate, and who might well have been reserved to supply the antidote of comedy to the melodrama of Mr. O'Brien or Mr. Dillon, should have spoken on the same night as Mr. Russell. Bearing in mind, however, that the debate was resumed that night by Sir George Trevelyan, whose speech consisted almost wholly of a disquisition on the novel thesis that the Crimes Act is aimed at political combination, instead of the offences to which "Lord Spencer and I" confined our attention, it was, no doubt, desirable that every attempt should be made to lighten the course of subsequent discussion. And from this point of view the thanks of the House and the public are undoubtedly due to Sir Charles Russell for his explanation—the poverty of the language compels us to use the word—of the Dopping incident. The fact of his having advised Mr. Gladstone to apologize to Colonel Dopping even before he was requested to do so by the Colonel's solicitors is one of a deeply interesting character; but, after all, it only serves to whet one's curiosity to know what Sir Charles Russell thought of Mr. Gladstone's apology when it appeared, and whether he, like all the rest of us, is still puzzling over the question of what is the "purpose" of presenting an "unloaded" gun at a "boy, in the full sense of the word," and how a policeman can prevent the marksman from "fulfilling" that purpose by striking up that weapon.

The proceedings in the Lords since the voting of the Address have been devoid of public interest; and the prolongation of the debate on the Address in the Commons has, as usual, deprived it of any interest which it may have originally possessed. Mr. O'Brien's speech, however, of Thursday night was in its own way a curiosity, especially to the watchful student of the manners of the leading Parnellites, and the amused spectator of the desperate competition which is continually going on among the half-dozen members of the general's staff. The operation of this spirit of rivalry is comically noticeable in the case of Mr. O'Brien. That aspiring gentleman evidently feels that his hour has come. Mr. Sexton has not yet fully recovered from his recent illness. The astonishingly rapid (and studiously advertised) growth of Mr. Healy's professional practice—("Sawyer, late Nockemorf—what a business that young man has!")—detains him still in Dublin. Mr. T. P. O'Connor will doubtless be distracted by editorial duties. But Mr. O'Brien has just come out of prison the "idol of the Irish people," and now is evidently his time to assert his true place in Parliament. Accordingly he has at once "come out" as an orator of the "impassioned" and "withering" variety, a master of the alternate shriek and whisper, a gesticulator with the levelled and menacing forefinger, a professor, in short, of all those arts of third-rate transpontine melodrama which do duty nowadays for the rhetorical graces of the old Irish Parliament. Mr. O'Brien has entirely discarded his former style of speaking, which was effective enough in the frigidly acrid style, and has borrowed an entirely new elocutionary manner, in part, perhaps, of his own invention, but quite evidently suggested, as regards its most fantastic tricks, by imperfect recollections of some of the more eccentric mannerisms of Mr. Irving. In this strain he held forth on Thursday night for two stricken hours to the enthusiastic delight of the Irish members around him, and sometimes—usually in the more strikingly Jacobinical passages—of the English Radicals below him. How the Gladstonians below the gangway comport themselves towards Mr. O'Brien and his stage heroics is, perhaps, a matter of little moment. But the spectacle of their leader—all eyes and ears, half-turned on his seat that he might lose no word or gesture—the spectacle, we say, of Mr. Gladstone listening, apparently in breathless admiration, to this paltry fustian, and drinking in great draughts of coarse flattery from the lips which but yesterday were pouring out before him a torrent of insult and contumely, was, indeed, a sorry sight.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace began again on the 11th of the month. The programme was chiefly of modern music, more fit to occupy the minds of professors than to soothe the savage breast. Mozart's enchanting Symphony in E Flat

was set like a gem in the middle—a stately lady amidst a herd of advanced women. Wagner's *Overture to Faust* (in D minor) stood first on the list. It is a long work, consisting of a deep gloomy "Introduction" in slow time, and an "Allegro" conceived with more reticence and respect for a purely musical unity of feeling than is common with Wagner. It belongs, in fact, to the class of picturesque rather than of operatic overtures, and if not regular in form, it depends on a formal and not a dramatic connexion of ideas. It possesses plenty of marked melody, and the flowing themes on the oboe and flute are full of beauty, and stand in advantageous contrast to the fiery energy of the strings in quavers. A savage kind of grandeur is often obtained without undue noise, though elsewhere there is plenty of it. The performance was an excellent one, in spite of some slight discordance in the wind at the outset.

We have spoken of Mr. Franz Ondricek's playing on former occasions, so that we may be content to say generally that he was well suited to the task he undertook of introducing Mr. Dvorák's *Concerto for Violin* (Op. 53) to the Crystal Palace audience. By his brilliant technical powers and his spirited manner of playing he is amply qualified to bring out all its beauties. These are numerous, in spite of a certain meaninglessness in the figures, which in the first movement almost reaches the point of dulness and incoherency. The composer has not managed to impress any *ensemble* of feeling on his work. He flows on in pretty passages for the instrument, pleasantly enough it is true, but with something of the aimless rippling of a river on its banks. The "Andante" improves in this respect, and shows a fine quality of pathos and simple, direct melody. Mr. F. Ondricek played it with sentiment and yet with sufficient firmness. Curious and beautiful effects of wood wind, horn, and trumpet occur in the orchestral accompaniment, and simple melody is well relieved by passages of greater elaboration. The "Finale" no more than the "Andante" suffers from dulness. It sparkles with quaint and charming effects of instrumentation for horn, drum, &c., and Mr. Ondricek gave point and piquancy to its spirited dancing tunes and effective changes of accent and rhythm. Mr. Ondricek showed his power and fluency, however, in less artistic fields than the Concerto by his brilliant execution of the gymnastic feats of Laub's "Rondo" and Paganini's "Witches' Dance," which last he gave in obedience to a recall. Tschaikowski's "Sérénade Mélancolique," another solo, was too long and too consistently lugubrious to be agreeable. It is difficult to imagine any one enduring the dreary, shapeless wailing of such a "Serenade" when they might enliven or silence the performer with a jug of water. Mr. Charles Banks replaced Mr. Sims Reeves, who was too ill to sing; but, unfortunately, his excellent voice was hardly at its best, owing, we believe, to a cold. Nevertheless, he rendered Mendelssohn's Recitative and Air "If with all your hearts" and Sullivan's "Distant Shore" with taste and refinement.

The Symphony, as we have said, was Mozart's, in E flat, one of the most enduring monuments of musical art. During the hundred years of its existence, in spite of the many innovations in music, this work has probably lost none of its beauty or effect. Nothing can put it out of fashion; because no one has ever composed, in a strictly classic style, with such an easy inspiration as Mozart. The performance, fortunately, was worthy of the work, and the orchestra played with intelligent conscientiousness and with more enthusiasm than in any other part of the programme. That breadth of reading which Mr. Manns always aims at showed its effect in the dignity and massive majesty of the beginning. The lovely swaying grace of the first theme and the active supple gait of the second subject were excellently rendered, and a great part of the good impression of the movement was due to the solid body and fine *ensemble* of the strings. The "Andante," a most popular movement, was also admirably played. Mr. Manns and his orchestra mapped out with clearness and delicacy the charmingly natural intricacies of the counterpoint. The movement under such playing passes through its evolutions, learned as they are, with a most gracious and easy stateliness. Breadth and dignity were well kept up in the familiar Minuet; there might have been perhaps with advantage a little more lightness in the treatment of the suave Raphaelesque flow of the "Trio." Sustained throughout with admirable spirit and intelligent care in detail the final "Allegro" produced an irresistible effect of gaiety and grace. It would be difficult, on the other hand, to speak with much enthusiasm of the performance of Weber's *Invitation to the Waltz*, set for orchestra by Berlioz, which brought the concert to an end. We have often heard it given by a far inferior orchestra with more point and daintiness.

REVIEWS.

THE ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE MAORI.*

THERE is no more mysterious and interesting people than the Maoris of New Zealand. Before the European settlement this chivalrous, though cannibal, race was living in the Age of Stone. Yet they had a highly-organized society, and records of extreme antiquity and value. Of these records (purely oral), examples have been published by Sir George Grey, by the Rev. Richard Taylor, and by Bastian. Mr. White has now made a fresh collection of the mythical hymns and histories. The book appeals only to students, but for them it has the deepest interest.

Mr. White has printed the various versions given by various priests of the old faith. It was the duty of those men not only to remember the venerable legends, but to impart them with the utmost exactness to chosen hearers, who, again, handed them down unimpaired to a younger generation. The correctness of the tradition was maintained under superstitious sanctions (even now there are passages which the more or less Christianized doctors will not divulge to Europeans), and also by the supervision of the oldest and most learned of the initiate. The teaching was conducted with every circumstance of solemnity and tabu. Thus the whole process of securing accurate transmission may be compared to the modes by which the Vedas were preserved in the memory of the Brahmanic caste in India. An extreme minuteness of ritual and sacrifice in connexion with these lessons may also remind us of Indian practice. Nor are the traditions of the beginnings of Gods and men and of the world, of the Deluge, of the origin of death, at all inferior to the fables of the Brahmanas on the same topics; while the meditative hymns may be compared for sublimity and purity to that famous poem, Rig Veda, i. 129.

How, or when, or where the Maoris developed their systematic treatment of traditions and myths which they share with the rest of mankind is a matter for conjecture. Hints of an Indian origin have been ventured; but the subject is not discussed by Mr. White in this volume, nor do we propose to add a guess of our own.

It is a peculiarity of the present collection that it is almost silent about Maui, the Maori "culture-hero"; while its Cosmogonic legends resemble the Cronus myth in Hesiod much less closely than do the versions in Grey and Taylor. Examples of this will be given. But first the reader must remember that the Maoris have been, of all known backward races, the most metaphysical. Their grasp of abstract conceptions is astonishing, and it may be said that Heraclitus or Parmenides would have felt at home in the terminology of Maori philosophy. Thus Mr. White gives the word *Tua* as a term "limitless in meaning—namely, 'Behind that which is most distant,' 'Behind all matter,' and 'Behind every action;' it also means 'the essence of worship.'" Yet while possessed of such notions, the Maoris in their myths represent heaven and earth as beings with personal powers and passions. Their divine genealogies are on a par with those of Hesiod and the Orphic poems; and they have no scruple in recording divine weddings with the lower animals and bestial ancestries of the families of men. These features of their mythology are precisely akin to similar absurdities among Greeks and Bushmen. We may say with the philosophical editor of the *Cabinet des Fées* in the last century that a similar ignorance everywhere produced similar stories. But whether the metaphysical hymns or the mythical *contes* are the older, or whether they are of contemporary origin, though springing from different moods and faculties of mind, we cannot decide. But it may be observed that as the foolish and disgusting fables are what we find *semper, et ubique, et ab omnibus*, while the Eleatic metaphysics are all but peculiar to the Maoris (the Amautas in Peru lived in a higher civilization), it is probable that the myths are the earlier, while the metaphysical hymns are the fruit of later priestly reflection. This is plausible, because we do not (as far as our knowledge goes) find anything parallel to Maori metaphysics among races that do not possess an organized hereditary learned and priestly class. Such a class existed among the Maoris, and the hymns and *ἱεροὶ λόγοι* were handed on from eldest son to eldest son. Now a society—say that of Australians or Bushmen—which has not developed any special hereditary learned class is undeniably less advanced, less differentiated, nearer the beginning than a society like that of the Maoris. The less differentiated society does possess the wild myths, as the Greeks and Maoris also do, but does *not* possess the reflective and metaphysical hymns. These belong to Quichuas, Egyptians, Indians, Maoris, peoples which have an organized meditative and sacerdotal hierarchy. Thus it does appear as if the wild tales were the more primitive, while the abstract conceptions are the fruit of special philosophic reflection.

Mr. White's account of the scholastic ritual of instruction and of "The School of Mythology and History," with the sacrifices and ceremonies, should be read by all students of early races (pp. 8–13). There is also an astronomical school, and a school of agriculture, including lessons in applied magic.

As for the Cosmogonic legends, they vary, more or less, in the versions of various tribes. In Darkness, the Divine (Atua) began his chant of creation, singing how Dark begat Light, and thereafter came a long string of mystic genealogies in the Orphic taste. Among the mythical parents is Raki (*dry*), some of whose children "dragged mankind down to death." This Raki had an intrigue with Papa-tu-a-nuku, who was the wife of Taka (Tanga-roa). *Cherchez la femme*, says the sage; here she is! This affair of Papa led to trouble, and, in fact, was the Maori Fall. In Raki we may recognize the Rangi of Taylor's version, while Papa-tu-a-nuku is his Papa. They are Heaven and Earth. Originally united, like Ouranos and Gaia, in an embrace which darkened earth and their offspring, they were violently severed (Taylor) or, after Taka had speared Rangi, they were thoughtfully thrust apart, in a kindly spirit, by their children. This answers

* *The Ancient History of the Maori.* By John White. Government Print, Wellington, New Zealand.

to the mutilation of Ouranos by his son Cronos, and his consequent withdrawal into the heights of air. Thus from the priestly metaphysics we suddenly drop into the popular myths. This particular tale is known in the Brahmanas, where Indra takes the part of Tane the Separator. It is very common in the Pacific islands. Tane decorated Raki by sticking the stars all over him, as the Wolf did in a myth of the Navajoes (Schoolcraft, iv. 89). In one tribal version, at least, Raki requested Tane to lift him up (p. 47). In others (Taylor) the Maori Cronos, as in Greece, is reproached for cruelty. The incantation chanted at the divorce is published by Mr. White (p. 50).

Of the Deluge-myth there are variants. Ta-Whaki causes it (p. 55) by stamping on the floor of heaven till it cracked, the result being the same as when the windows of the heavens were opened. Much more elaborate versions are given (p. 172). Men increased and became wicked. Theological teaching by Parawhenua was neglected, and even ridiculed. The teacher made a raft, and uttered incantations to heaven; Rangi or Raki, then, with some birds and some women, got on board the raft, and the Deluge came. All the scoffers were drowned. The Maori Noah, or Manu, landed when the flood subsided, and found not only that the wicked were dead, but that the earth had changed its appearance. Mr. Howorth will be pleased to hear that "Puta caused the commotion which overthrew the earth, so that the animals of this world" (*e.g.* the Mammoth) "and the birds and the *Moa* and others of the same kind were destroyed." Thus the Maoris anticipated Mr. Howorth's theory of the Moa. The Ritual practised after the Flood still survives (p. 175). This appears a very strong proof that the legend is pre-Christian, and in essentials at least not derived from the missionaries.

The myth of the making of man out of clay recurs frequently. The making of woman, and how she became the wife of her fashioner, and how, when she knew this, she fled to Death, reminds one of the similar Brahmanic myth of Purusha (Muir, *Ancient Sanskrit Texts*, i. 25; *Satapatha Brahmana*, xiv. 4, 2). In Maori this daughter-wife became Hine-nui-te-po, "great daughter of darkness," she who finally swallowed Maui, and caused the origin and universality of death. But the Maori cycle is not given in Mr. White's volume. The fable that an aquatic plant engendered the red clay whence man was made, or grew, reminds one of the Zulu myth that man came out of a bed of reeds. Tane married a tree, and his children were trees. He then made a woman out of mud and sand to be his wife.

Mr. White prints his Maori text in the original, and gives genealogical tables of the gods. His work is the fruit of many years of labour spent in collecting the holy legends from the learned class. Just in time he has come; and we look forward with much pleasure to the later volumes of a work which should be in every library of myth, religion, folklore, and ethnology. He will conclude with a Maori dictionary. Most of his old Maori friends are gone on the dim way to Po—the place of the departed. They were "men of noble and heroic spirit, who, while they acknowledged and dreaded the malignant power of the gods of their fathers, yet dared to disclose some of their sacred lore to one of an alien race."

NOVELS.*

THERE is, of course, no reason in the nature of things why a devout lover should not be silly. But when Mrs. Lovett Cameron depicts her specimen of the class as dull, commonplace, and prosaic, she makes a very large draft upon the patience and the credulity of her readers. Geoffrey Dane had a strange way of illustrating his devotion, though his methods of displaying love were more like those of ordinary mortals. He was a nice young man and the son of a clergyman; but he would not go to church on Sunday. He smoked a pipe out of doors instead, and while he was smoking it a lady passed him reading a book. Of course she dropped the book, and of course he picked the book up, and their eyes met, and all the rest of it. The lady was married, but her husband had got into trouble, and was conveniently kept out of sight. When Léon Bréfour does emerge from obscurity he exhibits a disagreeable, private-madhouse sort of manner, which proves him to be a better subject for a medical treatise than for a work of fiction. The first time that Geoffrey called upon Mme. Bréfour she gave him a lecture upon the resources of literature, which ended in the following manner:—"Down upon his knees at the side of her chair had sunk Geoffrey Dane, with the white hand that had been reached out to him fast imprisoned in his own. He kissed it, as men have kissed the hands of the kings to whose cause they have devoted themselves. And then, at the touch of his hot young lips upon her hand, all the womanliness and the feminine purity awoke in her." They were an odd pair of qualities, and it is remarkable that their awakening should have been precisely simultaneous. But the slumbers of the latter at any rate, were not disturbed a moment too soon. Mr. Geoffrey Dane's behaviour was rather abrupt, and we have never heard that kings, constitutional or otherwise, were embarrassed by the "hot young lips" of their subjects. We venture to give Mrs. Cameron a piece of advice. She has another of these passionately proper scenes in her book, and both are equally absurd. French novelists are not guilty of these inconsistencies and incongruities. They sin boldly, like Luther, or they let the dangerous subject alone. To write amorous scenes for girls' schools is happily an impossible task, and attempts to perform it are ridiculous. After his rapid descent upon the floor Geoffrey Dane abode within the bounds of moderation, and flirted in a quiet, gentlemanly, rather boring manner. But we must say that the romance of his life is very feeble. While not disclosing the end of it, we may state, without any breach of confidence, that he marries somebody else at the chaste instigation of Mme. Bréfour herself, who is the only person in *A Devout Lover* possessing the slightest claim to be called devout. We frankly confess that this sort of sloppy philandering, this confusion of morality with external decorum, strikes us as rather nauseous. It is all very well for Mrs. Cameron to enunciate the lofty maxim that "marriage, from whatsoever cause on earth save that of love alone, is an outrage against nature and a sin against God." Example is better than precept, and everybody in *A Devout Lover* is more or less violating Alfred de Musset's warning by playing with love. When Mr. Geoffrey Dane was married to Miss Angel Halliday, each of them was enamoured of another, and the gentleman who begins his career by courting Miss Halliday's sister ends it by making a declaration to Mr. Geoffrey Dane's wife. These complications of maudlin sentimentality are imperfectly relieved by the melodramatic villany of Geoffrey's wicked uncle, who bullies his lawful wife and quails before his illegitimate son, whose conversation is as tedious as his schemes are preposterous, and who would be hissed off the boards by any theatrical audience that respected itself. Nor is the bad young man, the sneak and coward who plots against the virtuous Geoffrey, a brilliant success in portraiture. Albert Trichet is a mere caricature, and Mrs. Cameron might have invented some more refined form of punishment for his impertinence than the fastening of a bulldog upon his nose. Refinement, indeed, is not Mrs. Cameron's forte, as may be gathered not only from many incidents and remarks in her book, but also from her statement that "Time, the great auctioneer, brought down his hammer with an irrevocable thump." We must now leave *A Devout Lover* to the tender mercies of the great auctioneer.

Tracked describes, and indeed consists, of the career of a boy who, after suddenly changing from an apparently irredeemable blackguard into an impossibly quixotic hero, perishes tragically at the age of seventeen. Geoffrey is the son of a "gentleman"—the legitimate son, we may add—but is disavowed by his father on absurdly inadequate grounds, and left to shift for himself at a very early age. The moral of *Tracked* is unexceptionable. Rich men who "marry beneath them" ought neither to quarrel with their wives nor to disown their children. Moreover, since Geoffrey was capriciously deprived of his natural protectors, he ought to have been sent to a Board school at the expense of the ratepayers. But, while the motives of the author are excellent, her method of acting upon them leaves much to be desired. In straining after contrasts she forgets probability, and creates a world of her own which is neither actual nor ideal. Violence is not strength, or, to translate the abstract into the concrete, inferior novelists should beware of imitating *Wuthering Heights*. When the author of *Tracked* wishes to be effective, she has recourse to physical brutality, and the wretched little Willy Gibson receives a thrashing, or Geoffrey spoils somebody's features, or somebody else strikes Geoffrey across the face with a whip. These incidents are repulsive, and there is nothing to redeem them in the manner of their narration. Floggings should not be minutely delineated, except when, as in the case of Mr. Squeers, the reader feels that he would like to have been present, and even to have assisted at the performance. The one really good thing in the book is Geoffrey's elopement with the sister of the man he had assaulted, his tardy repentance, and her return home. That is certainly well done, and Farmer Gibson's reception of his daughter has the ring of genuine pathos. The foolish craze for savagery and blood which plays such havoc with modern fiction has spoiled *Tracked*; for it cannot be denied that the writer has talent to spoil. Her style can be dramatically powerful at times, though she has a most irritating way of employing asterisks when there is nothing which requires suppression, while putting in much description of blows and wounds that might as well, or better, have been suppressed. The following sentence may be set as a prize puzzle to intelligent youth or as a model of the way in which English should not be written:—"Left childless a little before his marriage, he would never have married if he had known of that before." The language of novelists is not, like the language of diplomatists, intended to conceal their thoughts. Mr. Audley, however, to whom these enigmatical words apply, is a wholly unaccountable person, whose conduct always borders on the imbecile, and we can understand that even his creator may have found his character a little obscure. The obviously benevolent intentions with which *Tracked* was composed make one sorry that it is not better.

Seth's Brother's Wife is a capital story, full of point, vigour, humour, and dash. If the title is too comprehensive, that is a fault on the right side. One need not say that Seth Fairchild does

* *A Devout Lover.* A Novel. By Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron, Author of "In a Grass Country" &c. 3 vols. London: White & Co.

Tracked. A Story in Two Volumes. By M. A. Curtois, Author of "The Story of Meg" &c. London: Remington & Co.

Seth's Brother's Wife. A Novel. By Harold Frederic. 2 vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

His Sisters. By Herbert P. Earl. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co.

The Plan of Campaign: a Story of the Fortune of War. By F. Mabel Robinson, Author of "Disenchantment" &c. 2 vols. Vizetelly & Co.

not regard his sister-in-law as his sister, but as rather less than kin and more than kind. Mr. Harold Frederic, however, is not French in his methods or views, and he does not bring the blush to the cheek of innocence. Louisa Fairchild was a mischievous flirt, but she was nothing worse or better. As the lady who became Mrs. Seth judiciously remarked, such women are popular with people who are not married to them, and Louisa is amusing enough to read about. No more purely American book was ever published in this country. But it is not unduly analytical, it does not discuss the superiority or inferiority of Americans to foreigners, and it has a plot. The plot has a weak point, and that is that there was no adequate motive for the murder of Albert Fairchild, for it is impossible to suppose that such a cur as the murderer would have risked his life for the money which the victim had about him. This is really all we can say against *Seth's Brother's Wife*, and it is not much. The rural life of New York State is depicted with an unflinching fidelity which will not promote emigration. American politics are treated with knowledge, and without the caricature which half spoils as a work of art even such an intensely clever book as *Democracy*. American journalism, which has hitherto played a less prominent part in fiction, is described in a very graphic and entertaining manner. Seth Fairchild, after a youth spent in working on his father's farm, became, in a somewhat rapid and surprising fashion, editor of the *Tecumseh Chronicle*. In that capacity he was expected to help his elder brother, who had procured him his place on the staff, to get elected for Congress by corrupt means. Seth resisted the very different temptations offered by his brother and his brother's wife. He was a youth of considerable spirit, neither a muff nor a scoundrel, but at the same time very far from being a prig. A more manly and generally satisfactory hero we have not come across for some time. His cousin Annie, who, in spite of Louisa's charms, may be called the heroine, is a fresh, pleasant, wholesome young woman, the best type of American girl, as unlike Daisy Miller as Seth is remote from the Howells and James young man. There is not an insipid character in the book. All Mr. Frederic's personages stand out distinct and independent, among the very best of them being Mr. Beckman, "the boss of Jay County." Mr. Beckman is a thoroughgoing Caucuser, a machine politician, up to all the tricks of the trade, but personally incorruptible. Whatever we may think of the Caucus, it is well to know that there are such men. Mr. Beckman's comments to Seth on the case of Albert Fairchild, who had sixteen thousand dollars on him when he was murdered, explain his position. "N' d'yer knaow what he was goin' to dew with that money? No, yer daont! He was agoin' to buy me. I wouldn't say this afore outsiders. I dunnao's I'd say it to you ef your paper wa'n't so dum fond o' pitchin' into me fer a boss 'n' a machine man, ez yer call it, 'n' that kine o' thing. Yer brother hed the same ideo o' me that your paper's got. He was wrong. They tell us ther' air some country caounties in th' State where money makes the mare gao. But Jay ain't one of 'em. Yer brother wanted to git into Congress. Ther' was nao chance fer him in New York City. He came up here, 'n' he worked things pooty fine, I'm baoun to say, but he slipped up on me. Bribes may dew in yer big cities, but they won't go down in Jay. I don't b'lieve they's ez much of it down anywhere ez folks think, nuther." There is plenty of good stuff in *Seth's Brother's Wife*, and it is by no means all of one kind.

His Sisters is one of those books which may be described as "ower bad for blessing, and ower good for banning." Ralph Marston was left in charge of his sisters on the death of his father. He married one of them badly, and the other one well. The bad husband kept two establishments, and assured his wife that he kept only one. The reprehensible stockbroker in question, Albert Mapleton by name, was outwitted by a rather shady sort of solicitor, whose villanies were nevertheless mysterious, shallow, and sometimes wholly unaccountable. James Littiman indulged himself in the luxury of wickedness for no better reason, that we can discover, than to see whether it would agree with him. It did not, but gave him a kind of moral dyspepsia, which must have been almost as uncomfortable as the physical variety. Clara Mapleton, the stockbroker's wife, had a faithful lover, who always turned up when he was wanted, but never transgressed the bounds of decorum. The stockbrokers seem to be taking the place in fiction once tenanted by the baronets; and it would be an agreeable change if the jobbers were given their turn. We have not a word to say in favour of Mr. Mapleton, who should certainly not have broken the Seventh Commandment merely because he was bored at home. Moreover, while we should have regretted the necessity for selection, his wife was a less tedious person than his mistress. But even Mr. Mapleton might have been worse; and as for Mr. Littiman, though he plays the villain with almost abjectly conventional fidelity—smiling sardonically in private, and grinning genially in public—his worst crime was the negative one of not interfering between husband and wife. Eustace Verrall, the virtuous follower of Mrs. Mapleton, ought not to be despised, and his friend Charles Sumner's flirtation with the landlady's daughter is fit to be read in the school-room, or even the nursery. There are people who may find pleasure in the society of *His Sisters*—"glad souls without reproach or blot, who know what's wrong, and read it not," if we may slightly alter the words of the poet. Mr. Earl's moral tone is unquestionably high, his religious sentiments are unimpeachable, and, compared with most novelists, he may be said to write English. The following passage is a good, by which we mean a very good, specimen of his style. It portrays Mr. Ralph Marston, when circumstances made him reflect that he had not done quite enough to secure the happiness of "his sisters":—

> A wise man comes out of such a period of mental anarchy as a nation emerges from a revolution—with ideas reconstituted on a sounder basis; with beliefs from which what is false has been rejected, while what is true in them has been confirmed; with a juster knowledge of self and of the relations of things; with a fuller confidence in what is good, and a deeper insight into the subtle fashions in which it is wont to be mixed with evil; in a word he comes out humbler, stronger, and more experienced.

If this be Mr. Earl's first story, we recommend him to be a little more lively another time, not to take himself and his art quite so seriously, to remember that novel-readers may be instructed, but must be amused. Meanwhile *His Sisters* can be confidently recommended to the numerous and unhappy class of persons who "want something to read." It may do them good, and cannot possibly do them harm.

The Plan of Campaign is a story of real power, and makes a great advance upon *Disenchantment*. Miss Mabel Robinson is an ardent politician, and her politics are not those of the *Saturday Review*. That, of course, is not a matter for literary criticism, and we must do Miss Robinson the justice of admitting that she has made a conscientious, if not a very successful, effort to represent both sides of the Irish question. But her method of procedure is open to very serious objection from the artistic point of view. When Mr. Disraeli wrote a political novel—a performance in which, at his best, he excelled all mankind—he introduced a number of real personages under fictitious names. But then the real names of leading statesmen disappeared for the most part from view, and events in his stories took the course which they had actually taken, whether in the House of Commons or elsewhere. Mr. Anthony Trollope, whose political stories were comparative failures, brought in the tiresome trick of mixing up fable with fact in such a way as to spoil history without making good fiction. Miss Robinson follows and exaggerates the bad example of Mr. Trollope. Her story is recent enough to satisfy the shortest memory, for it is mostly contemporaneous with the last Session of Parliament. Her account of the manner in which the famous Plan was concocted is extremely bright and clever, though indeed it required no great sagacity to induce men to combine for the reduction of their own rents. But Mr. Titus Orr, the inventor of the plan, who, by the way, was only half a Nationalist; Mr. Richard Talbot, the hero of the book, and apparently the leader of the Nationalist party; and several other gentlemen of the same kidney, are mentioned side by side with Mr. Parnell, Mr. Dillon, and Mr. Davitt. It is not difficult to discover the identity of Lord Roeglass, the absentee landlord who refuses all reductions, evicts his tenants wholesale, and is execrated by all parties alike. But the prototype of Lord Roeglass has happily not been murdered either by an eminent Dublin photographer or anybody else. These confusions are tiresome to the reader, and are also, to speak mildly, not in the best possible taste. Miss Robinson would do well to exercise in future her undoubted talents on themes more properly belonging to the novelist, and to avoid trenching on the province of special correspondents or Society journals. It is impossible to read about Talbot without being reminded of a very notorious personage not altogether fitted to be the hero of a lady's novel, and indeed the whole book is permeated with this disagreeably personal flavour. Apart from this serious drawback it is, as we have said, a clever piece of work. It opens badly, for the reader is only puzzled by Miss Molyneux's big, stupid dinner party, and Mr. Kinsella's invariable habit of "booming" when other people only speak is monotonously tiresome. This is Miss Robinson at her worst; for, whether it be to her credit or not, she cannot give a decently good description of a social entertainment. She may be seen at her best in the character of Lord Dromore, the impoverished, scrupulous, honourable, argumentative landlord, who will defend his own class against all comers, and yet stand up even for the League if he thinks it unfairly attacked. Lord Dromore's tenants offered him fifty per cent., which is two per cent. less than the interest on his mortgage:—

> "Fifty per cent.!" repeated Dromore scornfully. "Fifty per cent., and why? Simply because Ireton's tenants got a reduction of fifty in the Court! My tenants couldn't, they know that as well as I do. I refused them with an easy conscience; but I'll tell you, Titus, I didn't offer ten as clear. The blackguards think I waited in hope they'd come down in their demands; on my soul it was to see whether I couldn't offer 'em twenty. I spent days and days trying to square the circle, for, between ourselves, thirty was about a fair figure. They tried to cheat me out of twenty, I tried to cheat them out of twenty; if I'd offered thirty, they'd have jumped at it, but we should have had nothing but encumbrances to live upon; they won't take ten, and if I grant more I haven't a penny to lose."

Miss Robinson's own plan of campaign, if we may so designate her plot, is not extensive. It all turns on the amatory misfortunes of Mr. Talbot, and the faithlessness of Miss Elinor Featherston, who flirts alternately with him and Lord Roeglass, finally marrying a third party and conducting himself indiscreetly with many others. Miss Featherston is far from being that paragon of propriety which all Irish girls are supposed to be. Miss Robinson describes evictions vividly, but that form of literary business has been slightly overdone. She is a bad hand at a murder, which is perhaps not much against her; and there is no sufficient reason why such a grotesque creature as Considine should be the assassin. Unlike most lady novelists, however, she draws men much better than women, and Lucian Orr, the emphatic, rather gasping, little professor, is a capital sketch. *The Plan of Campaign* has great merits; but Miss Robinson should

avoid slovenliness, and should have some respect for her readers. She describes Lord Roeglass in the same page as living in Norfolk Street and in Park Lane. She makes Talbot get out of a cab into St. Stephen's Hall, which is only approachable on foot. The House of Commons, with whose usages she assumes much familiarity, rises in her pages at seven on Wednesday, instead of six. Her Latin displays itself in the phrase "Nul nisi bonum," her French in "autre temps, autre mœurs," and her English in "the elder ladies who quite honestly he thought extremely nice." No doubt Miss Robinson knows better. But she should be more careful.

SCIENTIFIC TEXT-BOOKS.

THE *Microscope, in Theory and Practice* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) is a translation of part of the well-known German work of Professors Nægeli and Schwendener. From the preface to this English edition we gather that the translators are Mr. Crisp, Secretary of the Royal Microscopical Society, and Mr. Mayall, one of the Editors of the Society's journal. The present result seems decidedly to supply a blank in our microscopical literature, especially in regard to the explanation and technical treatment of the theory of the microscope. None of our English writers, so far as we are aware, deal adequately with the interpretation of microscopical images, or the theory of microscopic observation generally; nor have they systematically discussed the phenomena of diffraction and polarization as related to microscopy, or set forth the optical principles on which the construction of objectives and eyepieces, &c. is properly based. In the present edition of the German Professors' treatise, the "Theory of the Microscope" alone occupies 116 pages of closely reasoned matter, much of it mathematical, and the rest so technical as to be of no interest to general readers, but all evincing a thorough mastery of the scientific principles. The "Theory of Microscopic Observation" again occupies 67 pages, including a detailed account of interference phenomena, and such matters as oblique illumination, differences of level, air-bubbles and oil globules in water, various membranes, and so on. Other points elsewhere discussed are the modes of testing optical power, spherical and chromatic aberration, the measurement and drawing of microscopic objects, the preparation and preservation of specimens. The concluding part is devoted to polarization, and deals scientifically and very fully with its phenomena in so far as they bear practically upon the microscope. The editors have wisely crowned their work with an index.

The Student's Handbook to the Microscope (Roper & Drowley) is another addition to the smaller scientific manuals which now abound. It is designed to assist practical students in their selection and management of an instrument. Conveying much useful information and several welcome hints, the book nevertheless is somewhat suggestive of advertising certain London opticians.

We are glad to see a new edition of Professor Nicholson's *Introductory Text-Book of Zoology* (Blackwood & Sons). A special point in the author's works is that the Invertebrata are not relatively overlooked by the devotion of too much space to the backboned animals. In this edition certain of the larger groups of animals are arranged according to the most recent views of scientific writers. The book is well equipped with woodcuts, a glossary, and an index, and has the further recommendation of a style freed from technicalities.

In the *Elementary Chemistry* (Cambridge: University Press), by Messrs. Pattison Muir and Slater, we have the companion-volume to *Practical Chemistry*, issued by the same press. Probably in no branch of natural science is the practical and experimental part of study so obviously an incessant duty as in chemistry, if real knowledge is the object. This principle our authors seem to have due regard for, so as not only to present certain conclusions derived from and resting upon veritable facts, but also the chemical facts and data from which the science is deduced. The book is not a catalogue or classification of the properties of individual elements and compounds, but rather sketches the methods of chemical science, its general laws, and the detailed study of natural occurrences on which it rests. In arrangement and treatment we detect nothing to blame, but in several parts much to praise—*e.g.* the discussion of the molecular and atomic theory. Into the speculation of the *one* universal element our authors do not think fit, so far as we can find, to pry; they deal with science, whose aim, they tell us, is to see things as they are.

The *Practical Chemistry* (Cambridge: University Press) by Messrs. Pattison Muir and Carnegie is intended to accompany *pari passu* the *Elementary Chemistry*. It contains sets of experiments proceeding from the simplest to the most intricate, carefully arranged and described in detail, and such that they can mostly be performed with the apparatus in any ordinary laboratory. There are some useful tables appended, including a neatly arranged set of logarithms and anti-logarithms, and a good index.

Professor Hartley's *Course of Quantitative Analysis for Students* (Macmillan & Co.) bears marks of experience and skill. We must, however, blame both author and publisher for publishing such a work without, not only an index, but even a table of contents. About twenty pages are devoted to manipulation, forming the best of possible introductions, and about as many more to examples carefully worked out. After a set of "Simple Estimations," also neatly set forth, we have "Volumetric and Technical Analysis," occupying about the middle third of the book; and the remainder seems to be taken up with methods of analysing alloys and complex minerals. There are some useful notes for students interspersed.

Elements of Chemistry, by Ira Remsen (Macmillan & Co.), is another of the well-got-up text-books which we owe to our Transatlantic cousins. The order in which the various subjects treated of are arranged, the division into chapters and subdivision into neat, compact paragraphs, all evince the practised instructor; but one of the author's leading suggestions in the preface as to the construction of apparatus scarcely seems suited to class-teaching. The chapter dealing with the atomic theory and the valence of an element must be pronounced admirable—brief and terse, yet clear and complete. There is a good index subjoined to the book.

Mr. Lilley's *Bench Book for Test Tube Work in Chemistry* (Hamilton, Adams, & Co.) seems a trustworthy guide in beginning the practical work of analysis. So succinct, however, are the directions and classified results that few of the reactions could be adequately understood unless this handbook be supplemented by *vivâ voce* instruction to accompany each experiment.

In *Experimental Chemistry*, Part IV. (Longmans & Co.), Professor Reynolds completes his course of Experimental Chemistry, and introduces the student to the great organic division of the science. Under the former head this volume deals with the study (natural as well as systematic) of carbon compounds. Many chapters are devoted to the discussion of such analytic and synthetic operations as throw light on the nature of organic structures, one good and sufficient reason being that "this kind of inquiry is a source of keen intellectual pleasure to thoughtful students" and of "high educational value" when legitimately pursued. The work concludes with valuable notes on the qualitative and quantitative analysis of organic compounds and the determination of molecular weight. As he has completed his "Course," we ask why Professor Reynolds has not had an index drawn up embracing all the four parts?

Sir William Aitken's *On the Animal Alkaloids* (Lewis) embodies some leading results of recent investigation into diseases which are due to physiological processes going on during life. One of the recent articles of belief of the advanced medical scientists is "the poisoning or intoxication of the animal economy with its own products." The first point is to confirm the incessant elaboration of alkaloids during the vital processes—a fact accepted by learned specialists in France, Germany, and England. In plain English a man, for example, may become poisoned by the accumulation within his organism of certain chemical compounds, due to incessant elementary disintegration. The author appears to bring under this category all the "constitutional" diseases of which rheumatism and gout are the types.

The Laws and Definitions connected with Chemistry and Heat (Rivingtons), by Mr. Durrant, seems mainly intended to assist those reading for examination purposes. After arranging and summarizing the most useful laws, and explaining the technical terms, the book tabulates in convenient form the chief tests for the usual metals and "acid radicals" which are likely to be of use for the Woolwich or Sandhurst entrance papers. The last chapter consists of a good set of specimens of analyses written fully out.

An Elementary Treatise on Light and Heat (Rolfe Brothers), by Dr. F. W. Aveling, seems to be well adapted for the purpose indicated—namely, passing the London Matriculation and the Oxford and Cambridge Local Examinations. The woodcut diagrams are numerous, and have the excellent quality of being easily reproduced by the student. There are several sets of suitable exercises to be worked by the reader, and the answers are given.

PRINKIPO, SOUTH AUSTRALIA, AND THE WEST INDIES.*

WHEN Mr. Cox was American Minister to Turkey, he made up his mind to spend one summer at Prinkipo, where he could enjoy fresh air, beautiful scenery, and fishing, at the same time that he was within easy reach of his Legation by the steam-launch with which Congress was "good enough" to furnish him. The choice he made for his *villeggiatura* was a happy one. "My summer there," he writes, "was a revel in the very heart of nature." There was very little "roughing it" to be encountered. His house was pretty and comfortable, and his supply of food good and abundant; milk and butter were brought across the channel from the farms on the slopes of the Asiatic mountains opposite. The caïques which whitened with their sails the lake-like sea brought almost to his door the most tempting fruits. Mr. Cox is a genial sage of the optimist school, and he evidently holds with Thackeray that

> true Philosophers, methinks,
> Who love all kinds of natural beauties,
> Should love good victuals and good drinks.

It is good to hear him speak of the charms of the Asian grape:—

* *The Isles of the Princes; or, the Pleasures of Prinkipo.* By Samuel S. Cox, late U.S. Minister to Turkey, and Author of "Buckeye Abroad" &c. New York and London: Putnam's Sons.

Digging, Squatting, and Pioneering Life in the Northern Territory of South Australia. By Mrs. Dominic D. Daly. London: Sampson Low & Co.

Through the West Indies. By Mrs. Granville Layard. London: Sampson Low & Co.

"They are of various kinds, but there is one peerless kind. No fruit has ever been grown upon other parts of the earth equal to the fruit which September welcomes here, chief of which is the grape known as the *tchaouch uzum*. The *tchaouch* is of pure gold, and of plum-like size and rotundity. Its very pronunciation makes the mouth moisten. Amber is not more beautiful in colour. It seems bursting with a fruity bloom, and gives such aroma and flavour that the bees follow it into the very *penetralia* of our salle-à-manger." Lamb, mutton, beef, chickens are all as good as they can be; and there is a bean called *bamia*, "which is more unctuous and toothsome than the marrowfat pea. What could we wish for beside?" If, in addition to these tender viands and juicy fruits, fish was the luxury desired, there were mullet, turbot, mackerel, and "a dainty, shining, nameless little beauty, quite delicate even without sauce." The people were as good as the provender. In his summer holiday the amiable diplomatist never met from old or young one act or look of discourtesy, and he firmly believes that a bad boy is a being that may be sought for, but that is not to be found, in Greece. "Love begets love," and we suspect that it was our author's own kindness which won for him the good will of all with whom he came in contact. He says that he is not "unobservant of humour." He might add that he has a pleasant vein of humour himself. His chapter on asses is delightfully amusing. Would that we could quote more of his *apologia* for those meek children of misery! He has studied their habits closely. He has come in frequent contact with them "in and out of Congress." He appreciates and he can interpret their music. He can even diagnose the ear-benumbing tones of the amorous and jocund jackass. "The melody begins with an exaggerated sound of asthma that rasps the soul, then a squeaky sibillation, then a roar as of forty thousand hungry lions of the desert. Then comes a process of suction and emission." We have not space for more. But we assure our readers that we have seldom come across a musical critique more pleasantly and understandingly written. Our author tells a capital story of how a "grizzly" was worsted by one of these ponies of Jerusalem. Before he dismisses the subject of donkeys he has a word to say of the much-maligned mule, who served so gallantly in the Civil War that he took rank in the quartermaster's department, and became a "brevet horse." One of Mr. Cox's sly sarcasms is to speak of Hungary as "an inland country, and therefore, like our own, without a navy." Within our limits we can do little beyond calling attention to the author's interesting remarks on the history, scenery, and antiquities of Prinkipo, Halki, and the other Princes Isles. We can only briefly allude to his clever, elaborate, and, on the whole, just summary of the character of the late Lord Dalling. He greatly admires his diplomatic talent as evinced in the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, and maintains that "the subtle crystallization which he there produced remains like a wall of adamant across the line of our policy in the Isthmus," and that "our puny statesmen have tilted in vain against this wall with their javelins of straw." Of his diplomatic morality and of his truthfulness he speaks less favourably; and, on the authority of the president of the Armenian college in Constantinople, he tells a story of our former versatile and vivacious Ambassador to Turkey which we cannot bring ourselves to quote and which we would fain disbelieve. The proofs of Mr. Cox's book have been very carelessly revised. We have *ὀμραλός* for *ὀμφαλός*, *ad unco naso*, *Maygar* for *Magyar*, *rossingnol* for *rossignol*, &c. *A propos* of nightingales, Mr. Cox gives us a pretty description which we had intended to quote of a bulbul which came into his garden at day-break, and "made love to the roses like a true oriental." Yes, "he made love to a whole garden or harem of roses—the profligate!"

Mrs. Dominic Daly, who bears a name widely known and honoured throughout our Antipodean colonies, has in *Digging, Squatting, and Pioneering Life* given us a pleasant and cheerful account of her doings and sufferings in the northern territory of South Australia from 1870 to 1886; and her admirable prefatory chapter on the early history of North Australian colonization is so simple and lucid that a reader with only the average ignorance of an Englishman about our colonies will find it easy to understand and to appreciate what follows. It is only occasionally that the author taxes our ears by such phrases as "that genus homo the bogtrotter." She tells her story generally in a plain straightforward style, without any affectations of elegance and without any attempts at smartness. In her travels, and even at some of the stations where she was for some time what may be called settled, Mrs. Daly encountered many hardships, and witnessed, if she did not personally endure, many sorrows and underwent many sad experiences. Yet she is uniformly cheerful, hopeful, resolute, and, if we may say so, not only without dispraise, but with commendation, manly. If on a voyage she can get nothing for breakfast but sherry and cheese, she does not like it, but she is far too wise to grumble. Snakes and alligators disgust her, but they do not appal her. Even cockroaches and white ants would never coax from her a shriek or a scream. *Blanket*, or *iron-clad food—i.e.* tinned meat—she does not find toothsome, but she makes it into hashes and curries, and eats it with a thankful heart. But she makes one grievous gastronomical mistake. She cannot bring herself to eat an iguana. Now the flesh of this reptile is very sweet and tender, and is an exquisite luxury to sojourners in a country where there is no decent bread, and where the staff of life is coarse, tough, and fresh-killed beef. The author tells with evident glee how by a "strategic move" Binmook and Tommy were captured and put in irons for a piece of wanton cruelty committed by some other natives, and how they were kept as imprisoned hostages until the real offenders were given up. She has an Englishwoman's sense of fairness and humanity, and she thinks that the aborigines should be treated with judicious kindness, as well as with strict justice. She is afraid, however, that they are "not amenable to civilization, and are barely capable of receiving and retaining the truths of Christianity." "Troubles," she writes in another place, "with the natives, alas! seem to increase, instead of decreasing. The annals of 1886 teem with murders of white men, and attacks by the aborigines, both on land and sea." She is afraid that there is truth in the reports that white men who have been seized by these savages are held in lifelong captivity. Of the virtues and vices of the diggers Mrs. Daly writes in a manner which reminds one of Bret Harte, and she tells a pretty story of these rough fellows begging the loan of her baby to sit on their knees while they were playing at poker. She gives a sad picture, though the artist herself is not moved to sadness, of the isolation of pioneering life at Port Darwin. She had never heard, for instance, of the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War until a budget of newspapers came to tell them that Sedan had been fought and Paris taken. The almost insuperable difficulties which British pluck and enterprise, however, vanquished in the construction of the famous Overland telegraph are looked back upon in a spirit of just exultation. Among the many items of discouragement for the pioneers of this magnificent work was the fear that the natives would cut down the poles in order to steal the wire; "but a wily electrician was beforehand with a plan to prevent this. He gave electric shocks *ad libitum* all along the line. The sudden application of galvanism to bands of savages may fairly rank as a new sensation, and they, thinking the wire held this strange and mysterious power, wisely let it alone." This work completed, Port Darwin is no longer a *terra incognita* or a mere geographical expression. With the formation of an Australian Brindisi it will doubtless become the port for landing all the European mails for all the ports of Australia. When we were in the middle of Mrs. Daly's most interesting and instructive work we read Lord Brassey's timely warning of the folly of leaving in its present absolutely defenceless state a port which in time of war would become the base of operations for our cruisers protecting the trade between Queensland, India, China, and all Europe. Let us hope that this warning will not, like so many of our warnings, be acted upon too feebly or too late.

Mrs. Granville Layard's *Through the West Indies* tells readers of the late Mr. Trollope's book on the same subject very little that they have not already learned. The thinness of her matter is eked out with extracts from H. N. Coleridge's *Six Months in the West Indies*, which was written more than half a century ago. The only passages we can find to quote are the brilliant and epigrammatic observation of the author's fellow-traveller who, on hearing half way up a hill the low plaintive note of a bird, remarked, "He is praying for rain"; and a sentence in which Mrs. Layard seems to confuse quality with quantity. She was much struck with the "inferior quality of the meat in St. Vincent" because one day a tiny joint, which could not have weighed more than 4½ lbs., was brought to table, and she was gravely assured that it was a leg of mutton. A small leg of mutton, we suppose, may sometimes be as tough or woolly as a large one; but, however things may be in the West Indies, wise folks in this country do not consider that the exiguity of a joint of mutton foretokens "the inferior quality of the meat."

BRIDGE-BUILDING.*

MR. FIDLER'S book gives gratifying evidence of how the old order has changed in the relation of the science to the practice of engineering. Time was when a sharp line separated the theorist from the practical engineer. The practitioner looked askance at theory; it was a curious mathematical exercise that might perhaps interest people who understood it; for his part he made no such pretension. A formula was something of a fetich; he could not trace its origin; he had but a vague notion of its force. It might help or it might hurt him; as often as not he misapplied it, and it accordingly did hurt him, and sent him back with more distaste for theory than ever to the exercise of his practical instinct. It is only fair to add that his instinct was generally sound, or at least safe. He rarely made grand blunders; his bridges, as a rule, stood, and what we have to record against him is not so much a list of killed and wounded as a catalogue of wasted material and uselessly sunk capital. The theorist was himself in great measure to blame. Sometimes he built a theory on false or insufficient experimental foundation. Often in attempting to simplify he ignored conditions that were really essential. Oftener still in aiming at generality he made his work so complex as to repel any one but a mathematical expert. There were a few distinguished exceptions, but, as a rule, the theorist had his head in the clouds, the practical man grubbed along in the valleys, and the two were seldom within speaking distance.

Of late years a marked change for the better has come about, partly through the struggle for existence in an overcrowded profession, partly through the usage which is now common, though

* *A Practical Treatise on Bridge Construction.* By T. Claxton Fidler, M. Inst. C.E. London: Griffin & Co.

still far from universal, of giving the young engineer a college training in the science of his subject before he enters his apprenticeship. As a result, the practice of engineering is becoming scientific and the science practical. The rule-of-thumb engineer is still to be found, even in high places, but he is being fast pushed out by men who have learnt that theory is, after all, only glorified common sense. Mr. Fidler belongs to the new school, and for them he has written a book which, though not quite free from blemishes, is an admirable account of the theory and process of bridge design, at once scientific and thoroughly practical. It is a book such as we have a right to expect from one who is himself a substantial contributor to the theory of the subject as well as a bridge-builder of repute.

The first part treats of the statics of bridges—the bending and shearing stresses to which the loads give rise. Some of the introductory matter might have been omitted with advantage. One does not look for a definition of force or a statement of the parallelogram of forces in a volume which is to discuss the theory of continuous beams any more than one looks for the multiplication table in a treatise on logarithms. If the student who takes up Mr. Fidler's book does not know the elements of statics, he had better put it down until he has mastered them. Had the alphabet of mechanics been ever so well given here, it would have been out of place; but, in fact, it is not well given. Mr. Fidler exemplifies the truth that a writer may be clear and skilful in the application of dynamical principles to actual problems, and yet a poor exponent of the fundamental concepts of dynamics. The chapter on Bending Moments is particularly good, and is illustrated—as, indeed, the whole book is—by a large number of excellent diagrams. The treatment of shearing stresses is perhaps less complete. The shearing force in a beam is well explained, in one of its aspects, as the rate of variation of bending moment per unit of length measured along the span; the other aspect, in which the shearing force is regarded as a vertical force tending to make one part of the beam at any imaginary section slip down past the other part, is comparatively neglected, and no diagrams of shearing forces are given. In speaking of the ultimate strength of bars broken by bending the author refers to the well-known fact that what Rankine has called the modulus of rupture of a material is greater than its strength to resist direct pull and push as a thing which has never been explained. In truth, however, there is no mystery about this; it is intelligible enough when one considers how the distribution of stress over a vertical section becomes modified as the successive layers, beginning with those furthest from the neutral axis, are strained beyond the limit of elasticity.

The second part deals with the comparative anatomy of bridges and their theoretical weight. Here the author is at his best. The points of analogy and contrast between ordinary beams and girders, parabolic girders, arches, cantilevers, suspension bridges, polygonal frames, and composite trusses are indicated with much suggestive comment. It is shown how the conception of a girder as a beam carrying a load in virtue of its resistance to bending and shearing is related to the conception of a truss built up of members which carry the load in virtue of their individual resistance to direct pull or push. "These two aspects represent the ideas which have formed the basis of English and American practice respectively." In England the simple beam became a plate girder, and then diagonal bracing took the place of the web. In America bridges were first built as frames of timber, r of iron and timber in combination. Both lines of evolution have led to the modern frame girder of iron or steel, but the old difference in fundamental ideas may still be traced:—

> In American girders each member is treated as having a separate and simple function to perform; but in England, although the subdivision of function is allowed in theory, yet in practice all the members are rivetted up together so as to make the girder as far as possible a rigid whole, resembling in some degree the solid beam from which it is derived.

This is followed by a valuable discussion of the flexure of beams and the theory of continuous girders, based on a method which the author published some years ago in a paper read before the Institution of Civil Engineers. The process is wholly a geometrical and graphic one, and for that reason will no doubt commend itself especially to engineers whose algebraic education has been neglected. But even the student of Clapeyron, Bressé, and Heppel will find much to admire in the easy simplicity with which the author has treated problems that are usually ranked amongst the most intricate parts of the theory of engineering.

The third part, on the strength of materials, opens with a discussion of the theoretical strength of columns, which forms by far the most complete and satisfactory account of this difficult subject hitherto published in any text-book. Here, again, the author is travelling over ground which he has himself helped to explore. Euler's theory, applicable to perfectly straight and symmetrical struts, compressed by forces which are applied rigorously along the axis, is first stated. It is then shown how the theory requires modification when we deal with practical struts, which are never perfectly symmetrical in their elasticity, nor loaded quite axially. The results of old and new experiments on the ultimate strength of columns are very fully stated and exhibited by diagrams, and are applied to furnish constants appropriate to the modified theory. The formulas of Gordon and others are compared with them; and, finally, tables are given for various shapes of cross-section which will be of much use in facilitating the practical design of compression members in bridges or other structures. The whole of this section is admirable, and it forms a most welcome addition to engineering literature. Tensile strength and the strength of joints is next considered; after which the author attacks the question of what stresses may be safely allowed, and what influence variations of the load produce on the ultimate strength of materials. Engineers have for long been more or less alive to the fact that a varied stress is more destructive than a permanent stress of equal intensity; that metals suffer what is called fatigue under repeated applications or variations of stress. Bend a bar repeatedly backwards and forwards, for instance, so that its fibres are alternately extended and compressed, and it will break after a certain number of bendings, though the strain is less than would have caused rupture if steadily applied. Are we, then, to allow a wider margin of strength—or, as engineers say, a larger factor of safety—when we are dealing, in the design of a bridge, with that part of the load which is alternately applied and removed—the rolling load—than we allow for a load which is always present? At the instance of the German Government the late Professor Wöhler carried out a series of experiments on the destructive effects of variation of stress. The research was conducted with truly German patience; some of the tests lasted for eleven years, and involved the alternation of load and no load, or of tension and compression, thirty, forty, and even a hundred million times. Wöhler's results are authoritative, and they touch engineering practice in a vital point. How they should affect it, and what their physical interpretation is, are questions which have been widely discussed, and on which the last word has by no means been said. Mr. Fidler's treatment of these is the least happy part of his work. He confuses the issue by attempting to explain the destructive results of varied stress, investigated by Wöhler, with the kinetic effect of a suddenly varied load. The kinetic effect of a "live" load is a subject which requires separate consideration, and the author has given a good account of it; but he has unfortunately introduced it in connexion with Wöhler's experiments on fatigue, the conditions of which excluded any substantial action of this kind.

The last section treats of the design of bridges in detail, beginning with ordinary girders of uniform depth, and going on through various forms to the type known as the cantilever, which has of late sprung into favour through its selection for the mammoth bridge which Mr. Baker has designed and Mr. Arrol is building over the Firth of Forth. In a cantilever bridge stiff brackets stretch out from the piers, but not so far as to meet, and the gap between them is filled by a separate girder, which rests on the brackets' ends. The type is ancient; it is found in China and the wilds of North America, but it is novel in modern practice. At the Forth there are two great spans, each 1,700 feet wide. Two brackets, joined back to back, tower above each pier to a height of 343 feet. No staging can be erected between the piers, and the brackets must be built out, step by step, equally on both sides to preserve the balance. Bare figures and description fail to touch the imagination so as to do justice to the extraordinary character and gigantic proportions of this work. One must stand on the central pier at Inchgarvie, and look up among the great steel tubes which rise higher than the dome of St. Paul's, and out along the projecting arms where pigmy-seeming cranes and workmen are slowly adding plate to plate, to appreciate the truth of Mr. Fidler's remark that the Forth Bridge is "unequalled by any other work of human construction, whether as regards the boldness of its design or the magnitude of the natural difficulties that have to be surmounted in its execution." The book closes with a chapter on Wind-pressure, which is in great part a just lament that we have really no accurate knowledge of the force the wind may exert on large surfaces. A small board put up to measure wind-pressure may show a force of fifty pounds' weight on the square foot, or even more; but are such pressures ever felt simultaneously over every part of a large area, such as the side of a long girder? Probably not, as any one will admit who has stood in a cornfield at the edge of a cliff when a gale has been blowing from the sea, and has watched how the stalks are bowed now here and now there, but never all at once for any long distance. It is scarcely creditable to the great engineering Societies that we should be left to guess at the answer to a question so important and so capable of experimental solution. We notice one important omission in Mr. Fidler's comprehensive treatise. He is fond of graphic methods, almost to a fault, yet he makes no mention of the method of reciprocal figures for determining the stresses in bridge frames—a favourite process with all engineers who are familiar with its use. It is not so widely known as it should be, and, for that reason, one regrets all the more its absence from a book which is likely to find, and deserves to find, a place in the library of every student of engineering.

THE IMPERIAL GAZETTEER OF INDIA.*

If the old proverb be true that we can call no man happy till we know the manner of his death, it may be equally true that we can pronounce no series of volumes to be good until we have seen its index. Sir W. Hunter, in his last volume, enables us to pronounce judgment on this important issue. An index with frequent misprints, omissions, or needless repetitions would have

* *The Imperial Gazetteer of India.* Vols. XII., XIII., and XIV., including the Index. By Sir William W. Hunter, K.C.S.I., C.I.E., LL.D., B.A., Member of the Viceroy's Legislative Council, and Director-General of Statistics to the Government of India, &c. Second edition. London: Trübner & Co.

been very disappointing. But as far as we can judge from a leisurely survey, the fourteenth volume is an excellent guide to its precursors. It is comparatively easy to arrange in due sequence strings of names and places, whether they represent towns and Sub-divisions or Capitals of historic fame. Even here the labour of collation, of preserving some uniformity of spelling, and of correcting the press, must have been enormous. It is just the kind of work at which the hand is apt to grow careless and the eye dim. Any reader will now have little difficulty in finding all he wants to know about divers celebrities, ancient and modern, from Alexander the Great to Amir Khan the Pindari leader; and he may range over history, from the battlefield where Porus was defeated to the scene of our recent engagements with Dacoits in Burma. Names, it may be said, easily catch the sight. With subjects, customs, products, it is different. But here the plan and outline, as well as the execution, are most commendable. To the historical student, bent on investigating the traditions of Asoka or the policy of Akbar the Great; to the administrator requiring a sketch of land tenures or the first principles of Settlements; to the commercial speculator needing information about coal, iron, and copper; to the engineer, who may reasonably doubt whether the canals made by Ali Mardan Khan surpass or equal the Solani Aqueduct and the gigantic works of the Bari Doab; to the sportsman and naturalist asking about the localities where tigers abound and black buck are as plentiful as rabbits; to the archæologist classifying and distinguishing between no less than ten kinds of architecture; to the missionary, to the merchant, and to the member of Parliament, this Index will be a mine of wealth. The Gazetteer will, of course, not render other Indian works superfluous; and by unskilful hands or perverse intellects it may be splendidly misused. But it marks an era in statistics and presents Blue-Books in a novel and attractive shape. Errors will be detected and some of the facts and figures will soon require revision. We have already noticed the cardinal error by which Indian currency is converted into English coinage. There is an idea in some quarters that, if you only express Oriental terms in Occidental language, lay stress on analogies, get over fundamental distinctions of race and physique, and talk grandly about "nationalities," you may easily turn Hindus and Mohammedans into genuine Anglo-Saxons, and govern India on the purest democratic principles. Sir William Hunter, though he wisely keeps clear of politics, is sometimes disposed to sink India altogether. In the preface to his last volume he very properly notices the valuable aid in the compilation of his Index given by two gentlemen, one a late Fellow of Queen's College, and the other a B.A. of Balliol College, Oxford. Reading this, we might fancy that the Director-General of Statistics not finding any civilians fitted for such a task had had recourse to two Oxford dons. We are not certain whether the Fellow of Queen's is the same person as Mr. H. J. S. Cotton, Secretary to the Board of Revenue in the Lower Provinces. But we should be glad to think that the Index had been prepared or revised by some civilian, covenanted or uncovenanted, conversant with Indian technicalities.

The late Dean Stanley used to delight in a long roll of Biblical names and titles, and would extract meaning from a catalogue passed over by others with contempt. In the Gazetteer we find, as might be expected, a good deal about population and caste. In some cases castes are explained by the use of English equivalents. In others we have nothing but the local names, and no Englishman, however wide his experience or retentive his memory, can be expected to retain but a fraction of these Indian divisions and sub-divisions. Nor did it fall within Sir W. Hunter's province to write about strange tribal customs and peculiarities. Books might be written about the rights, privileges, and exclusiveness of caste; whether certain septs can intermarry, or only drink from the same brass pot and smoke the same *hookah*; how far Mohammedans in some provinces have adopted Hindu practices; and a hundred other topics. Nothing is more bewildering to a newcomer than this fertile subject of discussion. Caste at one time seems as rigid as steel; at another as elastic as india-rubber. But though this work deals in detail only with the marriage customs of aboriginal tribes, and is limited to the enumeration of numbers in the case of Hindus, there is much that is suggestive in mere numbers. Brahmans in some districts are twenty-five per cent. of the Hindu population. It is an obvious mistake to call them priests. Many of the best secular professions are open to Brahmans. They are good soldiers, judges, accountants, pleaders, ministers of State. Generally speaking, we should say that a large proportion of the Hindus belong to the higher castes of Brahmans, Rajputs, Kayasts, and so forth. But agriculturists, artisans, and mechanics, muster in force. We read of tailors, washermen, gardeners, oilmen, goldsmiths, barbers, carpenters, by thousands in a district. It must not be imagined that in every instance the son of a barber or a gardener follows his father's occupation. He may obtain some employment or salaried situation. As a rule, where land is inherited and sub-divided sons do follow the occupation of their fathers; handle the plough, spread the net, drive the bullock-cart. But there are frequent exceptions, and we should not pledge ourselves to any invariable rules. Ambition, intelligence, and energy often escape from the trammels of caste, as far as the occupation and business of life are concerned. Archdeacon Farrar may be surprised to learn that spirits were manufactured and that vintners and spirit-sellers flourished long before the advent of his wicked countrymen. No Anglo-Indian administrator created the caste of the Shaha or Shuri, or first taught innocent natives to manufacture arrack or toddy from the *Mowa* and the palm tree, or to make decoctions of hemp. Dram-drinking is proved to have been familiar and attractive in ancient Hindu times. During the Mohammedan rule the facilities for intemperance were far greater than in our own day. And nowhere is there more intoxication than in wild and uncivilized districts, such as Assam, the Central Provinces and others, where the noble savage wields his axe, burns down a whole hill-side in order to raise scanty crops from a few acres, and feasts and drinks heartily after a successful hunting expedition. Similarly a little attention to the statistics of these volumes would have prevented the propagation of some startling errors in a recent controversy as to the spread and character of Mohammedanism. A large proportion of the Mohammedan population is descended from the original invaders. These Mussulmans are known broadly as Pathans, Sheikhs, Mughals, and Saiyuds. But there are many who are the descendants of converts who renounced Hinduism under the pressure of the green flag, the sword, and the Koran. There is really no trustworthy evidence to show that, either by preaching or argument, Mullahs have recently been making proselytes to any alarming extent. Now and then a conversion causes a stir in Hindu circles. And it is quite possible that an increase in the Census returns of 1881, as compared with those of 1871, merely proves that Mohammedans, like Hindus and other tribes, increase and flourish under the peaceful British rule. It is significant, too, that in the Census for the Punjab of the former epoch the Mohammedan population is said to have increased slightly in one division, to be stationary in a second, and to have somewhat diminished in a third. In any case, Sir W. Hunter is no doubt correct at page 51 of his sixth volume, in saying that the population of India, loosely described as one of Hindus and Mohammedans, in reality is composed of "four well-marked elements." There are first the aborigines, Mlechhas as the pure Hindu called them, and their semi-Hinduized descendants. Secondly, we have the pure Aryan race, comprising Brahmans, Kshatriyas or Rajputs, and, we should be inclined to add, a few of the other higher and better castes. Then comes a mixed population known as Hindus, and made up of Aryan and non-Aryan elements. Lastly, of course, we have some fifty millions of Mohammedans, the descendants of those who for a time overthrew effete Hindu monarchies, but whose supremacy was over when we appeared on the scene. Nevertheless, it would not be wise to treat their position, associations, or claims with indifference, and we are glad to think that Mussulmans have now better chances of competing in the field of employment with the astute, pliant, and accommodating Hindu. About the wild aboriginal tribes these volumes tell us much—Kols, Bheels, Gonds, Santals; and it seems clear that, however marked the division between these barbarous people and the civilized Hindus, aboriginal worship and customs have been somewhat modified by the influence of the Shastras.

It must not be imagined that these volumes contain little except piles of statistics neatly arranged and classified, or dissertations, historical and ethnological, based on the returns of district officers and the researches of scholars and Pundits. On the contrary, to any reader skilled in the very useful arts of skipping, dipping, and selecting, any volume out of the thirteen will never fail to supply good material. In one page he will find a brief and graphic account of one of those tremendous operations by which nature vindicates her rights in tropical climates. In another we are reminded of one of those striking episodes in Indian history or the Sepoy Mutiny which never wearies by repetition; the defence of Arrah, the relief of Lucknow, the capture of Delhi. Here, we find a short dissertation on the occupations of the native community, as distinguished from its castes. There, an animated account of a native festival; a lament over the failure of a model agricultural farm; the change which diluvion and erosion have worked in the site of an historical battle-field; the picturesque shrine of a saint; the splendid mausoleum of an Emperor; the correct derivation of such a well-known word as Sindhu or the Indus; the prevalence of human sacrifices in outlying districts; the vow of a Brahman; the devotion of a Raja; the vagaries of a hill torrent; the rise of wages; the startling irregularities of the rain-fall; the revenue of a single populous district, equalling that of many a Crown colony; or the state and means of a petty Raja, who passes rich on some six thousand rupees, or as the Gazetteer will have it, on the magnificent revenue of 600*l.* a year.

The Governor-General who really took up this long-pending question in earnest, and who gave a definite and practical shape to a scheme which from press of work, wars, financial exigencies, and other obstructions, had been unavoidably postponed by his predecessor, was Lord Mayo. No doubt the original idea first started by the Court of Directors was that the Government and its Executive officers should know not only how much land revenue any district was to furnish, but what were the topographical, industrial, climatic, and ethnical characteristics of Divisions and Provinces. Naturally, as the work progressed, the area of inquiry was not diminished, nor was the labour lightened. But with every temptation for the compilers to deviate from arid schedules and dreary columns to green and pleasant pastures, one main object of the Gazetteer has been steadily kept in view. The work is emphatically a survey of statistics and a Gazetteer of Empire. The old sarcasm that the mementoes of British supremacy if it were to end suddenly would be empty beer-bottles, was at no time quite accurate, whether in the mouth of Edmund Burke or of the late Major Evans Bell. This compilation would still have attained to a very respectable size had it had reference only to lines of roads and railways laid out, bridges built, dispensaries opened, and schools

maintained under British agency and out of Imperial funds. If the lists of native fairs and places of pilgrimage due to the working of economic causes or religious fervour amongst the native community is long and varied, that of bridges erected by civil and military engineers within the last thirty or forty years occupies four columns of the index. If we hear much of Buddhist temples, Hindu decorative art, Mohammedan marble tombs with exquisite tracery and sentences from the Koran cut in precious stones, we light on hospitals that range from Surat to Dacca, from Peshawar to Bangalore, and on lists of steam-mills and endless normal and village schools. Persons must be impervious to argument and reason who will take up, read, and lay down this compilation without admitting that Sir W. Hunter has produced a great work because he has had to deal with a good cause and a growing Empire.

SPONS' HOUSEHOLD MANUAL.*

PRESUMABLY there never was yet a housekeeper who did not at some time or another start a recipe-book for the delectation of herself and her belongings, mingling in fine confusion "receipts" (*sic*) for "pickling pork," "the proper way to wash lace curtains or not," a "certain cure for corns or chilblains," with directions for "making raisin wine to taste like champagne," or the right method of cooking an omelet or a fondu. In these MSS., if their owner is of a strictly methodical turn of mind, the *unde derivatur* of her "magic and spells" is usually carefully and minutely affixed; sometimes, as in the case of a recipe-book we wot of, the very date and occasion when the recipe was acquired being appended to it. But, if not of so particular a spirit, the author contents herself with copying, more or less correctly, the instructions, leaving their origin to be inferred at the good-will of her reader—a practice that has, ere now, led to a sharp passage-at-arms between rival owners of MSS. cookery-books, one of whom discovers some cherished and strictly private recipe of her own composition in No. 2's book, without so much as an initial to show it is not a happy thought of No. 2's, which discovery results usually in a splendid display of the "dulcis Amaryllidis ira," so praised by poets.

Now this method is pardonable in a manuscript book intended for the private perusal of its compiler, or at the furthest, of her nearest and dearest, who, chancing to be overcome by the merits of "that quite too delicious pudding," or politically anxious to stand well with the amateur *chef*, beg a sight of the precious volume; but how far it is commendable in a printed book, intended for the general public, may be matter for doubt, and possibly for wrath, on the part of the authors copied textually and with little or no acknowledgment. And this is precisely the question that arises with reference to *Spons' Household Manual*.

But putting this aside, there is another awful horn on which the reader thirsting for information may hang himself. We ask with all due humility, What is likely to be the life of a housekeeper for whose practical education such an appalling list as is here set forth is requisite? Certainly if she mastered the contents of his production, or even knew how to refer to it intelligently, she might bid defiance cheerfully to every trouble—sanitary, culinary, or legal—likely to be set her in her earthly career. But then, again, if (much virtue in that if!) she did contrive adequately to assimilate all this tremendous and somewhat indigestible mass of learning, would not her earthly career come to a premature close? She would be quite too clever and good for this workaday world, and would consequently, according to popular superstition, promptly betake herself to another sphere, where, as far as we know, an intimate acquaintance with drains and culinary matters is not of primary importance. Seriously, this *Household Manual* is a cento, a thing of shreds and patches, constructed frankly, as the editors admit, with paste-pot and scissors, from excerpts from all sorts of magazines, lectures, and newspapers, their indebtedness to whom the compilers acknowledge both in the preface and at the end of each chapter, though the quotations seem occasionally to have got a good deal mixed in the pasting—an accident that enhances the difficulty of discovering their authors or the degree of reliance to be placed in them.

As is probably unavoidable in a book constructed on such lines as the present one, much very useful matter is to be found; but, as is also probably unavoidable, it is overlaid with so much extraneous, not to say irrelevant, information as to make selection, especially to an inexperienced housewife, a matter of extreme difficulty. In addition to this, the relation between the index and the contents leaves much to be desired. For instance, the chapter on furnishing, judging from index and headings, should be most interesting; unfortunately, an examination of the chapter shows that, beyond a few advertisements of sundry domestic patents, it contains nothing but a series of trite commonplaces, so worn and obvious that it is difficult to conceive any one taking the trouble to transplant them from the pages of their original newspaper.

In a Manual professedly for the use of inexperienced housewives it is curious more mention is not made of the many time- and labour-saving appliances now so common. For instance, a recipe is given for colouring essences, &c., in the chapter on the cellar, but not one word hints at the existence of the many vegetable and perfectly harmless colourings to be obtained for a few pence at every really good grocer's. *A propos* of this chapter on the cellar, an amusingly unconscious explanation is given of the popularity of ginger-beer, fruit-syrups, and such-like so-called "teetotal" beverages. The recipes for compounding the former liquid and for blackberry and grape syrups are calculated to give a disciple of Sir Wilfrid Lawson pause. In common fairness it must be added that the recipe for "wassail" will be fully as much of a novelty to most admirers of those old-fashioned compounds. The cookery is, as a rule, good, in some cases really excellent, though it might be wished a little more had been done to make plain the fact that clear stock, *alias* consommé, is *not* a fearful and expensive compound. Both the recipes for clear stock and clear soup are good; still, the quantity of meat required in both cases is so ample as to afford a good excuse for the superstition referred to above, especially as every experienced housekeeper knows that really thoroughly good clear stock can be produced from bones, either cooked or raw, with no more meat than is required for the clearing of the stock.

* *Spons' Household Manual: a Treasury of Domestic Receipts and Guide for Home Management.* London and New York: E. & F. N. Spons.

PERRAULT'S TALES.*

BY publishing this extremely pretty edition of a very charming book the Clarendon Press has once more given the lie to the rather ignorant and more than rather unjust accusation frequently made against both the University presses, that they produce nothing but bibles and pot-boiling school books. It is more than rather unjust, because it is simply not the truth, though it may be freely admitted that of late years the Clarendon Press itself has not produced so many standard editions of classics, ancient and modern, as it once did. It is rather ignorant, because it shows that those who make it do not in the least understand the relations of the Clarendon and the Pitt Presses to the Universities, of which they are in a fashion workshops. Nothing, it would seem, will ever get out of the minds of the vulgar the notion that the two older Universities as wholes, and every institution connected with them as parts, are overflowing with money which ought to be devoted to worthy objects and is devoted to unworthy ones. The fact, of course, is exactly the other way, and both at Oxford and at Cambridge the University would be very badly off if the daughter institutions, collegiate and other, did not filially make money and contribute it to the support of their impecunious mother. It is perhaps not very probable that much money will be made for University purposes out of this volume, but such as has been spent on it has been most excellently spent. As a book, the volume—a small quarto, bound in half vellum, and with wide margined pages of *papier vergé*, excellently printed—may challenge comparison with anything that M. Jouaust and M. Quantin have recently brought out in the way of editions of French classics. Mr. Lang has taken much trouble to have the exact text of the very rare first edition of Perrault's masterpiece reproduced, spelling and all—a nicety for which we have no particular care in the case of a book of such late date, but to which we certainly have no objection. He has not given any notes, which, perhaps, is rather a pity, for the vocabulary and style, as well as the matter, would have lent themselves very well thereto, and sometimes almost demand it. But he has given a very long and interesting introduction of nearly a hundred and twenty pages dealing with the author, with the tales as a whole, and with each of them separately, and discussing not merely their literary origins, as far as ascertained, but their general characteristics as literature and as folk-lore. Mr. Lang's interest in anthropological mythology, his learning in it, and the thoroughly sensible view which he takes of its general principles, contrasting as this sense does so remarkably with the one-sided views of the philologists at any price and the nature-mythists at any price, are well known; nor is it necessary to insist on his literary competence. The consequence is that his introduction gives by far the best help to the intelligent study of a work as well fitted for intelligent study as, for mere enjoyment that has yet appeared in any language with which we are acquainted.

M. Léopold Derôme has begun in a French periodical, too late we should suppose for Mr. Lang to have seen his work before despatching this book to press, a series of papers on the vicissitudes of Perrault's memory, and on some little known editions of his works. M. Derôme, as a librarian and general student of books as books, naturally devotes his attention less to the better than to the worse known work of this versatile clerk of Colbert, sighs for a new edition of the *Parallèle*, and more or less passes over the *Contes*, not of course as trivial, but as generally known. Mr. Lang's attitude is just the opposite; he is perhaps a little hard on the *Parallèle* itself when he dismisses it, or at least the famous quarrel of "Ancients and Moderns" to which it led, as merely or mainly futile. He would himself, we should imagine, not deny that the Boileaus and the Daciers who defended Homer were quite as much out of sympathy with the heroic age and with heroic poems as the Perraults and the La Mottes who attacked Homer. We are inclined to think that Homer himself, though he might have been sorry to be attacked by the author of the "Belle au bois dormant," would have been much sorrier at being defended by the author of the Namur ode. "If you think I write like *that*," we can imagine a

* *Perrault's Tales.* Edited, with Introduction, by Andrew Lang. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1888.

subterranean voice coming from Smyrna, Chios, Colophon, and the rest, "for heaven's sake don't take my part"; and, though it is perfectly true that, as judged from most of his work except the *Contes*, Perrault was quite as much of a *perruque* as his adversaries, still there is something in the *Contes* themselves which seems to show that he was actuated by a sound, though mistaken, feeling. He did not understand Homer enough to see what a prince of romantics Homer is; he could understand "Tom Thumb" and "Puss in Boots," which are only another side of Homer. But, heaven help us! we are getting into a *parallèle* ourselves.

Mr. Lang devotes sufficient, and not more than sufficient, space to a discussion of the odd freak, or else the partly rational fancy, which made Perrault publish the masterpiece of which he thought so little or was so half ashamed in the name of "Perrault d'Armancour," the said Perrault d'Armancour being his own son, a young gentleman of tender years. Mr. Lang thinks that there may have been a certain amount of real authorship on the boy's part; that is to say, that Perrault may have got the child to tell him the stories as he had himself heard them from his nurse, and then woven them into the curiously parti-coloured style—at one time purely popular and naïve and at another obviously literary and sophisticated—in which we now have them. There is nothing at all improbable in this, and, provided it is not carried to the length of asterisking this or that passage as "Unecht" (very likely some hopeful German has done this already), there is nothing objectionable in it. But what is really curious is that a book of such an origin, and coming from so unlikely a person, should give us in some, if not most, cases the earliest known version of stories which are obviously and on the face of them of immemorial antiquity. Mr. Lang's mythological learning is able, of course, to collect a mass of interesting and curious parallels to these tales from all nations, periods, and languages. But we think we are right in saying that, with the exception of *Grisélidis*, which is quite out of the *cadre* of its sisters, and of the "Three Wishes," nothing like an earlier form of the tales as they stand is to be found anywhere in literature before the date of Perrault's own book. If we remember rightly, an industrious living rescuer of work in danger of perishing once promised his subscribers a collection of the earliest English nursery tales, and gave it up simply because it was nearly impossible to find out what was the earliest. German tales, as is well known, date, as far as printed collections go, in most cases no further back than Grimm. And so in other cases. And we are further confronted with the very curious problem—Is the superior substance and vitality of these particular stories as Perrault has given them merely due to the exercise by mere chance of artistic and literary power of the right sort at the right time upon them, or had Perrault d'Armancour's unknown source these merits, and had it them in consequence of the similar exercise of power by some unknown poet or prose-maker at an earlier time?

This is the literary problem as opposed to the mythological one, and, as it is incapable of solution, there is not need to waste much time on it, interesting as it undoubtedly is. Mr. Lang has wasted none, but has gone straight to his own mythological stores, and has extracted therefrom a most curious budget of things, new and old, on the subject. The Swahili "Puss in Boots," which appears to be like most of the Swahili tales (and like *Aucassin et Nicolette*) a *cante-fable*, where the tale-teller alternately sings and says, is interesting, but mournful. Puss is a gazelle, a dear gazelle, who justifies only too fully the painful assertions of the poet about that animal. It has an ungrateful Marquis of Carabas for a master, it dies of sorrow when it comes to know him well, and they give it a public funeral—a pitch of civilization to which we did not know that Zanzibar had reached.

On "Cinderella," if we mistake not, Mr. Lang has written before now, and indeed there is so much human nature in that charming story, that it is not surprising to find humans inventing it with a healthy disdain of the charge of plagiarism anywhere and everywhere. Nor are the variants of "Bluebeard," though much less close, much less numerous. By the way, Mr. Lang does not tell us, and we have forgotten, who was the first person to hit upon the singularly wiseacreish identification with Gilles de Retz. That identification has always seemed to us a very triumph of the commentatorial folly which must try to identify things unidentifiable, and not worth identifying. For it would be nearly impossible to find two heroes or villains of fact or fiction whose proceedings and motives were less alike than those of Ma Sœur Anne's, as some have held him, rather ill-treated brother-in-law, and the loathsome sorcerer, or, if anybody likes, the maligned patriot, of the Breton marches.

After all, however, the charm of this edition, as of all good editions produced by good scholars and critics, is that it introduces us once more, and in more becoming fashion, to its text. We like Mr. Lang here much, but Mr. Lang would probably be the last to object to our saying that we like Perrault better. A delightful parenthesis (all good writers love parentheses) which occurs in the first dozen lines tells how "on donna pour maraines à la petite princesse [a spelling in itself how charming] toutes les fées qu'on pust trouver dans le pays (il s'on trouva sept)." This is but a fair specimen of the inimitable style of the whole. Lamb would have written an essay on that parenthesis and its demure exactness. The union of Perrault's own bits of *esprit*, of his little gallantries, his little satires, with this singular simplicity produces no doubt something which does not equally satisfy all tastes. There have been those who thought that the simplicity would be sweeter by itself. We are not of them, nor is Mr. Lang. As he puts it in an excellent passage, "There is for us of this century an additional zest in the fact that the whole artificial and courtly world here pretty exactly described at intervals is as dead, as unreal, as much a matter of myth and story as the world of ogres and fairies itself." But even without this the contrast would have had an unequalled charm.

ENGLISH SEALS.*

ALL students of English mediæval antiquities must often have felt that a separate work on the Seals of England is one of the most urgent of literary desiderata. Apart from their great historical value English seals, both from their richness of design and minute delicacy of workmanship, are quite unrivalled by those of any other country, and certainly deserve, from the purely artistic point of view, more attention than they have hitherto received. It is disappointing to find that this large and handsomely printed volume does so little to supply this need—partly from the too narrow limits of its scheme, and partly from the unsatisfactory way in which Mr. Birch has described the seals in his Catalogue. With a good introductory monograph on the subject of English seals generally, and a carefully prepared index, both of which are here wanting, this Catalogue might, with its succeeding volumes, have formed the long-needed handbook on the subject.

Even as a bare Catalogue the descriptions of details of ornament and dress are far too vague to be of much use to the student. Little real information is given by such a slovenly description of the magnificent representation of Norwich Cathedral on the Chapter seal of 1258 (No. 2093). "It is a Gothic building decorated with carvings in which the Arcade, stringcourse, and pediment are freely introduced." Technical accuracy is equally absent in all the descriptions of the costume worn by the figures of ecclesiastics or monastic saints; thus, for example, St. Augustine on the reverse of the seal of Merton Abbey of 1241 (No. 3637) is said to be "in vestments partly embroidered," a phrase which leaves the student about as wise as he was before. Whereas every one interested in ecclesiastical dress would have got some distinct notion of the saint's costume if he had been told that the Archbishop "wears mass vestments and has a rich apparel on his alb." It is surprising, too, to find Mr. Birch repeating the venerable blunder, invented, we believe, by the Camden Society, nearly half a century ago, that a crozier means a cross—the fact being that the word crozier is connected with the French word *crosse*, meaning a curved stick, or shepherd's crook, and has nothing to do either with the French *croix* or the English word cross. Whenever the word crozier occurs in old English, it means the ordinary pastoral staff of a bishop or abbot, and never the cross, which was one of the distinguishing badges of an archbishop.

Mr. Birch's Catalogue begins with the royal seals of England, ranging in unbroken succession from Edward the Confessor downwards, only a few isolated examples of Saxon seals being now known. The design of the Confessor's seal is much the same as that on the obverse of his so-called "sovereign penny." The king is represented seated on a throne, holding the orb and cross-topped sceptre; the legend is a curious example of monkish pedantry in its mixture of Latin and doubtful Greek:—✠ SIGILLVM · EADWARDI · ANGLORVM · BASILEI. This enthroned figure, in one form or another, has been used on the seals of all the sovereigns of England down to the present reign. William the Conqueror's Great Seal begins the perfect series, impressed from two matrices, like a coin, with, on the reverse, a figure of the king in armour on horseback, armed with sword and shield. By degrees greater elaboration of ornament was introduced on to the obverse; in Edward III.'s time niches, with minute statuettes of saints, were added on each side of the enthroned king, the back of the throne was panelled, and a rich canopy of "decorated" style was placed over his head. In the reign of Henry IV. the climax of magnificence was reached, in minute richness of design surpassing the seal of any other European sovereign. The elaborate canopy over this king's head, in his second seal of 1411, contains niches with statuettes of the Virgin and Child between two saints, and at the side, among tabernacle work like some gorgeous reredos, are three rows of statuettes in minute canopied niches, each row being two tiers high. Thus about fifteen almost microscopic figures of saints and angels are introduced among the architectural framing of the king's throne. Soon after that date—the beginning of the fifteenth century—the royal seals became less magnificent, and the accessory statuettes of saints began to be omitted. In Henry VII.'s seal we see, for the first time, the influence of Italian Renaissance modifying the English Gothic of previous reigns, and till the reign of Elizabeth the royal throne is decorated with pilasters and arabesque carving, like the fine walnut choir-stalls and other furniture for which the pupils of Raphael were so justly celebrated throughout Italy and other countries on the Continent. After the sixteenth century the decadence was very rapid, the lowest level of all being perhaps reached by the technically skilful but hopelessly dull and weak design of Queen Victoria's Great Seal. One seal, illustrated at Plate IV., No. 895, as a seal of the Court of Common Pleas under

* *Catalogue of Seals in the British Museum.* By W. de G. Birch. Vol. I. Printed by Order of the Trustees.

Henry VII., is very misleading to the student of English art; Mr. Birch has omitted to note in his description that the design and workmanship of the obverse is not of Henry VII.'s time, but of the thirteenth century—owing probably to the officers of the Court using an old matrix of Henry III.

One cannot but regret that Mr. Birch does not even give footnotes on any of the interesting points connected with English seals—as, for example, with regard to the use of white or coloured wax; that from about the eleventh to the fifteenth century it was customary to make a distinction between the originals of important State documents and office copies—the former being written on fine vellum, with seals of coloured wax (usually green) attached by cords of many coloured strands of silk and gold thread; while the copies were usually on commoner parchment, and had seals of uncoloured white wax fastened by strips of parchment instead of silk and gold. The substance now called sealing-wax, made of shell-lac and Venice turpentine, is a modern invention. In mediæval times seals were made of nearly pure beeswax, and so many different devices were adopted to preserve the soft wax from injury. One method was to wrap the seal up in leaves of oak, beech, or some other tree; another way was to twist round the margin of the seal a sort of wreath made of rushes or plaited strips of vellum, so that the main surface of the delicate wax relief was preserved from contact with the vellum folds of the document. Specially important seals were still more carefully protected by being encased in little boxes made of painted wood or embossed leather, *cuir bouilli*, sometimes very richly decorated with delicate surface reliefs. After the seals of State, Mr. Birch adopts a rather unsatisfactory method of classification, arranging the rest of his catalogue in the following categories:—Ecclesiastical, Monastic, Peculiar Jurisdictions, Religious Orders, Guilds, &c., and, lastly, Military Orders. The fault is perhaps more in the absurdity of the titles of these different classes than in the actual arrangement. Nevertheless, it must cause very needless confusion in the mind of any one who consults the Catalogue, to find, for example, such very illogical categories as Ecclesiastical, Monastic, and Religious Orders, though a closer examination will show that by "Monastic" the author means seals of individual abbots or monasteries, while by "Religious Orders" he refers to general seals of a whole province, such as the general chapter seal of the Cistercians in England and Wales. Mr. Birch might easily have avoided such slovenly nomenclature by consulting the admirable system of classification adopted by Dr. Percival in arranging the collection of seals in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries at Burlington House. The British Museum is especially rich in its collection of ecclesiastical seals, using the word in its proper sense, and not as Mr. Birch does. Some of the best seals of bishops and abbots in the thirteenth to the fifteenth century are among the most beautiful works of art that England has ever produced, and are of special interest as being purely the production of a native school of artists, whose work, though minute in scale, is not inferior in beauty to the best productions of Niccola Pisano and his Florentine followers.

The folds of the dress and the whole pose of such a figure as that of the Bishop on the seal of Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, 1333-1345, would have been worthy of a Greek gem-engraver in the time of Alexander the Great; and, like the best Greek gems, though so small in actual size, it gives one the effect and possesses the grandeur of style of quite a large statue. Even a century earlier, in 1241, the seal made for Walter de Merton's Abbey near Wimbledon had an enthroned figure of the Virgin and Child which Italy could certainly not have rivalled at that early date. The deeply-cut folds of the Virgin's mantle are as graceful in line and as true in the way each fold is traced to its origin as are the wonderful draperies of the colossal figures of Mausolus and Artemisia from Halicarnassus. In some cases mediæval seals have preserved to us the design of fine or curious specimens of antique gems, owing to the not uncommon custom of kings or prelates using as their private seals some ancient engraved gem, to which, very frequently, a novel and Christian meaning was given by means of the inscription placed round it—the name of some saint—in the metal border of the matrix. A magnificent portrait gem of one of the Seleucid Kings of Syria was used instead of his own portrait by the French King Odo, 888-898, and a good impression of this matrix is attached to one of the documents in the British Museum. So, for example, the monks of Durham used a head of Jupiter Serapis, rechristened in the setting as "Caput *S. Oswaldi.*" A still more curious use of antique gems is to be found in seals of some of the thirteenth century bishops, as, for example, in No. 1205 in Mr. Birch's list—the seal of Boniface of Savoy, Archbishop of Canterbury, A.D. 1245, which has the usual standing figure of the Archbishop, and, by way of ornament to the field or ground of the oval, four small Roman gems (not Greek as Mr. Birch states) were inlaid in the silver matrix, producing a very extraordinary and somewhat incongruous effect. The matrices of seals used by bishops and abbots were most commonly of silver, and this intrinsic value is one of the reasons why such seals are now extremely rare. But apart from this, their scarcity is caused by the common custom of the matrix of prelates' seals being solemnly broken in the presence of the Archbishop or of the Monastic Chapter soon after the death of its owner. It appears to have been usual to use the metal of the broken seals and their chains to make some silver statuette or small article of altar plate, such as a chalice or a paten, which was then offered at some altar in the church to which the abbot or bishop had been attached. The accounts of Durham Cathedral and Abbey (Surtees Soc. ii. 13) record for many years (1128-1381) the breaking of the bishops' seals and the various ornaments into which their silver was made, the quantity of which would not be insignificant, considering that every bishop would possess, not only a great seal of dignity, but also a rather smaller one, *ad causas*, used for licences of various kinds, and a private seal, *secretum*, for his own personal business; in some cases he had also a separate "counter-seal," used to stamp the back of his great seal. In addition to all these the bishops of Durham possessed a seal of royal size and magnificence in their capacity of Princes of the Palatinate; these are large circular seals with, on the obverse, the bishop enthroned under a canopy, and on the reverse the bishop in complete armour, with sword and shield, fighting on horseback, only marked as an ecclesiastic by the mitre which he wears over his helmet. The motive on both sides of these Palatinate seals is, of course, taken from the royal seals of England, with the enthroned king, and the king in battle on the reverse.

In their ingenious complication and richness of effect one or two seals of monastic corporations surpassed even those of the sovereigns and the archbishops. The fourteenth-century seal of Boxgrove Priory (Sussex), the matrices of which are in the British Museum, is a remarkable example of this. On the obverse is a very beautiful figure of the Virgin enthroned, and on the reverse a minute representation of the West front of the Priory Church, with open tracery, containing a relief of the Annunciation and figures of saints. This side of the seal was produced by two different matrices used on separate plaques of softened wax. One of these formed the background with its statuettes and reliefs; the other was used to stamp out the open tracery of the church, which, when hard, was fitted on to the background reliefs, thus forming, as it were, a miniature model of the building, with its statues and the inner planes of the façade seen through the delicate open tracery, producing an extremely rich effect. Another seal of the same century, that of Southwark Priory, is even more elaborate, as both sides have open tracery applied separately, so that the main matrix consists of four distinct pieces of metal. In the case of these and a good many other seals an inscription was added round the edge of the wax by means of a straight strip of bronze with letters cut on both its sides. First one and then the other side of this strip was pressed against the edge of the wax seal, and thus the complete legend round it was formed. To build up one of these very complicated seals must have been a work requiring much skill and patience. The twelve autotype plates with which Mr. Birch's Catalogue is illustrated are not very satisfactory in execution, and might certainly have been better selected. However limited the number might be, such seals as the second great seal of Henry IV. and that of Richard Bury, Bishop of Durham, should not have been omitted, being, as they are, the very crown and flower of the most beautiful of all the arts of England in the middle ages. On the whole, we cannot but feel that the author has let slip a unique opportunity of producing a valuable and standard work on a very fascinating subject.

SCOTLAND AND SCOTSMEN.*

MR. JOHN RAMSAY, of Ochtertyre, who died in 1814 at the age of seventy-eight, was a country gentleman of some mark as a scholar and an antiquary. During the larger part of his life he devoted his energies mainly to the improvement of his property, an estate of moderate size in the neighbourhood of Stirling, and in his latter years amused himself by filling "ten bulky volumes" with what he remembered about the people he had known, and with remarks on the social changes he had witnessed, and other matters. He seems to have wished that his writings, if published at all—and it is evident from what we have of them that he intended that they should some day be given to the world—should be printed exactly as he left them. Mr. Allardyce, to whom the task of editing the Ochtertyre manuscripts has been entrusted, has, however, considered it advisable to make a compilation from them, for he found that some of them were of no permanent value, that some "overlapped one another," and that there was besides "a certain amount of prolixity and discursiveness in Mr. Ramsay's style." While he has not altered a word that Mr. Ramsay wrote, he has selected from the mass of manuscripts, and arranged in the two somewhat ponderous volumes before us, all that seemed to him likely to interest readers of the present day. In spite of his editorial labours, which certainly cannot have been light, the good old laird still repeats himself, and his discourses are still prolix and desultory. Although we are told that we, to some extent, owe Jonathan Oldbuck to Scott's recollection of Ramsay, these volumes go far to prove that George Constable, Clerk of Eldin, and no doubt others, contributed much more than he did to the making of the Antiquary; for Ramsay evidently had little sense of humour, and, if there was any whimsical impulsiveness in his composition, it is effectually hidden by his verbose and commonplace style of writing. One point of likeness there certainly was between him and Monkbarns, for he never failed to read a portion of his manuscripts to every visitor who could be persuaded to listen to it, and Scott, who visited him

* *Scotland and Scotsmen in the Eighteenth Century.* From the MSS. of John Ramsay, Esq., of Ochtertyre. Edited by Alexander Allardyce. 2 vols. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons. 1888.

in 1793, no doubt remembered his own sufferings when he described how Lord Glenallan was forced to listen to the excursus on the hill-fort of Quickens-bog. A large part of these volumes is occupied by Ramsay's reminiscences of men and women with whom he was more or less acquainted. Several of them, though no doubt persons of some consequence in their time, are, to say the least, not generally remembered now, and their characters and habits are in themselves of no interest to any one. Of course they might have been made interesting, but that would have required the exercise of an art of which Ramsay had no knowledge. Some of his friends, however, were men who are still famous, and we hoped that he would have had much to tell us that was worth knowing about them. But he writes in such a dull and formal manner that it is hard to get either amusement or instruction from his attempts at portraiture. He was deeply impressed with the enormity of the offence Boswell had committed against the "laws of society" in indulging his "preposterous passion for reporting private conversations," and he took care not to sin in the same manner. His descriptions of character may be judicious, they are certainly sententious, and, unfortunately, for the most part utterly lifeless. No personal anecdotes find place in his text, and such as he gives us are put in footnotes. After getting through some pages, more or less according to the measure of patience he possesses, the reader will probably become weary of the "delicacy and candour" with which Mr. Ramsay estimates the characters of a succession of judges, ministers, and private friends, and will confine himself to searching the notes for refreshing morsels. In them, too, along with some really good things, he will find much that is irritating. Here, for example, is a note on Lord Monboddo:—"It was alleged that he paid his addresses to a lady of great fortune and learning. Somebody observed that he was one of the first who thought of turning fortune-hunter when past seventy." Can any anecdote be more utterly fatuous than this? However, Ramsay's reminiscences are not all equally vague and dreary. Lord Kames, whom he knew intimately, was, he tells us, even when past seventy, exceedingly given to philandering, and was "at extraordinary pains to form the taste and improve the knowledge of young ladies distinguished for beauty and talents." There was no love lost between him and Monboddo, and the two philosophers had each "a sovereign contempt for the other's studies and works." Once when they were both in the drawing-room of Gordon Castle, Monboddo sneered at his brother judge's literary powers. This annoyed Kames so seriously that the Duchess, in order to prevent an open quarrel between the two aged authors, "proposed they should dance a reel with her, which restored tranquillity to the company." Ramsay speaks with great veneration of Boswell's father, Lord Auchinleck, though he blames him for neglecting to "improve his colloquial Scots"; for he considered that as his nation took no pains to improve their language in the seventeenth century, the men of his own day had no choice but to adopt that of "their ancient rivals." He laments that Thomson and Mallet did not write in their mother-tongue, and so give a "classical polish" to a "dialect which was then spoken by people of the best fashion by education." He admired the genius of Burns, and took a warm interest in his welfare, wrote him a letter of good advice, from which extracts are given in the introduction to these volumes, had him to stay at Ochtertyre, and as we know from one of his letters to Currie—not printed here—visited him soon afterwards at Ellisland. At the same time poetry that did not follow "classical models" had little charm for him, and he urged Burns "to cultivate the drama on the model of the *Gentle Shepherd*, and write Scottish eclogues."

One or two of the ministers who were of note about the time of the Rebellion of Forty-five are described with more approach to vivacity than is usual in Ramsay's work. It is not difficult, for instance, to form some idea of Dr. Webster, an eloquent and popular preacher and a zealous ecclesiastical politician, who though over-fond of the bottle and "of the company of men who assuredly were not saints," retained the confidence and esteem of the most serious and strictest people in Edinburgh. He was a seasoned vessel, and though he was said to have drunk as much claret at the expense of the Corporation as would have floated a 74-gun ship, for he was a constant attendant at the business meetings of the town, which were then held at a tavern, he always carried his liquor discreetly. Nor would he even in his most festive moments ever allow any one to say in his presence what he thought it unbecoming for a clergyman to hear without administering a rebuke that was sometimes at least well turned. "Doctor," the then Earl of Dundonald said to him one day, "may I not ride through hell on a windle-straw now that I have put a roof on the Abbey Church [of Paisley], and brought water into the Abbey?" "My Lord," he answered, "you had better take the well with you." Bisset, the senior minister of Aberdeen, was a typical specimen of a section of the Northern clergy who "formed themselves on the model of the Remonstrants of the preceding century." He was blunt and fearless, held aloof from other men, and was much feared, for he had a bitter tongue, and never cared to measure his words. An amusing instance is given of his power of retaliation. When his brother clergy went to congratulate the Duke of Cumberland in 1746 he refused to go with them, and afterwards appeared at the levée by himself. Some mirth was excited by his ungainly figure and awkward carriage, and General Hawley said aloud, "Smoke the parson." Bisset took an ample revenge; for he ended his speech of congratulation to the Duke by referring to "the cowardice and misconduct of the persons to whom the public affairs had been lately committed. 'Had Hawley and Cope done their duty things would not have been in their present state.' 'Smoke the parson now, Hawley,' said some of his brethren."

Ramsay's notices of the changes he witnessed in social life derive their principal interest from being the observations of a contemporary; there is little that is new in them. In what he says on the drinks of the Scottish gentry we note that the "Tappit Hen," the name which Scott gives to the three-quart pot of excellent claret that Luckie Macleary placed before the Baron of Bradwardine and his friends, once had a less honourable signification. Before the increase of the wine duties and the war with France made claret so dear that gentlemen of small means no longer kept it in their houses, and only drank it at taverns, the wine was as poor as it was cheap, and when it turned sour it was customary to mix it with cinnamon and sugar, "which made what was then called a *tappit hen*." Although little port was drunk in Scotland till far on in the century, it was taken by "gouty people who were forbid claret." The account we have here of the rise of a new system of agriculture after the Forty-five deserves special attention, for Ramsay was a practical agriculturist and an excellent landlord. The Rebellion, which brought much money into Scotland, first for the payment of troops, and afterwards for the purchase of the heritable jurisdictions, is treated as a "capital era" in Scottish husbandry. Land commanded a good price, and English methods of cultivation were introduced into Scotland; for intercourse between the two countries now became frequent. The new military roads did much to improve agriculture; waggons with spoked wheels gradually took the place of sledges and of the rough carts called *tumblers*, and better horses were bred for farm-work. Some of the more enlightened landlords adopted a proper rotation of crops on their home-farms, and endeavoured to do away as far as possible with the old distinction between *outfield* and *infield*, so that "every part of the farm might produce the same crops in course." Improvements in the means of internal communication enabled tenants to lime their land freely, a change that did more than anything else to increase the productiveness of the country. An interesting record is given of the dearth of 1782, which is said to have resembled the "worst years of King William's dearth." It was followed by a period of great prosperity; for after the peace of the next year cattle, horses, and sheep were exported largely and fetched high prices. From this period the tenant-farmers seem to have become more enterprising and industrious, they eagerly adopted the improvements that had been introduced by the landlords, grew "more desirous of having enclosures than their masters were of making them," and no longer considered it unneighbourly to drive off cattle that were trespassing on their winter crops. The wages of farm servants rose very slowly, and though about the middle of the century they "entered into a combination to raise wages," a matter on which we should have liked to have heard more, in 1760, after "several small rises," a ploughman only received 3*l.* sterling, and a woman 20*s.* a year. A chapter on Highland superstitions shows, what, indeed, needed no proof, that Ramsay was a close and intelligent observer of ancient customs; but the subject has been so thoroughly worked since his day that what he says, pleasant as it is to read, has lost its novelty. His account of the Highlands after the suppression of the Rebellion contains some valuable remarks, especially on the effect that the increase in the price of black cattle and the rise in rents that followed it had in destroying the spirit of clanship.

TWO BOOKS ON ART.*

MR. HUMPHREY WARD has conducted to a fairly successful close his sumptuous publication on English art as represented in the public galleries of London. The last three parts are by no means the least interesting of the fifteen in which the work is comprised. In the thirteenth, which deals with Linnell, Müller, and De Wint, the editor has received most competent assistance from Mrs. Sitwell. The weakest of the three biographies contributed by this lady is unquestionably that of the painter first-named. It is evident that Mrs. Sitwell's feeling for Linnell's art is not that of a good and true Linnellite. Such devotees are rarer nowadays than they used to be. Since the year when Linnell shared with Dante Rossetti the honours of a Winter Exhibition at Burlington House, the sect has dwindled alike in numbers and in vocal force; and the fact that such a decline is apparent may be adduced in proof of the curious change in taste which the nation of late has made. Mrs. Sitwell has done her best to speak with due respect of something that was once pre-eminently respected. She has succeeded in a way; but the effect of her endeavour is a trifle vague and indirect. One has to read between the lines to find the secret of her want of faith; and in the process one is led to question the propriety in such a case of cold politeness and formal discrimination. The lady is seen to far greater advantage in her study of De Wint. The end of it, indeed, is so good as to be worth quoting:—

He so contrives the choice and juxtaposition of his tints as never to give the sense of poverty, and to suggest with admirable tact the broad and speaking

* *English Art in the Public Galleries of London.* Edited by T. Humphrey Ward. Parts XIII., XIV., XV. London and Paris: Boussod & Valadon.

Scottish Painters. By Walter Armstrong. London: Seeley.

relations of tone and effect in nature. His use of the pure water-colour wash is quite masterly, luminous to the extreme when he wants lights, and in the darks rich and powerful enough without loss of transparency; he knows well how to suggest the multiplicity of nature without perplexing the eye by detail, and with a few perfectly-chosen and cunningly-laid tints of dark-greenish grey for his foreground trees, of dim purplish red for homesteads and villages, of sober yellow for his harvest-fields, and sober blue (where the blue has not flown, as it has proved somewhat apt to fly) in his skies, can often set before us in perfection the very essence and spirit of the English lowland scenery which he loved.

That seems to us, in the writer's phrase, quite masterly. The aims and achievement of De Wint have never, that we know, been so neatly qualified or so accurately summarized. The estimate is more than the best thing in the three numbers now before us; it is close enough to be as nearly final as an estimate can be. The "Müller" is good, too; but it is a thought too liberal in tone and too generous in effect. Miss F. M. Robinson's "Landseer" is far less felicitous than any of Mrs. Sitwell's three. It is brightly written enough; but there is too much of it (Landseer has a whole part to himself, exactly as though he stood on the same plane with Constable and Turner and Reynolds), and what there is is neither illuminating considered as criticism nor interesting considered as fact. The last part is the work of Mr. Ward himself; it treats of men so various and antagonistic as Chalon and Rossetti; as Walker and Bonington and Clarkson Stanfield; it may be read with interest always, and here and there with profit. Mr. Ward, in his account of Bonington, for whom he entertains a great and laudable admiration, draws largely on the correspondence of Delacroix, to whose analysis of Bonington's genius he refrains, with admirable tact and propriety, from adding any words of his own. His account of the merit of Rossetti's "Ecce ancilla Domini" and Walker's "Vagrants" is, we think, extravagantly eulogistic; but his concluding remarks are extremely sensible, and we are happy to endorse them with emphasis. The national collections will bear, as he remarks, a good many additions ere they can claim to be rightly representative of English art. In none is there a Philip, in none a Mason or a David Cox; we could well "be doing" with the admirable and noble Wilson now on view at the Grosvenor Gallery; our Cotmans are none of the best; we should certainly be all the better for "some Romneys, as beautiful as those we have, but larger and more characteristic of the painter's highest mood." When these gaps are filled—as, it is hoped, they may one day be—we shall feel at liberty, perhaps, to recognize that the English school is not the only one which has distinguished itself in modern years, and so enlarge our sympathies as to take in a specimen or two of the art of Corot and MM. Millet and Diaz.

It remains to add that the illustrations of the last three *fasciculi* of *English Art in the Public Galleries of London* are in the main well chosen and well executed. No fault is, of course, to be found with the Landseers, except that they are by this time stalest of the stale. One has seen them scores of times before, and in scores of different processes—the "Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner," the "Sleeping Bloodhound," "Dignity and Impudence," the "Jack in Office," "Suspense"—there is not one but has been trotted out in black and white in every quarter of the civilization where the use of black and white is possible. To say that they look at least as well in photogravure as in any other medium is to say everything. The Rossetti—the "Ecce ancilla Domini" aforesaid—is less familiar and more welcome; it is very neatly and cleverly reproduced. In Messrs. Goupil's transcript from the National Gallery Walker the hardness and spottiness of the original are successfully dissembled; their presentation of Linnell's "Windmill" is more pleasing to consider than the picture; their two De Wints are excellent in their way. A Bonington, "The Column of St. Mark," is dull and heavy; while the Muller, "A River Scene," is far too tame and inexpressive in texture. All the Stanfields are good. A certain smoothness, a want of individuality, a mechanical correctness (as of negatives to[...]hed to death) is a characteristic of the sets, and the impression of it is perhaps the strongest memory we retain of them.

Mr. Walter Armstrong (who knows everything) knows a great deal about Scottish painters; and he has presented his knowledge to the general public in a thin volume adorned with many cuts. His style is crisp, his manner trenchant, his bearing that of one having authority, his indulgence in the matter of jargon by no means immoderate. His work is quite worth reading; for, with much that is merely sound, it contains a great deal that is positively startling. Thus, in Raeburn's pictures he is able to distinguish "a want of depth and roundness in his shadows, and generally . . . . a want of force"; and to add that, "this comes partly, no doubt, from his habit of painting without a rest for his hand." Again, he is prepared to assert of Thomson of Duddingstone (whom, as becomes a sincere admirer of Messrs. M'Whirter and David Murray, he patronizes with conspicuous airiness and freedom) that, "unlike most amateurs, he succeeded best where he tried least"; an observation, if ever there was one, whose bearings, it may be remarked, do unquestionably lie in the application of it. An ingenious comparison between John Philip and Rossetti of the one part, and Burns and Landon of the other, is too long for quotation, or it would show, as scarce anything else, that what Mr. Armstrong knows he knows better than any one besides. These eccentricities apart, the book is capable work, and will be read with interest wherever the Scotch school of painting is popular. In Scotland—which, "for a century past . . . has produced more good artists than any other country of equal size in the world"—it will be studied with peculiar pleasure. For not only does it catalogue a considerable number of Scottish painters; it also goes far to show that "the Art of the North has a sure title to honour," in that all its professors have an eye for colour—that, as Mr. Armstrong puts it, "colour is honoured" by them with a more exclusive devotion than it has found elsewhere since the days of Titian. To those who have wandered (or hurried) through the Scottish exhibitions—to those whose theory of colour is not precisely identical with that of the savage bull—this statement will probably sound a trifle excessive. But that it will seem natural, and even modest, in Edinburgh and Glasgow, is what none who is acquainted with the Scots character will permit himself to doubt. Mr. Armstrong is certain of it; and for the cautious Southron he is therefore scarce so sure a guide as might be wished. *Au demeurant le meilleur fils du monde.* He has plenty to say, and he is very often right. Of his illustrations (which, like the text, have already appeared in *The Portfolio*) the best, as it seems to us, are the reproduction of a famous etching by Geddes, and of Raeburn's "Lord Newton," and Mr. Colin Hunter's admirable etching "A Banffshire Harbour." Of such examples of "the art of the North" as Mr. Petrie's "Dost Know this Water-fly?" and Nasmyth's "Cottage," the less said the better.

MEDICAL BOOKS.*

WITHOUT in any way disparaging the intelligence of our readers, we may venture to assume that, in the case of the majority, a knowledge of the *Ptomaines* and *Leucomaines* is beyond their philosophy; indeed very many members of the medical profession would be somewhat puzzled by the terms. This is to be regretted, because (according to the gospel of Professor Gautier, and his English champion, Dr. Brown) they, together with some other substances, rather hazily described as extractive matters, are the main cause of human diseases. For the benefit of the uninitiated we may mention that ptomaines is the title given to the alkaloids which are formed during the putrefaction of animal tissues, and leucomaines to those which result from the physiological processes taking place in the tissues of the living animal. In the opinion of the author these animal alkaloids, in conjunction with the "extractive matters," are destined to expel the microbe and bacillus ignominiously from the arena of scientific discussion. Dr. Brown would attribute the occurrence of most morbid states, including typhus, to the accumulation in the system of alkaloids and extractive matters as the result of their excessive formation in some cases, and their defective elimination in others. This explanation is not an improbable one with regard to non-infectious diseases such as rheumatism, gout, ague, possibly cholera, and the numerous poisoned conditions of the system arising from functional or structural derangements of the kidneys or liver; but would not account for those in which a distinct communicable poison is developed as in hydrophobia, syphilis, small-pox, scarlet fever, measles, &c. In these cases no accumulation of physiologically-formed alkaloids or extractive matters would account for the existence of a virulent contagium, the smallest quantity of which will set up a definite and specific disease in the bodies of the healthy. Whether a bacillus or something else be the active agent in these specific poisons is at present undetermined, but the existence of such poisons is beyond dispute. It is improbable that syphilis or small-pox is at the present time ever developed spontaneously in an individual; but of course the *materies morbi* must have originated at some time, possibly as the result of evolution through generations of people exposed to similar unhealthy surroundings. Though we cannot altogether agree with Dr. Brown in his conclusions, we think his book a very suggestive one and likely to aid in the elucidation of the difficult problems met with in the study of the etiology of disease.

We must all desire a euthanasia as the closing scene of our life's drama, though probably most of us, whatever our age, hope that the date at which we shall "shuffle off this mortal coil" may be more or less distant. It is now pretty generally known that the popular ideas of fifty years ago on the subject of death-bed horrors and agonies were to a great extent popular fallacies, and that dying is not usually a very painful process. A large number of deaths take place during unconsciousness, and in many others, where the intellect remains unclouded until almost the last gasp, the suffering arises from a feeling of intense exhaustion rather than of pain, and certainly cannot be correctly described as agony. There are, however, a few terrible exceptions in cases where local or general convulsions take place without loss of consciousness, as in hydrophobia and tetanus. So much for the physical aspect of dying. On the mental side we should expect that, where consciousness remains, a firm belief in the certainty of a happy future after death would have a calming influence, and such is really the case. On the other hand, however, the stereotyped description of the horrors of the sinner's deathbed so frequently affected by the authors of religious tracts has very little foundation in fact.

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* *A Treatise on the Animal Alkaloids, or Ptomaines and Leucomaines.* By A. M. Brown, M.D. London: Baillière, Tindall, & Cox.

Euthanasia; or, Medical Treatment in Aid of an Easy Death. By William Munk, M.D., F.S.A. London: Longmans & Co.

The Year Book of Treatment for 1888. London: Cassell & Co., Lim.

The chapter of Dr. Munk's book on the "General and Medical Treatment of the Dying" is a most carefully written and valuable one, and we should suggest its publication in the form of a pamphlet for distribution among nurses and others who are in attendance upon the moribund. Medical men also may glean useful hints from it for the alleviation of the sufferings of those among their patients whose lives they can no longer hope to preserve.

To the busy practitioner a study of the systematical works on medicine and surgery is well nigh impossible, and even the periodical literature of these subjects is too voluminous to be read during the short and uncertain intervals which are left to him by the exigencies of practice. In addition to this, the medical man who has due regard for his mental and physical health will devote no inconsiderable portion of his limited leisure to non-medical reading and to such outdoor recreation as may be congenial to his tastes. Hence the great value of such a summary of recent improvements in medical and surgical treatment as is presented to us in *The Year Book*, edited by Mr. Malcolm Morris. In this little book the practitioner will find a means of keeping *au courant* with the advances in practical medicine and surgery without undergoing the labour entailed by the extensive reading which would be necessary in order to collect the particulars for himself. The volume for 1888 is not a whit behind its four predecessors in the judicious selection of matter and the critical acumen with which it is treated. Indeed, the authors of the various papers appear to have more fully developed the capacity for perceiving what kind of mental nutriment is required by medical men, and have also been successful in rendering it palatable and easy of assimilation. The price of *The Year Book of Treatment* (five shillings) is strictly moderate—no unimportant matter in these times of pecuniary depression.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

ANY one who can count some thirty years or more of memory of the actual events of history may enjoy a kind of miniature edition of the *Ruins* of the late M. de Chassebœuf, more commonly known as Volney, by thinking over the word Zouaves. Before the Crimean War they were terrible fellows, but vaguely known. The Crimea made them familiar and rather popular in that Albion which their colonels and their admirers had frequently devoted (after dinner) to the Zouaves' own prowess *à la* MacTavish. Piedmont and Mexico, as well as their own Algeria, added to their laurels, until their laurels felt the killing frosts of 1870, and, with the rest of the French army, the Zouaves fell more suddenly, but perhaps not more reasonably, than they had risen. Of all their vicissitudes M. Laurencin (1) treats at fair length and by no means in too Chauvinist a spirit, while his book is capitally printed and papered, and quite luxuriously illustrated with careful engravings after Yvon, Detaille, Vernet, the two Bellangés, Protais, and a dozen other artists.

M. Michel Delines has made up an interesting volume (2) partly of personal reminiscences of the great Russian novelist, who, after attracting attention to Russian novels, has been half-forgotten for newer but far lesser names; partly of piecings together of Tourguéneff's—or, as some call him, Turgenjew's—writings. Perhaps the two most interesting things in the book are the long description (a little "romanced" we should think, for some of the details, and especially some of the dialogue, can hardly have been recorded on the spot) of the novelist's eccentric and alarming mother, and some remarks of Turgenjew's own about Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Thackeray, both of whom disturbed him greatly by finding part of his conversation ludicrous when he did not mean it to be so. "A Frenchman or a Russian would not have laughed," said the great Turgenjew, not hurt, but mystified. But then some Frenchmen, and it would seem from this some Russians, have very little sense of humour.

M. Coutance (3) has so frankly assumed the part of the *vulgarisateur*—a word which appears to carry with it no kind of offensive meaning in France—and treats his subject with so much apparent levity, that some readers may be a little prejudiced against his handsome book. They will, however, make a mistake if they put it down in consequence. The author, who appears to have been connected with the medical department of the French navy, not only has scientific knowledge, but has lived in that tropical world where poisons, vegetable and animal, do most abound, and has profited by his residence. He has made a very readable book of its kind.

Of a somewhat similar kind, though, of course, more miscellaneous, is M. de Parville's well-known *Causeries scientifiques* (4). At least it ought to be well known, for with this volume, which contains the sifted *faits divers* of science for 1886, it enters on its second quarter of a century. It is not easy to hit the mean in such an enterprise between a mere mass of anecdotes and a dry technical *compte-rendu*. Perhaps M. de Parville leans, if anything, rather to the anecdotic side; but then his book is meant to be popular. Pasteurism, fasting-men, electric tramways, ptomaïnes—all the scientific gossip of the day before yesterday is here.

(1) *Nos Zouaves*. Par P. Laurencin. Paris: Rothschild.
(2) *Tourguéneff inconnu*. Par M. Delines. Paris: Librairie Illustrée.
(3) *Venins et poisons*. Par A. Coutance. Paris: Rothschild.
(4) *Causeries scientifiques*. Par M. de Parville. Paris: Rothschild.

M. James Darmesteter (5), who is well known as an enthusiastic student of English, has translated certain poems of Miss Mary Robinson's into that short paragraphed prose which has become a favourite medium of late with some French translators. The translator's preface finds in his text "a unique and indefinable originality," something than which "Idealist poetry has never either in England or elsewhere produced anything purer, more penetrating, and more profound." Miss Robinson's poetry has, he thinks, "the supreme gift of spontaneity which the age in its decadence has lost." It has "a classic purity of composition," an "absolute independence of imagination," "no Preraphaelite affectation or mannerism," and many other nice things or absences of things. It is not ours in this place to criticize these criticisms. But we wonder whether M. Darmesteter has ever felt a dread which besets some tolerably experienced students of languages not their own—the dread of "seeing into" foreign work which happens to be sympathetic all manner of gifts and graces, invisible to less imaginative but perhaps clearer-sighted natives? Probably not; the French may be born malicious, but they are not born self-distrustful.

M. Marx's book (6) of collected articles on the dogs, the models, the bread, the books, the improprieties, the what-not of Paris, may be all the pleasanter for M. Pailleron's pleasant prefatory word of recommendation, but it stood in no need of that word. It is readable from beginning to end with the most moderate skipping, and it contains the most agreeable translation of colley that we have ever known. Does the reader know the French for that animal? It is not "colis"; it is "chien-loup à poils noirs et soyeux qui est originaire d'Ecosse." A little long, perhaps; but then, you know, *anything* is better than using a foreign word.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

WITH as many friends as the hare in the fable, the English farmer never lacks advisers ready to point the road to prosperity, regardless of his traditional dislike of new views and innovations. A true friend of the farmer is Mr. Theodore Wood, who has written an excellent manual for his guidance under the title *The Farmer's Friends and Foes* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) With the heartiest desire that this book should be read by every farmer, it is yet unreasonable to expect that it will revolutionize—as well it might—the attitude of the agriculturist towards "every bird that flies and every creeper that crawls." Wholesome counsel is never so unpalatable as when proffered in the season of tribulation, and it is thrice unpalatable when it involves a complete regeneration of a long-suffering class of men. There is no surer way of arousing resentment than to question a man's intelligence, and this is what Mr. Wood's indictment of the majority of farmers amounts to. He charges them with being so ready to find enemies in the world of insects and birds that they not only do not recognize their best and natural friends, but persecute them, to the incalculable injury of their own interests. The farmer, says Mr. Wood, takes upon himself "the functions of a kind of general manager of creation," and disturbs nature's wise balance to his own discomfiture. And the worst of it is that he proves the justice of his indictment by the convincing body of testimony he adduces as entomologist and ornithologist. There are, of course, farmers who possess scientific knowledge and pursue scientific methods of culture, who are trained observers and students of natural history. They will accept the main propositions of Mr. Wood's volume and find nothing new in its teachings or moral. They, however, are a very insignificant minority. The majority follow the ways of their fathers, with their allies the gardeners and gamekeepers, and trap, poison, or shoot their feathered friends in most unhappy ignorance. They see the visible depredations when corn and fruits ripen, and are blind to the immeasurable benefits continually effected at other seasons in secret or less palpable ways. The whole question is discussed by Mr. Wood without sentiment, in language entirely intelligible, and in the most business-like spirit. His book will do immense good if it only set the farmers thinking. The pity of it is that it is unlikely to fall into the hands of some of their worst enemies, the gamekeepers, whose slaughter of mice-eating birds like the owl and the kestrel can best be appreciated after reading Mr. Wood's comparison of the amount of grain eaten by birds and the enormous destruction wrought by mice. This is but one of the many striking object-lessons in the book that illustrate the folly of indiscriminate bird-slaying. Whatever individual exceptions may be taken in Mr. Wood's classification of farmer's friends and foes, which is admittedly rough and ready—and the gardener may justly urge that the sparrow is too leniently treated—the main contention that birds generally should be permitted to take tithes, or "wages," for their beneficent labour appears to be altogether unanswerable.

Ballads of Books, edited by Andrew Lang (Longmans & Co.), is set forth as "a re-cast of a volume of the same name, edited by Mr. Brander Matthews," and published in New York last year. It is prettier in form than its original, and pleasanter to handle. These are the only gains to be noted. The addition of an appendix, containing Crabbe's *Library*, to a collection of lyrics is scarcely desirable, and, if desirable, might have been largely

(5) *Poésies de Mary Robinson*. Traduites de l'anglais par J. Darmesteter. Paris: Lemerre.
(6) *Les petits mémoires de Paris*. Par A. Marx. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

augmented. It is somewhat curious there should be only three or four poems in the collection that approximate in form to the ballad. Ballades there are, excellent after their kind, and some capital pieces of an epigrammatic cast, but the ballad is hard to find.

The "Russia's Hope" (Chapman & Hall) is a brochure after the type of the *Battle of Dorking*, with a difference, translated from the Russian by Mr. C. J. Cooke, and prefaced by Mr. Beatty-Kingston. The exploits of the masterful cruiser the *Russia's Hope* will be found vastly diverting to English readers who may be as indifferent as their forefathers were to the fact—"alas! that it should be so!" says Mr. Beatty-Kingston—that "the very name of England nowadays has a flavour that is offensively unsavoury to the nostrils of Frenchmen and Germans, whilst in Russia it is an object of bitter abhorrence." Of course it is very alarming to know this, but it should not interfere with the enjoyment of a lively and ingenious little book. The *Russia's Hope* is a steel-armoured cruiser, fitted with two sets of engines, two 8-inch guns, eight 6-inch guns, four Nordenfeldts, with a ram of forged iron. She carried 1,000 tons of coal and could do 8,000 miles at a speed of ten knots. On board there is one Zlobin, who might be the model head of an Intelligence Department, for he was "thoroughly acquainted with the details of every ship in the British navy." The career of this wonderful warship might make M. Jules Verne pale with envy. It must be read and not quoted, save by the serious or apprehensive person. There is a good joke, however, about speed. Some one remarks it is very hard for the engines to go 1,700 miles at full speed. "Probably you would like to go at the rate of five miles, as on the corvette *Rapid*?" "Yes," retorted the engineer, "but for that we sailed about for four years and brought the engines back to Cronstadt in perfect order." "In perfect order," rejoins the other, "because all those four years it was the corvette that carried the engines, and not the engines the corvette."

Savage Life, by Henry King (Sampson Low & Co.), is a volume of sketches of "riverside character and queer life in London dens," the quality of which hardly responds to the promising title. Most readers, if they know the East-End waterside as Dickens knew it, will think the "queer life" experiences of Mr. King are unaccountably omitted.

Much more sketchy are descriptive papers reprinted from the *Manchester City News*, and collected in Mr. Walter Tomlinson's *Bye-Ways of Manchester Life* (Manchester: Butterworth & Nodal). Slight though they are, these notes of the shady aspects of Manchester life are thoroughly readable and void of pretentiousness.

The new and very pretty pocket edition of *Poems* by Mrs. Browning (Smith, Elder, & Co.) is a reprint of the 1856 edition, with copyright additions and alterations, and an interesting preface by Mr. Browning, in which Mr. J. H. Ingram's recent monumental "memoir" of the poetess is very justly dealt with.

To the expiration of copyrights we owe a cheap reissue of Carlyle's works by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, of which we have *Sartor Resartus*, *Past and Present*, *On Heroes*, and the three volumes of the *French Revolution*. These are reprints of the familiar two-shilling edition, bound in red cloth, at one shilling the volume. The wise buyer will not lament the extra sixpence when he compares them with Messrs. Routledge's sixpenny edition of the *French Revolution*, with its crowded pages, paper covers, and very serious omission of the dat headings to the pages, and the invaluable summary and index.

In the second volume of the new Library Edition of Lord Tennyson—*Early Poems*, II. (Macmillan & Co.)—not a few of the poems are by no means "early," as chronology goes, such as the song-cycle "The Window," and "Lucretius," "Wages," "The Victim," and other contributions to *Good Words* and *Macmillan's Magazine*. We miss, by the way, certain verses almost contemporary with these, such as "I stood on a tower in the wet."

It has been questioned whether there is a greater benefactor to persons whose time hangs heavy on their hands than the inventor of Patience, not she who sits on a monument, but she who shuffles the cards. M. F. Guise, in "Arrowsmith's Series," under the title *Have Patience*, has arranged many varieties (London: Simpkin & Marshall. Bristol: Arrowsmith), and promises to arrange more. Peace—or, rather, Patience—be with him.

Among our new editions are Dr. William Pole's *Philosophy of Music* (Trübner & Co.); Mr. Snodgrass's *Wit, Wisdom, and Pathos of Heinrich Heine* (Alexander Gardner); Dr. John Ker's *Lectures on the History of Preaching* (Hodder & Stoughton); *James Fraser, Second Bishop of Manchester*, a Memoir, by Thomas Hughes (Macmillan & Co.); Dr. H. Clay Trumbull's *Teaching and Teachers* (Hodder & Stoughton); and a revised, enlarged second edition of Mr. Alfred Emden's treatise, *The Practice and Forms of Winding-up Companies* (Clowes & Sons).

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OF

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THE ELECTIONS AND THE GOVERNMENT.

THE interest felt or affected by the Separatists in the elections of the past ten days has been closely connected with and has in a manner kept up the interest in the last night's debate on Mr. PARNELL'S amendment to the Address, though that debate is now more than a week old. It is, we know, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S opinion that, if anything could be more pulverizing to Unionism than the elections at Dundee, Southwark, and West Edinburgh, it would be the speech of Mr. GLADSTONE, and that if anything could be more pulverizing than the speech of Mr. GLADSTONE, it would be these three elections. But, since a period itself dating within a few weeks of the speech about Parnellite juice, Sir WILLIAM has announced the pulverization of Unionism about once a month; and the pestle and mortar have to be kept hard at work still. We must, therefore, take some other test than Sir WILLIAM'S opinion. With respect to these three elections, to regard them as "virtually," or "morally," or in any other way victories for Unionism, would be to imitate the absurd tactics of Gladstonians themselves. Of course every Unionist would have been glad to win Southwark and Edinburgh, and though the winning of Dundee was almost an impossibility, would have liked to see a still greater impression made on the Separatist majority than was made, great as that was. The result of the fourth election at Doncaster has been a real Unionist victory in which the enemy has been beaten, and soundly beaten on his own ground. It is thus a very different matter from the other three. The howls of delight in which Gladstonians have indulged over these would certainly seem to indicate that peculiar state of mind which is supposed to cause thankfulness for small mercies. In two constituencies Separatism has held its own—a slight gain in numbers in one case being compensated by a heavy loss in the other. We admit that, as we have shown at length elsewhere, the Southwark election at least is very discreditable to Tory management; but it has lost no seat. As for the third, the peculiar position and conduct of the once Unionist, now Separatist, candidate makes the narrow contest of last Saturday a thing for neither side to boast much of. "They fight, and Unionist wounds Gladstonian; "then in scuffling they change BUCHANANS, and Glad-"stonian wounds Unionist," is hardly too flippant a description of the affair. Mr. BUCHANAN succeeds Mr. BUCHANAN, and Gladstonian experience of the tenacity with which that honourable gentleman clings to his opinions should dictate a pleasing uncertainty as to the next development of them, and he may serve as treacherous instrument to one party as to the other. We repeat that we should have been very glad if the result had been different; especially as Mr. RALEIGH, though we agree with but few of his opinions, is one of the very few young Liberals who appear to have a reasoned and intelligible conception of politics as something else than the drag-hunt after whatever red-herring a popular leader chooses to trail. But if the success of a Gladstonian Radical by less than fifty votes over a non-Gladstonian Radical, and the maintaining of two Gladstonian seats in the one case by an increased and the other by a decreased majority, seem such dear delights to Separatists, it is a friendly as well as a reasonable thing to wish them no other. In that case, the tenure of office by their political opponents is likely, at least, to equal in length the Whig tenure started by WALPOLE or the Tory tenure started by PITT.

Reflection, indeed, must, even if the killing frost of the Doncaster election had not supervened, have already considerably damped the unmannerly joy which would not let Mr. GOSCHEN be heard on yesterday week. Certainly Unionism need not be afraid to let its argumentative chances rest on the comparison of the speech then interrupted and that of the CHIEF SECRETARY with the oration of Mr. GLADSTONE. That oration, too, was greeted with the same noisy joy as the announcement of the Southwark figures; but reflection seemed to come even sooner in this case than in the other. A curious and very noteworthy hesitation seems in the more respectable Gladstonian prints to have checked and chequered admiration of "GLADSTONE'S furthest," as the geographers would say, in the direction of demagogy. Among the many gifts and graces of Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR the faculty of exasperating Mr. GLADSTONE is not the least; and it is probable that, if the CHIEF SECRETARY had not spoken before and had not rubbed the faces of Mr. GLADSTONE and his followers in the dirt so vigorously, Mr. GLADSTONE'S ratification of his Northampton anarchism and his outpourings of affection towards the representatives of anarchism on the Irish benches might have been less decided. To him and to his followers, as we know, the quotations and the reminders which barbed Mr. BALFOUR'S speech seem supremely irrelevant. The Liberal party, it seems, has adopted a "new policy" since 1885; and though this assertion is hard to reconcile with the reiterated declarations that Mr. GLADSTONE'S present policy is the old, the only, the original policy of Liberalism, it may be freely granted that one more inconsistency matters little. The Gladstonian party is to have, it seems, *novæ tabulæ*, dating from Mr. GLADSTONE'S own conversion, and though everything before that date may rank for claim against the Tories, Gladstonians recognize no antecedent engagements. It is convenient in the highest degree. And when all arguments from the past are ruled out as musty platitudes, and all arguments from the future are ruled out as fantastic apprehensions, the argumentative chances of Home Rule will, no doubt, be strengthened very considerably. Unfortunately the past cannot be ruled out except by consent, and the consent is not in this case likely to be given. And there must be at least some persons on Mr. GLADSTONE'S side who must have been rendered not a little uncomfortable by his last week's speech. Mr. PUNCH'S "Janus" is not forgotten either by peaceful Londoners, or, as it is obvious from the rant of BURNS and his fellows, by unpeaceful ones. Even the assurance of salvation which enwraps the ransomed soul of Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN would, we should suppose, hardly protect him against a shiver as he thinks of having possibly to meet, as Home Secretary, either a Tory or a Socialist mob on the principles of "Re-"member Mitchelstown!"

There is therefore nothing either in the speeches or in the events of recent days to disturb the Government if only it perseveres in well-doing. The way to perdition is indeed, as always, open and evident. At the first symptom of flinching on the part of Lord SALISBURY and his colleagues, the Separatists may have leave to bray delight as loudly as they please, and then at least there will be no possibility of finding fault with them. If there is one lesson unmistakably taught by the history of the last twenty years—that is to say, the whole history of England under widely extended suffrage—it is that the attempt to tack to catch popular breezes is certain to end in disaster. For the other party, whichever is the other at the time, can always outbid in concession; it cannot outbid in consistency. There is, for instance, since Mr. GLADSTONE'S conversion, after fifty years of Parliamentary and forty of Ministerial life, to the conviction that English Parliaments and English Ministries have been guilty of horrible and unvarying injustice to Ireland, nothing to prevent his personal reconversion to the most ferocious coercion—coercion to which the present *régime* is mildness, and even his own fiercer coercion of five years ago not great severity. He could do it, and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT could do it, and a few more. But it would not really pay. Ministers

need not fear the attempt to outbid them in that direction. On the other hand, they have not the slightest hope of themselves outbidding in the other, even if Mrs. Frank Byrne were offered the place of Mistress of the Robes, and a blank commission to appoint the Chief Secretary were sent to the Clan-na-Gael. It is comparatively seldom that in political life unwavering adherence to a particular policy is dictated, not only by honour, not only by statesmanship, but by the lowest as well as the highest considerations of prudence. That is the happy case of Unionism and the present leaders of Unionism. Consistency will keep them in office, at least till a general election, and in view of the inevitable result of any attempt, no matter what, to establish Home Rule, will bring them back, even if a moment of popular madness should once more place Mr. Gladstone in power.

THE FISHERIES COMMISSION.

Although it is still uncertain whether the differences between Canada and the United States have been settled, a long step has been taken in the direction of an amicable arrangement. The Commissioners have provisionally signed a treaty which, even if it is rejected by the Senate, will greatly facilitate future and final negotiations. The assent of the Canadian Parliament would not, in the absence of special provisos, have been formally necessary as a condition of ratification, because the right of making treaties is vested in the Crown; but the treaty specially provides for the reference of its provisions both to the Canadian Parliament and to the Legislature of Newfoundland. Sir John Macdonald and his colleagues must have authorized Sir Charles Tupper to affix his signature to the treaty; and there is no reason to doubt that the Canadian Ministry will, in case of a contest on the point, be supported by its usual majority. The approval of the Imperial Government is little more than a matter of form. It is only as representing Canada that England has been a party to the dispute. If the English and Canadian Commissioners had been unable to agree, the whole negotiation would probably have been abortive; but Mr. Chamberlain would have no motive for being more exacting than Sir Charles Tupper. There appears to be some doubt as to the course which may be adopted by the American Senate. A majority of two-thirds is required for the ratification of the treaty; and, although public opinion in the United States seems to favour the proposals of the Commissioners, it is difficult to foresee the bearing of party politics on the question. The impending contest between the Democrats and the Republicans for the election of the President is probably regarded by the Senators as more interesting than the conclusion of a troublesome controversy with a foreign Power. If Mr. Cleveland can be plausibly accused of neglecting national interests, his adversaries will not hesitate to denounce an arrangement for which he is primarily responsible. The Senate has lately shown a remarkable indifference to the supposed wishes of England, though it had admitted their justice. A new extradition treaty, which had been all but unanimously approved by the Senate, was opposed by a Mr. Riddleberger, who represented for the occasion the Irish dynamiters. Although his arguments seem to have produced no impression, he contrived by "filibustering," which is the American equivalent of obstruction, to delay and ultimately defeat the Bill. It is possible that similar tactics may be employed in the more important matter of the Canadian Fisheries; but it is probable, if not certain, that the requisite majority will vote for the ratification of the treaty.

It was understood from the first that the duty of the Commissioners was not to ascertain the existing rights of either party, but to discover some compromise which should be practicable and just. A merely legal interpretation of the treaty of 1818 would not have been accepted by the Americans. On the other hand, it was not the interest of Canada to insist on the maintenance of rights which could only be asserted by force. The seizure of American fishing-boats, though it seems to have been in most cases legal, tended to provoke dangerous irritation. It could scarcely be denied that a convention passed seventy years ago must in some of its provisions have become obsolete. The popular estimate, though not the legal validity, of the treaty of 1818 had been impaired by more than one interval of suspension. American fishermen were neither able nor willing to understand how privileges which they had enjoyed for a series of years could be equitably withdrawn. It is true that the price of the temporary license had ceased to be paid; but the class which was interested in excluding Canadian imports was not the same which claimed free access to the fisheries. During the late negotiations it became evident that the renewal of the reciprocity treaty would not be conceded by the United States, and the New England fishermen protested loudly against any instalment of Free-trade in the form of an admission of their Canadian competitors to American markets. On the other hand, the Canadians complained of the American encroachment on their fishing-grounds, and of the claim to procure bait on Canadian shores. Under the provisions of the new treaty, which is now published by order of the Senate, Canadian fish will still be excluded from American consumption by the operation of prohibitive duties. American fishing-boats will be admitted to provide themselves in Canadian ports with wood, water, and provisions, but they will not be allowed to purchase bait. The restrictions will be relaxed hereafter, if the fiscal legislation of the United States becomes more liberal. For the present concessions in favour of trade are watched with vigilant suspicion. The Canadian fishing-grounds appear to be more productive than those of their rivals. The American markets are of course more valuable than those of a smaller and less wealthy community. Both parties naturally wish to retain a monopoly of their respective national advantages. It would seem that the decision of the Commissioners is regarded as satisfactory in New England; but some Canadians are inclined to think that they have the worst of the bargain. The English and Canadian Commissioners probably did their best for their clients, and the stipulation which relates to the purchase of bait will, to a certain extent, discourage American competition.

One disputed point of international law has been for the present purpose authoritatively determined in the treaty. Territorial waters, as is well known, extend three miles seaward from low-water mark; but there has long been a dispute whether the boundary line follows the indentation of the shore or passes directly from headland to headland. The Canadians have always claimed the Bay of Fundy, including a large inland sea, as belonging to the Dominion. The Americans in this region construe the rule in the manner most favourable to themselves. The Commissioners propose to define the limits of national jurisdiction as extending three miles from low-water mark, except where it intersects bays which are not more than ten miles wide at the entrance. In this case the balance of advantage from the compromise seems to be on the side of the Americans, but in another region the principle which is now established will enable English vessels to engage in a lucrative trade. The disputes which have arisen as to the seal-trade in the neighbourhood of Behring's Straits have not been submitted to the Commission; but it will be almost impossible for any American Government to controvert the rule which it has voluntarily applied to the Atlantic coast. The President had already ordered the release of one or more English vessels which had been seized by an American cruiser on the pretext of a trespass on the dominion of the United States. The English traders can scarcely have claimed a right to take the seals, inasmuch as the animals frequent the shores which are undoubtedly a part of American territory. On the other hand, they have a right to traverse the open sea; and their claim will scarcely be again disputed since the extent of territorial waters has, at the instance of the American Government, been strictly defined.

Mr. Chamberlain will have increased his reputation by his conduct of the negotiations. It is rather for his personal advantage than a matter of public interest that he should have secured the goodwill of all the American statesmen with whom he has had to deal. The prophecy that his Unionist opinions would render him unpopular has been wholly falsified. Probably responsible men of business may not have been unwilling to find an opportunity of proving their independence of Irish faction. Mr. Chamberlain has not visited Canada; but he seems to have acted in harmony with his Canadian colleagues, and with the Cabinet from which Sir Charles Tupper received his instructions. Some objection had been reasonably taken to Mr. Chamberlain's habit of giving publicity to his opinions on delicate points; but his indifference to diplomatic reserve may have been less inconvenient at Washington than it might have been at a European Court. His occasional declaration that he was making an arrangement among friends, and not settling a controversy with opponents, had

perhaps no practical meaning, except as an expression of courtesy and good will. A representative of England who should not be prepared for subtlety and vigour on the part of American diplomatists would probably regret his own unreasonable credulity. The history of the negotiations is of secondary interest, and it has not yet been fully told. It is not known whether the renewal of the reciprocity treaty was at any time discussed. If the proposal was made, it must have proceeded from the representative of Canada, for the American Commissioner had no instructions on the subject, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN objected to a scheme which would have involved the anomaly of distinctive duties levied on English imports while American produce was freely admitted. If the treaty is ratified by the Senate, to which it has been already communicated by the PRESIDENT, the ease and rapidity with which the business will have been completed contrasts strongly with the long duration of the controversy. The Treaty of 1818, though it superseded previous transactions, only marked one of the stages in the contest. The original Treaty of Independence had scarcely been concluded when the American and Canadian fishermen began to quarrel on the subject of their respective rights or pretensions. The Treaty of Ghent, which put an end to the second American War, left the question open, and American disputants have not always recognized the validity of the Convention of 1818. Within a few months a grave American writer has attempted to reopen all the issues which were decided in 1818. It may be hoped that the new treaty, as it is more favourable to the United States, will, if it is ratified, put an end to disputes, at least during the lifetime of the present generation. It is desirable that the settlement should leave no soreness behind, especially on the part of Canada. The dream of Federation represents a serious and legitimate desire to preserve the good will and confidence of the Colonies.

MR. LABOUCHERE'S AMENDMENT.

MR. LABOUCHERE'S speech on Wednesday has, we own, disappointed us very much; and, as we have always had a serious admiration for Mr. LABOUCHERE, this is no laughing matter. If there is a rising politician on the Gladstonian side (a point on which we give no general opinion), it certainly is Mr. LABOUCHERE. He is not a fool, which distinguishes him from a considerable number of his fellow-members of that party, and he is not an ex-Minister who wants to be a Minister again, which distinguishes him from the rest. But Mr. LABOUCHERE does not seem to have risen to the height of the situation on Wednesday When you put questions to a Minister in order to please the Irish benches one course of conduct only is incumbent on you; but when you make a solemn amendment on the Address, with Mr. GLADSTONE to follow, another course becomes necessary. We fail to perceive, with all our admiration for Mr. LABOUCHERE, sufficient evidence in his speech of the gifts and graces with which we have always credited him. His opinion of the *Times* and the *Times's* opinion of him are things not exactly interesting *urbi et orbi*, and might surely have been dismissed with greater brevity, and without the further appendix of a letter of self-justification to the newspapers. Furthermore, when a serious politician like Mr. LABOUCHERE makes a serious speech on foreign politics, he does not refer in Mr. LABOUCHERE'S terms to the fall of the Bastille. Mr. BURNS and Mr. GRAHAM, no doubt, think that the Bastille was devoted to the excruciation of patriotic heroes like themselves. Mr. LABOUCHERE, who is a well-read man, knows that for many a score years before its destruction it was a Parisian Holloway, devoted chiefly if not wholly to the reception of libellers, coiners, persons convicted of indecent assaults, and so forth. Therefore Mr. LABOUCHERE should not have exulted so much over the destruction of the Bastille. As to the general purport of his speech, it has been civilly asked by supporters of his what harm it did? For our part, we always return civil answers to civil questions. The harm which Mr. LABOUCHERE'S speech did is just this. It did no harm at the moment, for the reason that Ministers, who are not fools, had provided against its doing any. But it is evident, from Sir JAMES FERGUSSON'S reply, from Mr. GLADSTONE'S comment, and from the remarks made on the Continent about the matter, that the possibility of such interpellations as Mr. LABOUCHERE'S hampers British diplomacy in the most fatal manner. We do not say that anything of the kind has happened in the present case. But it is quite possible that a foreign Power might be disposed to take up a line of conduct extremely beneficial to England, if it could depend on a certain pledge of English support. Then, says the English Minister, "We "have the best dispositions towards you, but we cannot "allow you to 'ask' or ourselves to 'give' such a pledge; "for, if we do, there will be questions asked in the House of "Commons, and the thing will be blown upon." And so the Power reflects that it will be much better to make terms with some one else. Mr. LABOUCHERE is tolerably familiar with City matters, and he knows the difference between assets on which you can and assets on which you cannot raise money at a pinch. His object, whether he means it or not, is to put the influence of Great Britain in the latter class. And that is the harm which Mr. LABOUCHERE'S motion and motions like it do.

However, in the blessed arrangements of this world (which was not created by Mr. LABOUCHERE) good generally comes out of evil, and out of Mr. LABOUCHERE'S amendment came Mr. GLADSTONE, clothed faultlessly, and in an uncommonly right mind. The debauch of last Friday night appears, as debauches sometimes do, to have brought on a reaction of quite marvellous sobriety; and we, for our parts, should be very glad to catch the Gladstonian CYNTHIA of the minute as she appeared on Wednesday last, and crystallize her for ever and a day. Of course Mr. GLADSTONE paid compliments to the mover of the amendment. Mr. LABOUCHERE, unless rumour lies, is going to have his choice in the next Gladstonian Government of the Home Secretaryship and of a new portfolio of Public Worship, and it is impossible to be rude to a future colleague and a present wirepuller. But if Mr. LABOUCHERE (we think we have observed already that he is no fool) was pleased at Mr. GLADSTONE'S treatment of his remarks, he must have a much more Christian spirit than even we credit him with and he would hardly have written to the *Daily News* as he did. Translated out of Parliamentary into ordinary language, Mr. GLADSTONE'S remarks amount to about this:—"I have the "highest opinion of my honourable friend, and of course my "honourable friend cannot have meant anything that he "said. If my honourable friend meant anything that he "said, then my honourable friend would have been an ex"ceedingly mischievous person; but as he clearly did not "mean anything of the kind, why I have the highest opinion "of my honourable friend." And so say all of us; adding, that when Mr. GLADSTONE speaks thus, we have the highest opinion of Mr. GLADSTONE. It is one of the greatest misfortunes we know that Mr. GLADSTONE has condemned himself to complete ignorance of foreign policy. He would have made a really admirable Foreign Secretary, with his gift of language, if only he had ever taken the trouble to know anything about the matter.

We have already declared our intention of vexing Mr. LABOUCHERE'S soul by saying nothing at all about Sir JAMES FERGUSSON'S answers. Every one knows what in certain cases will be the duty of the English Government, agreement or no agreement; and it is quite unnecessary to discuss the terms in which the English Government may have signified its intention to do its duty to the Italian Government or to any other. No similar impediment, however, interferes with speech as to the chance of "the case arising." It seems from various confident assertions that the Russian Government is going to venture on the *ignes suppositos* under the *cineri doloso* of Prince BISMARCK'S suggestion, and to make proposals as to Bulgaria. We shall wait before surrendering the time-honoured belief that, if Russia is not exactly a pattern of diplomatic loyalty, she is at any rate a pattern of diplomatic astuteness. Nobody knows better than Prince BISMARCK that there is nothing like his theory of Russian "sway" in Bulgaria to be found within the four corners of the Berlin Treaty, and that, as soon as Russia endeavours to formulate any such claim, she will be met by other Powers with crushing rejoinders. Nobody knows better that if Prince FERDINAND occupies the Bulgarian throne without the formality of a European *visa*, it is only because Russia declined to give her share of that *visa* to any one except some cast footman of her own. The very moment, then, that Russia quits her present attitude of simple refusal to do anything, she is "bound in shallows and in miseries" of diplomatic defeat or else must plunge into actual violence. Prince BISMARCK, no doubt, would not be sorry to see either result. But any Russian diplomatist who has not lost his head ought to be very sorry to see the former; and we are not quite sure for all Sir CHARLES DILKE'S lucubrations that any Russian general who has not lost his head ought

not to be very sorry to see the latter. No real difference has been made in the situation either by the statements of the Russian *Official Messenger* or by those of Lord SALISBURY on Thursday, though the latter were reassuring in tone and the former exhibit a certain, at least intended, moderation. With regard to England we can so far sympathize with Mr. GLADSTONE—a rare and curious sensation—as to feel quite sure that, until the quarrel is very clearly defined, it is better for England to engage herself as little as well may be. But the side on which, if not the extent to which, she ought ultimately to engage herself is clear to all those persons who have some acquaintance with the facts of foreign politics. We wish we could think that these persons include any considerable proportion of Mr. GLADSTONE'S own party. For if there is one thing that is clearer than another in the strange welter of modern affairs, it is that all true Englishmen have but one interest in such matters, and that it is the interest of all true Englishmen to put an end to the fatal attempt made by English politicians twelve years ago—for the first time for many years—to climb to personal advantage on the shoulders of national disaster. We gladly recognize both in Mr. GLADSTONE himself and in some of his followers a desire to let these miserable bygones be bygones to some extent, and to accept a sounder view of affairs such as that taken by Lord ROSEBERY in loyal following of Conservative precedent. All "Tory Jingoes," who are worthy the name, will be very happy to make the penance of the penitents as light as possible. For "Tory "Jingoism" simply means knowledge of the facts of historical politics, and knowledge can always afford to pardon ignorance.

CRICKET REFORM.

THE success of our cricketers in Australia would, no doubt, be more gratifying to us if they were more annoying to the Colonists. But our brothers of the antipodes are said to have lost their interest in cricket. Just for a wind-bag of leather they left us, just for a chance of a smashed collar-bone. In fact, football has taken, in their fickle affections, the place of the nobler and more scientific pastime. They should take the advice of JAMES LOVE, comedian, in his *Cricket, an Heroick Poem* (London, 1770):—

O thou sublime Inspirer of my Song,
What matchless Trophies to thy Worth belong!
Look round the Globe, inclined to Mirth, and see
What daring Sport can claim the Prize from Thee.

Mr. LOVE adds an exhortation, in prose, "to leave all "meaner sports, and cultivate cricket only." Now football is a meaner and a muddier sport, though all very well in its way. However, the Australians are too greatly gifted to "sin their mercies," and cricket will regain her eminence in the land of SPOFFORTH and GIFFEN.

Cricket in Australia is perhaps less in need of reform than cricket at home. Throwing is said to be practically unknown there; it has died in the cold shade of public disapproval. Perhaps nothing else can put it down here; for to define a throw will always be, as Mr. KNIGHT knew fifty years ago, practically impossible. But throwing is as easily distinguished from bowling, in fact, Mr. KNIGHT said, "as the trot of a horse is from the walk or gallop" (*Sporting Magazine*, February 1828). This is not quite true. We have seen a bowler who, when watched from the side, was distinctly and undeniably throwing. But when one went to umpire it was impossible to "no-ball" him, from the bowler's umpire's point of view. There was Mr. EVANS, too—did he throw in the years of his great success? Cambridge men said he did, Oxford men said he did not. The bowler himself—a fact too much neglected—is not conscious of throwing. He never means to throw. His style degenerates into a throw by the attempt to get on more pace or more spin, while his conscience is like a sea at rest. Thus the bowler does not know he throws, and the spectators differ in opinion; so how can we expect an umpire to "no-ball" a brother in the cricketing art? The only remedy lies in the self-denial of captains and committees, who should decline to put on a notoriously doubtful and debatable bowler. This is a little hard on the bowler; but, if he has learned a dubious style, he must just unlearn it, and be very careful with his wrist and elbow. We doubt if a throwing bowler could bowl in a ball from long-leg as swift as he could throw it in; he would probably be conscious of using a different action, not the action he employs in bowling. But he must give way to the general good of the game, and learn a new and unimpeachable delivery.

We have tried not to be hard on the bowler who labours under the imputation of "chucking." For it is certain that modern bowlers are at a great disadvantage, thanks to the nicety of modern grounds. Twenty years ago shooters came once or twice in an over on many grounds, and more wickets were bowled by shooters than by yorkers. This was, we think, an excellent thing. Nothing in cricket was prettier than the lightning-like pace with which a good player came down on a shooter. Nothing was more pleasant to the bowler than to deliver a ball on the leg stump, a good length, and see it dart across to the off stump, without rising an inch, and scatter the bails. The batsman had then to trust far more to his eye than at present, and had, in forward play, to hold his bat so low that a shooter could not glide under it. Now he can play forward far more confidently and even carelessly. The graceful old far-stretching forward play of FULLER PILCH has gone out. A kind of "half cock" suffices now. We cannot, of course, advocate a return to worse rolled and worse mown grounds for the purpose of favouring shooters. Perhaps a return to a lower delivery, like EMMETT'S or Mr. POWYS'S, might result in more shooters. Mr. POWYS, we think, would have sent in those left-hand shooters on almost any ground. But, deprived of his shooter, the poor bowler needs all the help he can get; hence cometh throwing, in the effort to combine pace and work beyond what is permitted. So what can be done for the bowler?

Much can be done by altering the law of leg before wicket. There is nothing about leg before in the rules of 1774. The earliest l.b.w. we know of was in 1795; and soon came Lord FREDERICK BEAUCLERK'S case, May 19, 1797. In 1853 a case came before the law Courts (LANE *v.* BARNES). At present the law is a mere protection to the batsman, and an injustice to the bowler. The object of the bowler is to give the balls which it will be most difficult for the batsman to keep out of what Mr. BOUNCER called his timber-yard. Now the most difficult balls are the balls which twist. And the law permits the batsman to play these very deliveries with his legs, his back, his shoulders. This is clearly unfair. Probably the rule that the ball shall have been pitched in a straight line from the bowler's to the batsman's wicket, and, in the opinion of the umpire, would have hit it, must be a legacy from days when a voluntary break was thought next to impossible. We know that LUMPY'S off-break back was regarded as a kind of miracle. When it was not permitted to bowl even underhand with the back of the hand upwards, twisting from leg was a pure accident. Legislators would argue that the batsman should not be given out when his body stopped a twist due to mere inequalities of ground. But now the twist is due to the difficult art of the bowler, and the law deprives him of his deserved advantage. By much care and pains he acquires the double break. Then the batsman calmly steps in front of the stumps and does with his legs what his bat was meant to do. You can hardly get a man out l.b.w. except with a yorker or full pitch, non-twisting balls.

To ourselves the remedy seems obvious. Let a man be given out when he saves his wicket with anything but his bat. It is heartbreaking to a bowler, and tedious to spectators, to see a batsman fall over or step in front of his stumps and receive all the twisting deliveries in his pads. The rule should be that a man is out when he stops with his legs or body a ball that, in the umpire's opinion, would have hit the wicket. This leaves a good deal to the umpire; but something must be left to him, and something is left, even under the present rule. The game will be shortened, and made more lively. Instead of placing his body before wicket to a ball outside the leg or off stump, a batsman will be compelled to play at the ball. He may play it, or he may give a catch, or he may be bowled clean—all much better alternatives than the modern *coup de botte*. Innings will be much shorter and much better worth seeing. The game of the *coup de botte* is not worth seeing at all. In this direction opinion is tending; and, if all batsmen were bowlers, the rule would have been altered long ago. The umpire, of course (except at country matches), will always give the batsman the benefit of any doubt in his mind. May we suggest that, when he is almost sure, he should enter a verdict of "Not Proven," to be registered by the scorers? Three "Not Provens" would mean one "Out," and a batter of dubious honesty would fall at the third warning. This would be an agreeable novelty, and would make batsmen very careful to use their natural defensive weapon—the

bat, not the legs, which were never meant by nature as the cheap defence of wickets.

This is the chief legislative reform that cricket requires. Shorter space for lunch, less gorging at lunch, earlier beginning of matches, rapid sending in of the next man, are rather moral reforms, and they, too, are greatly needed. In country matches, and when a certain great cricketer is given out anywhere, we would gladly introduce the old rule of the Ashdown Coursing Club:—"If any gentleman finds fault with the umpire's decision, he is to be amerced a gallon of wine" or shandygaff.

AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS.

THE House of Commons and the Farmers' Alliance were simultaneously engaged on Monday last in the difficult task of discovering remedies for agricultural distress. The Alliance, which had for some time past appeared to be in a moribund condition, for once deviated from its ordinary course of attacking the landlords into a discussion of schemes of co-operation. According to a statistical statement furnished by Mr. JAMES HOWARD, the share of the farmer in the selling price of his produce is less than three-fifths of the whole. The rest is said to be intercepted by corn-dealers and other middlemen, whose participation in the profits of industry is naturally grudged. One of the speakers expressed the opinion that the profits of retail dealing, if it were undertaken by the farmers, would be larger than the present results of agricultural industry. No experiment could be more legitimate than a trial of co-operation, if only it presented a reasonable expectation of success. In many large towns it has long been practised with advantage in the machinery of distribution; but it has almost always failed when it has been applied to production. Frequent appeals to farmers to combine against the butchers have produced little practical result. The tendency of modern trade is rather to increase than to diminish the division of labour. It may be added that manufacturers have greater facilities for common action than a scattered rural population. In contests with middlemen the interests of producers and consumers are for once the same; but the butchers and the speculators in corn are more than a match for the farmers and the general community.

It is not surprising that in despair the tenants should first turn on their landlords, and that they should then demand the only kind of protectionist legislation which seems to be within their reach. The Alliance hopes to obtain through the Railway and Canal Traffic Bill the exclusion of much foreign competition. It has no scruple in preferring a claim to a share in the property which belongs to railway shareholders. The agricultural body as such has not contributed a shilling to an outlay of several hundreds of millions on the construction of railways. Its self-appointed spokesmen openly disregard the Parliamentary title on which large and small capitalists relied when they advanced their money. Some of the claimants perhaps fail to understand that the proposed legislation affects traders and consumers even more largely than railway Companies. Others who are better informed take care to conceal their knowledge. One suggestion which was made at the meeting of the Alliance seems to have fallen flat. A sanguine speaker declared that the rural community would not be satisfied with anything short of absolute control over the local rates. If any advantage results from the Local Government Bill, it will not take the form of increased parsimony. There can be little doubt that the municipal franchise will be extended to all householders, and, indeed, there are strong reasons in favour of such a policy. The Councils which are to levy and expend the rates will therefore represent a constituency which will have an interest rather in promoting than in checking expenditure. Farmers are a thrifty race; but cottagers will have little scruple in taxing their richer neighbours.

The House of Commons was meanwhile debating on a nostrum which is much less likely than co-operative enterprise to restore agricultural prosperity. Lord JOHN MANNERS, who represents the existing Committee of Agriculture, announced the intention of the Government to create a more dignified and more ambitious department, under the same or a similar name. On some future occasion the Minister will probably give some explanation of the reasons for introducing a change in the duties of the new Government office. The Chancellor of the Duchy, through his subordinates, administers the law relating to the diseases of animals, and statistics are collected in a manner which appears to give universal satisfaction. Probably some additional functions will be assigned to the office; and a few agricultural enthusiasts will think that they have obtained a valuable concession. What the department will do must be ascertained by experience. It is easier to define the objects which it will not accomplish. No addition will be made to the price of wheat, nor indeed is it desirable that legislation should tend to produce even a fractional dearth. Anything which the department can effect might probably be as well done by the same persons, under their existing title. It must be confessed that the new arrangement will probably be innocuous, and it may possibly serve to mitigate agricultural clamour. The representatives of rural constituencies were much more deeply interested in a far more questionable measure. Lord JOHN MANNERS explicitly stated on behalf of the Government that it is proposed to abolish preferential rates on railways. The Farmers' Alliance could not be more indifferent than the House of Commons to considerations of justice to the railway Companies, and to the impolicy of arbitrary interference with the course of trade. One of the oddest peculiarities of the agitation is that the prohibition of preferential rates will afford no relief to the imaginary sufferers. The railway Companies will be differently affected, according to their geographical conditions. Some of them will lose a considerable traffic. Lines which have no direct competition with the sea have comparatively little interest in the question. It has never occurred to the farmers or their friends to inquire into the reason of an apparent anomaly. They can hardly believe that railway Companies cultivate a perverse sympathy with foreigners or a spite against their own countrymen. The proposed revision of tariffs involves much more serious consequences than the diversion of a certain amount of traffic from railway trucks to steamships. Freighters will, as at present, decline to tax themselves for the benefit of domestic industry.

The natural guardians of property are unfortunately not always to be trusted with the defence of vested rights in which they have no direct interest. Capitalists and millionaires sometimes encourage interference with the ownership of land; and conversely landowners join the assailants of the large class which has invested money in railways. It must be admitted that in the last Session the House of Lords discussed the Railway and Coast Traffic Bill in a spirit of moderation; but some of its members proposed or supported amendments which would have been equally objectionable in principle and in their immediate operation. The announcement that the forthcoming Bill will be the same with last year's measure, as it passed the House of Lords, is, it may be hoped, literally or approximately true; but the representatives of certain sections of the community already begin to agitate for further innovations, and experience shows that advocates of special interests are better organized than defenders of proprietary right and of the public good. The House of Lords, after full consideration, overruled the plausible arguments which were urged against differential rates in favour of foreign produce; but Lord JERSEY has given notice of his intention to reopen the controversy by an amendment on the second reading of the Bill. The House of Lords, if it can be persuaded to condemn a reasonable and almost necessary practice, will not only deprive the railway Companies of a legitimate source of profit, but will impose a burdensome tax on large bodies of consumers. Farmers who have not studied either political economy or the conduct of railway traffic may be excused for grudging the apparent advantage which is in some cases enjoyed by imported or exported produce. Their instructors ought to understand better the nature and the reasons of the practice which they condemn. In the majority of cases the native producer would derive no possible advantage from the prohibition of a system which is beneficial to all who are concerned in its maintenance. The valuable work on Railway Rates which was published a year ago by Mr. GRIERSON explains and illustrates in full detail the motives and the effects of an apparent preference which is in fact created by natural causes; but the general theory is easily understood by all who have studied the working of railways. The tariff which is called differential is for the most part regulated by the competition of the sea. Mr. GRIERSON mentions, as an instance of differential export rates, the charge on tea despatched from London to Liverpool for exportation to America. If the railway rate were to exceed a certain small amount, the tea would be shipped in London and consigned either to Liverpool or to the ultimate place of destination. The tea-

dealer or grocer at an intermediate station—as, for instance, at Birmingham—though he pays a higher mileage rate on his tea, would neither gain nor lose by a change in the through rate between the ports. The larger question of an arbitrary repudiation of the bargain between the Companies and their customers may be separately discussed. The injustice of many popular schemes of readjustment is caricatured in a Bill to be introduced by Sir E. BIRKBECK for the exclusive benefit of the fish trade. The proposer coolly repeals all the Acts under which railways have been constructed, as far as they establish a tariff for the conveyance of fish. A new scale of rates is to be enacted at the instance of the freighters, and of course with as little regard to the interests of the Companies as to their legal rights. The carriage of fish by certain trains is to be made compulsory, and indeed the promoters might almost as plausibly confiscate that part of the railway revenue which is derived from the fish trade. If the Bill is not summarily rejected, every producer and every dealer may, with equal reason, ask Parliament for a proportionate share in the plunder which will have been authorized.

THE LONDON ANARCHISTS.

MONDAY evening's meeting at Allen's Riding School was not exactly the most important thing which has happened in our times, but it was an historic event of a kind. It marked the establishment in London of anarchist meetings on the well-known French model. We have had things of the same sort already; but they were, comparatively speaking, hole-and-corner affairs, quite tame and colourless. This was wholly on the lines of the great original; like an equally noisy, but gayer, assembly, it had "rugissements et bondissements, bacchanale et "saturnale, galop infernal, ronde du sabbat, tout le tremble-"ment." There was a crush and a squeeze; the stewards were hustled out of the way; popular speakers were dragged, breathless and with bursting buttons, through a mob of yelling enthusiasts; half the speeches could not be heard; Mr. STUART, with his lion of AGAMEMNON, was ruthlessly smothered in noise; it is said that a good deal of portable property changed hands on its way to the fence; and, to complete the fidelity of the imitation, there was the correct attempt to storm the platform, with the obligatory accompaniment of kickings out and broken heads. "Tout le trem-"blement" was there; DAVITT and BURNS stood for the practical revolutionist; STUART, M.P., made a good "fruit sec"; not even a professorship and a laboratory replete with every comfort can save him from belonging to the race. Mrs. ANNIE BESANT took the part created by Mlle. LOUISE MICHEL when the piece was first played in Paris, and did it very well. Mr. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM is not so easy to please. If we could believe that when he fell back, weakened by skilly and overcome by emotion, into the arms of his wife and mother (*ma mère* was to the fore, of course), he was heard to mutter "Est-ce que j'ai bien joué mon rôle?" one would know what to make of him. But Mr. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM probably said nothing so cynical. There is a ring about his rant which inspires some confidence that he believes in it. He is not without an aftershine of the manners of a gentleman in his talk; and, besides, he can be really funny on rare occasions, even when he means to be humorous, and always when he means to be heroic. For this let us thank our stars; for we do not get too much of it in these days. If Mr. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM had to be ticketed, the word "névropathe" would probably best serve the turn. It is modern, it looks learned, and it is rather more polite than the adjective applied in the *Tale of a Tub* to the persons of more—much more—nerves than brains who are apt to go rabid in times of political excitement. The managers of the show in Allen's Riding School had the good luck to secure in Mr. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM an actor whose temperament exactly suited the part and spared him the trouble of acting.

It is not necessary to examine the stuff of the oratory at the meeting. An anarchist assembly must talk anarchy. As the meeting, too, spent the more part of its time in elbowing, pushing, pocket-picking, and shouting, and as the speakers foamed at things in general, it would be peculiarly superfluous to discuss Mr. M. DAVITT's seven points. The taxing of ground-rents and free education are, though in very different degrees, practical questions. An eight-hours working day; the exemption of all incomes under 150*l.* from all kinds of taxation; and good houses for workers at a fair, not a profit, rent, are of the nature of demands for the moon. Is tobacco to be sold untaxed? are beer and spirits to be supplied free from excise to all who earn less than 150*l.* a-year? A more Christian system of relief than the workhouse, and public relief works in times of distress, are points in the new charter which will doubtless have the approval of Cardinal MANNING. But the resolutions of the meeting are of infinitely less interest than the meeting itself. They are ordinary nonsense; but it is a sign of the progressive conversion of the Gladstonian party to anarchy. When a notorious Socialist agitator, who has hitherto hung on the skirt of rows, and kept a whole skin, came forward at the close of the proceedings in response to a call, and began to scold Messrs. STUART and PICKERSGILL for not joining earlier in the agitation, he did more than provoke an attempt to storm the platform and a free fight, he made a note of the evolution of the Gladstonian Liberal. A little while ago members of Parliament who supply Mr. GLADSTONE with slanders, and Parliamentary nonentities whom Edinburgh prefers to Mr. GOSCHEN, held aloof from the agitation. Now they come on the platform with DAVITT, BURNS, and Mrs. ANNIE BESANT. So far they have advanced; and when in the natural course of things their dissenting church begins to develop fresh dissent, they will go on with the more advanced bodies as soon as they have been again pricked up from behind. This, of course, is the natural fate of STUARTS and WALLACES, and does not signify much; but it does signify somewhat that alliance with BURNS and Company is found consistent with the position of Gladstonian Liberals. To be sure we see no reason to lament the formation of the alliance, having for our own part a shrewd suspicion where it will lead the contracting parties.

HIGHLANDS AND LOWLANDS.

IT is not common, even in these days, to find a debate so neatly divided into sense on one side and nonsense on the other as was the debate on Dr. CAMERON's amendment of last Tuesday night. The Doctor and other speakers on his side—not only the Crofters' members, but Sir G. TREVELYAN and Mr. BRADLAUGH—had the nonsense entirely to themselves. On the polite supposition of Mr. A. J. BALFOUR they must be allowed to have the interest of the Crofters really at heart, and if they had any suggestion to make, it would at least be listened to. But, as the IRISH SECRETARY told them in the course of his very able speech, something besides enthusiasm is expected from Doctors who are to cure the patient. It was, however, all they had to offer. A very considerable part of their harangues was taken up with vehement and frequently contradictory statements on matters of fact which may or may not be of interest, but have really nothing to do with the best way of helping the Crofters in the Lewis. Whether Dr. CAMERON is right in saying that a certain body of raiders eat the deer they kill, or whether Mr. MACDONALD is to be believed when he says that this curious people will rather die than steal, though they are prepared to destroy, is a nice subject of inquiry for the student of the character of the islesmen. As matters of administrative detail, the necessity or the reverse of employing large bodies of soldiers and marines—the judgment, or want of judgment, shown by the Crown lawyers—and the adequacy or excessive severity of sentences passed on rioters, have, no doubt, an interest of their own. But, in whichever way they are settled, they do not in the least affect the main question. If the SECRETARY for SCOTLAND was unduly frightened and the Crown lawyers were all bunglers, the Crofters would be no better able to escape starvation than before. If their spokesmen in Parliament deserve the credit given them by Mr. BALFOUR, they must wish, it would seem, to save their constituents from famine first of all, and chastise administrative bungling when the more pressing work is done. They prefer to begin with the lesser task. A little windy eloquence is mingled in their speeches with a great deal of carping at Ministers and Sheriffs. The mixture ought perhaps to be treated with civility in the House, where it is of more importance to keep up old traditions of courtesy than to give Messrs. CAMERON, SUTHERLAND, and others a sufficient dressing; outside it chiefly inspires a wish to apply certain passages in the *Latter-Day Pamphlets* addressed to persons who thought themselves "men of "virtue, benevolence, what not," but were not "even men "of sincerity and honest sense." The end of the phrase might be advantageously changed to common honesty.

The speeches of the LORD-ADVOCATE and of Mr. BALFOUR were a striking contrast to the frothy talk from the Opposition benches. Their defence of the Scotch Law Officers, though sufficiently vigorous and convincing, was properly subordinated to the main question. The LORD ADVOCATE was officially bound to devote more attention to the defence of his officers; but both speakers brought reason and knowledge to the debate. Mr. MACDONALD restated the evidence, to show that the population of the island has increased until it can no longer be supported by any industry within its reach, and that this is the main source of the present misery. Mr. BALFOUR dealt most effectually with the sentimental arguments of the Crofters. No answer can be made to his criticism on the claim advanced for the Crofters as clansmen, and therefore part owners of the tribal land. This belief, which, as Mr. M. CAMERON rather weakly puts it, the Crofters hold, "right or wrong," affords no shadow of justification for interference with the land of other clans. There is, indeed, an almost unprecedented amount of foolish loose talk on this subject. Among the Crofters who have lately been getting into trouble is one of the name of KERR. What possible right can a KERR, who must be a Borderer by descent, have as a clansman in the island of Lewis? Neither do the sentimental talkers on the Opposition side explain what is to happen when the clan grows too large for its own land. The MACDONALDS can hardly go over in lymphads to Ulster and butcher another SHANE O'NEIL. Mr. BALFOUR was well justified by the facts in insisting that the deer-forests only cover land which is unremunerative either for sheep-farms or cultivation. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN was talking Radicalism of the usual sentimental kind which is so effective in some quarters now when he asked whether Mr. WINANS'S gillies were a change for the better from the old race of small cattle-farmers. He did not explain how the small cattle-farmers were to make both ends meet with stock at its present price. It is one of the causes of the poverty in Lewis that stock has sunk some sixty per cent. in value of late. Sir GEORGE'S little jeer is characteristic of the whole line of argument adopted by his side, in which gushing twaddle does duty for reasoning. Whether Mr. WINANS'S gillies are superior or inferior in moral character to small stock-farmers, it is none the less the case that barren land will not support a large population, and that, in the absence of industries, the people of the overcrowded Lewis must starve. The remedy is, as every competent and honest observer knows, emigration. The wish of the Crofter members to replant parts of the mainland with families from the isles, who would simply starve, as the old cottiers did, is contemptibly dishonest and immoral. Mr. BALFOUR and his colleague had an overwhelming superiority in argument. They will, of course, not remain content with a debating club success, but will take practical measures. There is one sentence in Dr. CAMERON'S speech with which we may safely agree. It asserts that "It is the province of the responsible Government "to state what steps should be taken in the present state of "things." It is, and if the responsible Government neglects its duty, it will briefly find that it has put a rod in pickle for its own back.

The discussion on Mr. ANDERSON'S amendment of Wednesday afternoon differed from Dr. CAMERON'S very much as the Lowland differs from the Highland agitator. It was more sane-looking and very much duller. With the single exception of Mr. WALLACE, who made a most unmannerly attack on Mr. BALFOUR, the supporters of the motion spoke with at least an attempt to be temperate and reasonable, but essentially they were as revolutionary in their demands as any of the Crofter members. Mr. ANDERSON asked that Parliament should interfere to break, or at least seriously modify, the terms of a large body of contracts. Like other men engaged in agriculture, the Scotch tenants, who hold their farms on nineteen years leases, have suffered from the prolonged depression. This is sufficiently notorious, and it has been known for some time that the tenants have of late been very much dissatisfied with their bargains. As Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL acknowledged, the tenants have hitherto valued these long leases as a protection against their landlord, who was precluded by them from raising the rent in times of prosperity. In these times of depression, however, the long lease works with exactly contrary effect, and the tenant who took his farm at the end of the series of fat years, and at a rent calculated on the profits of prosperous times, finds that in these lean years he has made a burdensome contract. On these grounds Mr. ANDERSON and several other Scotch members call for special legislation on behalf of the tenant, or for the extension of the Crofters Act to all parts of Scotland. In spite of the moderation of tone with which the request was made, it may be pronounced not only unsound in principle, but even a little impudent. The tenants as a body reaped very great profits by help of the long leases during the good times after the Crimean War, and there is something decidedly audacious in a request that when the tide turns they should be exempted from suffering loss through fall of prices. It does, indeed, seem certain that there must be a general readjustment of rents all over Scotland, and it is even probable that considerable changes may be introduced into the relations between tenants and landlords. As the existing leases fall in new ones can be made on other terms, and it may be taken for granted the tenants will no longer offer nor landlords expect to receive the old scale of rent. But the readjustment may be arranged by free dealings between the parties, and ought to be. The present rents were fixed by competition among the tenants themselves. The leases were put up to auction, and the tenants must be supposed to have understood their own interests, and to have calculated that on a general balance of loss and gain they would make their profit in the course of the nineteen years. If the price of agricultural produce had risen, what a clamour would have been raised at the suggestion that the contracts should be revised on behalf of the landlord! It is certainly not in the public interest that the actual leaseholders should be ruined by their bargains, but nobody is more interested in preserving them from this misfortune than the landlord. The owner of an estate who was harsh enough to ruin a tenant by severely exacting his pound of flesh would be very briefly punished by finding himself with a farm on his hands from which he would probably get neither rent nor profit of any kind. In spite of the assertions of the tenant-farmers' friends in Parliament, there is no reason to suppose that Scotch landlords, as a body, have been so blind to their own real interests as to refuse the reasonable abatements of rent made necessary by the heavy and probably permanent fall in prices. The LORD ADVOCATE perhaps gave too favourable a view of the condition of Scotch agriculture when he said that he did not think any farms were lying vacant in the country; but Scotch farmers have suffered less than the English. They have certainly not suffered so severely as to afford any justification for an interference with the sanctity of contract for their benefit.

MR. BLUNT'S ACTION.

A DISAGREEMENT of the jury who tried the action of BLUNT v. BYRNE was always so eminently probable an issue of the case that the plaintiff's sympathizing friends in Ireland had plenty of time to prepare their own explanation of it. The particular fiction upon which they have elected to rely is perhaps about as good as another. Their assertion that the jury were divided in the proportion of eleven to one in favour of a verdict for the plaintiff proves nothing more than that the human personality is indivisible, and that they were, therefore, precluded from describing Mr. BLUNT'S majority as one of eleven and three-quarters against the remaining fraction. It is just as likely—or as unlikely—that the proportion was exactly reversed, and that every juryman but one was disposed to find for Mr. BYRNE; and it is a far more likely theory than either that the division of opinion between them approached much nearer to equality. Even those who hold as confidently as we ourselves do that Mr. BYRNE ought to have got his verdict will probably see more than one reason for feeling no surprise at the actual result. The Gladstonian commentators who have been foolishly exulting in the fact that what they describe as "even a Dublin special "jury" has declined to uphold the action of the Irish Executive, have probably conceived a most exaggerated idea of the average status, whether social or educational, of the kind of tribunal which they thus ignorantly extol. In England, at any rate, the normal difference between at least three-fourths of the men who form the special jury panel and the common juryman is not by any means so vast as these observations appear to assume; and in Ireland, we apprehend, the distinction is likely, if anything, to be still less marked. Such being the case, it would have been strange, indeed, if the Dublin jury-box had

failed to contain its proportion of gentlemen who were "agin the Government," and whose natural prejudices—for it is not in the least necessary to impute to them anything worse than perversity—might easily incapacitate them from seeing anything but the plaintiff's side of the question.

The mere failure, however, of the jury to agree in rejecting Mr. BLUNT's claim is a matter of comparatively minor importance. To the public it is much more material to be enabled to say whether, on the evidence as summed up for them by the judge, they ought to have agreed on its rejection. And on this point, fortunately, there is not the smallest room for doubt. There is, indeed, no exhibition of impudence on which the Nationalists have more amply earned the congratulations of their English admirers than they have on the assertion that the principles laid down by Lord Chief Baron PALLES were, on the whole, favourable to the case of Mr. BLUNT. The CHIEF SECRETARY to the Lord Lieutenant did not put the matter a whit too strongly in saying in his reply to Mr. DILLON that "the character of "the evidence given in court, and the tenor of the judge's "charge, must entirely remove any doubt as to the gross "illegality of the meeting which Mr. BLUNT, in spite of the "warnings of the Executive, persisted in attempting to hold." The most cursory glance at the series of questions which the LORD CHIEF BARON put to the jury suffices to dispose of this question. He asked them first—and, of course, merely formally, since the affirmative was virtually admitted on both sides—whether the plaintiff resisted and disturbed the police in dispersing the meeting on October 23; secondly, whether the object of that meeting was to incite the people to agree not to pay their rents, and thereby injure the landlords; thirdly, whether its object was to incite the tenants and others to agree to resist the execution of writs and decrees; and, fourthly, whether it was its object to incite persons to agree to deter tenants by threats and menaces from paying their rents, or by like means to deter all persons except evicted tenants from taking evicted farms, and to coerce them to give up and quit the same. The fifth and seventh questions were whether there was an agreement to incite to refusal of rents or resistance of process, and whether the meeting was held to further that agreement. The sixth question was whether an agreement existed to incite tenants to pay their rents, or portions thereof, to persons other than their landlords, and whether it was in furtherance of that agreement that the meeting was held. In the eighth question the jury were asked whether the plaintiff took part in the said meeting, with all or any of the intents mentioned in the said agreement; and by the ninth and last question they were called upon to determine whether the circumstances in which the meeting was held were reasonably likely to produce danger to the peace and tranquillity of the neighbourhood.

It might fairly be objected that so me of these questions were, on the previous showing of the charge itself, superfluous; but that objection may be readily waived. If the issues submitted to the jury were needlessly multiplied there would still be no reason to regret a course which has exhausted all the questions, relevant or irrelevant, which have been raised in the course of the case. It is quite conceivable that a jury might on the evidence, and without the slightest suspicion of prejudice, have returned an answer adverse to Mr. BLUNT on every one of the questions, from the first to the last. They might, that is to say, have held not only that the object of the Woodford meeting was to incite to the refusal of rent, and to the resistance of legal process, but that there was a well understood if tacit agreement to that effect, to which Mr. BLUNT, on the evidence of his previous dealings with Mr. O'BRIEN and Mr. GILL, must be deemed to have been a party. They might have found that he did take part in the said meeting, not only with some but with all the intents above mentioned, and that he did hold it in circumstances which were reasonably likely to produce danger to the peace and tranquillity of the neighbourhood. A perfectly impartial jury might, we say, have answered all these questions adversely to Mr. BLUNT, while on the other hand no jury with the slightest pretension to such a character could have answered all of them in his favour; and it is to be observed that, leaving the formal first question out of account, an adverse answer to any one of the other eight would of itself have been fatal to the plaintiff's case. Even if they had been answered in his favour from the second to the eighth inclusive—to take the most favourable assumption that the case admits of—a finding against him on the ninth alone would have amounted to a verdict for the defendant. Even if Mr. BLUNT's object had been an innocent one, and he was convinced at the same time that it was safe to hold the meeting, this would have given him no grievance against the Executive, or any cause of action against their officer, unless such conviction accorded with the facts. "The peace and quiet of a neighbourhood cannot "depend," as the LORD CHIEF BARON drily remarked, "upon the belief or want of belief, the knowledge or want "of knowledge of a stranger who only spent three days in "the district." Even on the judge's extremely charitable hypothesis that Mr. BLUNT meant to be as good as his placard, and "preach patience to the people," his summons of the meeting was the special cause of dangerous local excitement, equally indefensible. If "he, who in quest of silence, "'Order!' hoots," and is thereby apt to make "the hubbub "he imputes," deserves little thanks from the well-behaved portion of an audience; and the man who inflames the passion of an excitable people by adjuring them to be calm, is no better friend to the tranquillity of a district than his counterpart is to the decorum of a theatre.

Apart from the particular incident which has given occasion for it, the charge of Lord Chief Baron PALLES should be of some political value merely as a general statement of the law. We have been treated of late by the Gladstonian press to a most imposing display of legal learning on the subject of public meeting. These writers have apparently just discovered, and announce with befitting pride, that the Proclamation of the LORD-LIEUTENANT does not of itself make a meeting illegal, and they seem, with the usual logic of their school, to have proceeded thence to the conclusion that such a proclamation of a meeting in no degree affects the antecedent presumption of its legality. For such persons the LORD CHIEF BARON's charge, with its words of very emphatic warning to those who undertake the responsibility of defying such Executive administration, should be useful and instructive reading. They may learn, too, from these well-weighed judicial deliverances that danger to the peace of a district is not, as they have assumed throughout the controversy, the only ground on which a Government is justified in proclaiming a public meeting. It may surprise some of them to find that incitement to rent-robbery is just as illegal as provocation to disorder; that in particular the illegality of the Plan of Campaign, of which some of them have ventured to approve, and with which many of them have coquetted, has received solemn judicial reaffirmation; and that a learned judge has deemed it necessary to add the reminder that a meeting held to promote spoliatory schemes is an illegal meeting, to take part in which, or to aid or promote it, is an offence for which those committing it may be criminally proceeded against.

TWO DOGS.

WEDNESDAY'S papers contained a couple of instances which show what man has made of dogs. We are not referring to sausages, or any other form of artificial food, in which the presence of their flesh may be suspected of lurking. A live dog is better than a dead lion; much more, then, is it superior in importance to a corpse of its own species. The dogs with whose misfortunes we hope to excite sympathy have indeed escaped from the cruelty or negligence of mankind, and gone to a better world, where it may be piously assumed that they have plenty of hunting, and are never whipped, either "publicly or privately," as Mr. Justice GRANTHAM's pet statute has it. But they both came by violent deaths, and perhaps the consideration of their sufferings may serve to protect survivors against similar calamities. By far the more shocking of the two cases was heard at the Hammersmith Police Court before Mr. FENWICK, and most people will think that the result was quite inadequate, so far as the sentence upon the defendant is concerned. EDWARD GALE, described as a "pensioned police constable," was summoned for maliciously killing a dog, and, being convicted, was fined three pounds, together with two shillings for costs, and half a sovereign as the value of the animal. It will be observed that Mr. GALE, of whom it is satisfactory to think as no longer in the police force, was not prosecuted, as he might surely have been, for cruelty to animals, but for malicious injury to property. According to the evidence adduced by the complainant, which Mr. FENWICK appears to have believed, Mr. GALE was seen "pushing a rake into a box "containing the dog," and "the dog was crying." It was afterwards found dead. We can conceive no reason, unless

it be a purely technical one, which might have been avoided by framing the summons in a different way, why a man who behaves in this way should not be sent to gaol. It seems that Mr. Gale had some grievance against this poor brute, for he was heard to say, "I have been looking for you all "night." But if human beings wreak their vengeance in this savage fashion, which, besides its wanton barbarity, is a scandal and annoyance to the neighbourhood, they should be made to feel some small part of the torture which they deliberately inflict. Possibly the bereaved owner of Mr. Gale's victim may have been more desirous of obtaining pecuniary compensation for his loss than of punishing the canicide. The man who can put a price upon his dog will be thought by many people to be unworthy of its affection. But, however this may be, the law which is supposed to protect animals ought to be more stringently enforced.

The fate of Rock, which was investigated on the same day by Mr. Justice Manisty and a common jury, is less tragical than that of the poor creature prodded with a rake in the dark. Rock, a retriever, perished in a manner which the jury found to be accidental, and therefore, although he may be lamented, he cannot be avenged. It is difficult for the least susceptible not to drop a tear on the remains of Rock, at once so clever and so guileless a beast. The only consolation which can with decency be even suggested to his sorrowing acquaintances is that his life was very happy, and that he had no premonition of his melancholy end. Rock was attached to a hotel, as any dog with a good appetite and a love of variety would like to be. Yet was Rock no irregular roysterer, no professional enemy of the police, no disturber of the repose of Southend. If he did not always come home to tea, he always went out to dinner. He dined early, and his hostess, who deserves a place of honourable record in his obituary notice, was Mrs. Brunt, of Lorne House, Marine Parade. Mrs. Brunt gave him mutton and beef, the beef roasted plain, the mutton roasted with trimmings. It is not easy to write calmly of what occurred on the 22nd of April, 1887. Mrs. Brunt shall tell the sad story in her own pathetically simple words. "The dog," she says, "was upon the footpath wagging "his tail and anticipating the morsel I was preparing for "him. . . . I went to the table to cut the meat, and then "I heard a fearful crash, and a thud and a terrible groan, "and I said, 'Poor Rock, he is run over!' When I went "out the dog was gone, but there was the mark of the "wheel upon the kerb." The driver of the cart which caused this terrible catastrophe declared that his horse ran away with him, that he was doing his best to pull it up for his own sake, and that he never saw the dog at all. It was further alleged to be Rock's habit to lie upon the road, whether from careless confidence in mankind at large, or from a particular belief in the Jehus of Southend, which has not been justified by events. Some persons in court, with a painful inability to distinguish between the ridiculous and the sublime, had the bad taste to laugh when Mrs. Brunt described her departed friend as "more intelligent than many men." The compliment is not extravagant, though doubtless the homage was sincere. The verdict which the jury found for the defendant was, in the circumstances, inevitable, and Mrs. Brunt may have been mistaken in supposing that Rock was not, on the 22nd of April, lying where she had seen so many men lie. Dogs should be discouraged by those who have their best interests at heart from lying in the road until the human race has learned to drive.

MILITARY STORES.

The First Lord of the Admiralty and the Secretary of State for War are both to be called upon to justify the whole system of administration of their departments when the House goes into the Committee of Supply. Lord Charles Beresford is to try the effect of his Saxon in Parliament after using it to comparatively little purpose in the Admiralty, and Mr. Hanbury is going to ask the War Office why it does not intend to carry out the recommendations of the Royal Commission on Stores. The second, at least, of these demands for explanation ought to lead to an interesting and, if properly conducted, important debate. The question which Mr. Hanbury put to Mr. Stanhope on Tuesday evening shows what object he wishes to obtain. He called upon Mr. Stanhope to say whether the Government had adopted, or was about to adopt, these three recommendations of Sir James Stephen's Commission:—"namely, the appointment of a Commission to lay down a "standard as to the amount of stores which should be kept "in hand for the public service; the publication of annual "tables showing how the existing stores stood in relation to "that standard; and the publication by the chief of the "Ordnance Department of an annual statement showing "what stores he considered necessary for the public service "during the current year." Mr. Stanhope's answer was equally explicit as to the intentions of the Government. It does not intend to carry out the recommendations of the Royal Commission, and apparently for two reasons. The first is, that no such public statements have ever been made in this country or any other country; and the second is, that the War Office does not intend to carry out recommendations of the Commission. This last does not look much like what is commonly called a reason, except when preceded by the possessive case of the substantive "lady"; but Mr. Stanhope seems to have seriously quoted the decision of his department as if it was its own justification.

When the matter comes to be argued out, some better argument may be produced, and it certainly ought to be asked for. The recommendations of the Royal Commission were, no doubt, not above criticism. The publicity which it wished to see practised in the Supply Service of the army would be certainly a novelty in this country and every other. But a thing is not wrong because it is new; and without being the best, may be better than what already exists. No great ingenuity would be required to make out a case for publicity. Our neighbours are generally approximately aware of the extent of our power to defend ourselves or attack them. They will probably in any case prepare to attack us with a force calculated on the supposition that we are in a reasonably sufficient state of defence. Our danger is not that an enemy will be encouraged to fall upon us by learning that we are short of stores, but that we ourselves may go on in a state of blind confidence that we are properly supplied when, as a matter of fact, we are fatally deficient in many necessaries. But, if the War Office considers publicity as too dangerous or too irregular, that part of the Royal Commission's recommendations need not be pressed. The first quoted by Mr. Hanbury is by far the most important of the three. Whether the War Office publishes a yearly return on the state of the stores matters much less than whether it knows what quantity of stores, armament, and men it ought to have. Now what Lord Wolseley told the Royal Commission was that the War Office had no idea on this subject. It was, he said in substance, absolutely disqualified from maintaining an efficient army by its entire ignorance of what an efficient army is. This was what Lord Wolseley meant when he said that the British army had no standard to work up to, and the members of the Royal Commission were so convinced of the truth of his opinion that they recommended the adoption of measures which would supply Her Majesty's Secretary of State for War with a model. Mr. Stanhope avoided saying whether this useful measure of quantity and quality is to be supplied; but his silence was abundantly instructive. No Commission will be appointed to set up a standard for the British army. When Mr. Hanbury's motion is made in Committee of Supply, we hope that it will receive sufficient support to compel the War Office to listen to the late Royal Commission. Until the standard spoken of by Lord Wolseley is supplied—until, that is, we know what kind and amount of army we ought to have—it is next to impossible to arrive at any certainty as to the value of what we have actually got. There has been enough chopping and changing, enough vague experiment, enough jumping in the dark. We have spent needless millions and wasted untold quantities of material through want of a definite policy. The publicity which Mr. Stanhope shrinks from would really only be dangerous if the army is to be kept in a bad state; but we presume that is not the deliberate policy even of the Minister who cut down the Royal Horse Artillery. For the rest, it was only suggested as a guarantee for the fidelity of the War Office to the standard of efficiency when it had been supplied. We are prepared to trust the department so far as to dispense with yearly reports if once a limit is known to be fixed below which the stores must not be allowed to fall. Up to the present there has been no such limit, and it is notorious that just before the Russian war scare the storehouses were shamefully empty. The desire of the Royal Commission was that the nation should never be subjected to such a

risk again, and we believe that that is the determination of the nation itself. If we can be protected without giving up the old practice of secresy, well and good; but if publicity is needed to protect us against the politician, then we must have publicity.

THE LAST OF THE ADDRESS.

It will probably be considered—so rapid, as a rule, are the processes of demoralization—that the House of Commons has got through the proceedings on the Address with a despatch worthy of its ancient character as a business-like assembly. Yet it seems only a few years since people were holding up their hands in indignant amazement at the prolongation of these proceedings for eleven days—their exact duration in the present instance. Everybody then went about asking his neighbour what the House of Commons was coming to. Subsequent events have supplied that question with a sufficiently informing answer. The House of Commons was coming, and within a year or two came, to a state of things in which an eleven days' debate on the Address has come to appear quite a moderate—almost an ascetic—allowance of aimless and unpractical talk. It was coming, in fact, to a habit of debating the Address for at least three weeks, and only consenting at last to discontinue it after the application of the most powerful pressure on the part of the Government. All improvement, however, is of course relative, and we have no wish to grudge the public its self-congratulations on the fact that a purely ceremonial proceeding which began on the 9th of February was brought triumphantly to a close on the 23rd. It is true that, if we were to scrutinize too closely the exact application of these eleven working days, we should probably come to the conclusion that their number might, without giving the slightest ground of just complaint to any one, have been reduced by a full half; that Mr. PARNELL's amendment might perfectly well have been moved on the second night of the debate; and that, while two nights would have amply served for its due discussion, two more might well have sufficed to dispose of the other more or less inconsiderable proposals brought forward subsequently and on the report stage, which, under the new rule, it is to be hoped, will be abolished altogether. The first purpose, indeed, to which this stage of the debate was turned came very near to being something worse than idle. It was only saved from being mischievous by Mr. GLADSTONE's eminently wise determination to improve the opportunity for showing that it is still possible for him, when it suits him, to debate grave questions of foreign policy from quite another standpoint than that of an old Parliamentary hand.

Of the debate of Thursday night we need say no more than that it was an abuse of the functions of Parliament—according at least to any theory of them which has ever been put forward by constitutional writers of authority. Unless among the objects for which the House of Commons exists is to be included that of enabling an ambitious ex-Minister who is conscious of having fallen a little behind in the running to explain how he would like to give a fillip to his notoriety by getting himself imprisoned, but had thought that, on the whole, he might manage to advertise himself sufficiently without undergoing so grave a discomfort—unless, we say, the House of Commons exists in part for such purpose as this, the debate which Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE insisted upon raising upon Thursday night was simply a flagrant abuse of an already much-abused institution For the object to which we have referred was as palpably before Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE's eyes throughout the whole of his hour and a quarter speech as the pretended object set forth in his amendment was not. The speech was, to use Mr. BALFOUR's accurate description of it, "autobiographical" from beginning to end; and the CHIEF SECRETARY would have been perfectly justified in treating it exclusively from that point of view in his reply. Nothing happier than Mr. BALFOUR's actual dealing with it from this point of view has been witnessed in Parliament for a long time. The half-dozen sentences devoted to the discussion of the precautions taken against arrest by the agitator who reproached the Government with leaving him at large hit the exact tone which was most appropriate to the occasion. The moral of the whole incident is, as Mr. BALFOUR said, that, if right honourable demagogues will take so much trouble to proclaim their loyal and peaceable intentions, they "must "not be disappointed if Ministers take them at their word." It only remains to add that that part of Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE's speech which did in some measure bear upon the ostensible object of his amendment was even more conclusively disposed of by Mr. BALFOUR than its autobiographical portion.

POISON AND CRIME.

The humdrum life of commonplace respectability which most of us lead is happily sometimes lighted from above. But it is also occasionally pierced from below, and a court of assize in a large town is not unfrequently the place from or through which this chastening power appears. Mr. Justice GRANTHAM has been dealing at Liverpool with some very bad cases indeed. He has made an innovation in punishment, and revived flogging just when it seems not to be required. But the subject on which we desire to dwell is the influence of drink as exemplified by JOHN GORDON, "found guilty of attempting to murder his wife, "MARY GORDON, under circumstances of great brutality." The story is a very shocking one, a very disgusting one, and one from which most people would instinctively turn away. But it is necessary to face these things, and it was never more imperatively necessary than at the present time. There are many excellent people who say that all crime proceeds from drink, and that all drink is bad. The second of these two propositions is absurd on the face of it; and anybody, as the homœopathic doctor said in a recent controversy, can try the experiment upon himself. The first part of the double assertion is not true either, but unfortunately familiar occurrences give it far too plausible an air of truth. A judge of Assize, on returning from Circuit, is only too apt to say that all men are liars, and that all criminals are drunkards. There are two obvious explanations for the latter article of faith. In the first place, we may assume that alcohol is a diabolical agency; in the second place, we may prefer the hypothesis that a great deal of alcohol becomes through adulteration very bad. Against the former supposition we have to set the undoubted truth that many people drink a reasonable quantity of intoxicating liquor and seem neither physically nor morally the worse for it. In favour of the latter we may urge that brutalities are committed after boozing in certain public-houses, brutalities to which unaided human nature does not aspire, and is not equal. Parliament is well described as the great inquest of the nation. But Parliament resolutely shuts its eyes to the fact that beverages are concocted within these realms which are abominable in themselves, deleterious in their consequences, and essentially subversive of social order. GIBBON said that the example of the Crusaders was no less fatal to military discipline than repugnant to evangelical purity. Bad spirits are almost as productive of crime as they are provocative of thirst.

The trial on which Mr. Justice GRANTHAM delivered his soul revealed no very novel or striking features. But it is one of those cases which ought to attract the attention of Parliament, and which might even suggest to the fanatics of so-called temperance that they have got upon the wrong tack. People cannot be prevented from getting moderately drunk, except, perhaps, by religion and philosophy. They ought to be precluded, so far as is possible, from getting mad drunk, if only because their condition is then dangerous to their wives, families, and neighbours. The wretched GORDON, who has been sent into penal servitude for fifteen years, was plentifully supplied with drink beforehand at several public-houses. The state of facts was such that the Judge let himself go, and expatiated with the utmost freedom upon the manner in which the prisoner had been served. He spoke of the "unholy profits" made out of that "horrid traffic," and it is impossible to say that he was wrong. There is a class of pot-house and of gin-palace, about which respectable people know little, but which supplies the dock, the asylum, and the gaol with many of their inmates. "People like Mr. McCANDLISH," said the Judge, "were content to live out of their ill-gotten gains "by engaging managers, whom they put in to do their "dirty work, and make money out of these unhappy people, "forgetting or blinding their eyes to the fact that, while they "were themselves living on the fat of the land, poor wretched "women were left starving, and children were left almost "dying of starvation, because fathers were induced to spend "money on drink in the way in which this man did who had "been at home a fortnight, and drinking all the time, and "was fooling away his money, while Mr. McCANDLISH and "others were fattening on it." Excited by this beastly

tippling, JOHN GORDON more than half murdered his wife and is now in penal servitude. We may say that it serves him right, and so no doubt it does. But the moral we wish to enforce is that Parliament ought to deal at once, and to deal strongly, with a gross abuse of the traffic in liquor. The Local Government Bill may be a good thing, and licensing reform may be a good thing. What we most emphatically demand is some efficient check upon the sale of drugs which, whether they be called beer, wine, or spirits, are in fact poison.

LORD SALISBURY AND MR. BRADLAUGH.

WE wonder how much of the persistent misrepresentation of the letter recently addressed by Lord SALISBURY'S solicitor to Mr. BRADLAUGH is deliberately malicious and how much is mere honest confusion? Judging by what we know of the Gladstonian tactics, we should have been disposed to say that it was all of the former character; but there is substantive evidence that some of it is of the latter description. Even the *Times*, discussing Sir R. NICHOLSON'S letter with an obvious desire to criticize it fairly, has shown an equal incapacity with its Radical contemporaries to distinguish between the responsibility for writing a letter and the responsibility for publishing it; or, at any rate, has displayed an equal proneness to the conclusion that a perfectly legitimate and reasonable disclaimer of the latter responsibility amounts to, or at least suggests, a disingenuous repudiation of the former. It is, therefore, necessary to remind both the candid and the uncandid critics of Sir R. NICHOLSON'S communication to Mr. BRADLAUGH with reference to the letter signed "R. T. GUNTON" that it is characteristic of letters to be sent by their writers to the person to whom they are addressed; that those persons, having then the physical control over them, may abuse that control by publishing them without the authority of their writers; and that in that case their writers are obviously free from all responsibility whatever, either legal or moral, for the consequences which may result from such unauthorized publication.

It is strange that considerations so plain as these, and considerations so clearly, if only impliedly, indicated in Sir RICHARD NICHOLSON'S letter to Mr. BRADLAUGH, should have to be thus elaborately insisted upon; but it seems to be necessary. The facts of the case are as simple as can be. Mr. BRADLAUGH makes, in the course of certain legal proceedings held in November last, a statement on oath to the effect that he had seen a cheque, signed by Lord SALISBURY, which had been sent to certain persons to assist them in getting up a meeting in Trafalgar Square. This Lord SALISBURY immediately and publicly denies. Next day he receives a letter from the persons who were said to have received the cheque, indignantly denying the story on their own part, and suggesting that Mr. BRADLAUGH should be prosecuted for perjury. To this Lord SALISBURY very naturally replies, through his private secretary, that, though the statement amounted to wilful perjury, it would not be punishable as such, not being relevant to the issue under trial in the legal proceedings in question. This letter its recipients, without the authority of the writer, and therefore with gross impropriety, sent to the public press. As addressed to themselves, it was in all probability privileged; as given by them gratuitously to the world, its legal character, of course, might be very different. Under these circumstances it is monstrous to contend that the writer of the letter incurs any moral obligation whatever to assume a legal responsibility which he never had the slightest intention of assuming, and which would have been simply forced upon him by the wholly unauthorized act of other people. Nor does the repudiation of such responsibility convey—as the *Times* appeared so strangely to imagine—any suggestion of an attempt to evade the responsibility for the writing of the letter. If we consider it as a written document, the signature "R. T. GUNTON" undoubtedly is equivalent to the signature of Lord SALISBURY; but if we regard it as a communication inserted in the newspapers, Mr. GUNTON'S name undoubtedly ceases to represent Lord SALISBURY'S, and stands, if it stands for anything, for that of the man who sent his letter to the newspaper offices. Lord SALISBURY has gone to the furthest point to which he can in reason be required to go in calling Mr. BRADLAUGH'S attention, through his solicitor, to the denial which he did publicly oppose to Mr. BRADLAUGH'S statement. If that denial amounts to libel in imputing a false statement to Mr. BRADLAUGH in a matter which must be within his personal knowledge, he has his remedy. He complains, as appears from his last letter, that it is "not actionable." If so, it can only be because he has suffered no legal wrong at Lord SALISBURY'S hands. No doubt the letter published without authority was actionable; but Mr. BRADLAUGH can hardly expect Lord SALISBURY to adopt the actionable conduct of other people, merely for the sake of indulging Mr. BRADLAUGH with the luxury of an action.

OSTRICH-FARMING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

OSTRICH farmers in South Africa are at present suffering as much from bad times as our agriculturists at home. Feathers that were formerly worth twenty-five pounds now only bring thirty shillings, and a pair of birds that could not be bought some years ago under several hundred pounds would not at present fetch more than twelve. Some time ago a gentleman "prospecting" was looking over a fence into a camp when an ostrich spied a diamond in his pin, and in an instant picked at and swallowed it. A sort of court-martial was held, the relative values of the bird and the diamond being accurately calculated. The ostrich was worth 100*l.* and the pin 90*l.*, so the ostrich was spared. The verdict would now be most decidedly the other way. The only redeeming feature in ostrich-farming nowadays is the amusement to be got out of studying the ways of these weird birds, which look as if only by some mistake they had survived the deluge, and that they would be more in their right place embedded in the fossiliferous strata of the earth than racing about on its surface. Ugly, awkward, and brainless as are these birds when full-grown, there are few young animals prettier than an ostrich chick during the first few weeks of its life. It has a sweet, innocent, baby face, large eyes, and a plump round body. All its movements are comical, and there is an air of conceit and independence about the tiny creature while still scarcely able to stand that is most amusing. Instead of feathers, the chick has a rough coat of as many shades of brown and grey as a tailor's pattern-book. This is striped with shreds of black, the neck being covered with what resembles the softest silk plush. One would like these delightful little creatures to remain always babies, for with their growth they lose their round prettiness, their bodies become angular and ill-proportioned, and a crop of coarse, wiry feathers replaces the particoloured stripes which form their baby clothes.

The chicken feathers are first plucked at nine months old and look only fit to be made into dusting brushes. In the second year they are a little like the ostrich feathers of commerce, but stiff and narrow, and it is not till the third year that they have attained their full width and softness. During the first two years the male and female birds are alike; but at each moulting the male becomes darker, until the plumage is all black, except the wings and tails, which are white. In each wing there are twenty-four long feathers. During the breeding season the bill of the male bird, the large scales on the fore part of the leg, and sometimes the skin of the head and neck assume a deep rose colour. After a good rain ostriches begin to make nests. At this time the males become savage and their "booming" is heard in all directions. The bird inflates its neck like a cobra and gives three deep roars, the two first short and "staccato," the third prolonged. When the birds are savage it is impossible to walk about the camp unless armed with a "tackey," the name given to a long, stout, thorny branch of mimosa. Fortunately only one bird will attack at a time, and only on the territory which by some tribal arrangement is considered his exclusive property. Thus, during a morning's walk through the camp the owner will be attacked by several vicious birds in succession, all determined to have his life if possible, yet all held completely in check by a vigorous use of the "tackey." When an ostrich challenges he sits down and, flapping each wing alternately, inflates his neck, throws his head back, rolling it from side to side, and with each roll striking the back of his head against his bony body with so sharp and resounding a blow that a severe headache seems likely to be the result. It often happens that in self-defence these vicious males (generally the finest birds) have to be killed.

The hen ostrich lays on alternate days, and if every second egg is taken away she will produce from twenty to thirty, sometimes as many as sixty, eggs. Twenty is the largest number the birds can satisfactorily cover. Each morning and evening the nest is deserted for a quarter of an hour to allow the eggs to cool, which was probably the cause of the old belief that they were left by the parents to be hatched by the sun. As a general rule, the two birds sit alternately, the cock at night, because his superior strength and courage makes him a better defender against midnight marauders. At the end of the six weeks of sitting both birds are in a miserably enfeebled condition. It has been found curious to watch one undutiful hen who absolutely refused to take her share of work, so the poor husband, determining not to be disappointed of his progeny, did all the sitting himself, bravely and patiently, day and night. He nearly died of exhaustion. The next time this pair had a nest, the cock made up his mind to stand no such nonsense. He gave the hen such a severe thrashing, that one would have thought she had not a whole bone left. However, this Petruchio-like treatment had the desired effect, for the wife never again rebelled, but sat patiently and persistently. Very different from this couple were the Darby and Joan of the camp. One morning

the hen, frightened by a Kaffir's dog, ran into the wire fence, and was so terribly injured that she had to be killed. For two years poor Darby was a disconsolate widower, and all attempts to find him a satisfactory second wife were unavailing. Several hens which in succession were placed in his camp were only rescued at the "tackey's" point from being kicked to death. It was truly pitiable to watch the poor bird wandering up and down day after day on the hard track worn by his restless feet. At last he consented to choose a successor to his beloved Joan; but apparently the choice was not a fortunate one. The new wife—a magnificent hen above the average size—tyrannized over him unmercifully. Darby's spirit seemed quite broken by his long fretting, and he made no attempt to hold his own, but was for the rest of his days the most henpecked, or rather hen-kicked, of husbands. It was difficult to manage so that he had enough to eat; for whenever he came near the food the greedy hen would drive him away, standing on tiptoe and hissing viciously, and it was only by waiting until she was out of the way that it was possible to give him a feed. As a father Darby was no less devoted than he had formerly been as a husband, and to please him the chicks, instead of being taken away, as is usual when they are a few days old, were allowed to remain with the parents. The poor little birds, however, fell victims to their father's over-anxious disposition. Apparently never satisfied that the "veldt" was good enough, he kept them continually on the move, going such long distances that he literally walked them as well as himself to death. Not many days after the last chick's decease Darby's own poor body, worn to a skeleton by these restless wanderings after the six weeks of anxiety during incubation, was found on the veldt.

The surplus eggs more than the ostriches can cover are hatched in an incubator—a machine calculated to destroy for the time being the most heavenly temper. Some imp of mischief seems to be perpetually at work, causing the thermometer to indulge in the wildest vagaries. The proper temperature is 103°. Perhaps one degree more heat would be wanting, so the lamps would be slightly raised, producing for some time not the slightest effect on the temperature, which would then unexpectedly go up at a bound, and all the drawers have to be opened and jugs of cold water dashed wildly at the top of the incubator. As soon as the chicks are hatched they seem to begin to die off; and there is never the least hope of saving a sick ostrich, whatever its age. They are naturally long-lived; indeed, it is almost impossible to state the limit of their lives, as they do not in a state of nature show any signs of decrepitude, nor do their feathers deteriorate. Accident or stupidity alone seems to put an end to their career. Utterly incapable of taking care of himself, an ostrich resents being looked after by his human friends; and when, in spite of all their precautions for his safety, he succeeds in coming to grief, he sullenly opposes every attempt to cure his injuries, and at once makes up his mind to die. If his hurt is not sufficiently severe to kill him, he will attain his object by moping and refusing to eat; anyhow, he dies, often apparently for no other reason than because his master, against whom he always has a grudge, wishes him to live. He seems to die out of spite, just as a Hindoo servant will starve himself and waste rapidly away, and then come and expire at the feet of the employer with whom he is offended. There was a certain old Dutchman who, by simply bringing one leaf of the prickly pear from Cape Town to Graaff Reinet, caused the whole region to be overgrown with it. The ostriches, with that equal disregard for their own health and the pockets of their owners for which they are famous, acquire a morbid taste for this prickly food, and go on indulging in it until their heads and necks look like pincushions, and the almost invisible fruit-thorns line the interior of their throats, besides so injuring their eyes that they become perfectly blind. Often was an unhappy bird brought in a helpless, half-dead state, to be nursed; but no amount of care and attention was ever rewarded by the recovery of the patient. There it would squat for a few days, the picture of misery, its ugly neck lying along the ground in a limp, despondent manner, like a sea-sick goose on the first day of a voyage. Many times a day would food be forced down its letter-box of a throat; but all to no purpose. It had made up its mind to die, as every ostrich does immediately illness or accident befalls it, and most resolutely would it carry out its intention. The injury from which ostriches most frequently die is the fracture of a leg, and this accident often is owing to the dervish-like habits they have of waltzing when in particularly good spirits. They go sailing along in the bright sunshine, their beautiful wings spread giving them the appearance of white balloons, but they have an unfortunate tendency to become giddy and tumble down. Some birds can "reverse" as cleverly as a practised human dancer, but the accomplishment is rare. Sometimes they fight savagely, and in an instant one of the belligerents is down with his leg snapped across and all but knocked off by a frightful blow, and then his owner can only have the melancholy consolation of making him into soup.

When, as sometimes happens, a solitary chick is reared at the farmhouse, it becomes absurdly and often inconveniently tame. One called Jackie was the terror of all the little niggers about the place; for, as they sat on the ground with plates of rice and pumpkin in their laps, Jackie would bear down upon them, requisitioning from one plate after another. Occasionally he acted in such a menacing manner that the youngsters dropped their plates and ran away crying. Jackie would then squat on his heels amongst the *débris* and regale his enormous appetite at leisure. But one day retribution came. Having spotted the pot in the kitchen out of which the pumpkin and rice always came, he thought he would attack the fountain-head, so plumping his head into the pot, he greedily scooped up, and, with the lightning-like rapidity of ostriches, tossed down his throat a large mouthful of boiling rice. Poor fellow! the next moment he was dancing round the kitchen, writhing in agony, shaking his head nearly off, and twisting his neck as if bent on tying it into a knot. Finally he dashed wildly from the house, and the last that was seen of him was a little cloud of white dust vanishing on the horizon. On a large farm when the time for plucking arrives it is no easy matter to collect the birds. Men have to be sent out in all directions to drive the ostriches in from the distant spots to which they have wandered. Little troops are gradually brought together, and collected, first in a large enclosure, then in the plucking kraal, and finally in the plucking-box—a most useful invention. In it there is just room for an ostrich to stand; he cannot possibly turn round, nor even kick. Two operators, one at each side, with a few rapid snips of the shears soon denude him of his long white plumes. The stumps are left in for three months, when the Kaffirs generally pull them out with their teeth. After the plucking comes the sorting into "prime whites," "blacks," "tails," &c. For some days feathers pervade everything. In fact, the house becomes almost uninhabitable. If an ostrich feather is held upright it is at once seen to be perfectly even and equal on both sides, the stem dividing it exactly in the centre; whereas the stems of other feathers are all more or less on one side. Perhaps this is the reason why the ancient Egyptians chose the ostrich feather as the sacred emblem of truth and justice, setting it upon the head of Ma, goddess of Truth.

DIABOLUS OBFUSCATIO MEA.

It was the use and wont of the old-fashioned Radical, whom fond memory loves to think of as a more amusing, if not less benighted, person than his modern equivalent, to describe the two Universities as "sleepy." That reproach, if he had been alive, the good man could hardly bestow on at least one of them during the present week. Oxford has been very wide awake indeed. She has knocked on the head one of the very neatest little academic jobs which jobbery ever tried:—the creation of a new little patent place in which a distinguished Professor, who has been relieved of the work of his own professorship, was to do the work of the paid representative of another Professor who has been (still "with a pinsion") relieved of *his* work. That chapter of the Book of Job is closed for the present, at any rate. Also it has heard from Lord Randolph Churchill a singularly vigorous Union speech, tearing the flimsy substance of Home Rule well to tatters. The third event of the week, though connected with this last, is of the other complexion, yet not without colour of comfort for Unionists. With immense efforts, and many months after their distinguished friends, the Oxford Liberal Unionists, have shown that nearly the whole brains of the Liberal party in the University are on that side, a formal address in favour of Home Rule has been got up by resident graduates and sent to Mr. Gladstone. This is to be followed up, it seems, by a dinner (not, thank Heaven, a conversazione; Oxford Gladstonianism is not Irish enough for that yet), and they say that five hundred undergraduates are going to eat that dinner. Let us hope that no one of the more finical admirers of agrarian murder will have on that occasion to imitate the Sybaritic practices of Mr. Arthur Pendennis at "the other shop." When they charged Pen with taking perfumed baths, it will be remembered, he defended himself by saying that it was "after meeting a very low set of men in hall." Alas! at no time has either seat of learning been free from low sets of men. However, the undergraduate *personnel* of the Oxford Home Rule League—the motto of which exists ready made, as quoted at the top of this article, and is a most appropriate substitute for the effete old original—is not now the present subject of inquiry. It is necessary to the undergraduate mind to belong to some society, especially to some society that dines, and we need not fear that the young persons who join the Home Rule League will take to Quirking or Fitzmauricing like their friends the Parnellites, any more than we need fear that fraternization with the Society of Ancient Buffaloes will lead them to bellow.

But the Home Rule Resident Graduate Address is much more interesting. Here we have, in Mr. Gladstone's opinion, "so much of the University of the future," which would seem to be a rather unkind reflection on the University of the present as represented in the list. Here we have on the same infallible authority "so many names distinguished for the cultivation of history—a field which, I venture to say, we have made and are making almost entirely our own." There must have been some very tricksy fiend at Mr. Gladstone's elbow that day. For what Unionist students of history say is exactly this, that their Separatist friends *are* making a history of their own—a history strictly new and original. Nor had the fiend done with Mr. Gladstone even then; for the right honourable gentleman went on to describe the list as an "unexpectedly large minority," the names of which he wishes to "be given to the world." It is always a particular pleasure to us to comply with Mr. Gladstone's wishes, and the world shall have the names, or at least some of them, with a few remarks of a general character on the others. There is perhaps only one name here which can excite, if not surprise, at any rate regret. It is that of the Provost of Queen's, whose friends (we do not

know that he has any enemies) would certainly like to see it elsewhere. But Dr. Magrath has never that we know of devoted any special attention to politics, or shown any special ability in them, and the most able men of business, with the most agreeable personal qualities, may be led astray by nationality and other things in politics as in any other field.

However, turn we to the task of surveying this unexpectedly large minority, representative of the University of the future as Albert Smith's picture was of Strasburg Cathedral in the dark. There is no doubt that considerable pains must have been used in constructing and sweeping the net, the meshes of which appear to have been small enough to prevent the escape of a gentleman, to whom we refer in all politeness, but who is unable to put his qualifications as a resident graduate higher than "B.A.: non-Collegiate." Far be it from us to deny the residence or the graduation of a B.A. non-Collegiate, but it will be admitted that we have here what is rarely to be found in any art or science, an example of the nearest possible approach to a negative which is yet positive. There are, indeed, certain Honorary M.A.s who cannot put even "non-Collegiate" after their respectable names, but the Herodotean formula is nowhere better worth remembering than in the case of Honorary M.A.s. Let us not therefore reason of Honoraries, lest their noble wrath be excited; though, as a matter of fact, they have at Oxford less right to call themselves members of the University than at Cambridge. The next thing, then, that strikes the observer of this unexpectedly large minority of future University men is that there is scarcely a single name in it, except Mr. Freeman's, that can be said to have any general fame outside the University, while it is scarcely necessary to say what Mr. Freeman's political weight is outside the University as well as in it. Many interesting representatives of many interesting classes, indeed, meet the eye. There is the Master of University, who seems to have been led to Home Rule by the composition of a meritorious School History of England, just as his ally the Dean of Winchester, who would have been so proud to figure among resident graduates once, found salvation through the composition of a similar, but not quite so meritorious, School History of France. Of such is the kingdom of the Home Rule Heaven of History. There is, it is unnecessary to say, Professor Thorold Rogers; when was Professor Thorold Rogers absent when an opportunity offered itself of showing how manners makyth man and how ingenuous arts perform their equally well-known office at Oxford? There are divers stranger creatures, or, in the more picturesque words of the Laureate,

> Knights of utmost [East] and West,
> Lords of waste marches, kings of desolate isles,

professors of Chinese and of Celtic, Jur. Docs. of Munich, Counsels at some period or other to the Speaker, and Principals of Nonconformist Halls. There is also the Librarian of the Bodleian. In this enumeration we really think we have dealt most generously by the dignitaries. And then there is the *numerus*. Representative—very representative this. There are the ex-public school ushers who have quarrelled with their head-masters and retired upon the University in more or less disorder. There are the old dons who have taken twenty years not to do some piece of scholarly or scientific work which adorns their names in the Clarendon Press lists, but who don't seem to have taken much more than twenty months to eat all the previous doctrines of the Liberal party. There are the young dons who, finding even the selection of subjects for a *paulo post futurum* immortality of authorship too exhausting, pant after the easier fame of Mr. Channing and Mr. Conybeare and Mr. Buchanan. There are the estimable parish clergymen whose political ability has been proved in sacred places. There are the miscellaneous persons who, having formerly taken a degree and finding Oxford a pleasant and convenient place to live in, are undoubtedly resident graduates, but who have as much to do with the business and the studies of the University as if they lived at Bath or at the other Jericho. And so through the great unknown of the University of the future (we are really much obliged to Mr. Gladstone for that word), we pass to that non-Collegiate B.A. who is nearly the naked idea, the form unendued with matter, of resident graduateness.

Now we think, though we may be prejudiced, that Oxford men have a right to exult over their usual rivals in this matter. There is no "and other University men" here, no base allusion to vast numbers of persons not present, but sympathizing, none of your old dodges of marching army after army round and round at the back of the stage with a fresh drum and colours each time. It is all fair and aboveboard, from the tall cliff of Professor Freeman to the low but pleasant plain of the non-Collegiate B.A. This unexpectedly large minority is not ashamed of itself, and goes right through Coventry. It is really—we are not joking—representative in its way, though the representatives represent nothing but themselves, and Mr. Cornish, of Lincoln, who arrived too late, crying "Me also," in the columns of the *Daily News*. But will anybody who looks at the list say that it is representative of the brains of the University? We admit Mr. Freeman's brains, of course; we do not say that even Mr. Thorold Rogers is brainless; there are half a dozen others who, as specialists, or general scholars, are very respectable men in their way. But of the kind of brains which a University ought to produce, and which fortunately our two English Universities always have produced—the combination of practical with literary ability, and of both with political knowledge—will any one say that this is a representative list? As for numbers, it does not come out much better. It has two Heads of Houses out of twenty-one; it has, at a very liberal estimate, nine or ten University professors, readers, lecturers, and teachers out of some seventy. What the proportion of resident Fellows or of resident graduates generally is it would be impossible to say offhand, the total numbers of these being not so readily calculable; but it is certainly not greater in the first case, and we should think, even with the help of honorary masters and non-collegiate bachelors, not much greater in the last. And this is the result of a vigorous whip, with more than two years to do the whipping in. Verily we need not go out to see the nakedness of this land; for the nakedness of the land has come out to show itself.

LONDON BIRDS—THE WOOD-PIGEON.

PROBABLY the last bird that a countryman would expect to find in London would be the ringdove, or, as it is more commonly called, the wood-pigeon; yet this bird, though not by any means common, is generally to be seen in the Parks, and can certainly claim to be included in any list of London birds, as it is found so near the centre, if not of London proper, at least of the cab radius as St. James's Park, and may occasionally be seen under the shadow of the Clock Tower at Westminster, in the trees near the Sessions House, and is not unknown in Whitehall.

It is certainly curious that a bird naturally so wild and wary as the wood-pigeon should so alter its habit as to live the year through in Parks even as large as those of the West End, surrounded as they are by miles of streets and buildings. Those birds, however, that have chosen London as their dwelling-place, while in no way comparable in tameness to the dovecote pigeons which congregate in such large numbers about many of our public buildings, are, no doubt from long immunity from disturbance, so free from fear of man that they may occasionally be seen quietly feeding on the grass plots in St. James's Park, surrounded as they always are by crowds of pedestrians. Kensington Gardens are always frequented by a few of these birds, and they breed there from year to year. It is surprising that these birds are not better known to the average Londoner than they appear to be. Their size—they are the largest of our wild pigeons—their peculiar flight, and their distinctive markings—the most noticeable of these being the white feathers on each side of the neck, from which they derive the name of "Ringdove," and by which alone they may be at once distinguished from any dovecote pigeon—should, one would suppose, attract the attention of the least observant. Their note, again—coo, coo-coo, roo, roo, the last two syllables long drawn out—once heard, can never be mistaken, being entirely different from that of any other pigeon. There are many word versions of this note; but none better perhaps than the old "Take *two* cows, Taffy."

The wood-pigeon is not only the largest but in our opinion the handsomest, of our wild pigeons. The London bird, however, from his habit of, after the manner of his kind, perching in and roosting on trees, is always soot-begrimed and dirty, but notwithstanding is still a handsome and noticeable bird. Wood-pigeons begin to breed early in the spring, and have, as a rule, two, if not three, broods in the year. During the breeding season the cock-bird, possessed doubtless with a desire to show himself off to his mate, constantly takes short flights, in which he rises and falls alternately, occasionally clapping his wings over his back. This flight is so peculiar that it alone should, one would suppose, attract the attention of the least observant. The nest is but a poor structure, being, indeed, nothing more than a meagre platform of sticks, placed one over the other, on which the two white eggs are laid. Such a miserable structure, indeed, is it that few interested in birds who have lived where wood-pigeons breed in large numbers can have failed to notice nests through which the eggs could be seen from below. This nest has evidently been a source of wonder for generations, and many are the legends told to account for it. All, so far as we are aware, are based on the same idea—namely, that the pigeon, unable to build a nest itself, and considering the magpie's a beautiful specimen of bird architecture, an opinion which few will dispute, asked it for lessons in nest-building. The best of these legends, perhaps, is that given by Montagu as current in his time in Suffolk, and this is specially interesting as it contains another word version of the wood-pigeon's note, it is as follows:—"Instead of being a docile pupil, the pigeon kept on her old cry of 'Take two, Maggie! take two.' The magpie insisted that this was a very unworkmanlike manner of proceeding, one stick at a time being as much as could be managed to advantage, but the pigeon reiterated her 'two, take two' till Mag, in a violent passion, gave up the task, exclaiming, 'I say one at a time is enough, and if you think otherwise, you may set about the work yourself, for I will have no more to do with it.'" The unfortunate pigeon was thus left in the lurch when nothing more than the bare foundation had been laid; and, being, as we have said, no architect, has not to this day been able to improve on the miserable structure.

The young of these birds when first hatched are blind, and, like puppies, remain so for the first nine days of their existence. At this time they are covered with yellow down, and certainly have no pretensions to beauty, being, in fact, as ugly as when full grown they are handsome. At this time they are far from pleasant in their ways, having a disagreeable habit of puffing

and snorting when approached, a habit which, according to Bewick, resulted in the death of a pair hatched under a dovecote-pigeon, the foster-mother being so alarmed at her supposed offspring that she deserted them. In common with all other pigeons, the wood-pigeon feeds its young on half-digested food from its crop. The process is curious and amusing. The young bird, instead of opening its mouth to receive the expected meal, forces its bill between its parent's mandibles and sucks out the milky mass, thus proving, as has been aptly observed, that "pigeon's milk" is not the "absolute and unfounded fable it was once supposed to be." In about three weeks' time they are fully fledged, and are then of much the same colour as their parents, except that the metallic colouring and the white ring on the neck are wanting (these appear after the first moult), and a considerable amount of yellow down is still attached to the tips of the feathers. In the autumn wood-pigeons congregate in large flocks, which remain together until the ensuing breeding season, roosting at night in woods and fir plantations, their numbers, in the Eastern counties at least, being increased by immigrants from the Continent. At this time they are most wary and difficult of approach, and from their voracity are dreadful enemies to the farmer. This bird is, indeed, possessed of so insatiable an appetite that we have often wondered how it contrives to live, and apparently thrive, as it does in London, where one would suppose it impossible for it ever to obtain anything approaching to what it would consider a "square meal." Its food consists of any grain that may be available, though, like all pigeons, it doubtless gives the preference to peas or beans, together with beechmast, acorns, and, so far as the farmer is concerned the only point in its favour, the seeds of many noxious weeds. It also feeds largely on green food, doing great damage in clover and turnip fields, especially the latter, where it not only eats the leaves, thus seriously interfering with the growth of the plant, but also in winter destroys the roots, hollowing them out so that little is left but the shell. No better examples of the voracity of this species can be given than those supplied in the last edition of Yarrell's "British Birds," from which the three following are extracted. The crop of one bird examined contained 1,020 grains of corn; that of another, 144 peas and 7 large beans; and the last, but certainly not the least, 231 beech-nuts.

Wood-pigeons, in common with all their congeners, are very fond of water. They are essentially thirsty; drinking, be it observed, not like most other birds, sip by sip, but as a horse drinks, at one long draught. Water is also necessary to them for bathing purposes. Their fondness for water leads the London birds to places where they may easily be observed. For example, it is not uncommon to see wood-pigeons on the island in St. James's Park, this being a favourite drinking and bathing-place for the birds resorting to that neighbourhood. They may also be seen from time to time, especially by those acquainted with their habits, drinking and bathing in the Serpentine. Wood-pigeons, though among the wariest and wildest of birds in the autumn and winter, in the breeding season so change their habits as not infrequently to be found nesting in gardens, and at this time they seem to lose much of their natural fear of man. When taken from the nest or reared under dovecote pigeons the young become tame, though they are at best but bad pets, their innate wildness inducing them, however well they may have been treated, and however happy they may appear in confinement, to escape at the first opportunity, and retire to their natural haunts in the woods. They are, in fact, incapable of domestication, only one case, so far as we are aware, being on record of a wood-pigeon remaining, when given its liberty, and mating with a dovecote pigeon, and in this case, though three nests were made and eggs laid in each of them, only one young bird was reared. There is no doubt that these birds are largely on the increase in this country, and that they are also extending their range, a fact, from the farmer's point of view, much to be deplored. Many reasons have been given for this increase, such, for example, as the greater cultivation of turnips and other green crops, the larger number of plantations. As an inhabitant of London this bird is absolutely harmless, and we hope it may be long before it becomes necessary for Londoners to journey into the country to make the acquaintance of the wood-pigeon.

DRAMATIC RECORD.

WHEN at Toole's Theatre the programme announces that there "will be played, for the first time, the Comedietta by Mr. Justin H. McCarthy, entitled *A Red Rag*," it is surely suggested that Mr. Justin H. McCarthy has written a comedietta—that is to say, has invented a plot, created characters, and supplied dialogue. Probably Mr. McCarthy was surprised last Monday morning to find the critics so well informed. That the play was conveyed from a French story was generally stated, and in some cases M. Ohnet was mentioned as the author. The critics were quite right. *A Red Rag* is closely copied from a story by M. Ohnet called "Le Malheur de Tante Ursule," which is issued, together with another story, called "Le Chant du Cygne," in a volume published last year under the title of *Noir et Rose*. M. Ohnet's story is prettily told, but it does not bear transference to the stage, at least by the heavy hands that have now been laid upon it. We feel that Ursule's deeply-rooted antipathy to the army is a little unreasonable. "Jamais un homme qui appartient à l'armée n'entrera dans ma maison! J'en sortirais plutôt moi-même!" she cries when her niece Aline admits her affection for the young captain of artillery. Mr. McCarthy's Miss Ursula says to her niece Alice, "Never shall any one belonging to the army enter my house"; and where there is no greater divergence than this between the original and English version the compiler of the latter might really almost admit that he has made a translation. The fact remains that, whereas M. Ohnet's Ursule appears only unreasonable, Mr. McCarthy's Miss Ursula appears ridiculous. The aunt mourns a lover who went to fight in the Crimea, and who, as she supposes, was killed there; and this is why she will not consent to the betrothal of her niece to a soldier—the long years have brought so much sorrow that she fears lest the girl she loves should also suffer. If other women thought as she does, the army would be doomed to celibacy; but the absurdity does not strike the reader of *Noir et Rose* as it strikes the spectator of *A Red Rag*, because M. Ohnet's Ursule has an air of reality that is lacking in the caricature at Toole's Theatre. The ends of the two pieces have also a vast difference, closely as Mr. McCarthy has striven to translate his original. Ursule's faithless lover returns, after thirty years' absence, married to a Russian, and growing rich by the sale of a fraudulent champagne concocted out of a Crimean wine. A deeply-rooted affection for him has been a part of Ursule's life; he has gone his way, and so totally forgotten her that he has not taken the trouble to let her know that he lived. Thereupon she experiences a violent revulsion of feeling. Of course it is illogical. Having found her soldier so cruelly faithless, she has fresh cause to dread and distrust soldiers; but, on the contrary, she straightway alters her mind, and welcomes Aline's lover, though she has said she would rather follow the girl to her grave than do anything to further such a union. But there is, in M. Ohnet's story, something strikingly dramatic and natural about Ursule's sudden change of sentiment. We understand her. She is eager to forget the past, to abandon her old ideas, to adopt new ones; her life has been passed under a mistake, and, casting it aside, she views the world in a fresh light. Mr. McCarthy's Miss Ursula is a vulgar, commonplace woman, who, after expressing herself in the strongest possible terms, simply alters her mind for no better reaso than that for which she made it up. Every one who has read the book and seen the play must feel how completely M. Ohnet's meaning, as expressed in the few words which pass between Ursule and the Capitaine Roger, is lost in the conventional little interview between Miss Ursula and the young officer. The representation at Toole's has little merit.

The scene disclosed when the curtain draws up on *Miss Jarramie's Genie* at the Savoy Theatre is of the most tawdry description. A more vulgarly coloured "interior" has not lately been placed upon the stage of a London theatre; but it is suitable enough for the piece. Mr. Frank Desprez has devised a modern parody of the legend of *Aladdin*. A lady—Miss Jarramie—receives a lamp as a present, rubs it, and the Genie appears. The Genie is made to do service as a cook, a butler, and a Parliamentary agent; and in the first character he imitates the John Wellington Wells of Mr. Grossmith. *Miss Jarramie's Genie* is altogether a feeble piece of work, and it is not improved by the introduction of political allusions. Mr. Desprez's detestation of what he calls "paper-Unionists" seems to be so strong that he cannot refrain from giving evidence of it in his farce; and this is a mistake, because people have quite as much politics as they care about out of doors. If Mr. D'Oyly Carte intends to utilize the stage of his theatre for the propagation of Gladstone-Parnellite doctrine he would do well to announce the fact. Admirers of the creed would know where to find gratification, and others who go to the theatre to be entertained and to escape from the worries and dissensions of everyday life would know what theatre to avoid. *Mrs. Jarramie's Genie* seems to have been produced to afford members of the chorus an opportunity of showing what they can do. Messrs. Alfred and François Cellier have put together some music, and this is sung fairly well; but there is a sad lack of refinement in the speech and bearing of the characters. The whole thing is suggestive of amateur theatricals, and does no credit to the Savoy, where, indeed, visitors who appreciate the extreme neatness and admirable finish of Mr. Gilbert's work will be very much surprised to find so inferior a production.

THE FINANCES OF INDIA.

THE interruption of a debate, which it is on every account desirable to bring to an early close, by dissertations as mischievous and misleading as that in which Mr. S. Smith, last Monday night, embodied the results of his winter's tour in India, need not be regretted if the answer elicited from the Secretary of State serve to clear up the uncertainty of the public mind as to the present position of the Indian finances, and to provide an authoritative justification of the measures recently adopted by the Government of India to meet the grave emergency with which it is confronted. Of Mr. S. Smith and his proposals it is unnecessary to speak. The emotional treatment of Indian topics is, happily, discountenanced by rational politicians of every school. When a gentleman begins his criticism of the financial measures of the Indian Government by "protesting against the monstrous and cruel tax in the name of humanity and Christianity," every

one knows how much knowledge and good sense are to be expected in the rest of the speech. We are prepared for proposals for protective duties, for surrender of the opium monopoly, for representative institutions, for the curtailment of European salaries, for the free admission of natives to every post of authority, and—sovereign remedy for a ruined empire's maladies—the appointment of a Royal Commission. All these are familiar topics, and Sir John Gorst naturally did not think it necessary to reply upon any points but those specifically raised in the amendment. No one, of course, seriously believes that protective duties are among the available remedies of India's financial distress. If such a belief still lingers in any mind but Mr. Smith's and his native informant's, the history of Indian trade for recent years is sufficient justification for refusing to recur to a state of things which was recognized at the time as simply intolerable. Whatever her other troubles may be, India has enjoyed, and is enjoying, an altogether exceptional commercial prosperity; she is developing her trade at a rate which no other country can approach. While, as comparing the figures of 1884 with those of 1873, the trade of England, export and import, has slightly receded, that of Italy increased by 3·14 per cent., that of Germany and France by about 7½ per cent., and that of America by 21¼ per cent., the increase in India stands at 57½ per cent. Is this a state of things with which any sane person would be prepared to interfere, when interference means necessarily curtailment? The concession of representative institutions, further than in the very restricted forms in which they at present exist, is demanded by no class in India, except the busybodies who furnish the *entourage* of tourists of the calibre of Mr. Smith. Its effect would be to bring to the front and place in positions of responsibility the very persons whose wishes and tastes are already urged so vehemently as to divert attention from the interests of the great mass of their countrymen. As to a Royal Commission, it is enough to say that the Government has now before it the Reports of two Commissions of the highest standing. One, the Finance Commission, a year ago, traversed the entire country, submitted every branch of the administration to the most rigid scrutiny, and laid before the Government various schemes of retrenchment, which certainly did not err on the side of indulgence. These are now under discussion. The other, the Civil Service Commission, has just submitted the results of the most prolonged and searching investigation ever conducted in India as to the aspirations of the native community and the best way of meeting them. In both of these bodies influential native gentlemen were included, native opinion of every shade was anxiously solicited and freely given. Till the Government and the Council of India have had an opportunity of considering these important documents, any further inquiry would be, to say the least of it, premature.

To come to the only serious part of the discussion, the statement of the Secretary of State fully bore out the view which we recently expressed, of the grave difficulties by which the Indian Treasury is now beset. It is but cold consolation to be told that, but for certain exceptional causes of expenditure, the position of the Indian Exchequer would be one of comfortable superabundance. The last thirteen years have, Sir John Gorst pointed out, resulted in a net deficit of 8¾ millions; but then the Government has been called to meet many exceptional calls on its purse. It has spent 15½ millions on campaigns, 8½ millions in feeding famine-stricken populations; it has devoted 8 millions more to "famine insurance" by paying off debt or constructing railways and canals; it has, besides, in the course of thirteen years, devoted 6½ millions of revenue to railway construction, 1½ million to strengthening its military frontier and protecting its ports, another million to the immediate arrangements involved in the conversion of a 4 per cent. loan to one at 3½ per cent., by which the annual revenues will be relieved hereafter to the extent of a quarter of a million. These items come to more than 42 millions, and, if to this be added 23½ millions for the loss occasioned by the fall in exchange since the rates of thirteen years ago, we have a surplus of 65 millions in which to merge the deficit of 8¾.

Unfortunately expenditure is none the less real for being termed "extraordinary," and the position of the Government none the less serious because the causes of an excessive outlay have been beyond human prevision or control. It is somewhat bootless to reflect that, if the Indian Government had had no little wars, no famines, and had been content to leave railway construction alone, it might have shown a surplus of 55 millions. Equally creditable to the authorities concerned, and equally devoid of any but an apologetic value, is the circumstance pointed out by the Finance Minister, Mr. Westland, that of the 13¾ millions by which the annual expenditure of the Government of India increased in the decade 1875–1884, two millions only represent voluntary increase of expenditure, the other 11¾ millions being accounted for by the increase of railways and other profitable investments, or by the increased cost of the home payments owing to the fall of exchange. This additional outlay of two millions, Mr. Westland explains, could have been avoided only by the absolute repudiation of the duties of a civilized Government in the way of internal development and external defence. These facts, no doubt, indicate that the finances of India have been in able and conscientious hands, but they do nothing to mitigate the effect of the adverse influences which, ever since 1884, have been dragging the Indian Government in the direction of insolvency. Mr. Westland draws a graphic picture of these, summarizing them in the result that the Government had, at the commencement of 1887, to prepare for 4¾ millions expenditure in excess of that of 1884, the items being—

	£
Increased army charges	980,000
Frontier roads	200,000
Upper Burmah (net)	1,780,000
Additional loss by exchange	1,790,000
	4,750,000

This sum they proposed to raise by an Income-tax, bringing 900,000*l.*; other improvements of revenue, 960,000*l.*; by appropriating the Famine Insurance Fund, 1½ million; by abandoning the construction of railways from revenue, 260,000*l.*; by retrenching the provincial governments by half a million, and absorbing the prescribed balance of half a million which has been, for several years past, the rule of the Government to show on its balance-sheet.

A bare equilibrium was thus established, but matters were not yet at the worst. Exchange fell below the estimated ratio 17·5 pence to 16·9 pence for the rupee, and so produced an additional loss of 750,000*l.* The railways, whose prosperity turns largely on the accidents of European and American harvests, fell short of their estimated earnings by 400,000*l.* The price of opium, owing to the more effectual prevention of smuggling under the Chefoo Convention, fell, and a loss of 300,000*l.* is expected under this head. The Government, accordingly, found itself worse off by nearly 1½ million than it believed itself to be at the beginning of the year. Additional taxation could not, it was clear, be any longer escaped. The impropriety of finding relief by throwing the burden on posterity, by means of a loan, was heightened by the circumstance that, as matters stood, an expenditure of a million on military railways had been already placed to the loan account, and that a further sum of 750,000*l.*, incurred in special defence operations, has, by permission of the Secretary of State, been transferred from the revenue account to that of capital. Future generations will, accordingly, pay their full share for the blessings of a protected frontier and a sufficient military defence. Taxation being recognized as inevitable, the Government naturally looked to the only source from which, while avoiding the evil of increased direct taxation, they could hope for material relief. The Salt-tax was enormously reduced in 1882. The author of that reduction expressly justified it on the ground that reduction did not mean abandonment, and that, in the event of financial pressure, the tax could, without difficulty or hardship, be enhanced. The rate of increase in consumption since the reduction of the tax (2·7 per cent. per annum, as against 2·2 per cent. per annum previous to that measure), though, on the whole, satisfactory, has not been such as to indicate a very close connexion between the rate of the tax and the amount consumed. No one will be worse off than he was in 1882; the inhabitants of Bengal will continue to be a great deal better off. It may be hoped that the effects of the change will be inappreciable to the general consumer. This is the more probable from the fact that salt is not, as a general rule, sold in India; a handful is given by the corn-merchant to each purchaser at the grain-shop—thrown in, so to speak, as part of the bargain. It is hardly likely that his generosity to his customers will be affected by an infinitesimal addition to the cost of his gift. At any rate, the Government is but strictly following the course indicated by Lord Ripon and his Finance Minister when, in a moment of grave emergency, they recall for a time a portion of the gift to the taxpayer which experience has now shown to have been made with disastrous indifference to probable contingencies. The Government of India would be facing its difficulties with a lighter heart if it had in its coffers the proceeds of the three millions of taxation which the authors of the "Prosperity Budget" of 1882 thought it expedient, on the eve, as it has proved, of a great financial crisis, to remit.

"AND GALLIO CARED FOR NONE OF THESE THINGS."

THE Southwark election is over, and the Unionist candidate is defeated. Immediately arises the cry, and we fear with too much truth in it, that the Conservatives did not work with sufficient energy, and that their organization was bad. It seems almost an hopeless task to convince the leaders of the Conservatives that the organization of their party in very many constituencies is deplorably deficient. We often wonder what deadly sin the Conservatives can have committed, that they should be visited with so dread a punishment as their own apathy and carelessness. We should have thought they would by this time have begun to realize that under the present extended franchise the chances of success in an election—especially a bye one—rest almost entirely on the comparative efficiency of the various political organizations existing in the electoral district where the contest takes place. This is owing in a great measure to the political ignorance of a very large number of the voters, the natural result of which is that they vote for that party which displays the greatest energy. Even if the rank and file do not grasp this fact, surely the leaders and chief organizers of the party should do so; but, unfortunately, they seem to have occupied themselves like those prophets of old, who said "Peace"; and "there was no peace."

The responsibility for this unsatisfactory state of affairs must rest almost entirely with the central organizing authority, for on them devolves the duty of seeing that the subordinate organizations are in a fit condition to do their work properly. By this we do not mean that there should be constant interference on the part of the central authority, but that with tact it might keep itself informed how matters are going in each constituency, and might, when necessary, help with its advice the local associations. At present each of the latter appears to go its own way without help and without advice, and until an election comes, nobody has the means of knowing whether its organization be or be not efficient. This neglect seems to run through all ranks of the party, and even to attack bodies which have been created for the purpose of improving party organization. To see that this is so we have only to look at the Conference which was held at Oxford, where abstract questions of policy occupied the larger portion of the attention of those present; whereas the Conference was called together in order that the delegates of the various Conservative organizations throughout the country might have an opportunity of comparing notes and learning from one another how they could improve the efficiency of the bodies which they represented.

This is not the first time that we have called attention to the very great danger which the Conservative party is incurring by neglecting so simple a precaution as being always prepared for an election. When a general election does come the party wakes into life and attempts to do in a very short time what should have been done long before, and what indeed requires years to bring to perfection—namely, to create a sound organization in each constituency. At such a time the central authority is consulted by everybody at the same time, and it is naturally impossible for that authority to attend to the needs of each constituency in a satisfactory manner. But if there were steady work going on whilst there was no immediate probability of an election this pressure of work would be greatly reduced. We make full allowance for the fact that the various local associations are very jealous of being dictated to and like to manage their own affairs in their own way; but this feeling on their part is, to a considerable extent, due to a want of confidence in the central authority, and would be in a great measure removed if this authority showed more interest in and were in closer communication with them. There is one method by which this evil could be remedied, and that is to have a certain number of men attached to the central offices who could visit the local associations and constituencies and report on their condition, and could also give them, when in difficulties, good advice without in any way interfering with their freedom of action. Although the responsibility for the mismanagement of the party's organization rests chiefly on the central authority, yet local associations and the Conservative rank and file are by no manner of means free from blame. The members of these associations seem to consider that when there is no immediate chance of an election it is a good time to quarrel among themselves, and for each to seek for a more prominent position than his neighbour, thereby creating feelings of jealousy that do very serious harm when an election comes, in that the various members distrust one another. The evil of this is aggravated by the fact that those Conservatives who are not struggling for pre-eminence hold altogether aloof from political work, and in consequence there is no check on those who are scheming for their own aggrandizement. Perhaps we are rather hard on these latter, considering that an uneasy suspicion haunts us that some Conservative members of Parliament even are not quite immaculate in this respect, and that at times self-interest outweighs patriotism.

We do not like to think that Conservatives care so little for their principles as to wilfully give themselves up to political apathy; but we do think that they are not fully aware of the importance of continuous exertion, and, this being so, the sooner the leading men of the party call attention to this matter the better will .. be for Conservatism. The worst feature in the case is that, if any not very distinguished member ventures to hint at the possibility of Conservative organization being benefited by reform, he is sure to be accused of exposing the weakness of his party to its enemies and of acting as he does with the intention of injuring it; or, if not accused of this, he is told that he is most injudicious, and had better hold his tongue. It seems hardly credible that reasonable men can delude themselves into believing that the shortcomings of any political party in its organization are not better known to its enemies than to its friends, especially in these days, when there is no privacy from the newspaper correspondent.

If this condition of affairs continues, Conservatives will have to borrow, and act up to the favourite proverb of the Radicals, "Reform must come from below." If the leaders of the party—by leaders we do not only mean those who are severally known as the leader of the House of Commons and of the Lords, but the influential politicians both in and out of Parliament—will not or do not trouble themselves to see that the party organization is put on a proper footing, the duty of so doing will devolve on those who do understand the importance of the question. In order to set matters right, it will be necessary for all earnest Conservatives to bring such pressure to bear on their leaders as will compel the latter to take heed, and no longer to occupy the proverbially easy and neglectful position of Gallio.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT AND THE EIGHTY CLUB.

THE Eighty Club entertained Sir William Harcourt at dinner on Tuesday; and Sir William Harcourt did his best to entertain the Eighty Club after dinner. The name of this society is becoming a misnomer. An honest gentleman of our acquaintance, who had heard the word pronounced, but had never seen it spelt, believed that the Club was called the Atè, from the daughter of strife and the promptress of mischief. But the brutal candour and wit of the Hell-Fire days does not mark our time; and the young gentlemen of the two Universities, who formed a large proportion of the original members of the society that met on Tuesday in Willis's Rooms, are very soberly literal and prosaic. The name by which the Club is still known is, however, now an anachronism. The Club came into existence in 1880, and was christened in honour of the general election of that year, and of the majority which then restored Mr. Gladstone to power. It now represents the defeat of 1886, and its own apostacy and that of its leader from Liberal principles. It ought to be called the Eighty-six Club. Even this name, if it were adopted, would scarcely be permanent; and at the next general election it would, if it continued in existence, have to designate itself as the Ninety-two or the Ninety-three Club—a title of appropriately revolutionary significance, which would enable it to combine with its own purposes the commemoration of the centenary of the September massacres, or of the institution of the Committee of Public Safety in France. The Gladstonian party is moving in this direction, though we have no fear of their reaching the goal. The principles which they advocate or apologize for in Ireland would carry them this length; but happily fidelity to principle is not their leading characteristic. They are, moreover, most of them Englishmen, and respectable Englishmen, misled by a temporary hallucination; and habit and character will be a sufficient check on the fanatic logic of their newly-embraced ideas. The present state of feeling among large numbers of our countrymen recalls the epidemic manias of the middle ages, when one man conspicuously going mad was sufficient to send large masses of those who saw him mad too. We have our political convulsionnaires and dancing maniacs, whose restoration to a sound mind is not to be despaired of.

Sir William Harcourt was in some respects well entitled to the position which he occupied on Tuesday. In Lucian's Assembly of the Gods the first place was assigned to the Colossus of Rhodes, because of his bulk and of his brass, and of the blustering effrontery with which he asserted these claims to precedence. Metaphorically, Sir William Harcourt is a Colossus, by no means insensible to his intellectual stature and to the moral weight of metal which he carries. Mr. Gladstone has lately said that the natural leadership in English politics belongs to the representatives of our great aristocratic families. Sir William Harcourt, though, like Mæcenas, only of equestrian rank, yet boasts that he is sprung from royal ancestry. His lineage is that of English kings and French dukes. The verses in which a contemporary poet celebrated the nomination of the Lord Keeper Harcourt to be Lord Chancellor of Great Britain apply to his not less illustrious descendant, and the poetry is worthy of both:—

> The enraptured Muse to a glad nation sings,
> First the great race from which our Harcourt springs;
> Noble his blood, and ancient his descent,
> Ere since to Norman yoke Britannia bent.

In the vicissitudes of great families Plantagenets have been discovered keeping turnpikes, taking tolls, making bricks, digging graves, and killing sheep. These are respectable pursuits, on which Sir William Harcourt in his present line of business has no right to look down. If he were to do so, Hamlet's retort upon Polonius who resented the imputation of being a fishmonger would not be altogether inappropriate. If we have any complaint to make of Sir William Harcourt on this head, it is not that he occasionally and ostentatiously remembers his noble and royal origin, but that he too frequently forgets it. At the Eighty Club dinner on Tuesday he seemed scarcely to keep sufficiently in mind that he was there as an honoured guest, representing a great leader of what assumes to be a great party. His language and demeanour were rather that of the parasite of the classic banquet, paying for his entertainment by coarse jests and fulsome flattery.

Sir William Harcourt has one joke, which was a very good one to begin with, but which becomes a little stale on repetition. It is that he is the exemplar of fixed principle and of personal consistency. "I obey," he said, "the same chief, I wear the same uniform, and I fight under the same colours as those under which I was first enlisted." Perhaps so; but the chief has deserted to the enemy, carrying with him the colours and the uniform which, having once been the symbols of loyalty, are now, as worn by him and his followers, the badges of treason. Sir William Harcourt's fidelity is a fidelity to treachery, and his loyalty a loyalty to intrigue. Mr. Parnell is the chief whom he now practically serves, and it is his uniform which he should wear, and his colours under which he should fight. Sir William is a little sensitive as to his former passages of arms with the allies with whom he now serves, and we really respect his uneasiness. If it be true, as Sir Robert Walpole did not say, that every man has his price, it is perhaps as true that every man has his point of conscience; and it is satisfactory to us to find that Sir William Harcourt is no exception to this rule. But Sir William Harcourt will not find that he can get over this matter so easily with other people as he can get over it with himself. There are some retractations which are baser than the original offence, some repentances viler than

the crime, some apologies which sink the man who makes them lower than the affront. If the statements which Sir William Harcourt made a few years ago about Mr. Parnell and his associates were not true, they were cowardly slanders. If the measures taken against them under Mr. Gladstone's second Administration—measures for which Sir William Harcourt, as Home Secretary, was in a special degree responsible—were not necessary, they were acts of most cruel tyranny. If Sir William Harcourt was mistaken then, what ground is there for believing that he is not mistaken now? His confession of former wrong-doing and wrong-speaking is conclusive against his present title to be heard. In the Parliament of 1880-1885 Sir William Harcourt was a Minister of the Crown, whose words and conduct we must assume to have been based upon a full knowledge of the character of the men whom he sent to prison, and on whom he heaped injuries, and of the political exigencies of the time. He is now one of the leaders of a faction bent on returning to power by the aid of the party which he then insulted and coerced; and the language of measureless contumely is exchanged for the language of gross flattery. Common sense will judge without appeal which of the two Sir William Harcourts is to be believed.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE people who decided to neglect the Crystal Palace last Saturday missed an interesting and well-arranged concert. Fortunately the players seemed little depressed by a rather scanty audience, while a few empty benches undeniably improve the quality of the sound in this as in many other music-rooms. The programme contained plenty of contrast; standard and time-honoured works of art, Weber's overture to *Der Freischütz* and Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony*, rubbed shoulders with a modern French "Suite de Ballet" by Léo Delibes, and two new vocal works of some scope by Messrs. C. T. Speer and Hamish MacCunn, young composers of our own schools.

The overture went off most successfully. We have seldom realized more vividly all the picturesqueness of Weber's romantic introduction to *Der Freischütz*. The weird opening, suggestive of woodland mystery and legendary hunting in enchanted forests, can be very easily spoilt by any want of delicacy in the general interpretation, any coarse quality in the tone, especially of the wind. This part of the overture, however, was exceptionally beautiful on Saturday, and it would be difficult to surpass the soft, mellow quality of the horns, sounding aërially and as if far away. The more agitated themes received appropriate expression, and the rapid, rushing passages went with wonderful steadiness as well as energy. The performance excelled chiefly in the breadth with which all minor shades were subdued, so that the mind passed readily from one main point to another. An equally broad interpretation of Schubert's work was given, and one which reminded us of the magically enthusiastic playing of Mr. Manns's orchestra at the Schubert concert last November. The tragic dignity and the mysteriou. and, so to speak, underground effects of the *Unfinished Symphony* were emphasized with zeal and taste by all the performers. The steadiness and *ensemble* of the strings, the delicacy of tone of the wind, and the perfect agreement of feeling on all points of phrasing and nuance produced a result remarkable for clearness and poignancy of expression.

A pleasant singer and maker of tunes (such a one as Kelly, whom Mozart counselled not to embarrass himself with learning) is a natural growth but lightly esteemed by musicians in our day, and yet it is a better thing than the mechanical product of indiscriminate education. Mr. C. P. Steer, author of *The Day Dream*, composed to words from Tennyson's account of the Sleeping Beauty, has encumbered himself with a good deal of education, and has thereby got a gold medal at Bath for his Cantata—perhaps all the attention it deserves. His figure-spinning and his studied instrumentation appear out of proportion to the matter of his music. Too much worry and fuss about a few commonplace ideas produce an interweaving of figures which reminds one of some conventional elaboration of ornament in mechanically rounded curves. Now and then, for learning's sake and because one must not be too simple in this age, we come upon a funny misplaced effort at profundity or significance. Hence lugubrious use of brass, aimless disturbance of key, uncalled for instrumental wails and crashes, and unmelodious noises of various kinds interspersed in a desert of commonplace tunes—which, by the way, do not always fit either the accent of the words or the general sense of the lines. It would be difficult to guess any valid reason for the hubbub which bursts out over the line "How dark these hidden eyes must be," when the Princess is about to be kissed in her sleep. The awaking of the King is quite pointless, and the tremendous burst of something like fury with which the final love scene finishes seems decidedly unmotived. No excuse can be found on the score of performance. All did their best, and the soloists, Miss Thudicum and Mr. Harper Kearton, played their parts with care and finish. We do not say that Mr. Speer's medal is not deserved, that he has not learnt what can be taught of his profession, that his Cantata is not for a student a successful enough compilation of the materials of music; but we altogether deny that he has set Tennyson's words dramatically or picturesquely, poetically or rhetorically, romantically or classically, or in any way open to a musician. He is happily, however, very young, and he may find some other corner for himself in music than the Cantata. Perhaps the truth is that we encourage music in too wholesale a fashion nowadays; hence the production of a work, and there are many like it, which is without musical inspiration, and is yet of technical importance. Still one does not like to think that another Schubert might have no better luck than the first. So, after hearing such a performance of Schubert as they give at the Crystal Palace, one feels ready to encourage all the dullest efforts of the original by rule, the free upon principle, school; lest, in a crowd of gesticulating blunderers, we might be entertaining an angel unawares. Mr. Hamish MacCunn, the young composer of the other new choral work played on Saturday, is not entirely unknown to the frequenters of these concerts, his overture, "The Land of the Mountain and the Flood," having been received this year as a work of unusual promise, both by musicians and the public. He is brimful of ideas, far from commonplace. His melody is spirited, expressive, and naturally inspired. He seems, in fact, to create musical ideas, instead of merely patching together figures and modulations; while his faults are such as can be laid to the enthusiasm of youth. The somewhat coarse and too uniformly loud singing of the choir tended perhaps to increase the effect of a certain want of reticence in the work. *Lord Ullin's Daughter* is a setting of the well-known ballad for chorus and orchestra in a form by no means that of the ordinary cantata. The music runs on continuously, without solo parts or set numbers, somewhat in the manner of Mr. Stanford's *Revenge*. Mr. MacCunn's orchestration is vividly descriptive. His storm is wildly picturesque; the change of mood in Lord Ullin is finely expressed; and the lament at the end excellently imagined, and as far removed as can be from the coarse hammer-and-tongs of a vulgar finish. The concert closed with the bright and coloured instrumentation of Léo Delibes's Suite de Ballet, *Sylvia*, of which the scherzo, entitled "Pizzicati," is the most graceful and piquant number.

THE CONVERSION OF THE NATIONAL DEBT.

THE belief in the City grows stronger every day that the Government has not only made up its mind to convert the National Debt, but that Mr. Goschen has arranged his plans, and that negotiations have already been set on foot to carry them out. It is a bold undertaking in the present state of the Continent. Of course if it succeeds it will raise all the higher the prestige of the Minister who has achieved it in circumstances so unfavourable, and, what is much more important, it will make a most powerful impression abroad. But, on the other hand, if it fails, the failure will be disastrous. It will seriously damage the reputation of the Minister who undertook so important a measure at a time when the event proved it to be impossible, and abroad it will lower the credit of the country. Twice within a few years attempts will have been made to reduce the interest on the Debt, and to no avail. It is most important, therefore, that everything possible should be done to ensure the success of the conversion. And the first condition is that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should obtain the cordial support of the banks. As a matter of course, no fundholder will be willing to take a lower rate of interest for his money if he has the choice. Under far more favourable conditions Mr. Childers tried to induce the fundholders voluntarily to accept conversion, and he failed utterly. Now, there is not a hope that people will agree to surrender any portion of their interest if they have an option. The Chancellor of the Exchequer must, therefore, be able to say to the fundholders that, if they do not accept his scheme, he is prepared to pay them off at par, due notice, of course, being given. But to be able to pay them off at par means that he should have already obtained a promise from the bankers that they will place at his disposal funds sufficient to pay off the recalcitrant fundholders. This, in other words, means that the Chancellor of the Exchequer must be prepared to give a consideration to bankers for the support he needs from them. Bankers are doubtless as patriotic as other people, but they are men of business also, and if asked to support the State in a great financial operation they must receive a consideration for the money employed by them. It will not be enough, however, to secure the support of the bankers; it will be necessary also to secure the support of the brokers if the measure is to be carried through smoothly. An ordinary fundholder when called upon to convert will, in the first place, consult his broker, and the broker will not be very ready to give his services to the Government gratis, for in fact that is what the brokers would do if they advised their clients to accept voluntarily a lower rate of interest. This will appear to some of our readers perhaps a sordid way of looking at this matter; but business is business, and if a great financial operation is to be carried through, it must be undertaken in a practical, businesslike spirit. The question is whether Mr. Goschen can secure the support of bankers and brokers generally without an Act of Parliament. The City impression seems to be that he can do so, and that in fact he has decided not to apply to Parliament. There are obvious reasons for an unwillingness on his part to bring the matter before Parliament. A Bill would bring on long discussions, and during those discussions the Chancellor of the Exchequer would be compelled to disclose so much of his plans that he would be in a much worse position in negotiating with the bankers subsequently than he is now. More important still is the consideration that the dis-

cussion would involve time. Probably, if Parliament has to legislate, conversion cannot be undertaken until the late summer, or possibly the autumn, and before the autumn much may occur to jeopardize complete and decisive success. It is almost necessary, therefore, that the measure should be undertaken at once, and, if it is undertaken at once, a new Act of Parliament must be dispensed with.

In negotiating with the bankers one of the points which will have to be settled is whether the conversion is to be piecemeal or complete. There are many plausible arguments for converting only a portion of the Debt, in the first place; but the City is decidedly against piecemeal conversion. Consols are the ideal investment stock, and they are so not only because the credit of the British Government stands so high, but because also they amount to so enormously large a stock. Although they are held to a very considerable extent by people who do not sell, still there is a large proportion of them, in Stock Exchange phraseology, "floating in the market"; in other words, there is always a considerable amount of Consols ready to be sold. The consequence is that an investor can buy for ready money, and take delivery almost immediately if he desires to do so, and, conversely, a holder of Consols can sell them as readily. Moreover, a person wishing to deal can tell within a few shillings how much he will have to pay or have to receive, as the case may be. The market is so large and transactions are so easily executed that quotations are very close. The result is, as we have said, that Consols have become an ideal investment stock. Now bankers, brokers, and capitalists generally desire that the new stock shall be at least as large as Consols, and they wish much that it shall be even larger. If it is a small stock, it will not be readily and easily dealt in, and therefore it will never be a favourite form of investment. Any reader who will take the trouble to look at a Stock Exchange list will see that some stocks are quoted very widely, as the phrase goes. He will see, for instance, one stock quoted perhaps 100 to 105, and another 108 to 115. These quotations mean that there are very few dealings in the stocks, and that consequently it is impossible to fix a price very closely without negotiation. The actual price in the first instance may be near 100 or near 105, or anywhere intermediate, and consequently the buyer or the seller, when giving an order to his broker, does not know in the one case what he will have to give, and in the second what he will have to receive. Nor has he any means of checking the correctness of his broker's report. Even if he looks afterwards at the entries of business done, he will not be able satisfactorily to check it, for a keen broker will make a better bargain for his principal than an easy-going one. Of course the wide fluctuations we have just instanced are rare, and occur only in stocks of very small amount; but even comparatively narrow quotations are objected to by investors, and still more by people who have often to deal in them. Therefore, the first desire of the City is that the new stock shall include practically the whole of the National Debt. The demand of the City may, of course, be refused; and Mr. Goschen may be able to induce the bankers to agree to a piecemeal conversion. But if he does he will have to pay in some form or other for their concession. Paradoxical as it at first sounds, though reasonable as it is with the explanation we have given, a conversion of the whole Debt is much easier than a conversion of part of it. In the one case the City would be cordially with the Chancellor of the Exchequer; in the other case it would give only a grudging support, and in many quarters there might be active opposition.

One other point that ought to be very seriously and fully considered is the amount of reduction in the rate of interest. When last writing on this subject we showed that the real rate at which the British Government can borrow at present is about 2¾ per cent., in other words, that is about the yield of money invested in the British Funds. It seems at first sight, therefore, most reasonable to propose an exchange at par of Consols and New and Reduced Threes into a new stock bearing 2¾ per cent. interest, of course giving a guarantee that the new Stock will itself not be converted for a specified number of years. There would be the great advantage in this that it would not increase the capital of the Debt. But here, again, the opinion of the City is decidedly adverse. The City desires that the conversion when once made shall be final. People argue that if at the present time, when a great European war seems impending, and when the fear of conversion has checked the rise in Consols, the real yield on an investment in the Funds is about 2¾ per cent., by-and-bye when Europe is more peaceful, and when the scarcity of new securities pushes up the price of the Funds, the credit of the British Government will further improve, and that it will be able to borrow at 2½ per cent. Therefore, when the specified number of years comes to an end, there will be fresh schemes started for a conversion of the Two and Three-quarters per Cents, and thus the matter will not be set at rest. Fundholders, in other words, will live with the fear of a fresh conversion constantly before their minds. In addition to this, it is clearly to the interest of the Fundholders that they should receive a premium on conversion, just as it is to the interest of the State that no premium should be given. For example, if a holder of Consols was offered an equivalent amount of Two and a Half per Cents, with a premium of, let us say, 5 per cent. to compensate him for the reduction of interest, he would have an increase in his principal sum, and he would also have a hope that the price of the new stock would rise, and, therefore, that the value of the total investment would increase. The conclusion is that a 2½ per cent. stock is much more popular with capitalists and investors generally than a 2¾ per cent. stock, whereas a 2¾ per cent. stock is more favourable to the State. Under these circumstances a compromise seems not difficult. If, for example, it were proposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to give a new stock which for a specified number of years should bear 2¾ per cent. interest, and at the end of that period the interest should be reduced to 2½ per cent., an arrangement would probably be arrived at. Although the conversion would be carried out by two steps, yet it would be settled and adopted all at once. And, furthermore, the State would gain, insomuch as it would not increase the capital of the Debt, or would increase it but to a very small degree. On the other hand, the fundholder would receive a higher rate of interest for a specified number of years; and, finally, on its being cut down to 2½ per cent., would have the consolation that no more conversions would be adopted. The compromise seems fair to all parties, and, therefore, reasonable; and, if the Chancellor of the Exchequer can obtain for it the support of the banks, there will be no serious difficulty in carrying it out, the fundholders generally, knowing that if they refused they would be paid off, would come to terms. The majority of them have to hold Consols, and, therefore, would not incur being paid off at par; while the few that would refuse the arrangement could easily be dealt with. The sole difficulty is in bringing about an arrangement with the bankers. In itself it will not be difficult if the hope of peace remains, and if, besides, the time within which the conversion arrangement is completed is not too long; but it will undoubtedly be a serious matter for bankers to take upon themselves large financial liabilities if those liabilities are to continue for a long time.

JAPANESE WOODCUTS.

JAPANESE art is not all, perhaps, that its fanatics would have us believe. It is quaint, it is pretty, it is amusing; and it is all these three to an extreme. But there are higher qualities than quaintness and prettiness; while to be amusing has been denied to some of the greatest masters that have ever lived; and the danger is that, now that we are coming to know something about this agreeable subject, we may take it too seriously, and make more of it than it is worth or will bear. It is the century of fads, or the peril would scarce exist. But that it does exist the fact that a day or two hence we shall be made free of no less than three exhibitions of Japanese art—that we shall have leave to wander between Mr. Colvin's new gallery at the British Museum, and Mr. Anderson's chromo-xylographs at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, and the entertaining and improving collection of objects exhibited in the Fine Art Society's rooms—is enough to show.

The origin, the Great First Cause, of this amiable form of dissipation is unquestionably Mr. Anderson. In his admirable treatise of *The Pictorial Arts of Japan*, and his still more admirable *Catalogue* of the Chinese and Japanese paintings and drawings in the British Museum, he was able, as we took occasion to show, and as we have the greatest pleasure in repeating, to place the subject on a scientific basis, and found a serious school of "Japanology." More than one had preceded him in the attempt, as more than one will succeed him in achievement; but he alone had studied the thing *sur place*, and to him alone is referable the amount of accurate and useful knowledge that we actually possess. Until he came we were content to grope from theory to theory, to be innocent of data, and to trust to human ingenuity alike for premisses and for conclusions. Thanks to him, indeed, we possess, together with the finest collection of Chinese and Japanese paintings that has been got together in Europe, the two best books on the subject which have as yet been written. His latest work, the gathering of books and colour-prints which he has made for exhibition at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, is not a national possession—is, indeed, but a private and temporary business, done for love of the art, and doomed from its inception to be dispersed and forgotten as soon as ever it has been seen. It is, however, as complete in conception and in execution as thorough as its predecessors. Like them, too, it is a revelation after its kind. To master it is to master the question. The six or seven hundred examples contained in it range from the thirteenth century and the *magnum opus* of the Abbot Nichiren to the present day and the birds of Bairei and the comic fantasies of Kiōsai, and present as full and practical a panorama of the history of the art as is just now possible.

There can be no doubt that Japanese wood-engraving and block-printing were borrowed, like Japanese painting, from the Chinese. Mr. Anderson thinks that both arts were introduced as early as the middle of the eighth century, but dismisses as obvious frauds the blocks which are still preserved, as relics of the infancy of the art, in some Japanese temples. During this first period, which extends from the ninth century to the beginning of the seventeenth, the function of the wood-cutter was purely religious. He was commonly a monk, and in the service of his community he executed blocks, of which impressions were sold to the faithful. Two examples of such work are included in the present collection. One, the achievement of the Abbot Nichiren aforesaid, is a representation of the god Indra; it is an early impression from a block that is still preserved at one of the temples near Tokyo; it is of considerable size, and of commanding clumsiness in execution. Not till we have seen it are we in a

position to feel the full force of Mr. Anderson's remark that "we must regard the first historical period . . . chiefly as one of archæological interest." The other specimen—two large woodcuts of Devâ Kings, signed Riōkin, and dated 1325—is an immense advance on this "Indra" of Abbot Nichiren. The style is purely calligraphic, the imagination displayed is altogether conventional; but the thing is evidently the work of a man who, in his way, was both a draughtsman and a woodcutter, and who had besides a certain sense of decoration. These three broadsheets (Nos. 1, 2, 3 in the Catalogue) are on the wall; the example next in date, a copy of the *Isé Monogatari*, the oldest illustrated book in Japanese literature, is contained in Case A. It was printed—perhaps in Kioto—as early as 1608; it consists, says Mr. Anderson, "merely of a brief account of the amours, travels, and adventures of an unknown hero, designated as 'a certain man,'" who is supposed to be identical with a distinguished poet, but "who may be only the impersonal 'Somebody'" invented of late by Mr. Andrew Lang; it is characterized "by the introduction of frequent stanzas of an amatory type," which appears to point to a certain kinship with *Aucassin et Nicolette*, and "by the sub-division of the work into diminutive chapters, each of which begins with the expression "Once upon a time"; and it is illustrated with a series of woodcuts, of designs in the manner of the Tosa school, which to our mind are in no sense an advance upon the art of Riōkin. In the next example, the *Hōgen Monogatari* (1626), a romance in three volumes, the cuts have been rudely coloured by hand, like those in an old English chapbook. It, too, is contained in Case A, where are some half a dozen specimens more—some of the work of the Moronobus—of illustrated books published between 1649 and 1700 (Nos. 253-260), about which time the artist Idzumiya Gonshirō is believed to have started chromo-xylography, and in which year, accordingly, we return to the wall. The earliest known piece of colour-printing is, according to one expert, a portrait of the actor Ichikawa Danjiuro—"the histrionic ancestor of the present leader of the Tokyo stage" —which was published in 1695. This opinion Mr. Anderson refrains from endorsing; but remarks of the work in question that "it appears at any rate to have been among the earliest of the 'single sheet' pictures known as *Yédo-Yé*." He notes, too, that the date assigned to it is "considerably posterior to that of the chiaroscuro engravings of Ugo da Carpi and Lucas Cranach," to say nothing of the colour prints of Peter Schoeffer, and he goes on to date the beginnings of artistic chromo-xylography, "as demonstrated from existing specimens," from the last year of the eighteenth century aforesaid, when "single-sheet" pictures began to be printed from three blocks—"in black, pale green or blue, and pale pink"—from the designs of Kiyonobu—the immortal founder of the Theatrical School, the *fons et origo* of those innumerable portraits of actors and scenes of theatres which constitute a whole division of the popular art of Japan—his pupil Kiyomasu, and the excellent Okumura Masonobu. Examples of both the masters last named occur at the very outset of the exhibition (Nos. 4 and 5 in the Catalogue), the former contributing a ferocious portrait of the pirate Kokusenya and the latter a picture of a girl with a battledore. Both are good enough specimens of popular art, and both are dated "Kioto, about 1700"; but both are hand-coloured, so that the representation of chromo-xylography only begins with the sixth number. This, a "Scene of Theatre," in three colours ("Kioto, about 1700"), is the work of the aboriginal Kiyonobu—that Kiyonobu to whom our own illustrious Skelt, and all the great inventors of penny plain and twopence coloured, are as moonlight unto sunlight, or as Mr. O'Brien in Parliament is to Mr. O'Brien in *United Ireland*. It is a pleasant work, and it is the only thing of the kind by which the eminent old master is represented. He appears again in the collection, it is true (Case B, No. 532), as the artist of a novelette contributed by Mr. Ernest Satow; but one would have liked, had it been possible, to have seen a few more of his broadsheets, a larger selection of his theatrical portraits. It is evident, however, that such specimens of chromo-xylography as may with any confidence be dated "Kioto, about 1700," are *rarissimes*; for this one example of Torii Kiyonobu (who bequeathed his example to innumerable pupils, and his first name to not a few), and a group of female portraits, signed Masonobu, are all that even Mr. Anderson has to show.

It was some twenty years ere a fourth block was added to the three of Kiyonobu and his followers. The author of this innovation was one Nishimura Shigénaga (of whom Mr. Anderson presents at least two specimens); and from him the art, as arts will, went on, and prospered. It was a popular business, first and last. Its subjects were the actors, the wrestlers, the courtesans known and admired of the mob; it was excessively cheap, for the designers (unlike the common, or garden, Academician) produced for so little that Hokusai himself, working in later years, and when the Popular School had become a recognized expression of Japanese art, is suspected to have never earned much more than a dollar a day, while the engravers made still less; and so it had the eye of everybody with a fraction of a farthing to spend; it dealt with plays and scandals and amusement pure and simple, for it touched, in the work of Hanabusa Itchō and Miyagawa Chōshun, on humour and humorous invention—on the caricature of private conduct and (to some extent and in a certain measure) of public morality. It was, in brief, a gutter art—the stock-in-trade of the Catnaches and the Fortys of Yeddo and Tokyo, the staff of life of the "flying-stationers" and "patter coves" of a race that took its satire, its entertainment, its scandal, its heroics not in ballads and "last dying speeches and confessions," but plastically, by means of pictures; and, though the cultured classes, the "Æsthetics," the aristocratic and literary public, of the period looked down upon it, it flourished and grew until now, years after the event, it has come to be better regarded than the classic and respectable art which was its superior. The example of Kionobu and "the mighty Moronobu" bore the finest fruit that can be imagined. The number of blocks increased to five, and six, and seven; and the art was exampled in the work of such men as whole generations of Toriis, Hishigawas, Katsugawas, Utagawas, and all the rest of them, until it attained, for the third or fourth time, a sort of culmination in the work of Hokusai. At this master it will be convenient to bring our survey to an end. For us the hero of Mr. Anderson's first wall is the bold, the ingenious, the accomplished and original Utagawa Toyokuni (1769-1825). This distinguished and individual artist is better represented, perhaps, in the present collection than anybody but Hokusai. In his hands Japanese chromo-xylography attains what is to us its nearest approach to perfection. He could be on occasion the richest and the most personal of colourists, and he could be on occasion the most delicate and refined. He excelled in all the branches of his art; and, as we think, he is the true hero of Mr. Anderson's exhibition.

Hokusai is, all the same, superbly represented. He does not shine on the walls—that is to say, he does not excel as an artist in chromo-xylography. But he shows to immense advantage in the cases, where he appears as the artist of (among other things) an impression of the *Mangwā*, that is so clear, so delicate, so exquisite in a word, as to fairly make one's mouth water. The artistic, the sensual, interest of the exhibition appears to us (it is proper to add) to be exhausted with the left wall, which contains the work of the Old Masters of Japanese gutter-art. At the end of the room is Hokusai, and on the right are the artists of the present century—the landscapist Hiroshigé, the theatrical artist Gototai Kunisada, the Kuniyoshis, the Keisais, the Yoshikunis and Shigéharus and Ashiyukis, and others. But (apart from the cases) the left wall is the exhibition. Its decorative quality (to say no more) is singularly fine. As compared with its opposite, it is as advance to retreat, as the achievement of a culmination to a consummation of decay.

THE NATIONAL TRAINING SCHOOL FOR COOKERY.

THE important meeting held through the kindness of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts in Stratton Street on Wednesday afternoon last, and presided over by the Duke of Beaufort, has served the purpose of once more attracting attention to that most useful institution—the National Training School for Cookery. For some years it has modestly progressed under the energetic auspices of Mrs. Clarke, the Lady Superintendent, in a temporary iron structure, situated in an out-of-the-way corner between the India Museum and what might be described as the ruins of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition. There can be no doubt that its sphere of usefulness would have been greatly increased had the School been erected in a more prominent position, but it has nevertheless survived not a few misfortunes, and is at last, we are glad to hear, on a fair way towards prosperity. It has now been decided that the School shall be incorporated as a Company under the Joint Stock Acts, and transferred to a commodious building in the Buckingham Palace Road, to be built, after the designs of Mr. Purdon Clarke, on land which the Duke of Westminster has granted at a peppercorn rent. Sir Philip Cunliffe-Owen, at a preliminary meeting on Tuesday, in the course of an interesting speech, recalled some remarks made to him by the late M. Gambetta, who, as many will remember, came to England some years ago, and studied with a good deal of attention certain of our social problems, with a view possibly of comparing them with several of burning interest in his own country. He thought, he said, that our poor would be much better off if their womankind knew more about the rudiments of cookery. He was, like many other foreigners, surprised at the waste which goes on with us and at our general ignorance of the many succulent and wholesome dishes which can be made out of material which, unfortunately, and doubtless through prejudice and ignorance, our poor despise. The National School for Cookery is intended not only to teach cooking to young women who wish to enter service as competent "culinary artists," but also to women of every class who desire, in order to become better housewives, to know something of how to prepare food for family use. French and German women are, as a rule, acknowledged to be better housewives than English. They take a greater interest in domestic concerns. They waste nothing, and yet as a people they live better than we do, and, spending less, are able to put by their hard-earned savings with greater facility and less hard self-sacrifice. On the other hand, it seems to us that their domestic education is purely traditional and handed down from mother to daughter, and not taught in schools at all; for we do not know of the existence of any School of Cookery in Paris or elsewhere in France which corresponds to the one now flourishing in London. It is hoped, however, that the remarkable work which has been effected in five short years by the South Kensington School, once it is transferred to its new quarters, will extend its sphere of usefulness. It will then be placed in a thickly-populated neighbourhood, and it is proposed that a restaurant shall be opened in connexion with the school, which will not only increase the funds, but also help to dispose of the food cooked on the premises by the pupils.

It is, moreover, even suggested that branch schools and restaurants shall eventually be established in the poorer neighbourhoods of Central and East London, which will supply cheap and wholesome meals, such as were to be obtained at the South Kensington Exhibitions, and also include classes where working-women in their spare hours can receive instruction in a branch of education which Lord Granville on Wednesday declared to be one of the most important, "not only for the gratification, but for the health of mankind." That the spreading of the operations of Schools of Cookery will effect a great and beneficial change in the habits of Englishwomen is not to be doubted, and we may here recall the fact that the Scotch, a proverbially unimpressionable people, owe to the influence exerted by Mary Stuart and the French Court, during her few years of popularity, the introduction of their now indispensable and most wholesome broths and soups, a kind of food English working people are now beginning to appreciate. We can therefore, when we consider this curious historical fact, hope that the influence of the School of Cookery, when it becomes more general, will change the backward and inartistic manner in which the great bulk of the English women prepare their food. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts, in a few clever and kindly words at the close of the meeting, remarked "that hitherto man was looked upon merely as an eating animal," but she "hoped that the School of Cookery would lead to his becoming also a cooking animal," and she considered the mission of his conversion to this higher state to be one of the main objects of Mrs. Clarke's perseverance and courage as Lady Superintendent. For our part we think that, if Mrs. Clarke will extend her operations to increasing the number of good cooks—a sadly small one at present—she will deserve a lasting monument to her fame. The future of the National Training School of Cookery will be watched with interest, not wholly unmixed with a certain selfish feeling, as Sir Philip Owen very justly remarked, for few are the men who love not a well-cooked dinner. Many a home would certainly be the happier in every class of the community if its mistress had included among her accomplishments a thorough knowledge of the art of cooking.

WITH A DIFFERENCE.

["I wear the same uniform."
Sir William Harcourt at the Eighty Club.]

"I WEAR the self-same uniform,"
Said he, amid applausive thunder,
From all, save one, who through the storm
Sat mute, a type of speechless wonder.

Entranced he let the cheering pass,
He added nothing to the babel,
He clinked no fork against his glass,
He rapped no fruit-knife on the table.

Intently as the "masher" plies
O'er all the stage his double-barrel,
That Eightyer mute had fixed his eyes
Upon his honoured guest's apparel.

"He says it, and it must be true,
No falsehoods here are ever uttered,
And if that uniform were new
He would not say 'twas old," he muttered.

"And I, no doubt, am wrong, because,
Besides the tricks my memory plays me,
My eyesight isn't what it was,
And now and then, I own, betrays me.

"And yet—and yet—I look again,
And my conviction is not shaken;
No! I was right. In vain, in vain
I try to think myself mistaken.

"I was not wrong. No! I'll be shot
If I—that is, I don't mind swearing
That H-rc-rt's uniform is *not*
The one I used to see him wearing."

The feast was o'er; the puzzled guest
Had sought his couch and tried to slumber;
But vainly strives that brain to rest
That unsolved mysteries encumber.

Could he have been deceived that night?
Could memory have devised such treason?
Must he lament his failing sight?
Nay, must he tremble for his reason?

Or, worst of all, where all was bad,
And scarce with sanity consistent,
Must he conclude that H-rc-t had
Told—well—affirmed the non-existent?

What *he!* the flower of knighthood—he,
The mirror and the mould of honour
For all that noble companie,
From stern P-rn-ll to bowld O'C-nn-r?

Gladstonian chivalry's *fine fleur*,
Whom for a Bayard his great heart meant,
Hero reproachless and *sans peur*
(Since he has left the Home Department),

He, whom the Club its standard made
Of moral and of mental stature?
"No! *that* indeed," the Eightyer said,
"Would shake my faith in human nature."

Yet still the dark suspicion lurked,
And with the growing dawn grew stronger;
Upon the Eightyer's mind it worked,
Till he could bear his doubts no longer.

He sprang from bed at half-past eight,
Huddled in haste his morning suit on;
Hailed a fleet hansom at his gate,
And hurried to the street of Bruton.

"Admit me to Sir William's room!
I bring him news of gravest presage;
Express from Derby I have come,
Charged with a most important message."

A footman waved him up the stair;
He followed where that menial beckoned
(*Which* footman 'twas he's not aware,
But rather thinks it was the Second *).

He bounded to the upper floor,
Into the bedroom he was rushing,
When lo! a youth appeared, who bore
The statesman's coat downstairs for brushing.

The very coat! "Good heavens!" he cried;
Then, as amazement put to rout words,
He seized it, scanned its outer side,
And swiftly turned it inside outwards.

"Of course! It is the simplest case,
One glance suffices to declare it,
There!" (pointing to its outward face)
"'Twas *that* side out he used to wear it.

"I see! He spoke the truth last night
In what he said while we were dining;
'Twas the 'same uniform' all right,
Only I didn't know the lining."

REVIEWS.

REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM ROGERS.†

IT is well that the Rector of Bishopsgate has allowed his Reminiscences to be given to the world, and the only matter of regret is that there are not more of them. It would be difficult to name any volume of the same moderate size which contains so much that is instructive, useful, and amusing, and which combines in so easy a manner the serious with the less important parts of what has been a very remarkable life. For the well-known incumbent of St. Botolph's is a man of no ordinary character, and his singular personality has left its impression strongly marked upon his public career of good and devoted work. Possessing a thoroughly genial temperament, free from all thought of self, and with a touch of that humour the want of which has been so great a deficiency in the mental constitution of so many eminent men, he has, single handed, and in the outset against strong opposition, taken a leading part in achieving an enormous improvement in the condition of the poor in London, and in the general advancement of the education of the middle and lower classes. It would not do to have everybody exactly like him, but there is ample room for many more like him if fortunately they were forthcoming, and the solid and steady ranks of those who are always standing on the old ways, and who view every proposal of change with dislike and suspicion, are never likely to be altogether found wanting, nor are they without their share of some use also in this world.

With a previous good middle-class pedigree, William Rogers was the son of a well-known and respected London police magistrate. He went to Eton in due time in the latter days of Keate, about whom and other masters there are some good stories, and he maintained a general good character and took a foremost place in the boats. A piece of unguarded exuberance of manner during the examination for a scholarship at Baliol almost had the effect of excluding the candidate from the college altogether; but, after some interest had been made and an ample apology had been tendered, the offence was condoned, and residence at Oxford was commenced. The love of boating which began at Eton was continued at Baliol, and Mr. Rogers took an active part in founding

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* Same which Sir W-ll-m H-rc-rt once ordered some flowers.

† *Reminiscences of William Rogers, Rector of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate.* Compiled by R. H. Hadden, Curate of the Same. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1888.

the Oxford University Boat Club, and in 1840 represented it in arranging the contest with Cambridge in that year. He pulled in the race over the old course from Westminster to Putney, and records with pride that forty years afterwards he presided at the annual dinner of the two University crews. After some time usefully and pleasantly spent on the Continent, and chiefly in Italy, there followed a period of residence as a member of the University of Durham, with a view to the acquisition of sufficient theological knowledge to qualify for ordination. Good anecdotes, easily and naturally introduced, abound to enliven the narrative, and there is now recorded a delightful saying of Dr. Waddington, the Dean of Durham, a dignitary of well-known gastronomic tastes, who modestly laid down an admirable canon. "I should hardly," he critically observed, "call myself an epicure, but what I object to is a dinner without a bird."

The first acquaintance with clerical duties was made upon the nomination of Blomfield, Bishop of London, who seems to have planted upon the Vicar of Fulham a supernumerary curate, whose exiguous stipend of 50*l.* a year was defrayed by the Bishop. The object was that more frequent week-day services should be held, and, as this was not one which fell in with the Vicar's own views, the relations of the young Curate with his immediate superior could not have been of the most cordial nature. There was, too, another source of difference—the Vicar hated the watermen on the river because they did not come to church, whereas the Curate kept a boat, and was on friendly terms with many of them. One of them, with mixed notions of sacred geography, once said to him, "Ah, sir, I often think of old Peter rowing on this 'ere water." A couple of years spent at Fulham ended in an appointment by the Bishop to the incumbency of St. Thomas Charterhouse, one of Dr. Blomfield's newly-made districts, with a population of 10,000 and an income of 150*l.* a year. The Vicar's dislikes to his Curate had prevailed, and although the Bishop told him that in two or three years something better would turn up, nothing of the kind happened during the eighteen years which followed his departure from Fulham. The new incumbency afforded an ample field for work. Its boundaries had been so arranged as to cut out all houses of a better description; it was even partially excluded by some blundering as to the mode of collecting the rates from ordinary police protection, and in consequence contained within itself a sort of Alsatia. It was not the home of any regular industries, but a place of refuge for all that was low and bad. The staple of the population were costermongers; and, as Mr. Rogers shortly puts it, "we were all ragamuffins." Such was the unpromising prospect that lay before the young and little-experienced pastor. There were no School Boards, no Bishop of London's Fund, no local assistance, and external sympathy and disposition to help in such a state of things can hardly be said at that time to have existed. All the bricks had to be made for the erection of a better parochial fabric, and they had to be made without straw. The grown-up people were not fit to go to church, and the only hope lay in getting to work upon the children, so as to improve the condition of the next generation. Energy and confidence were not wanting to cope with the emergency. With much difficulty a site and fairly sufficient school buildings were secured. But at first the new advantages thus offered were seized upon by the parents of a better class of children than those for whom they were intended. By a lucky chance the income of the church was increased; but, with all its charges upon it, the amount left available for the support of the incumbent himself was still a totally inadequate one.

Continued exertions and applications for aid succeeded so well that at the expiration of seven years of unremitting labour the foundation-stone was laid of a far larger and better school-building by the Marquess of Lansdowne, and Goswell Street saw an unwonted gathering of distinguished friends of the now much happier incumbent. There was a procession from the church to the scene of business, headed by the churchwardens and beadles, and the amusing touch is thrown in that "it is not wise to do anything of this kind without plenty of beadles." Next year the new schools were opened; but, after liberal contributions from many quarters, a debt of 1,000*l.* upon them was still due, which was, however, largely reduced by a second banquet at the "Albion," a place where festivity has so often been associated with benevolence; and, finally, a subscription among his own friends extinguished what was left of the intrepid founder's personal liabilities.

But much more remained to be effected. Mr. Rogers says that he never believed in ragged schools. The name was bad, and the suggestions involved were worse. If in a school for the lowest class the rags did not soon disappear, the school was missing its mark. To fill the gap which the ragged schools were intended to fill more schools were still wanted, and means were found for proceeding to erect them. *Costermongria* was again *en fête*; Mr. Gladstone laid the first stone, and five years after the last opening of new schools the Prince Consort came to open the Golden Lane Schools. To support them it was necessary to persevere in an indefatigable course of public dinners and appeals to raise funds. Good friends and assistants stuck to Mr. Rogers in his good work, and some offers of easier church preferment elsewhere were made to him. But, hard hit as he was in pocket, and worn as he was in mind and body by the hard struggle to which he had devoted himself, he preferred to abide by St. Thomas Charterhouse, and carry on his campaign there. At last, in 1863, the rectory of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, was accepted, and this offered a sphere of usefulness less arduous than the former one, but not without its own abundant claims. The historical account of his new parish given by Mr. Rogers is an extremely interesting one. He is the sixty-third rector, and has had many distinguished predecessors, including Lake, who was one of the Seven Bishops afterwards, and, refusing to take the oaths of allegiance to William and Mary, resigned the see of Chichester, and came back to die and be buried among his old parishioners. Curious extracts, too, are given from the old registers, in the days when they served as depositories of many facts that would otherwise have gone without any record, and which in common with others contain much information not to be found elsewhere. Some specimens are afforded also of items which occur in the churchwarden's accounts. In 1585 three shillings were paid to the sexton for keeping a child left in the church. Could this have been little Goody Two Shoes, whose adventures were, at least at one time, well known to the small readers of children's books? And, rather earlier, eighteenpence were expended upon a hook and chain for "the booke called Calvenus on Jobe." Great changes, however, have taken place and are still in progress. The great folks who formerly lived in Bishopsgate have long since moved westwards, and now very few of the better class of shopkeepers actually reside in their places of business. The old local industries also have fled for the most part, leaving a population of a lower class than that of the regular artisan, who overcrowd what living accommodation is still left after so much has disappeared to make room for railway requisitions, which must nevertheless be credited with clearing away many very unwholesome quarters. But good work is being done among a set of parishioners whose mixed and ever-changing character makes it more than usually difficult to make much permanent impression upon them.

At the Paris Exhibition of 1867 Mr. Rogers was Vice-President of the Jury in the Educational Section, and he tells an amusing story of how his official dignity enabled him to get invitations for some English ladies of his acquaintance to a grand Ministerial ball. In following years came visits to the United States, and to Russia and Austria, where Mr. Rogers was again a juror at the Exhibition in Vienna of 1873.

The account given of the general progress of popular education during the last thirty years is an excellent one, and no small part in it has been played by the Rector of Bishopsgate. He was a member of the Royal Commission appointed in 1858. In the result of their inquiries things came out rather better than had been expected, but it appeared that not more than one-fourth of the children of the poor were receiving a good education; and the private schools, as a rule, were especially bad. It is not now necessary to trace the history of what has since been done. But it is right to mention that Mr. Rogers was one of the representatives of the City of London in the first London School Board, and that he had a large share in promoting the establishment of middle class schools in the City. A separate chapter is devoted to the history of Edward Alleyn's foundation at Dulwich, and it is an exceedingly instructive one of early mistakes, expensive litigation, and a sad waste of the funds of the well-meaning founder, to be ultimately crowned by the successful application of them to something worthy of his best aspirations; and Mr. Rogers is now permanent Chairman of the present governing body of Dulwich College. The happy combination of the *utile dulci* which pervades this volume of Reminiscences is continued to the last in the chapter entitled "Past, Present, and Future," and the book may be closed with a lament that the author, as he tells us, has not produced all his best stories, but not without acknowledging the cogency of the reason humorously assigned for this, that if he had done so he might never be asked to dine out again.

NOVELS.*

THE curious social jumble so characteristic of Mr. Baring Gould's novels comes to a climax—if a jumble can come to a climax—in *Richard Cable*. He has accustomed us to heroes and heroines who belong to no definite class of society, and who regulate their behaviour by principles of their own. This naturally renders criticism more than ordinarily difficult, for it is impossible to apply the usual standards of manners and conduct to these singular beings, who live in a world of their own, and act as independently and as strangely as if they were an alien race, and lived in the moons of Jupiter. Josephine Cornellis, the heroine of *Richard Cable*, is a young person of this description. Her father is an ex-missionary, with hazy ideas of honour, who lives on the Essex coast, within reach of a weak and reprobate cousin, Squire Gotham, who has always passed as a bachelor, but has been secretly married in Scotland, and is in reality the parent of Richard Cable. Mr. Cornellis has made away with all his daughter's money, and is anxious to marry her to Captain Sellwood, the rector's son, a young man with expectations. Perverseness being the ruling principle of the handsome Miss Josephine, she declines to fall in with his views, and chance having thrown her in the way of a widower with seven daughters, Richard Cable, the Lightship-

* *Richard Cable.* By the author of "Mehalah." 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

His Cousin Betty. By F. M. Peard. 3 vols. London: Bentley.

Every Inch a Soldier. By M. J. Colquhoun. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus.

Margaret Dunmore. By J. H. Clapperton. London: Sonnenschein.

man, she soon makes up her mind to marry him. Mr. Baring Gould fails at the outset to furnish an adequate motive for this eccentric union. Girls have been known before now to insist on marrying their social inferiors; but then their excuse, so far as there can be any, is a strong passion. Josephine did not pretend even to herself that she had any motive of this kind. She was discontented and bored at home, and Cable's moralizings interested her, and led her to believe that in him she would find a guide on whom she could rely in every emergency. Add to this that Cable was a handsome man, and that there was a pleasure in outraging the feelings of her friends by persisting in keeping up his acquaintance, and you have all Josephine's reasons for becoming Mrs. Cable. On the bridegroom's side matters are even worse. He is described as a man of strong sense and principle, wholly without ambition, and bound up in his seven wearisome little children. He admires Josephine, and looks up to her; but, until they are safely married and have returned from their two months' yachting, there is not a particle of evidence that he cared for her in the least. The whole thing is as unreal and not half so amusing as the matrimonial complications of Miss Josephine Corcoran and Ralph Rackstraw. One would have thought that during a three months' engagement and a two months' cruise a wife would have had time to notice her husband's solecisms of speech or manners, and to remark the fact that he did not pronounce her name as she wished. She might even, not being wrapped in a blissful dream of love, have reflected a little on the future, and have possibly stooped to consider such details as his lack of proper clothes; but no! The disparity between them bursts upon her like a thunder-clap the first evening they are at home in the hall which Josephine has inherited, and she first worries him till he deliberately leaves her, which does not take long to come to pass, and then insists on a probation of many years as a mere working-woman till he takes her back again. The only redeeming quality about the book is the fresh and vivid descriptions of the Essex coast and the life among the fishermen there. All the rest is overdone; the endless moralizings and metaphors and comparisons—not always in the best taste—the devotion of Richard to his children, the penitence of Josephine. As regards feminine details, Mr. Baring Gould is even more unfortunate. Surely it seems unlikely that a lady should wear round her waist a leather belt that was long enough to lash her to the mast; and since the days of her namesake the Empress Josephine no wedding-dress could be carried about tied up in a blue pockethandkerchief, especially not a wedding-dress which, we are told, consisted of white satin and orange blossoms. It reads like one of the miracles performed in the story of the *White Cat*; but, then, in Mr. Baring Gould's books so many things besides wedding-dresses and pockethandkerchiefs shrink and expand in an arbitrary manner that it is absurd to lay stress on a detail so trifling.

His Cousin Betty is the history of a Miss Broughtonish family of four young people of good position who lived unchaperoned in a Dartmoor farm. There is a good deal of life and vigour in the description of their family devotion and jealousy of outside interference; and if Miss Peard had possessed the self-control to confine herself to one volume instead of three, she might have made a pleasant story. Unluckily, every incident is detailed at inordinate length, and is sometimes repeated till we are quite weary of it. Never was there a novel with so many illnesses, each of which is made to serve some special purpose. There is Leyburn, the hero's, illness—that is number one—which lays him up in the farm for some weeks till "his cousin Betty" has had time to get over her prejudice and fall wildly in love with him; there is the incident in Germany of Betty's hurt hand, which affords the opportunity of tender solicitude on the part of Leyburn; these is Leyburn's illness in London after their marriage, when Betty is away from him, and the object of this is to increase their estrangement by the loss of the letter in which he asks her to come back to nurse him; there is Betty's accident in the fire at Cowes, and her long prostration after, which serves to kindle Leyburn's smouldering affection for his wife; then there is another illness of Leyburn's in Burmah, when Leyburn goes to look after his brother-in-law, but the use of this is not so apparent; and, finally, there are the severe illnesses of two of the minor characters, Anning and Charteris. It is a matter of no importance, but interesting to the observer, that when married couples go into lodgings for their wedding tours, instead of to hotels, it is an invariable sign that they will be unhappy afterwards. Leyburn and Betty formed no exception to this rule, and there was no reason that they should; for she married him knowing that he was not in love with her, and he married her because his sister informed him he was bound to do it. Leyburn is a poor stick, who (emulating Mrs. Bouncer in Mr. Maddison Morton's immortal *Box and Cox*) is so foolish as to keep his sister's letter informing him of the state of Betty's affections for many months in the pocket of his coat, where, of course, she ultimately finds it. Betty herself is well drawn and attractive in all her many phases. It is a good touch to make her struggle to subdue her rampant individuality and become the conventionally correct woman that is Leyburn's ideal, with the result of depriving herself of all her charm. Mrs. Hume, too, is natural; and indeed Miss Peard has the art of making her characters live—Leyburn excepted—though she cannot write a long novel. One thing, however, it is necessary to point out, and that is the carelessness with which the proofs have been corrected. In vol. ii. p. 111, we are told that "Rex is as happy as a king on board the *Britannia*;" in vol. iii. p. 84, it is stated that Rex had just passed into the *Britannia*; Mr. Carlyon becomes Mr. Cadogan for some pages (vol. ii. p. 61), and the Lady Rosedeane of the first part of the book changes into Lady Rosewarne for the rest. Of course these little slips are unimportant in themselves; but, though it is not in everyone's power to write a good novel, it is the duty of every author to do all he can to avoid errors of his own making.

There is a considerable difficulty in the application of Mr. Colquhoun's title. Which of all the soldiers mentioned in the book is the person to whom reference is made? for not a single civilian except the murdered fakir appears in the pages, and he does not count. Most people would prefer to believe that Hodson of Hodson's Horse was the person meant, but, after mature reflection, they will probably come to the conclusion that the hero, Captain Digby, is the fortunate owner. The first two volumes are very dull indeed. There is the usual description of Indian life, with the beautiful women and the gallant soldiers. Some of both fall in love seriously, some only flirt, but all are very free and easy in their manners, and talk in the most vapid way. The discovery of hidden treasures by one Henry Wake, *alias* Brown, gives rise to some romantic adventures, and a good deal of promiscuous killing; but Mr. Colquhoun fails to interest his readers in the fate of his puppets. The third volume is rather more lively, as it deals with some episodes of the Mutiny, and the book may be found acceptable by old Indians who desire to recall episodes of their past years.

Margaret Dunmore will prove a mine of amusement to any well-regulated soul. It is the history of a scheme for enabling a large number of human beings to live together in what is called a Unitary Home (which has nothing to do with Unitarians), and to dispense with servants. Æstheticism and culture abound in every page, so do capital letters. The characters have a trick of alluding to themselves by their own names, which sounds odd, and of signing their correspondence in curious ways, such as "yours tenderly" and "yours heartily." The style is not always above reproach, and the metaphors do not invariably bear investigation. For instance, on p. 28 we read "the invalid had long accustomed herself to suck a few drops of comfort into her chequered life, from the belief" that a rich man would marry her daughter. But the daughter marries some one else, and goes to live in the Unitary Home, where she gives rise to the reflection that "The first year of married life is often dangerous to feminine nerves. The emotional state predominates; fluctuations from rapturous joy to moods of depression occur, and in view of the conjugal union, that has yet to be deepened, consolidated, this unstable equilibrium of the young wife is, to say the least, jeopardous." It will be seen that the Unitary Home is fond of long words, and, when convenient, does not hesitate to coin them for itself. Mere worldlings will probably sympathize with this young lady's husband, who very reluctantly consented to take up his abode in the Home, and was always trying to get his wife to himself; but it is needless to say that he is ultimately converted, and becomes as enthusiastic an Unitary-an as the foundress, Margaret Dunmore, herself. Space forbids our describing at length the rules of the Home, but it is only right to indicate a few of its aims. In the first place, it modestly "desires nothing less than the Happiness of all Mankind." It considers it wrong to receive interest for money, especially from the needy, although somehow everyone contrives to have an income derived from one source or another. It is anxious to train the sons of a lodging-house keeper in such a manner that they "should not disgrace an altruistic cultured society"; it has views of its own as to the Bible, and, while allowing that it has done good work in its time, perceives that "its teaching now is discordant, confusing, partly obsolete, and in no way harmonious with the revealed truths of a scientific age." It is almost superfluous to mention that temperance was the rule of the Home, and the "appalling revelation" (appalling indeed!) of the gentleman who related how, when a boy, he and the butler "together drained the wineglasses after every dinner-party" was hardly needed. We own to a little surprise at learning that such advanced thinkers disapprove of trained nurses; but were not altogether surprised to find that, in spite of the admirable regulations as to the changing of plates and the waiting at meals, the inmates of the Home had time to fall in love. One would need, however, to be an inmate oneself to appreciate the attitude taken by the wife towards her husband and too sympathetic friend. She goes away; what is more, she keeps away, in spite of the warnings of her brother, another inmate. And, when her husband at last comes to seek her, she offers to give him up if he loves her friend best; and, when he denies the fact, she informs him that they have the friend's feelings to consider as well as their own! Magnanimity (and contempt of the law) can go no further; but this is the only indication of the attitude of the inmates on this important question. As to many others that are satisfactorily disposed of, all those afflicted with *Weltschmerz* may read for themselves.

THE SUPPRESSION OF THE MONASTERIES.*

IT would be difficult to name any change that divides mediæval from modern England more sharply than the suppression of the monasteries. Its effects on religious, social, and political

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* *Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries: an Attempt to Illustrate the History of their Suppression.* By Francis Aidan Gasquet, Monk of the Order of St. Benedict, sometime Prior of St. Gregory's Monastery, Downside, Bath. Vol. I. London: John Hodges. 1888.

history have been abundantly discussed, and little more probably remains to be said about them. On the other hand, the suppression itself, the nature of the means by which it was effected, and the truth or falsehood of the charges brought against the monks have only lately been made the subjects of critical investigation. In the volume before us the Rev. F. A. Gasquet acknowledges the good work that has been done in this respect by Canon Dixon, and seeks to carry it further by treating "the suppression, not as an episode of a greater subject, but as an object of special inquiry." He has taken his facts from the best authorities, both in print and manuscript, and has worked them up into a well arranged and readable history. While he is naturally anxious to make out as good a case as possible for the monks, his work, as a whole, is decidedly trustworthy. His present volume, which goes down to the Act for the suppression of the smaller monasteries, opens with a general sketch of the condition of the Church of England in the early years of the sixteenth century, and of the causes that contributed to lower the tone of monastic life; for while he contends that the regular body had not to any considerable extent given way to gross faults and immoralities, he declares that "it would be affectation to suggest that it was altogether free from them." Before entering on the sweeping policy carried out by Henry VIII. and Thomas Cromwell, he points out the relation in which it stands to earlier measures of suppression and to the attacks made in Parliament on the wealth of the Church in the beginning of the preceding century. Wolsey's dealings with the Monasteries stand in the closest connexion with the subject of his work; and he has wisely devoted a chapter to the means by which the Cardinal obtained extraordinary visitatorial powers, the efforts he made to enforce a stricter observance of the religious life, his scheme for a wholesale suppression with a view to establishing more cathedral churches, and the suppressions he actually effected through the instrumentality of his agents, Allen and Cromwell. The King, who had thus, as Lord Herbert points out, derived "arguments and impressions" in favour of suppression from Wolsey, was brought into collision with part of the religious body by the conspiracy of the Maid of Kent. The attempt made here to represent Elizabeth Barton's utterances as supernatural is, of course, not worth consideration; it is a pity that it should be found in a book which is, as a whole, free from evidences of mere partisanship, and a still greater pity that no notice has been taken of the fact that, in addition to her former confessions, the Maid, when she was on the scaffold and had nothing to gain by the avowal, declared that her revelations had been feigned. A minute account is given of the persecution and dispersion of the Friars Observant, and of the more terrible sufferings inflicted on the Carthusians for refusing to acknowledge the Supremacy. The story, which has been told shortly by Mr. Froude, should be read here in detail. Henry was led to attack the monasteries by two considerations; they were the strongholds of papal authority in England, and they had wealth which he coveted. The first step in the attack was the visitation by Royal Commissioners. What sort of men these Commissioners were is well pointed out; the chief among them were Dr. Layton, a coarse and foul-minded man, who delighted in iniquity and delighted not in the truth; Legh, whose tyrannical insolence drew forth a complaint even from one of his fellows; Ap Rice, and, to quote Cranmer's words, that "stout and filthy prebendary," Dr. London. All of them were mere tools of Cromwell. The intention with which they were appointed, and the spirit in which they performed their work, are abundantly illustrated by their own letters; they were sent to find out evil that it might be an excuse for spoliation, to seize what plunder they could, and if possible to drive the monks to surrender their houses. When Layton was about to visit St. Mary's at York, he writes to his master that he "supposes to find" much evil disposition, "whereof, God willing, I shall certify you in my next letter." Of Bruton and Glastonbury, where even these inquisitors could find nothing amiss, they report that the brethren say that "they fain would offend if they might." They were furnished with Injunctions that could only have been intended to destroy all discipline, to render the monastic life intolerable, and to invite disobedience.

An admirable criticism is given of the proceedings in Parliament relating to the first Act of Suppression; the means that were taken to get a Parliament that would be thoroughly subservient to the King's will are fully explained, and good reason is shown for doubting whether the "Black book," about which many of our popular historians talk so glibly, ever had any existence. Whatever charges against the smaller houses may have been read before Parliament, it is evident that no attempt was made to examine them, and that the Act was passed on the King's "full declaration" of what he knew to be true from the reports of the visitors. In estimating the value of these *comperta*, or reports, a large allowance should be made for the characters of the men who wrote them, for their unconcealed desire to find out evil, and for the haste with which they went from one monastery to another, giving themselves no time for anything like a judicial investigation into the truth of the charges they greedily accepted and reported as statements of fact. Taking these things into consideration an historian would, in our opinion, be fully justified in demanding that all vague charges and all mere hearsay evidence should be set aside as practically worthless. This still leaves several specific accusations, generally received as embodying the results of inquiries made by the visitors personally, and in each case on the spot. Some of the most famous of these accusations have been carefully examined by Mr. Gasquet. He considers that Layton's report that the Prior of Maiden Bradley—which, by the way, is in Wiltshire, not in Somerset—had six children, "his sons tall men waiting on him," is "disposed of by the fact that he was pensioned by the advice of the Chancellor and Court of Augmentation; and subsequently became rector of Shipton Moyne in Gloucestershire." We fail to see that this proves anything more than that he had good friends. Nor can we agree with the treatment of another famous case, that of the Abbot of Langdon, in Kent. Layton could scarcely have invented the details he gives in his letter, which is partly copied by Mr. Froude from Wright's *Suppression of the Monasteries* (Camden Society); for he says that the followers of one of Cromwell's men saw what he did, and wondered "what felow I was . . . for I was unknowyn ther of al men"; and he certainly must have caught a woman in the abbey, for he tells Cromwell that he had sent her to the Mayor of Dover to be locked up, and he would not have dared to say this if he had not done so. Mr. Gasquet, however, discredits the story—first, because Layton does not refer to it in another letter written the same day, though there was surely no need for him to repeat the account of his exploit; and, secondly, because the Abbot was granted a pension, which, as we have already said in the case of the Prior of Maiden Bradley, by no means necessarily implies that he deserved one. "Accepting, however, the story as true," we are told that all that it means is that "a woman was caught running away." Well, even so, she had no business to be in the abbey. Layton, it is further urged, is silent on "the main point; he does not even say that the woman ran out of the 'Abbotes logeyng.'" Here we are somewhat puzzled; for this is exactly what, in effect, Layton does say. He describes how he went alone to the Abbot's lodging and knocked at the door "*nec vox nec sensus apparuit*, saveyng thabottes litle doge that, within his dore faste lokked, bayede and barkede," how he forced the door open, and went about the house; "but for a conclusion" the abbot's "gentlewoman bestyrrede hir stumpes," and ran for it. And all possibility of doubt as to her having been discovered in the abbot's lodging is taken away by a subsequent and curious remark. Mr. Gasquet allows, as we have seen, that cases of immorality existed in some of the monasteries at this period, and it is certain that the smaller houses were, as he also points out, in a far worse condition as regards order and discipline than the larger. He gains nothing, therefore, by attempting to discredit reports in which the evidence against some abbot or convent is especially strong. In his proposal to show that the religious body in England was not infected with "anything like general immorality" at the time of the Suppression, he has an excellent case, and he has managed it so far with considerable judgment. We hope that he will take care not to weaken it by trying to prove too much. There is as yet little fault to be found with his work, and his book promises to be a most valuable contribution to ecclesiastical history.

CLASSICAL TRANSLATIONS AND SCHOOL BOOKS.*

MR. VERRALL'S version of the choral odes of the *Œdipus Tyrannus* cannot fairly be judged by the ordinary standards of translation. Writing to music, the author has been compelled to temper the sterner qualities of the classical scholar with the arts of the librettist, and often—as, for example, in the latter part

* *Œdipus the King.* The Dialogue metrically rendered by Edward Conybeare, M.A., formerly Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. With the Songs of the Chorus as written for the Music of Dr. Stanford by A. W. Verrall, Litt.D., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Rivingtons.

The Œdipus Tyrannus of Sophocles. Rendered in English Verse, Dramatic and Lyric, by Sir George Young, Bart., M.A., LL.D. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co.

Æschylus—Prometheus Vinctus. With Notes by M. G. Glazebrook, M.A., Assistant-Master at Harrow School. London: Rivingtons.

Homer's Iliad, Books I.–III. Edited, on the basis of the Ameis-Hentze edition, by Thomas D. Seymour, Hillhouse Professor of Greek in Yale College. Boston, U.S.A.: Ginn & Co.

The Cyropædeia of Xenophon, Books III., IV., V. With Notes by the Rev. Hubert A. Holden, M.A., LL.D., sometime Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge: University Press.

Xenophon—Anabasis, Books I. and II. With Notes and Vocabulary. London: Rivingtons.

Æschylus—Eumenides. With Introduction and Notes by A. Sidgwick, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Aristophanes—The Knights. With Introduction and Notes by W. W. Merry, D.D., Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Demosthenes—Orations against Philip. With Introductions and Notes by Evelyn Abbott, M.A., and P. E. Matheson, M.A. Vol. I. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Lysias—Epitaphius. With Introduction and Notes by F. J. Snell, B.A., late Scholar of Balliol College, Oxford. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Virgil—Æneid, I. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by C. S. Jerram, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Virgil—Bucolics. With Introduction and Notes by C. S. Jerram, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Tacitus—Annals, Book I. Edited by the Rev. Edward Maguire, Professor of Ancient Classics, St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. Dublin: Brown & Nolan.

Passages for Translation into Latin Prose. With an Introduction by H. Nettleship, M.A., Corpus Professor of Latin in the University of Oxford. London: Bell & Sons.

of the chorus which closes the second act—to indulge in very free paraphrase, where his unfettered judgment would, beyond doubt, have preferred a closer rendering. In the choice of metre, too, he has, of course, not a free hand. These considerations being taken into account, Mr. Verrall has, on the whole, succeeded well in his task. A hearer who knows no Greek but understands the plot of the play can clearly follow the successive changes of thought and feeling expressed by the chorus, from the opening prayer for help and enlightenment to the final lament over the downfall of him who was once his country's saviour. And if the translation does not fully satisfy the classical scholar, it contains little to jar upon his ear. There is some loss of the Greek spirit, but this was perhaps inevitable. There are a few jingling rhymes, which savour of burlesque and would be better removed, such as this, in the opening chorus:—

What is thy boon to us?
Shall it come soon to us?

and even this is fairly outdone in the antistrophe:—

By your affinity,
Helpfullest trinity.

The opening lines, too, of the chorus which closes the third act suggest the muse of Dr. Watts rather than of Sophocles.

Mr. Conybeare's translation of the dialogue scarcely calls for detailed notice. It proceeds line for line; it is very close and scholarly, and, though the writer is not exactly a master of blank verse, his lines run, for the most part, smoothly enough. He is perhaps at his best in the scene between Œdipus and Tiresias.

Sir George Young's version of the same play cannot be called successful. His dialogue is more diffuse and less accurate than Mr. Conybeare's, and his lyrics, though closer to the original than Mr. Verrall's, are for the most part very weak. He has evidently taken the Elizabethan dramatists as his models, and we now and then catch far off echoes of their style which are not unpleasing. It is no doubt from the desire to conform to their usage that he goes out of his way to render passages of *stichomuthia* in broken lines, and occasionally introduces rhyming couplets and even triplets among his blank verse, as, for instance, in ll. 93-98. The translation, we are told in the preface, was finished in the year 1871, and its tardy appearance is due to the performance of the play at Cambridge last autumn. In the interval between its composition and publication much has been done for Sophocles in general, and for this play in particular, both in the way of commentary and of translation, and neither English scholarship nor English literature gains very much by the addition of what is no more than a literary exercise interesting mainly to its composer.

Mr. Glazebrook's *Prometheus* is an excellent school edition of the play, through which probably nine boys out of ten make their first acquaintance with Æschylus. Those who have seen Mr. Glazebrook's *Medea* will be prepared for the main features of his present work. The play is divided into acts and scenes, and a running analysis of the subject-matter accompanies the text. It seems to us that this part of the work is a little overdone. Boys who are fit to read Greek plays at all might surely be left to make out for themselves what the characters are talking about. However, this is a matter of opinion, and many teachers may be of Mr. Glazebrook's. The introduction deals with questions of metre, geography, and grammar, some of the excellent notes on particles being, if our memory serves us, reproduced from the *Medea*. The literary and dramatic aspect of the play is not neglected. Mr. Glazebrook is probably right in his view that the third play of the trilogy must have been devoted to vindicating the rightful sovereignty of Zeus. All that we know of the religious beliefs of Æschylus points to this, but now and then Mr. Glazebrook writes rather at random. On p. xii. he says:—"Zeus knew that, if his work was to be complete, the puny race of men must be destroyed and a higher created in its place." At p. xvi. we read:—"The ignorant zeal of Prometheus gives men imperfect boons which turn out to be evil; it is Zeus who, after all, is their true friend." This is what comes of attempting to give exactness and logical consistency to an ancient myth. The pages on metre are good. The idea of illustrating Greek choral metres by nursery rhymes is, of course, not new, but it is none the less useful; and the only complaint to be made here against Mr. Glazebrook is that he has mutilated some well-known rhymes to get the lines he wanted. The notes are short and thoroughly helpful, and attention is frequently drawn to phrases and constructions, not because they are rare, but because they are common, which is what fifth-form boys need. Altogether, despite some little faults of manner, this is by far the best school edition of the play with which we are acquainted.

Professor Seymour's edition of the first three books of the *Iliad* is intended for the use of American schoolboys. To the notes of the German edition on which it is based he has added a great deal of elementary matter, and there is a critical appendix. The notes are plentiful and correct, but sometimes rather too long: and, as a school edition, the work is not worthy of comparison with Mr. Monro's, for example. Another reason why the book is not likely to be adopted by English teachers is that, as in other volumes of the series to which it belongs, the notes are at the foot of the page.

Dr. Holden continues his labours on the *Cyropædeia* with his wonted thoroughness. Beside the commentary, there is a critical appendix and indices, one of grammar and subject-matter, the other of Greek words and phrases. Dr. Holden's commentary is equally good in history and in scholarship. His running analysis of the subject-matter is excellently done, and his study of Xenophon's style and language has been unusually thorough. If we may hint a fault, it is that, in an edition clearly not intended for fifth-form boys, we find rather too much help in simple passages. Even for boys it is hardly necessary to translate such words and phrases as *ἀνθρώπινα* and *φεῦ τοῦ ἀνδρός*.

Messrs. Rivington have lately set themselves to show that Latin and Greek texts for school use may be both cheap and good. We have already noticed their *Cæsar*, which they are now following up with Xenophon's *Anabasis*. Each book is bound separately, contains the text, excellently printed, with vocabulary and notes, and costs one shilling. In these days of lengthy commentary it is refreshing to find notes on the first book of the *Anabasis* contained within sixteen small pages, and yet, so far as we have tested them, passing over no difficulty which needs explanation. It is announced that the text alone may be bought for sixpence. It is a pity that the notes should not be added to this smaller edition, even at the cost of a few additional pence, for they are thoroughly workmanlike, and do credit to the modestly anonymous editor.

Mr. Sidgwick edits the *Eumenides* on lines which he has already made familiar to teachers. The introduction contains some account of the play, its plot, and other matters connected with it, and sufficient information on MSS. and editions. The chief variants and emendations are placed at the foot of the text. In editing the *Eumenides*—more perhaps than any other Greek play—it is difficult to keep the notes short; but Mr. Sidgwick has mastered the difficulty without stinting needful help, and he succeeds admirably where so many editors for schoolboys fail, in translation. In this edition, as in the publications of the Clarendon Press which follow, the text and notes are in separate volumes—a plan which has its advantages, not the least of them being that the pupil can have text and commentary open at once when preparing his translation lesson without having the assistance of the notes in form.

Mr. Merry's edition of the *Knights* is excellently fitted to the needs of sixth-form boys. The introduction deals with the historical situation, and gives a much needed caution as to accepting the character of Cleon from Aristophanes and Thucydides. It contains also a sketch of the plot. The notes leave no real difficulty obscure; they explain all such allusions as ordinary books of reference would not clear up, and they are commendably short. To say that Mr. Merry is not always happy in his suggestions for translating the puns and jingles of words in which Aristophanes is so rich, is merely to say that he has not achieved the impossible. The only thing lacking to the completeness of the edition is a scheme of the lyrical metres of the play.

Messrs. Abbott and Matheson have set themselves to edit in chronological order the speeches of Demosthenes against Philip. The present volume, the first, contains the first Philippic and the three Olynthiacs. The *De Pace*, the second and third Philippics, and *De Chersoneso* are to follow. The historical introduction, admirably written, goes back to the end of the Peloponnesian War, sketches rapidly the Corinthian war, the rise and decline of Thebes, and, rather more fully, the career of Philip to the taking of Olynthus. Each oration is carefully analysed, and the commentary deals with points of history and grammar in brief scholarly notes, in which a careful search has failed to disclose errors or omissions. Something might perhaps have been said about the literary aspect of the speeches, but in a school edition too little is better than too much.

In Mr. Snell's edition of the *Epitaphius* of Lysias we find rather too much of the editor. The two little volumes of which the work consists contain rather more than eighty pages. Of these the text only occupies twenty, and part even of this scanty space is taken up by a running analysis of the subject-matter. This is of itself almost enough to condemn a school edition, especially when it is considered that the oration is, on the whole, extremely easy. Mr. Snell's introduction, though far too long, is not uninteresting, and his notes are accurate, if sometimes superfluous.

Mr. Jerram's notes on the first *Æneid* are well suited to the needs of boys reading Virgil for the first time. For more advanced students the help given would be sometimes excessive. Historical references are rather too freely explained, and there is a little too much translation, in which, however, Mr. Jerram is often happy.

The *Bucolics*, by the same editor, is a good edition for the higher forms of public schools. Its most distinctive feature is the importance attached to the literary side of the commentator's task. The introduction contains a sketch of the history of pastoral poetry, and to the notes are appended passages from Calpurnius and Nemesianus, and extracts from Milton's beautiful *Epitaphium Damonis*. It was a happy idea thus to illustrate later Latin pastoral poetry, but why Shelley's *Arethusa* should have been added we cannot conceive. Throughout the notes Virgil's imitations of Theocritus, and the debts of Pope and other English poets to Virgil are duly recorded. Sufficient and not excessive help is given towards solving difficulties of grammar and interpretation, and the only fault which can be found with the book is that rather undue prominence is given to questions of etymology.

Mr. Maguire's notes, for the most part accurate enough, suffer from the prevalent vice of excessive length. They contain too much miscellaneous information on the Latin language and the history of the early Empire, and read as though they were intended to help rather ignorant persons through a pass examination. The student is constantly being admonished to distinguish between *decōrā*, *decŏrā*, and *decorā*; between *nisi* and *nisi*;

cupidine and *cupīdine*, and so forth; often a long note is given where a reference to grammar or dictionary would be sufficient, and quite simple words and phrases are needlessly translated. The book cannot, therefore, be commended for school use, though it may possibly serve the purpose already suggested. What does Mr. Maguire mean by saying that a certain word "does not occur in Cicero, or any pre-Augustan writer; neither is it found in Cæsar"? Does he suppose that Cæsar was an Augustan or post-Augustan writer?

At the end of a long list of school editions, such a work as Mr. Nettleship's brings refreshment to the weary reader. The title is a little misleading, for the English passages, well chosen as they are, and ranging from Bacon to Thackeray, constitute only a small part of the value of the book. Other men might have made as good a choice. But very few could have written the introduction. This consists of three essays—one on Political and Social ideas as expressed in Latin; the second, on the range of Metaphor known to Latin writers; the third, on the historical development of Latin prose style. Of the three, the last is the most interesting, and, within its limits, the most complete. It traces the progress of style from Cato the Censor to Tacitus; specimens are given, and the essay is full of excellent criticism. Full justice is done to Livy, who was until lately, and perhaps still is, too little studied at the public schools. Mr. Nettleship rightly points out that he was the greatest master of the periodic style, and it might be added that he affords the best model for narrative prose. The first essay will perhaps be more practically useful to students. It is full of valuable information on the exact meaning and use of many words and phrases which even fairly good scholars often use incorrectly, and on the rendering of such abstract ideas as "duty," "conscience," "character," "passion," and the like. The chapter on Metaphor is shorter than either of the other two, but it is packed with useful information. The introduction ends with some "cautions as to orthography," which, like the rest of the work, ought to be of the highest value to men reading for classical honours.

MINIATURES.*

THERE is not only a fashion in the collecting of miniatures, there is some real love of art itself behind the movement, a recognition of the beauty of workmanship shown in the enamels of Petitot and the water-colours of Cosway, a comprehension of the fact that, if Van Dyck was a master, so scarcely less, in his way, was Samuel Cooper; an interest in miniatures as "documents"—records of the social and political history of our fathers, and perhaps also an awakening to the existence of beautiful works of art executed by native English artists long before the time of Hogarth, when the English school is popularly supposed to have begun. This revived interest in miniatures has not been without public signs. We have had loan collections at South Kensington in 1865, at the Royal Academy in 1879, at the galleries of dealers in works of art in later years; and the want of a good book upon the subject for the use of students and collectors has been growing for some time. That some one or other would attempt to supply it has been a matter of certainty for many years; the only doubts were as to who would do it, and how and when it would be done. These doubts are dispelled now; it has been done by Mr. W. L. Propert, and done in a manner which cannot be said to fulfil the expectations either of the student or collector. Considered as a book, this *History of Miniature Art* is awkwardly constructed, being more like three books or booklets rolled into one; and a great part of the information which the different sections contain might very well be dispensed with, because it can be found in a more authoritative form elsewhere, or because it is not relevant to the main subject. The late Lord Beaconsfield is said to have described a certain person as one who, if he spoke of steam, would always begin with the tea-kettle; and Mr. Propert cannot write about modern miniature painters without beginning with the artistic efforts of palæolithic man. If he does not know where he ought to begin, still less does he know where to end; for, after finishing his history of miniature painters, he must needs go on with chapters on "La petite Sculpture," "Modelling in Wax," "Snuffboxes, &c.," and a short history of "Collectors and Collections," from the days of Verres to those of the late Mr. Bale.

Most of these later chapters are mere padding, and not very good "at that." For instance, in the chapter on "La petite Sculpture," which occupies but four pages, nearly two are occupied with the question whether Albert Dürer ever carved at all, and half of another with a description of two pieces of extraordinarily minute sculpture—a peach-stone carved by Properzia de Rossi "with the whole Passion of Jesus Christ, showing the Apostles, the fourteen Stations of the Cross, the executioners, and a crowd of people looking on"; and "the famous knife of Leo Pronner of Nuremberg," with its thirteen drawers in a handle four inches long, and their still more marvellous contents. Though the author finds room for these things in a work specially concerned with portrait art, he omits altogether in this chapter on "La petite Sculpture" any mention of the great medallists of Italy; and from the beginning to the end of the book there is not, as far as we are able to discover, any reference to coins, which may surely claim to be the first and the most continuous of all kinds of miniature portraits. The chapters on "Collectors and Collections," though amusing, as such chapters cannot fail to be with the assistance of a good pair of scissors and an adequate amount of paste, are not entirely to be trusted. We doubt whether Erasmus would certify to the text, or be satisfied with the translation of his compliment to Grolier. We give both exactly as they are presented by Mr. Propert:—"Erasmus wrote to Grolier in these terms:—'Non tu libris, sed tibi debent æternum per te apud posteros, memoriam habituri' ('You owe nothing to books, but books will give to you in the future an everlasting glory')."

Much of the same kind of faultiness marks the other parts of the book. The chapters on Missals and Illuminated Manuscripts need scarcely have gone back to early Greek and Roman manuscripts, and information as to "purple vellum" and Cufic inscriptions, the influence of Byzantium on religious art, about Giotto and Cimabue, Opus Anglicum and Gothic architecture, and a hundred other things and persons, is all useful matter in the wrong place. The only reason for such an elaborate introduction about the ancient arts of calligraphy and illumination is that the term miniature has been applied to the little paintings in missals and choir-books; but these "miniatures" have no more historical or artistic connexion with the "miniatures" of Hilliard and the Olivers than with the pictures of Raphael or Titian. Indeed, they have not nearly so much, except in the matters of size and medium; and of those matters Mr. Propert says little. Collectors of miniature portraits will regard this chapter as superfluous; while those who wish for information about the history of art in general and illumination in particular have no need to consult this book at all.

When we come to the chapter on "Miniature Art in England in the first half of the Sixteenth Century," we find ourselves treated to a life of Holbein, compiled from Wornum's book, from which we learn a good deal about the different biographers of the artist, of the origin of the title of the parish of St. Andrew Undershaft, and other irrelevant matters, and comparatively little about miniature art; but yet, if the parts of the book already mentioned had been of the same stamp, it would have been more satisfactory. The chapter at least contains some information about the miniatures ascribed to Holbein, and the reasons for doubting the authenticity of most of them. Here begins the best part of the book. From various sources Mr. Propert has collected a good deal of information about the principal miniature painters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and has added to it a little by his own research. He has discovered the dates of the deaths of the two Olivers, has some suggestive remarks about the introduction of ivory as a foundation for miniature painting, sometimes recommends a new name like that of Andrew Plimer for admiration, and proclaims rightly the merits of another like Osias Humphrey, and when he speaks of the styles and merits of the different artists he shows knowledge and discrimination. But it is not often that he does this, and when he does it his words are too brief. Of the miniature painters from the days of Cosway to those of Ross his account is good as far as it goes; but it is far too summary, and, as one reads it and notes the gaps in the names and the slightness of the information, it is impossible not to regret that he did not reserve his force to strengthen this part of the book instead of expending so much uselessly elsewhere.

Mr. Propert has at once tried to do too much and too little. He dismissed as too great the task to be exhaustive, and yet he has extended his inquiries further than was necessary. Some one suggested to him that his book would not be complete without a dictionary, as exhaustive as possible, of the names of all miniaturists of every age and school. Perhaps this was not necessary; but Mr. Propert exaggerates the difficulties in the way of such a compilation when he calls them "stupendous," and adds that a lifetime would hardly suffice for its production. As a matter of fact this "stupendous" undertaking has already been begun by Mr. John Bradley, and the first volume (out of three) has already been published by Mr. Quaritch; and in this work, besides the names, a short biography is given of each artist. According to Mr. Propert, two lifetimes would almost be necessary to complete a work of this kind; but, strange to say, this is not the first book by Mr. Bradley involving much research, and we hope it is possible, if not probable, that it may not be the last. At least Mr. Propert might have given us a list of the miniature artists mentioned in his book arranged in something like chronological order, and we think a very little trouble would have sufficed to give a fairly complete list of the better artists of the English school who are known to have painted miniatures. They are very numerous, it is true, especially at the end of the last century and the beginning of this, and it would have been a dull piece of work, perhaps, but it would have been a useful one, and have added a permanent value to Mr. Propert's book. As it is, we fear that he has spent a great deal of time and labour in producing a volume the value of which will be entirely destroyed when somebody (as somebody surely will) treats the same subject in a more methodical and exhaustive manner.

And this is a pity, because so fresh a field is not often to be found nowadays as that in which Mr. Propert has thrust his ploughshare; it is a pity, also, because Mr. Propert appears to be in many ways well qualified and equipped to lead the way as the historian of miniature art. He has, in the first place, an undoubted love of his subject, he has not only love but knowledge of art, and may claim to be a connoisseur as well as a collector; he has also had the industry to gather a mass of material, and, so far as the mere historical part of it is concerned, he has shown some

* *A History of Miniature Art.* By J. L. Propert. London: Macmillan & Co.

skill in arranging it; finally, he is a good critic, and both judgment and taste are manifest in the selection of his illustrations. Nevertheless he has lost the opportunity of producing what might have been a standard work on a new subject, and has given us instead what is only an amusing and pretty book, very fit for the drawing-room table, but of little use in a library.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL STUDIES IN GREECE.*

THIS handsome and prettily illustrated quarto volume contains three separate essays, the substance of which was originally published by Mr. Stillman in the *Century Magazine*, soon after a visit made to some of the most historically interesting of the Greek islands. The book is very pleasant to read, and, from its vividness of description and that fresh originality which comes from observation made at first hand, is a most agreeable change to the wearied student after toiling through masses of the dull, though perhaps learned, researches of the ordinary fireside archæologist. The first of these monographs deals with the subject of Ulysses's journey as set forth in the Odyssey, or rather with the latter part of it, which alone seems to come within the narrow limits of the poet's personal knowledge. Till the shipwrecked Ulysses is cast up almost lifeless on the shore of Scheria, the island of the Phæacian king Alcinous, his wanderings are, we think, wisely relegated by Mr. Stillman to the regions of pure romance. But with regard to the island of Scheria or Corcyra, the modern Corfu, and Ulysses's home, the small rocky isle of Ithaca, the author makes out a very good case for his theory of the topographical accuracy of the Odyssey in dealing with these places. There can be no reasonable doubt as to the correctness of the identification of the island of Corfu with the place where Ulysses was so kindly treated by Nausicaa and her royal father. Though the name Scheria is not mentioned by Virgil, yet the passage—Æn. iii. 291–293—is strong evidence to show that in the time of the Roman poet it was identified with the principal island on the coast of Epirus. Æneas speaks of the Phæacian citadel fading from sight as the Trojan ship approached the shores of Epirus and the city of Buthrotum, remains of which, partly Hellenic and partly Roman in date, still exist by the side of the great salt tarn now called Vutzindrò, about three miles inland, on the coast of Albania, just opposite Corfu. The island of Corfu is clearly visible from the ancient citadel of Buthrotum; but the Arx of the Phæacian king would naturally fade from the sight of a sailor some while before he had reached the mainland opposite.

With the island of Ithaca Mr. Stillman thinks that Homer was even more minutely acquainted. He gives good reasons for repudiating the modern traditional "Castle of Ulysses," which Dr. Schliemann so easily recognized as the Palace of Ulysses, with all its details, even down to the pigstyes of Eumæus and the very tree round which the nuptial couch of the hero and Penelope had been constructed. The fact is, as Mr. Stillman points out, that the masonry of this "Castle of Ulysses" is of the earliest form of so-called Cyclopean work, with rough polygonal masses of stone not unlike the famous walls of Tiryns, and therefore in all probability belongs to an even earlier age and race than that of the hero of the Odyssey. As a more probable site for the Homeric city of Ithaca, the author suggests the modern Port Polis—the name of which obviously records some pre-existing town—situated on the west side of the island. Though no remains of Hellenic buildings were to be discovered here, yet Mr. Stillman found clear evidence as to the existence, as early as before 600 B.C., of an important temple, dedicated jointly to Athene, Rhea, and Hera. This evidence was supplied by the fragment of an inscription of that date which catalogued the sacred vessels belonging to the triple temple. According to Professor Comparetti, of Florence, quoted by Mr. Stillman, this inscription treats of hidden treasure, the sacred vessels having been concealed in time of danger, and a record of their nature and number cut on stone, so that their existence might not be forgotten. It is, however, far more probable that this is simply one of the lists of temple property which appear to have been placed in all the sacred buildings of Greece, a new list being made out and verified at the end of the term of office of the ταμίαι or temple-wardens, in whose care the various precious objects were placed. Any one who concealed plate or other valuables would hardly be foolish enough to leave so conspicuous an announcement of the existence of the treasure for the benefit of the enemy who sacked the place. Mr. Stillman's discovery of the second half of this very interesting example of early epigraphy was specially fortunate, as the other—the previously known part—was by itself quite unintelligible, and the mist was rendered thicker by the misstatements as to its being of sepulchral character made by Dr. Schliemann in his *Ithaca, Peloponnesus, and Troy*, 1868. The illustration of the two fragments given by Mr. Stillman at page 39 shows that this is one of the earliest inscriptions, next to the Thera tombstones, which is now extant. The diagonally set square of the *theta*, and the almost Phœnician character of the E, are very remarkable.

An amusing example of historical continuity is recorded at page 47:—"As we were passing through one of the villages (in Ithaca) I heard one child calling to others to run to see the barbarians, οἱ βάρβαροι, (*Várvari*), just as the Greek children of ancient times would have called us—*i.e.* foreigners, people who spoke a strange language, a babble, unintelligible sounds like those of children."

In the second essay, on "The Odyssey; its Epoch and Geography," Mr. Stillman gives a very lively description of his voyages in a little cutter of twelve tons, hired, with its skipper and crew of two sailors, for the modest sum of 15*l.* a month. Any one who has sailed in a small boat through the Greek Archipelago will know that there are occasionally very exciting and even anxious moments in running from island to island. The rapidity with which a Greek sea gets up, when lashed by one of the not unfrequent squalls, appears sometimes almost miraculous. Happily Greek sailors are extremely skilful in their management of a small sailing boat, and there is usually less real danger than the landsman fancies—provided only that the tackle holds—a very serious proviso, considering the frequently frayed and rotten character of the sheets. Mr. Stillman came in for his full share of these risks and hardships, and it shows no ordinary amount of antiquarian enthusiasm on his part that he spent so long in exploring these very rarely visited islands. His description of Samè, once the principal city of the island of Cephalonia, is of special interest, and shows that it must be a place of very exceptional importance for the student of Greek antiquities:—"I know of no place where the ruins of all epochs are so well indicated as at Samè. The large fragment of wall of the best Hellenic time which runs down the slope of the eastern hill is one of the finest, if not *the* finest, I have ever seen. Its stones are perfectly hewn, and some of them are twelve to fourteen feet long, and the highest portion still standing is not less than twenty feet high. At other points are various examples of the Pelasgic, similar to that of Ulysses's Castle, but of better work. There are magnificent subterranean passages, one of which leads to the citadel on the easternmost hill." The very large extent of massive walls of fine polygonal masonry clearly shows that Samè must have been an important city long before the Dorian immigration; and the extensive series of remains of all dates down to the fourth century A.D. is evidence of power and prosperity continued through both the Hellenic and the Roman periods, giving altogether a range of probably more than fifteen centuries, a very remarkable length of time for any city to have kept up an unbroken existence.

In the last essay Mr. Stillman discusses the motive and probable *provenance* of the Aphrodite of Melos. His investigation into the place and manner of finding this most beautiful of Greek statues will be of much interest to all students of Greek art. So much that is purely mythical has already gathered round the story of the discovery of the Aphrodite in 1820, and its removal by some French sailors, that Mr. Stillman's careful sifting of the facts on the spot is a work of much value. The numerous illustrations in this monograph are of great interest; they include a collection of all the chief Aphrodite types, placed together for comparison, and also a valuable series showing all the possible and impossible motives for the complete figure that have ever been suggested. The conclusion which the author draws from his collected materials is that the so-called "Venus of Milo" is not a Venus at all, but a figure of Victory holding a shield, like the magnificent Græco-Roman bronze statue at Brescia; and certainly there is a great deal in the general poise of the figure and in the position of the fragmentary arms which makes this perhaps the most satisfactory of all possible restorations. Mr. Stillman's final suggestion, which has at least the merit of boldness and novelty, is only offered to the reader as a possible hypothesis—namely, that this is the statue of the wingless Victory or Athene-Nike which was enshrined in the beautiful little Ionic temple of Nike Apteros on the Athenian Acropolis, designed as an expression of the vain hope that Victory would never use her wings to fly away from Athens. However, whether we accept it or not, the theory is an interesting one, and well worth discussing. Mr. Stillman's illustrations of Greek scenery throughout the volume possess much artistic merit—especially those which are produced from his own sketches; and the whole book has a wider interest than that of purely antiquarian research.

* *On the Track of Ulysses.* By W. J. Stillman. New York: Houghton & Mifflin.

PRAED'S ESSAYS.*

MESSRS. ROUTLEDGE and Professor Morley, their general editor, have been wise in their generation, perhaps with that wisdom which comes by experience of the woes of others, an experience which even the most cynical philosopher will hardly pronounce to be the school of fools. They have got Sir George Young himself to collect and edit his uncle's prose, and have thus escaped the mishap which befell a selection of the verse not long ago. We are very glad to welcome the present collection, though we cannot help thinking that the first collected edition of Praed's prose might have taken a rather handsomer form. This is no reproach to publishers or editor, but to the public, of whose willingness to pay for a handsome book it may be presumed that persons of experience augured ill; on the other hand, we cannot but be glad to think that there is public enough for such a book to make a cheap edition pay. For we should not have considered Praed,

* *Essays by Winthrop Mackworth Praed.* Collected and Edited by Sir George Young, Bart. London: Routledge & Son.

at least in prose, exactly what is called a popular author. He has nothing, not even "The Best Bat in the School" or the admirable "My First Folly," quite so good in prose as "The Red Fisherman" and "My Own Araminta say 'No'" in verse. His interest as a prose writer is mainly what is called a coterie interest—the interest, that is to say, which attaches to work breathing the spirit of the class, never a very large one, which a certain style of education and a combined experience of books, society, and politics breed. Looked at from another point of view, it is purely and even rather reconditely critical, after a fashion which we shall expound a little later. Those who enjoy it enjoy it very much indeed; but we should not suppose that those who enjoy it would be very many. That, however, concerns us little. As to the presentation and preparation of the book few words will suffice. The general scheme of the Universal Library excluded annotation, which is a pity; for Praed is a decidedly allusive author, and his allusion is often to temporary and not generally known matter. But we think that a table of contents, which we cannot find, might have been afforded; and we are sure that the date and place of the appearance of each piece ought to have been added. Professor Morley and Sir George Young divide the task of introduction. The first contributes a few banalities and a few dates. Sir George Young's part is short and good; not biographical at all, but giving some account of the various periodicals from which his collection is drawn, and a page of summary criticism, which is sound and sensible, and certainly does not err in the direction of exaggerating Praed's merits. Only with one thing do we care to quarrel. "One could dispense, perhaps," says this truly wicked baronet, "with all his punning." Now Sir George Young may dispense with it if he likes, and can reconcile it with the duties of a nephew. For our parts, Aristophanes, Æschylus, Shakspeare, Swift, and Thackeray shall bear us out in loving a pun Proper note is also taken of the omissions, which seem justifiable enough. But we wish that Sir George had added what is of the greatest importance in the case of a periodical writer who never published a book—a complete list, as far as is known, of what Praed *did* write. Perhaps such apparatus is too much to expect in a shilling book; but then we have already hinted our belief that Praed was worthy of something more than a shilling book.

It is extremely important to remember the exact times and seasons when he began and finished writing, for these, as we shall see, condition to a great extent the literary interest of his work. His contributions to the *Etonian* did not begin till the autumn of 1820, and he died in 1839. But he wrote very little prose for the last five years of his life at least. At the time, therefore, of his beginning only the earliest and least characteristic numbers of *Blackwood* had appeared, and these for but a short time; the Essays of Elia were not collected; Macaulay and Thackeray -the former Praed's own contemporary and partner on *Knight's Quarterly*, the latter his junior by nearly ten years—had written nothing; the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* proper were not begun; and, though Hunt's and Hazlitt's essays had been produced for some years, they were not very widely known or in most cases collected. On the other hand, Praed practically ceased to write before Thackeray had written anything but the *Snob* and a few unpublished trifles. Any similarity, then, which may be noticed between him and his great contemporaries or immediate successors in miscellaneous writing (we might add to the former Peacock, between whom and Praed there are many resemblances, but none of whose most characteristic work Praed could possibly have seen when he began) is by no possibility to be taken as similarity of imitation. Yet, just as snatches and airs of his half-tender, half-humorous rhythms have been traced in the most serious poetry of the last and the present generation, so may we see the oddest flashes now of this writer, now of that, in his, for the most part, extremely juvenile and tentative work. Praed died so young, and, except for his two years of regular newspaper work on the *Morning Post*, had been so little in anything like regular harness, that it is almost impossible to know what he might have done if need or chance had exacted more regular work from him. As it is, he is full of those hints, those flashes and suggestions, which are often to be found in writers of more promise than performance. Nobody can read him without being perpetually reminded of Thackeray in prose, just as nobody can read him without being frequently reminded of Mr. Swinburne in verse. And, indeed, as Eton gave the latter a sort of hereditary right in him, so did Cambridge the former.

We have noted "The Best Bat in the School" and "My First Folly" as Praed's best pieces as wholes, and on something like a large scale. The first—the progress, not at all a rake's progress, of the Honourable Ernest Adolphus Volant, who has the happy foible of always possessing the best bat, the most beautiful waistcoat, the finest horse, the most admirably situated chambers, the prettiest wife, the most wonderful pineapples, and the most promising son and heir in the world—is a curiously vivid sketch, just long enough not to be wearisome, and not too short to be substantive. "My First Folly" is much more unequal. It begins with too long an introduction, and ends with a kind of harlequinade. But the central scene is delightful. The hero, a *blasé* gentleman, speaks to his introducer at a country ball:—

"I am bored, my dear Villars—positively bored! The light is bad and the music abominable; there is no spring in the boards and less in the conversation; it is a lovely moonlight night, and there is nothing worth looking at in the room."

I shook hands with my friend, bowed to three or four people, and was moving off. As I passed to the door I met two ladies in conversation. "Don't you dance any more, Margaret?" said one. "Oh no," replied the other, "I am bored, my dear Louisa—positively bored! The light is bad and the music abominable; there is no spring in the boards and less in the conversation; it is a lovely moonlight night, and there is nothing worth looking at in the room."

I never was distanced in a jest. I put on the look of a ten years' acquaintance and commenced parley. "Surely you are not going away yet! You have not danced with me, Margaret: it is impossible you can be so cruel!" The lady behaved with wonderful intrepidity. "She would allow me the honour—but I was very late; really I had not deserved it." And so we stood up together.

"Are you not very impertinent?"

"Very; but you are very handsome. Nay, you are not to be angry; it was a fair challenge and fairly received."

"And you will not even ask my pardon?"

"No! it is out of my way! I never do those things; it would embarrass me beyond measure. Pray let us accomplish an introduction: not altogether a usual one, but that matters little. Vyvyan Joyeuse—rather impertinent, and very fortunate—at your service."

"Margaret Orleans—very handsome, and rather foolish—at your service!"

Margaret danced like an angel. I knew she would. I could not conceive by what blindness I had passed four hours without being struck. We talked of all things that are, and a few beside. She was something of a botanist, so we began with flowers; a digression upon China roses carried us to China—the Mandarins with little brains, and the ladies with little feet—the Emperor—the Orphan of China—Voltaire—Zayre—criticism—Dr. Johnson—the Great Bear—the system of Copernicus—stars—ribbons—garters—the Order of the Bath—sea bathing—Dawlish—Sidmouth—Lord Sidmouth—Cicero—Rome—Italy—Altieri—Metastasio—fountains—groves—gardens; and so, as the dancing concluded, we contrived to end as we began, with Margaret Orleans and botany.

Margaret talked well on all subjects and wittily on many. I had expected to find nothing but a romping girl, somewhat amusing, and very vain. But I was out of my latitude in the first five minutes, and out of my senses in the next. She left the room very early, and I drove home, more astonished than I had been for many years.

But Vyvyan Joyeuse was an idiot and a coxcomb; he did not marry Margaret.

The note of coxcombry, it must be confessed, does occur in Praed's prose more than once; but it is fair to remember that all his work is the work of a young man, some of it of a mere boy, who from the first received notice which might have turned any one's head. It does not appear that it turned his, or that he ever fell into the dismal swamp that awaits clever boys who are not either very lucky or exceptionally wise as well as clever—the temptation to try things for which they are not fitted. Indeed, it might rather be said that he tried too little. Read "The Knight and the Knave" and remember who afterwards wrote "Rebecca and Rowena," remember the range of Praed's other works, so like the range of Thackeray, and ask whether the older man might not have been almost as great as the younger, who, be it remembered, only made his first uneffaceable mark at the same age at which Praed died. Read "The Union Club" and say whether Macaulay ever wrote anything quite so Macaulayish as the speech there. Or, if merely being like somebody else, even if the somebody came after, seem a poor recommendation, turn to "The Country Curate," a most remarkable sketch, which reads like a kind of quintessence of one of Mr. Anthony Trollope's best novels. Of course Praed was not wholly original. He had the essayists of the preceding century, whom in some mannerisms he perhaps followed rather too much; he had, as has been said, Hunt and Hazlitt and the earliest *Blackwoods*, to which last he quite honestly acknowledges indebtedness. But his own originality, not Shakspearian or vast, but distinct and unmistakable, appears even in these borrowings, and it appears still more in innumerable passages where the reader says "Let me see, what is that like?" And he finds that it almost always is like something after Praed, not before him. Part of him, of course, such as his specially Etonian touches and reminiscences, has an interest of subject only to a limited class of persons. Yet even there it is noticeable how he makes the handling interesting to others. Not seldom, it is to be feared, an Eton man's references to Eton, an Oxford man's references to Oxford, bore when they do not irritate those who have not "enjoyed" the respective "advantages." That is the fault of the writer or speaker, and it is never Praed's fault. In short, he is almost everywhere delightful, and there are not so many authors in the world of whom as much can be said. But we still cannot think why Sir George Young, who is evidently competent, does not bring out a complete and worthy library edition, with an adequate Life, to supersede the awkward and incomplete compilation of Derwent Coleridge.

THE PYTCHLEY HUNT.*

HUNT chronicles have rarely been written, or at any rate published, an omission which the general reader never dreams of regretting. Yet it would be difficult to imagine a more delightful sporting series than would be furnished by the records of every hunt in England, provided always they were written by such a chronicler as Mr. Nethercote. The volume under review is divided into three parts, the first dealing with the history of the Pytchley Hunt from its earliest commencement about the year 1750, when John George, Earl of Spencer, founded the Club at the Old Hall in the village of Pytchley, down to the end of Mr. George Payne's second Mastership in 1848. The next part contains short memoirs of the subsequent M.F.H.'s, while the third is devoted to the memoirs of prominent members of this great hunt during the last fifty years, Mr. Nethercote's own membership having

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* *The Pytchley Hunt, Past and Present.* By the late H. O. Nethercote, Esq. London: Sampson Low & Co.

extended over that period. As an illustration of the widespread notoriety and popularity of its subject, the book opens almost as a matter of course with a reference to Mr. Bright's celebrated lapse in prosody, when in a speech in the House of Commons he spoke of the "Pytchley" as the "*Pitchley*" Hunt, and to the roars of laughter with which his well-informed audience greeted the famous false quantity; it would be curious in these days to hear the error repeated, and to note how many of our present senators were aware of an unusual pronunciation. Be it said at once that throughout a history which teems with anecdote this story is nearly the only one at all worn-out or venerable from usage; even where the author quotes from such well-known writings as those of the "Druid," he somehow contrives to fasten upon excellent bits which have escaped constant repetition. It is an extraordinary experience for a man to have seen during his hunting career nineteen or twenty changes in the mastership of one country, yet such was the case with Mr. Nethercote, who was so thoroughly versed in his subject that he could not only recall the chief incidents of each of these brief reigns, but he was in a position to know all the circumstances attending the acceptance and resignation of office by this brisk succession of rulers. Want of money appears to have been in most cases the cause of their retirement, while high play in former days and agricultural depression latterly seem to be responsible for the impecuniosity; yet, when speaking of Lord Chesterfield, it is surely exaggeration to say that "the wave of ruin swept over fair Bretby and all its pleasant associations," and to assign this as the reason of the present peer bearing an "unpropertied title," the fact being that the fair estates were not long ago devised by will *away* from the title, and that the possessor of those estates has every reason to be satisfied with his inheritance of ruin. The great size also of the Pytchley country, necessitating its division into two parts, hunted formerly in the most scrupulous rotation, must have been a serious tax on the strength and constitution of any master. This drawback no longer exists, as, under the names of the North and The Pytchley, there are now two separate establishments managed independently of each other. That such arrangement is likely to be beneficial to the welfare of the Hunt seems proved by the fact that Mr. Herbert Langham, the present master of the Brixworth kennels, the head-quarters of The Pytchley *par excellence*, has already occupied his position for a longer time than any of his here recorded predecessors since 1818.

And what a muster-roll of sporting heroes it is! Lord Althorp, Sir Charles Knightley, Sir Bellingham Graham, Mr. John Chaworth Musters, Mr. Osbaldeston, Mr. George Payne, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Alford, Lord Hopetoun, Mr. Villiers, Mr. Cust, Lord Spencer, Colonel Anstruther Thomson, Mr. J. A. Craven, are amongst the best known of those who have swayed the fortunes of the Pytchley, and about each and all of them, of their horses, of their famous runs, and of their favourite pursuits and pastimes, Mr. Nethercote had something fresh and amusing to tell his readers. Digressive perhaps, but certainly never dull, is this marvellous miscellany of anecdote; nothing comes amiss so long as it has to do with an *habitué* of the Pytchley Hunt; and one of the most amusing bits in the book is the correspondence of a swindling deserter with the Rev. Loraine Smith, which is unique in its triumphant impudence. Equally novel and grotesque, but more directly appropriate to the author's theme, is his account of a pauper who, in receipt of outdoor relief, actually afforded himself the luxury of six or seven days' hunting (on horseback) during the mastership of Sir F. Goodricke. The "get-up," as well as the aspect and demeanour, of the steed bestridden by this rate-supported member of the field is described as being "strictly in accordance with his social, monetary position"; yet no one is likely to dispute the statement that to the Pytchley Hunt alone has such a spectacle been vouchsafed. Five-and-forty years ago the Guardians of the Brixworth Union were nothing if not sportsmen; but even they, after the poverty-stricken pair had put in an appearance at a meet seventeen miles from home, felt that the line must be drawn somewhere, "so the proposal of the Chairman of the Board that it should be drawn at hunting was carried *nem. con.*"! Amongst the many masters who carried the horn during the fifty years of Mr. Nethercote's hunting career, three special favourites—to wit, Mr. George Payne, Colonel Anstruther Thomson, and Lord Spencer—roused in him an enthusiastic admiration; and of these three the "real love of his life" was evidently Mr. Payne, whose character has never been so well portrayed as here in these pages by the hand of one who thoroughly understood and appreciated every fibre of that bright, winning disposition. "For more than half a century," says Mr. Nethercote, "'George Payne' has been a name to conjure with, not only in Northamptonshire, but in the wide sporting world; and, now that he has passed away for ever, its magic seems to have lost but little of its power. . . . It would scarcely be going too far to say that no man ever possessed in the same degree a similar gift of making himself acceptable to all sorts of persons." Will any living man who was even slightly acquainted with "G. P." fail to recognize the accuracy of this description?

To Colonel Anstruther Thomson is perhaps awarded the palm as a sportsman and rider, though Lord Spencer runs him very close; but the former is thus credited with "*part* of the qualifications necessary to form an ideal M.F.H.":—"A knowledge of mankind, womankind, dogkind [why not horsekind also?], command of temper, graciousness of speech, and a thorough knowledge of how to say 'No,' coupled with a willingness to say 'Yes,' ample means, united to a good acquaintance with economic principles." These are indeed words of wisdom, though not very encouraging to any hesitating neophyte who may be pondering over a requisition to accept the responsibilities of mastership.

Colonel Thomson's great "Waterloo," run on February 2nd, 1866, is of course given in fullest detail, together with his personal feats of daring and endurance on that memorable day, which has perhaps never before been so faithfully described and impartially criticized. Ample tribute is also paid to Lord Spencer's abilities and zeal, as well as to the quality of the sport shown during his two terms of office as *grand veneur* in his native county; and, if his rule in the field was somewhat more despotic than would be tolerated by his present Irish admirers, even they will perchance admit that such severity might not be misapplied in the case of a Saxon, and especially of a Pytchley, crowd. It would be interesting to know if Lord Spencer is still of opinion that "Misrule" is a more appropriate name than "Home Rule" for his good grey mare by "Irish Statesman." Mr. Nethercote tells us that she was thus renamed by the original owner on his lordship declaring that "No 'Irish statesman' would have anything to do with Home Rule."

The third and concluding chapter of this delightful book contains more or less brief memoirs of some forty members, past or present, of the Pytchley Hunt, the longest notice, as might have been expected, being accorded to Major Whyte Melville, who was evidently an intimate friend of the writer. Amongst his numberless admirers Whyte Melville could have found no more appreciative biographer; one, moreover, who avoids a very common error when writing of the Pytchley Poet Laureate; for, while fully recognizing his adoration for horses, and his powers of describing their points either in prose or verse, our author is perfectly aware that Melville's own animals were usually of an inferior stamp; and that Lord Hopetoun was not far from the mark when he described them, as he once did in the hearing of the present reviewer, as "little, weak, violent animals that can't jump." It was no rabbit-hole, as here stated, which cost "poor George" his life; his horse caught his toe in a grass baulk traversing a ploughed field, and want of shoulders probably caused the short, sharp fall which ended a bright career. Amongst the hundreds of readers who will revel in the pages of this scarlet-and-white-clad volume, it may safely be predicted that not one will lay it down without a feeling of deep regret that Mr. Nethercote should not have lived to see its publication and to rejoice in its assured popularity.

GRUPPE'S GREEK RELIGION AND MYTHOLOGY.*

"WRITE seriously when you write about serious things," says the Countess, in *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie*. The Origin and Diffusion of Religion and Myth is a serious topic, and Herr Gruppe writes about it seriously. His first volume, the only volume yet published, contains more than seven hundred large and closely printed pages. The earnestness of the author, who was frequently tempted, he tells us, to lay down his pen at the prospect of his vast preliminary toils, is honourable and winning. He is learned and thorough in the good German style; he is also lucid. And yet, and yet, his long avenue, bordered, like the avenue at Branchidæ, by the statues of ancient priests, leads up, we fear, to nothing more solemn than a mare's-nest. Even if we are right, Herr Gruppe's book scarcely loses its value. Not his theories, but his array of facts, documents, and criticisms makes the worth of his book—a very great worth, which we heartily acknowledge. We have no rival here to *Die Griechischen Culte und Mythen* in thoroughness and erudition. Nor is it possible to say that Herr Gruppe's idea is demonstrably wrong, though it distinctly fails to approve itself to our judgment. We may call it fantastic, we may even deny its originality, we are certain that it is too exclusive; but to disprove an hypothesis in matter so remote and obscure is not possible.

Granting that man has the potentiality of worship and belief, how was it developed into actual life? How do the forms of faith, of ritual, and of myth come to resemble each other so closely among the most widely severed peoples? Now, as to the first question, the origin of religion, it is not within our power to give one cut-and-dried answer. The religious answer, that God has not at any time left Himself without a witness; that He has so fashioned men that they are constrained to feel after Him and find Him, cannot be dismissed as a mere superstitious theory. But, setting this aside, people will argue about the steps by which man was guided—or the illusions through which he encouraged himself—to feel after religion. When an inquirer has provided himself with his theory on that subject—his theory on the origins of religion—he will next solve to his own satisfaction the problem of the diffusion of religion. Did the impulses that make for faith, worship, and myth affect men similarly, wherever man existed? Or shall we say that the resemblances of creeds and rituals are to be accounted for by borrowing and transmission? Did man become religious and mythopoeic in one region, and were myths and religion thence transmitted all over the world?

To the latter question Herr Gruppe answers that religion arose in the East, in Asia, and reached the Indo-European peoples *after* the so-called Aryan dispersion, after they had divided into nations. The "Pro-ethnic" Indo-Europeans cannot be proved, he thinks, to have had any religion; they borrowed it after they reached the

* *Die Griechischen Culte und Mythen in ihren Beziehungen zu den Orientalischen Religionen.* Von Otto Gruppe. Leipzig: Teubner.

Ethnic stage. Religion was diffused from an Oriental centre. To the first question, What was the origin of religion, or of the illusion that begot religion? Herr Gruppe practically replies (though he does not quote the Master) in the mystic word of the *Dive Bouteille*:—

TRINC!

That there may be no mistake about the matter, we quote Herr Gruppe's own language:—

> Sie, welche bestimmt war, im Laufe der Jahrhunderte das Leben der grössten Culturvölker zu durchdringen, welche dereinst gleichsam das Leben des Menschen vervielfachen sollte, indem sie neben die concrete Welt eine viel wertvollere ideelle setzte, tritt uns in der ältesten Religionsquelle nicht allein in bescheidenen Anfängen entgegen, sondern zugleich praktisch bethätigt in einem Cultus, der mit den künftigen Aufgaben der Religion sehr wenig gemeinsam hatte. Der Cultusact war nicht etwa nur mit einem Gelage verbunden, sondern er war recht eigentlich ein Gelage: man verehrte die Götter, indem man sich berauschte, und der Genuss des Rauschtranks war die Andacht. Diese Art des Cultus musste aber in hohem Maasse förderlich auf die Verbreitung der ältesten Religion einwirken. Die neue Lehre forderte zwar ein Opfer für die Götter, aber diese kleine den Gläubigen auferlegte Entbehrung ward weit überwogen durch den Genuss, den die Religion nicht allein gestattete, sondern recht eigentlich veranlasste.

Drinking was the actual worship, and "this kind of worship must have been extremely serviceable in the propaganda of the earliest religion."

O Bouteille,
Pleine toute de mysteres
D'une oreille,
Je t'escoute; ne differes
Et le mot proferes,
Auquel pend mon cœur,
En la tant divine liqueur.

Our reason for denying complete originality to Herr Gruppe is now apparent. Maître François came before him. Moreover, among the many sources of the religious "illusion" Mr. Tylor had reckoned the visions begotten by various early narcotics and stimulants.

The objections to Herr Gruppe's hypothesis, as it is thrown down like a challenger's glove at the end of his first chapter, are too numerous and too obvious to be dwelt upon. If intoxication can beget religion, man might "get religion" wherever he could get drink. Now most rational beings have their own ways of getting drunk. It is highly probable, if not certain, that Indo-European man had plenty to drink before the "ethnic period." As Mr. Jevons says in the *Classical Review*, "the stimulant which, according to Herr Gruppe, called into exercise the latent capacity for religious illusion was long known to the pro-ethnic Indo-European, who yet, according to him, had no religion." Indeed, this part of the subject scarcely requires more notice.

The learning and the criticism of Herr Gruppe deserve closer attention. He is convinced that the myths and beliefs of widely scattered races are so much akin that they cannot have been separately evolved, that they must have been borrowed. On this topic every one must judge for himself. If anybody thinks it more likely that a polytheism resembling the polytheism of India, Greece, and Rome was carried to Mexico and Peru than that human beings in similar circumstances developed similar ideas, why, he has a right to his opinion. If he prefers to hold that Australians, Maoris, Dènè Hareskins, borrowed the story of the Deluge from Asiatic sources, his theory cannot be disproved. It is a mere case of balancing evidence. That Aztec ritual should resemble Egyptian ritual may be explained by transmission from Egypt, or may be explained by saying that Aztecs and Egyptians, having similar superstitions to express in action, expressed them in similar ways. It is certain that in times of active commerce, historical and even prehistoric, the Greeks, Phœnicians, Babylonians, Egyptians, borrowed from each other gods, rites, and myths; while the later Orphic poets were under Oriental influences. But we think this borrowing was infinitely more common in historic than in prehistoric times, when the Greeks were *pueblo* or village Greeks. We cannot agree with Herr Gruppe and Herodotus that the myths and mysteries of the mangled Dionysus were borrowed from those of Osiris. Are we to suppose that the mangled Ymir of Scandinavia and the mangled Dog of the remote Tinnehs are borrowed from Purusha, Dionysus, or Osiris? Possibly Herr Gruppe has a theory to account for the appearance of European *Märchen* among the Huarochiris; but these are points about which we may agree to differ.

Like every one else, Herr Gruppe, when he criticizes his predecessors, disposes of them readily, though he argues with perfect fairness and urbanity. We need not dally over his inspection of ancient theories of Mythology. It is a pity that he dismisses the Fathers of the Church so hastily; they had some excellent ideas. Mr. Max Müller is met with familiar weapons; the vast divergences of conjecture among the et, mologists are illustrated by copious examples. The Grimms and Mannhardt, an illustrious exponent and improver of their ideas, are criticized. To Mannhardt's mind—and we agree with him—most heroic myths which resemble popular *Märchen* are younger than some form of the *Märchen*, are the *Märchen* elaborated and woven into epic or into national legend. How can the heroes of Greek Saga or the Gods of Olympus have arisen out of such "*somebodies* as the characters of *Märchen*"? asks Herr Gruppe. Well, it is not argued that Odysseus, for example, was developed out of the nameless hero of a popular tale. What we say is that some tales were floating about, and that the name of a god or hero was also in the air, and in men's minds. The unattached adventures of the persons in the *Märchen* were then attributed to the popular god, or hero. Everyone knows that floating jests and anecdotes are always changing owners. Tales are told of Talleyrand, Napoleon, Sydney Smith, which are found in Greek collections of anecdotes, and which were old then. We do not say that Talleyrand was developed out of some person in Athenæus, or that General Jackson was developed out of Villon. But a tale or jest which was attributed to the old Greek or old Frenchman was later assigned to the modern Englishman or American. Does Herr Gruppe himself believe that none of the adventures of Odysseus in Homer were sporadically current before the name of Odysseus was heard of? Does he think that the tale of the hero who jumps inside the monster and kills him was first told of Heracles? The truth is that the *Märchen* are found scattered among many races who do not possess the heroic myth. The *Märchen* retain more archaic incidents than the myth. And when the *Märchen* is taken up into literature, as by Perrault, you can see the most archaic elements disappearing in the process. To be sure, it is certain that some myths have degenerated into *Märchen*—a fact illustrated in the folklore of modern Greece—and that there is a double process, a come-and go, the people borrowing from literature and literature borrowing from the people. But literature has borrowed most. The people, as Herr Gruppe says, cannot itself invent a story; some one individual must start it. But, when we say that a work is of popular origin, we mean that it came first from some unknown individual, not an artistic poet, but an inventor in the popular early stage of thought and style.

When he has settled Kuhn and Mr. Max Müller, Herr Gruppe tackles the ideas which have often been advocated in the *Saturday Review*. These ideas are that the wild, unseemly, and irrational element in the myths of civilized peoples is a legacy, preserved by religious conservatism, from times of savagery, times when barbarous men believed in magic, and took little or no distinction between themselves and all other things which they regarded as personal and animated beings. This means that men have advanced from a similar intellectual condition, unlike the "scientific attitude." Herr Gruppe replies that the likenesses among savages are negative, that they all do different things; some are polygamous, others monogamous, and so on. But who denied it? Savages are in very various conditions of culture; but all of them, from the Australian at the bottom to the Maori at the top, have certain similar conditions of thought, have ways and institutions in common which civilized man has abolished. We do not say that, because "Borough English" is common among the lower races, and because it is probably a result of polygamy, and because the preference for the youngest child in *Märchen* may be a relic of the institution, we do not therefore say that all savages are polygamous. We only say, when we find in *Märchen* the preference for the younger child among races known to be, or to have been, polygamous, or to have, or to have had, a form of Borough English, that *there* the institution may help to explain part of the *Märchen*. Custom is not, as Herr Gruppe seems to believe, the chief source of myth, in our opinion. But survivals of savage customs in civilized story raise a presumption in favour of the earlier existence of the custom in practice: while, again, some stories appear to have been invented to explain certain customs. Herr Gruppe rather boldly denies that a story can retain from earlier times ideas repugnant to people who hear it in later times. The narrators, he says, would modify it to suit their audience. Then did the horrors of Greek myth harmonize with the ideas of Pindar, Xenophanes, Plato? Of course they did not. And how could the narrators modify the story when the narrators were priests who set it forth, on solemn occasions, as the "sacred chapter" of a religious mystery? Does Herr Gruppe think that they would venture to expurgate myths which, as we know, greatly needed Bowdlerizing? The poets, Pindar and the dramatists, did modify the myths to make them harmonize with the ideas of their age. But the exhibitors of the Mysteries, and of the sacred *xoana*, could take no such liberties. When Herr Gruppe says German *Märchen* have been modified from their Indian or Arabic originals (p. 209), he first begs the question that the German *Märchen* are, as a rule, derived from India or Arabia; and, next, forgets that only the conservatism of children preserves *Märchen*. The conservatism of priests engaged in a holy and efficient ritual, like those who revealed the sacred chapters of Greece, must have been even stronger than the conservatism of children.

The later chapter of Herr Gruppe's vast work examines the sources of our knowledge of Indian, Egyptian, Phœnician, Babylonian, and Greek myths, and contains examples of actual processes of borrowing. It is invaluable to the student of religion, even if he thinks that the borrowing is chiefly late, and of historic times. Few will go all lengths with Herr Gruppe in theory, but all will thank him for his devoted industry and his rare lucidity. That his judgment is equal to his other gifts we cannot venture to say.

NEW PRINTS.

M. ALFRED STEVENS is a wit among painters, but he has done nothing better, either in colour or in words, than the picture in the Brussels Gallery called "La Bête à Bon Dieu," a fine and important etching of which has just been made by Mr. Phillip Zilcken of the Hague. It is a pleasantry, a "good thing," an agreeable epigram, from the first brush-stroke to the title.

M. Stevens excels in the representation of the modern woman; with *parisine*, that exquisite and taking essence, his art is impregnated; he is one of the few—the very few—true painters of society. One thinks of his men and women as Thackeray thought of those of Charles de Bernard—they are not the invention of a vigorous and brilliant ignoramus, but the studies from the life of an artist who is also a man of the world. The heroine of "La Bête à Bon Dieu" is not a lady who is received; she belongs to the *demi-monde*, indeed, and is rather inoffensive than respectable; but M. Stevens has painted her as carefully and well as he might a duchess. The type—that of the gentle, patient, amiable creature who is always *bon enfant* and *bon camarade*, and who in any crisis is certain to get the worst of the affair, and to endure it without grudge or complaint—has been studied with the intelligence of generosity, and is rendered with a singular charm; the accessories of a brilliant and conspicuous costume are represented with as it were an athletic ease. M. Stevens has what some one has called "le sentiment du chiffon," and he has contrived to make his sitter as attractive in her dress as she is pleasing in herself. In Mr. Zilcken's plate (London: Buck & Reid) the millinery is perhaps more successfully handled than the wearer. Mr. Zilcken's treatment of the modelling of the lady's face is indeed a trifle vague; the type has lost nothing in beauty, but it has suffered somewhat in character and force and art. On the other hand, the several textures are rendered with exemplary skill, the tone is excellent, the effect is charmingly decorative. The etching, indeed, is one to have and to hang. One might tire of it, no doubt; but from time to time one would always return to it with pleasure, and etchings of which this much can be said are nowadays not common.

The Œdipus Tyrannus of Sophocles (Cambridge: Macmillan & Bowes. 1888) is the name of a series of etchings by Mr. Robert Farren, illustrating the play as represented at Cambridge by members of the University in November, 1887. The plates are seven in number, and, if not of very high artistic quality, they are at least agreeably composed and executed with some taste and feeling. The costumes, too, are well rendered and the poses effective, although the outlines and the suggestions of modelling leave something to be desired in the way of exactitude and finesse. These faults become more apparent when tone and drawing are pushed pretty far, as in the etched portrait of Professor Villiers Stanford. Notwithstanding such faults the etchings are pleasant to look at, and form an interesting record of the costumes and *mise en scène* of the occasion.

SOME NEW MUSIC.

WE have received from Mr. Stanley Lucas several new songs by Mr. Charles Salaman, which, apart from their exceptional merit, are at the present moment particularly interesting, since their distinguished composer has just completed the sixtieth anniversary of his entrance into the musical profession which he has so conspicuously enriched by his talent. The most recently composed of these is "A Woman's Heart," a ballad arranged for the three registers of the female voice, and one of the most charming works which Mr. Salaman has composed since "I arise from dreams of thee." The melody is exceedingly pathetic, and, as might be expected, the accompaniment throughout masterly. "Love's Legacy" is also a delightful song, with excellent words by Mr. Malcolm C. Salaman. "Murmured Music," too, is a beautiful song, the words of which have been admirably selected to suit the music. "Late, Late, so Late" is a really noble setting of the quaint song of the Little Novice in Lord Tennyson's "Guinevere." It is altogether one of the most remarkable of Mr. C. Salaman's numerous and successful songs.

From Messrs. Ricordi & Co., of London and Milan, we have a number of excellent new Italian songs which are printed with that clearness of type which distinguishes the publications of this great Italian establishment, which has, moreover, the advantage of very rarely publishing inferior productions. There are several new songs by Signor Tosti—"Malia," for instance—which is in his usual well-known style, but very pretty; "Vieni," a charming little Barcarolle with a graceful flowing accompaniment, and "At the Convent Gate," already rapidly becoming popular in the concert-room. Five songs by the same composer, published together, include some of his most popular works, such, for instance, as "For Ever and for Ever" and "Help Me to Pray." Mr. J. Roeckel's "Two in a Garden" is so commonplace, and the words so insipid, that we are surprised that so usually successful a composer should have put his name to it. His "Lighthouse Pier" is, however, a very bright and spirited song. Very brilliant is Signor Luigi Arditi's vocal polka, "Fior di Margherita" (The Daisy), which Mlle. Valleria and Mlle. Nikita have already popularized. This last-named young lady has also lately introduced to the concert platform "Mia piccirella" from Gomez's opera *Salvator Rosa*, one of the most original and graceful songs published in a very long time. Miss Maude Valérie White's Hungarian gipsy song is very characteristic and effective. "Hidden Love," by the same lady, is a quaint Norwegian ballad, with a sad plaintive melody. Two of her pianoforte pieces, "Danse fantastique," somewhat in the style of Chopin, and "Pensée fugitive," have merit, and will be found excellent for advanced pupils. Messrs. Ricordi & Co. are now issuing in cheap book-form, under title of *Eco di Napoli*, a complete collection of those tuneful Neapolitan ballads which we have often thought would prove extremely popular if translated into English. The edition includes amongst other well-known *celebri canzoni*, "Te voglio bene assaje," "Santa Lucia," "La Carolina," and "Dimmi na vota si." The extremely pretty music by M. Jacobi, composed for the grand ballet *Enchantment*, now being performed with so much success at the Alhambra, has been arranged by him for the piano, and published by Messrs. C. Mahillon & Co. of Oxford Street. We can recommend to amateurs both the Waltz and the Minuet, which are delightfully quaint, and by no means difficult to play.

A well-written and excellent piece is a sonata in C Major, by Erskine Allon, published by the London Music Publishing Co. Mr. Edwin Ashdown sends us Five Romances for Violin and Piano, by Mr. G. A. Macfarren, which are capital school studies. A spirited march, "Homeward Bound," is by Mr. W. H. Renshaw. Mr. Albert D. Furse has made a melodious setting of Longfellow's well-known words, "Two Locks of Hair." "Earth's Parting," by J. C. Grieve, has considerable distinction. A nice little song is "My Gentle Swallow," by Mr. Erskine Allon; but we cannot say much for "A Mountain Nymph," by Mr. J. Henderson. It is very commonplace and uninteresting.

Signor Carlo Ducci's studies for the pianoforte always give evidence of great care having been bestowed on their composition. His latest works, "Tzigamesca," published by Mr. E. Ascherberg, a characteristic Hungarian piece, and "Due Melodie," both effective and elegant. "Beyond the Shadows" is the name of a new vocal romance by Signor Ducci, which displays good inspiration, but has not been worked out with that finish which we have a right to expect from so clever a composer.

We have also received one or two new pieces from Messrs. Weekes & Co., among them some favourite melodies for violin and piano progressively arranged by Mr. Frederic Weekes, evidently for teaching purposes; three useful organ pieces, by Cuthbert Nunn; and "Meditation," for the organ, by D. R. Munro, which should be popular as a church voluntary. "Sandringham," gavotte, by C. H. Marriott, is not an interesting addition to the long series of gavottes with which the music trade has been flooded of late; nor is Mr. E. Silas's Gavotte No. 8 of much greater merit. It is pretentious and confusing.

To be cordially recommended, especially for the use of schools, is the "Schletterer Album," which contains a great number of two-part songs by H. M. Schletterer, set to excellent words by A. J. Foxwell. This collection is published by Messrs. J. Curwen & Sons.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE had to notice not long ago a book of M. Ludovic Carrau's on *La conscience*. The title of that book, with the fact that he has also translated Professor Flint's principal work into French, will help to give the measure of his treatment of religious and irreligious philosophy, from Locke to the present day, in England (1). This treatment is full, and in many ways satisfactory, and we have very little fault to find with it. We should not ourselves, we own, have given a final chapter in a book which opens with the great names of Butler and Berkeley to an American person of the name of Abbot; but M. Carrau himself anticipates this objection, and parries it in his preface so good-humouredly that we cannot insist on it very obstinately. Another fault very common in authors of all kinds nowadays, and, to our thinking, a very bad fault, is sometimes a little noticeable in him. He seems more anxious to tell us what Professor Veitch thinks of what Mr. Mill thought of Sir William Hamilton than to tell us what Hamilton thought in the first instance, and though he more than once mentions Mansel, we find (it is true there is neither index nor detailed contents to help us) no account of the famous Bampton Lectures, which to some persons would seem the most considerable work of religious philosophy, strictly so called, which has been produced in England during the last half-century at least. Yet again, in common with all foreigners, he seems to think far too much (we do not mean too highly) of Mr. Herbert Spencer. But the book is a good book for all this.

The increased attention which has been paid of late years to what may be called the scientific aspect of the art of horsemanship is remarkable. For the present we only briefly mention M. Barroil's (2) contribution to these hippo-mathematics, as we may call them, we trust without flippancy, and we shall hope to return to them.

The number of the *Artistes célèbres* (3) devoted to Velasquez is somewhat bulkier than most of the series, and certainly no one will grudge its bulk. M. Paul Lefort has given a careful summary in his text, and the engravings are numerous. Ordinary woodcuts, however, especially on ordinary paper, cannot do justice to the qualities, and especially the texture, of the incomparable portraits to which the great Spaniard, though by no means only a portrait-painter, owes his fame. The etching-needle and copper can get a little nearer; but it is curious how Velasquez, whose special forte is in black, mocks those arts which deal in nothing but black and white. Reproduction suits such compositions

(1) *La philosophie religieuse en Angleterre.* Par Ludovic Carrau. Paris: Alcan.

(2) *L'art équestre.* Par E. Barroil. Paris: Rothschild.

(3) *Les artistes célèbres—Velasquez.* Par Paul Lefort. Paris: Librairie de l'Art.

as the capital "Réunion de gentilhommes," given here from the Louvre picture, better than his great single figures. Still, whatever its inevitable shortcomings, the book is a welcome collection of always delightful and admirable work.

People who like a salmagundy of personal reminiscences destitute alike of pretentiousness and spite, with miscellaneous anecdotes nearly always amusing, and with odds and ends of all sorts, cannot do better than read the *Souvenirs* (4) of the twin singers and reciters, MM. Lionnet. It is some time since we have met a pleassanter book of the peculiar kind, and we have never met one more void of offence—except here and there to very "fie-fie" persons indeed.

Among school books we have an edition (the second recently received) of part of Thierry's *Récits mérovingiens* (Hachette), by M. Testard, the notes of which, though weighted with the usual overflowings of Brachet, are in the main to the point and sensible; a selection of Florian's Fables, by Rev. C. Yeld (Macmillan), with a vocabulary, illustrations, notes, and exercises, the inevitable Brachet being confined to the introduction; and a *Public Examination French Reader*, by A. M. Bowers (Whittaker; G. Bell & Sons), giving a good collection of very miscellaneous pieces, marred only by the objectionable vocabulary. Mr. Bowers pleads for this that in hunting the dictionary "much valuable time is wasted." Let us distinguish. If the object is merely to get up a cram-knowledge that will pass public examinations, and then may be forgotten, perhaps it is; if the object is knowledge proper, then no time is better spent than that spent in dictionary-hunting.

M. Léon de Tinseau has gone much nearer in *Charme rompu* (5) to making good the promise of *L'attelage de la marquise* than in any of the books which, rather rapidly, have come between the two. The story is touching, and conducts itself not exactly as the reader expects. The heroine, separated from her husband for no fault of her own, loves and is loved by an artist who is also (at least in the author's intention) a perfect gentleman. How, partly by her fault this time, though not wholly, the "charm is broken" may be found out from the book, and shall not be revealed in detail here. If there is a drawback to the novel, it is to be found, first, in the fact that M. de Tinseau does not make Nadia Fresnel's momentary infatuation quite probable, and, secondly, in the fact that the hero seems to be left rather better off than he deserves, while the other heroine—the pattern of virtue and religion—accepts the reversion of her cousin's left-handed husband, in that cousin's lifetime, after a fashion which religion of the strictest kind hardly sanctions. But these things always depend on taste. *La petite Marthe* (6) rewards virtue and punishes vice much more unequivocally; and, as for the dreadful things which a tyrannic government did to la princesse Tarakanoff (7), are they not written in the chronicles of Danilewsky?

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

FOR the series of American "Men of Letters" Mr. John Bach McMaster has produced a biography of Franklin under the title *Benjamin Franklin as a Man of Letters* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), a volume not without industrious research, and commendable for scrupulous adherence to the scheme of the series. It is not a little curious that so many memoirs exist of a man whose chief literary work is an *Autobiography*, which is one of the best of its class. Mr. McMaster has wisely devoted his energies to the literary work of Franklin, one of the most active pamphleteers in an age of pamphlets. Thus Franklin's ten years' sojourn in France and England, 1764 75, which, excepting the pamphlet provoked by the Hutchinson Letters, was not a productive literary period, is dealt with in some five-and-twenty pages. His political career is set forth within the reasonable limits necessary to the effective narration of the story of his prowess as a controversialist. Mr. McMaster's excellent account of the sources and growth of the "Poor Richard" publications suggests a field of research not yet completely gleaned by the historian of almanacs and their makers. Franklin's scriptural paraphrases with political applications are treated a little too seriously by Mr. McMaster, though he writes of Franklin's absolute insensibility to poetry and the graces of style in the only spirit possible to persons of taste and intelligence. Franklin's vulgarity was indeed ingrained and irrepressible. Here and there Mr. McMaster might with advantage have been more liberal with dates. An explanatory note, or date, seems wanting at page 92, where, after discussing Franklin's "Parable against Persecution" and another tract of the period, the biographer observes, "Each of these pieces was much admired, and the fame of them involved Franklin in a work that signally failed. Sir Francis Dashwood was then abridging the Book of Common Prayer" (with what object Mr. McMaster does not say). "Lord Le Despencer asked Franklin to help." In the following pages the narrative is continued:—"After 1740 Franklin almost ceased to contribute essays to the Gazette." The American reader may need the reminder that the barony of Le Despencer was merged in the earldom of Westmorland at this date, and Sir F. Dashwood became Lord Le Despencer in 1763. The conjunction of the two names without some indication of their relationship is confusing to the general reader. The strange vicissitudes of fate that attended Franklin's manuscripts after the author's death, which embraced the *Autobiography* itself, are treated at considerable length by Mr. McMaster. It was not until 1882 that the United States Government was induced to purchase for 35,000 dollars the collection of papers which had passed through many hands to be rejected by the British Museum and "a long succession of American Ministers in England." Mr. McMaster's estimate of Franklin's literary work is somewhat elusive, if not contradictory. After declaring Franklin to be the best imitator of Addison, with wit as keen and "style sometimes better," and the speech in the "Divorce of Algiers" to be unsurpassed by Arbuthnot and Swift, he finds it "impossible to place him with respect to Irving and Prescott" and the makers of American literature. "There is no common ground of comparison." If Franklin's early essays do not permit comparison with Washington Irving, it is hard to admit him of Addison's company.

Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's *Our Sentimental Journey* (Longmans & Co.) is a lively account of a cycling tour in France, along roads and through towns and hamlets immortalized by Sterne, the results of which ought to communicate much of the pleasures of the excursion to the discreet reader, even if Mr. Ruskin be not converted to the new progression of travellers. You may fairly measure the enjoyment of the trip by the joyous spirit of the voyagers' notes and the radiance and expansive force of Mr. Pennell's delightful drawings. These last are as full of character and suggestiveness of line as those on the Italian journey, and indeed comparable only with them. Some of the tiny landscapes in Picardy or the Bourbonnais possess a strange power of moving latent reminiscences; a little vignette of an ancient château, with its red-capped tourelle overhanging a stream, brings to the eye a pageantry of river and valley scenes at a mere glance. Despite its title, the book is a tribute to the fascination of Sterne in an oblique sense only. To be sure there is a letter dedicatory which might well astonish the thin shade of Lorry Slim. But the *Letters to Dead Authors* of Mr. Andrew Lang are properly held responsible for this.

The Apostle of the Indians of Guiana (Wells Gardner & Co.) is the rather compromising title of a readable memoir of the late Rev. W. H. Brett, compiled by the Rev. F. P. L. Josa. The book deals mainly with the labours of Mr. Brett during forty years' sojourn among the Caribs and other Indians of Guiana, who appear to have been as docile and amenable to civilization as the Caribs of the West Indian islands were in the old days of Spanish conquest. Certainly the results of Mr. Brett's able and energetic efforts are remarkable reading. At p. 35 there is a reference to the odd custom among the natives of flying to the woods and cutting down trees to impede the evil spirit of pestilence, though at p. 98 we read of the flight of Caribs from a fever-stricken place and the cutting down of trees "to stop others from coming among them."

Mr. Raphael Ledos de Beaufort has translated Prince Napoleon's recent work on Napoleon under the title *Napoleon and his Detractors* (Allen & Co.), to which he has prefixed a biographical sketch of the author which reflects a good deal of the enthusiasm of conviction.

Burke's Peerage and Baronetage (Harrison & Sons) makes due reference to Her Majesty's Jubilee in a prefatory article, indicating the various honours created in connexion with that celebration. These are sufficiently numerous to add considerably to both Peerage and Baronetage, while the lists of Knighthood, with the new Distinguished Service Order, show a notable augmentation. The work of revision appears in all respects to have been carried out with the thoroughness and accuracy of previous issues. From the obituary notices two peerages expired in 1887 by the decease, without issue, of Viscount Lyons and Lord Northwick; and five baronetcies have become extinct.

The new *Debrett* (Dean & Son)—the 175th—in accordance with its system of personal revision, benefits by the voluntary aid of more than thirty thousand correspondents interested in the completion and accuracy of this well-proved favourite. The Jubilee honours are computed at upwards of 420, a number that may naturally be said to be unprecedented. In addition to the Viscounty of Lyons and the Barony of Northwick, the Barony of Clermont (created in 1885 in the United Kingdom peerage) is recorded as extinct by the death of Lord Clermont, though the title is borne by Lord Carlingford, on whom the older Irish peerage devolved. The extinction of the United Kingdom peerage is, of course, recorded in *Burke*, but that authority does not reckon the Barony of Clermont among extinct peerages in its annals of the year.

We have received *Thom's Official Directory for* 1888 (Dublin: Thom & Co.); the *Dramatic and Musical Directory*, 1888 (C. H. Fox); the *London Diocese Book and Almanac for* 1888 (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); *George Sand*, translated by Gustave Masson from the French of Elme Marie Caro, "Great French Writers" series (Routledge); *Goethe's Boyhood*, a translation, by John Oxenford, of the first part of Goethe's *Wahrheit und Dichtung* (G. Bell & Sons); Carlyle's *French Revolution*, a shilling reprint in one volume (Ward, Lock, & Co.); the *Service Almanack for* 1888 (Harrison & Son); the third edition of the *Roll and Memo. Book for Royal Engineers* (Chatham: Gale & Polden); the *Faber Birthday Book*, compiled by H. Beatson Laurie (Washbourne);

(4) *Souvenirs et anecdotes*. Par les frères Lionnet. Paris: Ollendorff.
(5) *Charme rompu*. Par L. de Tinseau. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(6) *La petite Marthe*. Par H. Leriche. Paris: Ollendorff.
(7) *La princesse Tarakanoff*. Par Danilewsky. Traduction de H. Olivier. Paris: Dupret.

Percy Bysshe Shelley, by H. S. Salt (Sonnenschein); *What to Read at Entertainments*, by Frederick Langbridge (Religious Tract Society); and *Duchesse Renée*, by Sarson C. J. Ingham (Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union).

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS OF NO. 1,687, FEBRUARY 25, 1888:

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

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THE DEPTFORD ELECTION.

FEW recent elections have excited more interest than that at Deptford, and probably the result of none has been awaited with less sanguine feelings by Unionists. Except goodness of cause, Mr. BLUNT had almost everything on his side. The normal strength of the Radical party in Deptford was shown by the large minorities which such an absolutely ridiculous candidate as Mr. GHOSE was able to show against an antagonist of unusual local strength. "How many will Mr. EVELYN take over with him?" was the question asked, not without anxiety, by those best acquainted with the facts. It is the general experience that when a popular local member changes sides, he carries, at any rate for a time, the constituency with him; and though Mr. EVELYN, having more grace than Mr. BUCHANAN at Edinburgh, did not present himself to obtain as a Black those suffrages which but a few months ago he asked as a White, Mr. BLUNT was in many respects his *alter ego*. The imprisonment of the Gladstonian candidate gave him at least three advantages. It created a sentimental interest in him among one class, a fellow-feeling among another, and it prevented him from doing or saying any of the silly things which, from his past history, he pretty certainly would have done or said had he been present. The two great engines of the Irish Nationalist propaganda—misrepresentation and violence—have been resorted to without shame or stint on the Separatist side; and violence has been carried to such a pitch that it may very well have frightened away some timid or lukewarm "respectables" from a scene where Mr. DARLING himself was repeatedly attacked and Colonel GRAHAM seriously injured. Irish or Radical rowdies have constantly attempted to break up Mr. DARLING's meetings, and have made argument impossible at them. Mr. GLADSTONE has not spared his personal influence in a neighbourhood which he once represented, and from which, contrary to his usual electoral experiences, he was never actually ejected. Yet, in spite of all this, Mr. DARLING has very largely increased Mr. EVELYN's poll, and kept quite enough of Mr. EVELYN's majority. We have invariably set our faces against the foolish exultation and the equally foolish depression sometimes shown at the results of single elections. But if Separatists will appeal to such things as showing the course of the tide, Unionists may certainly allow them to do so with great equanimity as far as the recent group of such elections is concerned. The retention of Southwark by an increased, and the retention of Mr. BUCHANAN by a narrow, majority must be but cold comfort against the great drop of Separatist votes at Dundee, the unrelieved and serious defeat at Doncaster, the necessity of letting Hampstead go unchallenged, and the failure with quite exceptional advantages to carry Deptford. If such a thing may be said of any bye-elections, it may be said of Doncaster and Deptford combined, that judging from two large constituencies of the most opposite character no change in the general sentiment of England towards Home Rule has taken place. And if anything more could be wanted to prove the Separatist disappointment, it would be the falling back of Gladstonians on the old stories of Burnley and Coventry and Spalding. "My grandsire drew a good "bow at the battle of Hastings" was a plea about as pertinent.

There is a habit among good players at not a few games of considering, even in case of a win, whether they could not have played better, and it is well not to neglect this in the present instance. No such reproach as was justly brought against the Tories of Southwark could be brought against those of Deptford in the matter of work. But the intimidation and violence of Gladstonian roughs above referred to is a matter which is common to both the constituencies, and it requires careful looking to. It is, of course, natural in those English agitators who have not hesitated to make the natural dislike of a section of the population to the police an engine for political use, and still more in those Irish agitators whose whole tradition, whose whole argument, whose be-all and end-all as politicians is the use of violence. But it is exceedingly discreditable that it should be allowed either to prevail, or even to exercise any considerable influence. It is sometimes said that there are police and police-courts. But, in the first place, there are strong and obvious reasons why the police should interfere as little as possible in electoral meetings; and, in the second place, it is by no means so easy as may be thought to draw the exact line where horseplay ends and actual illegal violence begins. On the other hand, the employment of paid "chuckers-out," though sometimes unavoidable, is discreditable in itself, has many inconveniences, not infrequently fails to effect its object, and sometimes brings those who use it into trouble. In all constituencies where there is a rowdy element there ought to be no difficulty in arranging a force of volunteer guardians of order who could make it exceedingly unpleasant for those persons who are hired to introduce into England, on a mild and timid scale at first, the practices of the Home Rule Danites in Ireland. British youth has no absolute dislike to a row, and, being athletic, is often capable of making a very efficient example of a rowdy. Organization of this kind would, of course, require care and intelligence; but we are not aware that there is any kind of political organization which does not require those qualities. At any rate, Southwark and Deptford have shown that the Gladstonian party, despairing of success otherwise, has made up its mind to use intimidation of the kind which is not unlikely to be effective, and which, from its character, is very difficult to make the ground of a petition in case it is successful. And it is not to be tolerated that such means should be successfully, or even unsuccessfully, employed.

Mr. MORLEY's speech at the Oxford Union and its result, though they will scarcely cause the heart of any Unionist to beat high with hope, must discourage those Separatists who devote themselves to the straw-and-wind or straw-and-tide study. The five hundred undergraduates and the seventy or eighty graduates who have been boasted of as Home Rulers in the University which King ALFRED did not found appear to exercise a judicious *distinguo* in their support of the dogma. They will dine for it, but they will not vote for it. That, however, is of less importance than the character of Mr. MORLEY's speech. And we confess that we are surprised that a man of Mr. MORLEY's acuteness—a man who was once an Oxford undergraduate himself—should have selected the kind of arguments which he did select for that particular assembly. The "eternal "undergraduate," as he has been called, has his merits and his defects. It may be a defect or a merit that he has, as a rule, a lofty contempt for peddling details; it certainly is a merit that he does not like "funk." Now Mr. MORLEY had nothing to produce but his old plea that the Irish are dreadfully violent people, and that they will "teach "treason and hatch murder" if you do not let them—what shall we say?—teach sedition and hatch cattle-maiming. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL had taken exactly the opposite line. And then Mr. MORLEY went into a wilderness of petty cases about PATRICK This, who got six weeks, which Mr. MORLEY thinks he ought not to have got, and DENIS That, who got a week more than Mr. MORLEY thinks he should. There can hardly have been a freshman present who did not say to himself, "I daresay "there may have been individual hardships in carrying out "coercion, but whose fault is it that coercion has to be "carried out?" And as even freshmen are not above reading newspapers, the person who thought this must have

had his [illegible]ened when he read next day the correspon[illegible] Mr. Wilberforce and Mr. King. To begin with, these awful examples are irrelevant, and to follow, they are too frequently inexact. When a prominent party leader has nothing to bring forward but such things in particular, and in general an argument for running away, he must not be surprised if he does not carry an undergraduate audience with him. And we shall add that, in refusing so to be carried, the undergraduate audience showed itself to be animated by the common sense which animated the majorities of Doncaster and Deptford, and which, it may be hoped, will continue to animate the people of England.

THE SENTENCE ON M. WILSON.

THE comparative severity of the sentence passed on M. Wilson may possibly cause some surprise in England. It may seem that in a country where manslaughter is generally condoned, and the throwing of vitriol by angry women is counted a peccadillo, two years' imprisonment, five years' deprivation of all civil rights, and a fine of 3,000 francs is a very severe punishment for the offence to make bargains for the sale of the cross of the Legion of Honour. But this is not the only wonderful thing about the trial of M. Grévy's son-in-law. The proceedings were amazing to an Englishman who is not more or less accustomed to French judicial habits. A judge of First Instance who dines at a café with a person suspected of criminal practices, and then uses a telephone in his name to trap an accomplice, is a wonderful object enough, and it must be allowed was too much even for the French. The trial itself was as astounding as the preliminaries. Witnesses talked at large, and were never cross-examined; irrelevant matter was introduced copiously, the President of the Court prejudged the case, wrangled with the accused and the witnesses, and was snubbed by counsel. The advocates appealed to sentiment, and eschewed argument, for which, no doubt, they had their reasons. M. Lenté, who acted for M. Wilson, is held to have gained a great forensic triumph, though to an Englishman he seems to have indulged in a great deal of easy loose assertion, and some lachrymose appeals to pity. His picture of M. Grévy in his melancholy fall dissolved the court into tears. M. Lenté himself sat down overcome with emotion. The President wiped his eyes, whether with a law document, his hands, or his pocket-handkerchief, we are not told. There was not a journalist or lady in the hall whose eyes were not turned into fountains of running water, and for a good space naught was heard save sobs and snuffling. This, however, is the old practice of French tribunals. "Monsieur, voyez nos "larmes," as L'Intimé, a distinguished predecessor of M. Lenté's, observed on a somewhat similar occasion, and he produced his effect on the judge. This time the judge took a week to think, and was not unduly influenced by the "famille désolée." What to us appears not the least astonishing feature of the whole business is that M. Wilson, who has got two years and the rest, was only tried as an accessory, while the principals get off with from eight to one month and no rest. Mme. Rattazzi, again, who is proved on equally good evidence to have been mixed up in the traffic, escapes scot free. The lady has luck; but the distinction made in her favour is good cricket as the game is played in French courts.

There is still an appeal to the Supreme Court, which will probably reduce the sentence, but it does seem as if justice had been done—in a rather popular fashion, certainly, but done none the less. From the uncontradicted assertions made, and from M. Wilson's own defence, it is plain that, if he did not directly sell his influence with his father-in-law to secure nominations to the Legion of Honour, he was willing to make money for his newspapers by allowing it to be believed that his help could be bought. This is the most favourable view which can be taken of his conduct, and even that is more than he deserves, if the evidence of M. Delizy is to be accepted. Since the French law provides a punishment for this offence, it was right that M. Wilson should suffer. As he undoubtedly employed Ribaudeau and Dubreuil, it would have been a miscarriage of justice if he had escaped more easily than they did because he was technically only an accessory. Now, however, that the business is over, Frenchmen—at least the Republicans—have certainly some cause to regret that it was ever brought so far. Any good it may do as a warning to future possible imitators of M. Wilson must be more than counterbalanced by the discredit of the scandal. M. Grévy was, after all, the twice-elected chief of the State, and the ignoble disaster which has overtaken him must, to some and no small extent, reflect on the Government of which he was the head. No ruler of France ever fell among such surroundings. The Third Republic, which was already sufficiently besmirched, is now dirtier than ever, and no Government, even in France, recovers certain kinds of discredit. If the pertinacity displayed in running down M. Wilson shows that the French are unmerciful to some forms of intrigue, it shows still more clearly the rancour of the clique hatreds which divide the Republicans. The trial has proved the truth of the charge often brought against the politicians of the present Government, that they are surrounded by a discreditable society of brokers of places and managers of bribes. The Republic must suffer by the demonstration. It is discredited, and the jibes of its enemies are made more telling. The feeling that it is scandalous and ignoble will be strengthened, and so will the belief that it is weak, which will certainly not be counterbalanced by anything the Chamber is doing. In a country in which no sanctity attaches to any form of government, this loss of character—where there was not too much to lose—must bring on a crisis of some kind at no distant date. The fact that 50,000 votes have been given spontaneously to General Boulanger in widely distant constituencies is an awkward sign for the present race of politicians. It shows that, in spite of apparent failure and his recent comparative obscurity he is still popular, and popular elsewhere than in Paris. There are apparently many voters who believe him to be the man to whom they must look to pull the country out of its present condition of division and weakness. A man, and particularly a soldier, who is considered in that way is apt to go far in France.

MR. COTTER MORISON.

NO shock of painful surprise can have accompanied the regret with which the friends of the late Mr. Cotter Morison heard the news of his death. For more than two years past his health had been declining with distressing rapidity, and the disease from which he was suffering was one which seldom or never spares. Not even the most resolutely hopeful of those who saw him lately could have anticipated for him any permanent recovery; we believe that to most of them the end appeared as near as in fact it was. Could his life, indeed, have been prolonged in the state of physical and mental exhaustion to which his wasting malady had reduced him, the boon, to a man of his temperament, would have been a more than doubtful one. The discovery made by the writer of one obituary notice that a decline of his intellectual faculties is traceable in his latest work is perhaps a little fanciful; but few who knew him doubted that that work would be his last, and many must have regretted that neither in it nor in any of his previous writings, admirable as in many respects these latter are, has he left behind him any adequate monument of his remarkable powers. As it is, he adds another name to the not inconsiderable list of writers who pass a good part of their lives in the preparation of an *opus magnum* which is never destined to see the light. Mr. Morison had for years been meditating an elaborate history of the growth of French institutions from, it is believed, the time of Charlemagne down to the overthrow of the *ancien régime*. No one could have been better fitted by tastes, attainments, and abilities for such a task than he. In pursuance of it he was understood to have accumulated a mass of valuable materials, and in particular to have devoted a closer and more minute study to the fiscal and jurisprudential sides of the French polity during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries than any English scholar had yet bestowed upon them. From time to time he has whetted the curiosity of the literary world by the publication in one or other of the periodicals of some brilliant fragments of his work. But it never grew to its completion in his lifetime, and in what stage of maturity he has left it we are unable to say.

A review of Mr. Morison's career can hardly fail to revive—it has, indeed, already revived—the eternal question as to whether ample competence and abundant leisure are really better for the student than those opposite conditions under which so much of the world's work has been actually done. It cannot be said that in Mr. Morison's case they produced their commonest and least satisfactory effect. There was

certainly nothing of the dilettante about him, in the sense, at any rate, in which dilettantism is only another name for the literary recreations of the elegant trifler. All his work, or all at least which he has ever given to the world, was eminently of the thorough and conscientious kind. But it may be doubted whether his complete exemption from all external pressure did not tend to foster that excessive intellectual fastidiousness which is almost as fatal as indolence itself to the achievement of such a task as Mr. MORISON had set himself. He was an ardent admirer of MACAULAY, and even a frequent, though perhaps an unconscious imitator of his manner; and we all know that a writer with unlimited time on his hands, and a keen appreciation of style, may easily continue polishing epigrams and balancing antitheses from manhood to past middle age. It may not be good for any man to work always with the spur of necessity in his flanks; but perhaps an occasional touch of that wholesome stimulus is necessary for most of us. It is not impossible, too, that the brilliancy of another gift than that of literary expression may have occasionally exercised a distracting effect upon his work. He was one of the most admirable of talkers, as excellent in manner as in matter, and one of those rare masters of the art who seem to use it far more for bringing out the conversational powers of their company than for the display of their own. With his store of accurate and varied knowledge, and his unfailing command of felicitous expression, with the wit, good sense, and intellectual enthusiasm which he brought to bear upon his subject, he could not fail to take a prominent part in any discussion; yet he never left upon any mind the impression of having appropriated more than his due share of the conversation. No doubt there are some minds which are only braced and quickened for the labour of the study by these exercises of the salon. But there are again others which find their store of intellectual energy sensibly reduced by them, and Mr. MORISON'S may very possibly have been a mind of this particular order. Distractions of some sort or another there must have been, or the amount of his literary production could hardly fail to have been greater. With indolence in the common acceptation of the word it would have been impossible to charge him. Nor could he be accused of that improvident dissipation of the mental activities which sometimes results from a wide variety of intellectual interests. It could not be said of him that he had "too many irons in the fire." He confined himself pretty closely, so far as is known, to that work of historical and historico-literary criticism in which he felt that his true strength lay; and it was assuredly not from attempting too much that he accomplished so little. Other causes, some of which we have conjecturally indicated, must be sought to account for the fact that the work of his pen should have fallen so curiously short of the power of his mind, and that the public can now never be expected to share that high estimate of his abilities which was universal among his private friends.

JOURNALISM AS A PROFESSION.

THE venerable Uncle (surely it must be great-uncle?) of his Nephew returns, in *Macmillan's Magazine*, to his charge on the Profession of Letters. The hoary sage admits that a series of letters on this topic may be regarded as making a good thing too common, and, indeed, he seems to have more difficulty than of old in coming to the point. He quotes a curious example of American journalistic manners—the brief question asked by a New York paper when one of our lecturers alighted on Western shores, "What does this "old fat fool come here for?" And he fears, most unwarrantably, that, as the world beholds him again entering the lists of controversy, the world may ask itself a similar question. Perhaps there are readers who do not quite believe either in his corpulence or in his antiquity, and the substantive, of course, is most inapplicable. The sage is always a welcome sage; but it may be doubted whether he has anything new to say. Much, undoubtedly, of what he says about the profession of journalism is true, and should be read and pondered on by the young who propose to enter one of the schools of the journalists.

The real question which this Uncle, like many guardians of youth, has to answer is—What can a clever young man honourably make of himself and his talents? He may be a barrister; but the Bar is crowded. He perhaps does not wish to be a soldier. He may not care, after seven years of school and four of Oxford, to go back again to school with the intention of passing his life there as a master. If he objects to a public office, our sympathies will not be alienated, especially as officials of his class are likely to have hard times in the future. If he has no ambition to be a college don, "sitting ay ben, Correcting college essays with a weary "pen," our sympathy with him rises to enthusiasm. Finally, should he desire to make literature his profession, he must first make it seem probable that he has something to sell which the booksellers will want to buy. If he can write novels that the public will read, he may not starve; nay, he may even roll in the comparative abundance of some two thousand pounds a year—as long as he has the public favour. But it is a notable thing that not from the first-class men of the Universities come the novelists of this world. In the words of a song at one time popular, when the aged kinsman was young, they are "too jolly clever by half," with the wrong sort of cleverness. They are too critical, and, in Mr. CARLYLE'S phrase, "too high-sniffing," for success in fiction. They have not enough human nature in them, or, if they have, they are too cultivated to let it find expression. There have been, and there are, University men among our novelists—THACKERAY, GUY LIVINGSTONE, Mr. PAYN, Mr. BESANT, LOCKHART, and others—but none of these University men were academic in their hearts. The Uncle is thinking of an academic young man. An American critic and professor of Greek once discovered close resemblance between Mr. R. L. STEVENSON and DIONYSIUS of Halicarnassus. But it is alleged that the resemblance is accidental, and that Mr. STEVENSON'S Greek is not much stronger than that of SHAKSPEARE, or of him who was called "The Greek Dunce" of Edinburgh College, and who supported the thesis that ARIOSTO was a greater poet than HOMER.

It is not likely that our academic Nephew will prove a successful novelist, and there is no livelihood to be made in any other field of book-writing, unless a man be a FROUDE, or a CARLYLE, or a MACAULAY. Probably the Nephew is not numbered among these, though he cannot be sure till he tries—till he tries with that uncompromising courage which was Mr. CARLYLE'S most amiable quality. *He* would have nothing to do with Captain STERLING and journalism. But it is towards journalism that the Nephew will incline, if he wishes to live by his pen. From this endeavour the Uncle dissuades him, and he speaks wisely. Even if the Nephew confines himself purely to that kind of literature which some journals accept, his life will be precarious, and plenty of drudgery will await him. It is not true in England, as in France, that literature leads to everything—if you leave it. Political journalism occasionally leads to a political career; but there be shorter cuts; and a political career, in the present condition of affairs, may itself lead to a very short and sharp "cut" indeed. Moreover, the Nephew is supposed to want another kind of profession, not professional politics. Would any one advise him to make his choice of political journalism?

The Uncle states the disadvantages very clearly. A great authority says that a noble character may possibly be maintained in politics, but never can be made by them. Now political journalism has even more temptations to base and degrading compromises than actual politics. Being anonymous, a writer can tamper with his conscience even more easily than a man who speaks openly for himself. He may learn to sell his conscience to his paper. He will find himself carried, like a rather dirty straw, down the stream, flowing swifter and swifter day by day, where the iron pots are floating, and the pots of clay are breaking. A man with genuine revolutionary beliefs is almost the only man who can now jump into that current with a clear conscience, and a certainty that he will not be carried where he has, at present, no intention of going. Is it worth while for any other young man to try these waters? We agree with the Uncle that the experiment were better avoided. "Ranching," schoolmastering, doctoring, breaking stones on the road, are better than compromising with one's conscience, adopting a professional conscience, learning to regard such party work as a thing necessarily to be advocated, learning to regard the interests of your paper as higher than the interests of England.

Perhaps the Uncle is even too severe. "Is there, think "you," he says, "an editor of one daily paper published "in England who would consent to suppress any piece of "intelligence, out of regard to the interests of the State, "until such time as it suited those interests for it to be "known?" We speak with diffidence; but we fancy that

there are such editors, and that probably more matters of news are kept thus in reserve than the Uncle supposes. But he may be right, and it is perfectly certain that the journalist's temptation is to blurt out all he knows.

THE NEW RULES OF PROCEDURE.

IF the new Rules of Procedure are administered in the same temper in which they have been discussed, they will serve their purpose even better than the ancient code which was largely altered in 1882. The most sanguine anticipation of their efficiency is necessarily conditional; but it is possible that, having been carried to an extreme point, the spirit of obstruction may be permanently subsiding. The worst offenders cannot but have discovered that in preventing legislation they impede the progress of change, and the revolutionary party may perhaps hereafter become impatient of restrictions on the power of the majority. The additional facilities which are offered by the new Rules for the summary closure of debate are intended to sharpen a weapon which may not always be wielded by a Conservative Minister. The Rules, as they were settled a year ago, though they could not prevent waste of time, were sufficiently stringent to enable the Government to defeat the [illegible] resistance of the Nationalists and their allies. The whole Session was occupied in the contest on the Procedure Rules themselves and in the prolonged debates on the Crimes Bill. In both cases the Ministers attained their main object, and they could afford to bear with equanimity the reproach of having neglected or delayed general legislation. Their adversaries were notoriously responsible for the systematic interference with the course of business, and the process of remodelling the institutions of the country might be suspended with little inconvenience. The amiable language of Mr. PARNELL and Mr. GLADSTONE at the opening of the current Session showed that they had reconsidered the policy which had perhaps been forced upon them by their followers. It was not their interest to provide the Government with an excuse for inaction as comprehensive as CALEB BALDERSTON's fire at Wolf's Crag. Both the leaders of Opposition hoped that the Local Government Bill or some other proposed measure might make an opening in the phalanx which had closed its ranks against the apologists for Irish sedition. They have accordingly determined to provide Mr. SMITH and his colleagues with an ample and, as they hoped, fatal supply of Parliamentary rope. In these circumstances it is doubtful whether the new Rules of Procedure will be adequately tested by the experience of a single Session.

The alteration in the hours of sitting has been almost unanimously approved. Every member has a personal interest in the change, though perhaps some Irish obstructionists take more pleasure in annoying their opponents than in going to bed at a reasonable hour. They may also have foreseen that, if obstruction should at any time be revived, the adjournment of the House at a fixed hour will increase the opportunities for calculated garrulity. The automatic termination, as it is called, of a sitting has long been tried on one day in the week. A few good measures and many mischievous proposals have been talked out on Wednesdays. The balance of advantage is on the side of compulsory interruption of debate; but the twelve o'clock Rule will affect serious business as well as the schemes of private members. The only security against undue prolongation of debate will consist in the frequent or periodical exercise of the power of Closure, and the contests of Ministerial majorities with the Opposition may prove to be invidious and troublesome. It is true that a Parliamentary day of eight or nine hours ought to be sufficient for the transaction of business, and it is well worth while to try the experiment of shortening night sittings. The substitution of 3 P.M. for 4 P.M. as the hour of meeting may perhaps be inconvenient to some members; but the greater number are not required to attend during the time of questions or at occasional debates on private business. Committees will probably accept the suggestion that they should sit from eleven to three, the members having not had occasion to attend the House during the greater part of the night. The House of Lords Committees have always met at 11 and have sat till 4. If the Rule proves to be inconvenient, it can at any time be rescinded, as it has no necessary connexion with the rest of the Ministerial project.

Provision was made in the Rules of 1882 for the devolution of legislative functions on so-called Grand or Standing Committees. The experiment has thus far not been successful, or rather, it has seldom been tried. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's Bankruptcy Bill of 1883 was considered and modified by a Grand Committee with advantageous results. An important Bill for the codification of the criminal law was during the same Session dropped after it had been referred to a Grand Committee. There may, perhaps, have been two or three similar references; but the plan has not met with general favour. Attempts will now be made to apply the principle of devolution more generally; and perhaps it may be profitably applied to Bills which involve no political issue. The members will probably be nominated by the Committee of Selection, which has hitherto exhibited both impartiality and sound judgment. The main difficulty is that of inducing competent members to serve. Some of them have expressed a doubt whether a more numerous body is preferable to an old-fashioned Committee of smaller dimensions. The opinion of a Grand Committee, though it may perhaps carry with it greater weight, is still not binding on the House. If there is any considerable opposition to a measure on which a Grand Committee has reported, its labours may prove to have been wasted, as the Bill may still be debated at length. When party interests are concerned devolution would be impossible or useless. As in the Election Committees of former times, the decision of the Committees would be known as soon as the list of its members was published, though it might not even have commenced its sittings. The Notice-paper of the House of Commons already contains many projects, including a scheme of universal suffrage, on which the opinion of a Committee would be absolutely worthless. In cases where the conclusions of a Grand Committee would perhaps be accepted by the House, there would be much inconvenience in the simultaneous examination of two or three separate measures.

The complaint which has been made of the dull and commonplace character of the debates on Procedure is somewhat hypercritical. It is almost impossible to be eloquent on the details of Standing Orders. When Mr. GLADSTONE first undertook to reform the Code of Procedure, the task was not a little difficult and tedious. There was a general indisposition to diminish the established securities for freedom of debate, and the chief promoters of obstruction, then hostile to Mr. GLADSTONE, naturally wished to preserve the licence which they had systematically abused. The proposals of the present Government involve little novelty in principle, and for the most part they are suggested by recent experience. The brevity of the discussion seems to show that the promises made by Mr. PARNELL and Mr. GLADSTONE express their real policy, at least for the present Session. They have, perhaps, reminded their followers that the Conservatives may not have consulted their own interest in strengthening the hands of the majority. Mr. DILLON could not refrain from threatening the Government with retaliation if his own friends succeed to power. He apparently assumes that, by the provisions of the next Home Rule Bill, the Irish members will retain their seats in the Imperial Parliament. Mr. SMITH, who has conducted the debate with his usual good temper and tact, might have replied, if it had been necessary to answer Mr. DILLON's challenge, that the present business is to restrain Irish disorder, even at the risk of facilitating the exercise of Irish tyranny hereafter. It is impossible to take profound interest in the question whether the names of the majority or of the minority should be published when the Speaker, under the new Rules, calls on members to rise in their places. The penal clauses of the new code provoked less opposition than might have been expected. It is true that the punishments which are to be inflicted on Irish or English offenders against decency and order are not calculated to strike terror into their minds. Almost all the resolutions proposed by the Government have been carried without difficulty, though much might have been said of the proposal that orators may be silenced when they indulge too freely in useless repetition. It appears that, according to the best interpretation of the new Rule, it will be permissible for a member to repeat the arguments of others, but not his own. If the Speaker construes his duties liberally, an effective check will be imposed on excessive loquacity.

It has perhaps not occurred to those who are endeavouring to regulate the proceedings of the House of Commons that entirely new Rules of Procedure must be framed if at any time an Irish Parliament should be created. In that contingency the Imperial Legislature must submit to limitations of its power which would necessarily be embodied in a written Constitution. If the control of the police, of finance,

or of any other branch of government were entrusted to the subordinate Legislature, some external authority must decide on the competence of the Imperial Parliament to exercise any power which it might suppose itself to have reserved. Restrictions of its former omnipotence must be recognized in its own code of procedure. Parliament is not at present liable to encounter the objection that any of its proceedings are *ultra vires*. It is remarkable that the same politician who exults over the alleged non-existence of fundamental laws should at the same time attempt to substitute a federal compact for absolute sovereignty. In the meantime the House of Commons is well employed in devising schemes for the prevention of obstructive practices. Such precautions would have been superfluous only a few years ago. A legislative assembly in which all, or nearly all, the members are loyally desirous to perform their duty, requires only simple rules to maintain the freedom and regularity of debate. The new Rules will perhaps save during the present Session as much Parliamentary time as has been devoted to their enactment.

THE WIMBLEDON RIFLE MEETING.

It is, no doubt, difficult to find just ground of complaint against the decision of the Duke of Cambridge in the matter of the Wimbledon rifle ranges, but it is impossible not to regret it on more grounds than one. The reply of Messrs. Jarrett, the Duke's solicitors, to the last proposal of the National Rifle Association—namely, for the purchase of 120 acres of his land behind the butts and lying between them and Coombe Wood—is beyond question the reply which would have been received from the solicitors of ninety-nine out of every hundred landowners similarly situated, and we have no right, perhaps, to expect even a Royal Duke, commanding-in-chief, to be the hundredth. At the same time, and having regard to the serious consequences which that decision will entail upon the National Rifle Association, we must confess that we had rather it had come from almost any other quarter. The particular facts on which the Duke founds his conclusion that the sale of this particular portion of his land "would be a most serious "injury to the estate, and might interfere very seriously "with its development hereafter," are, we will assume, incontestable; we do not find, indeed, that they were contested—or, at least, to any purpose—at the recent meeting of the Association. If it be the fact that rifle-bullets do at present pass the proposed boundary of the ranges, and fall into Coombe Wood, then undoubtedly something else falls also—*cadit quæstio*. It is certainly no sufficient answer to say that this could only happen when rifles are "fired some-"what at random into the air above the line of targets," and that "only experienced shots use the Wimbledon ranges." Spots which are only safe from the impact of rifle-bullets so long as every one out of a large number of riflemen is shooting in reasonably good form cannot be described as eligible plots of building land. Lord Wantage, moreover, who advanced the proposition just criticized, took no account of the fact that the contemplated introduction of a new rifle for practice with an increased range will still further diminish the area which can be regarded as safe from the occasional invasion of its projectiles.

Nevertheless we are disposed to agree, on the whole, with the same speaker as to the very serious consequences of a removal of the meeting from Wimbledon. It may be too much perhaps to speak of it, in Lord Wantage's terms, as "a crushing blow to the future of the Association." That is to take the worst view of the matter, and to assume both that no fresh arrangements can be made for the retention of Wimbledon and that no equally, or nearly equally, satisfactory meeting-place can be obtained elsewhere. Yet we must admit that, while the first solution appears on financial grounds to be unattainable, the second will, to any one who considers the condition of the problem, seem even more remote. The substituted meeting-place must be on land owned by the Association; it must be in the immediate neighbourhood of an extent of open ground sufficient for a Volunteer encampment on a large scale; it must, above all, be near London—that is a point of first importance—and there must be complete and easy access to it by railway. Any one who endeavours to think of a spot which will satisfy all these conditions will find it a very discouraging task. Insufficiency of space excludes half a dozen eligible meeting-places within ready reach of London. Distance from London is fatal to those at which unoccupied ground is plentiful, and can be acquired at a reasonable cost. The mere suggestion of such places as Pirbright and Hassocks Gate is enough to show the desperate character of the problem in one of its aspects, while an observation of the Chairman's throws a strong light on its apparent hopelessness from another point of view. The Duke of Cambridge, Lord Wantage said, was "also moved by a "conviction that the increased range and penetration of "modern rifles are destined soon to render all populous dis-"tricts unsuitable for the purpose of rifle practice." If this conviction be well founded, it will follow from it that even the few districts in the neighbourhood of London which are still suitable for this purpose will cease in a short time to retain that character. The Wimbledon meeting, if its popularity is to be preserved at all, must continue to be held in some district which, if not exactly populous at the moment, is within the area of expansion of the most populous and most expansive city in the world. This, however, is a reason for making renewed efforts at an arrangement for the retention of the present site. It is apparently only to a sale of this particular amount of his land that the Duke of Cambridge objects. We do not understand that he would necessarily be indisposed to part with a larger portion, or even the whole of it, if a fair price were forthcoming. And for a national purpose of this kind it should surely be possible to raise the money.

MRS. BUNCH AND HER BAG.

Every now and then the innocent layman, glancing over the Law Reports in the *Times*, thinks that at last the vexed question of a Railway Company's liability for the loss of a passenger's luggage has been settled for ever. Meanwhile there are some who laugh, men who are accustomed to laugh best because they laugh last—we mean legal practitioners of both branches. They know very well that the "special circumstances of the case" have governed the decision, and that judges, who have been barristers, are above spoiling sport for barristers who wish to be judges. Mrs. Bunch may feel the glow of honest pride at having perplexed the judicial talent of the country, and even divided the House of Lords. But, though she has succeeded herself, and though it may be hoped, after all we have recently heard about economy in litigation, that her "taxed costs" will bear some reasonable relation to those actually expended, she has won a victory for herself alone. The next lady who loses a bag in travelling, and has the pluck to pursue it through four Courts, will in all probability find that between her and Mrs. Bunch there is a great gulf fixed. There is sure to be a distinction, of which no ordinary man of common sense would have dreamed, but which some one out of many men versed in the common law will be able to take. Mrs. Bunch might have fared worse in the House of Lords, though she could not have gone further if she had not been sustained by the finding of the County Court Judge on a question of fact. Here her ground was impregnable. For mark the beautiful arrangements of our legal system. On appeal from the County Court to the Queen's Bench Division, two of Her Majesty's Judges were equally divided. Mr. Justice Day thought that Judge Stonor was wrong in law; Mr. Justice Smith that he was right. Thereupon Mr. Justice Smith, as the "junior "Judge," in all the gravity and stillness of his fifth lustrum, withdrew his judgment, and the Great Western Railway was acclaimed victor by the more than Hibernian majority of one judicial authority against two. So much for the question whether the porter was holding the bag on behalf of the Company, which is a point of law. Now for the point of fact. Judge Stonor found that forty-nine minutes before the starting of the train on Christmas Eve was a reasonable time for Mrs. Bunch to have placed her bag in the hands of the porter, and here he was irreversible. Not all the Queen's Judges, including the keeper of Her Majesty's conscience, nor all the noble and learned peers of this realm, could touch him here. Nothing but an Act of Parliament, which, if it cannot make a man a woman, can make a woman a man, for political purposes, could affect the solemn declaration that it was reasonable for Mrs. Bunch to give herself forty minutes, without her bag, on the Paddington platform on Christmas Eve.

The bag, as the civilized world now knows, was lost, and

the conscience of the civilized world will not be revolted by the decision that the Great Western Company must pay for it. Three Courts have said so, and the fourth Court practically refused to say anything at all. The porter undertook to provide for the safety of the bag, and he failed to fulfil his undertaking. He was the servant of the Company, and as such he took charge of it. If he had not been in the uniform of a porter, Mrs. BUNCH would not have given him the bag, or, if she had, she would clearly have done so at her own risk, inasmuch as there would have been no use in suing the man. The LORD CHANCELLOR pointed out, in his exhaustive, not to say exhausting, judgment, that Mrs. BUNCH was entitled to her verdict if there was evidence upon which it could be founded. It is a strong thing to say that there was not, though Lord BRAMWELL said it with his accustomed energy of expression. Baron MARTIN once addressed the counsel for a Railway Company in these emphatic terms:—"You took the plaintiff's money, and you "killed his beasts. Why don't you behave like honest "men?" Whether Mrs. BUNCH paid the porter does not appear. It is to be hoped in the circumstances that she did not. But, as Lord HALSBURY puts it, the Company's servants are employed in taking luggage from the outside of the station to the trains, and the liability of the Company cannot be affected by the mere fact that the particular train has not yet drawn up at the platform. Lord BRAMWELL is, of course, equal to this or any other emergency. He holds that the retention of the bag made all the difference in the world. If that article of furniture had been taken straight towards the carriage in which Mrs. BUNCH was about to travel, and had been lost on the way, then, and then only, according to him, the plaintiff might have had a good case. This is certainly reducing the liability of the Company to a minimum, if not virtually destroying it altogether. It is curious to contrast the Lord CHANCELLOR's judgment with Lord BRAMWELL's. The former is involved and confused, seldom logical, not always grammatical, but obviously right. The latter is clever and ingenious, full of point, terse and lucid, but obviously wrong. He says that Mrs. BUNCH asked a favour, to which she was aware that she had no right. According to Lord BRAMWELL, we should all be lost in daily gratitude to Railway Companies for condescending to provide porters at all. The secret of Lord BRAMWELL's dissent from the majority is revealed in a sentence where he says, "We all know that large packages are taken to the luggage-"van, smaller packages (*often much too large for the comfort* "*of other travellers*) are, if requested by the passenger, "taken to the carriage in which the passenger is to be "carried." Lord BRAMWELL has evidently suffered from the evil he so feelingly deplores.

CANADA.

THE scheme of a Customs Union between Canada and the United States is not unlikely to succeed at some future time. The proposed policy has a great advantage in the advocacy of Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, whose position in the controversy is probably unique. It is possible that other supporters of the measure may be equally competent to expound its economic merits; but in the judgment of ordinary Englishmen they propose to confer a benefit on the Dominion at the expense of the mother-country. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH has, for reasons of his own, to the regret of many of his countrymen, so far divided his allegiance that he has voluntarily become a Canadian. He nevertheless, as he has had ample opportunities of proving, remains a loyal and patriotic Englishman; and, although his combination of two separate duties may appear paradoxical, in both cases his feelings are altogether sincere. If he has in the present case yielded to the temptation of reconciling inconsistent objects of pursuit by disguising from himself their necessary antagonism, there is no doubt of his perfect good faith. The native Englishman and the adopted Colonist have not consciously come into conflict with one another in his person. In further vindication of his own consistency Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH might suggest, if he thought apologetic statements necessary or desirable, that the question is not one of benevolent partiality, but of economic justice. It may be argued that the loss to Canada incurred through a protective tariff against the United States is greater than the advantage which English commerce derives from the discouragement of competition. It must be admitted that every restriction on perfect freedom of commercial intercourse involves an absolute sacrifice of wealth, even where one of the parties to the arrangement may be a gainer by the general loss. Perhaps Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH would dispute the assumption that in the present instance the interests of England and of Canada are incompatible. The unanimous opinion of all parties concerned is perhaps not conclusive.

If the Parliament and Government of Canada were willing to form a Customs Union with the United States, no American party would raise a serious objection. By a curious inconsistency, protectionist communities are almost always willing to enlarge the area of internal and unqualified Free-trade. Between Maine and the Southern frontier of Texas there is an entire absence of duties on commerce, and, even if the establishment of such barriers were allowed by the Constitution, any attempt of the kind would be at once defeated by popular indignation. In the days before the Civil War, when both the Northern and the Southern States were constantly engaged in efforts to extend the limits of freedom or of slavery, the objection that an enlargement of the Union would involve the relaxation of a protective tariff was never urged. The vast Territory of Texas was first occupied by private adventurers, and then added to the dominions of the Republic without an audible remonstrance on the part of American producers. Immediately afterwards a large portion of Mexico, including the Pacific slope, was conquered, and again no opposition was offered by manufacturers or farmers. It was almost by accident that Cuba escaped the annexation which had been more than once threatened in Presidential Messages. About the same time, and afterwards during the Civil War, the conquest of Canada was announced as expedient and probable, and the Republican party which represents commercial protection would have acquiesced in the enterprise, if it had been found practicable. The Reciprocity Treaty, which was in force for several years, was ultimately denounced on political grounds, and there is little doubt that it might be renewed, if the English and Canadian Governments would comply with certain conditions. On the whole, it may be said that the decision for or against a Customs Union rests with the Canadian Government. The measure would excite dissatisfaction and perhaps irritation in England, but no attempt would be made by the Imperial Government to defeat the deliberate policy of the Dominion. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was somewhat hasty in condemning by anticipation a policy to which no effective resistance could be offered.

Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH provokes criticism by his frequent description of commercial Union with America as Free-trade. By voluntarily entering the region which is enclosed by the American tariff, Canada would indeed obtain freedom of trade with the United States, but at the cost of commercial separation from the rest of the world, and especially from England. Perhaps the gain would exceed the loss; but both sides of the question ought to be considered. The opinion of the Parliamentary majority in Canada, and of the Government which has for many years held office, cannot be reasonably treated with the contempt which Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH apparently feels. Sir JOHN MACDONALD and his colleagues seem to be thoroughly in earnest in their determination to prefer their English connexion to the proposed union. They have lately, with the consent of Parliament, prohibited the construction of two railways which were intended to connect Manitoba with the American railway system, and their claim of control over railway enterprise has been judiciously recognized. As long as the Canadians, rightly or wrongly, disapprove of the Customs Union, it will scarcely become the English Government to oppose a policy which is ostensibly, and perhaps really, patriotic. One argument which has been strongly urged by the advocates of the existing state of things is apparently plausible. If Canada and the United States were included within the same frontier for fiscal purposes, the smaller and less powerful community would have no voice in the maintenance or readjustment of the tariff. Duties would be imposed or modified, or remitted by Congress, without reference to the wishes or interests of the less powerful partner. In the first and most important Customs Union which was established, the minor States of North Germany had a voting power which would have enabled them to resist any encroachment on the part of Prussia. It would be impossible to obtain similar security against a giant allied with a dwarf.

Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH accounts for the actual preponderance

of the party which he opposes by the statement that the manufacturers, combined with certain political parties, have wrongfully obtained the control of the Government. His authority is weighty, though it may perhaps be impaired by his active participation in the movement for a Continental Customs Union. Englishmen at home cannot be expected to understand the circumstances and relations of Canadian parties, and they can only take it practically for granted that the Government of the day represents the community which maintains it in power. In Canada, as elsewhere, manufacturers and traders probably prefer their own interests to the public welfare, but it is not at first sight obvious that the cause of protection would be injuriously affected by a Customs Union. The manufacturers would acquire additional security against competition with English producers, though they may perhaps now profit by the exclusion of American imports. The political bearings of the struggle are less easy to understand; but, on the whole, the party which incurs Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's displeasure may have something to say in its own defence. It is not certain that the attachment of Canadians to the English Crown and Government is wholly imaginary or insincere. It is true that the Colonies are not inclined to give up their fiscal prejudices for the purpose of facilitating either federation or any other kind of tie which may unite them more closely with the Empire. Nevertheless it appears, on credible testimony, that there is a sentiment of loyalty in the Colonies as well as a calculation of material advantage. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH is not disposed to deny that commercial union tends in the direction of political annexation. The German Customs Union prepared the way for the North-German Federation, which soon afterwards ripened into the Empire. Even if a similar result were not of itself likely to follow the proposed measure, it would be certainly contemplated by the other party to the compact. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH himself neither disputes nor deprecates an eventual fusion of English-speaking Americans in a single nation. His hope that the English beyond the Atlantic will maintain friendly relations with their kindred at home may possibly be fulfilled. Up to the present time the people of the United States have neither entertained nor affected any feeling of the kind. At the present moment there is reason to fear that the Fisheries Convention will be rejected by the Senate because a just and amicable settlement of a long-standing dispute with England might diminish the popularity of the PRESIDENT who approves it, and consequently give his Republican adversaries an advantage at the impending election. The question of a Continental Customs Union is less urgent; but it is well that it should be fully discussed. There is no reason to regret that the defence of the measure should be undertaken by Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH. Prudent disputants always wish that the adverse opinion should be fairly and fully represented; and in the present case the advocate of commercial union between Canada and the United States is neither an enemy nor a neutral. In no circumstances would Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH intentionally be a party to any scheme which was unjust and injurious to England.

MR. JOHN CLAYTON.

THE death of Mr. JOHN CLAYTON is, to his many friends and admirers, the terms are interchangeable, a visitation not less untoward than severe. In its way, too, it is something of a public misfortune. Mr. CLAYTON's place and function were unique; there is none left to fill his room and none to continue his tradition. The stage is not lacking, it may be, in artists of greater genius; but with artists of the rare and admirable type of which he was an exemplar it is ill provided indeed. There is plenty of talent, and there is plenty of accomplishment; but the two are not often found in combination to such an extent as in him. He was a born actor, to begin with, it is true; but he was the most patient, the most laborious, and withal the most intelligent of students, and his education had been so thorough, his mastery was so complete, that whatever he did was to the judicious well done enough to be exemplary as art and as invention alike. It has been said of him that he was the one English actor who would not have seemed out of place on the boards of the Rue de Richelieu; and to those who knew the great theatre at its best of late years—when it was the house of GOT and COQUELIN and BARRÉ and THIRON and DELAUNAY, of FAVART and MADELEINE BROHAN and the SARAH BERNHARDT of a time which knew not of *Théodora* or *La Tosca* and the seductions of Chicago and Cincinnati—the description, which is no more than just, is enough.

His capacity was the outcome of a long, an arduous, a desperate struggle with difficulties. Even in the beginning his figure was far from graceful; his arms were too short for his body, his tongue was too large for his mouth; he had, until the end, a vice of articulation which not even his accomplishment in elocution could utterly conceal. But he was a man of singular intelligence, he was a man of culture and gentle breeding—a student of books and life and character for their own sake; and the means he thought out for his education were rigorous and exigent enough to make him, as we know, perhaps the most accomplished actor—using the word "accomplished" in its strictest sense—on the English stage. The results were immediate and honourable. He was with PHELPS and with Mr. DION BOUCICAULT at the old Princess's; and he distinguished himself by his performance of, not only such parts as the young and commonplace hero of *After Dark*, but such character-parts as the GINKELL of *The Rapparee*. He was at the Gaiety—the new Gaiety then—with ALFRED WIGAN, first of all, and afterwards with Messrs. TOOLE and IRVING and NEVILLE, and the late ADELAIDE NEILSON and Miss HENRADE; and here he was simply admirable as the VAUBERT of an adaptation of *Le Drame de la Rue de la Paix*, effective as JOE LENNARD, the blacksmith *jeune premier* of BYRON's *Uncle Dick's Darling*, and beyond praise as Lord MOUNTFORRESTCOURT in ROBERTSON's *Dreams*. The actor's next achievement was worthy of his promise; was, indeed, the JOSEPH SURFACE of the Vaudeville revival. Who that has seen it can ever forget that incomparable piece of art? Handsome, plausible, gross, commanding, JOSEPH—JOSEPH, and not CHARLES—was the hero of the piece. Not even PALMER (so far as we can discover) had played the part with this amount of intellect and force; to many it was a revelation; it was evidence to those who knew and cared for acting, that here was a possible TARTUFE, a possible FALSTAFF even. It was intellectual, yet radiantly sensual; it was daring yet natural in conception, large yet finished in method, irresistible in effect; at the Français it would have stamped the executant an artist in creation, and opened up to him the range of great parts included in the old repertory. Even more popular, and to the full as remarkable, was the HUGH TREVOR of Mr. MERIVALE's and the late Mr. PALGRAVE SIMPSON's *All for Her*. Here was youth, here was romance, here was passion. It seemed that CLAYTON had but to go on—had but to have opportunity—to take his place at the head of his profession, to be the darling of the play-going public, as—in another way, and to a different purpose—GARRICK and KEAN had been before him, and Mr. HENRY IRVING has been since. But it was not so. Perhaps the dramatist was wanting; save for the judicious the actor did his best—and how good it was, that best!—in vain. Piece after piece was tried; upon each and all the manager (CLAYTON was now the co-lessee of the Court Theatre) expended his almost unequalled talent of production; in each and all the comedian shone with a discreet, an unfailing, an artistic and delightful brilliance. But the result was in a sense disheartening; the theatre was none of the most popular; the comedian, by sheer force of art and intelligence, was able to maintain his reputation, and from defeat to snatch a kind of victory. Then came a change. As the principal figure, if not the hero, in Mr. PINERO's pleasant and brilliant farces he achieved a popular success; and it seemed that he was at last upon the point of reaping his reward, and taking the place which was his by right—of talent, culture, intelligence, patience, accomplishment, fame; when, as we know, he died. It is impossible to say what he might or would not have done. He had always been a light of comedy; he was not too old for romance; first and last, he was an exemplar of his art. As we have said, there is none to take his place, or continue his tradition.

He died at forty-three, with, as one hoped, and as it seemed, at least twenty years' good work in him yet. What he was as an actor we have tried to record; as a stage-manager, an artist in production—one who could do much with little, and with means the most exiguous

achieve the finest results—he had scarce any rival; as a talker, an intelligence, a personality he stood alone in his profession. It will be some time, we take it, ere the stage is itself without him.

THE SWEATING SYSTEM.

THE appointment of a Committee of the House of Lords to inquire into the sweating system of unsavoury name and associations will meet with general approval. Lord DUNRAVEN'S speech, and the Report of Mr. BURNETT on which it is founded, show that a state of things exists in some parts of the East-End of London calling, in the vague phrase commonly used when a scandal is reported, for "something to be done." There are tailoring shops in that part of the capital—and others could be found elsewhere, no doubt—as filthy, as unwholesome, as much overcrowded, as the worst dens denounced by KINGSLEY. Terrible spells of work are done for the most wretched pay under the pressure of competition. In one district foreign Jews in sufficient numbers to people a country town work during parts of the year as hard as negroes on a sugar plantation at harvest-time, and starve during the rest of the year. It is one of the worst evils of the trade that the work is equally heavy and irregular. By necessity or by choice—in all probability from the first of these causes—the contractors crowd the work they give out into a few days of the week. The hands—men and women—can only get through it by working for eighteen hours of the twenty-four. If the pay given is sometimes fairly good while it lasts, the intervals of idleness bring the average throughout the year very low. As is usually the case, women suffer more severely than men. Eleven shillings is thought a good week's earnings for a machine woman. The average gains are far smaller. This life of toil at starvation wages is led among surroundings often of the most filthy description. Workshops are overcrowded and undrained. Inspectors find that the law is frequently eluded, and houses kept in a condition which is a danger to the whole community. Into these places is crowded a population which lives on fishes' heads and putrid vegetables, which takes no exercise, has insufficient sleep, never washes, and is engaged in the production of cheap ready-made clothes, which are packed off for home use and export, as probably as not carrying with them the germs of typhus.

It is the best, if not the only, proof that we are better than our fathers that such a picture cannot be drawn now without exciting a desire to pull the crooked things straight. The gorge rises at the sight of this squalid misery, and even men who make no pretensions to exceptional humanity feel disgust at the thought of the existence of such a hotbed of human degradation and filthy disease in the very midst of London. Therefore, the decision of the Government to allow the appointment of the Committee asked for by Lord DUNRAVEN will seem to have been very proper and even natural. But whether something can be done, and what it ought to be, are by no means matters so easy to decide upon. The Lords' Committee can hardly confine itself to inquiring alone. That would only lead to the re-doing of Mr. BURNETT'S work, and to superfluous proof of what is already known. It must suggest remedies; and, when it begins to do so, the real difficulties of its task will be seen. Some improvement may be effected by a better system of sanitary inspection, and by inflicting severer penalties for breaches of the law; but by these means the utmost we can effect is to make it more probable that journeymen tailors, who have to work eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, shall not be required to do it in rooms insufficiently ventilated and reeking with effluvia from drains. Crushing work will still have to be done at starvation wages. The sweating system is, as Lord DUNRAVEN himself acknowledged, the inevitable result of the struggle in modern industry, the competition of contractors for profits and of workmen for wages. The Government itself helps to perpetuate the evil. It pays two shillings apiece for the making of postmen's greatcoats, of which one shilling and fourpence goes to the actual maker. If it gave more, somebody in the House of Commons would want to know why the nation's money was being wasted; and, indeed, it is very doubtful whether anybody but the contractor would profit by the extravagance. How can buyers be prevented from buying in the cheapest market, contractors from under-selling one another, and workmen from preferring starvation wages to none? It is this struggle which is cutting profits and wages alike down to the quick, and it is as much beyond legislative control as the fogs of the Channel. Much is said from time to time about the influx of foreign Jews who have been prepared by their own Polish and Russian squalor to live on garbage and toil for a pittance. Even if all that is asserted about them and their influence is true, it does not follow that permanent good would be gained by their exclusion. If it did raise wages and diminish hours of work in the ready-made clothes business, the effect would be to increase the cost of production, which would again show its influence in the price of Government contracts, in additional burdens on the workmen who buy cheap clothes, in greater difficulties for the exporting merchant, and diminished freight for the shipowner. The weight would be relieved in one quarter to be increased in others. The sweating system is one result of the ever-increasing pressure of population on means of subsistence—it is the City equivalent of the destitution in the Lewis. Unhappily it is less capable of remedy, for its victims are absolutely unfitted for life in a new country.

THE RUSSIAN PROPOSALS.

IT is understood that the proposals in reference to Bulgaria which, as a consequence partly of the recent language of Prince BISMARCK, Russia has made to the Porte and the Powers have been answered by all the Governments concerned except Turkey; and Turkey, in the nature of things, would have to answer last. The reported answers may very probably be taken as at least approximately correct. In fact, they were indicated beforehand with sufficient accuracy to make their nature all but certain. It was clear that all the Powers would in one way or other acknowledge the fact—a fact of the same kind as the fact that two and two make four—that Prince FERDINAND'S situation has not been regularized as it should have been. It was very probable that France, from her desire to curry favour with Russia, and Germany, for reasons which in the Palace of Truth might be a little different from those recently given to the Reichsrath, would support the Russian proposal for the removal of the audacious Coburger. It was equally probable that Austria, Italy, and England would, in one way or another, demur; and it was at least possible that the demur of Austria would be less decided than that of the other two, partly because Austria's good friend, Prince BISMARCK, shows such a touching anxiety that nothing should be done to hurt the CZAR'S feelings, and partly also, it is fair to remember, because the matter is much more momentous to Austria than to anybody else. If the CZAR were to be seized, as has not uncommonly happened in his family, by the desire for a *coup de tête*, the immediate consequences to England and Italy are quite problematic; the immediate consequences to Austria might, and very likely would, be the flooding of Galicia with Cossack cavalry. Therefore it is not altogether just to accuse the Imperial and Royal Government of hesitation or half-heartedness.

If, as has been announced, the English reply is practically confined to an acknowledgment of the incompleteness of Prince FERDINAND'S commission, coupled with a refusal to advise the Porte to take any steps for his removal until it knows what is to be done next, this particular round of the fight may be said to have gone in favour of Bulgaria, and it is quite clear that no better answer could have been returned. For the weakness of the Russian position always has been that Russians have seemed to argue as if the Berlin Treaty, in their own very peculiar reading of it, were an end in itself and not a means to an end. That end is the order, prosperity, and good government of Bulgaria. These three things, despite the efforts of certain persons not wholly unknown in Russia, have been secured, and are secured, by Prince FERDINAND'S *de facto* Government, which, moreover, needs nothing, and never has needed anything, to turn it into a *de jure* Government but the assent of Russia herself. She has caused a technical error, and now she seeks to profit by it, and to profit by it without giving any assurance that she will not play the same game over again. It is difficult to believe that even the encouragement of Prince BISMARCK can have induced her to commit the amazing tactical mistake assigned to her in some reports, and to vouchsafe the information that she could not consent to any Roman Catholic candidate. Sarcastic remarks have been made before now on that

peculiar and, as it would appear, quite private version of the Berlin Treaty of which Russia and Prince BISMARCK, as her "fourth plenipotentiary," alone possess copies. But it would appear that there are many more clauses in that unknown edition than were thought. Here is a bran-new one, of which even Prince BISMARCK, when he testified to the clause about Russian "sway," which had escaped all other observers, said nothing. Perhaps the demurs of England and her companions will bring out more, and in that case we shall have some extremely interesting diplomatic revelations which will set all the learned editors and commentators of the instrument at work making appendices to their former labours.

A great deal, no doubt, depends upon the present action of Turkey, and that action, even by persons best acquainted with the subject, is never to be counted on with absolute certainty. At times it seems incredible that any Government should go out of its way to please a secular enemy and robber of its own goods; and the occasional deference of the Porte to Russia appears not unlike a curious phenomenon sometimes noticed in school life, where one boy seems unable to keep away from another, though this other may do nothing but bully, torment, and cheat him. The fact, no doubt, is that the Porte, seeing, and with some justice, in the "European Areopagus" nothing but an assembly of lukewarm friends and unscrupulous foes, thinks it, on the whole, best to pay most heed to that Areopagite which is the most open, most unscrupulous, nearest, and most formidable of the foes. On no other consideration can such proceedings as the distinction made between the Montenegrin ruffians and the Bulgarian ruffians, who lately, at the instigation of Russian agents, if not of Russia, invaded Bulgaria, be accounted for. The SULTAN knows too well that in any new European war he has hardly the smallest chance of recovering anything that has been stolen from him, and that he is very likely to be made to pay the price of reconciliation by fresh stealings. Still, whatever bad things may come out of the lap of fate for him in the direction of Austria or of anywhere else, it is so demonstrably impossible that any good thing should be brought out for him by the direct or indirect agency of the CZAR that playing into the hands of the latter on the part of the Porte seems simple madness. And it is doubtful whether it would ever be resorted to if it were not for the great delusion about gaining time which prevails in all diplomacy more or less, and in Eastern diplomacy most of all.

Some attention has been called to speeches of two Royalist Deputies in the French Chamber on foreign policy, both of which had some reference to England. That of M. DE LA FERRONAYS appears to have been mostly foolish, and the references made by this bearer of a not unhonoured name to the "immemorial rights" of France in the New Hebrides would seem to show that the gibes of the profane as to the historical and other teaching in the clerical schools frequented by Monarchists are not unfounded. M. DE BRETEUIL'S, though much abler and much less unfriendly —indeed, not unfriendly at all in form—displays in curious fashion the new craze about an Anglo-Russian alliance. M. DE BRETEUIL represented England as in a state of mortal terror about her empire in the East, and as ready to buy off Russia there at any price. It is sometimes, if not generally, forgotten in England, where ideas of French politics are rarely very precise, that the French Monarchists are, as a rule, rather worse disposed to England than their opponents —which is saying much. These speeches may do something to revive knowledge of the fact. The truth is that there is no considerable French party which is not ill disposed towards England, and that only in some yet unforeseen circumstances could England ever find a trustworthy alliance in France. With Russia it is, no doubt, different; for there is no inherited ill-will between England and the CZAR'S country. But there, on the other hand, is the fatal fact that in both directions in which the ambition of Russia prompts her most to advance, the interest of England is peremptorily to keep her back. M. DE BRETEUIL thinks that in our debilitated condition we should be glad to compound for halt in the one quarter by permitting advance in the other, and certainly if we have come to that, there is nothing more to be said. But Englishmen—not Gladstonians —naturally cannot be expected to take that view. M. DE BRETEUIL'S further remarks on the fears of Germany and the probable "bolting" of Austria and Italy in case of actual war were likewise too obviously prompted by wishes which fathered the thought. What is known is, that Russia is committed to a course of conduct in which, if she does not gain, she must lose very humiliatingly; and that if Austria and Italy allow her to win, the western half of the Mediterranean will very probably become a Russian lake, tempered perhaps by an English Egypt. We should not have supposed this consummation likely to be very agreeable to M. DE BRETEUIL'S countrymen; but, doubtless, they must be allowed to know their own affairs.

THE ARMADA MONUMENT.

CENTENARY festivals are things not always spoken of with respect. Fastidious persons call them bores, and austere persons call them follies. The proposed festival to celebrate the tercentenary of the defeat of the Spanish Armada will doubtless be called bad names; but the Plymothians need not be greatly troubled on that account. If it amuses them to have a ceremony in honour of the great event they may innocently have it, since they not only hurt nobody, but might be worse engaged than in having a little glorification over the famous deeds they did in ancient days. If, too, there is to be a tercentenary celebration, a fitter place for it could not be found than Plymouth. The English fleet lay there when the excellent pirate FLEMING signalled the Spaniards off the Lizard. The great game of Kales was played on the Hoe. The good people of Plymouth helped materially to worry PHILIP into sending his lumbering Armada into the Channel, and then had their own distinguished share in the good work of worrying it out again. Besides, Plymouth Sound is the fittest spot in the world for a water frolic, which is, we suppose, the form the celebration is to take, partly, if not wholly. We trust the frolic will be held, and will be very gay; and that the approaching summer in South Devon will not be so warm as to make everybody too limp to enjoy him or herself. If the show is to be organized, as it should be, on the Flemish scale, and properly adapted to the place, it ought to be worth seeing.

In the meantime Plymouth has decided to make a record of the occasion in the form of a "monument for ever" which is to stand on the Hoe. As is most becoming a former townsman has been chosen to do the work. We shall not express any opinion as to the value of Mr. HERBERT A. GRIBBLE'S design. His shaft, surmounted by a statue of Britannia, his laurel wreaths and medallions of Armada heroes, his bronze bas-reliefs, his statues of an old Viking and of Vigilance, his anchor and cannon balls of the period, may all combine to produce a good effect, but no monument can be called good till it is finished. A severe regard for consistency would perhaps lead to the exclusion of the Viking, who is not quite in place in a monument designed to record the defeat of an invasion. The defence of the shores of England was not what one generally associates with the name of the Vikings, and, on the whole, SALVATION YEO would be much more in place. The Tercentenary Memorial General Committee has shown itself so sensible that perhaps it will listen to this suggestion. A proposal has been made to use up the statue of DRAKE, which has already been erected—and it has been very properly rejected. Sir FRANCIS is very well entitled to his statue, and can very well stand by himself, but he ought not to be the only prominent figure in a monument to the "heroes of "the Armada." If he is to be there larger than life, then Lord HOWARD of Effingham, Sir JOHN HAWKINS, and Sir MARTIN FROBISHER ought to have the same honour, to say nothing of Lord THOMAS HOWARD and Sir WILLIAM WINTER. The Memorial Committee has, therefore, done well in deciding not to sacrifice other names to DRAKE'S, or commit itself to the erection of a Brobdingnagian monument. The first Englishman and the first commander of any nation who circumnavigated the globe ought to have a record to himself. But the defeat of the Armada was not the work of one man—or even of six or seven. It was done by the English people, and by every class in it acting together spontaneously. If the fit sculptor could only be found, it would be better that the figures, if there must be any, should represent types rather than individuals. If a portrait-statue must be there, then it should be the statue of Queen ELIZABETH, for when everything has been said that malice and bad criticism can say, it was she who governed this country, and prepared the defeat of the Armada. But the Committee, which will have to pay for the monument, is entitled to choose the design for itself; and, since it has chosen, there is little good in pointing out that it might

have made a better choice—or at least that it might have had better things to select from. For the rest, there is no reason why Mr. GRIBBLE's materials should not combine into a fine monument, worthy to stand for ever on the Hoe, a pleasing object to townsmen and visitors. It is not often that architects and sculptors get such a chance as this; and, as there is rather a craze for setting up statues and memorials all over the world now, it is better they should rise for great historic events than to successful railway contractors or small celebrities of the political kind.

THE GOOD LAWYER AND THE BAD CASE.

NOTHING could more vividly illustrate the confusion into which Mr. GLADSTONE's sudden abandonment of the offensive in Parliament has thrown his party than the crowd of notices which jostled each other on the Order Book last Thursday night, under the common heading of "Public Meetings in the Metropolis." First on the list stood Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's reformed, or "converted," resolution—that shorn and enfeebled formula whose sole strength lay in that portion of it which Mr. GLADSTONE's hand so ruthlessly clipped off. Then followed the proposition embodying Mr. BRADLAUGH's revolt against these craven counsels of his chief, and claiming a full and public inquiry into the alleged unlawful assembly in Trafalgar Square of the 13th of November last, and the conduct of the police in connexion therewith. Whom succeeded the thoughtful Professor STUART, dissatisfied with his predecessor's mere empirical treatment of external symptoms, and going, statesmanlike, to the root of the malady, with the declaration that "the police of the metropolis ought to be placed under "the control of the ratepayers of the metropolis, by means "of a properly constituted municipal authority." And the rear was brought up by "ATHERLEY JONES the Liberator," and "the People's PICKERSGILL," one inviting the House to affirm the undoubted right of HER MAJESTY's subjects to assemble, &c., and the other contented, with the humility of the truly great, to repeat Mr. BRADLAUGH's own amendment, almost in Mr. BRADLAUGH's gracious words. This, it will be admitted, is not exactly a picture of brethren dwelling together in unity; but it is hard to blame the quasi-mutineers who have thus broken away from their commander. No man with a sense of the ridiculous, to say nothing of the sentiment of self-respect, can be severely condemned for objecting to be confined within the limits of such a formula as Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's. It is desirable, says that eminently cautious proposition, that "an inquiry should be instituted by a "Committee of this House into the conditions subject to "which open-air public meetings may be held in the metropolis, and the limits of the right of interference there-"with of the Executive Government." A Committee of the House of Commons, in other words, is to be appointed to hold a solemn investigation into the "conditions" and "limits" in question, and then as solemnly to record their twofold conclusion—(1) that public meetings may be held, subject to the conditions that their purpose is lawful, and that their behaviour is not calculated to cause terror to the inhabitants of the district; and (2) that the right of Executive interference with them is coextensive with their failure to conform to these conditions. If Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, or rather Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's leader, deemed it politic to confine himself to such truisms as this, there was no reason, the malcontents might well urge, why they should associate themselves with so idle a performance.

Fortunately, however, for a speech which, as it was, fell far short of the speaker's usual standard of performance, Sir CHARLES RUSSELL was not bound to stick closely to his text. As a sound lawyer, he knows better than most men what really are the "conditions" of lawful public meeting and the "limits" of the right of Executive interference; and his argument was throughout so framed as to suggest, without openly affirming, that the conditions of lawful public meeting existed at Trafalgar Square on the 13th of last November, and that the Executive, in prohibiting the meeting announced for that day and place, overstepped the legitimate limits of interference. Considering, however, how clear on the merits is the contrary contention, it follows that, even confining himself to suggestion and eschewing direct affirmation, Sir CHARLES RUSSELL undertook a sufficiently arduous task. In order to make even so much as a show of accomplishing it, he was compelled to devote the first half of his speech to the establishment of a proposition which, whether true or not, is irrelevant, and throughout the second half of it studiously to shirk an encounter with the actual facts of the situation in November last. The proposition which he so industriously laboured in the earlier portion of his argument need not detain us for a moment. Even if we assume, as Mr. MATTHEWS judiciously consented to assume for the sake of argument, that the right of the Crown to control the use of Trafalgar Square by the public was claimed incorrectly in point of law by the Government, we do not get one inch nearer to the determination of the question whether certain Radical clubs had a right to use, or the Executive a right to prevent them using, the Square for the purposes contemplated on the 13th of last November. That question depends upon two others—first, whether the public user of the Square did or did not invest the promoters of the prohibited meeting with a *primâ facie* right to hold a meeting there; and, secondly, whether this right was or was not liable to be, and was or was not in fact, defeated by the nonexistence of those "conditions" which figured so prominently in Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's resolution, and received so little discussion in Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's speech. Had he succeeded in proving the affirmative of the former of these propositions, he would then only have been brought face to face with the fact that the Government claim to have overthrown it by proving the affirmative of the latter. As a matter of fact, he could not and did not succeed in even proving the affirmative of the former. The public user of the Square, as was laid down, with, we believe, the universal approval of lawyers, by Mr. Justice CHARLES, imports no further or other rights over it than is imported by the public user of any other London thoroughfare. That is to say, it imports a right to make use of it, as of other thoroughfares, primarily for the purpose of transit from place to place; and, secondarily, for such other purposes as are consistent with the convenience and security of other members of the community. The mere fact that meetings have been frequently held, and allowed to be held, in the Square, can no more have created a "right" to use it for such a purpose than the fact referred to in the debate, that crowds are in the habit of collecting outside the publishing offices of certain sporting newspapers has created a right to perpetuate that particular form of street obstruction. That the public can "prescribe" against an individual landowner to the limitation of his full normal rights of proprietorship is admitted in every law suit over a disputed right of way; but it would be a monstrous extension of this legal doctrine to hold that a minority of the public can prescribe against the majority, so as not merely to limit, but to annihilate, their concurrent right of transit over a particular piece of land.

Even supposing, therefore, that there were a right of public meeting in Trafalgar Square, it would be impossible for any man of common sense, to say nothing of a lawyer, to contend that it is more than a conditional right, and one liable to be defeated on coming into conflict with other rights of the general community. It was incumbent, therefore, upon Sir CHARLES RUSSELL to address himself to the question whether it had or had not come into conflict with any rights in the case of the proposed meeting. How far aloof he held himself from this question may be judged from the almost incredible circumstance that from the beginning to the end of the speech he made no reference whatever to the fact that the meetings in Trafalgar Square had even so much as been alleged to have created any inconvenience, let alone any danger, to the public. To listen to him one might have thought that people had never met in the Square for any other purpose or in any other mood than that of a Social Science Congress. We might have fancied that no meeting in the Square had ever been entertained with inflammatory speeches or broken up into riotous and predatory processions, and that the looting of the West End in February 1886 was a mere nightmare. Yet these incidents, and the alarm inspired by them, constitute that very case of the Government with which it was Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's business to grapple. As a lawyer he [illegible] and did not contest the proposition that an [illegible] ful meeting will become unlawful when [illegible] cause reasonable alarm to the inhabitants [illegible] in which it is held. He did not even [illegible] so many words that the meeting [illegible] November was [illegible] could only [illegible]

meetings in Trafalgar Square has been made general and permanent, whereas it ought, he contended, only to hold good for the particular occasion on which the prohibition was originally issued. But why so? If, and so long as the alarm which justified it continues, why should not the prohibition hold good? And we should like to know whether Sir CHARLES RUSSELL is prepared to assert that the alarm does not continue, or at least that it would not at once revive if the prohibition were removed. His whole speech was a melancholy example of the total failure of even the ablest advocate to deal with a certain kind of hopeless cases. We should pity any lawyer who was forced to undertake such a task as Sir CHARLES RUSSELL had, and if we do not pity him, it is only because he undertook it, not under compulsion, but as a rash and misguided volunteer.

THE WAR OFFICE MEMORANDUM.

THE Memorandum published by the War Office to prepare the minds of members of Parliament for the due discussion of the Estimates is a truly remarkable document. It is not that the results it has to report are so wonderful, though it shows an addition to our effective force of 275 men (an important increase of strength, nearly equal to a German infantry company on the peace footing), and a simultaneous decrease in the Estimates of 152,019*l.* Neither does its merit lie in the absence of a supplementary estimate for the first time in eight years. A supplementary estimate may be a necessary and even welcome thing. Besides, more money is to be asked for, and rightly too; and, after all, the difference between asking for more and presenting supplementary estimates is practically not great. The wonderfulness of the Memorandum does not lie in the multiplicity of its details, though it touches on more subjects than the unassisted human head can hold after one reading. Neither is it the cheerful confidence of the Memorandum which fills us with the patriotic pride and amazed delight which are, for the moment, the emotions of the *Saturday Review*. Mr. STANHOPE does, indeed, tell us that our army is ready to supply all needful garrisons, to meet the calls of any of "those small wars so common in "our history," and turn out two army corps for a more serious business, ready to go anywhere and do anything; that the regiments first on the roster for service abroad are in an unprecedented state of efficiency; that—that, in short, barring a few deficiencies, such as the total want of tents and transport for a second corps, Militia, and Volunteers; the absence of any reserve of artillery when our two corps army is in the field (we supply Mr. STANHOPE with this detail); the want of horses, and a few trifles of that sort not worth mentioning, our army is as near perfection as it is given to the work of the erring race of human kind to attain. Something like this we have heard before. It is not in any of these things that the wonderfulness of the War Office Memorandum consists.

Its peculiar and original merits are a certain lofty thoroughness of view, a comprehensiveness of grasp, and a manful facing of the fact that the duty of the War Office is to supply efficient defences, and not only to avoid expenditure. "It is, perhaps, characteristic of the want of thorough- "ness which has too often marked our military prepara- "tions," says Mr. STANHOPE, speaking of Lord PALMERSTON'S defence scheme, "that the cost of the armaments correspond- "ing to these fortifications, which was to have been borne "on the annual Estimates, was not provided till a later "period." When the War Office is found talking about want of thoroughness in our military preparations, it is clear that the abundant criticism of late years has not been wholly wasted. Things will be materially altered when the Department counts want of thoroughness as the greatest, or even as only a very great, sin. Its gradual conversion to that view ought by no means to be checked, and so it may be heartily praised for the progress it has made. The transfer of the cost of transporting troops from the Navy to the Army Budget, and of naval ordnance from the Army to the Navy, together with the much-talked reorganization of the War Office, belong to those incessant reforms which delight the official mind, but are, after all, mere readjustments and changes of names. Provided the work is well done, it does not much matter under what [illegible] it is done. But to find the War Office forming a [illegible] comprehensive scheme, and trying to carry it out, is [illegible] a change for the better. Mr. STANHOPE'S Memorandum shows that at least he has something like an aim and a plan. To settle that we must be able to meet small wars without disturbance, to provide two army corps without depleting the garrisons for a great war, to make your mind up as to what ports ought to be fortified and how, and, best of all, to come to Parliament with a request for 3,000,000*l.* to pay for guns and fortifications to be supplied at once—this is to have a policy. As it is so much better to have even an insufficient policy than none at all, we need not be extreme in inquiring whether the War Office has decided to do all that might with advantage be done. The ports of war are to be put in a position to defend themselves without the constant presence of a squadron. The coaling-stations are in course of being fitted with teeth and claws for the terror of hostile cruisers; mercantile ports are to be armed according to their importance. Steps are being taken to improve the weapons of the army in pattern, and test their quality properly. The Volunteers are being helped to provide themselves with transport, and the beginning of a field artillery is being made for them. The effort is as yet feeble and tentative, but it is better than none. When the War Office, having taken the plunge, has become used to the surrounding temperature, it may be asked whether it would as much as be possible to send our two corps abroad in case of a great war in Western Europe till another army capable of marching and manœuvring had been provided for the defence of the coast. What the answer will be after a little experience of thoroughness the ingenious reader may judge.

WINTER IN THE AUSTRIAN ALPS.

WINTER in the Lower Alps is not very different from what it is in the plains below, but in the higher mountains it assumes quite a new character. Even there, it is true that the late autumn and early spring are intensely disagreeable. The constant succession of snow-storms and thaws renders walking all but impossible, and the outside world is cheerless with leaden skies and drifting mists. Indoors things are not much better; the winds that whistle up the valleys pierce the double windows, and it is days before even the huge tile stoves can thoroughly warm rooms that have stood unoccupied for weeks. But when the cold at last sets in one may reckon with considerable certainty on from six weeks to two months of clear, bright, frosty weather, when for a man in good health mere existence becomes a joy. The fogs that are the curse of the lower valleys are then unknown on the heights. A sun of an Italian splendour shines from a cloudless heaven. Every waterfall and mill-dam is set in a glittering frame of icicles. The snow is crisp underfoot and soon forms the smoothest of paths for the sledges. The air is motionless, and though the thermometer falls from $-13°$ to $-19°$ C., the cold is not unpleasant in the light, dry air, at least for those who take the precautions of Sam Weller's Polar bear, and are well wrapt up before they go skating.

It has been said that fogs are unknown at this season, but at sunrise and sunset, and sometimes in the moonlight, a thin veil of silvery mist may be seen hanging over the larger brooks, and from a height their course may be traced for miles by means of it. It generally vanishes long before noon, but occasionally spreads to some distance on either side. In the immediate vicinity it is hardly perceptible, but it transforms all the more distant views. The snowy peaks are still distinctly visible, but they seem invested in a strange mystery, and when on such occasions the sunset lights glow upon them, they seem to belong to another world than ours—a world in which, if we could penetrate it, we might find the castle of the Holy Grail. In our world, meanwhile, the common cares of life continue, and fortunately there is winter work to be done. Before the continued cold begins there is usually a heavy snowfall, which blocks all the thoroughfares. Then, at least on the roads that are acknowledged to possess an Imperial interest, the snow-plough has to do its work. From eight to twelve pair of horses are hired and harnessed to the unwieldy machine, and it is a merry sight to see the foremost plunging through snow that reaches high above their knees, while the riders shout, swear, and gesticulate, and seem altogether to be having a good time, as indeed they are, since they have a right to stop at certain wayside inns, where the Government pays the score. The snow-plough, while it opens up a way between the villages, makes new work in each, as it heaps up the loose snow on both sides of the street in such a way as to render the doorways impassable until it has been carted away.

The purpose for which the plough is used is not so much to remove the surface snow as to press what remains into a firm track for the sledges; and it has, therefore, to be employed with some caution. If it goes its rounds before a sufficient quantity of snow has fallen, it pushes the whole of it away; and, as wheeled vehicles are useless during the winter, it thus renders part of the road impassable. If, on the other hand, too much snow is allowed to accumulate, it becomes difficult to force a passage through it. It is generally thought that it ought to be used when forty centimetres have fallen; but this is a matter which must to

a great extent be left to the judgment of the single inspector. If the district under his charge is large, it will frequently happen that the fall is heavy in some parts of it, while in others it barely suffices for the sledges. This is particularly the case when the road leads up a mountain valley with side openings. In such districts it is impossible to lay down any fixed general rules.

The mere removal of the snow from the streets and courts gives work for almost every honest labourer who would otherwise be unemployed; the ice harvest is a still more fruitful source of gain to those who depend on stray jobs. A large quantity of ice is yearly exported from the Southern Alps to Northern Italy, and this involves a good deal of labour, as the solid blocks must be hewn out of the surface of the lakes, carted to the nearest railway-station, and carefully packed there. The Alpine innkeepers who have ice-cellars are usually contented with the huge icicles that can be procured from the nearest mill-run. These are broken into small pieces, and stored away in underground cellars, where they are crushed together so as to form in a few days a single solid mass. The Italian dealers, however, will have nothing to do with wares of this kind. They say they melt more easily, and they can easily be known by their fracture, and also by their colour when large blocks are taken. Thus the higher lakes become, if not gold, yet copper, mines when the winter frost sets in, if only they are near enough to a railway-station.

The chief winter work, however, consists in bringing down the hay and timber from the upland meadows and woods. In such of the former as are not used for alms, the grass is mown twice, or even thrice, in the course of the summer, and the hay is stored away in rough block-houses upon the heights. As soon as a sufficient quantity of snow has fallen, it is brought down to the valleys. For this purpose mountain sledges are used. As they are mere skeletons, though large and strongly built, they are light enough for a single man to be able to draw them up to the heights, though this is hard work, particularly before the snow has been trodden down. When they have once reached their destination, they are placed on the verge of the steepest declivity, free from woods and precipices, that can be found, and there loaded, the hay being firmly bound upon them, and then pushed down the mountain-side. The first day's labour is heavy; but, as soon as a track has been formed, the descent, at least, is easy and merry enough. An impetus is given to the sledge, the driver springs up in front, with his legs suspended between the two handles, and the vehicle rushes rapidly down the steep incline. If it is desirable to retard the speed or alter the course, the driver can do so by digging his heel into the snow on either side; in other cases he keeps his knees slightly bent to prevent his feet touching the ground. When seen from below the headlong career looks dangerous, and it must be confessed that accidents frequently occur, but they rarely end in anything worse than a tumble in the snow. The sledge that has been deprived of its driver usually behaves with discretion, and arrives at the bottom of the slope as safely as if it were still under his charge. Of course a single track is not used at the same hours for ascending and descending.

The timber that has been hewn in the autumn is brought down from the mountains in exactly the same way, and in either case, when the loads are heavy, horses are harnessed to the sledges as soon as they reach the level ground. But sledges can only be loaded with timber on an open place above a clear and direct slope, and in order to collect the single trunks in such an opening another contrivance is used. Felling in well-regulated forests is always confined to certain portions of the woods, and from each of these a pathway is broken to what may almost be called the great timber-yard below. Along these paths stems of an equal size are laid side by side. The first snow shower or heavy rain followed by a frost binds them together, so that they form a course as smooth and certain as a railway, and down them the trunks felled in the upper woods are shot. If one happens to glide to either side, the stoppage is easily remedied. But this does not often happen, and the continual downflow of timber is one of the most interesting sights that can be witnessed on the uplands in the early winter. The branches are, of course, lopped from the trunks before they are sent on their apparently perilous way. For the most part they belong by law to the inhabitants of the neighbouring villages, who are left to bring them down as best they can. As the stems are dressed early in the autumn, there is no injustice in this arrangement. The villagers either themselves appear or send representatives up to the scene of operations, and the loose firewood is divided in just proportions between them. The poorer peasants generally bring it down on their own backs or those of their wives and daughters while it is still green; the richer let it lie till the hay has been safely housed, as they believe that the frost and even the frozen snow, if it be carefully knocked off before the wood is stored, improves its quality for burning purposes. Wood that has once been thoroughly frozen gives more heat, they say. Such fuel is brought down either with or after the hay.

In places where amusement is sought, many other sources of profit are, of course, open to the poor. The sweeping of snow from the surface of lakes, which would otherwise be inaccessible to skaters, is one of the most profitable of these, but it is usually let to enterprising capitalists in a small way of business, who provide the labour and charge "ice-money"—that is to say, who take a toll of a few pence from every one who wishes to skate on the parts of the lakes which they have swept. The formation of private ice-grounds which may be used either for skating or other purposes is also a source of profit for the well-to-do and of employment for the poor. But an account of these things had perhaps better be left for another article. It is something to be able to say that no Austrian who has a right of residence need suffer either from cold or hunger in the Alpine villages during the winter, if he is willing and able to do hard work, and that, if he is physically incapable of it, he will be amply and even tenderly cared for by his neighbours and public charity. If he is simply lazy and improvident, his life, it must be confessed, is not likely to be agreeable.

FRAGMENT OF THE TWENTIETH *PROVINCIALE.*

[*To discuss at length the many curious problems presented by this hitherto unpublished fragment, apparently, of Blaise Pascal's work would be impossible, and perhaps unnecessary. It is enough to say that for the convenience of students the passages which textually agree (in a few cases tenses and pronouns being altered to suit context) with Mr. Gladstone's recently published correspondence with Mr. Arnold White are printed in italics; passages which textually reproduce the words of the already known* Provincial Letters *are put within inverted commas. It may be permitted to remind those who have a little forgotten their Pascal that the* Letters *are from the supposed Louis de Montalte to a friend, reporting interviews with a distinguished Jesuit. Few more surprising prophecies or fulfilments or coincidences, whichever word may be preferred, have ever been recorded than this, in which "the good fathers" generally may, it seems, be taken for the Gladstone-Parnell party.*]

. . . . On my last visit to our venerable friend I presented myself before him in some trouble of spirit. I reminded him that not long ago I had been engaged in some political matters for the good fathers of his Society, and that I was able to deliver to the persons concerned *a message from himself.* He had therein *bidden them to bethink themselves well on the position in which they stood, to look back upon the history of the past and forwards in the prospects of the future, to listen to prudence and courage and honour.* I did not tell him that this requisition of a kind of Janus-faculty from the common people had seemed to me excessive, but I showed my satisfaction at the mention of prudence, courage, and honour, as guides of the political conduct of all honest men. At this he appeared pleased, for the good father is not like the blessed St. Patrick, whose modesty was so great that when they read to him hymns composed in his honour, it was necessary to omit the stanzas where his name occurred, and to explain that in poetry the superlative is sometimes put for the positive. Then I continued. He had, I said, more recently expressed himself in public concerning a certain thing called the Plan of Campaign, which, my friend, as you will doubtless know, is a device already pronounced to be contrary to human law, whereby the friends of the good fathers in Ireland retain so much as pleases them of the debts due to the good fathers' enemies. I said that he had *never, so far as I could discover, denounced this plan in the simple and straightforward language which* [his countrymen] *like and understand*; that, *so far from being denounced, it was condoned and even warranted by him,* and that *any person looking to him for a conscience* [here I thought that he showed a curious tendency to frown, to smile, and to blush at the same time] *would be justified in combining with others* in a similar way for any purposes. I said that *so long as the Ten Commandments were not repealed,* this plan would *continue to seem to many unrighteous and dishonourable*; that I feared no party condoning it *could receive the support of those who prefer the principle of justice to the principle of tactical expediency,* that *the Plan was either morally and politically right or morally and politically wrong,* that *I could not silently bear the strain of condoning its dishonesty,* with much more to the same effect.

He replied to me "with a great deal of sweetness, for he is seriously afflicted by all this disorder," that *any communication from me commanded his sincere respect.* But he thought *my reference inaccurate, if by condoning the Plan of Campaign I meant anything more than this, that he had treated the Plan as an evil which may have averted greater evils.* He had *quoted the Swing fires* [which have hitherto been put in force in Ireland imperfectly and only against animals] *in a like view, but he had not condoned the Swing fires.* And then he pointed out to me how this distinction of his was supported by the best authorities among the good fathers, while some of those authorities had gone even further than he had in similar cases. Thus Father Bauny had established this great maxim in favour of those who were not content with their wages—clearly a parallel case. "Servants," says that good father, "who have complaints to make of their wages may increase them by laying their hands on as much of their master's property as they think necessary to adjust these wages to their work." This, he remarked to me, should be read:—Deduct as much of their rent as is sufficient to adjust it to the value of their farms, and you have the precise equivalent. Further, Father Bauny alleges as a justification of this exactly the case of the Irish campaigners, saying that the servants in question may act in the manner defined "when they have been so poor at the time of [making the contract] seeking service that they were obliged to take it at the terms offered." Here I reminded him that this doctrine had actually once been put in practice, and that in the

case of Rex *v.* Alba a distinguished judge had laid down that it was a doctrine "illicit, pernicious, contrary to all law, natural, divine, and human, capable of upsetting all domestic order." But he was quick to reply to me that *for a long course of centuries in Ireland law and order had been called in aid of and made a cover for the most wicked and cruel wrongs*, and he had therefore nothing to do with this judicial dictum. He then continued to argue his general principle of treating things as evils which may have averted greater evils. I interrupted him by referring to another dictum about doing evil that good might come; but here he rebuked me severely. "I understood very little of the matter," said he; "the authors of this dictum were good as far as regarded the morality of their own time, but they were too far off for ours." And he produced, as an instance of this necessary development, the well-known fact that "Sotus [how justly named!] and Lessius said that it was not lawful to kill the false witness and the judge who [as in the case of the martyrs Brady and Kelly] conspire to kill an innocent; but Emanuel Sa and others disapproved of this." And he alleged a dictum even more pertinent—to wit, the famous maxim that, "If a religious person should lay aside his habit when he visits disorderly houses or goes a-picking pockets, he ought not to be excommunicated." For, though the leaving off the habit is an evil, and not to be condoned, yet the scandal brought on the habit would be a greater evil, and this the taking secular garb may have averted. So also, the illegal retaining of rent is an evil, and not to be condoned, but the possible deprivation of funds which might happen to those friends of our good fathers, the holy Irish agitators, would be a worse. I asked him whether the term "evil" was not ambiguously employed here, inasmuch as the Plan of Campaign seemed to me a moral evil, while any possible consequence that could follow the payment of rent was at the most an economic disaster or a personal loss. But "while speaking very amiably to me, for he loves me still," he rebuked me, and said this distinguishing two sorts of evil was casuistry. And he bade me take particular attention to see that *his language was marked by care and caution.*

In reply to this I *frankly owned that no want of care or caution had marked his language in regard to the Plan of Campaign*; but that I *feared the construction likely to be placed on it by ignorant men would lend by implication his authority to means in themselves bad.* And further, I asked his permission to publish this conversation to you, my friend, and others interested. He replied (for it is in vain to address him with irony) that he was *glad to mark that his words bore in my sight a more favourable construction*, and that, of course, they were *liable to misinterpretation.* He seemed a little chagrined at the notion of publication, saying that this was *a personal correspondence*, but added that he should not object. And indeed I know not why he should, seeing that whatever you, my friend, and I, and others may think of his language, it has the amplest support in the writings of the good fathers. He might have quoted to me many venerable names besides those mentioned above. Thus, for instance, the maxim of the great Escobar himself that "no one is obliged to fast who finds that he cannot sleep without supper," whence it follows that no one is obliged to pay his rent who finds that, if he did, it would be necessary to curtail his supplies of whisky. And yet again Vasquez saith:—"That which men keep in order to improve their condition and that of their relations is not superfluity," or surplus. Now it is acknowledged that rent is surplus profit; therefore tenants are not bound to pay rent, though they may have balances in the bank. Consider, too, that of Filiutius:—"The laws of the Church [and how much more, therefore, of the State?] lose their authority when they are not obeyed." Now this of itself justifies, not merely the Plan of Campaign, but the whole conduct of those who support it; and is, indeed, as I understand, the exact plea of their defenders. And Sanchez and Castrus Paläus say that, when two opinions are held on a disputed point, it is permitted to a man to take that *quæ sibi gratior fuerit*, and in the same breath that "the command of the Superior [*i.e.* the Government], though just, need not be obeyed" in certain cases. This again comports a complete justification of all that is done in the Isle of Saints.

This and much more might our good father have said had he chosen, but doubtless his time was precious. And yet, my friend, I must repeat that I am not convinced, and that I *prefer the obscurity of political death to conniving at that which is inconsistent with the older forms of prudence, courage, and honour*, though it may be approved or condoned by Bauny, Escobar, Sanchez, Vasquez, Diana, Filiutius, and Mr. . . . .

(Here the fragment breaks off suddenly.)

EXHIBITIONS.

THE result of the co-operation of "the most distinguished artists of the day" in illustrating Shakspeare's heroines for the *Graphic* is far from being entirely satisfactory. Some of these painters are distinguished for anything but good qualities, and they are ill advised to venture out of the crowded seclusion of the Academy into the more lonely eminence of a small show of twenty-one canvases. Thus the Graphic Gallery in Brook Street presents an inequality of workmanship and artistic feeling both undesirable and unnecessary in the case of so small a collection. One thing we must say for these artists that could not be said of some men with the most special genius for paint. Most of them seem to have studied Shakspeare intelligently, and to have understood that they were bound to illustrate a character and a writer, not only to do their best at painting any figure anyhow. Some of the pictures, however, are so very poor in workmanship that they look like work transcribed from good originals by copyists who have had no further training than copying from the flat. The purpose of modelling seems to be overlooked, and the charm of deft suggestion of various planes on the flat almost totally ignored, while the nobler uses of handling in emphasising character and supporting style are replaced by a cult of insignificant neatness. Sir Frederick Leighton and Mr. Frank Dicksee have perhaps searched the most effectually for elevation of type and style. The President's charming picture of Desdemona, leaning forward intent on Othello's adventures, and Mr. Dicksee's finely draped head and bust of Beatrice, both show a considerable amount of grace and dignity. Others have been conceived with a powerful and painter-like realization of circumstance and effect, as Mr. Alma Tadema's original and strange-looking "Portia, wife of Brutus," in which the elaboration of the moonlit bald head surely verges on levity; Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's "Cleopatra," a picture very true and strong as to large facts of construction, but showing a hard, cold, and unpleasantly black young man, rather than a voluptuous woman; Mr. Henry Wood's "Portia," with a charming Venetian background of sea, sky, and glimmering houses seen through a sunny, summer haze; and Mr. Herbert Schmalz's firmly drawn and nicely worked presentment of Imogen approaching the cave. That capricious, unequal, but always interesting artist, Mr. R. W. Macbeth, has also illustrated Rosalind with due surroundings in a suggestive and personal, if hardly realistic, way. Anne Page is also shown by Mr. G. D. Leslie in a trim and neat Elizabethan garden. The painting of the house, garden wall, and other surroundings please one more than the figure. Mr. Calderon puts Juliet on her balcony in the moonlight. The work is serious and of his best sort; his figure, however, appears to us of rather a sickly yellow, as well as much too old and lackadaisical for Shakspeare's impetuous child of fourteen. Mr. P. R. Morris has done one of his best things in "Audrey." The type is most happily found, and the main masses of light are kept right in tone; it is a pity, then, that we should see in the modelling of the arms, &c., any of that lamentable carelessness which so often ruins his work. Mr. Blair Leighton's "Olivia," in spite of a look of confused overcrowding, will be found on inspection excellently drawn and full of careful, conscientious painting. Mr. L. Fildes's "Jessica" is below his average; Mr. C. E. Perugini's "Silvia" is tame; Mrs. Alma Tadema's "Katharine of France" a delicate and picturesque piece of work, especially in the rendering of costumes, and Mr. Poynter's "Cressida" rather a weird and dreary revival of some archaic Greek type than an illustration of the Shakspearian ideal of lightness and perfidy. Whatever we may think of Mr. Long's method of painting, we must admit that he has managed to give us a convincing view of the devil that was in Katharine, the Shrew. The remaining pictures are the work of Messrs. Marcus Stone, Val Prinsep, W. F. Yeames, F. W. W. Topham, and F. Goodall. To each of the titles in the Catalogue is attached a very readable account by Mr. W. E. Henley of the play from which the character is taken. It was surely hardly necessary, however, to assume on the part of the public such an entire ignorance of the plots of Shakspeare's plays.

Messrs. Dowdeswell have two collections of paintings on view, a set of pictures and sketches in oil made by Mr. Edwin Hayes during the past twenty years, and a small exhibition of Mr. A. Ludovici's work. Mr. Hayes's art must be very familiar to the public, but those who have only seen his large and more formal pictures in the exhibitions will be agreeably surprised by the vivacity and charm of many of his small sketches. Some of these—too many to treat of in detail—are charming in their well-balanced arrangement, their pleasant lively handling, and their artistic suggestion of the main features of coast scenery. Perhaps we might call "Mills at Ostend" (121), a stretch of flat Dutch country, and "Margate Cliffs" (122), with its pleasant tones of warm chalk, the best of all. Mere notes as they are, they have that accidental sort of variety in colour, that grasp of broad effect in tone, that magical and aerial suggestion of form which please artists more than all the laborious niggling of a person who can only see a view piecemeal. Mr. Hayes, on the whole, is rather an elegant painter than a keen observer or a striking and original realist. His brushwork is often effective, as may be remarked in the spirit and ease with which the waves dashing over the foreground in "Constantine Bay" (2) are treated, in the clever and suggestive "drag" of the light on the water in "Mount Batten Island" (73), in the touches that model the surface of the sea in "Study of Sea" (61), and in the artistic confusion of "Mount's Bay, Cornwall" (22). A fine quality of colour has been obtained in "Dordrecht on the Maas" (31), "Mount's Bay" (8), and many others. By looking about one observes a slight tendency to cold unaerial blues in clouds and open sky. This fault, rare in the sketches, becomes pronounced in the large pictures, of which there are three examples. In "North-West Gale" (127), for instance, the uniform cold lead of the lower clouds, unbroken as it is by any play of colour, displeases the eye and gives an appearance of weakness and falseness happily absent from most of the sketches. The power of the colour scheme is not increased in proportion to the size of the canvas. Moreover, by enlargement the handling loses

significance and charm, the sea liquidity and feeling of freedom, and the convention of the style becomes too thin and apparent. Mr. Hayes would require an altogether bolder style of work to produce on a large canvas the effect of freshness and vigorous broken colour that he has got in the atmospheric sky of the little "Mount's Bay" (8).

Mr. Ludovici's sketches in oil and water-colour are called "Dots, Notes, Spots." Splashes and Blots would better describe his manner than Dots and Spots. Some Whistler, some Van Beers, some Clara Montalba, dilute the natural Ludovici, at times with pleasing effect. The artist has some peculiar habits of his own, especially in the drawing of legs and in the exhibiting of spots, which should be kept in the studio till they happen to suggest a picture. We are not raising a Philistine outcry for finish, meaning thereby plenty of elaboration in drawing, tone, and colour; for the vaguer Mr. Ludovici remains the better. His "made out," comparatively big canvases are an utter failure, while many of the smaller suggestions are charming arrangements of decorative colour. Such amongst the oils are "A Query" (3), "Fantasia in Black" (4), and "Harmony in Grey (Pierrette)" (16). "The Dog Cart" (25) pushes to affectation a good style of painting in true tones on rough canvas without details. "Southampton Waters" (32) and "On the Quay, Boulogne" (48), are fresh water-colour blots nicely dabbed in. We keep the best to the last. This is "A Study in Brown" (6), a really serious and artistic sketch of a warm, candle-lit interior steeped in rich tones, leading up to a fine note of red in the bow on a child's shoulder.

THE METROPOLITAN DISTRICT RAILWAY COMPANY.

THE formidable opposition offered to the re-election of Mr. Forbes and Lord Gort at the meeting of the shareholders of the Metropolitan District Railway Company this week is a natural result of the Directors' Report for the second half of last year, issued the other day. How very formidable that opposition was is apparent from the statement made by Mr. Forbes himself of the number of proxies sent to the Directors and to the opposition. Roughly the opposition received proxies representing about seven-ninths of the total number sent in. In other words, there were seven for the opposition to nine for the Directors; and these figures are all the more significant when we bear in mind that all that was proposed by the opposition was the postponement of the adoption of a part of the Report and of the re-election of the Chairman and Lord Gort until a searching inquiry had been instituted into the accounts. Apparently the opposition were not prepared with a substitute for the Chairman. Had the amendment been carried, it is very probable that Mr. Forbes would at once have withdrawn from the Board, and thus the Company would have been left without a chief. Many persons, utterly dissatisfied with the present management, were not ready to face such an eventuality. They desired to know who was to be the ruling spirit before they rejected Mr. Forbes; and yet, as we see, the proxies given to the opposition constituted an exceedingly large proportion of all the proxies sent in. It must be confessed that the Directors' Report furnishes solid ground for the dissatisfaction thus evinced. It appears that, comparing the second half of last year with the second half of 1886, there was a loss of passengers amounting to the enormous number of four millions—equal practically to the whole population of the metropolis. As the result, the net revenue shows a falling off, comparing again the same two half-years, of 36,572*l.*; the consequence being that there is no dividend for the preference shareholders, while the prospect of the ordinary shareholders ever receiving a dividend has become more and more remote. In their Report the Directors assign as reasons for this unfortunate state of things the cessation of exhibitions at South Kensington, the general depression, and the intensified competition of the omnibuses. It has been well observed, however, that, if the cessation of exhibitions at South Kensington has had so disastrous a result, then it follows that the Company has been living for years past upon mere windfalls, and consequently that the collapse that has now occurred would have come long ago had the exhibitions not been held. As for the general depression, it is not easy to see how it can affect the condition of the District Railway. General depression is a good explanation for a falling off in goods traffic; but it can hardly lessen the number of persons within the metropolis who have to travel from the suburbs to the City and other places of business. The real reasons of the collapse, no doubt, are more correctly stated in the circular issued by the Directors in reply to the circular sent out by the opposition—namely, the unprofitable investment of the Company in the "City" lines, constructed jointly with the Metropolitan at a cost to each Company of about a million and a quarter, and the fierce competition of the omnibuses. "The main thoroughfares of London, especially those running over or immediately parallel to the District Railway for its whole length from Aldgate to Charing Cross, Westminster, Hammersmith, and even to Fulham," says the Directors' circular above referred to, "have been improved, repaved, and relit at enormous cost to the ratepayers; horse provender has fallen to a price lower than ever was known, and the consequence has been an extraordinary development of the omnibus service, helped by fierce competition carried on between the Road Car Company and the General Omnibus Company, at fares so low as to be ruinous to one Company and very damaging to the other. Between them they have abstracted from the District a vast number of "short" passengers, with a loss of revenue estimated at about 25,000*l.* per annum.

At the shareholders' meeting some of the speakers comforted themselves with the hope that the fare-cutting of the omnibuses must some time or other come to an end, and that horse provender will not always be as cheap as at present; but this is cold comfort for the shareholders. There is no early prospect of any considerable rise in the price of horse provender, and the success of the omnibus Companies is likely to encourage them to compete still more keenly with the railway. The real hope must be in a change in the system of management. The Directors ought to recognize that their past policy has been proved unwise by the event, and they should so improve the accommodation they give to their customers, and so lower the fares, that they would attract back again the four millions of passengers who have been lost. The truth is that the Board believed they could dictate terms to the public. The atmosphere of the railway has been allowed to remain poisonous, and the accommodation in many respects requires improvement; while the omnibus Companies have been vigorously striving for the support of the public. Again, the unprofitableness of the "City lines" is very largely due to the antagonism between the District and the Metropolitan Company. Unfortunately the Chairmen of these two Companies are in conflict with one another, not only in the Metropolitan system, but also in the South. Mr. Forbes is Chairman of the Chatham and Dover as well as of the District, and Sir Edward Watkin is Chairman of the South-Eastern as well as of the Metropolitan. In both systems they are carrying out policies antagonistic one to the other, and there seems to have grown up a personal feeling out of this antagonism. The completion of the Inner Circle, which was to have done so much for the benefit of both Companies, has proved of no value. At the meeting Mr. Forbes confessed that the whole of the capital sunk in the "City lines" is practically returning no interest; but it is quite clear that this ought not to be the case if the two Companies were worked harmoniously one with the other and if they pursued a more far-sighted policy. Now that the Inner Circle is completed the two Companies ought obviously to be amalgamated. Their lines ar part of one system, and there is really not enough work to do for two staffs. Were the Companies amalgamated there would be but one Board and one staff, and, consequently, there would be a very considerable saving of expense. Still more important, there would be but one policy pursued. Unfortunately the antagonism between the Boards, and especially between the Chairmen, is such as to have rendered fruitless in the past all efforts at amalgamation. One of the reasons assigned by the opposition to Mr. Forbes's re-election was distinctly stated to be the impossibility of arriving at any understanding with the Metropolitan as long as he and Sir Edward Watkin remained at the head of the two Companies. It is no part of our business to take sides in the controversy between these two gentlemen or to attempt to apportion the blame between them. In the interests, not alone of the shareholders of the District Company, but of the travelling public also, it is, however, very clear that a good understanding of some kind ought to be established between the Companies. If amalgamation is out of the question, a working arrangement ought to be practicable; and now that so powerful a body of shareholders have taken the matter earnestly in hand, we hope they will persevere and insist that some such working arrangement should be arrived at.

There is one other point which ought to be striven for—namely, to connect the Metropolitan system with the greater systems North and South of London. We observed some weeks ago, when commenting upon the struggle between the Southern Companies, that it was absurd in the interests of the Companies, and very inconvenient for the travelling public, that a person arriving, let us say, at Dover, Folkestone, or Newhaven, cannot travel to Holyhead, or Edinburgh, or Glasgow, as the case might be, without changing carriage, and similarly that goods cannot be conveyed without breaking bulk. It would be very easy to establish connexion between the Metropolitan system and all the systems north and south of the Thames, and, indeed, communication of a kind already exists. The East London, for example, of which Sir Edward Watkin is also Chairman, is another unfortunate concern which might be utilized in establishing the communication between the Northern and the Southern systems. All the metropolitan Companies would benefit thereby; there would be considerable benefit likewise to the greater Companies; while the advantage to the travelling public is obvious. As it happens, Mr. Forbes and Sir Edward Watkin are in a very favourable position for carrying out such an arrangement. As we observed above, the one is Chairman both of the District and the Chatham and Dover Companies, and the other of the South-Eastern, the Metropolitan, and the East London Companies. They could very easily, therefore, establish a working arrangement between their Southern lines and the Metropolitan system if they could only once come to an understanding between themselves; and there ought to be no serious difficulty—and we apprehend, indeed, that there would be none—in coming to an agreement with the great lines north of the Thames. As a rule, the great lines are quite alive to the necessity of giving improved accommodation to their customers and of increasing the facilities they offer in every direction; but it is hopeless to look for any arrangement of the kind until the Boards of the Southern and

of the Metropolitan Companies are brought into harmony, and we fear that this can be done only by the pressure of the shareholders of the two Companies. If the present state of things continues, it is they who will suffer most; whereas, if harmony is established, they will benefit most. In their hands, then, the remedy lies; and, unless they bestir themselves, the remedy will not be applied. Some of our contemporaries write as if they thought that the position of the District had become desperate. We do not think so. The original expenditure upon the line was no doubt enormous, and a great mistake was made when four tracks were not at once laid down; but yet it is to be borne in mind that the District serves a most important and constantly growing district, and that it needs but better management and a better understanding with the Metropolitan to regain the favour of the public. In weather such as we have been having of late the District has an enormous advantage over either omnibuses or cabs, and that advantage can only be squandered away by utter mismanagement. But, if the favour of the public is to be regained, the interests of the public must be considered; especially the atmosphere of the line must be improved, and some better accommodation likewise must be given.

FRENCH PLAYS.

M. COQUELIN has been engaged by M. Mayer for a series of performances at the Royalty which will last over seven weeks, and in which he will appear in a variety of his more famous impersonations, assisted by his son, M. Jean Coquelin, and by his brother, M. Coquelin *cadet*. We doubt whether it will be possible for him to select from his extensive repertory a play in which his talent is shown to greater advantage than in *L'Étourdi*, given on Monday evening. This comedy is little known in England, but is still very popular in France, where, whenever it is announced, the house is sure to be well filled. Although Molière himself acknowledged that he founded it upon an Italian comedy, called *L'Inavvertito*, of Nicolò Barbieri, it is not improbable that it formed part of the repertory of the Venetian Segella whose marionette theatre proved so formidable a rival to Molière and his troupe of living actors during their earlier struggle for fame. At least this is the opinion of M. Guépin in his most interesting *Histoire de la Ville de Nantes*, in which he gives some very curious details of the performances of both Segella and Molière. *L'Étourdi* is, in some historical senses, a more interesting play than the greater masterpieces which succeeded it. Needless to enter into details of a plot which is familiar, of course, to all students of the greatest French dramatist. It is really a one-part play; for the entire intrigue devolves on the extraordinary endeavours of Mascarille to assist his master Lélie to obtain possession of the beautiful but enslaved Célie. M. Coquelin plays this character to perfection. He reverently adheres to the traditions connected with it, which have been handed down from the days of Molière to his own through a long and unbroken chain of actors; so that in all probability, when witnessing his performance, we can feel pretty certain that he is acting it as Molière would have played it himself. His vivacity never flags, his joyous laughter is contagious, and the series of comical expressions which he assumes are so appropriate to the words as to be amazingly diverting. Nothing could be funnier than his demure expression when inventing the story of the supposed death of Lélie's father, in order to extract money from Anselme to give his master Lélie, so that he may purchase the coveted slave. He tells this little fiction with an earnestness that almost deceives the audience, and it is only now and then by his sly winks and shrugs of the shoulder that we are made aware he is only funning. Equally excellent is he in the celebrated scene in which he prompts Lélie, disguised as an Armenian, how he should conduct himself when he has once got inside the house of the slavedealer, to enjoy there under false pretences the hospitality of that ancient adventurer and the society of the adored Célie. There was a mingled look of exasperation and sly drollery on his face when his feather-brained master insisted upon stating to Trufaldin that he came from Turin instead of Tunis, which cannot easily be effaced from the memory of those who watched closely such consummate acting. M. Coquelin, too, was extremely funny in the masquerade scene, and indeed throughout we are bound to admit that it would be almost impossible to find a flaw, unless it be that sometimes he speaks too rapidly to be followed with ease by those not very familiar with the language or text. His son, M. Jean Coquelin, played Lélie, and, although he is very young, showed not only talent but considerable experience, doubtless the result of the excellent coaching he has received from his father, to whom he bears a striking resemblance. The rest of the cast has little to do; but the company is far above the average which usually surrounds a star, and the acting of MM. Duquesne, Deroy, and Ricquier was in every way commendable. The female interest of *L'Étourdi* is trifling, but Mlle. Lemercier and Kerwich wore very becoming costumes, looked well, and spoke their lines with grace and distinction; and this was well, for Molière, like Shakspeare, very often gave the finest poetry in his pieces to characters who only appear once. In a certain sense, *L'Étourdi* is the most Shakspearian of any of Molière's plays. It is constructed somewhat after the fashion of our own great dramatist's comedies, and scattered throughout in the most unexpected places appear gems of poetry. As an instance, to Trufaldin, certainly not a very important character, is entrusted the celebrated speech beginning—

> D'un chêne grand et fort,
> Dont près de deux cents ans ont fait déjà le sort—

in which he graphically and in thoroughly Shakspearian fashion describes, not only the tree from which he cuts it, but the stick itself, which he has prepared for the back of the tricky Lélie. M. Deroy gave it due importance, and was consequently much applauded. On Wednesday M. Coquelin appeared again as the ambitious advocate Destournelles in *Mlle. de la Seiglière*, a polished and sympathetic piece of acting which we have already described not a very long time since.

MR. ARNOLD ON WELSH DISESTABLISHMENT.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD, as we all know, is nothing if not egotistic and ingenious. No doubt when dealing with matters other than theological he generally writes to the point and often has the best of the argument. But even then his ingenuous egotism always impels him to infuse an *amari aliquid* which goes far to discount the value of his testimony. He reminds us, at the opening of his article in the current number of the *National Review*, that he had pledged himself to write no more on religion or politics, whereas he is now dealing with a mixed religious and political question—"Disestablishment in Wales." But the present frank and moderate temper of the Conservative party has emboldened him to break his pledge, and interpose as the candid friend with his advice on the burning question of the Welsh Church, or rather let us say—for that phrase is a "question-begging" one—the Church in Wales. His leading principle is that, in a country like ours, full at once of old traditions and modern ideas, the true policy is neither to destroy nor to maintain intact things which have become "absurd," but to "mend" them. He thinks, for instance—as does Earl Grey—that this would have been the right course to pursue twenty years ago with the Irish Church, instead of disestablishing it; and supposing concurrent endowment to have been then feasible, as no doubt it was in Mr. Pitt's time, we are disposed to agree with him. But we are not by any means convinced, as will appear presently, that his parallel between Wales and Ireland will hold good, or, to speak plainly, we think it manifestly does not hold good. But of that more anon. As regards the Church of England generally Mr. Arnold considers that an intelligent Conservative should say—the italics are his own—"We desire to keep a National and Established Church; *and also to get rid of Lord Lonsdale*," that is, of Lord Lonsdale as patron of forty livings. Nobody disputes that there is room for improvement in the existing system of Church patronage—notably as to sale of next presentations—though it must in fairness be allowed that, like other illogical—or, if Mr. Arnold prefers the term, "absurd"—English institutions, it works far better than might *à priori* have been expected, infinitely better to our mind than *e.g.* the more consistent and logical method of filling vacant cures in the Established Church of Scotland. It might not be difficult to prove on paper that the rectors and vicars nominated under the present *régime* must usually be wholly unfit for their post. Nor would it be more difficult to prove on paper that the education of our public schools before the Arnoldian reform—say of "Eton under Keate"—must have been wholly inefficient, if not something worse. But somehow the faultless abstract demonstration does not square with facts. However, we are not concerned just now with the Church patronage controversy, but Mr. Arnold imports into his treatment of the Welsh Church too much of the same doctrinaire spirit, besides betraying an imperfect and inaccurate appreciation of the facts of the case, which by no means corresponds with the situation in Germany at the close of the Thirty Years' War, when the local division of religious endowments which so much pleases him was first arranged. In one respect indeed he allows that the three great "corporations" put in possession by the Treaty of Westphalia no longer remain as they were, though he evidently fails to estimate the importance of the change imposed on them much against their will in 1817 by Frederick William III., who by a *coup d'état* fused the Lutheran and Calvinistic bodies into one external communion under the name of the Evangelical Church. But it would take us too far afield to discuss that matter here.

Mr. Arnold's fundamental fallacy lies in his supposed analogy between the ecclesiastical condition of Wales and Ireland. The following passage defines the basis of his argument, the italics being our own here:—"In Ireland formerly, and now in Wales, the form of religion established [at the Reformation] is not that followed in those localities at the outset [as neither was it in England in the sense Mr. Arnold means] *and has not been adopted by more than a minority of the people there since*. A grievance in this case there certainly is, and it will be felt to be a grievance, will provoke complaints. In Ireland it was removed by disestablishment; the question now is as to the grievance in Wales." In Ireland the facts are of course pretty much as Mr. Arnold states them, except that the "grievance" was always more a sentimental than a practical one, and its removal by disestablishment has, to say the least, done nothing to allay the bitterness of religious feuds, while in the opinion of many who have no theological bias in favour of the disestablished Church,

it has resulted in a thriftless waste of large funds which before contributed something at least to the moral and social benefit of the great bulk of the population. To a certain extent Mr. Arnold would agree with us here. He would have preferred concurrent endowment to disestablishment in Ireland, and that is what he wants in Wales, only organized on the German model of a geographical limitation of rival Churches. But Wales, we repeat, is not as Ireland, and to say of it that "the form of religion established [at the Reformation] has not been adopted by more than a minority of the people there since" betrays a strange ignorance of the religious history of the country. Of the present statistics of Welsh Dissent we shall have a word to say by-and-bye. What we desire to point out here is that it dates, not from the Reformation, but from the middle of the last century. Mr. Arnold says, correctly so far, that the principal Welsh sects follow the Presbyterian form of worship, and he would like to see that form established, in place of the Anglican, in those parts of Wales where it preponderates. He may have ascertained the fact from *Whitaker's Almanac*, and he might have learnt from the same source that the Welsh Presbyterian body dates from the year 1735, more than two centuries after the Reformation, and cannot properly be regarded as a Dissenting sect till 1810, when it first had ordained ministers of its own; up to that time its members were in the habit of communicating in their parish churches. And it is a curious memento of the late and very gradual introduction of Welsh Presbyterian Calvinism that up to our own day the Welsh Calvinists retain, and are the only Dissenting community who do retain, definite formularies of faith, their formularies being, moreover, in addition to the Scotch "Shorter Catechism," the 39 Articles and the Apostles' Creed.

But there is a good deal more than this to be said as to the late origin of Welsh Dissent. So far from Anglicanism having never been adopted by more than a minority of the people, the exact opposite is the case. Mr. Gladstone himself, if we recollect aright, used to insist, in an earlier stage of his mental evolution, that in no part of Great Britain had the Church of England been so universally and so heartily accepted. So true is this that, when Wesley's preachers first appeared there—about the period from which the origin of Welsh Calvinism is dated—they were stoned by the people. At that time there were hardly a dozen Dissenting chapels throughout the Principality. The main cause of the rapid increase of Welsh Dissent since then is a very simple one. In the "rationalistic" eighteenth century Church life was at a low ebb everywhere—of which the Wesleyan movement was itself a striking evidence—and in Wales as in Ireland a custom had grown up of utilizing the episcopal patronage of the Crown for purely political ends. The bishops appointed sometimes did not reside in their diocese at all, seldom showed much interest in it, and never spoke Welsh. And they naturally enough appointed rectors and vicars like-minded and of like qualifications with themselves. Hence the game was thrown into the hands of teachers who, whatever their shortcomings in other respects, could speak a language understanded of the people. Within living memory all this has been so completely changed that there even seems to be some danger now of too exclusive stress being laid on the provision of Welsh-speaking bishops and incumbents. And meanwhile one difficulty is steadily curing itself with the spread of education and of railways. Welsh as a spoken tongue is surely and not very slowly dying out in spite of the galvanic efforts of the Eisteddfod; from a literary point of view it never had any claim to live. In all human probability it will be extinct in another half-century at latest. And thus we are brought to notice the existing state of Welsh religion, of which Mr. Arnold speaks, not indeed so inaccurately as of its history, but in a manner which is very misleading. He observes quite truly that hitherto the Dissenters have prevented the taking of a religious census—for reasons sufficiently obvious—and that without it no precise certainty as to the relative strength of the rival Churches is obtainable. But he greatly overestimates the actual majority of Dissenters, and underestimates the steady advance of the Church in Wales during the last few decades. In the absence of any official census—which they "prevent"—the Nonconformists are much addicted to starting every now and then a private census of their own managed of course entirely on their own lines. Such a census was arranged and loudly trumpeted last year by a Welsh Dissenting organ called the *Baner* (*sic*), the unfairness of which in many particulars was promptly exposed by its opponents. One little detail we may mention here. Among the attendants at Nonconformist chapels were included Roman Catholics. Now in many parts of Wales there is a large Irish mining population, which of course is Roman Catholic, whose numbers, however large, equally of course have no bearing whatever on the point at issue. These Irish immigrants are not Dissenters from the Established Church, to which neither they nor their fathers ever belonged; nor would they have been reckoned among its members if its practical working for the last three centuries had been as faultless and as successful as at one time it was partly the reverse. Yet they are lugged in head and shoulders to bolster up a comparative plea with which they have no sort of connexion or concern. When Mr. Arnold urges that there is "no other territory in England, well defined and considerable as Wales," where Dissenters are in a majority, the method of statement involves a confusion of thought. On his own showing it is only in parts of Wales that there is this marked preponderance, and there are certainly parts of England—Cornwall for example—of which the same might be affirmed, and for very similar reasons. If "there are districts of Cardiganshire and Carmarthenshire" where Presbyterian Calvinism ought on this ground to be established, just the same argument would apply to Cornwall, probably also to parts of Yorkshire and other English counties. To argue that as "disestablishment in Ireland lessened the security of the Church in England, disestablishment in Wales would lessen it still more," and therefore it ought to be disestablished in certain parts of Wales, sounds strangely like paralogism. The natural inference surely would be that a process of local disestablishment in Wales, assuming it to be as feasible in practice as it is easy to map it out on paper, would suggest the application of a kindred process to any district in England where Dissent was equally prevalent. A very sufficient reply to the plea in either case is, first, that the alleged preponderance of Dissent is greatly exaggerated; and, secondly, that to such a scheme of piecemeal disintegration might fitly be applied the Scriptural axiom, "the beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water." Mr. Arnold is confident that the Church, if allowed to try the experiment, could not in a century "absorb" Welsh Dissent. Is he prepared to deny that in a fraction of that period the Church can and will, if left to itself, at least reduce the relative average of Dissent in Wales to the present, and steadily diminishing, average in England? And in England he is himself—rightly in our judgment—opposed to disestablishment altogether.

DRAMATIC RECORD.

A PLAY entitled *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*, founded upon the novel of the same name by Mr. Fergus Hume, and dramatized by Mr. Arthur Law, was performed for the first time last week at the Princess's Theatre. The novel had one merit which the play does not possess—the identity of the murderer was ingeniously concealed until the end; whereas in the play the collaborating dramatist has been obliged to reveal it to the audience from the beginning, thereby considerably weakening the interest. The piece is constructed with ability, although the dialogue is rather weak. Nevertheless, audiences who delight in watching the solution of mysterious events and forming the acquaintance upon the stage of people of shady antecedents will doubtless derive much pleasure from a visit to the Princess's. There is nothing objectionable in the piece, which runs much on the same lines as a dozen other melodramas we could name, the plots of which turn upon events connected with neglected wives, missing documents, the evil-doings of blackmailers, false accusations of murder, and like exciting incidents crowded together in such a manner as to bring before the spectators as in a panorama a varied picture of life in its gloomiest aspect, tempered, however, by the introduction of comic characters imitated from Charles Dickens. Miss Grace Hawthorne is to be congratulated on having gathered around her a strong company; so that the acting was above the average of what we usually see in pieces of this class. Mr. Fernandez plays an unsympathetic part with a dignity which saves it from becoming wearisome; Mr. Barnes is the wrongfully accused hero; and Mr. Harry Parker makes a capital detective; but, beyond these personages, the long list of male characters on the programme does not include one of importance. Miss Grace Hawthorne does her best to render the character of Sal Rawlins, "a storm-tossed waif on the sea of life"—whatever that may be—interesting, and if she fails the fault is scarcely hers. Mrs. Huntley plays a gin-drinking old hag with great power, but her death from delirium tremens is the reverse of a pleasing exhibition. Miss Dolores Drummond—one of the most versatile actresses on the London stage—achieves a veritable triumph as Mrs. Sampson, a comical landlady with an inexhaustible flow of rambling conversation *à la* Gamp. Nothing can be better than her "get up," or more inimitably droll than her acting.

Mr. Charles Wyndham has been a wanderer, and for the past three months, together with Miss Mary Moore, has acted in *David Garrick* at Berlin and other German cities, and has even performed with immense success at St. Petersburg and Moscow. His pronunciation of the German language is said to be perfect, and his reception everywhere was flattering. On Wednesday night he returned to the Criterion, and repeated his well-known impersonation of David Garrick, in which he displayed a decided increase of power. He showed throughout a marked improvement in his acting, which has become much more vigorous and earnest in the dramatic parts, whilst the lighter scenes are as brisk and mercurial as ever. Miss Moore repeated her quiet and ladylike performance of the rather doleful part of Ada Ingot. Mr. David James's Ingot is so well known and admirable a piece of acting that we need only refer to it to recall its many excellences, and the same may be said of Mr. W. Blakeley as Smith and young Mr. Sidney Brough as Jones. Miss Terriss, who made her début recently, now takes the part originally created by Miss Norreys in *Why Women Weep*, and plays it with sweetness and grace. She is very young, but already manifests distinct talent for the stage, which study and experience will soon improve.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE programme of the last concert was good, though in no way remarkable. Nothing absolutely new or of controversial interest was introduced. Sterndale Bennett's "Overture to Lord Byron's Poem of Parisina" (Op. 3) opened the concert.

This work, though composed at the early age of nineteen, shows Bennett already fully alive to style, inclined to dignity of idea, and, moreover, somewhat original in his workmanship. It has little of the coloured picturesqueness of later days, and perhaps not all the warmth of feeling which the poem demands; but it shows a vital sympathy with the great masters and a real comprehension of music as a pure art. A work of this sort, lofty in aim, and claiming before all things to be judged with serious music, would be even now a severe standard by which to judge the first efforts of young musicians. The performance was excellent; the stringed band, on whom a good deal of the effect of the Overture depends, being in fine disposition for their work.

The Symphony of the day was Schumann's in C (Op. 61), by no means the most agreeable of his works. In spite of the power and nobility of the imagination in this music, of the many happy "finds" in the way of motives, of the incessant energy of invention, and in spite of the magnificent interpretation which it met with on Saturday, one could not listen to this prodigious tempest of sound with feelings of unalloyed pleasure. Even the grand swing and passionate utterance of the first movement became tedious, owing to an over-insistence on certain effects that play too violently on the nervous sensibility. The emotion of the Symphony is that of a screeching passion without lucid intervals. No nerves will stand this constant shiver of excitement of the same sort. The second subject, for instance, is intensely expressive; but it is not preceded by, followed by, and contrasted with stuff which makes its appearances refreshing and effective. In its treatment one is conscious of an abuse of the high, loud, and piercing qualities of an orchestra. Something similar may be said of all the movements of this the most feverish of symphonies. With the magnificent playing and sonorous volume of the Crystal Palace orchestra the effect of the music was unquestionably less exhausting than usual. Their rendering of the untiring activity of the "Scherzo" and the noble calm of the second "Trio" was quite worthy of the best movement in the Symphony.

Miss Fanny Davies charmed us once more with her exquisitely refined playing of Beethoven's "Concerto for Piano," No. 4, in G major. Her sympathy with this work is so manifest, and her reading of it so consistent and so artistically complete, that while she is playing one cannot imagine it treated otherwise with any advantage. Her touch was delicately tender in the magic and warbling entrance of the piano after the first long orchestral *tutti*. Further on her liquid notes allied themselves marvellously well with the rich, low, guttural quaver of sound which seems to thrill through the second part of this sensuously beautiful movement. Certainly Miss Davies is constantly improving in pathos, in breadth of phrasing, and in power of cantabile, as may be seen in the ease with which she makes the real song of the music appear to float over technical difficulties and gymnastics. She plays with that nervous force which suggests the infinite power of the orchestra waiting behind, and which produces more effect of energy on the mind than can be done by coarsely-used physical strength. Miss Davies chose her solo pieces with more taste than the greater number of instrumentalists have led us to expect. This part of the concert the soloist too often regards as the proper moment to arrest the flow of soul and pour out a libation to technique. Miss Davies gave Brahms's sturdy *Rhapsodie in G Minor* with considerable robustness of execution, and she made great play of the contrast between a lively brilliant *staccato* and a charming *legato* in Rubinstein's *Staccato étude*. Mme. Patey, the singer of the afternoon, was in good voice, but we felt a little want of the dramatic stateliness which Mme. Trebelli has taught us to demand in Handel's "Ombra mai fù." Sullivan's Recitative and Air, "The Lord is Risen" (*The Light of the World*), she sang with a perfect understanding and much expression.

M. Camille Saint-Saëns has written higher and more dignified work than the "Poème Symphonique," *Le Rouet d'Omphale*. There is more of cleverness than of feeling or of grandeur in the treatment of the theme so as to suggest first "feminine allurement"; then the monstrous Titanic groan of the enslaved hero, and, last, the mocking laughter of Omphale. Music, like pictures, must be judged apart from titles. Any one can tack on to a work of art a lofty or a mean title. The enslavement of a prizefighter by a lady of no virtue would be as truly pictured by this music. It is perhaps impudent to prefer the heroic title when no particular pomp or stateliness has been attempted. This sort of thing is not possible in the more definite art of literature; it results in a *genre* which is called burlesque. If M. Saint-Saëns's Poème is not meant to be taken seriously, which is possible, we must call it successful, though perhaps too heavy in parts.

REVIEWS.

LAYARD'S EARLY ADVENTURES.*

It is not quite forty years since Mr. A. H. Layard surprised the literary world by his account of a visit to the Chaldæan Christians of Kurdistan and the Yezidis or devil-worshippers, and by his inquiry into the manners and arts of the ancient Assyrians. Every intelligent person was expected to know something about winged bulls, Oriental despots in their chariots, and strings of helpless captives and slaves. Mr. Layard had started on his adventurous expedition in company with Mr. E. H. Mitford, whose *Land March from England to Ceylon* was reviewed in these pages in September 1884. It is clear to us from a comparison of the narratives of these two hardy pioneers that they were both, in their several ways, too self-reliant and determined to journey long in harmony together. But without speculating about their controversy on the choice of routes and places, we have no reason to regret that they parted company. Mr. Mitford from Isfahan went on to Khorassan and Kandahar, and finally was appointed to the Ceylon Civil Service. Mr. Layard paid two visits to the mountains of Luristan, made the acquaintance of the Great Elchi, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, explored the ruins of Nineveh, and finally represented our Government at Constantinople. To the severance of a travelling partnership we owe two good books of adventure. Mr. Mitford covered a larger area, and carried out his intention of getting to India. Mr. Layard visited a part of Persia thought inaccessible to any man, English or Persian, who had not an army at his back; and even when he goes over more familiar ground he has a good deal to tell us which is both striking and new. In his present work Sir H. Layard very wisely refrains from much antiquarian dissertation. He alludes constantly to ruins and sculptures over which Pundits may wrangle; blocks of stone, inscriptions rendered almost illegible by time and weather; the tombs of prophets and the palaces of kings. But he is mainly occupied with the living and not with the dead. We may pass lightly over his tour in Syria and Palestine. He tasted the water of pools near the Dead Sea, and found it noisome and bitter; explored Petra; was attacked by Bedouins, and pillaged by deserters; and very cleverly managed to elude the officials who, in dread of the plague, had established a sanitary cordon round the city of Damascus. But the stirring feature of his narrative dates from his arrival at Kirmanshah and Isfahan. Owing to the suspension of our diplomatic relations with the Shah, any wandering Englishman was at that time, and not without reason, an object of distrust and suspicion. Mr. Layard witnessed the wide-spread ruin caused by the rabble dignified by the title of the Shah's army. Like the locusts, the soldiers cleared the whole country on their march. Fruit-trees were cut for firewood; vines and standing corn trampled down; houses invaded, and bazaars looted. At length, after the usual evasions, delays, promises of safe-conduct and firmans very tardily carried out, the author was allowed to start for the Bakhtiyari tribes. The most important functionary in Persia at that time, after the monarch himself, appears to have been the Governor of Isfahan, the Mutamed Al-Doula, "the Trusted One of the State." This exalted individual, familiarly known as the Matamet, was a Georgian born of Christian parents, but purchased as a slave by some Mohammedan and made a eunuch. He was a ruler of the strong, cruel, and vigorous type. He protected the weak, made life and property fairly secure, and administered the bastinado unsparingly to high and low. While waiting on the Matamet Mr. Layard was introduced to a Bakhtiyari chief named Shafia Khan, and to Ali Naghi or Nukki Khan, own brother to Mohammed Taki Khan, who was the head of the largest division of the Bakhtiyaris. Over an excellent repast of stews, sweetmeats, and pilaos, flanked by the red wine of Shiraz, it was settled that the enterprising young Englishman, who was neither a spy nor a seeker of hidden treasure, should be allowed to visit the mighty mountain chief at his residence at Kara Tul. And so, after more delays and references to the Koran and to holy Mullas as to the day propitious for a start, Mr. Layard set out towards the end of September. Delay at Isfahan had enabled him, already to some extent familiar with Arabic, to make progress with the Persian language. From the specimens given the Bakhtiyari dialect seems to us an archaic form of Persian. Mr. Layard adopted the national costume, avoided all acts or sentiments which could excite religious prejudice, only recorded his notes or observations on the sly (just as M. Vambéry did during his visit to Bokhara), took but little money with him, *coram latrone*, listened to long stories from the Shah-Nameh and other poets, and in every way conformed to the proclivities and habits of the wild and uncivilized tribes to whom he had boldly trusted his life. The passes were steep and rugged; the nights cold; and, though much hospitality was afforded by divers petty chiefs on the way, at some resting-places there was nothing to eat, and thieves stole caps, quilts, and shoes during the night. Even the pipe of the leader, Shafia Khan, was not spared. At last the castle of Roderick Dhu was reached: for the author's graphic description irresistibly reminds us of Scott's Lochiels, Macgregors, Rodericks, and M'Ivors. Taki Khan was all that the ruler of a wild tribe ought to be; of ancient lineage, of tried courage, a splendid rider, a good sportsman, of proved skill in diplomacy and politics, and, what is more surprising, anxious to maintain peace amongst warlike and revengeful tribes, to open out mountain passes by roads, and to encourage trade with the low country. It may be doubted, however, whether some untoward dispute would not have brought Mr. Layard's visit to a premature or unhappy close had it not been for one fortunate occurrence. The chief had a son—a fine, handsome, high-spirited youth—who at that very time was dangerously ill of an intermittent fever. Mullas and physicians had been

* *Early Adventures in Persia, Susiana, and Babylonia; including a Residence among the Bakhtiyari and other Wild Tribes before the Discovery of Nineveh.* By Sir Henry Layard, G.C.B., Author of "Nineveh and its Remains" &c., Gold Medallist of the Royal Geographical Society. 2 vols. With Maps and Illustrations. London: John Murray.

called in and had persisted in ordering a bath of melon juice and a drink of wine and water in which a text from the Koran had been washed. Mr. Layard suggested Dover's powders and quinine, and as every Frank was supposed to be a clever Hakim or doctor, the chief luckily preferred the Feringhi treatment. But the author anxiously watched the sufferer all night, as Wayland Smith, in *Kenilworth*, watched by the sick bed of Sussex, threw in quinine at the right moment, and saved the boy's life. From this time the gratitude of the chief and his principal wife, the Khanum Khatun Jan, knew no bounds. The physician and friend was admitted to the *Anderun*, or women's apartments, conversed with the ladies on familiar and respectful terms, and was actually invited to turn Mohammedan and take to wife a sister-in-law named Khanumi, as lively and intelligent as she was lovely in appearance. To prevent misapprehension, we must state that there is nothing in all this episode suggestive of the smallest impropriety or indelicacy. Ellen Douglas herself could not have behaved with greater purity or refinement than the Khanum, and Mr. Layard remained on a similar footing with the families of the other brothers who lived in the same mountain retreat, and who, like all independent mountaineers, were excessively sensitive about what concerned the female sex. The upshot of all this was that Mr. Layard obtained permission to visit ruins and tombs in the hills, and to take copies of inscriptions, though not always without interruption. Local potentates were not as enlightened as the great chief himself. Mr. Layard must, they said, know of hidden treasures and was bound to disclose them. His watch and compass were stolen. The so-called tomb of Daniel the Prophet turned out to be, not a monument of white marble, but a mean building of mud, such as is often raised over the body of some local saint. Still, the tradition is very ancient, and at Susan, or Shushan, were visible the remains of buildings of the Sassanian dynasty. That they should be known amongst the mountain tribes as the Musjid-i-Suleiman, or Mosque of Solomon, is, of course, quite natural. And it is equally in keeping that there should be two burial-places of the prophet, or rather of two prophets, the greater and the lesser Daniel. These excursions were varied by a lion hunt; but the picture of rough manners and generous hospitality was ended by the course adopted by the Shah and his chief adviser, the eunuch Matamet. This personage accused Mohammed Taki of rebellion against the Government, and refusal to pay tribute, and this led to negotiations and to a demand for hostages on the part of the Shah, coupled with an assurance of safe-conduct. Mohammed Taki's anticipations of treachery were well founded. The eunuch's pledges were about as much to be trusted as those of the Nana. Mohammed Taki gave up his son as a hostage, remained for some time in concealment with an Arab chief, and finally surrendered himself to the Persian authorities, by whom he was loaded with chains. It was decided by the brothers of the chief and by the elders of the Arab tribe, who seem to have been ashamed of their acquiescence in this treachery, that a night attack should be made on the Persian camp and the prisoners be rescued. The attack was nearly successful, but the end of the history is very sad. Mohammed Taki Khan lingered for five years and died in captivity. His wives and family were kept as hostages at Teheran, and the beautiful Khanumi lost all her good looks and died, owing to the brutality of a Persian official who insisted on her travelling when she was quite unfit to move. It seems to us clear from the whole of these episodes that British influence at the Court of Teheran was then at its lowest. Our disasters in Afghanistan had produced their due effect on the Oriental mind, and there was no one in Persia to exert that influence on the proper treatment of hostages and women that would certainly have been attempted at Constantinople.

Full of sorrow at the treatment experienced by his hosts, Mr. Layard could do nothing to aid them. He wisely gave up his attempt to reach India by Kandahar, and contented himself with visiting the country of the Hawiza Arabs and exploring the course of the Kerkhah, or Choaspes, "the drink of none but kings." He had to exchange the cap and dress of the Luris for the Arab head-dress and cloak, to endure frightful heat, to drink brackish water, and to run very serious risks. He seems to have had narrow escapes sufficient to satisfy the cravings of the most dauntless adventurer who ever joined a Kafila of pilgrims and trusted himself to the forbearance of wandering tribes. Knives were repeatedly drawn; spears were pointed at him; savage looks were soon exchanged for menaces, and menaces for blows; and he constantly suffered from starvation and fever, to which a less vigorous constitution must have succumbed. But there is no doubt that he saw both sides of the Oriental character, and obtained an insight into manners and customs inferior only to that acquired by Sir R. Burton or M. Vambéry. After his experience with the Hawiza Arabs, he managed to return to Khuzistan, and on this occasion secured the services of a faithful companion named Saleh. His Memoir on the province was long ago published by the Royal Geographical Society. This adventure was followed by an ascent of the river Karun on the steamer *Assyria*, commanded by Lieutenant Selby, of the old Indian navy. Here were experienced dangers of another kind. The vessel had to be forced by steam and dragged by a hawser through a very nasty series of cataracts and whirlpools, when the parting of a rope would have been followed by total shipwreck. More than once the steamer was stranded in the slack water, and once it was left high and dry at a distance from the main stream, owing to a sudden fall in the river. The crew had actually almost completed a trench by which the steamer, lightened of stores and machinery, could have been floated into the main stream, when a lucky fall of rain in the hills caused a rapid rise, and the party returned to Bagdad. Lieutenant Selby, by the way, though energetic and daring, seems to have been very wrong-headed. Several of the mishaps encountered in the exploration were due to his obstinacy, and he got into a quarrel with some nomad Arabs, who, not unreasonably, broke his head, and were plundered by the Pasha in retaliation when our Resident preferred the usual style of complaint.

The concluding chapters deal with matters of almost European interest, and the reader may be glad to look back and learn how Mr. Layard, having ridden with despatches from Bagdad to Mosul, a distance of 250 miles, in some fifty hours, and thence through Asia Minor to the Black Sea, was at first politely snubbed by an attaché at Constantinople; how this discourtesy was compensated by the stately kindness of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe; how the author was deputed to Bosnia and Servia, and there caught a glimpse of the great Bulgarian question, already gilding or darkening the political horizon; how Lord Aberdeen unfortunately took a different view from that taken by our Ambassador as to the popular rising in Servia; and how he was a second time duped by Russia in the claims put forward by the Shah, not only to the town of Mohamra and the left bank of the Shat-al-Arab, but also to territory on the east bank which obviously belonged to the Sultan; and how Mr. Layard himself was at length rewarded for all his discoveries, diplomatic negotiations, and rapid journeys on horseback, by the valuable appointment of "unpaid attaché" to the Embassy at the Porte. By these varied adventures he was enabled to lay in a large stock of political capital. From his general estimate of the characters of the various races with whom he was brought in contact we see no reason to dissent. That the Persians are first-rate story-tellers in every sense of the word; that the punishments inflicted by Pashas and Governors were barbarous and cruel; that it is good policy in such countries to travel either with an adequate escort or with nothing of value about you to tempt Bedouins and Iliyats to robbery and murder; and that a Greek Bishop may be more grasping than a Turkish official, is very likely true; and equally certain is it that the late Lord Somers was, whether in a Turkish Serai, a convent at Mount Athos, or an English country-house, one of the most charming of companions. Sir H. Layard, like many other public men, may have now and then uttered sentiments, notably when after the Mutiny he moralized over the well at Cawnpore, which his better judgment would now condemn. But he has discharged a difficult duty at an eventful time, with honour to himself and his country. He has now produced two delightful volumes, and we cannot do better than quote some spirited lines of a forgotten squib published, more than thirty years back, in the columns of *Punch*, when, as that periodical expressed it, the House of Commons indulged in the pastime of "baiting with war-dogs the Nineveh Bull":—

> So his Nineveh namesake, John Bull, for his aim's sake,
> Excuses, if wrong in one instance he go;
> For he knows tho' Pam's thunder be hurled at the blunder,
> What it would crush is the truth hid below.

NOVELS.*

THE Island is a rather clever and decidedly silly satire upon the civilized world. It takes the form of a story of an English gentleman—he happens to be a peer; but the circumstance is not material—who suddenly feels tired of life in London, and determines to travel for a change. He goes mooning round the world until he reaches Pitcairn Island, on which he is accidentally left stranded. He is found and introduced to the settlement by a lady named Victoria, the daughter of the Governor, who is the only magistrate or official personage in the community. The peer, who tells his story in the first person, does not reveal his name or his title. He and Victoria make love with considerable vigour and in a sufficiently commonplace fashion for some months. At the end of that time he learns from a "society newspaper" casually imported in an American ship that his mother has been made ill by his disappearance; so off he goes to relieve her anxiety. As he sails away he sees Victoria waving him adieu from a high rock, which makes him quite happy. Incidentally he gives humorous accounts of the manners and customs of Pitcairn, and reports of sermons preached by himself and Victoria to each other in the process of their flirtation. The latter are the substance of Mr. Whiteing's message to the world. The islanders are supposed to nourish immense reverence, founded on total ignorance, for civilized countries generally, and England in particular. The nameless peer endeavours in his discourses to open Victoria's eyes a little as to the existence of selfishness, industry, competition, capital and labour, wealth and poverty, and various sorts of more or less consequent vice and misery, none of which have any existence on the happy island. She explains to him, and sometimes he to her, that it could all be put right if people would only not think so much about themselves (which, of course, nobody at Pitcairn ever does).

* *The Island; or, An Adventure of a Person of Quality.* By Richard Whiteing. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1888.

Sire and Son: a Startling Contrast. By the Rev. Amos White. New and revised edition. London: Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union.

Vere Thornleigh's Inheritance. A Novel. By A. M. Hopkinson, Author of "Waiting," "Pardoned," &c. London: London Literary Society.

Izora: a Mystery. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1888.

"Don't you think," says Victoria, "it is just as disgusting to make as much as you honestly can as to eat as much as you honestly can? . . . All the harm in the world that I ever saw [the young lady has never seen any, so she saves herself by adding] or heard of came from greediness, gobbling. Give up, give up, give up. Oh, only that makes men different from pasturing brutes ! . . . That is why man is not the same as the pasturing brutes; because he can give up, because he can think of all, and himself as only one of them. He is real man when he is doing that, and real brute when he is doing the other thing." Mr. Whiteing ought to be persuaded of the futility of this creed by the fact that, in order to imagine its bald utterance by a human being, he has to invent an enthusiastically love-sick girl in an impossible community of two-legged rabbits. If he wants an antidote, let him find some one who was a guest at a certain dinner given not very long ago at Calcutta, and ask him to repeat the famous anecdote then related by an eminent English statesman concerning the cross-examination by a burglar of the policeman who had arrested him. There is a certain freshness about some of the satirical comments on English life put into the mouths of the reverent Pitcairners. This, for instance, concerning Parliament:—"Over a thousand people to make the laws; and at it day and night, too! The moment anything goes wrong anywhere, there they are, waiting on the premises, as you may say, to put it right. We've nothing like that here. Not that we want it, either; I only make the remark."

Lizzie Maxwell was the daughter of totally abstaining parents. In her inexperience she loved James Douglas, who "*was fond of alcoholic drinks.*" Mr. Maxwell very properly refused to hear of such a miscreant as his son-in-law, so the young people ran away and were married. Douglas was a doctor, and if anybody lists to hear what becomes of doctors who think they can drink in moderation let him attend to the horrid sequel. At first James Douglas did not get drunk, but nevertheless he drank wine, "he scarcely ever refused it when offered in the houses which he visited," and that although an amiable (but garrulous) patient reminded him of the notorious fact that "a glass of sherry compels the heart to pump over an additional quantity of blood in the twenty-four hours of half a ton weight." The natural result was that one afternoon he came home drunk, entered the drawing-room where his wife and mother-in-law were bemoaning his licentious habits, picked up the baby, quite "in the way of friendship," and dropped it on the fender. It immediately died, and its mother, after fainting for a reasonable time, "took up the dead body," observing "Oh my precious, precious babe! My darling child! Wilt thou never smile and never prattle again? Oh, cruel, cruel man!" The grandmother, Mrs. Maxwell, was more coherent. She said, "Who could have thought that James would conduct himself so badly?" Next came a bill of sale, and the ill-conducted James fled across the Channel. Midway over "he was allured aloft by the smooth sea." While gazing at "the wimpling waves," apparently from the luxurious seclusion of the main truck, he was accosted by a fiend in the person of one of his ex-patients, who said "Follow me, sir, to the lower regions, and you shall be comforted with a drop of the finest old port that ever passed your lips." On reaching the French shore they continued their debauch until their very innkeeper appears to have been sympathetically affected, for he said "Vous êtes trop turbulent; il est tard; va à votre chambre à coucher." The end of it was that the ex-patient died of delirium tremens and the doctor beat a Frenchman at billiards, whereupon the latter said "Vous êtes un fou." The doctor hit him, they fought, and the doctor was shot dead. This was the result of so-called moderate drinking. When James Douglas was dead, Mrs. Maxwell had to break the news to her daughter and grandson. The latter was Walter Douglas, elder brother to the child who was killed on the fender. Very artfully, for many pages, did Mrs. Maxwell tell her daughter that she was a widow, and the latter shortly after observed to Walter "'but for you, Walter, I could wish for death itself.' 'Don't say that,' said Mrs. Maxwell, observing its effect upon the child. 'Perhaps I ought to tell you, Walter, that your papa has suffered a serious accident, and is dead. You must try, my boy, to take all the more care now of your dear mother.' This last sentence was well put.' Mrs. Maxwell, as we have seen, put everything well. James's career not being considered satisfactory, Walter was made to sign the pledge. Then he went to school; and this is the sort of boy he turned out. Mrs. Douglas was afraid that, "'in becoming a lawyer, you may have to live so much in hotels, and to associate with those who live a fast life.' 'Remember, mamma, that I have signed the pledge. You know how careful I am to keep good company, and how I refused to associate with Tom Jones [*aberat omen*] and William Bruce, because one is not honest, and the other swears. I cannot bear bad companions. To tell you a secret, mamma, I have had serious thoughts of becoming a thorough Christian.'" The short of it was that Walter became an articled clerk, and, while yet young, was called to the Bar, and went the Northern Circuit, where he instantly mopped up all the briefs, simply by force of character, for he was wildly ignorant of law, and played forensic antics, some of which only cruel want of space prevents us from reciting. So "in some years . . . he was one day delighted to find himself chosen a Queen's Counsel . . . Something of the sort had at times passed in hazy outline before his mind, but he had scarcely presumed to look at it." No doubt it was only in hazy outline that he had sent in his application for silk to the Chancellor. When moderate drinkers are made Queen's Counsel they mostly run some risk of a serious diminution of income. But the happy teetotaler immediately bought his mother a new and scrumptious house. Then he got into Parliament as an advocate of local option. Then it occurred to Providence that the model man must have a model wife. So one of his clients turned out to be a very rich lady. Wicked uncles sought to spoil her substance—she was an orphan—but Walter by his legal skill routed them, and, the fortune being safe, married the lady. She was not a common lady, such as a moderate drinker might marry. Besides being rich she was young, and also wonderfully beautiful. Moreover, she was remarkably accomplished. "The keys of the piano, from the lowest to the highest octave [think of that!] yielded as if by magic to her exquisite touch. Her voice, of more than average compass, did ample justice to the finest musical compositions. But even these mental attainments and talents must yield the palm of excellence to her moral qualities. Scrupulously chaste, wonderfully discreet both in action and utterance . . ." Is it necessary to add that no alcoholic liquors ever entered her stately mansion? They were married, and we leave Walter inducing a considerable brood of young children of both sexes to sign the pledge by telling them with a brutal simplicity of language very different from his wife's wonderful discretion of utterance, how their grandfather and his father was a drunkard, committed manslaughter, and got killed in a pothouse row.

One expects something very literary from the London Literary Society, but *Vere Thornleigh's Inheritance* has nothing in any way remarkable about it. It is a novel in general characteristics extremely like innumerable others, and differing from them chiefly in being a little above the average. There are two rather nice girls in it. One is called Mabel and the other Vere. The latter was brought up as a rustic maiden by a savage and mysterious aunt, and inherited piles of unsuspected gold accumulated in a cellar. Complications ensued about her marriage, and came all right in the end. The most original thing in the book is that the amiable gentleman who commits larceny to supply the place of a villain is never caught, but repents in time, and puts back the stolen documents where they might, and in fact are supposed to, have been lost. But for the larceny there would have been no complications and no story. The wooing of Mabel by a slightly cynical barrister of a sort fashionable in novels—a dotard of thirty-two—is rather well done; and the second couple, as is often the case, demand the reader's sympathy more effectively turn the first. As novels go, the book is quite worth reading.

Ixora: a Mystery should be perused either in some period of buoyant health, when the wits are spoiling for exercise, or at a season of feverish illness, when thought is a succession of nightmares. In the former case the intellect will be provided with hard work; in the latter an opportunity will be afforded for practically testing the doctrine *Similia similibus curantur*. It is difficult to try both plans, and we do not profess to have done it; but we are rather disposed to consider the latter the more hopeful method. The author somehow got mixed up with a collection of mad Jews. Some of them lived in Bristol slums on the ruins of castles. Some of them kept rag-shops in Trinidad. Some haunted desert islands in the Southern hemisphere, but of uncertain longitude. They could to a considerable extent appear and vanish at will, and it was their habit to commit to the author's keeping unintelligible (but very long) fragments of incoherent English verse or mutilated Spanish records, which he either copied in shorthand or laboriously deciphered at his leisure according to circumstances. From time to time they (the Jews, or some of them) died; but that made no difference to their erratic conduct, and may be left out of account. What their number was it is impossible to say. It is not certain that there was more than one; but there are strong reasons for supposing that there were at least two, there were probably as many as three, and it would be rash to say positively that there were not half a dozen. The substance of their story appears to have been that in 1680 a Spanish Jewess called Ixora was burnt for being a Jewess. She asked the Queen of Spain to let her off, and was refused. So she was burnt, and became a ghost, and went here and there for many years, not to say centuries, and haunted the Jews (or Jew) and made them (or him) exceedingly mad. They could not make out—nor can we—whether she ever became a Christian, and if so when, and whether that had anything and what to do with her uncomfortable restlessness. Also there was a "Voice" which unintelligibly tempted at least one of the Jews to do something or other, and there is an insoluble mystery about what it was and whether he did it. The verses composed by the afflicted Hebrews were sometimes after *The Ancient Mariner*, like this:—

From that high place old Ocean's face
Showed wondrous weird and bare,
Now grey and cold, now green and gold,
Now white in foamy glare;
Now red as blood when day was old
And the red sun was there,

and sometimes after *The Walrus and the Carpenter*, like this:—

They whisper of the rack, the scourge,
The stake, and other things.

At last came a happy day when one of the Jews indubitably died, and the author came to the conclusion that he would never be able to find out anything more about the matter, and that if he had not solved the mystery of Ixora no one else would. And we do not think any one will.

LITERATURE OF BELGIUM AND THE NETHERLANDS.

AMONG historical works published in 1885–1887, and treating more especially of Belgian history, we must mention the publications of the Société des Bibliophiles Flamands of Ghent, such as Mr. Napoleon de Pauw's book, *Voorgeboden* (*Ordonnancien*) of Ghent, from 1337 to 1385 (1). Mr. V. Hermans, Keeper of the Archives at Malines, has published several interesting works, the results of his researches among historical documents. During the last few years the local Historical Societies of Liège, Luxembourg, Mons, and other towns have published a large number of *Cartulaires* of churches and convents in their several districts.

A work which we strongly recommend to our readers is the *Bibliotheca Belgica* (2), of which the seventy-eighth part has already appeared. This work is extremely valuable on account of new and interesting information which it gives on old and unknown works. It is edited by three gentlemen connected with the Public Library at Ghent—Mr. Van der Haeghen, Mr. Arnold, and Mr. Vanden Berghe.

Those who wish to study the history of Belgian towns cannot do better than to peruse Mr. Genard's book on Antwerp (3), which forms a pendant to Mr. Wanter's History of Brussels, to which we have referred in a previous article, and Mr. Gobert's history of the streets of Liège (4).

In the domain of light Dutch literature we find most of the foremost places taken by women. First comes Miss Betsy Perk, who has given us another romance of Russian life under the Empress Elizabeth (5). The plot is well conceived, but the book cannot be held up as a model either of style or of morality. Another novel by the same author, the plot of which is laid in the fifteenth century, deserves honourable mention (6).

Miss Catherine Alberdingk Thym comes to the fore with a very interesting novel, the plot of which turns on the escape from Siberia of a girl whose mother is a political prisoner (7). The only fault which we have to find with this charmingly written book is that some of the incidents depicted seem rather improbable, but nowadays this may be reckoned a merit by many critics. The novels of Baroness Stratenus (8), Miss van Harmm (9), and Miss Andriessen (10), please alike by their charming style and their good tone.

To those who prefer a novel that can be read a second, and even a third time with pleasure we unhesitatingly recommend Mrs. Zwaardemaker-Visscher's latest book (11), which describes the misfortunes of a poor but proud family of noble lineage. The evils and dangers of modern Socialism are depicted with a life-like realism that does the author credit.

Miss Louise Sloot—better known by her pseudonym "Melati van Java"—gives us a capital collection of short stories (12), as well as an extremely original novel (13). Miss Virginie Loveling's *Sophie* (14) strikes the reader throughout as a book written "with a purpose"—namely, to show the evil effects of priestly influence. The characters are, however, well drawn, and the book is, on the whole, well written.

Mr. Keller, one of the foremost Dutch authors of the æsthetic school, has published a novel (15), the chief merit of which lies in the skill with which he portrays the characters—true Dutchmen, patient and persevering almost to obstinacy.

Several authors have of late years tried to interest their readers in Dutch colonial affairs. Thus Mr. Nieuwland has given us a novel (16) the plot of which is laid in the Transvaal, a country with which the author seems well acquainted. The "Romance of Opium" (17), by Mr. T. H. Perelaer, formerly commander-in-chief of the Dutch army in the Indies, created no small stir in official circles, by reason of the vigorous attacks made therein on the Government officials in the East, who, while loaded with favours, allow the most flagrant abuses—especially the opium traffic—to flourish unchecked in the islands under their charge. Like most of its kind, the book is not altogether free from exaggeration; but it is well written, and contains much that is interesting. It may, in fact, be considered as a sequel to Mr. Douwes Dekker's celebrated *Max Havelaar*.

(1) *De Voorgeboden der stad Gent in de XIVe eeuw.* Gent: C. Annoot-Braeckman.

(2) *Bibliotheca Belgica: Bibliographie des Pays-Bas.* Gand: Van der Haeghen.

(3) *Anvers à travers les âges.* 13e livr. Anvers: Emil Bruylant.

(4) *Histoire des rues de Liège, ancienne et moderne.* Liège: Demarteau.

(5) *Yline, prinses Daschkoff-Woronzoff.* 's Gravenhage (The Hague): Mouton & Co.

(6) *De laatste der Bourgondiërs in Gent en Brugge.* Haarlem: G. Vonk.

(7) *Galathea.* Schiedam: H. Roelants.

(8) *De Woestenborg.* Haarlem: G. C. Vonk. *Zielenadel en Verspeeld.* Arnhem: Drukkers maatschappij.

(9) *Emma Schönstedt.* Schiedam: H. Roelants.

(10) *Vera, een verhaal voor jonge dames.* Amsterdam: Tj. van Holkema.

(11) *De Ruïne van Oldenborgh.* 2 volls. Schoonhoven, S. en W. N. van Nooten.

(12) *Miss Campbell en andere verhalen.* Schiedam: H. Roelants.

(13) *Hermelijn.* Schiedam: H. Roelants.

(14) *Sophie.* Amsterdam: P. N. van Kampen.

(15) *Nemesis.* Haarlem: Elsevier.

(16) *Verkeerd begrepen.* 2 volls. Alkmaar: P. Kluitman.

(17) *Baboe Dalima.* 2 volls. Rotterdam: Elsevier.

Mr. Alcock's historical romance, entitled *Arthur Erskine* (18), deals with the troublous times of John Knox, and shows that the author has carefully studied the history of that period.

In "Studies from the Nude" (19) Mr. Frans Netscher, while trying to imitate Zola, has succeeded in copying that author's vulgarity without possessing any of his ability.

We take it for granted that our readers are familiar with the present state of literature in the Flemish as distinct from the Walloon provinces of Belgium. The reaction in favour of Flemish is slowly but surely gaining ground in the former, although the great majority of the upper classes still regard French as their proper language, and consider Flemish fit only for servants and the lower classes generally. This deplorable state of affairs is in great measure due to the system of education prevalent in Belgium, all instruction being given in French, while the use of Flemish is strictly forbidden in many schools as being utterly unfit for good society. The inevitable consequence is that authors who wish to obtain a wide circulation for their books are obliged to write in French. Thus we find that Mr. Stecher, Professor of the University of Liège, has written his History of Flemish Literature in French. The book is worthy of a close perusal, the part treating of the drama in the middle ages being especially good. But happily there is a class of authors who, in spite of obstacles, fight manfully for their mother-tongue. Foremost among these is Mr. Julius Vuylsteke, who has recently published an excellent collection of Flemish poems. Under the title of *Butterflies* (20) Mr. de Mont gives us a collection of verses charming alike by the gracefulness and harmony of their rhythm and the ease and smoothness of the language. Some of them are not unworthy of comparison with the works of such poets as Rückert, Platen, and even Heine.

It will perhaps not be considered out of place here to make this distinction between Flemish and French novels of the present day; in spite of their realistic tendencies, the great majority of Flemish novels evince a respect for good morals which is altogether wanting in the pernicious French novels so widely read in the higher circles of Belgian society.

Mr. A. M. Verstraeten has brought out a largely annotated edition of two of the finest tragedies of the poet Vondel (1587–1679) (21), whose style has much in common with that of Milto .

Thanks to the speaking of Flemish having so long been left to the lower classes, the dialects of the various districts have remained altogether distinct, and several distinguished linguists are devoting their time to collecting local words and proverbs. The result is that of late years we have had to welcome several very useful Glossaries and Idiotica of the various dialects from the pens of Stallaert (22), De Bo (23), and others.

Returning to Holland, we find very little to notice in the way of recent literary works. In the line of scientific literature several original works have appeared; but for purely literary productions the Hollanders appear to be almost content with French translations of English and German works. Of the novels which have just appeared very few show any merit. We can only just mention Mr. Kaufmann's *Adelheid* (24) and Mr. de Bruin's *At Last* (25). There are a few historic studies worthy of notice—*e.g.* the *Siege of Amsterdam by the Prussians in* 1787 (26), by Mr. Vervat, the *Siege of Ostend*, by Mr. Sypenstein (27), and the first volume of a work by Captain de Bas on the late Prince Frederick (28), a very attractive and interesting contribution to contemporary history.

We must also name the works of Moorrees and Geesink. The former does homage to the Liberalism of the seventeenth century by a study on Coornhert (29), one of the greatest poets of that period; while Mr. Geesink, in his study on Calvinism at Rotterdam in the early part of the seventeenth century (30), writes for those who profess themselves "orthodox" followers of the old Orange party and believers in the principles of the Synod of Dordrecht (1618).

A great deal of interesting information is to be found in Mr. Bredius's book (31)—in German—on the Amsterdam Museum, and that of Mr. Kruseman on the history of publishing in Holland (32). Mr. Opzoomer, son of the celebrated philosopher of Utrecht, has published a new edition of the documents found in

(18) *Arthur Erskine.* Amsterdam: Höveker & Zoon.

(19) *Studiën naar het naakt model.* 'S Gravenhage: Mouton & Co.

(20) *Fladderende Vlinders.* Rotterdam: Elsevier.

(21) 1. *Lucifer taal- en letterkundig verklaard.* 2. *Studiën over Vondel en zijn Jozef in Dothan.* Gent: S. Leliaert, A. Siffer & Co.

(22) *Glossarium van verouderde rechtstermen uit vlaamsche, brabantsche en limburgsche oorkonden.* Leiden: E. J. Brill.

(23) *Westvlaamsch Idioticon.* Andere uitgave. Kortrijk: Eugène Beyaert.

(24) *Adelheid.* 's Gravenhage: W. Cremer.

(25) *Eindelijk.* 's Gravenhage: W. Cremer.

(26) *Het beleg van Amsterdam door de Pruisen, in* 1787. Amsterdam: J. H. en G. van Heteren.

(27) *Het beleg van Ostende.* 's Gravenhage: W. P. van Stockum en Zn.

(28) *Prins Frederik der Nederlanden.* Schiedam: Roelants.

(29) *Dirck Volckertsz. Coornhert.* Schoonhoven: Van Nooten.

(30) *Het Calvinisme te Rotterdam.* Rotterdam: J. H. Dunk.

(31) *Meisterwerke des Rijksmuseums.* Photogravuren, mit Text von A. Bredius. München: Franz Hanfstaengl. Amsterdam: M. Olivier.

(32) *Bouwstoffen voor eene geschiedenis van den nederlandschen boekhandel van* 1830–1850. Amsterdam: P. N. van Kampen en Zoon. 2 volls.

the archives of the Convent of Diepenveen, founded by the "Brothers of Common Life" (33).

Mr. te Winkel's *History of Dutch Literature* (34), the first volume of which has been published, is a reliable and interesting work.

We now come to M. Kurth's (Professor of the University of Liège) excellent and important work on the history of civilization (35). The author traces the germs of civilization in the development of Christian doctrine and Christian feeling since the time of the Apostles. He starts from the principle that the establishment of the Roman Empire was destined only to serve as a basis for Christian civilization; and, after giving a cursory review of the history of the various nations who opposed the onward march of the Romans, declares them to have been incapable of founding Christian society. Professor Kurth invests Constantine and Charlemagne with a grandeur and sublimity of character which savours somewhat of exaggeration; ambition is never given as the motive of their actions, all of which seem to have had for aim the spreading of the Gospel. On the other side he is too much influenced by the humourist's judgment of history during the last three and a half centuries to do justice to the character, customs, and civilization of the Thiois races; first the Goths. We have only learnt to know the history of the Ostrogoths and their King Theodoric from the adversaries of the national rising of the people and tribes which put an end to the Roman domination. That is the reason why we do not sufficiently estimate their morality, order, force, and courage. We let ourselves forget all that the priest Salvein of Marseilles has said in favour of the honour of the Aryan races, while comparing their perfect integrity to the degradation of the Romans. Theodoric's secretary has alone given us the opportunity of knowing the Teutonic or Thioise civilization of the sixth century; but Cassiodore is very little known, and remains alone in the field with his Correspondence, which was not intended for publication. It is, therefore, pardonable that the historians of to-day should still always show, in their classical estimations, the effects of the influence of the anti-national revolution, which overturned historical studies, with all the traditions of the Beaux Arts (except in England), of the centuries anterior to the sixteenth. This point would not have prevented M. Kurth from avowing his Catholic principles; his book is good, for in it truth is sought—and this truth is rendered in an elegant and unaffected style. Notwithstanding, therefore, some slight failings the work merits serious perusal.

We must name the numerous smaller collections of the works of the best Belgian poets. Geniuses are however rare, and gifted writers have almost invariably given us their lyric strains in a few simple verses. We would, however, draw the attention of our readers to the works of M. A. E. Hiel, Mlle. H. Swarth, S. Daems, Van Droogenbroeck, Claeys, and others, who are writers of merit and taste. Many of their works have been translated by the Germans. MM. Edmond de Geest, G. Segers, Cyril Buysse, &c., have published various novels in the popular style, bordering, it is true, on the realistic, but always within the bounds of morality. This moral tendency is not wanting either to our Flemish plays. Flemish dramatic authors possess, as a rule, much dramatic sentiment, but are frequently wanting in finesse in the conception and development of the passions. They appear, as it were, somewhat unformed, and are consequently led to portray extravagantly improbable situations, like the old playwriters, thus giving a strong moral savour to their writings rather than any artistic value. Amongst such men of talent we name MM. P. Kints, J. Hoste, H. Peters, Gittens, Aug. Hendricx, H. Badden, &c., who severally publish annually a drama or comedy. Some take the historical drama, but rarely succeed in portraying the grand personages of history in a manner devoid of exaggeration; it is always party spirit, dominant in Belgium since 1830, which shows itself even in works of this kind. The war cry of the Germans in the twelfth century, "Hi Welf! hi Waibling!" resounds continually in Belgium: "Hi Liberaal! hi Klerikaal!" *tertium non datur*, influencing universally the fine arts.

The study of history, nevertheless, is daily gaining ground. We have already cited more than once the works of our best writers. M. Charles Piot, general archivist of the kingdom, has just published a large new book of the *Correspondance de Granvelle* (36) (Vol. VI.) It includes the years 1576 and 1577. The letters number ninety-four. They throw a vivid light upon the events which took place in these provinces at that date. They confirm the opinion the editor had already given of the character of Philip II. and of that of his lieutenant, the Duke of Alba. We have already rendered full justice to this opinion in a preceding article. The perusal of the present volume makes more evident to us the reasons for Requesens's discouragement at having on one hand his vacillating master, and on the other the urgent political measures demanding execution. We see the Council of State powerless to enforce obedience, and doing nothing well; the Duke d'Aerschot passing his time in amusements; Berlaymont sleeping at the table; even the Count of Mansfeld lightly esteemed, because "il veult mectre son nas partout"; Viglius anxious to maintain his precedency; D'Assonville, who is distrusted on account of his frivolity; Roda looked upon as "une maulvaise et dangereuse pièce." Such are the portraits of the Councillors of State drawn by Morillon.

Then we see constantly pecuniary difficulties, want of money to pay the troops fittingly, and in consequence riot, assassination, and pillage are the order of the day. The priests and nobles feared the Spaniards, and distrusted the arrival of Don Juan. Then occurred the so-called "Peace of Ghent," a peace made with many mutual reserves. Granvelle persuaded the King to endeavour to regain his subjects' affections, but having small confidence in Don Juan's talents, he advised that the Duchess of Parma should again be sent as Regent to the Netherlands. Instead of which, however, Don Juan was despatched to negotiate the peace. The Prince of Orange regretted having signed the peace, for he had not believed Don Juan would have kept his promise of sending back the Spanish troops. He sought to turn public opinion against the new governor, negotiations became impossible, violence again prevailed, the arrival of Mathias of Austria and the Duke of Anjou furnished a pretext for undermining Don Juan's authority, until eventually he was declared an enemy to the country. Amongst the most remarkable events related in this volume of the *Correspondance* we note the offer of the sovereignty of a part of the Netherlands to Elizabeth, Queen of England, and later the appeal for help addressed to France. Such is a brief sketch of this fine volume.. The author has added a chronological index of the letters and also one of the contents and personages; we hope these will be augmented by the addition of a general index of contents and personages with the circumstances and dates in which the latter appeared. This appendix will give the author a fresh claim to our thanks.

We must glance at a new volume by Canon Namêche (Vol. XX. of the "National History" Series), just published (37). We have more than once spoken of the characteristics of this finished and well-written work. With respect to the author's appreciation of the facts narrated, he displays too much toleration for his party, and, while in no way unduly biassing the points at issue, is willing to yield credence to the words of other writers of the same opinions as himself. The volume bears as second title "Fifth Part —Spanish Period," and embraces from the year 1583 to the death of Philip II. in 1598. From this death follows a sketch of the character of the King of Spain. The author employs the words of M. de Gerlache, "the great national historian," who compares Philip to Charlemagne as defender of the Church and Popes. M. de Gerlache, author of a History of the Netherlands in several volumes, has written especially by way of retaliation on the prejudiced judgments of some ardent defenders of the Revolution in the sixteenth century. But M. de Gerlache (who died in 1871) had not at command the discoveries made since the publication of his work in 1843. He would be very surprised to read in the Granvelle Correspondence and that of the Popes Pius V., Sixte V., &c., with what intense personal ambition, which almost caused a rupture with the Pontifical throne, the King, inflexible on certain points and vacillating on others, rendered services to the Church. He employed Catholic principles in the advancement of his own ends and in the gratification of his domineering spirit. M. de Gerlache would be still more surprised to hear that Granvelle had advised the King with respect to the assassination of William of Orange, who, in spite of his patriotism in favour of his country, could not successfully ameliorate the position of affairs, which were rendered yet more complicated by the error of the King himself in treating the chief of the Revolutionists with such exceptional rigour. The Granvelle Correspondence will show us this more fully in succeeding volumes.

The monographies of towns serve to throw a strong light on the local events of the Revolution in the sixteenth century. They confirm in certain respects Granvelle's Correspondence and characterize the personages with whom he treated. This is why we mention with pleasure some works of this kind published before the appearance of M. Piot's last volume. We note particularly a carefully-written work on the maritime town of Dixmude, in West Flanders—author, M. R. Pieters (38)—and the monography of the parish of Ixelles, Bruxelles (39).

Of no less importance is the monography of the little town of Fontaine l'Evêque (40), on account of the abundant details given and the extreme care taken in the researches made.

We can add to these studies those made regularly in the archives of monasteries at Cysoing (41), Géronsart (42), and elsewhere, which contribute much to a just appreciation of the civilization of the middle ages. Then a small work upon the monuments of Bruges (43); but all these are surpassed by that of M. Génard, already alluded to by us, of which new editions have just been published—*Anvers à travers les âges*

With respect to the monuments of Bruges, the work of the

(33) W. R. E. H. Opzoomer, *Het Klooster Diepenveen*. 's Gravenhage: Gebroeders Belinfante. 2 vols.

(34) *Geschiedenis der nederlandsche letteren*. Haarlem: Erven F. Bohn.

(35) *Les origines de la civilisation moderne*. 2 vols. Louvain: Charles Peeters. Paris: Victor Lecoffre.

(36) *Collection de chroniques belges inédites*. Publiée par ordre du gouvernement. Bruxelles: Hayez.

(37) *Histoire nationale*. Louvain: C. Fonteyn.

(38) *Geschiedenis van Dixmude, naar de beste oorkonden*. Dixmude: E. Desmyter.

(39) *Ixelles*. Bruxelles: Huysmans.

(40) *De Manet, Recherches historiques sur la ville et la seigneurie de Fontaine l'Evêque*. Mons: Dequesne, Mosquiller.

(41) *De Coussemaker, Cartulaire de l'abbaye de Cisoing*. Lille: Desclée de Brouwere et Cie.

(42) *Vict. Barbier, Histoire du monastère de Géronsart*. Namur: F. J. Coux, fils.

(43) *Navez, Bruges, monumental et pittoresque*. Bruxelles: Lebègue.

English archæologist Mr. James Weale, *Bruges et ses environs* (44), has not been surpassed.

The city of Antwerp has been also described by the pens of the two custodians of the Plantin Museum, in which are to be seen the ancient souvenirs, library, work-rooms, offices, furniture, pictures, stereotype-plates, type, &c., of the old and celebrated printing press of that name.

M. Max Rooses, the chief custodian, has published the Printer's Correspondence (45), which enables us to cast a glance on the religious and political intrigues of the factions of the sixteenth century. M. Rosseels, the under-custodian, publishes illustrations of the work-rooms and house itself (46). Yet a word remains to be said respecting various publications containing the history of the fine arts both in Holland and in Belgium. We perused with pleasure the study of the Mons in Hainault (47), by the archivist M. Th. Léopold de Villers. M. A. Schaepkens has published splendid illustrations of Liège (48). We may also name the work of M. Dewaele upon Ancient Architecture (49), and that of MM. Arendzen and Van Someren, who treat of Modern Art (50) in a superbly illustrated volume.

We must also name a solid work on Greek epigraphy published by Ch. Leemans of Leide (51). Lastly, Canon Reusens has issued a second illustrated edition of the "Elements of Christian Archæology" (52); and M. Guiffrey in France has given an illustrated edition of his remarkable work on tapestry (53), which contains the history of the workrooms of Ghent, Alost, and Bruxelles, with good index, &c. As to bibliography, the merit of the work of M. van der Haeghen, librarian of the University of Ghent, and his collaborateurs in publishing the Lipsienne bibliography (54) must be recognized. These volumes form part of the collection "Bibliotheca Belgica" which we have already named to our readers. The series of the works of Juste Lipse will be completed in three volumes. We take this occasion of recommending the "Dictionary of Belgian Authors since 1830" (55). As a useful aid in indicating the progress of literary affairs down to the year 1880, some numbers of this will continue to be issued.

(44) *Bruges.* Fourth edition. Desclée de Brouwere et Cie.

(45) *Correspondance de Christophe Plantin.* Anvers: J. E. Buschman.

(46) *Het huis van Ch. Plantijn*, met 20 photogr. platen van J. Maes. Antwerpen: J. Maes.

(47) *Le passé artistique de la ville de Mons.* Bruxelles: Hector Manceaux.

(48) *Anciennes habitations civiles, militaires et religieuses, châteaux, antiquités, etc. Avec texte historique.* Bruxelles: Félix Callewaert.

(49) *Grieksche en Romeinsche bouwkunst* met 35 platen. Gent: J. Vuylsteke.

(50) *Moderne Kunst in Nederland, Etsen.* Amsterdam: Holkema.

(51) *Grieksche opschriften in Klein-Azië, uitgegeven door de koninklijke academie van Wetenschappen, te Amsterdam.* Amsterdam: Joannes Muller.

(52) *Eléments d'archéologie chrétienne.* Louvain: Ch. Peters. 2 vols.

(53) *Histoire générale de la tapisserie.* Texte par J. Guiffrey, E. Munz et A. Pinchart; illustrations exécutées sous la direction de Léon Vidal. 25 livr. in fo. Paris: Librairie de la Société Anonyme des Publications Périodiques. Price 300 fr.

(54) *Œuvres de Juste Lipse.* 1re série. Gand: Eugène van der Haeghen et Emil Vijt.

(55) *Dictionnaire des écrivains belges et catalogue de leurs publications.* Bruxelles: P. Weissenbruch.

NEWBURY.*

NEWBURY is a little place. Mr. Money's volume is very big. Such are the first ideas suggested by the disproportion evident between book and borough, a disproportion which becomes less glaring when we find out how much Mr. Money has done to connect the history of Newbury with that of the whole country, and particularly to elucidate fully the circumstances connected with the battles which are the chief title of the town to fame. But Mr. Money begins at the very beginning, and devotes his first chapter to "The Roman and English settlement on the river Kennet." There is every reason to believe that the Roman station on the Ermin Street, mentioned as *Spinæ* in the Antonine Itinerary, may be identified with Speen, which is close to Newbury. A rare example of the survival of a Latin name is afforded by the mention of "Spene," in a charter of 821, printed in the *Codex Diplomaticus*. In a note on page 7, Mr. Money says that it is given as "Spinæ" in a charter of the tenth century; but we have failed to verify this statement by any of the documents he quotes or cites. There are various forms of the name, which is given as *Spone* in Domesday. The Saxons, as usual, abandoned the Roman site. "They neither took possession of the towns, nor did they give themselves the trouble to destroy them." Newbury was built, not for defensive, but commercial purposes, its situation being close to the Kennet. Contrary to the usage in other places, "the New-Bourg," as Mr. Money calls it, stood in more than one manor, and is thus, it may be, omitted from the Domesday Survey; though Mr. Money, in a very careful, but much too protracted, discussion of the evidence, identifies a great part of the modern town with the manor of "Ulvritone," held in 1086 by Ernulf of Hesding. There were fifty-one houses in Ulvritone, too large a number for an ordinary country manor, so that without going further into Mr. Money's arguments we may accept his conclusion, the more so as we find Ernulf giving the church of Newbury to the Norman Abbey of St. Peter of Preaux; and in a document preserved in the archives of the department of the Eure, in France, of a date probably about a year before the Domesday Survey, Mr. Money has found "Newberi" mentioned by name as having belonged to Ernulf.

Many readers will turn from these archaic passages to the later history of Newbury. Mr. Money keeps the territorial and manorial part of his narrative quite apart from what he puts under the heading of "Incidents connected with Newbury." After having belonged, among others, to Cecily, Duchess of York, the mother of Edward IV., to Queen Jane, the mother of Edward VI., to Queen Elizabeth, and to Anne, the Queen of James I., Newbury obtained a charter at last from Charles II. and became a municipal town. Meanwhile, the two battles had brought Newbury into prominence. The first, the indecisive but bloody struggle between King Charles and the Earl of Essex, is the most famous, because Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland, was among the slain. It was fought on September 20, 1643. In the second battle, on Sunday, October 27, 1644, the Earl of Manchester commanded the Parliamentary forces, having the advantage of Cromwell's assistance. Charles retreated during the night; but it would seem that each party thought itself beaten; and the charges Cromwell subsequently brought against Manchester show how bitterly he regretted the mistake on his side. Another, but much smaller, battle was fought in Newbury in 1706 between a mob and some recruiting officers. A sergeant was killed, and a great many people were wounded. At that time, and long afterwards, the position of Newbury on the high road from London and Reading to almost everywhere west and south gave it an importance which it has long survived. William III., Queen Anne, the Culloden Duke of Cumberland, and many other historical characters passed through the town, or resided in its neighbourhood, or paid it a visit in state. But Mr. Money's prolix notes embrace every kind of subject; we read of the systematic public flogging of women; of "cock-throwing" on Shrove Tuesday; of the establishment of a ducking-stool; of the conviction of a coiner; of the starting of a Flying Coach, which, in 1752, performed th journey to London in twelve hours. "The change effected in Newbury by the introduction of railroads was remarkable, and it has not yet recovered the loss of so important an interest," says Mr. Money. But there is a railway to it now; and, though the old cloth factories have disappeared, the town has a large trade in malt and corn, and wool is also a local staple. A monument to Lord Falkland and those slain with him in the first battle of Newbury was unveiled by Lord Carnarvon in 1878. More than a hundred pages towards the end of the book describe the church of St. Nicholas and the church records; and this inexhaustible and portly volume concludes at p. 595, at the end of an excellent index. We cannot help thinking that, by taking a little more time over his task, Mr. Money could have put all that is worth having of his book into about three hundred pages.

* *The History of the Ancient Town and Borough of Newbury in the County of Berks.* By Walter Money, F.S.A. London: Parker & Co.

CHEAP MUSIC.*

LAST year was a year of retrospects, among which the glorification of a free press and cheap literature was inevitable. Seasonable enough in the circumstances, this was only the resumption of old and oft-heard pæans, a praise of progress quite as likely to satiate the ear as to stimulate reverence for our wondrous mother-age. Cheap music, however, may be said to have long awaited the historian. Every one knows that we have cheap music, and every one knows that at a not far distant period we had it not. But how we have come to possess it until, as every town and village in the kingdom proclaims, it possesses us, in a sense that holds good of no other civilizing force in the community, is by no means so evident. It is probable there are not many musical people outside the profession, to say nothing of those who should be directly interested, who could give an explicit account of the growth of cheap music since 1837. There was excellent reason, therefore, why the Jubilee year should not pass without the publication of *A Short History of Cheap Music.* This is a clear, concise, and instructive sketch of the subject, and at the same time an accurate general survey of the history of music in England during the last five-and-seventy years. The opening chapter is headed by the Shakspearian motto, "When there was no music," and, though there never was a time when music was not—for no one can indicate the prehistoric period when men did not make music—the quotation is a figure of speech correctly applied to the first five-and-twenty years of this record. The retrospect begins with the year 1811, when the price of musical publications was prohibitive, except to the few choral associations of the day, or a limited number of wealthy amateurs. It was at this date that Vincent Novello became his own publisher by issuing his "Collection of Sacred Music" in two folio volumes, no publisher being willing to undertake the risk of an undertaking for which there was then little or no demand. This collection was used by the choir of the chapel of the Portuguese Embassy in South Street, Park Lane, where Vincent Novello officiated as organist. This publication, the first of a valu-

* *A Short History of Cheap Music.* With a Preface by Sir George Grove, D.C.L. London and New York: Novello, Ewer, & Co.

able series, was issued with full accompaniments for the organ, in the place of the figured bass then used; and we are told that the innovation was viewed with disfavour by the organists of the day who loved the mystery of their craft. Even more revolutionary was the appearance of the well-known edition of "Purcell's Sacred Music," commenced by Vincent Novello in 1828, and completed in 1832 by his son Alfred, who had begun publishing in 1829. This was the first publication of the Novellos edited for the service of the Church of England, and the only important series of the kind issued since the "Cathedral Service" of Boyce (1778), of Arnold (1790), and Page's *Harmonia Sacra* (1800). The older members of church choirs strongly objected, it appears, to the separate vocal parts issued by Alfred Novello, preferring to sing from incomplete MS. copies or from the old printed scores of Boyce, Arnold, and others. These perilous innovations were soon obscured by more enterprising achievements. In 1836 Alfred Novello purchased the English copyright of Mendelssohn's oratorio, *St. Paul*, and issued the pianoforte score in two parts at sixteen shillings each, and the vocal parts at five shillings each. The growth of our Musical Festivals to their present importance is to be dated from this event.

Cheap music is, of course, a term of relative significance. Vincent Novello's edition of the Masses of Mozart and Haydn was considered cheap in 1825. These varied in price from two shillings to nine and sixpence. There was cheap music when Her Majesty ascended the throne, though it differed from the cheap music of to-day as this differs from that of 1861, when Mr. Henry Littleton, after twenty years' connexion with Alfred Novello, became a partner in the firm. Sir George Grove, in the preface to this short history, recollects his expenditure of the first guinea he had given to him on a pianoforte score of the *Messiah*. This was in 1837. The book can now be bought for a shilling, and a pocket edition of *St. Paul* can be had for the same sum. In 1846 the *Messiah* was advertised for publication in twelve monthly numbers at one shilling, vocal score and separate organ or piano accompaniments, "the cheapest musical publication ever offered to the public." These examples suffice to show the progress of cheapness. The gradual abolition of fiscal restrictions stimulated the spread of cheap music, equally with cheap literature. But there are points of dissimilarity between the growth of the former and the vast and sudden increase of newspapers and cheap books that succeeded the removal of the paper duty and allied taxes. The field was free to the world of newspaper proprietors and book publishers, while the earlier enterprise of the Novellos made it possible for them to carry on the campaign with such vigour that competition pursued them in vain, like panting time in the adage. Sir George Grove is undoubtedly correct when he observes that individual sagacity and enterprise would have been unavailing without improved machinery and free industrial action; but the foresight that anticipates changed conditions is always a chief element of success. There is an aspect of the law of demand not generally recognized by orthodox economists. By wise production which may appear premature, but is really opportune, a demand is created. Years before the hour was fully ripe Alfred Novello was an active experimentalist in popularizing music. It is true you may over-produce and be crippled; but it is just as true that the fear of over-production, because the direction to be taken is new, has prevented timid men from reaping a pretty harvest. Among the curious items of information relating to the past history of music and music-publishing collected in this book of the chronicles of the house of Novello, there is nothing more suggestive than the story of their early struggles with fine old prejudices—printers' trades-unionism, Excise duties, and other obstacles to free music, in which, by the way, they were not without supporters. The book is prettily got up, and contains portraits of Vincent and Alfred Novello and Mr. Littleton, etched by Mr. H. R. Robertson.

GREEK AND ROMAN SCULPTURE.*

THIS is the first instalment of what has every prospect of being the noblest illustrated work on Classical Archæology which has yet been produced. Among all living men there is probably no one who is more capable of doing justice to this magnificent subject than is Professor Brunn, the world-famed author of the *Künstler-Geschichte*, and countless monographs on classical art of all kinds. The scheme of this colossal work is a very ambitious one; it is to consist of no less than eighty *fascicules*, each containing five large autotype plates of selected examples of Greek and Roman sculpture, all executed from new negatives taken specially for the work, and printed by means of the best gelatine process in permanent pigment. Each part is to cost a pound; but as the whole issue will not be completed for six or seven years, the total cost of 80*l*. will be distributed from month to month throughout this period. If we consider the size and beauty of the plates (judging from Part I.) the work will not really be a too costly one, especially as it will include the very important text which Professor Brunn is now writing to illustrate the selected examples.

The fact is that the time has now come when a really valuable and monumental work on classical sculpture ought to be produced. The important discoveries of the last twenty years at Olympia, Epidauros, Troy, Mycenæ, Tiryns, Pergamus, Assus, and Ionia generally, Panticapæum, Cyprus, and other Greek islands, together with many other Greek sites, have been for the most part described and illustrated in papers scattered throughout an immense number of learned periodicals or in costly separate monographs. What we want now is a general review of the whole of this immense field of discovery, a collation of results, and a deductive lesson treated from a really comprehensive point of view; something, in fact, on a much larger scale and more satisfactory in treatment than such works, useful as they are in their way, as Mr. A. S. Murray's learned History of Greek Sculpture and Mrs. Mitchell's pleasant and well-illustrated handbook on the plastic arts of Greece and Rome.

It is difficult for us now to realize what a very recent thing the knowledge of Greek sculpture really is. It seems hardly credible that at the beginning of the present century the antiquaries of England in the main decided that the Parthenon sculpture which Lord Elgin was offering to the nation for less than the cost of its carriage was a work of the second century A.D., and that Phidias's marvellous pediment group contained as its principal figures portraits of Hadrian and his wife Sabina. It was not, in fact, till nearly the middle of the nineteenth century that the artistic and antiquarian world generally realized that such statues as the Venus de' Medici, the Apollo Belvidere, the Laocoon, and other world-famous works were not the crown and flower of Greek art, but the production (fine as they are) of a period of very distinct decadence, far below the much nobler period of Pericles, when Athens was at the height of her glory.

The five plates which Professor Brunn gives us in his first part embrace widely different dates and schools—from the very early and highly hieratic Apollo of Tenea, in which the sculptor, though working in marble, is still hampered by his respect for the primitive log-cut *xoana* of bygone centuries—down to the sleeping Barberini Faun, in which the utmost realism is expressed in every curve of the soft fleshy modelling, and most strikingly in the way in which the swollen veins of the hanging hand are indicated in an almost painfully truthful way.

Other plates, representing not marble but bronze sculpture, show the delicate capabilities of the phototype process to suggest the special textures of these different surfaces.

One very valuable addition in Professor Brunn's plates is the introduction of a mathematical scale under each statue—an important point, very frequently overlooked in such illustrations. We are glad to welcome the beginning of this much-needed work, and every student of classical archæology will rejoice that it has been undertaken by such a master of the subject as is Professor Heinrich Brunn, and so skilful a producer of autotype as Herr Friedrich Bruckmann of Munich.

* *Denkmäler griechischer und römischer Sculptur unter Leitung von Heinrich Brunn.* Lieferung I. Munich: Bruckmann. London: Asher.

SIR E. SULLIVAN ON THE TURF.*

SIR EDWARD SULLIVAN has recently republished, in the form of a pamphlet, entitled *Ascot v. Monaco*, some letters which, we believe, were originally addressed to the *Morning Post* on the subject of Turf abuses and iniquities. He appears thus to intimate that his utterances have not attracted sufficient attention and to invite further criticism. There is no particular reason why he should be disappointed in either particular. He is sure to be read, for he is always worth reading; and, if he is not reviewed, it will be because racing-men are as a rule too indifferent to the opinions of those whom, rightly or wrongly, they classify as outsiders. Furthermore, it must be admitted that much of Sir Edward's diatribe lies beyond possibility of dispute by any reasonable being. That ready-money gambling, if gamble we must, is infinitely preferable to the credit system; that playing against a bank where the dice are not loaded, the cards unmarked, the roulette-board unprovided with a secret spring, and where the croupiers, if not innately honest, are so watched that practical fair dealing becomes an efficient substitute for moral rectitude, is a more sensible proceeding than backing selling-platers and jockeys' mounts, are amongst the things which any fellow can understand, and, understanding, is forced to admit their truth. Again, we shall all agree that nothing can be more absurd than inveighing against opium-smoking in China or the tables at Monaco, if we wink at or uphold spirit-drinking and betting in England; and, if the "goodies" against whom Sir Edward urges his favourite parable of optical surgery do really take this very one-sided view of our own and our neighbours' methods of dabbling in play and poison, then are the "goodies" unutterably silly. But Sir Edward has been so long the Cassandra of the *Morning Post*, has so drugged himself with his own pessimism, that he can see no good in anything (except Protection). Once embarked on his career of invective, he tries to prove too much, and, straining after effect, falls into absurdity. For instance, everybody knows that ladies who frequent racecourses nowadays bet. Whether they pay or in what way is a secret between them and their commissioners; but which of us who "follow racing" can remember seeing "a female masher, flushed, excited, and unfeminine, exchanging bets with the howling demons of the Ring"? Yet such a sight would appear to be perfectly familiar to Sir Edward, whose detestation of Turf surroundings would, one might think, have limited his opportunities of observation. Again, when he is talking of cruelty (for it seems that some one has been

* *Ascot* v. *Monaco*. By Sir E. Sullivan. London: John Davis.

complaining of the way in which horses are treated in Italy) he says:—"It is very shocking to hear the whacks resounding from the sides of the 'morti cavalli,' horses bought off the knacker's yard, in the shafts of the overloaded Neapolitan cabs; but it is a hundred times more shocking to hear the crack, crack, crack of the cruel cutting whip on the delicate flanks of the noble, generous, sensitive creatures, with coats of satin and skins as delicate as a woman's, as their riders urge them to superhuman efforts." Now this is sheer nonsense, and bad morality to boot; for, if a horse is really tortured so as to get the last ounce out of him, either between the shafts or under saddle, the cruelty in the one case is not a hundred times more shocking than in the other—it is just exactly the same, neither more nor less; but we totally deny that the suffering inflicted is the same, or even comparable in degree; for, not to mention the spirit of emulation—a strong passion in the thoroughbred, and one which, for the moment, probably renders him almost insensible to pain—let any one contrast the appearance of a Neapolitan cab-horse at the end of his journey with that of a racer after any struggle, however prolonged and severe, and there can be no doubt in whose favour, as far as outward and visible symptoms go, the verdict would be given. Is Sir Edward by chance a follower of Pythagoras? and, if so, into which of the two bodies would he himself prefer transmigration? In the next paragraph he—a man who professes to write about racing—asks almost childish questions. "What," he says, "is the plain English of such everyday sporting expressions as that 'the horse was ridden with the greatest determination,' 'was ridden right out,' &c?" and then he proceeds to answer according to his own ideas. "What does it mean but that a strong man with sharp spurs and a cutting whip used all his strength, and his cunning, and his cruelty to urge some poor beast to impossible efforts?" *Pace* Sir Edward, "it" does not necessarily, or even according to "its" habitual interpretation, mean these things. Riding a horse with the greatest determination means that the jockey was resolved not to be shut out or disappointed, and, catching hold of his horse, shoved him vigorously home through his field. Strength and cunning are doubtless displayed on such occasions; cruelty, as we hope and believe, is rarely practised. "Ridden right out" is the usual form of expressing the writer's opinion that there was no intention of concealing the horse's form by pulling him back into the ruck when he could easily have been second or third, while "fading away to nothing" simply means that the animal thus spoken of could not go the pace or stay the distance, and so dropped rapidly astern; certainly not, as Sir Edward would have us believe, that "the poor tortured beast got faint and could struggle on no further." We are far from saying that the whip is not often needlessly applied, for it unquestionably loses more races than it wins; but we do most emphatically protest against such words as "torture" and "cruelty" being used at random. When the formidable crack, crack, crack is heard at the finish, the older jockeys are mostly hitting their boots, while the younger ones are neither strong enough, nor sufficiently master of the weapon, to inflict much pain. Let those who doubt go and examine the horses' flanks as they return to the paddocks, and see how many show marks of the whip on their satin coats. Spurs, we admit, make rather more show, though without any real injury. Sir Edward Sullivan was formerly very fond of hunting. Did he never give his mount a taste of the prickers when within three strides of a brook or bullfinch? and would he not have been highly indignant at being denounced as a torturer for so doing? "When you come to Jordan, you must gaff him, and give him the office," said the coper to Lord Wilton; and, though that refined peer avowed himself ignorant of the meaning of the phrase, he was fully alive to the necessity of the practice on occasion. From the forcible remarks on plunging with which Sir Edward concludes his first epistle he will find none but fools to dissent.

"Ascot *v.* Monaco" is followed by two letters under the title of "Noblesse Oblige," the first of which has for its motive the warning off of Lord Ailesbury. That a peer of the realm should have received the extreme sentence of racing law will, Sir Edward hopes, have the same beneficial result for the Turf that Sydney Smith was wont to say would accrue to railway travelling from the killing of a director. The simile has been worn somewhat threadbare; still 'twill serve, Sir, 'twill serve; only why are we to be solemnly warned against "pretending that this wretched scapegoat carries on his head all the sins of the Turf"? Who ever said or imagined that he did? and does Sir Edward suppose, as he would almost lead us to believe, that he alone amongst men of good birth sees with shame and sorrow this lowering of the pride of caste? But there is no pleasing him. He complains that amongst racing men "roguery is dismissed with a smile, rascality with a shrug"; but when roguery and rascality are summoned before the Stewards of the Jockey Club and dismissed with the heaviest sentence which it is in the power of that tribunal to inflict, we are told that the upholders of morality are humbugs, and the delinquents scapegoats—such at least we conclude to be the meaning of the following sentences:—"A peer of the realm has pulled his horses and Turf morality is scandalized! But what is Turf morality? It is difficult to define; its value is very local. A tells his jockey to 'pull' his horse; B tells his jockey his horse is 'not meant.' A is warned off every racecourse in the country, whilst B is not even censured. But what is the difference?" Well, indeed, may Sir Edward ask; and when he goes on to say that he is told that "you must be on the Turf to understand the immense difference between 'pulling' and not 'being meant,'" we can only reply that you may be on the Turf a very long time without discovering that there is any difference at all, as an owner or jockey would find to his cost if, when haled before the Stewards, he endeavoured to screen himself with such shadowy, or rather shady, distinctions.

Letter No. 2 of the "Noblesse Oblige" couple commences with a fairly ironical recantation of previous error after the perusal of some answers which appeared in the daily papers to Sir Edward's above-noticed onslaughts on turfites. General Owen Williams was, if we rightly remember, the leading counsel for the defence, and replied temperately enough to the main charges, though, as we are unfortunately not able to refer at the moment to the General's letter, we must perforce forbear from any attempt at quotation. Sir Edward will pardon us for wishing that he had stuck throughout the chapter to the sarcastic vein, wherein, notwithstanding the recurrence of the irrepressible mote and beam, he is always especially happy; but he soon wearies of it, and lapses into more matter-of-fact lamentation, one of his sorrows being that, though "it is a sight for gods and men to see a Bendigo, Bend Or, or Dutch Oven, yet how often do we see them?" Well, not quite so often as we could wish perhaps, yet may he rest assured that the owners of such celebrities are pretty certain to pull them out as often as condition and engagements permit. He could hardly expect them to be put into overnight handicaps; and so long as he continues to frequent Ascot, he may confidently reckon upon seeing there the pick of the equine basket. Then he boldly asserts that "the Turf is the very grave of horses," and here we must take leave at once to join issue with him. The Turf is not the grave but the cradle of horses, as the foreign buyers abundantly testify, and if we choose to eat our cake in the shape of francs or Friedrichs-d'or, instead of keeping it in the national cupboard, we deserve to be lectured for our folly from a totally different standpoint. No man is more capable of doing this than Sir Edward Sullivan, but the subject is too large to be dealt with here.

Once again is the case of Ascot *v.* Monaco—part heard—called in court, and betting contrasted most unfavourably with Sir Edward's favourite game of *rouge et noir*. Who wishes to quarrel with his taste? Yet he seems to imply that the British turfite is shocked, and holds up his hands in horror at any form of gambling save that which has the horse for its instrument, and that an Englishman at the Monte Carlo tables is as unfamiliar a spectacle as would be an alligator in Ranksborough gorse. It is not quite easy to reconcile the writer's statement that, "When I talk about the demoralizing effects of racing I am not thinking of the Jockey Club or the upper ten thousand at all; I am thinking of the other end of the stick altogether," with his pathetic expression of sorrow over the ruin of "scores of nice, honest, generous, high-class gentlemen" with whom he had lived on friendly and affectionate terms—even without this assurance we should doubt his having rubbed his shoulders much against the other end of the stick.

The fourth letter which concludes this homily series is headed "The Turf," though "Advice to the Jockey Club" would have perhaps been a better title for an admonishment to that body herein symbolized as "The Tit-willows," who have now offended Sir Edward by their want of unanimity as to the proper method of dealing with a celebrated case which is or soon will be *sub judice*, and into the merits of which it is, therefore, impossible to enter.

His charge of want of unanimity Sir Edward can hardly pretend to substantiate; for, if we may judge by a very full report of the proceedings in Tit-willow conclave, the little birds, though they may not during argument have all chirped on the same note did nevertheless ultimately arrive at a unanimous decision, and one, moreover, which has met with public approval so general that it also may be called unanimous. Few, if any, will be the dissentients from the pamphleteer's invective against jockeys betting; he will find on investigation that the Tit-willows are tolerably unanimous in their agreement as to the magnitude of the evil, and the difficulty of suppressing it. Nor will any one gainsay his statement that "you can no more make a jockey incorruptible than you can a policeman or a member of Parliament"; at the same time he should remember that, in our present state of civilization, the jockey, the policeman, and the M.P. are apparently necessary—nuisances, if he likes so to think—but still necessary. The instance quoted of a late member of the Jockey Club who had his horse's hocks "bespattered with dung and water" before a race in order to drive him back in the market, thus vouched for, must be accepted as true. The best and worst that can be said of it is—that it was a dirty trick.

Happily however for its friends, the diseases of the body politic of the Turf are not, in Sir Edward's opinion, quite incurable; the physician's diagnosis is appalling, but he has a remedy—heroic, he calls it; his readers can give it what name they please. The patient is to cure himself by a happy thought—*i.e.* the Jockey Club, after shortly giving their reasons for so momentous a decision, are to say:—"We will, therefore, agree among ourselves that we will never bet more than 100*l.* on a race"!! This magic formula will make all things well; for we have it on Sir Edward's authority that "The hand of Circe could never have changed men into swine with greater celerity than such a resolution would turn black sheep into white ones." It is true that his next sentence is, "What nonsense!" and perhaps he will have more disciples as commentator than as apostle.

BLAMELESS HYPERBOREANS.*

FEW people can be better acquainted with the Eskimo than Dr. Rink. He has been Royal Inspector of South Greenland, and his *Tales and Traditions of the Eskimo* (Blackwood, 1875) should be familiar to all students of backward races. The new publication of Dr. Rink* is a translation from the Danish, and in places the version is a little obscure. It consists of two parts—the second a study, with a glossary, of the Eskimo language; the former an account of their manners and customs, with an attempt to discover their original seat and the lines of their migration.

The Eskimo are an aquatic people. They are seldom found except on the sea-coast or beside rivers. Concerning the Eskimo there is a prevalent belief that they are Communists, having neither chiefs nor separate property. This opinion is not absolutely correct. It appears, however, that of all people whom we know they most nearly approach the Aristotelian ideal of property made, practically, common by good will (φιλότης). Some Eskimo hold slaves, and in Dr. Rink's earlier book we read that on a death the eldest son inherited the boat and tent, "with the duties incumbent on the provider." Three kinds of communities exist:—The family; the house-mates, three or four families dwelling together in a house built by joint labour, and common property; place-mates, dwellers in the same hamlet. It is so interesting to see how the universal problems of society, property, and poverty are tackled by the uncivilized races, that we should devote some attention to the Eskimo manner of life. They are anything but wealthy, and, in fishing at least, they are very laborious. Comforts are distributed with great equality, and the question arises, how is this managed? The answer will be, that where communities are small, where the bond of kinship is very strong, where public opinion is orderly and omnipotent, and based on powerful sanctions of religion or superstition, there a state of society resembling Communism may flourish. There will be something like equality, and there will be no triumphs of art or of skill or of literature. We shall find a people comparatively happy, and nearly destitute of history; a people which, if destroyed by pestilence or cataclysm, would leave scarcely more monuments than the pre-glacial races. Whether this is, or is not, a more desirable condition of affairs than "the triumphs of civilization" need not be discussed. But, as far as the history of the race has been read, no other conditions of society are, or at least have yet been found, favourable to the equality and absence of extreme poverty which is one of our contemporary ideals.

We shall take from Dr. Rink's earlier work a survey of the laws affecting property. All the inhabitants of a winter station receive some share of the seals captured. Any one might fish, and use the weirs made by others. House-mates, but not place-mates, were fed by the families best off for food at the moment. "Virtually the surplus of any individual or community was made over to those who had less." But the property essential to each individual was secured to him by a kind of supernatural sanction, resembling the tabu. Apparently a man with, say, three coats was not supposed to have this protection extended to the third coat. If we suppose these rules suddenly brought into European civilization, it is plain that extensive idleness would be the first result. Those who had nothing would use up the property of those who had something—while it lasted. Among the Eskimo the community checked this, partly by exposing the idler to satirical songs at the meetings of place-mates. In places where, as in Danish West Greenland, European influence has been felt, the old communism flourishes, but the old customary obligations to work have weakened, and "the natural consequence has been impoverishment." Capital punishment is inflicted by the decision of the community on witches, and on individuals obviously dangerous to the public. Though the Eskimo are generally regarded as chiefless, Dr. Rink, in his new book, says that each house or station has its chief or patriarch. A punishment as severe as turning a man out of the house in midwinter has been noticed. There is another authority—the Angakok—a kind of Brehon, or authorized wizard and judge.

All this condition of society rests on the extreme dependence of man on man in these very small and isolated communities. To be turned out of them would be nearly equivalent to death, or, at least, to the condition of the Weendigo, the lonely ogre of Labrador. Moreover, while the development and improvement of boats and harpoons is noticed as you pass from the Western to the Eastern tribes, "the contrary may be said so far as regards social organization." The conditions for accumulating individual property are more favourable in the West, but there it is checked by a habit of making profuse gifts. A well-to-do Western Eskimo is like a rich Athenian of old. The gifts of the former answer to the "liturgies" of the latter. Position and influence are acquired by this gift-giving, and, when position is once firmly secured, we may doubt how long the giving will last. There is arising something like the system of Rank which prevails among the Indians further south. The keeping of slaves, "of all habits the one apparently most at variance with Eskimo social life," is developed. Among the Ahts, a neighbouring Indian people, "the person who gives away most property receives the greatest praise, and in time acquires the highest rank," not hereditary, "obtainable by such means." In fact, this generosity resembles that of a person engaged in "nursing a constituency."

Such is the communism of the Eskimo. The generous readiness to give is noticed among other races, such as the Samoans—where nobody used to grudge what was necessary to a person of his own kindred—and among the American Red Men, where Tanner actually saw it die out under European influence. These are the virtues of races not pressed by any competition, but either occupying huge tracts of empty country, or keeping down population by systematic infanticide. The problem of modern society is to secure the results of the virtues of savages in conditions entirely different, so different that, in place of the isolated hamlet, we have great nations frantically competing with other crowded nations, their neighbours in a little world. All this naturally suggests the conclusions of Anarchism—namely, that it is desirable to make a clean sweep of everything and of almost everybody, and to start fresh in an affectionate and guileless savagery. Short of this rather truculent method, it is not very easy to see how the conditions in which the only known kind of successful communism exists can be secured. Nor could the process be triumphant in one country alone, for that would be annexed by a powerful individualistic neighbour long before it reached the happy state of these blameless hyperboreans, the Eskimo. Indeed, the same objection meets the less ferocious theories of industrial Socialism. Unless all peoples, or most, take to that plan simultaneously, the Socialistic countries will not be able to compete with their selfish rivals.

As to the origin of the Eskimo, Dr. Rink supposes that they originally dwelt in the interior of Alaska, wandered to the river mouths, spread north along Behring Strait, and "hived off" colonies to the opposite shore, to the Mackenzie River, to Labrador and Greenland. They must have moved, as they move now, in very small bands, as the region could not support larger numbers; for agriculture is not and cannot possibly be the chief industry of the Eskimo. This theory is supported by evidence as to the improved development of dress and weapons along the route. Could it not be argued that the route was in the opposite direction, and that dress and implements degenerated under new conditions?

As to religion and folklore, Dr. Rink has not very much to say in this book. Masks are used as in Greece and Mexico at the religious festivals for "devil-scaring or devil-squaring," as some one has defined the purposes of savage religion. The myths are just like those of other peoples. In place of a mangled Osiris, Purusha, or Omorca, or Ymir, out of whose fragments things were made, in Chaldæa, Egypt, India, or Scandinavia, we have a mangled woman, Arnaguagsak. She was sailing with her father in a kayak and was upset. With great presence of mind her father chopped off her fingers and hands when she clung to the boat, and these became seals and whales. Like Ino, she is now a sea-goddess.

In Eskimo *Märchen* exist "the elements of folklore," scattered incidents and characters, and situations. "They are combined in various ways, and such compilations can be taken out of one story and inserted in another." This is true of the popular tales of every people. "Finally, these elements or parts are filled out and cemented by what tends to form a new story." A communistic people do not object to plagiarism in romance. The only account of the folklore and mythology of the Western tribes is in the *American Naturalist* (July 1886), by Mr. Murdoch. The tribes descend from a dog. The swan maiden myth, found by Castren among the Samoyeds, was discovered in Greenland by Egede. It is practically universal, though in Shetland and Ashanti we have a seal or a fish-maiden in place of a swan-maiden. The Eskimo know the Symplegades, "cliffs able to clasp them."

As to language, Dr. Rink's book will be interesting to philologists. Eskimo is so "polysynthetic" that "one word is able to express a whole sentence, including subordinate sentences." This "exhibits acute and logical thought." Here is a specimen:—*uvtivoq* = "The hairy side of the skin is getting loose." Nothing can be more polysynthetic.

It will be seen that the history and manners of the Eskimo deserve more attention than they commonly receive. Dr. Rink leaves one question almost untouched—Have the Eskimo been in any way affected by contact, in the middle ages, with the Norsemen? Their lamps are said to have been borrowed from the Norse; but nothing else shows that they ever were in contact with the Vikings.

* *The Eskimo Tribes.* By Dr. Henry Rink. London: Williams & Norgate.

NOVELS.*

WITHOUT being able to lay claim to any very startling originality, *Molly's Story* is a distinctly readable and interesting book. It is written in the form of an autobiography, or, as Mr. Merryfield calls it, "A Family History as related by a Faithful Servant." The faithful servant in question is one "Molly Russell," who describes graphically and at some length the various vicissitudes of the Blackburn family, to whose service she has devoted her life. One cannot help wishing that these vicissitudes were not of such a uniformly disastrous character; for indeed, as the story stands, "Misfortunes of a Family" would be a far

* *Molly's Story.* By Frank Merryfield. London: Ward & Downey.
The Woman He Loved. By A. N. Homer. London: White & Co.
A Voice in the Wilderness. By Caroline Fothergill. London: Ward & Downey.

more appropriate title than "A Family History." Here is a novel after Mr. Ruskin's own heart. *Molly's Story* does not culminate in a wedding and leave to conjecture the subsequent doings of the happy pair—the reader is given a most comprehensive insight into the married life of three generations of the same family, though, alas! they are anything but happy pairs. Mr. Merryfield stands godfather to one of the chief characters in his book, and has made a most judicious selection. Squire Merryfield is a thorough type of a genial, honest, fox-hunting country gentleman. By the way, did the Nimrods of the time hunt with a pack of *dogs*? In the amusing account of the run in which Molly involuntarily wins the brush the huntsman tells her that "the dogs will kill directly." It would be interesting to know what kind of dogs our grandfathers used for the noble sport. The story of so long a life as that of Molly naturally embraces a large number of important historical events; but the rapidity with which she skips from one to another without any mention of the intervening years is at times rather startling. However, these are unimportant details. *Molly's Story* is decidedly interesting, and much better written than the majority of three-volume novels.

There is ample material for a most interesting and powerful story in *The Woman He Loved*; the plot is excellent, and the incidents well worked in; but there the merits of the novel end. Anything more ridiculously stilted and unnatural than the language used cannot well be imagined—even the *habitués* of the gilded saloons of a transpontine melodrama do not give vent to their feelings in so high-flown a manner as do the characters in this book, who are obviously intended to represent the conventional occupants of a matter-of-fact world. Some of the sentences are so spun out that the mystified reader has to hark back more than once to their commencement before he can disentangle the skein of ideas in which, at every word, he becomes more and more involved. The following laconic phrase will serve as an example of the author's verbosity:—

> No, had he borne the uneffaceable stamp which marks the man who has seen much, and the soft, gentle edges of whose nature have been gradually rounded off by close and changeful contact with life's human stream—a contact, moreover, from which it is impossible to escape without contamination; for, though there may be the good, there certainly is the bad, and faith and trust in the mass of surging, wrestling mortals is not to be brought about by a thorough knowledge of them—he would have evinced nothing more than a listless, well-bred curiosity, prompted probably by the desire to know whether this were not a new snare flung across his path, like the old ones so terribly fraught with evil, when he had believed them good and pure; so cruelly unworthy when he had placed unhesitatingly his love and honour in their hands; only to have it ruthlessly flung back upon him.

The characters in this novel are quite on a par with the language. Gerard Clarencourt, the hero, is a precocious, pompous young pedant, who richly deserves all the misfortunes he brings upon himself by his blind infatuation for a heartless, scheming woman nearly old enough to be his mother. He talks in a patronizing and superior manner to a girl who is far and away too good for him, if only his smug self-satisfaction would let him recognize the fact. This girl, Lilian Fabyn, is the only person of any importance to the story for whom one can feel the least sympathy or respect. Her untimely death is not as lamentable as it otherwise would be, inasmuch as it releases her from wasting her love on so worthless an object as Gerard. Were it not for the trashy style in which it is written, *The Woman He Loved* would be an interesting book. As it is, one can only regret that an excellent story such as this should be so severely handicapped by unskilful treatment.

It is, indeed, refreshing to read a novel in which everything is not made subservient to a mere stringing together of more or less exciting incidents, to the utter exclusion of all that can appeal to the intellect. The author of *A Voice in the Wilderness* has skilfully avoided this far too common fault, and produced a work that is a perfect gem in many respects. In novels of the stamp before referred to, a most cursory reading will enable us to gather all that is necessary for their appreciation—if we are more conscientious and plod steadily through from cover to cover, with what is our mistaken zeal rewarded?—padding. So long as strong meat is provided for the public palate in the shape of a few thrilling episodes, the author appears to feel that he has performed his part of the contract, and that the sauce with which that meat is served is an unimportant detail. There is no padding in *A Voice in the Wilderness*; it would be hard to find a single unnecessary word in all the three volumes, more especially in the dialogue, which is concise and peculiarly happy in idea and expression. Some of the passages are most amusing and well worth lingering over, particularly Mrs. Wentworth's accounts of the various exploits of her children. The characters of these children are admirably drawn; they are original in everything, and their logic is irresistible. Under ordinary circumstances one would think no punishment bad enough for a girl who breaks two of her brother's front teeth with a ginger-beer bottle because she thinks he is drinking more than his fair share. When we hear Diana's naïve defence of her conduct we cannot help seeing the matter from her point of view, and feeling that she, after all, is the aggrieved party:—"She said that Wilfrid was taking shameful advantage of her, for the bottle being stone she was entirely dependent on his sense of honour." Could one wish for a more satisfactory explanation from a child of twelve? The reason she gives for her affection for young Sherlock is also delicious:—"She says his mind is such a perfect blank, and that a perfect blank is a great relief to an overwrought brain." Antoinette herself, the central figure of the story, is a study; she seems to have the gift of expressing herself on any subject in such a manner as to throw an entirely new light on even the most commonplace topics, and force her hearers to view them from her own highly original standpoint. Her conversation teems with analogies, mostly new, and always appropriate. But, though her every word and action bear all the impress of a cultivated mind, yet she is never the least priggish, but a thoroughly human and lovable girl. All the other characters are natural and unexaggerated. *A Voice in the Wilderness* is a book that will bear reading more than once, if only for its clever dialogue.

GAME, SHORE, AND WATER BIRDS OF INDIA.*

THE author's object in compiling this work was—he tells us in the preface to the first edition—"to remove, if possible, the difficulty that exists in tracing birds to their proper names." This object he may be fairly held to have achieved. He gives in each instance the scientific name of the species, with its derivation (from the list of the British Ornithologists Union); then, where possible, the provincial synonyms, followed by length, weight, and a description of plumage which seldom extends beyond three lines. We venture to believe this book would have been more useful to those for whom it was written if something had been added to these definitions. The book, as it seems to us, has suffered partly from undue curtailment, partly from undue detail. The author, with a view no doubt to thoroughness, has—following Jerdon's example (*Birds of India*, 1862–3)—taken us through many tribes and genera of the orders of birds with which he deals which are quite unrepresented in India. For the scientific ornithologist this scheme is superfluous, for the average Indian sportsman or observer it is beyond the mark; he would have been content to have heard less of birds who do *not* inhabit India, if he might have heard more of birds that *do*. To give one instance. We could have dispensed with ostriches, rheas, emus, and cassowaries; but should like to have been told more about the crab-plover. Here, besides a description of plumage, we get this laconic dismissal:—"Genus Dromas. Feet much webbed. Found in India—a remarkable genus." The genus, which contains but one species, is remarkable in more ways than one. It is conformable, in entirety, to no one type, and has been consequently in a normal condition of "moving on." Cuvier put it with the Ibises, Blyth with the Terns, Gray with the Stilts, while Jerdon regarded it as an aberrant form of Stone Plover; its nesting-places, too, were until comparatively recently but little known. But the author might have told us something of all this.

The woodcuts are clever, but not always accurate—*e.g.* that of the Stone Curlew, whose bill belongs to some one else, and whose skull is wrongly shaped. Colonel Le Messurier has entered this bird by a specific name that seems to show that he is favourable to the "making of species." In these days of many names the sound scientific maxim "Collate resemblances, keep clear of differences," touches us all nearly. "Crepitans"—Temminck's specific name for this bird—may not have been well chosen, but at least it has been accepted long, and it is a pity to emphasize what is at best a climatic difference by another name.

Finally, "Let the shoemaker stick to his last." Colonel Le Messurier opens his book with a dissertation upon the exo-skeleton of birds in general. To do this is to begin at the wrong end of a wide subject, which should be approached quite differently, and knows no royal road. Nor is such a treatise at all necessary to the proper understanding of the book, for the descriptive nomenclature is popular rather than scientific. "Back," "bill," "legs," "feet" are terms that every one understands; and "primaries," "secondaries," "tail-coverts," every "birdy" schoolboy knows. It is a good, honest book, which well fulfils its avowed purpose; then why go and spoil it by a smattering of things beyond?

The key to the system is quite first-rate in its simplicity and comprehensiveness. It is because we think this book so useful that we have ventured to suggest some alterations which, in our opinion, would make it even more so. It has already gone through three editions; if in the next the author would add something on immature plumage, on nesting, and on habits generally, the book would be doubled in value.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

ALTHOUGH Count d'Haussonville's essays on Mérimée and on the English diplomatist who is best known as having given Frederick II. in his old days divers very good Rolands for the royal Olivers (1) have nothing particular to do with one another, they are quite welcome in a handy volume together. The latter and shorter piece requires no particular notice, though it is sympathetic and intelligent. The two hundred pages of the first contain an excellent apology for a writer whom political and miscellaneous causes combined have caused to be, as a rule, rated

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* *Game, Shore, and Water Birds of India.* By Colonel A. Le Messurier, R.E. London, Calcutta, and Bombay: Thacker & Co. 1888.

(1) *Prosper Mérimée; Hugh Elliot.* Par le Comte d'Haussonville. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

further below his true value in his own country than any other of the really great writers of this century. It is enriched with many of Mérimée's letters to Mrs. Senior and others, all of which are as charming reading as those to the Inconnue—the first Inconnue—and to Panizzi. M. d'Haussonville admits and deplores the one really great fault of Mérimée—a fault shown more in conversation than in writing—that is to say, his indulgence, not merely without regard to the feelings of his company, but often in direct disregard of those feelings, in a crude eighteenth-century impiety which was as offensive to good manners as to orthodoxy. But he protests, as all good judges of human nature who know the facts must protest, against the uncritical habit of taking the fanfaronnade of cynicism for cynicism itself. In his brief remarks on Mérimée's literary work we think that he restricts the range of his admiration rather too much, though the admiration itself is certainly not too high.

M. Stofflet (2) has had the idea (pretty, i'faith, la!) of writing a book about the principal persons who have illustrated in French history the pretty name of Margaret. Even Marguerite de Bourgogne gets a place, despite her evil repute; and the third of the triad of Valois Marguerites does not frighten M. Stofflet, though he "slides," as his countrymen would say, over her, and does not even mention the celebrated petticoat of pockets with a dead lover's heart in each, which the Margot of Margots wore in her fantastic, discrowned, disbeautied, but still amiable, old age. Perhaps so discreet a chronicler throws away some of his chances of popularity, but he is hardly to be blamed for that.

In this age of publication of "documents," it was quite right that the hitherto unpublished Life of Beaumarchais (3) by his friend Gudin, which even biographers have hitherto been content to take on trust from the extracts of M. de Lomenie, should see the light as a whole. It could not have found a more competent editor than the joint editor of Diderot and the editor of Grimm. We may, perhaps, be able to take further notice of the bearing of these memoirs on one of the most curious and debated of life-histories.

A good deal has been written at sundry times and in divers manners on the curious, and sometimes disgusting, subdivisions of Russian nonconformity—a trait in which the Russian people, or peoples, stand distinguished from all other Continental folk—Roman, Orthodox Greek, and even to some extent Protestant. In England and in Russia only can the Dissenter be said to be an institution. He has, as regards Russia, generally been written about for foreigners by foreigners, a defect from which M. Tsakni's book is free (4).

Books on the Egyptian events of the last six years have usually had the defect of being written either by Englishmen or by Frenchmen, and thus of being almost certainly committed to a side. M. Scotidis (5), who was Greek Vice-Consul in Egypt at the time, has written a short history of the Arabist insurrection, which is free from this defect. Although anxious for the retention of the Egyptian question as a strictly international and not merely an Anglo-Turkish one, he is perfectly fair, and, indeed, decidedly favourable to England, while he is most certainly not favourable, though quite fair, to Mr. Blunt's equally unfortunate and unheroic protégé.

"Topchi's" (6) little book is a curious one, smacking more of the last century than of the present. It consists of notes by a not unknown Swede, who desires apparently to retain his incognito, of visits to most European capitals during the last eight years—notes diplomatic, political, personal, and miscellaneous. It will be found in parts worth turning over by those who are or would like to be well informed of Continental affairs and persons.

We may mention briefly a useful Map of the quarters of the French army for 1888 (Paris: Le Soudier), a new issue of M. Oger's school edition of *Le philosophe sans le savoir* (Paris and London: Hachette), an admirable little collection of last-century *Motifs décoratifs*, from A. de St. Aubin, in the sixpenny series of the Bibliothèque d'éducation artistique (Paris: Librairie de l'Art), and a useful little *Précis de pétrographie* (Paris: Rothschild). In two recent periodicals there are articles worth noting, the conclusion of the account of the French mission with Charles Edward in the last quarterly *Annales des sciences politiques*, and a paper by M. Glinel in the February *Livre* on Arvers, the famous "Mon âme a son secret" sonneteer.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THERE are books whose very subject conveys an assurance of good reading. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's *Life and Times of John Wilkes* (Ward & Downey) is an example of this literature of fair promise. No richer or more suggestive theme could engage the practised writer. Entertaining and readable these volumes could not fail to be, and without doubt they will be read, and are, with certain deductions, worth the reading. The story of Wilkes's extraordinary career is a melodramatic farce of the most alluring kind. The romance of it is now a little blurred, perhaps, while its phases of fateful irony that once seemed almost tragedy are less moving than they once were. It is impossible to make a hero of Wilkes, and Mr. Fitzgerald shuns the attempt wisely. He is more engaged with the portraiture of Wilkes as the fortunate adventurer; and this, indeed, is the more attractive aspect of the demagogue's career. In the huge farce played for the benefit of John Wilkes by friends and enemies alike, the grave constitutional issues raised were rather accidents than original elements of the plot. It mattered not who was in power—Grenville, the first Rockingham Ministry, Lord Grafton (his old crony), or Lord North—the Government and House of Commons played into the hands of Wilkes. No doubt there was luck on his side, as Mr. Fitzgerald shows; but superior wit and impudence were also his. Dealing with tricksters and their tools—the Fitzherberts and Macleanes—Wilkes showed himself the finer trickster. And so it was in every development of the game. Mr. Fitzgerald's work shows plenty of research, and is, as we said, readable. But it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that it might have been far more readable and a good deal more entertaining. It is not a model narrative. It shows a strange neglect of those minor matters connected with method that make a book readable. Something of its lack of cohesion is attributable to haste. There is repetition in places where even recapitulation was to be deprecated. Thus Carlyle's reminiscence of Commodore Wilkes and the *Trent* is repeated, and a portion of Wilkes's correspondence that should have found a place in the first volume is dealt with in the penultimate chapter of the second. This is ingenuously accounted for by the plea that the correspondence had not been seen when the previous matter was in type. We find "Lord Littleton" on one page, and in the index, which is very incomplete, "Greville" appears for Grenville. Of Wilkes's attacks on Johnson Mr. Fitzgerald observes, "No wonder the lexicographer always spoke of Jack Wilkes with horror and dislike"—which, of course, it is easy to show by the immortal pages of Boswell, cited afterwards by Mr. Fitzgerald, is far indeed from being the truth. It is impossible to agree with Mr. Fitzgerald that Samuel Martin's reference to Wilkes in the House of Commons, which led to the duel, proves the unfairness of Macaulay's charge against the latter that he deliberately picked a quarrel with Martin. The scurrilous attacks on Martin in the *North Briton* amply justified Martin's speech and Macaulay's view of the matter.

It seems superfluous to commend at this date that invaluable compendium of statistics the *Statesman's Year Book*, edited by Mr. J. Scott Keltie (Macmillan & Co.) This admirable handbook—now in its twenty-fifth year—is in method of arrangement and tabulation the ideal book for reference. What is to be sought is to be found with the minimum expenditure of time. That the vast body of information it contains is corrected to the last available date we have tested with complete satisfaction, and there is probably no fairer test than to seek among the obscurer items referring to the less known countries of the globe.

The *Official Year Book of the Church of England for* 1888 (S. P. C. K.) is another vast compilation of statistics and general information, illustrating the progress of Church work and extension during the past year. The volume is extremely interesting reading as an historical record, not less than an instructive manual for reference. Any one of its numerous sections abounds in convincing proofs of the Church's activity, and it would be not a little embarrassing to decide in which direction progress is most manifested.

Law's *Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) is one of a class of books that might find more favour with the projectors of the "Ancient and Modern Library of Theological Literature." These reprints have hitherto included works already available, with one or two exceptions, to every buyer of cheap literature. The editor places Law's work second in influence only to the *Pilgrim's Progress*, though Baxter's *Call to the Unconverted* and Doddridge's *Rise and Progress of Religion* must be considered close competitors with it in popularity. Like Law's book, the last-mentioned work earned the praise of Johnson, though it is by no means so notable and did not herald a new religious movement.

The special aim of Mr. J. Talboys Wheeler's *College History of India* (Macmillan & Co.) is admirably realized. It retains all those characteristics of the author's *Shorter History* of India that are of value to the young student, and gives requisite prominence to the historical relations of India and Europe, from the earliest period to the present year. The key maps are clearly printed, every page has its date-heading, and a marginal index runs through the book.

Mr. George H. Blagrove has written a technical handbook—*Marble Decoration* (Crosby Lockwood & Son)—which has its aspects of interest to artistic readers generally, besides being an excellent manual for students. It treats of ancient and modern applications of marble in decorative art, illustrated by diagrams, and comprises a useful terminology of British and foreign marbles. The practical exposition in the opening chapters is just what students require, being lucid and compact in statement.

A "Quekett Club-Man" issues a pleasant little essay for the young amateur astronomer, *My Telescope* (Roper & Drowley), which is altogether as brightly written and as prettily illustrated as its companion, *My Microscope*. No one in possession of his first telescope, even if it be not a four-inch refractor, such as figures in the frontispiece, could desire a better introduction to the heavens.

(2) *Les Marguerites françaises.* Par E. Stofflet. Paris: Plon.

(3) *Histoire de Beaumarchais.* Par Gudin de la Brenellerie. Edited by Maurice Tourneux. Paris: Plon.

(4) *La Russie sectaire.* Par N. Tsakni. Paris: Plon.

(5) *L'Egypte contemporaine et Arabi Pasha.* Par N. Scotidis. Paris: Marpon et Flammarion.

(6) *A travers l'Orient et l'Occident.* Par Topchi. St. Petersburg: Trenkeet Fusnot.

Among our new editions are Mr. John Venn's treatise, re-written and enlarged, *The Law of Chance* (Macmillan & Co.); Professor Dowden's *Southey*, "English Men of Letters" (Macmillan & Co.); the seventh edition of Murray's *Handbook to Egypt* (Murray); and Messrs. Routledge & Co.'s sixpenny reprints of Carlyle's *Past and Present*, *Sartor Resartus*, and *Heroes and Hero-Worship*, with misprints, such as "*Laborare est Orare*, Work if Worship" (*Past and Present*, p. 151); "intollerance" (*ib.* p. 159), and so forth.

We have also received *Voltaic Electricity*, by Thomas P. Treglohan (Longmans & Co.); *A History and Criticism of various Theories of Wages*, by W. D. McDonnell (Dublin: McGee); *Deerhurst: a Parish of the Vale of Gloucester*, by George Butterworth, M.A. (Tewkesbury: North); *Showell's Housekeeper's Account Book for* 1888, a useful publication for careful house-keepers (Virtue & Co.); Messrs. Charles Letts & Co.'s *Household Account Book*, handier in form than the preceding and not less useful; the *Newspaper Press Directory*, 1888 (Mitchell & Co.); and Sell's *Directory of Registered Telegraphic Addresses and Telegraphic Code* (Sell's Advertising Agency).

Our attention has been called by Mr. Outram *to an article headed* "The Wrongs of Mr. Furnivall," *which appeared in our columns in the issue of* 23*rd October*, 1886, *and in which certain questions that had arisen between himself and* Mr. Furnivall *were discussed.* Mr. Outram *complains of the terms of that article, and has pointed out that our observations are calculated to injure him in the eyes of the public. We desire at once to state that the remarks we made were due to a letter which had previously appeared in an evening newspaper—a letter which now turns out to have been inaccurate—and to express our regret that we should have been the means of causing* Mr. Outram *any pain or annoyance. Facts recently made public in the case of* Outram *v.* Furnivall *show that* Mr. Outram's *conduct was entirely free from any suspicion of blame, and we are anxious to remove any impression adverse to him which our article may have unwittingly caused.*

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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THE

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OF

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No. 1,689, Vol. 65. March 10, 1888. [Registered for Transmission abroad.] Price 6*d.*

THE DEATH OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

THE death of the German EMPEROR has not produced a less profound effect because it had been foreseen to be close at hand. The great age and infirmities of the EMPEROR made it certain that his life could not be much prolonged, and when it was known that the CROWN PRINCE had been summoned from San Remo, it was manifest that the end could not be far off. Only extreme need could justify a step which might prove fatal to the heir of the dying Sovereign. It is unfortunate, to use no stronger word, that the vulgar enterprise, or even only the vulgar haste, of some Berlin newspapers should have caused a premature publication of a report of the EMPEROR'S death. At such a moment we could well have dispensed with a reminder of the existence of impudent speculators in false news. But this is the only jarring note in a pathetic and tragic situation. The Imperial family and the whole German nation have suffered their loss with dignity in the main, and are preparing for coming difficulties with firmness.

The political consequences of the EMPEROR'S death can as yet be only very partially estimated. It may be that they will prove less considerable than is sometimes supposed. The EMPEROR contributed his share to the work of completing the greatness of the House of HOHENZOLLERN by the unification of Germany, mainly by giving a steady support to the commanding statesman who survives him, and who in his turn may leave his policy to be continued by the statesmen he has trained. The next occupant of the German and Prussian thrones will not be compelled to choose his Minister on his own initiative, and to support him against popular opinion. But the character of the EMPEROR'S rule, whether as Regent and King of Prussia or as Sovereign of United Germany, is not doubtful. He was the most successful winner of territory even his wonderful family has produced—more successful even than FREDERICK the GREAT; for he has not been compelled to fight a war reducing his hereditary dominions to the verge of ruin in order to keep hold of his conquests. The Emperor WILLIAM was not, like his most able ancestor, his own Prime Minister and his own General, though he was always the actual and very capable chief of the army. But what he did not do himself he made it possible for others to do. He chose both the Minister and the General who have wrought the unity of Germany. He supported them when he had selected them, and, if he could not have framed their plans himself, he could understand them when framed, and give his royal authority to carry them out, in spite of popular clamour and opposition in his own household. The royal authority of the Emperor WILLIAM was no figure of speech. It is a formidable contradiction to much popular theorizing of the times that this ruler, who died in the fulness of glory and success, amid the unfeigned affection and regret of a great nation, many of them not his born subjects, was no popularity-seeking king. He believed, and asserted, that he held his crown by a Divine right higher than the consent of his people, and that he held it with the obligation imposed on him by GOD to rule them for their good, and not merely according to their wish. During years he governed in defiance of the desires of their recognized spokesmen. He won, and won by a vigorous use of the royal authority; and he lived to see that his subjects had learned to understand that he was in the right. Apart from his services to Germany, and in his later years to the cause of universal peace, he has set a great example to all rulers and statesmen who may have to contend with an unwise popular clamour. The future of the German Empire may not be quite secure; but, whatever may happen, the reign of the EMPEROR has brought this much about—that France and Germany can never again stand to one another as they stood during two centuries before. In his time, and very largely by his efforts, it has happened that a German host, led by native chiefs and carrying out a native policy, encountered France single-handed, crushed her armies with paralysing rapidity, tore away her fortresses and territory, reduced her capital to surrender, and raised its leader on the shield as the ruler of United Germany in the Palace of the Kings of France. That all which was done in, and in consequence of, that great war was wisely done is at least doubtful. Mistakes were made, and will have to be atoned for; but essentially the conquerors gained their object. French interference in, and supremacy over, Germany can never be again what they have been. The memory of the war will remain as a patriotic encouragement to Germans, a lesson of what courage and unity will do for them. To France it will always be a warning. Events on this scale cannot happen, even if they have no conspicuous material results in the shape of increase of territory, without profoundly modifying the relations of the combatants. The modification in this case, burdensome as some of its consequences may have been, was favourable to the security and flattering to the pride of Germany. The millions of Germans who waited for reports from the side of the EMPEROR'S death-bed knew that he had in no formal sense gained that security and dignity for them. They lament him, not only for his amiable qualities, but as the sovereign who made vigorous government possible and led them to victory.

SULTAN AND PRINCE.

THE fatal illness of the German EMPEROR has in the last days of the present week transferred the chief personal interest of foreign politics from Sofia to Berlin. But the last step in the Bulgarian difficulty has rather gained than lost in real importance by the increased probability of a change in German policy. All European languages enrich themselves from time to time with new expressions, and it is possible that the Turkish term for a Ministerial Minute, which may have struck a good many readers for the first time on Wednesday morning last, may have the fortune to rank among these. For Mazbata, though it may be only a general term in its own language, supplies, in this particular application of it, a diplomatic want—the want of a term for something between a warning and a statement of fact. The tenor and the form of the document in which the Porte has stirred itself to meet the wishes of Russia and denounce the audacious Prince FERDINAND are both sufficiently curious. It is a statement almost as startling and mysterious in its combination of vagueness and precision as those made by Mr. F.'s Aunt, or, to adopt a more dignified comparison, as the bodiless voices which DANTE heard about the Mount of Purgatory. The Porte remarks, with unimpeachable veracity, but hardly with much novelty, that the election of the PRINCE has not received the proper sanction. Therefore, it continues, with overpowering logic, his presence not being legal is illegal, and not being in accordance with treaties is contrary to them. The guileless reader might then expect some threat, advice, direction, or positive expression of some kind or other. Not at all. "The Sublime Porte hereby gives notice of this to the "President of the Council of Ministers." And so the Mazbata ends as it began in the grave and dignified assertion of verities, after the fashion of M. DE LA PALISSE.

The ludicrous side of this matter naturally strikes first, but it must be a shallow observer who is not struck by any-

[illegible]a is undoubtedly the chief capital on the C[illegible]what is called seeing ghosts by daylight; but [illegible]truth as well as discomfort in the observation of a Vienna correspondent that it is quite in the Russian manner to gain advantages which seem merely advantages of form, but which afterwards turn out to have a solid kernel. The step, moreover, however suddenly it has been taken and however much it may wear the appearance of a mere repetition of the declaration of last August, has not been made till after an active interchange of opinions with all the Powers and, it is believed, after some considerable diplomatic conversation between the Powers themselves. It is true that its practical effect, unless it is followed up by something different, is almost nothing. It has been interpreted in some quarters as practically authorizing on the part of the Suzerain rebellion against Prince FERDINAND'S Government; but it is difficult to understand how any one conversant with international and general law can thus construe it. If the Government of Bulgaria were autocratic, and its acts were the direct acts of the PRINCE and the PRINCE only, there might be some colour for the suggestion. But Prince FERDINAND is a strictly constitutional ruler, acting through his Ministers, who are responsible for every act of his Government, and these Ministers, it will be observed, are expressly recognized in this very utterance of the Porte which is officially addressed to their President. The SULTAN, thus, even if he may be supposed to address between the lines to the individual Bulgarian a permission to rebel against the PRINCE, adds not merely between, but in the lines, a permission to the President of the Council of Ministers to shoot that Bulgarian. This is not a very tempting prospect to insurgents. Further, in the absence of any head or tail to this remarkable document, the body is absolutely harmless. The SULTAN pronounces Prince FERDINAND'S presence irregular, but he does not tell the President of the Council of Ministers to send him away. He even admits (which will scarcely please Russia) that the PRINCE, though not confirmed, is "elected," that he is what some persons would call a Prince-designate, though he stands where he ought not. Now the thoroughgoing Russian contention is that the absence of confirmation is only the last of the fatal flaws in the commission, and that the election was as invalid as the resolve to take the reins without waiting for confirmation. Except, therefore, any gratification which may be derived from the solemn reaffirming of what nobody denies, it is hard to see what benefit Russia reaps from the complaisance of His Imperial Majesty in ratifying by an Iradé what his Ministers had concluded in a Mazbata.

The truth is that the prospects and decision of the whole Bulgarian imbroglio depend in the main on certain things which are in all probability known to no one but Prince BISMARCK. Indeed, though the PRINCE, unlike Captain EDWARD WAVERLEY, is famous for knowing his own mind, it would not be very wonderful if they were not fully and certainly known even to him. There are two explanations, each obvious and probable in itself, of his recent conduct and language towards Russia, of which conduct and language the still more recent behaviour both of Russia and of the Porte are simple consequences. The one is that he is really, owing either to his own wishes or somebody else's, anxious to help the CZAR. The other is that he is much more anxious to engage the CZAR in various entanglements which, without rendering ac[illegible]l war more likely, may hamper and distract Russia. It would be very far from wonderful if both of these motives worked together. But it is really important to know which is the uppermost. If the PRINCE simply wants to further the designs of Russia, it is very bad for Prince FERDINAND, bad for Bulgaria, and by no means well for the chances of European peace. If he merely wishes to help the CZAR into trouble, it is not very bad for Prince FERDINAND, not bad at all for Bulgaria, and very good for European peace, at any rate for the present. And, if Prince BISMARCK is still, what a good judge long before 1870 pronounced him to be, "the only statesman in Europe," the latter, and not the former, must certainly be his principal object, if not his only purpose. For to play directly for the restoration of Russian influence in the Balkan peninsula would be to undo the whole of the work of the last twelve years.

It appears to be anticipated in some quarters that Prince FERDINAND will either at once, or speedily, fly before the mysterious voice which has been uttered against him by the Porte. It has been sufficiently shown here that there is no reason why he should do this, so far as that voice itself is concerned. If the Bulgarian people are tired of him, they can, inasmuch as their election has not been confirmed, revoke it, and elect somebody else, and Prince FERDINAND neither could nor would resist their will, of which he is the creature. He does not appear to be in all respects the man for Bulgaria; and, apart from the sympathy which must always exist for a man who not only occupies a very difficult position fairly well, but occupies it in spite of the flagrantly unjust force and fraud of a superior Power, he does not appear to have created any particular liking for himself either at home or abroad. It has been again and again pointed out that his personal claims have very little to do with the matter. Only the mysterious attraction of crowns can account for any one caring to be Prince of Bulgaria, and the individuality of the person who does so care is a matter of the smallest possible importance to Europe. What is of importance is that the free election of the Bulgarians should be respected, that the province should be decently governed, that the illegitimate preponderance of a single foreign Power should be guarded against, and that the formalities of the Treaty of Berlin should be observed. Prince FERDINAND fulfils three of these conditions; he does not, though by no fault of his own, fulfil the fourth. If he can be got to fulfil it—which seems impossible—so much the better; but if not Europe has to see that in the getting this formal requirement fulfilled the other and far more important ones are not broken. Russia purposes to break at least two of them, and Prince BISMARCK ostentatiously cries "Hear, hear!" It is the business of the rest of Europe to see that they are not broken.

GENERAL GORDON'S LETTERS TO HIS SISTER.

IN the preface to her selection from her brother's letters to herself Miss GORDON expresses some doubt whether too many books have not already been written about him. She excuses her own by saying that "little is really under-"stood about his religious life, which these letters are "especially chosen to make intelligible to all." Miss GORDON has unquestionably no desire to underrate the generally respectable and always well-intentioned writing done before now on her brother's character and his deeds. Still, in one way her doubt is only too well justifiable. Without offence to any man, it may be said that no biography of GORDON has yet appeared worthy of him—no work ranking with BOSWELL'S, or LOCKHART'S, or SOUTHEY'S—such as we could wish to have for his sake and for the sake of literature. We shall not ask for something akin to JOHNSON'S *Savage* or CARLYLE'S *Sterling*, for that would imply a relation between biographer and hero which could not have existed in this case. Best of all possible biographers of GORDON would be another "Loyal Ser-"viteur." The commander of the ever-victorious army and the defender of Khartoum was a more considerable man than BAYARD—or at least he played a greater part. His mark is made on the history of two continents; and, as one who has the best of all rights to speak in England's name has said, in words printed in this book, his death has left a "stain" upon England. But, though surer of memory than the French gentleman, who will be immortal because he inspired in a follower gifted with the power of literary expression a pathetic personal devotion, GORDON had this among other things in common with him. It was mainly by the beauty of his personal character that he influenced the world, and that can never be fully realized by those who did not know him, unless they are helped by the intuition of a great poet or the evidence of a properly endowed friend and follower. Out of what has been written, however, some picture of GORDON may be formed by the reader who brings even moderate faculty to his reading, and happily the hero has spoken much himself. This volume will always be one of the most valuable parts of the evidence for his life; for it is not a book about GORDON, but a book by him. It does not give, nor, we imagine, would Miss GORDON claim that it gives, all the man; but it does show what lay nearest his heart, and was always consciously and unconsciously the great motive power of his life—his intense religious feeling. The selection from his letters has been made with manifest judgment and with all due consideration for individuals. There are traces that tact was needed at times; for GORDON belonged to the race of religious men especially admired by CARLYLE—the prophets who have a laugh in them, and laughter is especially painful to a certain stamp of persons of whom he met his full share.

It would have been easy in making a selection from his letters to have produced a book which should tend to edification, in the true sense of the word, no doubt, but to that alone. Such a collection might have taken its place by the side of the *Imitatio*. In March 1884, when the enemy were closing in round him, he wrote to thank his sister for sending a copy of THOMAS À KEMPIS, and here is a sentence, written long before, which might almost stand on its pages. "You must be more or less in the desert, to use the scales "of the Sanctuary, to see and weigh the true value of things "and sayings." À KEMPIS would have said wholly in the desert, but GORDON was a man of religion, much more after the heart of OLIVER CROMWELL than according to the rules of the author of the *Imitatio*. He was also speaking from his heart when he wrote, "I fear settling on my lees, I fear "waxing fat, I fear my GOD, and this fear at times makes "me deeply sad." Just above he had expressed his ardent wish to be employed in some way or another, and thus be more free from temptation. Though like some other soldiers, and famous ones, too, like Sir CHARLES NAPIER and General LEE, he had a theoretical horror of war, nature had made him a fighter. Considerations of an obvious nature make it far from easy to speak of so sacred a thing as the religious life of any man in the market-place. Much in this volume is rather to be read and thought of than talked about, except in fit place and season. Miss GORDON has enabled all who are capable of doing it to understand her brother's religious life, though we should think that none will realize it now who have not done so already. Probably the most competent will be the last to assert that they have understood fully the innermost heart of another and an extraordinary man. At other times there would have been no hesitation in ticketing him with an epithet. The eighteenth century would have called him an enthusiast, and the later seventeenth a fanatic. Nor would GORDON have refused to accept the name. He took himself not with any air of assertion, but quite as a matter of course, when he wished to define his position as compared with that of the ordinary men of the world. But, fanatic though he might be, GORDON was no bigot. There was no trace in him of the *bonne ligne droite de férocité sotte*. He did not love nor belong to "the class who are bigots, whether it be on the "churchyard or temperance, or any such question, who do "not consider the other side," as he describes them himself. From that corruption of the religious life he was preserved by his wonderful gift of humour, which made him watch and report with sympathy every phase of life that came in his way, from the bite of the mosquito down to the doings of Egyptian pashas. Not for religion's sake even would he abstain from seeing and laughing at the ridiculous side of things. He quoted his very Bible in irony. When two good little boys were let loose on him "to say their prayers," and "read out "in a loud voice the Fifty-ninth Psalm, both pronouncing "each syllable at the same time," he adds, "Look at "verses 6, 7, and 9." They were certainly painfully appropriate. "And at evening let them return, and let them "make a noise like a dog, and go round about the city." His humour could be grim enough, as when he purposely kept his garrisons in the Soudan small because nothing but terror would keep his rascally Egyptian soldiers from going to sleep at their posts. What reader not a fit object for the ridicule himself but will sympathize with this wish. "I would have given 500*l*. to have had the "Anti-Slavery Society in Dara during the three days of "doubt whether the slave-dealers would fight or not;—on "the one side, a bad fort, a cowed garrison, and not one "who did not tremble; on the other, a strong, determined "set of men, accustomed to war, good shots, with two "field-pieces. Then I would have liked to hear what the "Anti-Slavery Society would say." So should we.

Miss GORDON'S volume of letters shows what, indeed, was known already, that, if her brother was the man of religion, he was also the man of honour—a combination which has been at times considered as hardly possible by the latter, and occasionally proved to be difficult by the former, of these types. It is not the smallest proof of the Khedive ISMAIL'S cleverness that when he wished to drag GORDON back to uncongenial and nearly hopeless work, he appealed to the plighted word of an English gentleman. Substantially, the same appeal was made by the General's countrymen at a later day. What HER MAJESTY—to the natural wrath of some persons, but with the entire approval of every one of her subjects competent to have an opinion—calls "the *stain* "left upon England for your dear Brother's cruel, though "heroic, fate" is dark, because when his native Government called on him as the KHEDIVE had done, it used him for base purposes, and failed him at his need, as the KHEDIVE did not do. Admiration for GORDON'S personal character, for his courage, his faculty, and his devotion, is perfectly compatible with a doubt whether he was fitted by nature to serve a Government which, as he rather naïvely put it in his youth, may be guessed to live on expedients. His own belief that all great things are done by individual adventurers, as he once put it, his habit of judging all things by the standard of the fanatic (we use the word in his own sense), made him unapt to be the servant of a very mundane and hand-to-mouth administration. But then he should not have been used, thrust into danger, left without support, denied the freedom of action which was his only chance of salvation in the absence of material resources, and so betrayed to his death in order that a Ministry might tide over an evil day. The stain of that will not be wiped off, not for all the impudent anger of those who helped to put it there, when they are reminded of their handiwork.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

IN the race for the prize of destroying the institutions of the country, Mr. LABOUCHERE has, by a not inappropriate stroke of fortune, obtained a preliminary success. He will have the opportunity of convincing those who are already pledged to the same doctrine that the existence of the House of Lords is both intrinsically anomalous and injurious to the welfare of the country. He also thinks fit to enunciate the abstract proposition that legislators ought not to be selected by the accident of hereditary succession. He will probably find many supporters on the issue of the expediency of inherited privileges and functions. The assailants of the House of Lords contend that the descent of the peerage from father to son is an exception to the ordinary practice of society, yet many commercial and professional occupations are transmitted according to the same rule. Tailors and shoemakers, solicitors, officers in the army and navy, often continue the same trades and professions for several generations. There are notoriously banks and breweries in London which have belonged to the same families for one or two centuries. It is true that the hereditary character of the House of Lords was never deliberately designed; but the results of historical causes are always natural and frequently convenient. It would be useless to argue the question with Mr. LABOUCHERE; but the constitution of the House of Lords has sometimes of late been unfavourably criticized by more unprejudiced opponents. Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH declared himself in a late speech at Bristol in favour of some undefined change; and less prominent members of the Conservative party prefer to surrender some of the defences of the House of Lords in the hope of saving the rest. Amongst others, Mr. CURZON, a rising member of the House of Commons and heir to a peerage, has published in the *National Review* the first part of an ingenious essay on the reform, as it is called, of the House of Lords. It is not his fault that he discerns the inconvenience of the present system more clearly than the mode of providing a remedy. Probably in the next instalment of his essay he will attempt to supply the deficiency. Like many of his predecessors, he believes that a liberal introduction of life peers would add to the efficiency and authority of the Upper House. He is perhaps not aware that the right of the Crown to create life peers was recognized in the case of Lord WENSLEYDALE, although the Law Lords, with the solitary exception of Lord CRANWORTH, unanimously denied the right of such a dignitary to sit or vote. No judicial decision has been more clearly accordant with constitutional doctrine; but the judgment of course rested on precedent and legal analogy, and it had nothing to do with the expediency of creating life peers. Some peers have probably feared that the hereditary character of their order would be endangered by the admission of life members, nor is the apprehension wholly unfounded; but the main reason of the discontinuance during a quarter of a century of agitation on the subject is that the measure is not practically required. A more modest estimate of the external requirements of a member of the House of Lords has enabled many political and official veterans of moderate fortune to accept hereditary peerages. Some eminent public servants who would have readily accepted such an honour have been excluded from the House of Lords, not for want of means, but because they belonged to the wrong party. The addition of all those who could prefer a legitimate claim to promotion would not

change the temper or materially alter the character of the House. A suggestion which has been made that Chairmen of the new County Boards should become eligible for peerages, or should be admitted as *ex officio* members, is, to say the least, wholly premature. It is not at all certain that the functionaries who are to be created by the Local Government Bill will, either in capacity or in social station, exceed or attain the level of the disestablished Chairmen of Quarter Sessions. With or without them, life peerages will not materially increase the popular estimation of the House.

It would be difficult in the present state of opinion in England to constitute a Senate or Second Chamber which would be divided by the same party lines with the House of Commons. The creation of a hundred life peers, the election of the whole body by almost any constituency which could be drawn from the present House of Lords, or even from the nation at large, would not remove the antagonism between a comparatively select body and the nominees of household or of universal suffrage. Mr. Gladstone's peers are in the first or second generation almost all Conservatives. An Assembly elected under the franchise which was established for the House of Commons by the first Reform Bill would probably now be denounced by extreme Liberals as exclusive. The difficulty of providing a substitute for the House of Lords is curiously illustrated by the fantastic proposals which have been attributed to Lord Dunraven. Under his supposed scheme the House was by some undefined process to be largely reduced in number, or rather, a smaller body of an entirely different character was to be substituted in its place. The members were to be nominated in equal proportions by four patrons or constituencies, themselves whimsically selected. The existing peers, the new County Boards, the Crown, and the Prince of Wales were each to appoint one-fourth of the whole number, apparently without the provision of any special qualification. It would appear that the House of Lords was to be kept alive for the sole purpose of discharging its elective duties. The Prince of Wales was for the first time in English history invested with political power, though no provision was made for his possible non-existence. There was no Prince of Wales in the two reigns before the present, and a similar vacancy would occur if a future Sovereign had no male issue. On the other hand, if the proposed Constitution had been then in force, George III. and his eldest son would each have been represented by one-fourth of the House of Lords, while another fourth would have been appointed by an irresponsible aristocracy, and the remainder under a process of indirect or secondary election. Criticism would be wasted on such a scheme, if it had proceeded from any acknowledged author. Lord Dunraven, who naturally disavowed a measure which, as he said, would have qualified him for a lunatic asylum, is not wholly exempt from responsibility for the follies of the actual projector. After withdrawing a previous proposal for the reorganization of the House of Lords, he had announced the intention of substituting some alternative plan which he had apparently not found time to complete. The volunteer who has undertaken to interpret his intentions has provided him with a *reductio ad absurdum*. Lord Dunraven was either unable or unwilling to explain whether the apocryphal version of his plan included any fragment of the authentic design. He may be acquitted of complicity in the proposed transfer to the Prince of Wales of a prerogative of the Crown, but he probably wishes to reduce the number of peers by some arbitrary method of elimination. The difficulties with which the anonymous projector has come into collision stand in the way of all his competitors.

The enemies of the House of Lords feel or affect deep indignation at the number of peers, at other times unfamiliar with the precincts of the House, who are collected on great occasions to vote in support of the leaders of their party. It may be admitted that the share of the Scotch and Irish peers in such proceedings is a scandal which ought to be abated. The Duke of Wellington, Lord Derby, and Lord Salisbury have in succession nominated the representative peers of Scotland and Ireland, and they have consequently been able to count on their votes. The majority of peers of the United Kingdom may be almost as implicitly trusted by their leader for the time being. The interests of the Conservative party were better consulted in days when Liberal Ministers and leaders of Opposition were not uniformly defeated in the House of Lords. A perpendicular cleavage of opinion is safer and sounder than the horizontal stratification which more and more prevails. The walking voters, as silent members of the Roman Senate were called, produce an irritating effect on their defeated adversaries by the display of their numerical strength; but no process of selection or purification which could be devised would now reverse the actual balance of parties. The statesmen of the House of Lords, if they were left alone by their humbler colleagues, would arrive at the conclusions which the Conservative leaders impose on their adherents. If Lord Dunraven can suggest any plan for disfranchising the less active section of the peerage, the advantages of such a scheme will not be proportionate to the gravity of the constitutional principles which will be involved.

The silent members of the House of Lords, whatever may be thought of their political aptitude, still retain considerable importance. Almost every peer is a principal person in his own neighbourhood for purposes both of society and of business. The direct and indirect power which he exercises, whether or not it is allowed to be advantageous, is indisputably real. The rank may, according to the democratic poet, be but the guinea stamp, but it ensures the currency of the coin. Wise legislators concern themselves, not with the moral merits of institutions, but with the forces which they find in operation. The collective influence of the members of the House of Lords is greater than their corporate authority. The deference which is paid to rank, though it may be denounced as servility, is, as long as it exists, one of the facts which must be taken into consideration by statesmen. As a Second Chamber the House of Lords is more efficient than any other body of the same kind, with the exception of the Senate of the United States. Those who wish, like Mr. Labouchere, for its destruction have an intelligible object before them. It would be interesting to learn whether professed reformers of the House of Lords wish to increase or to diminish its influence on legislation and policy. The House of Commons is not disposed to abdicate its supreme control over public affairs; yet any measure which would add to the powers of the House of Lords must tend to divide the authority which now belongs to the more popular Assembly.

MRS. PROCTER.

MRS. PROCTER'S death last Monday must in one sense have been a relief to her friends. For many weeks her condition had been hopeless, and she paid in her lingering end what Charles Lamb somewhere call the penalty of a good constitution. In some other respects the circumstances of her old age were extremely fortunate. She had, indeed, survived not only her husband, who lived to be an octogenarian, but almost all her children and every one of her early friends. She did not, however, fulfil the words of that "awful curse" which so deeply impressed Macaulay in the Latin inscription—*Ultimus suorum moriatur.* Her last years were cheered by the constant presence of a granddaughter, who succeeded to the place of her daughter, the late Miss Edith Procter. Of company she had as much as she could have wanted, and until her health suddenly gave way she wanted all she could get. Lady Kew herself, whom Mrs. Procter did not otherwise resemble, was not a more indefatigable diner-out and attendant at evening parties. It is probable that Mrs. Procter would have agreed with the sentiment of the famous sermon in which Sterne boldly denied the truth of his text, and asserted by implication that to go to the house of feasting was better than to go to the house of mourning. It is certain that she had a profound contempt for the apophthegm of Sir George Lewis, that life would be tolerable but for its pleasures. Johnson's criticism upon Garrick's line was entirely in her vein. "May I smile with the simple and "feed with the poor," wrote the great actor. "Let me," said the great man of the world, "smile with the wise, and "feed with the rich." Not that Mrs. Procter cared for inordinate luxury, still less for vulgar display. It was intellectual society which she enjoyed, and to which she contributed at least as much as she derived from it. Perhaps her social success was in some degree due to the fact that she had no special accomplishments and no particular hobbies. She was not an author, or a musician, or an artist, or a woman of science; but, if the Scotticism may be pardoned, just a talker. Her keen native shrewdness and homely Yorkshire sense had of course been cultivated and overlaid by more than half a century's acquaintance with the best intellects of the time. But the original

qualities were always there, and her contempt for humbug or affectation was proof against many thousands of London dinners. The plain virtues of honesty and benevolence, especially if combined with a certain superficial hardness, were the qualities which she most appreciated, and which suited her best.

Mrs. PROCTER, as is well known, was the daughter of the third Mrs. BASIL MONTAGU by her first husband, Mr. SKEPPER, and the wife of Mr. BRYAN WALLER PROCTER, better known as BARRY CORNWALL. Her precise age, which had been a subject of some speculation, was disclosed, along with her second name of BENSON, which she never used, in the first column of Wednesday's *Times*. She died at eighty-seven. At eighty-six she was not, except chronologically, an old woman. Her step was active, her eyesight was apparently undimmed, her memory was perfect, and her hair retained its original colour. She remembered the Jubilee of 1809 when she witnessed the Jubilee of 1887. "I live," said Lord BEACONSFIELD with dignified pathos, in his retirement at Hughenden, "I live in the recollections of the past." Mrs. PROCTER enjoyed the present too keenly to be thrown back upon anything else. But her stock of reminiscences was boundless, and to hear her draw upon them was like reading the autobiography of the nineteenth century. It seems, indeed, as if a whole host of literary celebrities, from KEATS to Lord HOUGHTON, had died again with her. While she was alive they could always be called up with a vivid distinctness worthy of that wonderful poem, "How it Strikes "a Contemporary." The graphic simplicity with which Mrs. PROCTER told her stories was beyond all praise. "I "can always find a word," said Fox; "PITT can always "find *the* word." It is not too much to say of Mrs. PROCTER that she could always find the word. Her crisp, sharp sentences were a rebuke to the mumbled sins against sense and grammar which too often pass muster for English conversation. She was wont to say that her daughter ADELAIDE, chiefly known to the public as a writer of sentimental verse, was the brightest and most humorous companion she had ever known. Her own sense of humour was exquisite, and she could impart to it that subdued tone of melancholy without which the deepest humour loses half its charm. Not that that was by any means her ordinary style. She loved to tell, with infinite drollery, how she once implored a very eminent friend not to keep her a moment in suspense, but to tell her immediately what the doctor had said of his case. "He says," replied the great man, with profound gravity, "that I have "two fatal diseases." "What are they?" she gasped, in despair. "Gluttony and drunkenness," was the answer, delivered with the same imperturbable solemnity as before. Perhaps a personal reminiscence of Mrs. PROCTER's ordinary manner of speech may be pardoned on this occasion. A very humble Londoner and his wife were introduced by her to a distinguished novelist who has the happiness of living in the country. After duly presenting him to the lady, Mrs. PROCTER turned round, and, with a wave of her hand and the characteristic twinkle of her eye, remarked, "In London "we do not think much of husbands, but this is *Mr.* "BROWN." Mrs. PROCTER might have repeated with absolute sincerity the touching lines of LANDOR. She warmed both hands before the fire of life, and when it sank she was ready to depart.

THE MANUFACTURE OF NEWS.

THE short conversation in the House of Lords last Tuesday between Lord FITZGERALD and Lord DUNRAVEN was not only amusing in itself, but also highly instructive in its lessons. The general public may not perhaps be aware that there is an active competition among rival agencies in the manufacture of what is facetiously called intelligence. By manufacture we must not be understood to mean fabrication; for, no doubt, the conductors of this form of enterprise are perfectly honest, and sometimes supply the daily papers with important facts accurately stated. It is, however, the case with this as with other forms of industry—that demand creates supply. If ascertained truth falls short, unfounded gossip must take its place. While Parliament is sitting something must every day be "rumoured in "Ministerial circles," or "alleged in well-informed quarters," or—most mysterious of all—"believed by the heads of de-"partments," not, as a rule, the most credulous of men. Occasionally the maker of paragraphs has to confess that, after all, he is not omniscient. A meeting of the Judges was held the other day, and the country was duly apprised of the occurrence, with the pathetic addition, "As the pro-"ceedings were private, little is known of what transpired." This is a pearl of great price; and long, long may it be before our friend the descriptive reporter discovers that a thing cannot transpire without becoming known. On Friday in last week there was sent out from a Press agency a paragraph headed "Lord DUNRAVEN'S House of Lords "Reform Bill," which was received into the hospitable columns of at least one morning journal. The announcements contained in it, if we may accept the authority of Lord FITZGERALD, "attracted a great deal of attention." They even "startled, perhaps he should rather say "astounded," that eminent lawyer himself, who seems to retain remarkably fresh emotions after more than a quarter of a century's experience on the Irish Bench. So Lord FITZGERALD gravely asked whether Lord DUNRAVEN really intended to do all the wonderful things attributed to him; and Lord DUNRAVEN, with a pleased alacrity which in cynical minds may excite unworthy suspicions, replied, at some length, that he did not. There is a class of public men whose names figure in the newspapers with extraordinary frequency in proportion to their actual achievements. We do not profess to understand the phenomenon, which no one could explain better than Lord DUNRAVEN, unless it be Baron HENRY DE WORMS. "There is no truth "in the report that CRUMMLES is a Prussian. He was born "at Bath," &c., &c. "We are authorized to deny the "rumour that the Under Secretary of State for the "Colonies will be at once raised to the peerage, and pro-"vided with a seat in the Cabinet. The rumour in ques-"tion is entirely premature," and so forth. DICKENS was a great man. If he did not care much for party politics, he thoroughly understood the mind of a politician.

But we must return to "Lord DUNRAVEN's Bill," which may possibly have been drafted by a wicked wag. That the measure would propose to "limit the number of Peers," thereby curtailing the Royal Prerogative without the tedious preliminary of a message from the QUEEN, is a trifle hardly worth mentioning except by a constitutional pedant. The new House of Lords would be chosen partly by the old House, partly by the Crown, partly by the PRINCE OF WALES, and partly by the "new County Boards." It is impossible to refrain from a passing desire to see this delightful body in full session, and to observe the delicate shades of demeanour by which the County Board peers would be distinguished from the selections of HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS. But let us proceed. "The Law Lords to sit by virtue of their "office," which we were under the impression they did already, at least if by "Law Lords" are meant Lords of Appeal in Ordinary. The Bishops are not mentioned, but would doubtless be at once nominated by somebody. "The "measure will also provide that members of the Upper "House guilty of misconduct shall be dealt with by a "properly constituted tribunal, that the sons of life peers "shall not enjoy courtesy titles, that Cabinet Ministers "may speak in either House, and that peers not elected "to the Upper Chamber may be eligible for election to the "House of Commons." "Eligible for election" is a beautiful phrase, meaning, as it must, so much more than merely "eligible," and illustrating as it does the chaste style of the newsmongers. But what we like best in this collection of bold felicities is the provision that "Members of the Upper "House guilty of misconduct shall be dealt with by a pro-"perly constituted tribunal." The pseudo-DUNRAVEN, as we may be permitted, after an ancient analogy, to call this amateur legislator, is not easily satisfied. If a peer cheats at cards, he can be expelled from his club. If he commits a misdemeanour, he can be summarily convicted by a magistrate, or tried before a judge and jury, as the case may be. If he goes a step further, and perpetrates a felony, his own order may inflict upon him the same punishment awarded by another Court in similar circumstances to a commoner. The poor life peers must excite universal commiseration. Why should they be invidiously pointed at in this way? There are only four of them. They have no courtesy titles to bestow upon their sons, who are not even entitled to the prefix of "Honourable." "Courtesy titles" are not legal at all, but depend entirely upon the grace and favour of the Crown. Fancy legislating to deprive four men of a privilege which is not recognized by law, and which they do not enjoy even by custom! If the gentlemen who favour us

with items of verbiage miscalled news were compelled to pass a simple and easy examination in the rudiments of political knowledge, much waste of printer's ink might be avoided.

THE DEFENCE OF THE COUNTRY.

A TRIFLING outlay of money, and a little industry in the use of the scissors on the newspapers of the last ten days, will supply any man inclined to the study with a considerable mass of material for criticism of our naval and military position. Whether it will prove instructive or only confusing may be a question, but there is no doubt as to its bulk and variety. There is the Memorandum of the War Office showing the wisdom of the department, and the thoroughness of its scheme of work. As a commentary and perhaps corrective of this document there are the proceedings in Committee of Supply on Monday and Thursday. Then we have the Report of the Committee on the fortification of ports and coaling-stations as edited for family reading. Then there is Mr. MARRIOTT'S Report on the supply of ordnance stores. With this the student should read the news from Devonport, given under the heading "A Dock-"yard Scandal" in the daily press. It will lead him on from the army to the navy, which he will find commented on at large in Lord GEORGE HAMILTON'S Memorandum. Having got so far he will discover that, like the wanderer in the pathless expanse of Afric's sandy desert, he has wandered back to whence he did begin. This Memorandum, like its sister of the army, shows what an improvement there has been of late, and how we now possess an Admiralty which does more work, and does it quicker, better, and cheaper, than any firm hitherto engaged in the trade. The navy, it says, is not only big but growing, and if it is not also a-blowing, the Admiralty can blow for it. In due course will come further proceedings in Committee of Supply, and they will serve to illustrate the Memorandum. A man has only to fall to.

It would be interesting and even useful to set it all by way of examination paper to a body of candidates for Parliament or the Bar, and require them to say whether it shows that the defence of the country is adequately provided for, and then give their reasons for their opinion. The answers of the Parliamentary candidates would probably be largely dictated by considerations of time and place; but the others, who would of course be youths of sagacity and judicial mind, as becomes future members of the wisest, most virtuous, and most modest of professions, would have a reply ready. They would answer after due reading of the paper that a little more precision in the use of terms was desirable before any opinion could be formed; that it would be well to define "an adequate defence" before deciding whether this or that is adequate, and, finally, that the greater part of what the soldiers, sailors, and politicians said was not evidence. The Memorandums seem clear enough, no doubt; but then they are, after all, partisan statements, and need the support of proof themselves. The proceedings in Committee are bewildering. When they are compared with the official statements, it is difficult to believe that the parties are talking about the same things. Happily it is not necessary to go into all the details copiously quoted on both sides; for the naval and military gentlemen are at least trying to secure something which will be evidence, and that is the one really useful part of the whole discussion. In spite of a great many wanderings to right and left, and much quotation of facts which are not particularly to the point, they have in the main combined to work together for one definite object. Captain COLOMB, Sir W. BARTTELOT, Sir H. HAVELOCK-ALLAN, and Sir E. HAMLEY have all in one way or another insisted that Government should make an effort to decide for once and for all what navy, army, and stores we do need. Mr. HANBURY has a motion to the same effect standing over. More or less explicitly they all ask for the appointment of the Commission of Inquiry recommended by Sir JAMES STEPHEN and his colleagues. The unanimity of experts and the support it is receiving are naturally annoying to Ministers—which is perfectly natural. To be sure, the spectacle of Mr. BRODRICK and Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE calling piteously on the economists for help is ridiculous enough. Oh for an hour of Mr. ILLINGWORTH! is not the cry we should select ourselves for the Conservative Admiralty and War Office speakers; but they are Ministerials, and the wine they drink is made of grapes—of Lord NORTHBROOK'S grapes. They will change their tone when it is clear that the experts are supported by public opinion. At present the great object is to secure that support. It is also, perhaps, natural, and is certainly silly, in some portions of the press to cry out against the general demand for more money on the part of sailors and soldiers. If the money is needed, it ought to be provided. If it is not needed, then the needlessness of the demand is susceptible of proof. But neither this nor anything else can be proved without examination of the evidence. The mere facts that professional men are well-nigh unanimous in the belief that our defences are dangerously weak, and that large support is given to them from outside, supply reason enough for calling for an inquiry. The Memorandums of the War Office and Admiralty can be cited on the same side. Mr. STANHOPE makes a merit—and rightly—of his scheme of defence. Lord GEORGE HAMILTON is pardonably proud of what he can claim to have done to improve the administration of the Admiralty and to strengthen the navy. But, even if they are allowed all the credit they claim, they have still confessed that the departments of which they are the heads have hitherto failed to discharge their duty. It does not lie in the mouths of detected and confessed bunglers (a little strength of language may be pardoned when it is necessary to penetrate exceptionally tough obstacles) to demand entire confidence. We have a right to insist that they should at least give evidence that the trust is deserved, which they can only do by showing that they do at last realize what the defence of the country means. No doubt this can be done without the appointment of another Royal Commission. A clear statement on the part of the Ministry, so worded and so supported by evidence as to carry conviction, would do as well, or even far better, because the object would be gained more quickly and at less cost. In the absence of this, however, let us have the other means. We want the miracle, and are completely indifferent how it comes.

The answer of the Ministry has been given as yet in the complaints of Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and Mr. BRODRICK, and the stolid official platitudes of Mr. SMITH. That money may be called for by a Commission, that its appointment would divide responsibility and display our weakness to the world, are the commonplaces which supply the stuff of what they call their arguments. The first, which will always secure a certain degree of support from the small change of Mr. COBDEN and the pushing free-lance, is nonsense, unless it is to be taken for granted that risk of disaster, and perhaps ruin, is a less evil than the spending of money in necessary defensive works. Division of responsibility is bad, but it is not worse than dependence on the wisdom of administrators who do not inspire confidence. Besides, there is no need to divide responsibility. The Commission would devise a scheme which the Admiralty and War Office would have the entire responsibility of applying or rejecting for cause shown. As for the "display "of our weakness" argument, the use of it by a Minister or even private member should entail an instant birching, to be administered by the Speaker at the bar of the House. The enemy knows our weakness very well, and on the day on which we know it we shall have some chance of beginning to become strong. Moreover, if we are weak, whose fault is it? and is the policy of the ostrich the wisest to follow under the circumstances? These are questions which the Admiralty and War Office may profitably perpend. A Parliamentary Committee to inquire into the organization of the naval and military forces is not what is wanted. The need at present is the formation of some definite estimate of the amount of material resources, and the number of ships and men required to defend the country. We shall not be an inch nearer knowing that after the Committee has inquired, as fifty others have done, into organization. What the organization is to do, and what it is to do it with, are the essential things to be learnt. They, however, are to be pushed aside, and, subject to some further shuffling of the cards, the fighting power of the country will continue to be governed with one thought for efficiency and two for the temporary interests of the Ministry. It is an appropriate enough ending for the confused talk on the Estimates. After the encounter of tough Parliamentary Greeks, after Mr. STANHOPE'S japes at Lord RANDOLPH, and Lord RANDOLPH'S attempt to fascinate the military men by insisting on an increase of the army, and also win the love of the so-called economists by calling for a reduction of the Estimates, this was the lame and impotent conclusion which was to be expected. We shall get no better till Ministers are made to understand that it is not their interest to neglect the defence of the country.

LORD HARTINGTON AT IPSWICH.

LORD HARTINGTON'S address to the Liberal Unionists of Ipswich is, if we mistake not, his first political utterance since the commencement of the Session. He took no part in the debate on the Address, and though, as we now learn, the discussion of Sir CHARLES RUSSELL'S motion and Mr. BRADLAUGH'S amendment found in him a formidably critical listener, it did not move him to break silence. There was, of course, no reason why it should. The course of the last-mentioned debate and the analysis of the succeeding division sufficed to show clearly enough what were the general views of Lord HARTINGTON'S party on this subject. A few of its weaker members seized one of those opportunities of compromise dear to the weak, and, after voting against Mr. BRADLAUGH'S amendment, followed Sir CHARLES RUSSELL into the lobby. But every considerable group of politicians is certain to contain its proportion of men who, hesitating to join in an open attack on the constituted guardians of order, will yet lend themselves to attempts to undermine its fundamental principle. The ability and the common sense of the party expressed themselves with sufficient plainness through the mouths of Sir HENRY JAMES and Mr. COLLINGS, and no declaration from its leader was required. Lord HARTINGTON, however, has attentively studied the attitude of the Gladstonian party on the subject—emphasized, as it was, by Mr. GLADSTONE'S own significant abstention from taking part in the debate—and he has taken early occasion to give the public his impressions thereon. The ingeniously disingenuous character of the line which they have taken could not be more effectively exposed than it was in Lord HARTINGTON'S strictly matter-of-fact and unrhetorical account of it. Without giving their open sanction to the disorderly and riotous proceedings which accompanied the London demonstrations, they have unmistakably revealed their desire to apply in the metropolis, so far as they dared, the methods on which they rely in Ireland. It is quite true, as Lord HARTINGTON remarked, "that in the main "resolution proposed by the Opposition they committed "themselves to nothing; they do not express any opinion "on the action of the Government; and they have not "ventured to censure the conduct of the Government in "repressing these disorderly assemblies." Nevertheless, they supported an amendment which they did not themselves think it expedient to bring forward—an amendment which was in the nature of a censure on the action of the police, "who acted under the orders of that Government "whose conduct these same men had not ventured to impeach"—and so, though they did not commit themselves here, as in Ireland, to the support, in so many words, of the disturbers of law and order, yet, so far as their votes of last week went, "they have done what they could to weaken "the arm of the law and the authority of the Government." That is a perfectly true and impartial account of the matter, and it will be for the public to judge of tactics which are as mean as they are mischievous, and not more recklessly hostile to the public welfare than contemptibly wanting in the courage of their immorality.

Equally telling was Lord HARTINGTON'S review of the relations of the Gladstonians with the Plan of Campaign. Noting their leader's recent correction of his language on the subject, and observing with characteristically dry humour that Mr. GLADSTONE'S reported employment of the word "assert," instead of the word "deny," had not struck his adherents as "making any material difference to the effect "of his argument," Lord HARTINGTON went on to point out what is too often overlooked—that Mr. GLADSTONE'S hinted palliation, Jesuitical as it is, of the Plan of Campaign is based on the pretence that he has only its technical illegality to excuse, instead of having to justify its offences against "the fundamental principles of honesty "and uprightness." On this point, however, much as it may need to be enforced and reinforced for the instruction of popular audiences, we need not here dwell. It is more to our immediate purpose to follow Lord HARTINGTON into his survey of the situation in Ireland and in Parliament, and the conclusions which he has formed as to the position occupied by the Government and the Unionist party after the conflict of the winter. He certainly is not an observer who can be accused of taking too optimistic a view of circumstances or prospects anywhere, and his complete satisfaction, therefore, with the present state of matters is all the more reassuring. As he truly and shrewdly says, the success of the Government in rebutting the charges made against them with respect to the administration of the Crimes Act is a success which gains immensely in significance from the manifest and manifold disadvantages under which it has been achieved. Nothing is easier than the attack, especially to assailants as little scrupulous as Mr. BALFOUR'S; nothing is more difficult than the defence. By the exercise of due industry in Ireland it is possible for a Parnellite to arm himself almost daily with an indefinite number of plausible cases of grievance and hardship. It is, on the other hand, impossible for any man or men who represent the Government in Ireland to be supplied on the spot with a complete answer to every case which may be alleged against the administration of the law. The traducer of the authorities has generally twenty-four hours during which his slander must necessarily remain unrefuted. He gains that point which CLOUGH perceived to be of so much more importance than the mere bearing false witness. "The lie has time on its own wings to fly," and it is much to be feared that those who note its flight too often fail to remark the shot that brings it down. Of those, for instance, who heard it triumphantly asserted from the Irish benches that Mrs. CONNELL, the boycotted old dame of eighty, was in reality a "robust and active "woman of fifty," how many are aware that there is official evidence in existence of her son being fifty-two? Comparatively few, we are afraid; yet this is only one among many illustrations of the unfair advantage which the attack enjoys over the defence, and with all these things against them it is much to be able to boast, as Lord HARTINGTON well says the Government are entitled to do, that "not a single instance has yet been alleged which "affords proof of any substantial injustice having been in"flicted under the operation of the Crimes Act."

The endeavour, in short, to prove that the Act has been oppressively administered has failed as conspicuously as the attempt to show last year that its enactment was in itself a measure of oppression. This, in fact, is the third unsuccessful agitation in which the Gladstonians have engaged in connexion with the matter. They threatened, and tried, to "raise the country" against the Crimes Act while it was before the House. They declared their intention of stumping England and Scotland to denounce it and its authors, after it was passed, but before it had come into active operation. And now, again, they have formally arraigned the administration of it, with all the wealth of invective at their command and all the unscrupulousness of assertion that distinguishes them. "The country, however, has not been "roused to indignation; the country has not been con"vinced that there is any oppressive intention in the Act or "any oppressive operation of it; and the country believes "rightly that the Act has only been passed and is only "being administered for the repression of evil infinitely "more serious, for the suppression of tyranny infinitely "more oppressive, than any which, in the wildest moments "of exaggeration, can be attributed to the officers of the "law in the execution and administration of the Act." And what is more—though Lord HARTINGTON has spared the feelings of the discomfited Gladstonians so far as to leave the fact unnoticed—they have themselves become at last conscious of the position in which they stand. They have struggled long and hard against the conviction, but at length it has been brought home to them. They know now that all that talk about "sweeping the country," with which they have allowed their ears to be amused by some of their more feather-headed counsellors, is grossly ridiculous; and the last two elections have probably taught them that the pseudo-science on which all these follies of prophecy have been based is about as much worth the attention of rational politicians as Esoteric Buddhism. The elections which deceived them were the first which had occurred for some time, and with their heads full of their own vacation rhetoric, their exultation deserved to be described, after the strange title of one of COLERIDGE'S short poems, as "Something "Childish, but Very Natural." They have now, however, put away childish things; and though evidently a little "down on their luck," they show a commendable disposition to face the uphill work before them like men. It only remains for Unionists to make the hill so steep for them that they will at last see the advisability of going round by another road.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S DESPATCH.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S despatch to Lord SALISBURY was a seasonable commentary on Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR'S latest speech. The coarse expression of political spite serves as a contrast to a plain and unimpassioned narrative of a successful negotiation. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S acknowledgment of the friendly courtesies with which he has been received confirms the reports which have been hitherto published on the subject. The only pretext for Mr. O'CONNOR'S vulgar invective was the assumption that the Government had selected a diplomatic representative whose efficiency might be impaired by personal prejudice against a supporter of the Irish Union. It would not have been surprising if some American Nationalists had taken the opportunity to offer affronts to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and his employers; but it may be inferred from their inaction that they thought it inexpedient to defy public opinion. American statesmen, even when they have been accustomed to court the Irish vote, decline any public recognition of the claim of foreigners to direct their political conduct. Mr. GLADSTONE, in his latest contribution to the literature of the Home Rule controversy, suggests as a reason for concession the resentment which Americans may be supposed to feel in consequence of the exclusive interest which Irish electors take in the affairs of the country from which they derive their origin. In the present instance there has apparently been no attempt to interfere. According to Mr. O'CONNOR, the negotiation ought to have failed; but up to the present time it has been successful. The Senate, even if it refuses to ratify the treaty, will not allege the wrongs of Ireland as the reason of its dissent. If Republican politicians disapprove of the treaty on the ground of its provisions, their motives are perhaps not wholly unconnected with calculations of the strength of the Irish vote; but there is no reason to believe that the opposition is in any degree directed against Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. Mr. GLADSTONE admitted both that the despatch of a special mission to Washington was opportune and that the envoy was judiciously chosen. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN probably shares the admiration of American institutions and of the national character which is generally entertained by politicians of advanced Liberal opinions. He was consequently able to repeat polite commonplaces without ceasing to be sincere.

The formal conciseness of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S official report was expanded into an argumentative vindication of the treaty in his speech to the Canadian Club of Philadelphia. His apology is addressed to Americans and Canadians; for he was entitled to assume that all serious English politicians would heartily welcome even a provisional settlement of an ancient and dangerous dispute. It was not worth while to anticipate or to refute the objections of Mr. LABOUCHERE and Mr. O'CONNOR. Although it is not universally true that a judgment must be just because it dissatisfies both the contending litigants, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was fully justified in quoting the censure of the treaty which had been simultaneously pronounced by an American and a Canadian newspaper. He had received on the same day a copy of an important newspaper, published in Canada, which denounced the agreement "as an abject betrayal of all the "rights of Canada," and an article "in an influential "organ published in New York, which declared that the "humiliation of the United States was now complete, and "that there had been a cowardly betrayal and a cowardly "abandonment of all the claims and contentions of this "country." Mr. CHAMBERLAIN added the ironical remark that "the two journals are consistent with one another "because they are organs of the Oppositions to the respective "Governments which are answerable for the treaty." It might perhaps have been prudent to abstain from a comment which seems to commit powerful parties to the policy which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN earnestly deprecates. There is undoubtedly some force in the unanimous condemnation by two parties, on opposite grounds, of a treaty which is avowedly a compromise. Zealous party politicians fasten upon the concessions which have been made on their own side, and undervalue the price which has been paid for the surrender of a portion of their claims. In one sense the Canadian Government may have made the greater sacrifice, because, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN justly contends, the language of the existing treaty favours their contention. According to a wider view of expediency, the Canadians had a strong interest in yielding to their powerful neighbour all the conveniences and facilities which could be reasonably demanded. The technical right by which Canadian cruisers have seized American fishing smacks is a *damnosa hereditas* or burdensome possession. It is certain that the habitual enforcement of the right would lead to quarrels in which the owners of the disputed fisheries would not be always in the right. Fishermen and sailors are likely to take a liberal view of their own rights, and to enforce or resist with excessive vigour unpalatable measures in which they are directly interested. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is entitled to declare that "everything which the courtesy of "nations or the convenience of fishermen can require has "been and will be freely accorded by the Canadian Govern-"ment." He had already said that "Canada had a legal "right to refuse the greater majority of the concessions "which have been made in this treaty."

The disputants, who are accused in the same words of the crime of betrayal, are perfectly satisfied with an arrangement of which both of them seem at first to have despaired. The agreement between the English and American Commissioners supplies positive evidence of the wisdom of the compromise at which they have arrived. The PRESIDENT and the SECRETARY of STATE, whose opinion would command great weight even if it were not strengthened by their high official position, entirely concur in Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S estimate of the results which have been attained. Neither Mr. CLEVELAND nor Mr. BAYARD agrees with "an eminent politician" who told Mr. CHAMBERLAIN that the fishery question was so paltry a matter that it was a question which politicians would think it safe to play with. The PRESIDENT has already urged upon the Senate the propriety of ratifying the treaty. The SECRETARY of STATE showed his cordial appreciation of the proposed settlement by writing a letter, to be read at the dinner at Philadelphia, in the same spirit in which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN addressed the meeting. He said that the "work of your distinguished guests was one of high honour "and usefulness, well deserving grateful recognition at the "hands of all who have at heart the happiness and welfare "of Canada and the United States." In another sentence, which was virtually addressed to his own countrymen, Mr. BAYARD expressed an earnest hope "that the blindness of "partisanship or the influence of local selfishness or igno-"rance may not be suffered to deprive the two countries of "the great benefits" of the treaty. He would confirm Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S explanation of the *modus vivendi*, as it is called, by which the Commissioners have endeavoured to provide for possible or probable delay in the ratification. The main provision of the scheme which is appended as a supplement to the draft of the treaty is that, while it lasts, American fishermen may obtain all the facilities which they require on payment of a licence duty. The amount as well as the nature of the proposed tax is loudly denounced by the opponents of the treaty. As Mr. CHAMBERLAIN reminds them, the contract will in every case be voluntary, and, consequently, fishermen who object to the licence duty may escape the burden by dispensing with the benefit. They have of late repudiated any desire to fish in the territorial waters of Canada. They might have obtained the privilege if they had been willing to pay a reasonable price, but they are now taken at their word. The right of shipping crews, of buying bait, and generally of obtaining in Canadian ports facilities for the prosecution of their industry will be conceded at any time on their compliance with certain conditions. If Congress hereafter thinks fit to abolish the import duty on Canadian fish, American fishing vessels will be at once entitled under the provisions of the treaty to the privileges which are in the meantime withheld or suspended. There is no probability of such a result, except as part of a general policy of Free-trade. The New England fishermen will resist to the utmost of their power the competition of foreigners in American markets. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, notwithstanding the diplomatic aptitude which he has lately displayed, sometimes relapses into the attitude of a Parliamentary debater. In his Philadelphia speech he could not deny himself the pleasure of hinting that Congress ought to allow to American consumers the benefit of buying fish at the natural price. If any nation likes to be taxed, it is not the business of foreigners to object. There is little use in proclaiming sound doctrine out of season; nor is the political climate of Pennsylvania favourable to the cultivation of sound economy.

The time which has been selected for the negotiation involved some disadvantage. The Presidential election will take place during the current year, and the contest—or, as it is called, the campaign—will begin almost immediately. Candidates and political managers will be tempted to regard the treaty with reference to its probable effect on the

election. The Irish vote will have considerable influence, and the Protectionist vote will be adverse to ratification. The forces of the two great parties are approximately equal. The actual PRESIDENT and the House of Representatives are Democratic, and the Senate has a small Republican majority. The Irish voters have in former times been closely allied with the Democrats; but the Republicans, especially if they are represented by Mr. BLAINE, will probably appeal to popular prejudice against a policy which is friendly to England. There is a Protectionist wing of the Democratic party under the leadership of Mr. RANDALL, and it is not certain whether the party will be unanimous in the re-nomination of the PRESIDENT. Unfortunately the immediate decision rests with the Senate, and the necessary majority of two-thirds will only be secured if the interests of parties are left out of consideration. The *modus vivendi* which has been devised to meet the contingency of a rejection of the treaty will itself require the sanction of the Senate. On the whole, the balance of probability is against ratification; but it is not to be assumed, even if the whole negotiation proves to be abortive, that it could have been prudently postponed. It is a great advantage to have the cordial support of the PRESIDENT and the SECRETARY of STATE, whose successors may perhaps favour an opposite policy. Even if the ratification is now refused, the probability of a future settlement on the same basis has been greatly increased. It is not altogether impossible that there may be a Republican secession such as that which procured the election of a Democratic President in 1884. The pretence that the American Commissioners have betrayed the interests of their country is too flagrantly absurd to exercise any influence on opinion, though it may serve the purposes of a faction. If Mr. CLEVELAND is nominated and elected, any delay of ratification will probably be corrected before the expiration of his second term of office. A Republican President, on the other hand, would, if the appointment of Commissioners had been postponed, have refused to propose or favour a compromise. The English Government was, therefore, well advised in taking the earliest opportunity of attempting to effect a settlement of the dispute. The selection of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as the principal negotiator has been amply justified.

GLADSTONIAN DEPRESSION.

CHRISTIANITY, chivalry, common sense, and the pagan, but still powerful, dread of NEMESIS, are four things which do not invariably, or perhaps often, agree in their dictates; but they all counsel abstention from exulting in the misfortunes of others. It is, therefore, for historical and argumentative purposes only that we refer to the deep and lasting depression which the Deptford election, and the elections which preceded it, have evidently caused in Separatist minds. That depression is observable in all sorts of places and in all sorts of manners. It cannot, perhaps, be wholly charged with the tameness shown by the Opposition in the close of the Trafalgar Square debate of last week, though the incredible imprudence with which Gladstonians announced beforehand that Deptford was to be made a test whether the order-loving citizens of London loved order enough to uphold Sir CHARLES WARREN or not is not to be forgotten. But it shows clearly in Mr. GLADSTONE'S half-melancholy reply to the singularly undistinguished one and a quarter per cent. of the English clergy who have been got together to send him a Home Rule address. It appears, perhaps, in the singularly incautious admission of a Gladstonian newspaper that Lord JOHN MANNERS (whose elevation in rank will not, it is to be hoped, deprive the Tory party of the services of one whom the late Lord HOUGHTON, no sentimental judge, called the most stainless politician of our time) is incapable of touching such pitch as "Parnellism and Crime." Alas! there was a colleague of Lord JOHN'S in the representation of Newark, more years ago than many of us have seen, who has touched the pitch of Parnellism and Crime without the commas and in too real a sense. It may be seen also in innumerable small matters of silence as well as of speech during the last ten days.

But nowhere was it seen more clearly than in the much-talked-of banquet which last Saturday celebrated the foundation of an Oxford Home Rule League, where not quite the promised five hundred, but scarcely two-fifths of that number, assembled; where the wise men came, if not from the East, yet from the North, in the person of Sir [illegible]; where statesmanship was represented by Lord RIPON, and eloquence less equivocally by Sir CHARLES RUSSELL. The Chairman of that occasion was, fortunately for Home Rule, Professor FREEMAN, and Professor FREEMAN, as his worst enemies admit, has never yet feared the face of man or fortune. So he proposed the toast of the QUEEN, which "Home Rulers gave more heartily and "more truly than any other class of the people." The unkind Gladstonian print from which we take this quotation supplies no amplification of the Professor's remarks, which, as they stand thus, are a little enigmatical, and must remind Oxford readers of a story familiar to them. Home Rulers, it would seem, give the toast of the QUEEN "in the "best sense of the term," and what that means each hearer or reader may be left to discover. But Mr. FREEMAN probably, and indeed, from other accounts, certainly, referred to the fact that Home Rulers would leave the person of the Sovereign as the sole nexus between the parts of the Sovereign's dominions. The Chairman, however, if he said things debatable, seems at any rate to have said nothing silly, which cannot be said of Lord RIPON. The death of Lord WOLVERTON and the simple frankness of Gladstonian laments on that occasion are surely recent enough to have prevented Lord RIPON from talking about the influence of wealth at elections as exerted against what he is pleased to term Liberalism. Nor, we think, would Mr. FREEMAN in Lord RIPON'S case have ventured the statement that PITT'S Union was dead and gone. It is a mercy that there was no irreverent Tory undergraduate in the gallery to call out "Who killed Cock Robin?" for the veracious spirit of the original rhyme would surely have forced even Lord RIPON to answer "I and my little party." But there was no such audacious intruder, and Lord RIPON came safely to the end of his oration. It must have seemed tame to the hearers in any case; tamest when Sir CHARLES RUSSELL got up and informed them that the present Irish movement has surpassed in "crimelessness and bloodlessness" any popular movement in the history of the world. Sir CHARLES is a lawyer as well as a politician. In the latter capacity he may count the blood of landlords and landgrabbers as not blood at all; but in the former he should at least be aware that crime is not a matter for individual freaks of definition. By the assertions, over and over again repeated, of Mr. GLADSTONE, of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, and of every one of Sir CHARLES'S present leaders, except Mr. JOHN MORLEY, the present Irish movement was begun in crime and carried on in crime till at least a few months ago; and it is hardly necessary to say that the testimony of history—a better witness than either Mr. GLADSTONE or Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT—confirms them here, and does not stop where they stopped. But it is perhaps absurd to treat seriously so wild a statement as this. It was made, no doubt, after dinner and to an uncritical audience; but it would hardly have been made if the uncomfortable writing of Deptford on the wall had not made this experienced advocate feel the necessity of administering a very strong stimulant indeed to his hearers. When an ex Law Officer of the Crown vouches for the crimelessness of conspiracy and the bloodlessness of murder, who shall gainsay him, at least in the house of his friends?

There are few better evidences of the loss of political morale than the recklessness, or rather let us say the calculated desperation, of such protesting too much. Providence, it is true, has prepared what may, and probably will, be taken as an occasion of forgetting, or pretending to forget, Deptford in a forthcoming election. There should be, unless there is great mismanagement somewhere, no difficulty in holding Melton or Chichester, but an equally safe Gladstonian seat is vacant at Gower by the death of Mr. YEO. It is to be hoped that the seat will be fought; but a Tory victory would be at least improbable, and some salve should thus be forthcoming for Gladstonian wounds. Such an election, however, has no real weight, and may almost be neglected, just as, of course, the others mentioned above may be neglected likewise, unless in either case there is a remarkable change in the balance of the voting. If the fury of the weather returns, a fresh batch of vacancies may occur, but hardly one of greater importance than that decided during the last month. The lesson of that batch is quite unmistakable. So far, allowing for the invariable tendency of bye-elections to go against the Government in power, and even without full allowance for this, the Home Rule attack has made no sensible advance, and the Unionist defences have suffered not even a perceptible breach. The victory of Doncaster, however, ought to stir Unionists up to much greater efforts in preparing for conflict in the

remoter and more benighted parts of the Kingdom where Mr. GLADSTONE'S name is still a sufficient, though the only, conjuring wand on the Home Rule side. The immense Irish vote in some of the large towns of the North is, of course, a very great difficulty, but it ought not to be insuperable, and the Gladstonianism of Scotland will certainly yield to treatment of the right kind in time. The change of it into a "Scotch party," which the Gladstonian leaders evidently half desire and half fear, will be far more fatal to its own side than to Unionism. The curious debate on Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL'S motion on Tuesday night shows this very curiously, at the same time that it shows the nervous desire of Mr. GLADSTONE and others not to offend Scotch Home Rulers. In this very debate, however, Mr. FINLAY struck the right note, and it is not rash to hope that the echo of his words may spread in Scotland.

GRASS.

IT has been said that one great source of loss to the farmer is the common error that any so-called artificial manure will serve his purpose, provided it is cheap and has a nasty smell. We are inclined to think that he often loses still more by acting as if any herbage that grows of its own accord were grass. When an agriculturist allows land to "go to grass"—almost as it likes—*i.e.* to become a nursery for every pestilent weed of the neighbourhood, and then "artificials" it, without regard to either seed or soil, with the least expensive compound calling itself manure on which he can lay his hands, he has reached the very acme of bad farming. This, of course, is an extreme case; but something more or less approaching to it is far from rare. When the Agricultural Returns were published in the early part of the winter, it was stated that a large quantity of unlet arable land, in certain districts, had been allowed to fall out of cultivation and to become covered with any grasses that grow spontaneously. Land of this kind, which had formerly been worth from 20*s.* to 40*s.* an acre, was now let at from 3*s.* to 4*s.* an acre. The Commissioners owned themselves puzzled in many cases as to whether such land should be put down as fallow or permanent pasture, and in a large number of instances it was eventually returned as the latter. When cheap and adulterated artificial manures are thrown on "permanent pasture" of this nature, with a view to giving it what farmers term "heart," much such a state of things is arrived at as that which we have stigmatized as the summit of bad farming. If needy landlords must allow unlet arable land to go out of cultivation, they would do well to make up their minds at once, and sow it with the coarser permanent grasses and clovers, which could be had at something like 6*s.* per acre, or about half the cost of high-class seeding. There would then at least be nutritious grasses, of a kind, for a new tenant to pasture his stock upon, and the comparatively trifling outlay would be well repaid. There can be no doubt, too, that, even if the land is likely to be broken up again, it is better that in the meantime it should be growing grass than weeds. A single field, on which thistles, docks, dandelions, and rubbishing weeds of other kinds are seeding, is not only a waste to its owner, but a nuisance to the surrounding neighbourhood.

Where land is regularly and systematically laid down in either temporary or permanent pasture, farmers too often sow it with seeds which they have themselves gathered from the bottoms of their own lofts. Such seeds usually cover the land with grass very quickly, for the simple reason that the farmer sows with a liberal hand that which costs him nothing; but it is rare to find an old pasture free from weeds, and the seeds from the hayloft will probably contain those of a number of undesirable herbs. When a new pasture is to be made at all, it is well worth the expense of starting it with the most carefully selected seeds, and even then it is almost impossible to be certain that a few weeds will not be sown among them. On the other hand, if the seeds in the loft are from a heavy crop of hay that was of first-rate quality and grown on the farm, we should infinitely rather see them used as the foundation of a new pasture than that the farmer should go, as many do, to a village grocer or chemist and buy any seed-mixture that may happen to be lying in his shop. The loft-seeds, under the conditions which we have required, at least suit the soil and the climate, whereas those in the shop may or may not; and although, as we have already said, well-chosen seeds from a trustworthy seedsman would be the best of all, those from the hayloft are presumed to be tolerably clean, whereas those in the "mixture" may very possibly be adulterated with the seeds of Yorkshire Fog, lavender grass, wild pansy, poppy, chickweed, moon daisy, and—worst of all to the dairyman—seeds affected by ergot. There can, however, be no difficulty whatever in finding good seeds in these days. The names of several firms whose care in seed-growing and seed-selection is beyond suspicion will at once occur to the minds of most people, nor are they likely to be forgotten, considering the pertinacity with which they scatter their catalogues and other advertisements throughout the country. A farmer cannot be too careful in choosing his seedsmen; but, when once he has chosen them, he should consult them as he would his doctor or his lawyer, telling them all about his climate, the nature of the soil he is going to sow on, and whether he wishes to make a permanent pasture, or to lay down grass in a rotation of crops, adding in the latter case whether it is to be a one year's lay, a two years' lay, or a three or four years' lay. This is a very different system from going to the grocer and simply asking for "grass seeds," and one that is likely to be followed by very different results.

There is another matter in connexion with grass in which many farmers make mistakes. When their old pastures deteriorate, as they often will, until they do not produce half their due amount of fodder, their tenants are apt either to leave them alone altogether, and call them "cold, bad, overrented fields," or else to forget that for renovating worn-out pastures very special seeds are required, and that their selection should depend, to a great extent, upon the cause of the deterioration of the special field that is under treatment. Infinite, again, as is the value of farmyard manure, it does not always follow that what farmers call "a mucking" is the precise remedy required. Strongly as we have urged that unlet land should be merely sown with the seeds of coarse but nutritious grasses rather than that it should be left to "grass itself," too great stress cannot be laid upon the importance of careful preparation of land for pasture. There are few greater fallacies than to suppose that when land has become too poor to grow turnips or grain it will answer to lay it down in grass, "just to give it a rest." To yield rich pasturage land ought to be in a very fertile condition, well drained, and very clean. It has been stated that there are nearly, if not quite, a million more acres under permanent pasture in Great Britain now than there were five or six years ago. Some of it is excellent, but it would not be too much to say that a good deal of it is execrable. What would be the extra amount of stock that might be reared on this same pasturage if the land which has been allowed to "go to grass" as it pleased within the last few years had been but half laid down as it ought to have been? Yet the facilities of obtaining good seed, and clean seed, and the best varieties of seed, have never been so great, while the whole system of laying down land in grass is better understood than ever.

SOME LETTERS.

TO remind people of what they have said on former occasions is held by some severe critics of the minor morals to be rude, and it certainly is unkind. But it may surely be permitted to suggest to certain Gladstonians that it is a remarkable error on their part to abuse Mr. Bright. We do not agree with Mr. Bright any more than we ever did agree with him in any of the very numerous points on which we have differed for thirty years and more. Mr. Bright, as far as we know, does not agree with us on any one of those points any more than he ever did. He has published this week a letter on war, with which we disagree just as heartily and completely as we can. We retract nothing that we have ever said of Mr. Bright. But, not being entirely blind, we happen to see that Mr. Bright, unlike Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, and the rest of the ragged regiment, is exactly where he was thirty months, as well as thirty years, ago; and that in that particular point of his position we agree with him as we agreed. Persons of intelligence on the other side ("Gens de bien! Dieu vous saulve, et guard. Où estez vous? Je ne vous peuz veoir," as that ribald Master Francis has it) might surely remember, first, that they have for many years been impressing on their own antagonists that it is useless, and indeed fatal, to abuse Mr. Gladstone; and, secondly, that it is a little awkward to abuse Mr. Bright for simply declining to move from the very position which for years they have been holding themselves, and applauding in others. Two letters of Mr. Bright's bearing on the Unionist-Separatist debate have been published this week, and both of these seem to have annoyed Separatists very much indeed. The first was addressed to a Rochdale Unionist, who (he must have been a foolish person) was disturbed by the assertion of some paid or unpaid lecturer to the effect that "Liberal-Unionists had abandoned the traditions of their party." Now several unkind things have been said of Mr. Bright lately by his party. But no one, except some Irish yahoos not worth taking account of, has disputed that he is very well up indeed in the traditions of his party. Some ribald ones say that he knows the traditions better than the actual facts; but that accusation, it is clear, does not tell here. The question is of the traditions. *Ecco* the great traditionary:—"How strangely your lecturer and his chairman and the speakers at the meeting are able to forget what happened only two years ago. Mr. Gladstone changed his views on the Irish question and they changed with him. If he had continued to hold his former opinion, I doubt not they would have still adhered to him and to his former policy, and they would have supported his coercion policy as it was supported by the Liberal party in the years 1881 and 1882. Surely the Liberals who follow Mr. Gladstone might be a little more tolerant of those who cannot change their [illegible] garments so readily as they have done. It is more easy to follow a leader asking no questions, however dark the road; but it were but decent to allow to others the right to doubt and to stand firmly by their own principles and policy. Mr. Gladstone's friends do not know what is his scheme for the future. The old scheme was destroyed by a vote of Parliament, confirmed by a vote of the

constituencies, and there is nothing now in its place; and what is curious and amusing is that none of his friends dare ask him anything of the future. They are afraid of inviting him into a trap. He has led them into a trap, and they are very angry that the Unionists will not join them there." We said just now that it was wrong of Gladstonians to abuse Mr. Bright; but we retract. They would be more or less than human if they did not. For sheer cruelty, for brutal statement of fact, this letter will take rank with anything in political history. Mr. Gladstone did change his views; even Mr. John Morley will not deny that. The demand for tolerance of the "quick change" is surely reasonable; even Mr. Campbell-Bannerman cannot deny that. The old scheme was destroyed; even Sir George Trevelyan, who presented himself as a candidate on this distinct understanding, cannot deny that. Mr. Gladstone's friends do not know what is his scheme for the future; Sir William Harcourt, who will deny almost anything, cannot deny that. And so each chamber of the Brightian revolver sends a bullet home. Poor things! It is no wonder that they squirm.

But this wicked Mr. Bright (with whose letter on war we heartily, as we have said, disagree) had not done with the squirmers. He writ yet a *verbosa et grandis epistola* to the Unionist meeting in silly Suffolk, where Lord Hartington (that bad man!) was to be the chief speaker, and a wicked Duke was to preside. And the letter to the people of Ipswich was even worse than the letter to the people of Rochdale. Here it is:—

Dear Sir,—I am glad to see that you are about to hold a great and, I hope, a successful Unionist meeting. I wish I could send you a few words of encouragement that might be worthy to be read at the meeting. Has it occurred to you and your friends that Mr. Gladstone's supporters rarely discuss his Bills or the great question which has for a time ruined the Liberal party? They do not defend his Bills. Nobody who is familiar with their details is able or willing to do that. They prefer to attack the Government and to denounce Mr. Balfour, and to spread abroad extravagant falsehoods as to the objects of the Crimes Act, and as to the barbarous manner in which it is enforced. They have got sympathy for mayors of Irish cities, for editors of disloyal newspapers, for priests who forget that their true mission is one of peace and not of violence, and for Englishmen, county gentlemen and others, who show their patriotism by aiding the revolutionary movement in Ireland; but they say almost nothing on behalf of the humbler class of men who find themselves in prison for offences to which they have been incited by these gentlemen disturbers of the peace. As to the severity of punishments inflicted, let us compare them with some cases nearer home. Two or three weeks ago I noted two cases in London police-courts. A young woman, a domestic servant, was convicted of having stolen one penny on two occasions—twopence in all. She was sentenced by the magistrate to six weeks' imprisonment. Another case was that of a woman who had taken a small sum for pretending to tell the fortune of a servant girl. The exact sum I do not remember—perhaps a shilling or half a crown. She was sent to prison for twelve weeks, with hard labour. Now, consider the guilt of these women, and compare it with the hundred-fold guilt of the men whose writings and speeches have caused the terrors of boycotting, mutilation of cattle, the outrages and murders which have disgraced Ireland and shocked mankind during the last seven years! I suppose there are few men in Ireland who have had a severer sentence under the Crimes Act than this poor fortune-teller in London; but great party leaders write and speak violently on Irish sufferers, and ask British constituencies to change a Government in order to put an end to cruelties so barbarous as those to which, they say, Mr. Balfour gives his sanction. Surely in all our modern history there is no instance of a humiliation so great as that to which the bulk of the Liberal party has been reduced by its blind following of a leader who, towards the close of a great career, has committed himself to a grievous error and, as I hope and believe, to a policy to which his country will never consent! Perhaps you will excuse me for the rather long letter I have written.—Yours very truly, John Bright.

For our parts, we shall excuse this rather long letter. But so hideously and intolerably annoyed were the Gladstonians by it that the chief Gladstonian newspaper actually omitted all the passage which explains what Mr. Bright meant by "humbler class of men," and then, on the strength of the omission, charged him with not considering Patrick Corcoran and the other printers and news-sellers. Ah! why, good gentlemen, confess the weakness of your case in this way? How much simpler to have omitted the whole letter, and thus escaped this little humiliating confrontation with the facts! If the good gentlemen had only quoted Mr. Bright's letter instead of garbling it, it would have been seen that there is nothing in it at all bearing on Patrick Corcoran, but on the boycotters and cattle-maimers, and the rest of them. Still there is much excuse for the good gentlemen, inasmuch as they must have been terribly annoyed by Mr. Bright's letter. For "Confound it, you know!" (as somebody says) "it's *true!*" They don't "defend his Bills." They do "attack Mr. Balfour" in exactly the language—"skunks" and all—which used to be used a year or two ago against Sir George Trevelyan. They do "get sympathy [Heaven save the mark!] for mayors of Irish cities, for editors of disloyal newspapers, for priests who forget that their mission is one of peace and not of violence, for Englishmen, county gentlemen and others who show their patriotism by aiding the revolutionary movement in Ireland." *Pereant qui contra nos nostra dixerint!* What an objectionable creature is this Mr. Bright! Again, we retract all that we have said against his abusers. It is quite intolerable that a Liberal of absolutely unblemished Liberalism should tell Liberals their fact in this way.

Trying, however, as this must be for Gladstonians, it might be less trying if the other person would hold his tongue. But the other won't. A more miserable maunder than the letter to the Dean of Winchester which appeared in last Monday's papers never issued even from Mr. Gladstone's mouth or pen. Let us pass the beginning and end of the letter, ample scope though they give; let us take its middle. Mr. Gladstone having inspected the least distinguished list that could even by a fantastic chance be got out of the great roll of Anglican churchmanship, adds this, according to his curious habit:—"Other names are known to me of distinguished men who, without concurring in every phrase of this letter, agree heartily in its cardinal proposition; or who, having no scruples as to any of its expressions, have shrunk from exposing themselves and their families, or the work they have in hand, to the consequences of a public declaration of this kind; consequences known to me in more than one painful instance." Ah, really! And it is Mr. Gladstone—a man who, to do him justice, knows most phases of civil (except Irish) and ecclesiastical history—who thinks that this state of things bodes victory. Was the Creed of Nicæa forced upon the Christian world by "distinguished men who, without concurring in every phrase of it, agreed heartily in" something which every one may fix for himself? Did Athanasius "shrink from exposing himself and his family, and the work that he had in hand," to the uncomfortable blackballings of the Arian? Were the famous "company of poor men" (we don't admire them much, but we salute them as the kind of enemy we respect), who, with Cromwell at their head, forced for a time, at any rate, their will on the aristocracy and the democracy of England alike, this kind of folk? "No; by Allah!" as Mahomet said, in a not wholly diverse case. Nor was any party that won, or that deserved to win, in any crisis of the world constructed after this fashion. To Mr. Gladstone, by all means, let the persons who "agree heartily without concurring," the persons who, "having no scruples, shrink," flock, and rally. Let him take them all, and make his best of them. If any is fearful and fainthearted, let him promptly go and join the Separatists. Good journey and good riddance is all that any Unionist of brains will have to say. But if there be anybody who has the courage of his opinions, and the sense of the greatness of England, and the determination to stick by principle, whatever a party leader may say, then let him follow the Unionist banner. If he must have a leader and is a Tory, he cannot go very wrong with Lord Salisbury; if he is in the same case and is a Whig, it is not likely that Lord Hartington will lead him far astray; if he is a Radical, he may reflect that there are worse Radicals than Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Bright. At any rate, he will not be following a leader to holy principles which that leader himself held no later than the year 1885, and which he has betrayed, as he betrayed Toryism, as he betrayed the Church of Ireland, as he betrayed Gordon, as he has betrayed everything and everybody that ever trusted in him.

TOOLE'S THEATRE.

A LIST of the various callings which Mr. Toole has adopted on the stage would be of an amazingly exhaustive character if it could be drawn up. He has worn the purple and the rags of the street boy, he has been seen in uniform of all descriptions, there is scarcely a profession he has not essayed, and he would have to search diligently in the Post Office Directory to find a trade he has not practised. The task of discovering new characters for him becomes harder as time goes on, and it was a good idea on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Merivale to make him a Don. There is ample scope for Mr. Toole's humour and eccentricities; how ludicrous is the Dean's mock dignity and his distress under the highly compromising perplexities which overwhelm him, those who are familiar with the famous comedian's method—and who is not?—may readily imagine. A brilliant improbability distinguishes the play. The Dean's nephew, named, like himself, Horace Josiah Milliken, has married Dora Sparkle, a ward in Chancery, and it is made to appear that the contemner of the Chancellor's jurisdiction is the Dean himself. This is a peculiarly heinous crime in the eyes of Mrs. Coventry Sparkle, whom Mr. Milliken wants to marry, and in the eyes of his late housekeeper, Mrs. Kimbo, now landlady of the "Bull and Mitre" inn, who wants to marry Mr. Milliken; and these two ladies make the Dean's life an affliction to him. Dora, it should be remarked, declares that she has married the elder Milliken; her reason for the deception being that she has learnt what penalties may overtake the husband of a ward in Chancery. Mr. Milliken's troubles culminate when a couple of officials appear in Camford to arrest him. It is odd to notice how much comedy arises from the exhibition of mental distress—at times, of course, when the audience is aware that the distress arises from a misapprehension. Here we find Mr. Milliken forced at last to resort to the desperate expedient of escaping from the window of his own room in college, only, however, to find his captors waiting for him below. Disaster can go no further, and so all comes right; a way out of the difficulty being found by Mrs. Sparkle's declaration that her niece was not made a ward until after what is now ascertained to have been the date of her marriage. On the stage this suffices to control the officers, who go away without arresting anybody.

Mr. Toole receives excellent support from his company. Miss Marie Linden's performance of Dora, who visits her undergraduate husband's rooms disguised in cap and gown, is at once bright and sympathetic. The vein of humour, of the possession of which she has given so many proofs, is skilfully drawn upon, and the humour is fresh and genuine. Miss Kate Phillips is well suited with the part of Mrs. Coventry Sparkle, and her flirtations with the Dean are highly diverting. Miss Emily Thorne is admirably

fitted as Mrs. Kimbo. Mr. Billington gives an apt companion picture to Mr. Toole's; and Mr. Shelton is a diverting gyp. Mr. E. W. Gardiner and Mr. Lowne play well as undergraduates. The dialogue contains many excellent things.

A DAY WITH THE CALPE HUNT.

IT is half-past nine o'clock on a breezy February morning at Gibraltar, and the crowds in the Waterport Street part and close again as riders pass, singly or in groups, towards the North Front. We have men in pink with the Hunt button or in tweed jackets; men in snowy leathers or drab breeches and gaiters; men in lustrous black tops or brown field boots. Ladies, too, are fairly numerous, though few of them mean hunting, as the meet is at the Long Stables, fourteen miles away, and the double ride is hard work. We have now reached the Casemate Square, where knots of soldiers in fatigue dress look on us sympathetically. We proceed through the Land Port Gate to the causeway, which lies between Gibraltar Bay and the great north-western shoulder of the Rock. To the left curves the shore, on the right frown the Galleries whence speak at need the oracles of war. Next comes the Bayside Gate, then the huts on the North Front, and, lastly, the line of British sentry-boxes that fringe the neutral ground. In front looms his Catholic Majesty's good town of Linea de la Concepcion, home of all filth and beggary, through which lies our road to the pure air and firm sands of the bay.

Away to the west a small cavalcade is following the shore by a short and privileged route. We ride along the sides of stony streets with a foul and central gutter, splash through pools of stagnant water, pick our way between boats, nets, dead dogs, and live cripples, and are now fairly cantering on the beach. A lovely stretch of sand, thirty feet wide, curves away crescent-like to the west. The Governor is a quarter of a mile ahead of us, and, much further in the distance, we see the huntsman and whips, a plump of scarlet coats, with a tide of erect tails eddying about their horses' heels. We pass from the skirts of Linea to Orange Grove, a village of the whited-sepulchre class. Our company on the beach varies every minute. There are strings of donkeys laden with slabs of cork; cabs with leather curtains, and full insides; women grasping their last purchase at Gibraltar or Algeciras; men with red handkerchiefs wound turban-wise round their hats; lines of fishermen hauling in their nets, and carabineer sentries whom boredom has marked for its own. Here a mounted officer, cloaked to the eyes, blows an inexpensive cloud. There one of the *jeunesse dorée* of Algeciras or Linea beams on us from a hired hack. A wonderful being is this youth. Perched on a motley heap of pads and rugs, his feet buried in green shovel stirrups, one hand on the flapping reins, the other on his manly hip, he bumps proudly past *los Ingleses*, with his hat over one ear. Such of us as retain aught of our Eton classics mutter sadly, "Non his juventus orta parentibus." But away with moralizings on a hunting morning! At Orange Grove we leave the beach, and ride in a northerly direction over the Carteian hills, not without a look back at the Rock, rising large in the distance. And now the ground sinks sharply downwards, and we look to our going awhile. Then a small stream is crossed, we ride fast over a sandy road, bordered by prickly-pear hedges, to the First Venta, and emerge into the green plain that skirts the Guadarranque river. We canter in broken groups over the rough turf chequered with small muddy pools, leave the Duke of Kent's farm to our right, and enter the outskirts of the Cork Woods. On our left lies the river, deep sunk in its rocky bed, and the range of hills on whose side gleams the white convent of the Almoraima. Before us stretches the wilderness of gnarled and fantastic cork-trees. From the door of the Second Venta mine host looks regretfully at the good custom which is speeding past his doors, to the forlorn and grass-grown embankment of the Algeciras railway that knows not her sleeper nor wheel. Before long we swerve aside into a hollow track, bordered by splendid old trees, and come within sight of the Long Stables, our trysting-place. Here and there are dotted red coats and riderless horses, for the hounds have been here some little time. We also dismount awhile, and the Secretary moves about busily to collect field money. This done, we mount, the dogs precede us with professional alacrity, and we all plunge into the woods that clothe the skirts of a craggy range that rises above our place of meeting. Tangled bushes, knees of ancient rock, sandy slopes, clay hollows, dry torrent-beds, and patches of marsh are taken in turn. The Rock ponies stick at nothing, and their riders have only to stick on. The wood is unusually thick, and the field divides perforce into groups or strings that pass where they can.

And now there is a stir ahead, the hounds become clamorous, and Conolly blows a point of war. Some of us are in the middle of a bush, others well behind a tree with low and sweeping branches, others picking our way down a crumbling incline; but, no matter where we be, "forward" is the word. We get out of the wood in a few minutes, and see the hounds, though not the fox, straining up a heathery slope topped with a belt of rocks that form the sky-line. On we go, as hard as we can split, keeping a look-out, however, for the half-hidden boulders under foot, which our horses avoid by sudden bounds, very discomposing to him that hath no great grip with the knee. But the fox has taken right up the rocks, and some of the pack are falling behind. Up we go, clattering and stumbling, but not stopping, till we reach a long shoulder that curves round the edge of a deep valley fringed with small pines and bottomed with sand. Here the fortune of war turns against us, for the fox runs straight downhill again, and the many who have refrained from toiling up with us are now close by him. But there is justice on earth, as we learn by the furious din of tongues announcing that our friend has gone to earth. We can see two or three riders dismount and climb up to the place of sanctuary, a well-known hole in the hillside, and it is clear that our sport is to be checked. A glance below and around shows us that every one within sight is preparing to rest and to lunch; so we dismount and produce our whisky and sandwiches. But there is evidently to be no digging-out to-day, for in half an hour the hounds are moving off again along the valley below us. We brace up our girths and proceed downhill as best we can, most of us leading our horses. We find ourselves joining a lengthy string of riders, which soon comprises the whole field, and pass from the valley to a wide and gradual slope, from the top of which we see the Second Pine Wood, where fresh horses are waiting. Just as the wood comes within view another fox is started, and we enjoy a long and hard gallop over open ground, which is absolutely flat and smooth when compared with the up-and-down rock-work of the morning. Our new fox makes one or two desperate turns; but we run into him just before reaching the wood, and within five minutes his brush is hanging from the saddle of a lady who has been well up all day. Here we lose more than half the field, who ride slowly home by the First Pine Wood and San Roque. The survivors mount their second horses and move southwards towards the Pine Wood Plain. Before we have got clear of the trees there is a loud blast in front, the hounds answer joyfully, and we hurry up over ground seamed with curved and projecting roots. The well-known expanse of brown grass and heather is before us and the pace gets hot. Hitherto the fox has gone straight away, but now he swerves sharply to a deep depression on his left hand, which he crosses with a swing which sends him up the opposite side without an effort. The hounds are well on him, and the field do all they know to keep up, though the going is now very rough for horses. We are soon brought up short by a line of low crags which border the plain, and are divided by a small gully from the country beyond. Galloping is here out of the question, and, whilst a few adventurous spirits work their way down in zigzag fashion, we others halt above and watch the fox, who crosses the gully and slips into one of several thick patches of cover on the far side. The hounds, who have missed him by three yards, raise a chorus of protest, and patrol the skirts of his hiding-place in twos and threes. Some of them work round to the back of it just as he steals away across the open that leads to a much larger cover behind. They come, they see, and they conquer; and the huntsman arrives only to find peace restored, save among the victors, who have to be "taught their places" by a suasion not wholly moral. Two kills to-day, and eight miles home! So the cry is "Enough!" and we turn soberly in the direction of San Roque, which stands out on its hill big and white against the yellow glow of evening. The sun will be down in a moment, and we have a deep valley to cross before we enter the town; so we keep on the move, pick our way down the slope, cross the little stream where washerwomen do congregate, climb the muddy hillside whereon stand the Plaza and the bull-ring, and find ourselves clattering along the paved streets and surrounded by a mob of obstreperous boys. Night is coming on apace, and we observe a sympathetic silence as we descend the winding road to Campamento and the beach. We pass a last line of huts built of reeds, boards, and sides of old meat-tins, and there, before us, is the Bay and the Rock, already twinkling with lights. The waves at our feet, caught here and there by a lingering reflex of the vanished sunlight, touch the sands with a kiss of peace. The beach, Linea, and the neutral ground are soon behind us, and we return the salute of the sentries at the North Front as we pass from Spain into England. Our day with the Calpe Hunt is over. May we have many like it!

NIAGARA IN LONDON.

MANY people would be inclined to apply to the Falls of Niagara the famous saying, "See Naples and die." Let them go, then, to the panorama, "Niagara in London," or, as it is described more fully, the "great realistic cycloramic painting," at Westminster. After seeing this show it is difficult to help including a visit to Niagara amongst one's experiences in the world. The painting deserves to be M. Philippoteaux's greatest success. It is about the most attractive subject that he has yet chosen, and certainly one of the most amenable to panoramic treatment. As usual, the visitor mounts by a covered stairway in a central drum to the drum's head—a platform surrounded by railings. In devising a panorama it is not always possible to make this railed platform appear a natural feature of the scene. In views of battles, &c., you find it difficult to associate yourself and your comfortable point of view with the picture, and yet that is essential to deception. In the present case your circumstances and position tend to heighten illusion. When you leave the street you must suppose yourself entering the Museum on the Canadian side of the water. Then you climb the stairs, and now you come out into daylight on the roof of the building. A beau-

tifully fresh morning gaiety seems to fill the air. Apparently from under an awning on the top of the house, you look out on a lively and coloured scene, bathed in the gentle sunshine of an autumn day. When you face the Falls and Goat Island you have behind you the gardens of the Museum running off into natural woods on the rising slopes of a hillside. In front, immediately beneath the house you are standing on, a high road coasts the heights above the river. Dotted sparsely with groups of carriages and gay figures, it runs from left to right, from Clifton House Hotel and the Suspension Bridge to the Horseshoe Falls and Prospect House. This last hotel appears comparatively close alongside of you on the right. It faces the road and the Falls, and bears on its sun-lit roof groups of painted figures, occupied as you are, in taking note of the tremendous scene. This gives a wonderful sense of reality to the whole view, which is heightened when you examine the excellent perspective. The distances are most convincingly felt. You seem aware of every foot in the three-quarters of a mile which separate you from Clifton House on the left and Prince of Wales's Tower on the right. Goat Island, which directly faces you, is excellently painted. Its distance, its atmospheric tone, the local colours of its trees and rocks, and the scale of its detail, are given with an air of accurate truth. You are as persuaded of the character of the country as if you had seen it. You know the amount of wildness, the comparative degrees of civilization on the two sides of the river the nature of the foliage, the number and character of the people you are likely to meet, and the directions you would choose to walk in. The water close at hand, both from its not moving and from the impossibility of making it sparkle and look translucent, scarcely convinces one of its reality with the same force as the rest of the picture. Further away, it becomes most effective, especially in the rapids above the Horseshoe Falls. Many visitors will wish to realize the feelings of Blondin and Captain Webb when they undertook their feats of daring. Blondin crossed just below the Suspension Bridge. As one comes up the stairway, a window seems to open on Webb's rapids—a fearsome place, indeed, for a human swimmer. As a picture, this view comes nowhere near the panorama either in general truth or piquancy of detail. The river, in reality nine hundred feet broad, gives an idea of quite a small stream. The smallest part of a panorama, though by no means the least ingenious or amusing to the public, lies in the arrangement of the real foreground. Unquestionably the landscape-painter will not be the victim of any doubt as to where reality stops and painting begins; but even he will find a moment's difficulty in determining exactly every point of transition into the woods behind the Museum. About the wooden fence, for instance, this is very neatly masked. The little pleasure-ground immediately surrounding the Museum has been well laid out to assist in the transition; and, when the real grass flourishes better, the illusion will become more complete. Short grass affords but a ticklish and dangerous passage to the eye. It is like welding a falsetto to a chest voice to pass suddenly on this flat surface from nature to art. The row of telegraph-posts on the road offers a better opportunity, and one which has been very intelligently used.

RELICS OF ST. THOMAS BECKET.

We are not ambitious of courting the proverbial fate of those who interpose unbidden between rival combatants; neither indeed are we as yet prepared to offer any decided opinion on the controversy still running its course—conducted, it is fair to say, on both sides in the most commendably amicable and courteous spirit—between Canon Routledge and Father Morris the Jesuit, as to the genuineness of the relics lately disinterred in Canterbury Cathedral. On some incidental points at issue we may have occasion to say a word in passing, and we may at once confess that, with every desire to accept the discovery for what it claims to be, it appears to us that "not proven" is the least unfavourable verdict which can safely be pronounced at the present stage of the discussion. But at whatever conclusion experts may ultimately arrive, the discussion itself is full of suggestive interest not only for the historical student but for all Englishmen who can appreciate the indissoluble solidarity of the national life of their country. There can be no doubt that Thomas Becket, or St. Thomas of Canterbury, by whichever title we may prefer to distinguish him, is one of the most striking and picturesque figures in the annals of mediæval England, whether or not we sympathize with the religious attitude he assumed or the cause for which he was content to die. In saying this we do not at all forget the great Archbishop and Confessor, as the Roman Church reckons him, who less than a century before occupied the same historic See, and who has been made the subject of a characteristically exquisite monograph by the present Dean of St. Paul's. But if Becket lacks the scholarly refinement and saintly grace which have for ages enshrined the memory of Anselm in the hearts of many who do not share his creed, that very gentleness and refinement contrast with the sterner but more impressive grandeur of "the martyrdom" of his successor. It is a significant circumstance, as Dean Stanley has pointed out, that before the death of Becket, although Canterbury had already for five centuries been the Primatial See of England, its Cathedral had not only acquired no European celebrity, but was not even the chief ecclesiastical edifice in the city itself, being eclipsed by the church of St. Augustine without the walls. But the great event of December 29, 1170, at once riveted on Canterbury and its Cathedral the gaze not merely of England but of Christendom. The martyr was canonized two years after his death by Alexander III., and there was an immediate outbreak of miraculous agency at his shrine, which long continued to be the most popular pilgrimage place in England, while his cult spread rapidly throughout every country in Europe. There were relics of him preserved at Rome, at Florence, at Verona, at Douay, at St. Omer, at Lisbon; there is a chapel dedicated to him at Lyons, and a house with an inscription bearing his name at Lille; his figure may still be seen in the Church of Monreale at Palermo, and his story is blazoned in the beautiful windows of Chartres, of Sens, and of St. Ouen, while a chasuble he is said to have worn is shown in the sacristy at Rheims, and his martyrdom is elaborately embroidered on another still kept in the Cathedral of Anagni; the Crusaders founded a church and cemetery in his honour at Acre. In England of course the tokens of devout homage were more conspicuous and more universal. It is hence that the name of Thomas became so common among us, and so many of our ancient bells, like that of Christ Church, Oxford, rejoice in the name "Great Tom." Meanwhile between the ardent devotion which worshipped him as a saint and the shallow fanaticism, now happily obsolete, which could discern in him nothing but a selfish hypocrite and "traitor," or a furious bigot, room has been found for an almost infinite diversity of judgment. By some he has been upheld as a champion of popular liberty, by some as a champion of orthodoxy, by others regarded as the upright and honest but incurably narrow protagonist of the exclusive privileges of a clerical caste. It would require more space than we have at our command to enter on a detailed examination of these and other rival theories here. But it is obvious to observe that the unfeigned and abiding homage which for nearly four centuries was paid to his name marks something in his character and career which woke a response in the national heart. The public penance of Henry II. and the costly offerings at his shrine might be otherwise explained, but men do not permanently and spontaneously honour what has no intrinsic worth. So much Bishop Stubbs fully admits, though his estimate seems to us—if Mr. Freeman will forgive the suggestion that on any conceivable subject they can be otherwise than absolutely agreed—to do less justice than Mr. Freeman's to the memory of "Thomas."

Our immediate concern however is not so much with the character as with the tomb and relics of the saint. We may spare our readers a minute enumeration—which the curious can easily find elsewhere—of the gorgeous ornaments of the shrine to which, just fifty years after his martyrdom, the body of the saint was translated amid a splendid assemblage of the highest prelates and potentates of England, headed by the Primate and the Sovereign himself, then a boy of thirteen. Nor shall we dwell on the growing multitude of pilgrims of every nation, rank, class, and age who for upwards of three centuries afterwards thronged to lay their offerings on the martyr's tomb. It is more to our immediate purpose, as bearing on the recent disinterment at Canterbury, to notice what occurred at the end of that period, when

> The ire of a despotic King
> Rode forth upon destruction's wing,

and the "traitor" prelate was rudely ousted from his dignity and pride of place, "his images and pictures throughout the realm put down and avoided out of all churches and chapels and other places, and his festivals, offices, &c., rased and put out of all (service) books." The "despotic" persecutor was himself the last of a long line of royal pilgrims. In 1520 Henry VIII., with his guest the Emperor Charles V., came to pay his devotions at St. Thomas's shrine. Fifteen years later on July 6, the eve of the great feast of the Translation of St. Thomas, and therefore, as he touchingly expressed it, "a meet day and very convenient for me," Sir Thomas More was executed for denying the Royal Supremacy. Two years later that same day, which had always hitherto been observed by the English primates as a strict fast, was ostentatiously kept as a festival at Lambeth by Cranmer, who "ate flesh, and did sup in his hall with his family, which was never seen before." Next year the blow fell. With a ludicrous parody of the forms of justice the dead Archbishop was formally summoned to answer charges of "treason, contumacy, and rebellion" preferred against him by the Attorney-General on the part of Henry II., and was of course convicted. Whereupon his bones were ordered to be burnt, and the treasures of his shrine forfeited to the Crown. A Royal Commission under the notorious Dr. Leyton was sent down to Canterbury to carry out this order, but unfortunately no authentic record is extant of the proceedings, and hence the doubts which have since arisen about the disposal of the body. Dean Stanley says that "the bones were either scattered to the winds, or, if interred, mingled indiscriminately with others," and this has been the prevalent belief in England since. And he quotes in proof of it a passage from Harpsfield's Life of Sir Thomas More:—"We have of late unshrined him, and buried his holy relics." But Father Morris has found on examining the text that the word used by Harpsfield is, not "buried," but "*burned*," and this seems in itself much likelier. Nor can we ourselves profess to attach any weight to Canon Routledge's reply that "Harpsfield, who was a staunch Roman Catholic, would not have cared to associate himself with the hated Protestants who had (on that theory) burned the relics of so great a Saint." The word "Protestants" is of course a misnomer as applied to Henry VIII.'s Commissioners, but let that pass. Harpsfield would no more have "cared to associate himself" with those who "unshrined" the

Saint than with those who burned him; nor does he do so, any more than Mr. Gladstone *e.g.* "associates" himself with Mr. Pitt and other "blackguards" of the same kind when he dilates, as he is never weary of doing, on the hideous wrongs which for the last seven centuries "we" have inflicted on Ireland. He is simply speaking, like Harpsfield, of the atrocious outrages which "we," his countrymen, have perpetrated, and which he is as anxious as doubtless Harpsfield was to undo. On the other hand, we have seen that the traitor's bones were ordered to be burned, and it is hard to understand why the order should not have been carried out. However, as we said at starting, it is no part of our present aim *tantas componere lites*. But it may be worth observing that Harpsfield was Archdeacon of Canterbury during Mary's reign, and had therefore the best opportunities of becoming accurately acquainted with the true state of the case.

Meanwhile it is interesting to note how marked a contrast this very discussion indicates between the feeling about such matters in our own day and what was only too common even within living memory. We have said that Canon Routledge and his opponent are carrying on their dispute with perfect candour and courtesy and an obvious desire on both sides, not to score a controversial point, but to arrive at the exact truth. And the interest felt in the matter by the Dean of Canterbury and others concerned is no less evidently of the same kind. Dr. Payne Smith is not supposed to belong to that school in the Church of England who would most naturally sympathize with the claims and character of Becket, but we could as little conceive him as the most pronounced High Churchman holding high festival at the Deanery on July 6, after Cranmer's example at Lambeth, in order to ventilate his contempt for the memory of the "unshrined" martyr. In the dry light of history, on which such a flood of fresh brilliance has been thrown by the industry of German critics and others, during the last half-century, many rash or onesided judgments have had to be revised, and no one, Catholic or Protestant, with a character for learning or common sense to lose, would think of speaking of Becket in the way that was common enough in the days of our grandfathers. He may or may not have been a saint; how far he can be regarded as a martyr must depend partly on our reading of various disputed details of fact, partly on our estimate of the proper relations of Church and State, and on the latter point, if not on both, there will always be room for differences of opinion. But just as all loyal Englishmen, of whatever creed, must rejoice to know that a statesman who played so prominent a part in our national history as Wolsey was not the mere self-seeking time-server a reader of Shakspeare might be inclined to assume, so there is good reason to welcome the evidence that our countrymen did not for nearly four hundred years waste their devout reverence on the memory of a mere drivelling bigot or hot-headed fanatical prig. "Thomas," as Mr. Freeman is fond of calling him, was at least a man and an Englishman, and a man of resolute purpose and iron will. If he had been a Frenchman Comte would assuredly have assigned to him a conspicuous place in the bead-roll of Positivist Saints.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THE morning performance on Wednesday at the Haymarket for the benefit of that excellent charity the "House of Shelter" in Whitechapel comprised an extremely rich and varied programme, as custom prescribes for such occasions. It was satisfactory to learn from Mr. Beerbohm Tree, in an interval of the entertainment, that a substantial sum had been realized, which will be further increased, it is to be hoped, by Mr. Tree's impromptu appeal to those among the audience who were but newly acquainted with the objects of the institution. His ingenious address certainly merited ample response. It would be injurious and perhaps not altogether just to those concerned to discuss at length a programme made up of excerpts from *Othello*, *Money*, and the *Critic*, not to mention Mr. G. W. Godfrey's adaptation of Mrs. Hugh Bell's *L'Indécis*, and a musical sketch given by Mr. Eric Lewis. When Mrs. Bancroft revisits past scenes of delight, like the lover in Moore's pretty poem, it is not to the accompaniment of weeping stars, but gaining the old merry influence and moving the delighted house as of yore. In the scene from *Money*, when the funereal Mr. Graves and the lightsome Lady Franklin honour the memory of the lamented Maria, Mrs. Bancroft played with irresistible vivacity and humour. Especially delightful were the delicate moments of perilous hovering between conventional decorum and the frank ebullition of pent-up spirits. As Mr. Graves, Mr. Alexander Yorke gave with ludicrous effect the odd interjected fits of hilarity of the constant mourner, and, though his make-up might be charged with exaggeration, his manner throughout was capital. The third scene of the third act of *Othello*, though eminently crucial from the actor's standpoint, necessarily suffers when detached from the tragedy and planted between two scenes of modern comedy. It is hard, indeed, to grasp Mr. Tree's conception of Iago from this one scene. Mr. Tree's reading shows close, and in parts searching, study, with the laudable determination not to be tied overmuch by the chains of tradition. But why should Iago draw his dagger on Othello when hurled to the ground? The action of the impetuous Moor, though he is merely directed to seize Iago by the throat, is not without propriety; but it is not difficult to make Iago overdo his honest part in playing the frank soldier. The Othello of Mr. Terriss illustrated the distinction between having a fine voice and possessing it. In Othello's passionate outbursts, it is not the voice, as Mr. Terriss suggested, that should be uncontrollable, but the passion. No one associates the "music yearning like a god in pain" with mere volume of sound or strenuous announcement of a fine vocal organ. Mrs. Beerbohm Tree was a graceful and sympathetic Desdemona, whose pleading for Cassio in this scene was so touching and sympathetic that the desire to see the actress in the play itself must be general. Mr. Godfrey's piece, founded on Mrs. Bell's comedy, is slight, but brightly written. *The Man that Hesitates* —— is better suited to the requirements of amateur or drawing-room entertainments than the professional stage. Mr. Arthur Cecil was very diverting in the part of the undecided Mr. Bramble, who is, however, not "lost," as the proverb has it, for all his nice hesitation between "honest straightforwardness" and "brutality" of speech, and timorous apprehensions of consequences. Mr. Arthur Cecil was very ably supported by Miss Florence Wood in the dialogue that succeeds the somewhat overdrawn monologue which opens the piece. The second act of the *Critic* concluded the programme. Almost all concerned, except Mr. Brookfield, as Lord Burleigh, strove to better Sheridan, as is usual, by most improvident "gag." Mr. Brookfield gave his Burleighan nod and went—with a prodigiously cryptic exit. Mr. Charles Wyndham was, indeed, an excellent Puff, imperturbable on occasions—as should be the case—and a spirited interpreter of his own play to Sneer and Dangle. Mr. F. Leslie, also, was delightfully solemn and sententious as the Governor, and played as Sheridan would have desired. The serious preoccupation of Mr. Leslie's acting was not communicated to the other actors. Mr. Terry and Miss Farren played burlesque in their own inimitable fashion. Mr. Grossmith and the rest—saving Mr. Kemble's portentous Beefeater—did not so much as betray an inkling of the *motif* of Sheridan's play. Mr. Grossmith seems to think it is always and everywhere seasonable to play the buffoon—even in the *Critic*.

MR. COLVIN'S EXHIBITION.

THE Keeper of the Prints has arranged for exhibition in what is called the White Building at the British Museum a choice of examples, some two hundred and seventy numbers strong, from the collection of paintings and drawings by the masters of China and Japan which was purchased from Mr. William Anderson, and has since been catalogued by him for the Trustees in a work which, as we took occasion to show, exhausts our present knowledge of the subject. The selection is but a tenth or so of the whole; but we understand that the remaining nine-tenths are in perfect order, and may be seen by students either in the Print Room or in the new gallery. There is not much doubt, however, that what is already on view is far and away what sporting writers call the pick of the basket. Mr. Colvin, who is nothing if not thorough, has arranged it so carefully and well as to have produced a model exhibition. In cases on the walls or in cases on the floor, those for the kakémonos and these for the drawings and the rolls, he presents a kind of panoramic view of Japanese art. You start, to the left of the door from the Ceramic Gallery (where Mr. Franks has arranged what is probably the finest collection of glass and ceramics in the world), with the Chinese masters; you pass on to the Butsu-yé—the purely hieratic work—of the Japanese themselves; you finish the wall in the company of the Yamato-Tosa school; you go on to make the acquaintance of Jō-setsu and his pupil Shiū-bun, the heroes of a sort of Chinese Renaissance, and that development of it which is called by the name of the master Sesshiū; you are next confronted by the group of painters proceeding from the illustrious Ka-no Masonobu and his sons, who are succeeded in their turn by the whole delightful following of Mata-hei—by the painters and draughtsmen of the Ukiyo-yé Riū, that Popular School which by us of the West was held responsible until quite lately for the whole of Japanese art. Then come examples of Kō-rin and his school, of the Shijō men, who derive their inspiration from the renowned Maru-yama Ō-kio, and of the Ganku painters, whose exemplar and chief, a certain Kishi Dō-kō, died just fifty years ago; and by the time you have made the circuit of the gallery, and have arrived, on the other side of the door from Mr. Franks's collections, at the "Thousand Carp" of the master Ina-gaki—who belongs to no school in particular, but unites, with Shijō qualities of design and a Chinese ideal of colour, "a careful observance of the laws of apparent size in ratio to distance, and an almost scientific conception of high lights and shadow gradations," peculiar, or almost peculiar, to himself—you have traversed something like ten centuries of production and achievement, and in this way have gone the whole round of your subject. Nor is this all. The show-cases on the floor, which are supplementary to those on the wall, with which they correspond as nearly as the shape and size of the gallery will permit, are devoted to a brilliant and taking gathering of examples of the various schools, and especially of the Shijō Academy, which, from material considerations, are unfit for exhibition in the other class. On each and all has Mr. Colvin something to say. His catalogue is, like his exhibition, a model of its kind. It is all, he says, compiled from Mr. Anderson's—from the *Pictorial Arts of Japan* and the *Catalogue of Japanese and Chinese Paintings*; but one may read both these, and yet learn

something from this little twopenny *Guide* of Mr. Colvin's. He has order, method, understanding, grasp; he summarizes his material in such a way, and with such an infusion of personal intelligence and sympathy, that he has made the masters of Miako as much his followers and rivals as the men of the Umbrian School.

In the present exhibition of Japanese art the most striking feature is the supremacy of the Chinese. There are not many examples of the art of the Middle Kingdom; and those there are seem scarce beyond suspicion. The Japanese, for one thing, have always been the most dexterous of craftsmen; and, for another, the Japanese have always been the least original and the most conventional—the most addicted to the worship of types and characters, and the least disposed to depart from the *clichés* imposed upon them by authority, whether of genius or tradition—of artists. Now, as Mr. Colvin asserts—or rather reasserts—in his first sentence, the pictorial arts of Japan are "essentially derivative" from those of China; and, for this reason, the first place in the present exhibition "has been given to specimens of early Chinese painting." Such specimens are rare even in Japan. They have been forged to any extent by artists at once extremely reverent and extremely skilful; and to determine their authenticity is, if not impossible, at least extremely difficult. There are experts, we believe, who are ready at an instant's notice to differentiate between the brushwork of the Emperor Hwei Tsung (that light of the Sung Dynasty!), who flourished 1101–1126, and that of the gifted and admirable Muh-ki, who is also a man of the twelfth century, and that—in the inevitable absence of the thousands of specimens, and of anything like a complete understanding of the innumerable questions, of material and so forth, which must, in such a case, be taken into consideration—by sheer force of conviction. But of these there are not many in England as yet; and Mr. Colvin, following Mr. Anderson's lead, no doubt, is content to describe his first number, "White Eagle on Perch," as "attributed to the Emperor Hwei Tsung." The ascription is quite sufficient. If the thing be original, it is a thing of genius; if it be a copy—and in this case we may take for granted that it is as good a copy, as nearly a facsimile, as hand and eye and brain are capable of achieving—it is still the copy of a thing of genius; and that, for our present purpose, is enough. For, the fact is, this "Eagle" of Hwei Tsung's contains a great deal of Japanese art, and therewith it gives us something which Japanese art does not. In the first place, it is admirably conventional:—it reproduces the marking of the model on a system and in a pattern which were found so sufficient that you may discover, not traces of them, but themselves in all their fulness, in the principal member of the "Thousand Carp" of Ina-gaki, which is close on eight centuries younger. Secondly, combined with this convention which is distinguishable, not only in the feather-pattern of the beast, but also in the drawing of the realities which make him up—his legs, his wings, his head, his neck, and so forth—a sentiment of life, an interest in the personality of the model and an alertness to distinguish and to reproduce its essential characteristics, which is perceptible in a hundred other examples in the room, and remains, when all is said, to the average mind, perhaps the prime feature and the principal attribute of Japanese art. It remains to note that what the Chinese could give, and what the Japanese have seldom been able to conceive, is a certain dignity. We look for that quality in picture after picture, and in drawing after drawing, by native masters; and we find as little trace of it in the stilted and childish work of the Yamato-Tosa Academy as in the inspired and extraordinary calligraphy of Motonobu (62–4), or the wonderful "Tiger" (164) of Kiu-hō Tō-yei, or the incomparable craftsmanship of Hoku-sai (83, 178 83), or the pleasant devilries of Kiō-sai (189 97), or in Ganku's "impressionistic" and terrifying "Tiger at Rest" (119) and the Monkeys (97–9) of the excellent Mori Sosen. This attribute was peculiar to the Chinese of the twelfth century; to the Japanese who have succeeded him it was an unknown quantity. They adopted his conventions of representation and design; they copied his sentiment of life, and in some instances surpassed it; but this quality of dignity—this outward and visible sign of the union of imagination and style—was beyond the reach of their philosophy. For the rest, if we except the humour and characters—the Dickensian touch—which distinguishes the work of the Popular School, the whole of Japanese art may be said to be summarized and exampled in the first ten or twenty numbers of the present exhibition. Among these, with Hwei Tsung's "White Eagle" (1), the "Wild Geese" (2) of Hwui-su, Muh-ki's "Eagle" (3), and the "Crane Settling" (6) of Siang Lang-Lai—all of which belong to the twelfth century, and whose analogues occur all over the room—are the "Philosopher and Disciples" (10) of Si-kin Kü-tsze, in which "the drawing of the heads is marked" (as Mr. Colvin well says) by such "extraordinary individuality and precision" as we may look for in vain (it is scarce too much to assert) in any of the masters of Japan. This remark holds good in the case of certain "Paintings, probably Chinese"—"An Arhat and an Apsara" (11), and "The Arhat Vimalakîrrti" (13)—by which this section of the exhibition is completed. The last is in especial remarkable. Boldly drawn and perfectly suggested, the face of Vimalakîrrti is obviously an idealised rendering of life; it gives the characteristics of age, intelligence, intensity of sentiment, and vigour of will with rare directness and force; the convention by which the aspect of the hair and beard and eyebrows is rendered has much in common with that adopted in similar cases by (to bring the matter near home) Professor Legros. To such a capacity of individualization as is manifest in this and some other numbers in this section the Japanese, as the collection shows, have never attained. Their art is gay, decorative, fantastic, sensuous to a degree; in craftsmanship they have not, that we know, been equalled. But in the intellectual quality of art they are some stages of development in rear of the Chinese, to whom, as we have seen, are due the principles on which their artistic achievement is based, and to whom they are indebted for examples of practice and theory beyond which, in seven or eight hundred years of effort, they have not been able to pass.

The section of Butsu-yé is small but choice; it includes an example of the excellent Chō Densu and—in "The Thirteen Buddhas" (15), the "Amitâbha and Bôdissatvas" (16), and "The Amitâbha Trinity" (18), the first of the fifteenth and the second and third of the eighteenth centuries—some brilliant and splendid essays in decoration. The Yamato-Tosa school may best be studied in the cases on the floor, in which Mr. Colvin, with a feeling for romance which does him infinite credit, has arranged a vast series of drawings (134–57), illustrative of the legend of the hero Raikō and a monster of the most fiendish and dreadful type, known in the Land of the Rising Sun as the Shiūten Dōji, and to which we may one day return. In the next section are particularly to be remarked the noble "Chinese Landscape" (34) of Shiū-bun, which reminds one of Gaspar Poussin, the admirable "Cat, Plants, and Insects" (41), the several examples of Tan-i Bun-chō (47–9), the charming "Chinese Lady and Monkeys" (56) of Saku-rai Shiū-zen, Nam-mei's imposing and gorgeous portrait of a lady of too much reputation (57), and the superb and delightful "Buzzard" (58) of the same distinguished master, which may be compared with Hwei Tsung's "White Eagle," and the brilliant examples of the same *genre* left by Tan-i Bun-chō. All the Sesshiūs are worth noting; so among the Ka-no pictures are Motonobu's heroic portrait of the Rishi Chung-li K'üan (62), Tan-yu's magnificent "Storm Dragon" (67), the delightful "Hundred Cranes" (71) of Ten-shin, and Koré-nobu's astonishing "Flying Squirrel" (73); so of the Ukiyo-yî Itiū, are two capital examples of Hana-busa Itchō (80, 81), the dreadful "Ghost" of Chokusai (82), some six or seven Hoku-sai (83, 178–183), and a pleasant essay in romance signed Hiro-shigé (85), in which, for a wonder, the human sentiment of the situation is better rendered than the landscape. In the Kō-rin section, with a characteristic and disappointing example of the master himself, are the noble "Bamboos" (90) of Ki-itsu and a wonderful drawing—one of twenty-three—of "Tortoises on the March" (89) by the master To-nan. Coming to the Shijō men we are confronted with a set of artists—from Ō-kio, the founder, to Kiō-sai, his latest disciple—whom we have not space to catalogue, and from whose work we shall single out no more than Yō-sai's masterly "Hadósu killing the Korean Tiger" (110), Tō-yei's superb "Tiger among Rocks" (104), the flying mallards and tit-mice of Kei-bun, and Yū-sei's magnificent "Pea-fowl and Pine-tree" (105). Of the Ganku Academy we shall only note that, to say nothing of tiger and monkey subjects by Ganku himself and his son Gan-tai, it is represented by a pair of "Chinese Landscapes" (123, 124) by Gan-bun-shin, which suggest the Sesshiū on the opposite wall, and by a "Lake Biwa" (125) and a "Moonlight Scene near Kioto" (127), which remind us of Mr. Whistler. To those with eyes to see these two couples of pictures, both the work of painters of the present century, are in some sort typical of Japanese art.

FRENCH PLAYS.

M. A. BISSON'S comedy-farce, *Le Député de Bombignac*, which is the original of *The Candidate*, is, we are inclined to think, less amusing than the version of it which was produced at the Criterion and achieved so much popularity. There is certainly plenty of wit in M. Bisson's dialogue, and it is wit of a higher order than any that was introduced into the English play, which, however, was considerably elaborated, and seemed to us to have been altogether the gayer piece. The chief interest attached to the French performance at the Royalty consisted in the means which it afforded us of contrasting Mr. Charles Wyndham and M. Coquelin's different ways of interpreting the same character. M. Coquelin has the distinction of having created the part at the Théâtre Français some years ago—where, by the way, the authorities were by no means inclined to tolerate this comedy being produced at all, on account of its flimsy nature. We prefer Mr. Wyndham to M. Coquelin in this particular character. His light figure, mercurial temperament, and nervous impetuosity enabled him, as it were, to lift the equivocal deceptions which he is practising upon his wife and mother-in-law into the realms of fancy, where they cannot be judged after the ordinary standard of morality. M. Coquelin, on the other hand, by playing the part in a heavier key, brings it down to the level of everyday life, and we feel less inclined to deal leniently with the erring *député*, because he looks so like an ordinary *bon bourgeois* going off to Paris deliberately to enjoy himself naughtily. For all this, however, M. Coquelin's Chantelaur is a remarkably even performance, and he displays his unforced humour to perfection, giving each line its proper effect without in the least degree appearing to do so. Mme. Patry played the part of the Marquise de Cernais admirably, and this character is a far better one than the Lady Dorothy of Primrose League fame in the English play. Mme.

de Cernais is represented as a Royalist more Monarchical than the King, and as a Catholic more Papal than the Pope. She has converted the Armoury into a chapel, and her servants' knees ache from their constant application to prayers. In short, the whole house is turned by her savage bigotry into a sort of monastery, which excuses and explains her son-in-law's escapades. M. Jean Coquelin played the part Mr. Giddens made popular at the Criterion. He is very young, and, as we have already said on a previous occasion, shows distinct talent and the possession of considerable experience, but he is perhaps too boyish for such a character as this. He was better on a previous evening as the old Marquis de la Seiglière, which he played with pathos. He has manifest versatility and the making of a fine actor. Mme. Lemercier had very little to do, but acted, as she always does, charmingly; and Mlle. Kerwich was sympathetic as Renée, another of the numerous poor parts with which this play abounds.

The second novelty which has been produced at the Royalty within the past week—Octave Feuillet's *Chamillac*—is a curious play, which, if did not contain such well written dialogue, atoning for the slightness of its story, would certainly not have been tolerated for a single night, for the whole five acts do not boast sufficient material for two. The plot has been detailed by the morning papers, and, therefore, need not be reproduced. There is one situation, however, which is so singular that we cannot help particularizing it. It occurs in the fifth act, in a scene in which the General de la Bartherie forces Chamillac to relate in full to his daughter, with whom the young man is in love, the particulars of a disgraceful episode of his youth, which has blighted his entire career. There is no reason why this act of cruelty should be imposed upon the man whom the General absolutely intends to be his son-in-law. The relation of Chamillac's early misdeed has nothing to do with Mme. de Tryas, and the three principal personages in the play are by it put in a false position. The General, who has hitherto been shown as Chamillac's benefactor and a gallant old soldier, is now a savage tyrant, the lady is forced to listen to what must shock her, and the hero is made to degrade himself before his *fiancée* for no apparent purpose. The confession is one of the longest speeches in French dramatic literature, and it does M. Coquelin credit to say that he related it in a manner so touching and with such dignity, that it was not only listened to with attention, but made us forget and forgive the false position in which he and his colleagues had been placed. Throughout M. Coquelin played admirably. He had very little comedy, but wherever there was a cynical or humorous speech to deliver, he gave it in the best possible manner. Another excellent piece of acting was displayed in this piece by Mme. Lemercier as the heroine.

CHEAP LIQUOR.

THERE is no better example than wine of the axiom that it is more profitable to sell at a low price a large quantity of a commodity which costs little than to sell at a high price a small quantity of what is expensively prepared and long kept. The initial cost of alcoholic drinks is small—the care and skill required in the management of young wines, the years which must elapse before any wine or spirit can be ripe enough to be wholesome, the interest of capital, the rent, insurance, losses from evaporation, leakage, and other mischances, accumulating during those years, form the main elements of cost. Nothing but the slow process of age will bring such commodities to maturity. No royal road to it has yet been discovered. Extremes of heat and cold applied to wines, electricity and saccharine applied to spirits, have met with very meagre success, or have failed entirely.

Still the demand for cheapness, which in these times amounts to a rage, has of course created a supply. The readiest way to meet this demand is that adopted by our Continental neighbours—namely, simple adulteration. Much cognac is manufactured in Hamburg from potatoes. Port and sherry which owe their existence more to Elbe water than to grape-juice form staple articles of export from that enterprising city. The fabrication of Kunstwein is still a thriving industry of the Rhine, notwithstanding the efforts of the German Government to protect the legitimate wine-growers. The husks of grapes which have already yielded their juice are steeped in a watery solution of saccharine matter resembling in appearance white soap, which is obtained in any quantity by treating vegetable starch with mineral acids. This liquor is easily adjusted to the requisite colour and alcoholic strength, and the flavour of genuine grape-juice is closely imitated, and, to some tastes, excelled, by a skilful operator. When clarified, neatly bottled, and labelled with the name of some well-known growth, it is ready for the consumer. Unlike the real article it does not improve with age, but the reverse. This trade has been pushed with such energy that there are places in Germany, and especially in Austria, where the public taste is so accustomed to false wine, that the genuine article is regarded with [illegible]. We need not cross the Channel to find proof that the [illegible] can be thus depraved with preternatural sugar and [illegible].

A [illegible] of the matter is the desire of the average wine-buyer to be [illegible]. Like the drowning Welshman he [illegible] the [illegible] and declares that he will be imposed [illegible] and nobody shall [illegible]. The wish for cheapness being [illegible] the [illegible] he is the more easily leavened with the [illegible] literature of Bacchus so copiously poured into his letter-box throughout the year, so that when asked a fair price for well-made and well-matured liquor he is ready to think himself overcharged. No country is so well supplied as England with good wines at moderate prices, but the public generally will not drink many of the best cheap wines under their own names. An honest and wholesome red wine from Northern Spain must be christened Médoc to have any chance against a real Médoc, thin and poor, and intrinsically of much less value. A respectable *bourgeois* claret must figure under the name of some château, although the real château wine of the same vintage may be an inferior article. Within the last five years numbers of glens have been placed upon the register of trade-marks, which are not only innocent of barley-bree, but many of which are not to be found on the map of Scotland.

But the British purveyor of cheapness, however enterprising, is a less adroit manipulator than his foreign rival. Our laws against the falsification of consumables are also an obstacle. Still there are three courses open to him. He may subtract a good deal from the length and cost of keep; he may save a trifle in the capacity of his bottles; and in the minimum alcoholic strength at which spirits may be legally sold he may find room for further economy. The greenness of grape-juice little advanced beyond the *mosto* stage is not readily detected in these cigarette-smoking days, and the acetous fermentation which impedes its digestion in most stomachs is not always attributed to its true cause. Scotch whisky requires at least four years, and Irish whisky six years, before the fusel oil in them becomes disintegrated and loses its mischievous properties. Yet the total quantity of whisky now in stock in this country does not exceed three years' consumption. The fieriness of young whisky may be softened with a dose of syrup, but the iniquity of the unsubdued fusel oil remains in it still.

Many an honest wine-merchant of the old school has given up the contest in disgust; whilst others, obliged to continue the struggle for business, submit with a groan to the cry for cheapness, and send out half-matured liquors against their own better judgment. North of the Tweed the twelve-tumbler man is said to be extinct. What wonder, when the material of which he made his toddy seems now to have acquired the gift of perennial youth! South of the Tweed the three-bottle man has passed away; but with him has also vanished the thoroughly fermented grape-juice, patiently matured through long years into dry, soft, old *wine*, properly so called. It is not so much the quantity as the quality of his potation that brings the dram-drinker into trouble; it is not so much the mixture of wines as the mixture of immature grape-juice that tells upon the modern diner-out. What wonder if we see men not yet past middle age crippled with gout and rheumatism—maladies which did not always overtake their grandfathers even later in life, and after what might appear to us severe provocation.

RECENT CONCERTS.

UNQUESTIONABLY the most interesting event of the present musical season so far has been the production of Brahms's Concerto in A Minor for violin and violoncello, given for the first time at the London Symphony Concert on the 15th of last month. It was again given on February 21, the soloists on each occasion being Herr Joachim and Herr Hausmann. Like all the productions of Brahms, it gains greatly on a second hearing. This is especially true concerning the first movement, to which scant justice has been done in most of the notices which have hitherto appeared. Rich and generous in conception, full of unflagging energy and ingenuity in its setting forth, it seems to us fit to stand at the head of all the composer's works. The second movement, in which the wood-wind plays an important part, is of great beauty, and in its delicate simplicity affords a valuable contrast to the strong and thoughtful elaboration of the Allegro. The Finale opening in A Minor is vivid and animated at its beginning, but betrays some evidence of a fatigued imagination and a loosening grasp towards the conclusion, which is distinctly the least satisfactory part of the Concerto, in spite of the remarkable brilliance of much of the scoring. The bassoons and horns are used in a most delightful and original manner, and the orchestration throughout abounds in genius and knowledge. We have never heard Herr Joachim to greater perfection than on the occasion of the second performance of this Concerto, when the orchestra acquitted itself of its task in a far more satisfactory manner than at the first hearing. The greatest praise is due to Herr Hausmann for his thoroughly artistic performance throughout. The first production of Brahms's latest work was preceded by the overture to *St. Paul*, carefully played by the orchestra, and followed by Haydn's Symphony in C, played with a certain lack of discriminating refinement which somewhat jarred upon the ample spirit of joyousness with which the work is inspired. Schumann's "Gartenmelodie" and "Am Springbrunnen" were played in the highest perfection by Herr Joachim on the same occasion, when he also played the "Abendlied" as he only can play it. We wish that Herr Hausmann had chosen some more interesting motive for the display of his skill than Max Bruch's dreary and commonplace "[illegible]," in which somnolence all too willing is made [illegible]. The concert was brought to a close by [illegible] March from *[illegible]*. On February [illegible] Herr [illegible] and Herr Hausmann

were respectively heard in Spohr's "Adagio from the Concerto in D minor" and Boccherini's "Adagio and Allegro in A," the programme including Beethoven's overture, *Zur Weihe des Hauses*—a work of delight and beauty which is not given as often as it should be—a commonplace and colourless "Serenade in F for strings," by Volkmann, and the ballad for orchestra, "The Ship o' the Fiend," excellently conducted by the composer. This is indubitably a work of very great promise, earnest in purpose, imaginative, and straightforward in execution. There is perhaps an over-tendency to repetition in it; but it is inventive and thoughtful throughout, and singularly free from the callow licentiousness of orchestration so often to be met with in the works of young composers. The London Symphony Concert given on February 29th opened with the "Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage" Overture, which on every successive hearing seems more perfectly fitted for its original purpose of being performed by a band at a bath establishment. It was followed by the second performance during this season of Liszt's much-abused but interesting "Todtentanz," of which we must confess that the music is far more suggestive of Parisian art than of the mighty series of pictures at Basle. It is needless to say that the pianoforte part was played faultlessly and with true feeling by Mr. Fritz Hartvigson, and we have never heard Mr. Henschel's orchestra to greater advantage. This made the rendering of the "Pastoral Symphony" which followed the more disappointing. It is not too much to say that it was throughout perfunctory and unfeeling; neither can we bestow anything but blame upon the haphazard and noisy performance of the overture to *The Flying Dutchman*, with which the concert ended. Between these two painful experiences Berlioz's "Duo Nocturne" from *Béatrice et Benédict* came as a refreshing rain; it was on all hands admirably executed throughout; it would be impossible to praise Mrs. Henschel's singing too much, and she could hardly have found a more charming second than Miss Marguerite Hall. The music of this delicate scene, with its subtle suggestions of opalescent light and colour, and the exquisitely unobtrusive feeling of its dramatic orchestral accompaniment, claims one of the foremost places among the most happily inspired productions of Berlioz. The present season of Mr. Henschel's concerts closed on Tuesday last with a performance of Mr. Cowen's Fifth Symphony—of Liszt's symphonic poem "Tasso"—the March from the *Götterdämmerung*, and the "Ride of the Walkyries." We noticed Mr. Cowen's Symphony when it was given at the Richter Concerts last summer, and we cannot say that it gains upon us on a second hearing. Liszt's "Tasso," perhaps the most satisfactory of all his orchestral compositions, was remarkably well played by the orchestra under Mr. Henschel, who gave proof of real fire and command of his band in working up to the impassioned finale, which was given with genuine dash and spirit. The "Trauermarsch" was also distinctly well rendered, howbeit it was taken a little too slow—a rare fault with Mr. Henschel in conducting Wagner. The orchestra came well through the trying ordeal of the "Ritt," although the strings might have been more precise in their attack with advantage, bringing the last concert of the series to a close with an excellent performance. Mr. Henschel has shown that he can do much, and we hope for more from him during the forthcoming season.

The concert given by the Bach Choir on March 1st was rendered chiefly interesting by the first appearance of Fräulein Marie Soldat, who, with a perfectly justified confidence, chose Brahms's Concerto for Violin and Orchestra for her début before a London public. We have hardly ever heard it better played. To a thoroughly artistic feeling and great and already matured power Fräulein Soldat adds remarkable beauty and justice of tone, especially in the middle and lower register, her upper notes, as is not unfrequently the case with Herr Joachim's pupils, being somewhat weaker. Anything but well accompanied by the band, she played more than excellently throughout, and could hardly, even under more favourable circumstances, have given a more brilliant and reassuring promise for the future. The Bach Choir deserves our warmest praise for having brought forward Purcell's opera of *Dido and Æneas*; but we can hardly commend its members for the fashion in which they presented it. Upon all concerned in its production an evil spirit of dulness seemed to have descended. That most detestable of all English musical abuses, the "Handelian tradition," by which such of the works of the great master as are ever given in this country are so hideously disfigured, appeared to be rampant, dragging the most impassioned passages of the dramatic music of a great composer as far as possible down to the level of dreary commonplace. Miss Anna Williams, Miss Thudichum, and Mr. Thorndike deserve praise for their efforts to instil life into the general mass of inertness and apathy which surrounded them. Mr. Stanford's Elegiac Ode to Mr. Walt Whitman's words was also tamely given—we still feel a disappointing falling-off at its conclusion from the considerable promise with which it begins. The "Schluss-Chor zum Fest-spiel," from Beethoven's *Weihe des Hauses*, brought the concert to an end. It is curiously inferior to the overture to the same work which we have already noticed.

A BALLAD OF PARLIAMENTARY BURDENS.

(With apologies to Mr. Swinburne.)

THE burden of long speeches. Men shall smite,
  With many words, the brass-bound box and red
Upon the Speaker's left, and on his right
  With yet more words, till the third hour hath fled
  And thy heart fail for very dreariheed,
  And thy pulse flags, and all thy senses tire
  And cry aloud "Let fewer words be said!
This is the end of every man's desire."

The burden of vain questions. One shall ask
  Who voted for the guardians of Rathrogue,
Who spanked the boy at Ballywhiskycask,
  Who mocked the parish-priest of Scullabogue?
  And thou, while with the buzzing of the brogue
Burneth thine ear as with a burning fire
  Shalt say "Suppress this monopolylogue!
That is the end of every man's desire."

The burden of "fad" motions. Mr. This
  Claims Wednesday, and with paper-laden hat
On Friday evening next as ever is
  Down to the House will come Sir Simon That.
  Thou listening to the common-places flat
Poured forth for weak constituents to admire
  Shalt soothly say: "To stop this idle chat
Should be the end of every man's desire."

The burden of the bumptious. C-nyb—re
  Shall be a rod to scourge thee, and a rasp
For thy uneven patience, and the fear
  Of St-art shall constrain thee as a clasp;
  And P-ck-rsg-ll shall sting thee as an asp,
And weave around thee many a wordy spire,
  Till thou shalt deem that freedom from that grasp
Must be the end of every man's desire.

The burden of divisions. Endless flows,
  This way and that disparted, the slow stream
Towards the lobbies of the Ayes and Noes,
  Until thyself unto thyself thou seem
  A shadow among shadows of a dream;
And roused at length by voices as of wire,
  Thou murmur "To retrench this waste of steam
Should be the end of every man's desire."

The burden of disorder. Billingsgate
  Shall ope her fishy jaws, and one shall cry
Aloud "Thou liar!" whereto another straight
  Shall render a participled reply;
  And when the Chair itself takes by-and-bye
To calling names, thou, as the named retire,
  May'st well exclaim, "And doth *this* satisfy?
Is this the end of every man's desire?"

ENVOI.

First Lord and Leader! these thy rules are good;
  But several pegs thou'lt have to screw them higher
If thou wouldst compass what is understood
  To be the end of honest men's desire.

REVIEWS.

SELECTIONS FROM THE BOMBAY RECORDS.*

THE first volume of the *Bombay Records*, reviewed in this journal in August 1886, was an improvement on the *Minutes of Mount Stuart Elphinstone*, noticed in August 1884. And in this further instalment of the administrative papers of the same Presidency Mr. Forrest has made a second step in advance. The selection has been uniformly judicious. The editing is careful. And if there is a little repetition here and there, this will enable the student of manners and customs to be quite certain that he does not depend on an isolated fact and on a single row of figures for any adornments and illustrations of history. When readers are allowed to pick and choose, superfluity is better than deficiency. We shall divide this publication into three parts, though the editor is not to be blamed for not adopting any such design:—1. Political manifestoes, treaties, and correspondence with the French, Portuguese, Dutch, and Nawabs. 2. Commercial statistics, price-lists, notices of products, and shipments. 3. Episodes and incidents of social life. A very fair analysis of the whole is to be found in an introduction, by the editor, of some fifty pages.

The political papers are sometimes new, generally important, and almost always calculated to throw some light on disputed and critical points in the early history of English adventure. It may be new to some readers that the old East India Company, founded in the time of Elizabeth, was very nearly ruined by a rival Company that started about 1698, and was styled the English Company; as if it had not been enough for the first traders to contend against the jealousy of the Dutch, the hostility of the French, the caprices of Nawabs, and the raids of Sevaji and his Mahratta hordes. Sir Nicolas Waite, President of the new

* *Selections from the Despatches and other State Papers preserved in the Bombay Secretariat.* Home Series. Vols. I. and II. Edited by George W. Forrest, B.A., Elphinstone College, Fellow of the Bombay University. Bombay: Printed at the Government Central Press.

Company, arrived at Bombay in 1700, was promptly ordered off by Sir John Gayer, the President in possession, sailed up to Surat, and tried threats and cajolery in vain. At last Sir Nicolas resorted to the mean expedient of hinting to the native Governor of the place that the chiefs of the old Company were likely to leave the Settlement without paying their just debts. And on this Sir John Gayer, who had very injudiciously left the Presidency and followed his rival to Surat, was seized and confined for some months. Lady Gayer was dragged out of bed. Sir John was ordered to turn Mussulman. The rivalry between the two Companies lasted for some years, and when Sir Nicolas, tired of the contest, resigned the office of Governor of Bombay, a "very unhealthful island," he had by that time very nearly managed to ruin himself and his rivals. It was not till 1715 that Dr. Hamilton, who had cured the Emperor of Delhi of a troublesome disorder, procured a new firman for settlers in Bengal and Bombay. On other occasions Englishmen quarrelled with the Portuguese. An English sergeant was "murthered" in cold blood, and an Armada was fitted out at Goa. In an affray with the Dutch, two Englishmen, who had only sticks, were slain by swords; and in the inquiry which ensued the Commandore or Directore of the Netherlandish Company was so perverse as to prefer the word of a Parsi witness or a heathen to that of two Christian gentlemen. The English version of the riot was that the chyrurgeon of the Dutch ship challenged the Englishman to fight, and then, with a companion, fell on his adversary and "thrust him into the belly with his rapier, whereof in short tyme he died." But a more alarming dispute arose with the French Consul. This gentleman was ordered by the Nawab of Surat to take down a wooden staircase leading from the French gardens to the river Tapti, which, he alleged, had been erected for purposes of convenience and to allow the residents, in Oriental phrase, "to eat air" in the neighbourhood of water. It was also useful "to procure to my wife and family and all honest people this convenience to descend to the river side, without the danger of falling with the earth and wounding themselves." The original complaint was swelled by stories of violence on the part of the Nawab's servants, who "looted his garden and put some Frenchmen and natives to the sword." Things looked very warlike, but the English Council had no difficulty in clearly showing that no damage whatever had been done beyond the removal of the obnoxious staircase; that no blood had been shed; and that M. Anquetil de Briancourt was a pestilent fellow who kept spies about him, and was in treaty with the French Consul at Poona, the Mahratta Generals, and some of the Nawab's Jemadars, to introduce Mahratta troops into the city, set it on fire, and murder the English. So the injured Frenchman was shipped off to his own country. This ludicrous quarrel, with the English translation of lengthy French letters hardly veiling the absurd expressions of the originals, the traitorous papers found in the ex-Consul's possession, the plans of the city and fortress, the protests, rejoinders, and rebutters, take up nearly thirty pages of print, eminently characteristic of Gallic pretensions, sturdy British resistance, and true knowledge of the native character.

Even in those early times there was no want of communication, irregular and tedious, with other Settlements in India and Persia. There were frequent despatches to Gombroon and the Persian Gulf. News came from Madras of th glorious victory of Coote at Wandewash; of fighting near Patna between the English and the troops of the Vizier; of the conspicuous talents of the adventurer called Somers, but who is evidently the ruffian Sumroo or Sombre; of the cession of the Dewani of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa to Clive in August 1765; of the capture of Madras by the French under La Bourdonnais in 1746; and of divers other sieges and military operations on the coast and in the interior. A very pithy account of the Black Hole is given in a letter from a private gentleman living at Chinsurah, dated October 2, 1756, or more than three months after the catastrophe. The well-known tragedy is summed up in the following words:—"On the surrender of the Fort the Nawab had confined all the prisoners in close warehouse, where most of them perished either from want of air or from noisome vapours." We may be thankful that the terrible Special Correspondent had not then been invented. In all these episodes of our early struggles, defeats, reprisals, treatment of prisoners, captures of pirates, cessions of forts, Imperial firmans, victories in the field, victories in diplomacy, it is interesting to see how each event struck the contemporary chronicler. Jeffrey, we think, or rather Lockhart himself, excuses the republication of original criticisms on Scott's first poems by observing that a later generation who saw the sun in its meridian splendour may like to know how it looked when just appearing above the horizon. With rare exceptions, our countrymen seem to us never to have been unduly elated by cession and conquest or unduly depressed by disaster and defeat.

We now turn to a few commercial statistics. These pioneers of empire never forgot that their honourable masters sent them to the East to trade, and not to gain territory. Some of the letters to the Court of Directors are filled with information about the scarcity or abundance of turmeric, saltpetre, stick lack, aloes, and myrrh. Then we have a request for a surgery chest, ink, paper, quills, and black-lead *pens*; for tables of the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and the Creed "in letters all of gold," and the name of God written in as many Eastern languages as possible; an apprehension of the rise of all sorts of goods for Europe, owing to the disastrous competition of the French and Dutch; an omission in the bill of lading of the ship *Massingbird*, for which credit is entreated; a complaint of the inadequacy of the mercantile fleet, both as regards the number of ships and the amount of tonnage; the misconduct of one Robert Master, commander of the *Sea Flower*, who brought his vessel back from Carwar "without a single corne of Pepper," though there was enough at that port to fill a whole ship; a solemn admonition given to sundry writers on the establishment because they objected to do duty as sentinels over the Company's warehouses and goods; long lists of articles to be had in the year 1780, from bamboos, baskets, and bunting, down to vermilion, verdigrease, and wax cloth; an account of the various agricultural products of more than thirty Pergunnahs or Hundreds in the Province of Surat, such as would not discredit the Collectors of the year 1888; the fees of the Mayor's Court; the rate of interest charged by the Bank on loans made to the Council; the native mode of raising revenue in Surat, from the Land-tax, the Customs, the Octroi, and, alas! for Canon Farrar, from the sale of toddy or arrack; a prohibition against the export of grain from the town of Broach, unless the price should fall below a certain standard; and the exchange of the rupee with the now mythical and fabulous half-crown. All this could be prolonged indefinitely, but revelations of social life are worth more than commercial statistics.

That some handsome fortunes were made in India during the eighteenth century is undeniable; but these diaries and letters prove that they must have been made in Bengal or Madras. The scale of salaries was not only low but ludicrously insufficient, considering the climate and the mode of living. The President in Council had 300*l.* a year; the members, 100*l.* and less; and the minor officials from 30*l.* to 40*l.* It is perfectly true that these pittances were supplemented by what are termed "Free Gifts" conferred by the Directors in England. These often amounted to good round sums. Members of Council got more than 1,800 rupees each; chaplains the same; the Commander-in-Chief, 7,272 rupees; and the President or Governor, 12,121 rupees. To these some other additions were made from accumulations of the Dewani—in other words, from the land or general revenue of the country. In many cases the apportionment of this unappropriated sum to chaplains, senior merchants, and others equalled the amount of the Free Gift. Still the officials at Bombay were not satisfied. They contrasted their own emoluments unfavourably with the larger salaries of the Bengal merchants who drew 1,200 rupees a month, and with those of military men who received *batta* and had the chances of prize-money; and yet in a body they all refused to exchange their position for posts at Calcutta. It will no doubt be said that salaries were not the only means of livelihood, and that considerable fortunes were made in mercantile ventures which the servants of the old Company were either encouraged or were not forbidden to pursue. Here, again, the severe financial critic's mouth is shut, or his arguments at least are anticipated, by long memorials and by concise biographies of merchants, councillors, warehousekeepers, and factors, which show that private speculations were only in a few cases attended with success. A list of 186 gentlemen who for thirty-five years—that is, from 1743 to 1777—had served in the Bombay Presidency, tells the following sad tale. Of a considerable number it is recorded that they had "died insolvent in India," or had "been ruined by trade," or had lived on a pension from the Company. Some were worth 500*l.*, 6,000*l.*, 20,000*l.*, or 28,000*l.* A few had benefited by legacies or marriage. One had made money while Chief at Gombroon or Bunder Abbass. Another, who had been Governor for five years, possessed a large fortune; and of another it is said, with a sly sense of satire, that he went to Bengal on a visit to Mr. Verelst (the Governor), resided there some time, much improved his fortune, and went home in 1768. A footnote adds that in twenty-two years only three gentlemen and Mr. Stevenson—an outsider or Free Merchant, we presume—had gone home with fortunes. Very likely the official, tied down to his desk and his invoices, gave up to the Company time and talents which were meant for himself. But it is more probable that the officials were the victims of their own ignorance and rashness or of native duplicity. In other matters they were not handsomely treated. With some difficulty they were allowed to have a sombrero or large umbrella, an allowance for house rent, and twelve or fourteen rupees for the monthly hire of bearers and a palanquin. Some state was kept up by the President, who walked abroad, not with the caparisoned elephants of Warren Hastings, but with macebearers, trumpeters, and retinue. And on Christmas and New Year's festivities there was expended the very respectable sum of 1,100 rupees. But life must have been hard in those days with the climate, the small pay, the rivalry of European competitors, the duplicity of native viceroys, and the piracies of Angria.

Indian society, though by no means of the kind depicted in screaming farces and rubbishy tales, is liable to be convulsed periodically by social squabbles. The Sabbatarian zeal of the Rev. Mr. Cobbe, Chaplain at the Presidency, led him to affront Mr. Bradyll, Member of Council, at the Communion Table and in other places, because the latter gentleman had employed native workmen for repairing his house on a Sunday. Mr. Bradyll pleaded, not unreasonably, that it was necessary to secure and furnish his house before the bursting of the monsoon, to which the rev. gentleman replied, that he didn't care if "all the houses in town were washed away, provided no work was done on Sundays." Hot words and hotter letters passed. The matter was taken up by the President, and the affair ended by the sus-

pension of the hot-headed chaplain, who was obdurate, and would neither forgive nor be forgiven. Mr. Waters, who was a good reader and apparently not in orders, was appointed to read prayers and sermons, and a passage to England was soon found for the suspended chaplain. Troublesome individuals, whether in the service or out of it, were liable to the same penalty. And it is not easy to see how order and discipline could be maintained except by the discretional exercise of some such power. Punishments in the Mayor's Court were of the kind common in the reign of the two first Georges. Courts-martial sentenced soldiers to six and eight hundred lashes. A native courtesan was moderately whipped; and in the seventeenth century a woman found guilty of petty treason in murdering her husband was sentenced to be burnt. Communications with England were often carried on by the Persian Gulf and Aleppo. It must have been a signal triumph when a post was established by land between Bombay and Madras, which runners were ready to convey in twenty-five days. The Company's servants were forbidden to practice as attorneys in the Mayor's Court, or to deal in grain on their own account. Their linguistic attainments must have been of the most elementary kind, to judge by the extraordinary spelling of native names and the metamorphoses of native terms, but one Ensign Hiern had made such a marvellous progress in the country language—it may have been Urdu, Mahratta, or Guzarati—that he was given an additional allowance for the term of nine months, to date from his arrival in India.

We have no space for an analysis of some papers which ought to be studied from beginning to end. Of this kind is the account of a Durbar where General McLeod held converse with Tippoo; a diary of an Englishman who resided at Carmenia, or Kirman, in Persia, and witnessed the frightful excesses of Nadir Shah, when he blinded and slew his subjects by scores; and a diary of one Mr. Herbert, who was sent from Balumbangan, an island to the north of Borneo, on an embassy to the Sultan of Bremei in the latter island. Mr. Forrest has wisely had recourse to Colonel Yule's excellent Glossary for the explanation of divers enigmas and puzzles, and he has added other notes which might have been multiplied with advantage. We have been left to make out that *Ophgoons* stands for *Afghans*, *Codgee* for the *Kazi*, *Caphelas* for *Kafila* (caravan), *Hawab* for *Abwab*, an extra cess or benevolence; *jezari* for *jazailchi*, a matchlock man; *Chopper* for *Chapar*, the Persian term for riding-post; *Pillow* for *Pulao*, the dish of that name; and there are divers other conundrums. What is meant by the people in the Boohspohos, who were with difficulty prevented from writing 2,000 tomans as a sum to be paid by worthy Mr. Graves, or what were the villanies and baseness of Tockorseo (Takagi, a Mahratta?), we can only guess. Mr. Forrest has not given us a very copious index, though he has afforded us much amusement and instruction.

ATHLETICS AND FOOTBALL.*

THE "Badminton Library" volume on athletics and football is thoroughly worthy of the subjects with which it deals. It is hard to imagine any higher tribute to its merits, for the subjects in question are rightly regarded with a high degree of interest by an enormous number of Englishmen, and yet they are by no means easy to deal with satisfactorily. There are plenty of books on football, and nearly all of them may be read with profit and pleasure by any intelligent student of that noble pastime, but few of them are really good books. However large the space at the author's disposal, he has not room enough for the materials which crowd upon his memory and imagination. The personal reminiscences of any ardent player would fill a couple of large volumes. The theoretic speculations of a reflective student would be with difficulty compressed into a third. And a thorough treatment of the historical aspect of the game would be likely to lead to an excursus equal in bulk to all the rest put together. The treatise of a mere tiro on one only of the games comprised under the generic name of football might extend to many hundreds of pages, and abound with more or less entertaining details. There exists a temptation, rarely resisted, to encumber the work with obvious and wholly unnecessary moralizations on the similarity of the game of football to the game of life, and on the desirability (which no one denies) of good-fellowship, unselfishness, self-restraint, and British pluck. Mr. Shearman is ardent, reflective, and learned in the history and traditions of the game; and he has nevertheless contrived within the compass of a single volume to combine an exhaustive discussion of almost every species of football with a complete and instructive treatise on athletics. The book is clearly and brightly written. Every page of it deserves careful study. No important topic is omitted. It would be hard to detect a superfluous paragraph. The ignorant may learn from it all that they are capable of knowing; while athletes and football-players will read it from cover to cover with keen and unmixed delight.

Athletic sports are an institution of modern times. Though foot-races and trials of strength were common wherever mankind really flourished from the times of Homer to those of Captain Barclay, the institution of college sports and school sports, the foundation of athletic clubs, and the movement which culminated in the establishment of the Amateur Athletic Association, date from no more than forty years ago. The topic of athletics is, therefore, a limited one. All that Mr. Shearman had to do was to ransack the records of four decades, and so to compress and systematize his spoils as to produce a readable summary. The first athletic meeting on record was held at Exeter College, Oxford, in 1850. Its promoters had probably little idea of the important movement which they were inaugurating. The card was arranged to look as much as possible like those published at Doncaster or Newmarket; the joke of regarding the competitors as horses was kept up in various ways; the odds against the favourites were scientifically ascertained, and were apparently freely taken and offered. But, while the form of the day's sport only awoke transient amusement, its substance proved to be a fertile example. Other colleges appointed days for a series of foot races; jumping and the hurling of weights were included in the programmes; Cambridge followed the example of Oxford; inter-University contests began to take place; and the public woke up to the merits of a way of taking exercise which was as cheap and easy as it was delightful, and which afforded a regular pastime for the odd moments of busy men, and an opportunity for public gatherings of an exhilarating and entertaining character.

The holding of athletic meetings developed gradually. New contests were tried, and rejected or adopted as the case might be, by the mass of athletic clubs. The art of time-taking and the science of record-keeping received attention. Individual athletes excited universal interest. Their progress from "record" to "record" was anxiously watched, and the great meetings at Lillie Bridge were attended by thousands of keenly interested spectators and by hundreds of intelligent and experienced critics. Athletics became what cricket and rowing already were, and what football was destined soon afterwards to become—a national sport. The story of this development is admirably told by Mr. Shearman, who has himself played no mean part in it. His account of individual athletes and their doings is extremely full, accurate, and lively. It is interesting to note in detail the gradual improvement which has taken place in almost every branch of athletics. In some the advance has been almost continuous, the "record" moving on from year to year, inch by inch, or second by second. In others, a single athlete has distanced all previous efforts at a bound, and his successors have found it impossible, for years together, to reach the point which he had attained. But they generally do it in the end. Very few of the existing records are of longer standing than a year or two. Brooks's great jump of 6 feet 2½ inches stood its ground for about ten years, and the celebrated quarter-mile record of Colbeck was unbeaten for thirteen years. It has been surpassed several times of late years; but, if Colbeck had not run into a sheep and broken its leg in the course of his best performance, his name might perhaps still stand second on the list. It is a pity, by the way, that Mr. Shearman, who usually writes English, nearly always speaks of Myers as a "phenomenal" runner, and uses the word "phenomenon" as the last epithet in his storehouse of admiring phrases to describe any performance which is quite out of the common. A walk of seven miles in two hours is quite as much a phenomenon, though not so rare a one, as a run of a quarter of a mile in 48¾ seconds.

As might be expected, Mr. Shearman gives much sound and practical advice to persons about to run. He makes very sensible remarks on the subject of training, and recognizes the important fact that different diets suit different men, as well when they are in training as at other times. He is, perhaps, rather dogmatic on the subject of smoking, which he forbids absolutely without regard to temperament. We can answer for one famous athlete, favourably noticed by Mr. Shearman, who jumped nearly six feet high, and ran the quarter in very little more than fifty seconds, and who never dreamt of giving up his pipe (to say nothing of late hours and capricious meals) for so much as a single day. Mr. Shearman may reply that, if he had conformed to the ordinary rules, he might have surpassed Brooks and beaten Myers; but that is only another way of saying that Mr. Shearman's generalizations may be absolutely true notwithstanding an apparent exception.

Football is a larger subject than athletics. The game is probably as old as the human race, and this book gives ample and interesting proof of its popularity at almost every period of English history. The game has, however, taken a fresh start within very recent times, and the history of the Rugby Union and Association games is even shorter than that of athletic meetings. Mr. Shearman's account of the Rugby Union game leaves nothing more to be desired. In describing the successive phases through which the game has passed, from the "shoving age" to the "passing age," and the characteristics of prominent Rugby Union players, he has displayed admirable skill, and entitled himself to the thanks of all lovers of the game. As was perhaps to be expected in a book written by a Rugby player, the account of the Association Game is less satisfactory. It is accurate and intelligent, as far as it goes, but the general development of the game is less vividly set before us, and we are told hardly anything of the peculiarities of particular players. If Mr. Shearman wrote this part of the book unaided, he suffered from a want of practical familiarity with the game. If he obtained assistance from an Association player, his colleague was much less competent than himself.

A very important portion of the book is that which deals with the various school games. These are, upon the whole, well and clearly described. The account of the Eton Wall game is marred by the absurd suggestion that this almost primeval pastime is a development of passage football, and by several omissions and ambiguities. Surely a description of a "Calx bully" ought to

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* *Badminton Library—Athletics and Football.* By M. E. Shearman. London: Longmans & Co.

contain some reference to the important functions of the "seconds." A graver defect is the omission from the book of any account of the Rugby game as played at Rugby, which still differs—or till very recently differed—in many important respects from the Rugby Union game to which it gave rise. One of the few references made to the real Rugby game is misleading. The author says that in the Rugby game as originally played the game was decided by a majority of goals. The real original Rugby rule was that the only way of winning was to get two goals. The game came to an end when this object was attained, even if it took only five minutes, and, whenever it was possible to do so, the contest was carried on from day to day, or from week to week, until one side had obtained the requisite score.

Mr. Shearman quotes portions of the description of a football match which is contained in *Tom Brown's Schooldays*; but he fails to notice one rather curious fact about that description—namely, that it does not contain a single word to show that any of the players touch the ball with their hands. Mr. Shearman assumes that a "running and tackling" game was always played at Rugby, although thirty or forty years ago a dribbling game was played in all other schools. But there exists a by no means incredible tradition that Rugby boys merely scrummaged, dropped, and dribbled until some time after the period immortalized by Mr. Hughes, that it occurred to a player one day to pick up the ball and run with it, that his opponents remonstrated but could point to no rule explicitly forbidding the practice, and that in the end, since they could not stop the innovator from continuing to act on his happy thought, they followed his example.

It appears to us that it really makes very little difference to the essence and spirit of true football whether the ball be carried in the hands or not. Essentially football is a battle between two parties of combatants, each striving to get the ball to the other end of the ground and there to score a point, either by merely kicking the ball over the end boundary line, as is the rule at Winchester, or by whatever more or less complicated device of goal, base, try, shy, rouge, or touch down, custom may happen to decree. To see real football played one should go to a house match at any one of the big schools. It is surprising how much alike these contests are. The true spirit of battle animates both sides, and no one cares for anything but victory. All minor differences, including the difference between an Eton "run down" and a Rugby "run," are lost in the general similarity of the strife. The grand essential of true, warlike football is that, whether the game is close or loose for the time being, all the players, except the backs, should be constantly following the ball. The man who has it for the moment should be closely followed by a little group, any one of whom will relieve him if he loses it; meanwhile every forward on the other side should be rushing to the spot where the fray is thickest, not lurking in a leisurely way at some spot where he is likely to waylay a passing foe, or to receive the ball which is chucked or kicked to him from a distance by a distressed ally. But, since football became a pastime for middle-aged men, and since its rules were scientifically revised by Committees of Associations, a game has found favour which affords more opportunities for recovering a lost wind, and into which the ingenuity of trained intellects, combined in some cases with the shrewd instincts of pot-hunting professionals, can introduce ingenious modifications. Men's football lacks many of the finest elements of boys' football; and, by way of compensation, we have the tactical curiosities which an absurdly lax rule as to off-side has rendered possible in the Association game; while the Rugby Union game has come to consist mostly in a swift and dexterous passing of the ball from hand to hand, the great requisites for success being willingness to throw the ball away directly you get it, and skill in posting yourself just halfway between the man who had it last and the man who ought to have it next.

We do not wish to take leave of this book without saying a word in commendation of the illustrations, which are admirable. The instantaneous photographs of persons engaged in performing athletic feats are exceedingly entertaining and instructive.

SOME BOOKS IN ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE.*

It is fortunately as unnecessary as it would be ungracious to contest Mr. Bullen's assurance to his readers that this second selection of his from the, in some cases almost forgotten, in almost all cases little known, song-books of the Elizabethan age, is equal in interest to the first. It is sufficient, and more than sufficient, to say that the second, like the first, is one of the most delightful bringings out of old treasures that have taken book shape for many years in England. In fact, regard being had in each case to the knowledge of the day, as well as to the positive worth of the "find," we do not know any books, except Percy's *Reliques* and Lamb's *Specimens*, to which we can compare these two volumes. And we are glad to hear that Mr. Bullen, while not intending to diminish the value of his books to those who possess them by exact reproduction, thinks of making a still more popular selection from the books themselves. That he may find an abundant sale for it is a wish not at all sicklied o'er by the pale cast of doubt, which we confess we feel about his assertion, too steadily cheerful not to be slightly ironical, that *Britannia's Pastorals* is "a well-thumbed classic." "May the thumbs have no worse fortune" is, perhaps, a sufficient hint of our own opinion on the point.

As usual Mr. Bullen's editing is good. His notes are brief and to the point. In his introduction he, while giving tempting samples of his wares, avoids the habit, as unwise as it inartistic, of some editors who practically turn everything that is worth reading, and much that is not, into their prefaces, and thus either disgust the reader with a twice-told tale, or force him to make his choice between text and comment. If his inclination is a little to over-praise, not his wares at their best, but the general quality of them, that is so closely akin to and so necessarily an offspring of the enthusiasm without which the labour of producing such a book would be very unlikely to be undertaken at all, that we need not find any fault with it. For ourselves, we acknowledge to the full the exquisite charm of the best work here given, the frequency with which that charm occurs, and the singular difference between the time when Campion and his fellows did the "words" of songs and the time in which those "words" are done as they are too often done now. Yet we might interpose or add a slight correction or limitation. Very few of the pretty numerous songs in this book are without the charm above referred to; but very far fewer of them display that charm throughout, or even in great part. The inequality no less than the freshness and vigour of an age which was everything rather than critical displays itself everywhere. If Shelley had been Campion, it is nearly certain that he would have added a third weak stanza to the two incomparable ones of "Oh world! oh life! oh time!" If Campion had been Shelley, he would very improbably have written any of the weak lines which mar his partly exquisite pieces here. Sometimes, as in Dowland's "Come ye heavy states of night," there is strength with no weakness, and often there are charming half-inarticulate snatches like this:—

> Hey nonny no!
> Men are fools that wish to die!
> Is't not fine to dance and sing
> When the bells of death do ring?
> Is't not fine to swim in wine,
> And turn upon the toe,
> And sing Hey nonny no,
> When the winds blow and the seas flow?
> Hey nonny: no!

Read also this charming flouting-piece:—

> "Art thou that she than whom no fairer is?
> Art thou that she desire so strives to kiss?"
> "Say I am: how then?
> Maids may not kiss
> Such wanton-mannered men."
> "Art thou that she the world commends for wit?
> Art thou so wise, and mak'st no use of it?"
> "Say I am: how then?
> My wit doth teach me shun
> Such foolish, foolish men."

Read too this splendid Jonsonian cadence:—

> Thou sent'st to me a heart was crowned,
> I took it to be thine,
> But when I saw it had a wound
> I knew that heart was mine.
> A bounty of a strange conceit!
> To send mine own to me,
> And send it in a worse estate
> Than when it came to thee.

Such work as this can never be old, can never be in the unfavourable sense familiar, can never be in the favourable sense familiar enough. No effort can imitate it; it is of the kinds of poetry, by no means all the kinds, yet the most precious, which a man may give all the substance of his house for, all the labour of his days and his nights, all the accumulated knowledge and taste of a lifetime of literary study, and yet never succeed in producing them, except at certain times and in certain circumstances of history, as well as with certain personal gifts. Fortunately, however, if the producing of it cometh not with observation, the enjoying of it does. It is a mistake to think that appreciation of such verse is absolutely spontaneous, but it has that special grace about it that the more carefully it is cultivated the keener it is and the safer from satiety or weariness. "*Tolle lege, tolle lege*, but be sure that you can never read with too much understanding," is all we need say to readers of Mr. Bullen's book.

Among the less unworthy sort of Shakspearian commentators it is a not unfrequent and a harmless game to try to fix on that one of the pseudo-Shakspearian plays which it is most impossible that Shakspeare could have written. *Fair Em* is an old favourite for this purpose; *Locrine* makes good running; the *Birth of Merlin* is safe backing for a place. Indeed, it is rather surprising that nobody, to our knowledge (and that of the [illegible] Drs. Warnke and Proescholdt, to whom we are at last indebted for a good edition of the Apocrypha), except Tieck, has ever said much in its favour. Even what has been said comes to little more than that it is not [illegible] play, [illegible] to be assigned to Shakspeare. We could not [illegible], for it has—a point on which the present [illegible] as far as we can

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* *More Lyrics from the Song-books of the Elizabethan Age*. Edited by A. H. Bullen. London: Nimmo. 1888.

Pseudo-Shakespearian Plays. Edited by K. Warnke and L. Proescholdt. *The Birth of Merlin*. Halle: Niemeyer; London: Nutt.

The Mermaid Series—Thomas Dekker. By Ernest Rhys. *James Shirley*. By Edmund Gosse. London: Vizetelly.

Henry Irving Shakespeare. Vol. II. London and Glasgow: Blackie.

Shakespeare's Much Ado about Nothing. Edited by K. Deighton. London: Macmillan & Co.

see, lay stress—exactly the characteristic which is seldom or never found in Shakspeare, and which is so frequent in other work of the time, especially in certain plays assigned to Middleton and to the writer (William Rowley) whom Kirkman the bookseller was good enough to yoke with the other William in his fifty or sixty years after date attribution. All students of Elizabethan drama know how in *The Mayor of Queenborough* and *The Changeling* a tragic plot, in their case of very high excellence, is yoked to a comic plot almost beneath notice, except for the fact that the tragedy and the comedy have little or nothing to do with each other. The tragic plot of *The Birth of Merlin* is not of high excellence; on the contrary, it is nearly worthless; but the comic plot is rather better than in the two other instances. But the mere intermixture, the total absence of any intelligent combination, is as noticeable here as there. Now this is exactly what you do not find in Shakspeare, though it may be admitted that Merlin's uncle the Clown is not quite so far, we shall not say from Feste and the Gravediggers, but from Launcelot and Lance, as some of his fellows. We open, however, the play (after very diligently reading it through) quite at random, and we find Merlin speaking thus:—

> My service, Sir,
> Shall need no strict command, it shall obey
> Most peaceably; but needless 'tis to fetch
> What is brought home. The King is coming hither
> With the same quest you bore before him. Hark!
> This drum will tell ye.

We are not concerned to deny that Bacon may have written that; Shakspeare never did or could. The edition is as good as it could be made. It is no doubt curious that the well-known story of Merlin's birth from a human mother and an incubus is differently handled, not only from the account in Geoffrey, but from that given by early French sources, and that the machinery of Aurelius and his devilish Saxon Queen Artesia, a kind of doublet of Rowena, is also not directly traceable to any earlier source. But it is not much more than curious. The annotation, though not full, is good. We are not quite sure whether the editors in commenting on "Layton Buzzard" do or do not know that there is an actual "*Leighton* Buzzard" in England; they do not say so, and their note—"Lay it on, Buzzard, was, perhaps, a technical term of hunting"—does not look as if they did, and conveys no very intelligible meaning. The Clown's innuendo is clear enough, though Tieck from his translation does not seem to have seen it. The apparatus of various readings from the original and the only two modern critical editions by Tyrrell and Delius is an excellent example of honest labour, to which we only wish a better object.

Mr. Ernest Rhys's lines in editing Dekker for the Mermaid Series have fallen on pleasant places. Hardly one of the better known Elizabethan dramatists has had such uniformly good words from critics of the most diverse views as Dekker, and only that one whom Mr. Gosse has charged himself with is more inaccessible to the general. In choosing *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, *The Honest Whore*, *Old Fortunatus*, and *The Witch of Edmonton*, Mr. Rhys could as to the first three have had no doubts. But *The Witch of Edmonton* is so undoubtedly a *croix de Berny* among plays, and Dekker's share in it is so uncertain, and, according to at least some judgments, so small, that there might have been hesitation here. We do not, however, quarrel with the decision, and it is certainly an advantage to have *The Honest Whore* and *Old Fortunatus* attainable at a less price than even the second-hand booksellers charge for Mr. Pearson's edition. The notes, as not unfrequently in this series, might, perhaps with advantage, have been either more numerous or wholly omitted; but the introduction is very well done, being as full of material information as the remarkably scanty stores available will permit, sensible, unpresumptuous in tone, and very rarely transgressing into the strange style of writing which in the introductions of this series has been rather too common. The frontispiece of the "Fortune," though not very specially appropriate to this volume, is well executed and welcome enough.

Mr. Gosse has had even greater advantages in respect of the presentation of Shirley; for Shirley is now, since the enterprises of Mr. Pearson and Mr. Nimmo, the least easily attainable of all our dramatists. Even imperfect copies of the edition of Giffard and Dyce, the only one, fetch several pounds. On the other hand, he is perhaps more easy to do justice to in a selection than any of his fellows. In their case, the wholes are almost always so unequal, and the parts constantly so beautiful, that the selector is torn by conflicting desires, for whatever he includes, he will put in much uncharacteristic rubbish, and whatever he rejects, he will exclude some characteristic beauties. With Shirley equable excellences rather than extraordinary flashes are the distinguishing point, and although some plays are certainly better than others, it is difficult to find in any of the less good plays exceptional bursts of poetry. Mr. Gosse's brief introduction is complete, to the point, and judiciously written, neither arrogating too high a place for the author, nor depressing him too low; and the frontispiece portrait is acceptable. The choice of the six plays given—*The Witty Fair One*, *The Traitor*, *Hyde Park*, *The Lady of Pleasure*, *The Cardinal*, and *The Triumph of Peace*—would hardly be possible to better, except in one instance. We should ourselves have substituted *The Grateful Servant* for *The Cardinal*, and we should, if by hook or by crook we could, have edged in *St. Patrick for Ireland*, a most pleasing eccentricity. But of these fancy improvements on other people's work there is no end. The principal thing is that it is now really possible for readers to form a sufficient notion of the last and not the worst of the men of the great age from a book of their own, by spending half a crown instead of seven or eight pounds; and that is much.

The merits and defects of the second volume of the "Henry Irving" Shakspeare are so much the same as the merits and defects of the first that it is really not necessary to say much about it. Readers will find here much erudition of divers kinds, many indications of the theatrical way of dealing with Shakspeare which will interest a theatre-going age, and a great many illustrations by Mr. Gordon Browne.

A book which has a special and well-defined object, and which is adapted thereto by a man who knows what he is about, almost escapes general criticism. Mr. Deighton, who has had much experience in India, tells us—what we can readily believe—that the difficulties of the mild Baboo are by no means identical with those of the average English schoolboy, and not to be met by the same means. He has accordingly set himself to expose all the necessary *cui bonos*. Without jocking, he seems to have done it well enough. We see infinite silly things here; but they are generally quotations from Gervinus or some other of our old friends of the commentator's Bedlam, and Mr. Deighton, for a commentator, is sane enough. "They make an excellent piece of work. Would they were all done!"

BEES.*

THOSE who think of keeping bees would do well to read this fat book before lightly embarking upon that undertaking. It is true that unsophisticated cottagers often succeed very well with their bees, in violation of all scientific principles; but even a superficial study of Mr. Cheshire's work will make it evident that to make "show honey," or to keep an apiary that will bear inspection by scientific friends, requires much patience, unflagging attention, considerable knowledge, and a skilful hand. There is no greater authority on bees and beekeeping than Mr. Cheshire, and his two volumes on the subject are the best works of their kind.

The first chapter of this second volume treats of the point which would naturally occur first to the mind of a non-beekeeper—namely, that of being stung, or rather how not to be stung. All kinds of contrivances are mentioned, among others a mask of wire cloth, "with an opening for the pipe, and a draw-door to permit of expectoration." It will be a consolation to smokers to learn that "terrifying the bees into submission" with smoke is one of the great principles of bee-discipline, except in the case of Cyprians. Before operating on a hive, it is well to puff some smoke from a pipe—or to get a friend to puff it—into the entrance. For non-smokers there are powerful instruments, with fire-boxes, bellows, and blast-pipes, which will discharge sufficient smoke into hives to subjugate the most irritable of bees. Brown paper, "which will smoulder for hours," may be used in these bee-smokers. "With very savage stocks," "creosote, to the amount of a few drops, should be rapidly vapourised by being added to the burning material in the usual smoker. When so employed no colony can stand it." This we can readily believe. The only doubt in our mind is whether the operator could stand it. Bees have a great dislike to carbolic acid, and if it is brushed over the alighting-board, the entrance, and the frames when the hive has been opened, it will effectually quiet the bees in most cases. Some people use a powerful spray-producer. One of these, filled with a weak solution of carbolic acid, is a most useful means of defence against an irritable colony. An excellent preventive against stings is methyl salicylate, or oil of wintergreen, rubbed into the skin. "After applying a few drops of it," says Mr. Cheshire, "I have been quite unable to get my own bees to sting me." It is sufficient to put about four drops into the palm, and then to rub the hands well over each other until both are completely smeared with it. (We are assuming that the head is covered with a veil, and that the wrists and ankles are well protected.) This oil will not injure the skin, and is very easily removed. An experienced beekeeper will often handle bees which he knows to be of a temperate nature, without any protection at all. The great points are to avoid all quick, darting movements. "So handle the combs that they are not jarred, and be especially cautious not to strike or kick the hive. Make no needless noises, and do not allow the breath to play upon the bees; and should one dart out with threatening mien strive to remain unmoved, when escape is extremely probable, while a hand in retreat is almost certain to retire wounded." It is a common mistake to suppose that an angry bee is certain to sting on alighting upon a human hand. On the contrary, she will always examine the skin very carefully first with her palpi—very delicate and nervous feeling organs, which are situated near the sting. It may *seem* that she stings at once, and without care or reflection; but a bee can do a great deal in a very short space of time, in proof of which it may be mentioned that "she can flap her wings more than four hundred times per second, and that each flap involves the extension and contraction, through a nerve impulse, of the muscles employed in the wing movements." This being the case, as Mr. Cheshire says, "we shall see at once that the 'no time' difficulty is removed." When a person has been stung by a bee, he should remove the sting immediately, "if

* *Bees and Beekeeping, Scientific and Practical.* By Frank R. Cheshire, F.L.S., F.R.M.S. Vol. II. Practical. London: L. Upcott Gill.

possible, by the nail, running it in the direction opposite to that by which it has entered." On no account let him take hold of the sting with his thumb and finger, or a forceps, for then he will probably squeeze more of the virus into the wound from the poison-bag, which is generally left attached to the sting. Although the virus of a bee-sting is a strong acid, it does not always follow that an alkali will cure it. Much depends upon the temperament and constitution of the patient; and, while Arnica montana and Ledum palustre will give relief in many cases, in others they are injurious. We may dismiss the subject of bee-stings by giving the young beekeeper two pieces of comfort—the first, that at swarming time bees are nearly always in an exceedingly good temper; the second, that each time he is stung he will probably become less susceptible to the effects of bee-poison.

The chapters on hives contain every detail connected with them that any reasonable beekeeper can expect, and few will fail to find some fresh information in them. As everybody knows, the venerable and rather picturesque old straw hive has been, to a great extent, supplanted by wood, and even the interesting glass supers are more or less looked down upon by experienced hands. The best walls for hives are those made of a double skin of wood, the intervening space being filled in with charcoal or cork-dust. One of the modern accessories of the beehive is "excluder zinc," which consists of sheets of zinc perforated with oblong holes large enough to admit worker bees to the combs which are intended for table uses, but too small to allow the queen to pass through and spoil the combs by laying eggs in them. Another is the wax foundation, or artificial midrib. This is a thin sheet of wax, covered with hexagonal holes, and it is used for placing in a hive, super, or frame as an artificial foundation to induce the bees to begin the comb in the exact place and manner desired by their owner. These foundations are usually made now by pressing wax sheets through a double roller, something like a patent mangle, each roller being covered with rhombic bases. Then there is the queen-trap, of which many kinds are now made. In order to prevent excessive swarming, it is often desirable to arrest and imprison superfluous queens. They, in their turn, may prove useful for queenless colonies, and for this purpose an ingenious contrivance, known as an "introducing cage," has been invented. There is also a "queen-nursery," which consists of little cages, or drawers, 2½ inches square, covered with wire-cloth at each end, and with two holes on the top, into one of which a queen-cell is inserted, and into the other a sponge dipped in honey, to supply food. In another kind of queen-nursery the cell is held in its place by an indiarubber band, and a few bees are put in to act as nurses and attendants. Besides these, there is the queen's travelling-box, in which queen-bees are not only sent about by post in this country, but from abroad also. It is a box some three or four inches long, and between one and two inches wide, containing two well-ventilated living chambers and a third for food. A queen-bee with about twenty-five attendants can travel comfortably in this little box for a month or more. Everybody may not be aware that "bees are able by feeding to convert any young worker larva, or egg which might produce such, into a queen." It follows that "the beekeeper has but to remove the mother from a stock, and supply if needful the eggs or young larvæ, and the bees will do the rest." Besides this, some beekeepers, who wish to raise extra queens, induce their bees, by cutting and piercing some of the combs into particular shapes, to make more queen-cells. These cells are generally removed to the queen-nurseries, and so the process of queen rearing goes on. The clipping of one or both of a queen-bee's wings, with the view of preventing her from flying to a distance with her swarms, is one of the nice operations of the beekeeper; but for this purpose he must first catch his queen. It is enough to make a beginner's blood run cold to read of picking the queen from off a hanging cluster of swarming bees with the fingers; to be recommended to turn the fresh hive into which bees have just swarmed upside down, shake it round until the bees "roll over each other, like so many grocer's currants," and seize the queen when she comes to the top; or to throw down a whole cluster on to a sheet, search for and lay hold of the queen. Yet if he wishes to attain perfection he must be prepared to do all this and even more. It is possible, nay, "quite easy, not only to introduce, but to get one queen to *lay* in half a dozen distinct hives in a single week." The introduction should be at night; the queen should previously be kept fasting and in solitude for half an hour, and she should be put in by lifting, at one corner, the quilt of the hive, the bees being driven back with a very little smoke. Presently, when the bees find her they think that "she *must* belong to the hive, for she did not pass the entrance at all, but is found near the roof, and thus the bees are cheated into kindness, where a knowledge of the truth would make them wild with rage." When the operator wishes to remove the queen to another hive, he can usually find her by lifting the frames and searching each comb until he sees her. A sharp eye for a queen is one of the first things to be cultivated in a beekeeper.

Except for convenience or appearance' sake, there is no special object in keeping beehives in a garden rather than elsewhere. As a rule, bees do not gather honey and pollen from plants and flowers close at hand; "all included within a circle two miles in diameter, having the apiary for its centre, may be regarded by the beekeeper as his forage-ground." Nevertheless it is well that rich forage should be near, as this saves time and labour. The forms of the pollen of many flowers are to be found in botanical works—fourteen of plants popular among bees are given here—so, by taking some of the pollen from his bees' "pollen-baskets," and submitting it to a medium microscope, the beekeeper may "detect whence his honey is coming." To ascertain that one is getting honey at all, much less to know from what flowers it has been gathered, is more than one can hope for in purchasing honey in ordinary shops, for honey is much adulterated with corn-syrup, which is "produced in America in enormous quantities by the action of acids at high temperatures upon the starch of maize." Sixty-four pages of this book are devoted to "The Production of Honey." This is one of the most important—indeed, *the* most important—of a beekeeper's duties, and all his others should be subservient to it. A scientific apiarian may have fine and flourishing colonies, and bees of various breeds, pure as well as judiciously intermixed—he may be an adept at swarming, queen-rearing, and operating, and yet fail to produce good honey. Mr. Cheshire's description of the causes of small specks in honey will make most people who read it careful in selecting any honey that they either purchase or eat.

"The genus *Apis* contains about sixteen species," according to Mr. Cheshire. He tells us, moreover, that "the whole genus is naturally restricted to the Old World, for although members of it have now become naturalized in America, Australia, or the islands of the Pacific, they were originally conveyed thither by Europeans," and he adds this curious detail, that "it has been remarked that the Red Indians were in the habit of noting the gradual absorption of their territory by the white man through the forward advance of his herald, *Apis mellifica*." The latter, or German bee, is the brown bee so well known in this country. Its best quality is that it is an excellent comb-builder, and its worst is that it is very quarrelsome with its neighbours. The *Apis ligustica*, Ligurian, Italian, or Yellow Alpine bee, is good-tempered, industrious, and prolific, but its "comb-honey is not equal in appearance to that produced by blacks," and it requires extra care in winter. This breed has been much imported during the last twenty-five years, and it has "multiplied until almost all our black bees give indications of an admixture of Italian blood." The Cyprian bees, which are evidently great favourites with Mr. Cheshire, gained a reputation for savageness in England; but, although it is very true that they are demons when roused, they are gentle enough if properly handled. They winter better than the Italians, and are excellent in all respects, temper alone excepted. The Holy Land or Syrian bees are remarkable for building an extraordinary number of queen-cells. They are serviceable bees, but, like the Cyprians, somewhat variable in their temper. Hungarian bees are proverbially gentle; they winter well, and are becoming more and more popular. The *Apis fasciata*, or Egyptian bee, is exceedingly vicious, and, as far as Mr. Cheshire can tell us, it has no counterbalancing virtues.

The chapter on the Diseases and Enemies of Bees, if too scientific for some beekeepers, contains useful hints and suggestions for all, and even non-beekeepers will find it interesting. It only remains for us to add that the book is well indexed, well got up, and admirably illustrated.

ETHICS AND LOGIC.*

A GREAT change has come over the literary world since Francis Jeffrey, the most impertinent of successful editors, wrote that "it is an insult upon the understanding of a female writer to treat her like a lady." Even then he was dealing with Joanna Baillie, to whom he was "fully as rude" as he had been to another of her sex. One cannot help wondering what he would have said of such a work as *Educational Ends*, by a lady who is a D.Sc. of London University. Certainly he would have required to pass beyond his own philosophical position—such as it was—to understand the greater part of it. Miss—or shall we say Doctor?—Bryant has written an admirable book on the subject. The misfortune is that only by a few will it be read and appreciated. In great measure this is the author's own fault. Only those who are familiar with the philosophical terms she uses will care to accompany her far. The preface and introduction will be stumbling-blocks in themselves. Besides, it is surely possible to present one's views even on difficult matters with greater clearness than is here manifested. Miss Bryant is apparently deficient in imagination. Paucity of illustration is not necessarily a fault, although it makes the strain upon the reader greater; but, when illustration is resorted to, we should expect to find better examples than those on p. 146 and p. 252 of this volume. Surely even the "students of educational theory," for whom the author professedly writes, are human beings who are neither likely to be blind to the attractions of style nor apt to judge of a book's merits by its obscurity. Otherwise—and we confess to some doubts on the subject—they must be a set of irrational prigs. Miss Bryant divides her work into two parts—the one ethical, and the other

* *Educational Ends; or, the Ideal of Personal Development.* By Sophie Bryant, D.Sc. Lond. London: Longmans & Co.

Morality and Utility: a Natural Science of Ethics. By George Payne Best, B.A., M.B. Cantab. London: Trübner & Co.

Inductive Political Economy. By William Lucas Sargant. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

Studies and Exercises in Formal Logic. By John Neville Keynes, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co.

A Short Introduction to the Study of Logic. By Laurence Johnstone. London: Longmans & Co.

psychological. Of these the former is the better in every way. It does not treat of the matters which we are accustomed to meet with in a scientific work on ethics. Rather, it discusses the question of the process of development of the good character—so far keeping within the lines indicated by the title of the book. Its endeavour is to show how the mind must pass from the state of isolated individualism, which seeks merely personal or selfish ends, to that state wherein the ends sought are common. In the latter there is given even to the individual person a higher satisfaction than he would otherwise attain. Not that this satisfaction for himself is consciously present to his mind when he leaves his first standpoint. "I do not mean that duties are accepted and sacrifices made *because* the person making them *perceives* that he will thus increase his personal liberty and satisfy his sympathetic feelings." That is not true in fact, and, if it were true, it would take all the ethical value out of each duty and sacrifice. It is not because all these things shall be added unto us that we are to seek the kingdom. That must be sought *first* for itself, and no doubt the reward will be great. Yet the character which is the best is built up without regard to reward on the one hand or punishment on the other. Were it not so, it would be impossible to speak of self-sacrifice in any reasonable way. The common life in which the individual merges his selfish existence, whose ends he makes his own, is naturally taken as that of the family first and the community afterwards. Neither of these is perfect, of course; but the identification of himself with their larger being is the first step which each one must take in his ethical progress. Duty is considered, not as imposed from without, but as recognized and accepted willingly as the means of growth. Miss Bryant writes forcibly in criticism of those who hold up an ideal of duty so negatively strong that "pleasure can be despised, pain endured, and any revolt of characteristic inclinations promptly put down." The following is her picture of the result:—

The satisfaction of natural desires and the exercise of natural impulses, within certain limits, are not only pleasant, but also healthy. An abrupt self-denial with respect to such desires and impulses, while they are within these limits, is, therefore, passively destructive of health; and an abrupt strain on them, without those limits, is actively destructive. The former arrests growth, the latter involves wear and tear. On the other hand, a self-denial which is not abrupt, though directed to the modification of the desires and impulses, is healthy, and has, too, a certain enjoyableness. Control of conduct in all details by a single sense of duty implies abrupt self-denials and abrupt strains. Enfeeblement is the result, and so also is habitual sadness. The result of training towards this ideal is a kind of good man who has himself always well in hand, but who never flings the vigorous life of his whole personality into the discharge of duty, whose soul does not laugh and sing with the joy of conscious development into a higher personality when each good deed is done.

Notwithstanding this protest against the morality of asceticism, against the imposition of duty under the guise of a barren "ought," there are indications here and there that the position is not without some attractions for the author; but they are scarcely of sufficient importance to deserve more than mention. More important is a tendency to error on the other side. It is easy enough to say that, "unless discipline carry the conviction of duty with it, this disposition [to transform a claim into a duty] is not cultivated by the discipline, and no real progress is made at the time towards the condition of mind in which it is possible for virtue to become a purpose." This is quite true; but Miss Bryant must remember that the majority of those being educated have to walk by faith. The Right for them is shown from without, and the only way in which they can learn its reasonableness is through example. In this sense she is perfectly correct in saying that the most successful disciplinarian is the Leader. In the later chapters of the first part of her book she works out her main thought clearly and carefully, coming at last to the community as the "common personality," whose end must be reached by the same process as must that of the individual personality. Even in its case there must be a going out of self towards a wider field than is necessarily present for itself alone. The end is for all and by the help of all. Here, as indeed throughout her book, there is a suggestion of optimism in the author, refreshing enough in these times. Without that it would scarcely be possible to speak of "education," or "growth," or "development" at all. The opposition, if any, which Miss Bryant must be prepared to meet is that which will come from those who remain in the region of the abstract understanding, who will not be able to reconcile apparent contradictions. To them the universal and the individual are diametrically opposed; and if the individual is to lose self in the universal, that means the extinction of the former. When our "dead selves" are buried, nothing remains. It is from a much higher standpoint that our author looks on the matter when she writes that the free man's object "covers the whole field of complete development for all members of the universal community," and adds that "the universality of the free man's ideas and ends of conduct does not destroy their individuality." As we have already said, the second part of the book is the less interesting and less successful, although it gives evidence of the same thoroughness and ability which we have remarked in the first. Its best chapter—in which the author's optimism is again apparent—is that on the "Quest of Necessity." The teacher, Miss Bryant holds, must encourage the child to the quest of wisdom by "sympathy and support given to his natural wonder at the unknown," and stimulation given to his natural belief in the possibility of knowledge. With any Unknowable, whether in its religious or in its scientific form, she will have nothing to do. She cannot believe in the ultimate insolubility of the problem of knowledge. The questions which the mind raises the mind must be able to answer. "The problem is to be pursued to its solution despite all difficulties, these being regarded simply as indications that new departures are necessary; ultimate truth is a reality, and science a real effort to obtain it." The volume closes with a chapter written to show that, although the author has treated the ethical and the logical developments separately, there is beneath the duality a fundamental unity. We have already mentioned what are the author's faults. It would be unfair to let the book go without saying that these sink into comparative insignificance beside its undoubted merits.

"There is no science in which such confusion reigns as in Ethics." Thus writes Mr. George Payne Best, B.A., M.B. Cantab., in his *Morality and Utility*. Indeed, this is his first sentence; but the reader who expects to find the confusion made less in the course of the book will be himself confounded. If he gets as far as p. 35, he will discover that this graduate of Cambridge, who is to set us all right on Ethical Science, in making "a really useful deduction" from a passage in Hume, uses the common Logical fallacy of Undistributed Middle. If he goes further, he will find that the absoluteness, universality, and permanence of moral laws are proved by a series of extracts from a curious variety of writers, commencing with Cudworth and Clarke, finishing with Bishop Temple and Mr. Bright. Having, as we will suppose, patience enough to read through these (although most of them, as the author admits, are taken at second-hand from Bain's laborious work), he will be at once surprised and glad to find in the midst of them the utterances of Philosopher Square taken from Fielding's novel. Whether the evidence of that worthy, or even of Parson Thwackum, is at all conclusive as to the absoluteness, &c., of moral laws, may be a matter of question. At any rate, these gentlemen find themselves in good company, for the quotations following that which records their discussion are taken from an Abbé, a Bishop, and a former Cabinet Minister. When Mr. Best has, by means of these distinguished authorities, carried his point about the character of moral laws, he brings these face to face with existing customs and institutions, with the object of showing that the latter are immoral. The moral instinct, he holds, is at variance with the institutions of society. Upon this text the whole remainder of his book is written. Morality is present to us as an Ideal. Whatever truth there may be in its utterances, it is not truth that can be carried out in practice. It is clear, the author urges, that "Morality—an absolute, universal, and permanent law—implies—postulates—an absolutely equal, asexual, immortal population." It is unnecessary to follow him into his grounds for the statement. We come across another of equal value:—"If the whole spirit of Christian teaching has not been to discourage the aiming at greatness, and the encouraging of equality, then I have greatly misunderstood the spirit of that teaching." But that is exactly what Mr. Best has done; as the very quotations from Scripture which precede this sentence ought to have told him. To quote "Let him be your minister," and "He made himself of no reputation, but took upon him the form of a servant," as passages which "encourage equality" in our author's sense is egregious folly. If he desires to find out their true ethical meaning, we can recommend him to study the first part of Miss Bryant's book, which we have already noticed. But Mr. Best's mistakes do not end here. He presents to us Morality as an Ideal which it is impossible to attain, forgetting to explain to us why it is there if its attainment is impossible; but he goes further than this. In the extraordinary chapter which ends his work, he at intervals prints (in capital letters) the following sentence as the sum of his philosophizing on the whole subject:—"Morality is the Decoy which leads us to Virtue." That is to say, the Ideal is a will-o'-the-wisp, a phantom, a mockery. Has it never occurred to the author that, if this be so, the only honest course is to get rid of it? If, as he apparently holds, it can only justify its presence in the mind as something tricky—a decoy—ought it not immediately to be banished? If, to use his own words, "Morality is an Illusion brought about by mental exaggeration under emotional states—under conditions the very reverse of those necessary for the securing of a result scientifically true," is it not mania of some kind? He is a doctor, and ought to know. For ourselves, we confess to the belief that, if there is insanity anywhere, it is at least not among those who hold different ethical views from the author. We learn (pp. 196, 197) that among the Ideals to be compared with Morality are Love, "that lowest of all Ideals," and Athleticism—apparently because these have an "annual tale of martyrs." Reading on:—

Thus it is with Morality. In the present day it counts few victims enough. But, by its presence in the mind, it promotes that lower degree (if we may call it so) of excellence which we name Virtue. But, if Morality be favourable to Virtue, and if virtuous action gives an advantage in the struggle for existence, we have all the ground for assuring ourselves that an illusion so useful, when once arising, will tend to be generalized through the action of Natural Selection, and perpetuated; and, not only so, but that it will never disappear until it ceases to be indispensable—until Virtue becomes organic in the individual, and Society is so well arranged that person and function are adapted to each other in such a manner that no sense of discrepancy shall arise in the mind that contemplates their fitness, one for the other.

Such a passage as this is conclusive testimony to the truth of the sentence with which the book begins and with which all readers should end.

No writer deserves better of a reviewer than does Mr. William Lucas Sargant. He has a thoroughly distinct way of saying what he means. Whatever value his opinions may have, there can be no doubt as to what they are. That is an especial merit in times

when obscure phraseology and bad style are so common. Not that Mr. Sargant's style is good. *Inductive Political Economy* is written after a jerky Carlylese fashion. It is, on the whole, rather an ethical than an economical work, for the questions raised by the author do not all come within the range of the science, as it is generally understood and propounded. The book begins with a not unacceptable list of "terms and definitions," among which the most important is that relating to "reproduction." But the author, the printer, or the reader, has made an unpleasant mistake on the 36th page. What precedes is perfectly correct, but what would a sailor say to the following?—"The words were in practice so often confounded by steersmen, with ill results, that larboard was abolished in favour of port." That is all right; but "now instead of starboard and larboard we have port and larboard" is of course all wrong. Leaving that aside, we may say generally of Mr. Sargant's work that it is more likely to show the author's good intention than to have any practical effect. In one of his spasmodic utterances, not well known, Mr. Ruskin says, "I would like to add that, while I admit there is such a thing as mercantile economy, distinguished from social, I have always said that neither Mill, Fawcett, nor Bastiat knew the contemptible science they professed to teach." Something of the spirit of this sentence runs through Mr. Sargant's work, especially in his criticism upon Mr. Herbert Spencer and a late President of the Board of Trade. Malthus, as might be expected, comes in only to be condemned. If writers would only study Malthus at first hand and remember his circumstances, if they would even take the trouble to study Dr. James Bonar's representation of him, they would be less ready with their sweeping denunciations. A tendency established by the results of past experience does not mean a fact for all experience. There is another point upon which we shall only touch. Mr. Sargant recommends retaliation. To the foreigners he says, "We will tax you in return." It is scarcely conceivable that he has carefully considered all that this involves. If he could keep foreign duties at a certain—or below a certain—rate, his idea might work well enough. But that is impossible, and a war of tariffs would certainly not be advantageous to this country. Mr. Sargant is at once more successful and more interesting when he departs from the ordinary lines of the "Philosophy of Selfishness," and, either in offence or in defence, propounds his personal opinions. These are always worth a hearing, and, as we have hinted, are expressed with no uncertain sound. What he—from the philosophic point of view—requires to understand is that there is a possibility, brought in this country nearly to a fact, of reconciliation between the doctrines of *Laissez Faire* and Paternal Government, as the latter is generally accepted. It is the old story of the universal and the individual over again.

The second edition of Mr. Keynes's *Formal Logic* is only slightly different from the first. It is plainly intended for students only, and it is not hard to see that but a few of them will struggle through all its technicalities. Those who are really interested may find something to pay them for their toil when they come to the chapter on "Complex Inferences," which is sound and clever. The author, we think, is too much tied to Jevons, and, by introducing into his work the "universe of discourse," is likely to raise questions which no advocate of a purely formal logic could possibly answer. Whether it be owing to some jealousy between the Universities we cannot tell, but this author (from Cambridge) seems always glad to have a hit at Mr. Bradley (from Oxford). In only one case, so far as we have seen, is he justified. He is right at another point (p. 297) in correcting Dr. Fowler.

We do not desire to say much more of Mr. Laurence Johnstone's *Introduction to Logic* than that it is recommended by "Ricardus F. Clarke, S.J. *Censor deputatus*," and authorized by "Henricus Edwardus, Card. Archiep. Westmin." It will serve its purpose, no doubt, very well; but we believe that even the high authorities mentioned could quite readily have dispensed with some of the safeguards which Mr. Johnstone has found it expedient to produce for the benefit of the unwary Roman Catholic student. That, however, is a matter between him and his ecclesiastical superiors, and we are glad to pass his book, as Dr. Clarke does, with a *Nihil obstat*.

CHRONICLE OF ROBERT OF BRUNNE.*

"THE present volume," says Mr. Furnivall, "is not a contribution to English history, but to the history of English." It contains that first part of Robert of Brunne's Chronicle, or, "Story of Inglande," which Hearne, the first editor, omitted as having no historical value, it being an English version of Wace's French adaptation of Geoffrey of Monmouth, with some additions from Dares Phrygius, Bæda, and others. In the main it is what the Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford calls "those wretched fables" of Geoffrey over again—the tales of Brutus, Corineus, Gogmagog, Sabrina (Sabren), Lear, Cordelia (Gordylle), Arthur, and all the rest of them, down to Cadwaladr. Whatever grains of fact the students of Celtic matters may by degrees pick out from among the husks of Geoffrey, this version by Robert of Brunne can add nothing to our knowledge of early British history; and historical students will hardly regard it as a useful addition to the Rolls series. But to the philologist, and especially to the student of the English language, it is a very different matter. The importance of Robert of Brunne's writings as laying the foundations of modern English is now well known, thanks to Mr. Furnivall's edition of the *Handlyng Synne*, and to Mr. Kington Oliphant's books on the English language. Philologists, at any rate, will have no quarrel with the decision which has given a place in the Rolls series to this hitherto unprinted portion of Robert of Brunne's Chronicle, which exists in two MSS. One of these is more consistently Northern in its forms than the other, which is in a mixed dialect such as belongs to the Midland, and is used in Robert of Brunne's earlier work, the *Handlyng Synne*. Hence the MS. in this dialect has been chosen for the basis of the present text, as being the more likely to represent the actual writing of the author. Mr. Furnivall expresses an intention of some time editing the Northern version also. The language of the text before us, being in that dialect from which modern English sprang has, for its date, a comparatively modern sound, and the same may be said of the metre, in which the line-ending *e* appears to be silent, as in modern usage. Many of the couplets run with something like the "light-horseman" gallop of Walter Scott. The interest which attaches to the *Handlyng Synne* as a picture of life and manners cannot be claimed by a so-called history which brings before us the dream-world of Brutus and of Arthur; but the prologue gives us a glimpse of reality, and is moreover all out of Robert of Brunne's own head. As a rule, he was not an original writer. "Like the architect of Lincoln's Inn Hall," remarks Mr. Furnivall, "Robert of Brunne can assure his hearers and readers that in his production 'there is not a single thing for which I haven't a precedent.'" Yet, to do him justice, he ventured upon some additions to his French model, which the editor has considerately marked with dots; and in some cases these additions seem to be due to his unaided intelligence. At any rate, he composed the *Prologus* and some other introductory matter, setting forth his authorities:—"And right as Master Wace says, I tell mine English the same ways; for Master Wace the Latin all rimes, That Piers [Peter of Langtoft, whom he followed for the Second Part of his Chronicle] overhops many times." He tells how he had put his story into as simple English as he could, for "the love of simple men That strange English cannot ken"; and how he did it, not for praise, but only to benefit the unlearned.

> I made it not forto be praysed,
> but at þe lewed men were aysed.

He also cites "Dares the Freson," and, towards the end, for the history of the Angles, "seynt Bede." After the usual mediæval fashion, he asks as "meed" the prayers of his readers; and, as he had already done in the *Handlyng Synne*, he gives his name, Robert Manning, of Brunne (Bourne in Lincolnshire). When he wrote the earlier work, in 1303, he was in the Gilbertine Priory of Sempringham, probably as a lay brother; but when, five-and-thirty years later, he produced his "Story of England," he was in another house of the Order, at Sixille, now Six Hills, not far from Market-Rasen. Dan Robert of Malton, apparently the Prior of Sixille, caused him, he says, to write his chronicle for the benefit of his "fellows," "when they would solace make." According to the rule of the Order, nothing was allowed to be written without the knowledge and permission of the Prior. Hence, no doubt, Robert of Brunne's care to state the authorization for his work.

In orthodox fashion, he begins his tale from the Flood, and so passes on to Jupiter, the ninth in descent from Noah. From thence he traces the genealogy till he comes to Priam and his sons, when we have the tale of the Judgment of Paris, the three goddesses being degraded to "three witches," who "ladies were called, and in the air did fare." There is a similar adaptation of classical ideas when Brutus the Trojan comes to a temple where the misbelieving folk

> Worschiped þer-inne Maumetry,—
> Dyane in lyknesse of o lefdy.

Diana was a fiend who spoke from an "Erlyk man ymage." In a note the editor seems to read this as "earthly man"; but in his glossary he interprets "erlyk" as "frightful." Further on Brutus falls in with "Nykeres," who in the French original are *seraines* (sirens), and in whom we recognize the Nixes of German folklore. Escaping the wiles of the sweet-singing "Nykeres," Brutus touches the coast of Spain, and then lands in Gaul, which is ruled by "þe twelue dosze-peres" (the twelve *douze pairs*—an odd piece of tautology). Finally, the wandering Trojan reaches the Isle of Albion, where there were no men except *geauntes*. A giant, Robert of Brunne explains, "is more [*i.e.* bigger] than man," but of similar form and make—that is, he adds with commendable caution, "so says the book," but he himself knows not, for "in my time saw I never none." Gogmagog, the biggest of these giants, he calls "that foul frog," a use of the word which the editor compares with the still existing use of "toad" as an epithet of abuse. When we come to the history of Kings Belyn and Brenne, who parted the kingdom north and south, we learn that "contek and [illegible] Out of the north will alway rise" —which looks as if Robert had no great love for the men beyond

* *The Story of England, by Robert Manning of Brunne, A.D. 1338.* Edited from MSS. at Lambeth Palace and the Inner Temple. By Frederick J. Furnivall, M.A., Trin. Hall, Cambridge; Hon. Dr. Phil., Berlin. Parts I. & II. Published under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: Longmans & Co., Trübner & Co.; Oxford: Parker & Co.; Cambridge: Macmillan & Co.; Edinburgh: A. & C. Black and Douglas & Foulis; Dublin: Thom & Co., Limited.

Humber. "Overhopping," as he himself would say, many pages, we at last reach Hengest, who explains that he and his followers have been constrained to emigrate from "Saxoyne" because their folk are "so waxing," and have so many children who all grow up, that "the land is over-charged"—an early appearance of the over-population difficulty. Hengest's fair daughter "Ronewenne"—the Rowena of modern writers—comes before King Vortiger when he is merry and "well cup-shotten," and works him into such love-madness that he weds her, pagan as she is, in pagan fashion—

> Of prest was þer no benisoun,
> Ne messe songen, ne orysoun—

whereof came all evil, as might be expected. A great deal of the narrative is occupied by the history of King Arthur, winding up with his retreat to the Isle of Avalon, where, say the Britons, he is still "on live"—

> Lyuende man wyþ blod & flesche.

This Robert of Brunne refuses to believe; indeed, he goes so far as to call it "the Britons' lie." After Arthur's fall there was endless trouble with the heathen Saxons, who at last overran all the land, so that "the Archbishop of London" had to flee to the woods, while his brother of York "lived in kerres [marshes], as doth the stork." One more quotation, and we may leave Robert of Brunne's poetry. The lines are introductory to the "Angle" and "Angel" story:—

> . Wel more oughte Englys loue God, & drede,
> . þan any nacion or any lede,
> . ffor a grace þat God haþ hem gyuen
> . ffor-by alle þo kyndes þat lyuen ;
> . Als fair are þe comune pedaille
> . As þe lordynges & of entaille.
> . Giue Englische men euen kepynge,
> . Mete & drynke, & oþer þynge,
> . Ys no man of so fair colour,
> . Ne so cler, ne of so swete sauour.

Mr. Furnivall has appended an elaborate index of rimes, as well as indexes of names and subjects, and a full glossary. He also sets a good example to other editors by being liberal of side-notes. To these it pleases him at times to impart a quaintly jerky effect by the use of forms such as "I've," "they'll," "he's," "doesn't," "'em," which last we know is good English for *them*, but still in a side-note "it is affectations." He gives us an interesting and in some parts characteristic preface—not wholly his own, for he tells us that the account of the life led in houses of the Gilbertine Order is due to Mr. W. H. Utley. In this Order men and women lived within the same inclosure, though separated by a high wall, and with no communication except through a small window with a turn-table, through which food and other necessaries were passed. The first priory of the Order—that of Sempringham—was founded about 1139 for nuns, who were waited upon by poor maidens; but these desiring also to enter the cloister, lay brothers were appointed to serve them and priests to minister to them. "This gave its whole character to the Order in after times, and the brothers and the canons were little more than attendants, temporal and spiritual, to the nuns and sisters." One feature of the Order might please the sternest Protestant. No organ or music was allowed in their church, nor any pictures or carvings, "lest they divert the mind from prayer and contemplation." The life of the lay brothers, to whom Robert of Brunne probably belonged, was, at any rate originally, a hard one; and altogether the rule of the Order was strict, and carefully framed to avoid scandal. But its pristine strictness, like that of many other Orders, was not fully maintained, and it is not known how far, in Robert of Brunne's day, the rules may have been "relaxed to the freedom or license of Chaucer's time." Mr. Furnivall tells us what little can be made out about Robert of Brunne's personal history, and of the Priors under whose sway he lived. His observations on the *Handlyng Synne* are partly repeated—a repetition of which no one will complain—from his edition of that work printed for the Roxburghe Club. Interest in Robert of Brunne has led him to visit Bourne, Sempringham, and Six Hills, of which he gives a pleasant description. He had the satisfaction of finding the language that Robert spoke, or at least one word of it, still living. "A walk across the fields to a farmhouse to ask the way produced in answer one of Robert's words, 'Yes, that's the *gainest* way.'" Lastly, he gives us, in his characteristically naïf and engaging manner, the history of the misfortunes that befell his work, and the delays in its production:—

> Twice before, in the many years since this text was begun, have I made collections of notes, &c. for preparing a fit Introduction to this Chronicle. The first time, all my notes disappeared while workmen were in the house during a long country holiday that I took. The second time, last year, I must have left in some shop, railway, or omnibus, the bound and noted volume of the text, with a Paper on the dialect and phonetics of the Lambeth MS. which Dr. Henry Sweet had most kindly prepared for me. Now, under great pressure of other work, the present Introduction has been written, on the urgent remonstrance of the Deputy Keeper of the Records. I can only ask mercy for its shortcomings, and for the long delay which has taken place in the production of the book; pleading also that this delay has not been due to mere laziness, though I acknowledge that it was wrong in me to do other work and leave this volume undone.

No one could resist such charming candour; so we are not surprised to learn that the Rolls authorities—"many, alas, now no longer with us"—showed "great forbearance."

GERMAN READERS AND MANUALS.*

THE editors of Whittaker's Series are fulfilling their promise of placing the most esteemed of modern German authors within the reach of English students. Having introduced them to Moser and Heyse, they carry on the series with Freytag, the greatest living master of German light literature. His novels which have won him so much popularity and reputation are more or less well known among us; but his comedies are quite unknown to English readers. *Die Journalisten*, the comedy selected by Dr. Lange as a specimen of Freytag's dramatic power, was written when its author was plunged in the vortex of an election contest in addition to his labours as a journalist. As the name implies, it is the outcome of his personal experiences. The story turns on an election, and a halo of romance is thrown over the prosaic calling of a journalist, the intrigues of a love-story being introduced into the unaccustomed quarters of a newspaper-office. The hero of the piece is the witty, energetic, but exceedingly frivolous, sub-editor of a Liberal newspaper, the *Union*. He is deeply smitten with the charms of a lovely heiress who is staying with her friend, the daughter of the Conservative candidate and the author of certain articles in the rival newspaper which the *Union* has turned into ridicule. Thus the lovers seem parted by the most insuperable of obstacles. After a great deal of fun about the mysteries of electioneering and editing that go on behind the scenes, everything comes right. The heiress buys up the paper, of which the versatile Bolz becomes chief editor, and then marriage follows shortly after. The piece is a charming comedy of everyday life. The interest never flags, for it is well sustained by cleverly imagined incidents, and the dialogue is witty and sparkling, but never forced. The characters are all distinct and well-sustained impersonations of types to be met with any day in ordinary social life. Bolz is a very original conception, showing that a man's heart has room for two *grandes passions*, and that the most practical and prosaic exterior may cover sentimental depths of which his comrades have no ken. His whole heart and soul are thrown into fighting the battles of his party and his chief. He makes no effort to win his ladylove, whom he worships at a distance like some bright star, that he may gaze at but not grasp. Alone among the journalists he is true to his profession, and by this very singleness of purpose he attains to his ideal.

Zopf und Schwert, Gutzkow's admirable comedy, is the latest addition to Whittaker's "Modern German Authors," and is edited by Dr. Lange, for use in schools, with notes philological and literary. The author, though one of the leading modern German dramatists, is little known and less read in England. He made his mark as a journalist at a very early age. Infected by the revolutionary fever of 1830 he became one of the leading spirits of the Jung Deutschland party, and in consequence his career was cut short by a term of imprisonment and the prohibition of all his writings. On his release he took refuge in the free towns of Hamburg and Frankfort, and devoted himself to the writing of satirical essays. From these he passed to the drama, wrote a great number of plays, and gained thereby much popularity and distinction. But, like all popular authors, he had to pay the usual penalty of success, for it raised against him a crowd of enemies among his less fortunate contemporaries. Adverse criticism and the annoyance of the attacks he was subjected to turned his brain, and he tried to take his own life. The attempt was frustrated, and he was shut up for a twelvemonth in a madhouse. After his restoration to society he tried to follow in Freytag's steps, and wrote several ponderous historical novels, but with no great success. His end was tragic. He was found dead in his room, suffocated by gas, in 1878. His historical comedies are the works by which he won most popularity, and of these *Zopf und Schwert* is about the best, and is still a favourite on the German stage. The scene is laid in Berlin, at the Court of Frederick William I., notorious for the extreme length to which he carried domestic tyranny, and for the injustice and oppression by which he warped the character of his distinguished son, Frederick the Great. The oddities of the King furnish an unfailing fund of admirable material for a comedy. The plot of the play hinges on the manœuvres for securing the hand of Frederick's sister, the Princess Wilhelmina. This lady was quite the equal of her brother in intellect, as her diary, when Margravine of Baireuth, recently presented to English readers in Princess Christian's translation, bears ample witness. There are several aspirants for the hand of the Princess. All of them are of high degree, and each is favoured by a different member of her family. The King intends to marry her to the Archduke Leopold, the eldest son of the

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* *Die Journalisten: Gustav Freytag.* Edited by Dr. Lange. London: Whittaker & Co.

Zopf und Schwert: Karl Gutzkow. Edited by Dr. Lange. London: Whittaker & Co.

Primer of German Literature. By Isabel T. Lublin, F.R.Hist.Soc. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1888.

Schiller's Maria Stuart. Edited by J. L. Bevir, M.A. London: Rivingtons.

Schiller's Minor Poems. By Arthur P. Vernon. London: Williams & Norgate.

Exercises for Translating German into English and English into German. By Clemens Schlomka, M.A., Ph.D. Glasgow: Maclehose & Sons. 1888.

Elementary German Course. By Franz Lange, Ph.D. London: Whittaker & Co.

Manual of German Composition. By H. S. Beresford-Webb. London: Rivingtons.

Emperor. The Queen, her mother, is bent on an alliance with England, and looks on the Prince of Wales as the only fit mate for her daughter. The Crown Prince Frederick has set his heart on having his own friend, the hereditary Prince of Baireuth, as a brother-in-law. This Prince comes to press his suit in person. He is sent to the Prussian Court by the absent Frederick to act as a spy, and find out how that old madman the King treats his wife and daughter. He has fallen in love with the Princess from her portrait, seen at her brother's castle of Rheinsberg. He persuades her to receive a French master, recommended by her brother. For this bold step Wilhelmina is placed under arrest. An English emissary, Hotham, appears at the Court at the same time, sent to negotiate the alliance with the Prince of Wales. The Prince recognizes in him an old friend who is under great obligations to him, and is much more inclined to advance his suit than that of his own master. Matters are further complicated by a rumour that the Prince of Wales has arrived in Berlin, and is keeping up a strict incognito. Baireuth is in despair and suspects Hotham of playing him false. Hotham vindicates his sincerity by disclosing to him the secret that the Prince's supposed presence is only a *canard* got up with a political purpose, and gets him admission to the King's famous Tabakcollegium. Baireuth finds out that the King only admits him to this symposium with the intention of making him the butt of his wit. But forewarned is forearmed, and the Prince manages to turn the tables on the King and to give him a few home thrusts about his domestic interference. In the end all ends well; the King, seeing that Baireuth and Wilhelmina are in love with one another, gives his consent to their union. The scene in the Tabakcollegium gives occasion for much sparkling repartee. That in which the King suddenly drops into a secret reception of the Queen's, when she and her ladies are indulging in the forbidden recreations of cards and music on the sly, is very funny. The legend of the White Lady of the Palace is made use of by the Princess, who, disguised as this ghastly visitant, appears before the eyes of her irate parent, when he believed her to be a close prisoner. The threads of the plot are very dexterously handled, and the old King is a very faithful and carefully worked out character study. The whole play bears the stamp of that accuracy and faithfulness to historic details for which Gutzkow was famous. The notes are good. But in the first one we notice the strange slip of translating "Aufzug" scene and "Auftritt" act, thus reversing the meanings.

The Primer of the History of German Literature has been compiled by a lady who has long felt the want of such an elementary book for the use of her pupils. It is based on the larger work of Professor Kluge, and is meant as a help in getting up the names and dates of the chief writers of Germany in a shorter time than is possible by reading the voluminous works on the subject by German authors. We do not doubt that it will be found very useful in acquiring such superficial knowledge. But we must point out that to know the names of a certain number of men and of the books which they wrote is not to have a knowledge of the literature of any country, though in the present day and in the eyes of an examiner it may pass current for it. Such knowledge is practically useless. The literature of any nation is not formed of the titles of books, but of their contents. When once a book has been thoroughly read and digested, there is no fear of forgetting either the name of the book or the author. The use of literature is to supply new ideas to the mind; mere titles can give none. Miss Lublin's epitome, however, is accurate as far as it goes; and she prefaces the body of the work with a short introduction, showing the relation of the German tongue to its Teutonic brethren and more distant Aryan kinsfolk. She takes Ulfilas' Bible as her earliest specimen, and concludes her sketch with the lately-lost veteran Von Ranke, and does as full justice to the writers who built up German literature between these two as her very limited space will let her. Where space is so narrow, it seems vain to cavil at omissions; still, there are points left unnoted that connect some of the early poets with our own day which give a vitality to these old-world bards in the minds of young people. Thus, in citing Hartmann von Aue's "Poor Henry," there is no word to tell that it is the original of Longfellow's *Golden Legend*, so lately set to music by our most popular composer. Walther von der Vogelweide's beautiful bequest to the birds, which gave the poet another theme and will make the name a household word wherever Longfellow is read, is likewise left unnoticed. Nor is the use made by Wagner of *Parsifal* and *Tristan und Isolde* sufficiently made clear in the notices of these poems. Passing on to modern times, we are glad to find Miss Lublin doing full justice to Wieland, and giving him his due for reviving rhyme and romance in German poetry. She fully realizes, too, the greatness of Goethe, and devotes many pages to his works and character, and her analysis of *Faust* ought to be found acceptable now that its production on the English stage has made the name and plot of the great poet's masterpiece familiar even to those who are not German scholars. So many are the moderns that are enumerated in the latter part of the book, and some of them so unknown to fame, that we cannot but mark the absence of the brothers Grimm, Marlitt, and Werner, the best known of German novelists to English readers, and the popular playwrights Moser, Gutzkow, and Laube. Nor is a book of this size and compass without an index.

We are at a loss to discover why out of the works of Schiller any one should select *Maria Stuart* to put into the hands of schoolboys for use as a class-book. Perhaps the tercentenary of her tragic end, and the weak attempt that was made at exhibiting personal mementos of that saddest of stories, may have suggested to Mr. Bevir that it would be a pretty tribute to her memory to bring before his class the work in which the great German poet has embodied the tragic ending of that most romantic and unhappy life. Truth to tell, he has succeeded but poorly, and notwithstanding the attraction of the theme, *Maria Stuart* must take its place among the weakest of his works. It cannot be named in the same rank as *Don Carlos*, *Wallenstein*, or *Wilhelm Tell*, and is even far inferior to the *Jungfrau*. It falls short both in pathos and dramatic power, and does no sort of justice to the subject. It is strange that such a masterhand as Schiller should have failed to seize the best scenes in a life so full of dramatic incidents and should have chosen the final chapter which was so ineffective. Her rival denied poor Mary the consolation of making an imposing exit from the world. By the time she reached Fotheringay she was a prematurely old woman, worn out by the long tedium of a hopeless captivity. One cannot help feeling that death for her was a welcome deliverer. Had liberty been offered her she had no longer health or spirit to enjoy it. She is too utterly crushed to make an interesting heroine. The poet should have seized the sorrows of her prime for his subject. Misfortune falling on a young and beautiful Queen is much more striking and enlists more sympathy than the secret execution of a half-forgotten captive who has become inured to suffering. The meeting with Elizabeth, brought in to give the force of contrast, has no effect on the emotions of those who know quite well that it never took place. In the same way the introduction of Mortimer as an ardent admirer of the captive Queen, in the form of a nephew of surly old Paulett, is very irritating to English readers. Still more so is Leicester's love-sick monologue when the final act of the tragedy is over. If schoolboys are to read the play at all, they cannot do better than use Mr. Bevir's edition. He has avoided the too general fault of making too many notes, and takes care to point out the discrepancies between the poet's plot and authentic history.

Schiller's Minor Poems and Ballads is a fairly good selection, with such copious notes attached to each piece as to make the use of a dictionary unnecessary. Dr. Schlomka's Reader consists of three parts; the first contains short sentences; the second prose passages to give facility in the ready turning of English into German and German into English; a selection of favourite pieces of German poetry is the third. The exercises being intended to give readiness in applying already acquired knowledge. The short anecdotes are fresh and original, and more amusing than those in most books of the sort.

The *Elementary German Course* edited by Dr. Lange is divided into two parts. The first contains all those rules of the grammar that are generally useful in ordinary conversation or translation. The second part gives exercises to teach the practical application of these rules by turning German into English and *vice versâ*. To these are added a so-called historical sketch. In this sketch, which is compressed into one page, we have tried in vain to discover any history. It is merely a table of the Aryan languages of Europe, displayed in their several groups or families. It is not quite correct, for the language of Lithuania is left out altogether. German, Dr. Lange says, is now spoken in Switzerland and the Western provinces of Austria; thus he makes it out to be the language of over fifty-six millions of Europeans. This is only partially true, for of course every one knows that quite as many Swiss speak French and Italian as those who speak German, and that German is the official language of many Austrian provinces where it is not the tongue used by the people in everyday life. Dr. Lange's English is funny. "German and English Correspondences" he heads his vocabulary, and gives sentences "for translation into German or Extempore," as if the latter word were the name of another foreign tongue.

The author of a *Manual of German Composition* ought to look to his English and correct his own style before he gives advice on the subject to others. In his "Notes on Style" we find him cautioning the beginner against "keeping words or clauses apart which naturally *belong together*." This is the blind leading the blind indeed. He vaunts the great accuracy with which Germans can express their ideas from the richness of their vocabulary, and cites the number of words they have for a "field" or for "to kill" in illustration. But we could point out German words, on the other hand, which do duty for as many objects as if they were Chinese. Thus "Decke" may be the carpet, the hearth-rug, the counterpane, the table-cover, or the ceiling. And Decke is only a sample of a numerous class.

A HOLIDAY TASK.*

THE title of Mr. Maltman's *Holiday Papers* is misleading. It ought to mean papers to be perused in the holidays of the reader. It does mean papers composed in the holidays of Mr. Maltman. It might be contended that holiday is not, having regard to its etymology, the most appropriate word whereby to designate "the hours and days the writer could spare from the

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* *Holiday Papers—Teetotalism.* By James Maltman. Edinburgh: James Gemmell. 1888.

important duties of his calling as a preacher of the Gospel." However that may be, the volume, from the reader's point of view, is by no means of a holiday character. In the first place, a table, and that a stout one, is necessary for its convenient perusal, and its inclusion in the tourist's library would add seriously to the expense of Continental travel. Not counting a preface, an introduction, or a conclusion, each of which is substantially a paper in itself, the papers attain the respectable total of fifty-one, divided into nine chapters, and occupying no less than 625 large and closely-printed pages. Secondly, which is almost equally important, the moral characteristics of the essays are little, if at all, lighter than their collective physical entity. In this respect the author holds out a false hope in the preface by saying, "It is to be regretted that the style of this first paper is not quite what might have been desired. But it was felt that on such a question as teetotalism a little banter might attain the end sought easier than a great deal of solemn and weighty argument." No peculiar sprightliness animates the first paper. It is, indeed, somewhat liberally flavoured with passages sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other of the line which distinguishes mere vulgarity from vulgar blasphemy; but then, so are all its successors. We have not the pleasure of knowing in what conventicle Mr. Maltman preaches what gospel; but, whatever his location and doctrines may be, his style of expressing himself is common to an unfortunately large number of more or less honest, vigorous, and not particularly polished Dissenting ministers.

Having said so much, it is fully time to announce with satisfaction that few Dissenting ministers use their talents with such excellent intentions as those which animate Mr. Maltman. Maltman, by the way, is a name so appropriate to the admirable views concerning teetotalism which the author desires to enforce that any one unacquainted with the leading personages in Dissenting and temperance circles might almost be pardoned for suggesting the possibility of its being what the discoverer of Joseph Williams calls a *nom de plume*. For Mr. Maltman, from the first to the last of his 625 (and more) pages falls upon teetotallers, and smites them, taunts them, ridicules them, curses them, exposes their *quibus bonis*—this locution has been adopted advisedly, after deep consideration, and by and with the advice of an expert in baboo-English—annihilates their arguments, and generally routs them, slays them, and smashes them, as much as it is possible to rout, slay, and smash in print. It may be said that this is not the most difficult thing in the world, but no one could do it with a better will than Mr. Maltman, which is to his credit. He is particularly strong on the doctrinal side of the matter, and conclusively proves that teetotallers are Papists, Turks, Jews, and Atheists, with infinite gusto and determination. Sometimes, indeed, Mr. Maltman gets a little confused with the exuberance of his own logic, as when in the successful demolition of some teetotal argument to the effect that God made wine unfermented, and man fermented it, he asserts that "Man is a wonderful being, for he can make a piece of coal carry him across country before breakfast at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and think nothing of the feat either." A piece of coal which, after having been made to carry a man across hedges and ditches, sat down unconcernedly to consume its breakfast at the rate of fifty miles an hour, might not be a more wonderful, but would certainly be a more surprising, thing than a man. The argument incidentally mentioned above gives an idea of the sort of teetotal teaching against which Mr. Maltman took up his pen, and will by itself enable the ingenious reader to imagine the kind of monotonously crushing and almost cruel victories which Mr. Maltman gains on every page over his abject foe. But nothing satisfies his thirst for teetotal gore. He rushes from triumph to triumph, brandishing his battle-axe, and ever on to new triumphs. It is hardly to be hoped that sensible persons who agree with Mr. Maltman beforehand will follow him over any large proportion of his ensanguined course.

Naturally Mr. Maltman's method condemns him to suffer more or less from the vice of repetition. It appears that some Smith inserted in a teetotal tract a statement that, whenever any person tastes any intoxicating liquor "a start has already been made along that line which is so thickly strewn with the wreck of much that was great and noble." This unhappy passage Mr. Maltman quotes about a hundred times. The sentiment is certainly silly, the metaphor is vulgar, and the language is that of an uneducated man; but is the sentence worth repeating a second time? Also, from continuously whacking and slashing his detested enemy, Mr. Maltman has caught some of his affectations from him. Thus he is not free from the foolish habit of personifying all alcoholic potables as "the drink." Notwithstanding these faults it is probable that, if the Dissenting communities prone to the vice of teetotalism contain many human beings capable of reading Mr. Maltman's book through without expiring of weariness, it may be of some use. A person sharing Mr. Maltman's appetite for much argument and more vituperation on the topic of teetotalism, whichever side he took, could not be injured, and might be benefited, by its perusal. It would certainly not be a bad thing if noisy teetotallers were occasionally compelled to learn it by heart. The general public, which has made up its mind in favour of Mr. Maltman's main contention, will not be persuaded to read it.

THE ORIGIN OF ROOTS.*

IN *The Principles of the Structure of Language*, published about two years ago, Dean Byrne made an important, striking, but not quite accepted contribution to the study of comparative grammar. He set himself to account for the wide structural differences which separate different groups of languages by appealing mainly to the psychical differences which he believed to exist between the primitive peoples, as (for instance) in the various degrees of their mental excitability. Looking at language as "half mind and half matter," he set himself to trace the influence of mind upon matter. It was sufficiently risky to answer a still half-stated problem by plunging into the never verifiable conjectures of primitive psychology. That sort of thing did very well for the philosophers of the *Social Contract*. But the neo-grammarian has begun to set up his horn on high; he deals no longer in possibilities and probabilities; he has furnished himself with absolute principles, and scouts the "sporadic variations" of the "antiquated" Georg Curtius. Dean Byrne's present work, the *Origin of the Greek, Latin, and Gothic Roots*, is a departure, more daring than his last, from the sober regions of ascertainable phenomena, and takes us right away into the domain of "phonetic physiology." Dividing the past history of words into three set of laws—those of their original production, those of their subsequent change in utterance or form, and those of their subsequent change in meaning—he declares that only the second set have been investigated with any considerable success; that very little progress has been made with the third set, and that inquiry into the first set has been pronounced to be at present chimerical. It is this last "axiom of despair" which he now undertakes to disprove. He does not claim to have established certainties. He does not ask us to say that "this *was* so," only "it might have been so." His theory cannot be discussed here, but it may be expressed in outline. Objections and doubts will suggest themselves, but the reasoning is clearly and closely expressed; and, if it does not carry conviction, the theory or the subject-matter is at fault, not the exponent. It is to be feared that, in flippant or sceptical eyes, Dean Byrne has supplied further justification for the old gibe about "the vowels counting for nothing and the consonants not very much."

Starting from the principle that language was produced by man, not revealed to him in the form of roots, and observing that the Sanskrit, Greek, and other languages present "an apparent contradiction" in the double phenomenon of many different roots standing for nearly (if not quite) the same idea, and of many widely different ideas belonging to the same root, Dean Byrne asks the pertinent question how this state of things can be reconciled with "a nice discrimination of various meanings with various roots," or with "a correspondence between the sound itself and the impression which it made on the soul of the speaker." He finds it most remarkable that "the most expressive elements are those which have the least sound." Thus in the root *pat* (Skr.) Bopp finds the meanings *ire, findere, dicere, splendere*, and *vestire*; but in this root "the voice is only in the *a*; the *p* and *t* are mutes, not even sonant." On the other hand, the significance must be mainly in the *p* and *t*, inasmuch as the *a* is omitted in the Sanskrit writing. Therefore we must look for the correspondence between utterance and meaning in some correspondence between consonants and meaning. Of the three factors in speech—the voice, the breath in the mouth, and the muscular action of tongue and lips—the first, being chiefly concerned with vowels, is less important than the latter factors. Here we must quote Dean Byrne:—

> The utterance of a consonant involves an application more or less close of the tongue to some part of the palate or to the teeth, of the lips to each other, or of the under-lip to the upper teeth, an opening of that closure, and the passage of a jet of breath; and attention may fix either on the closure or on the breath, or on the mutual action of the two.

Thus we get under each consonant seven different phases of utterance, corresponding with seven different groups of the elements of thought, respectively suggestive each of the other. This is Dean Byrne's analysis, condensed from pp. 7 and 8:—

In the Closure	(1) Closure itself	ideas of contact, junction, coincidence, position, &c.
	(2) Concavity (formed either by lips or between tongue and palate)	enclosure, curvature, flexure, &c.
	(3) Relaxation (in lips or tongue)	softness, weakness, lassitude, &c.
	(4) End of closure (*i.e.* opening)	separation, partition, interval, &c.
	(5) Current of breath	motion, &c.
	(6) Pressure of breath	impact, tension, increase, &c.
	(7) Friction of breath	roughness, penetration, tearing, &c.

According to this system $p^1, p^2, p^3, p^4, p^5, p^6, p^7$ (for example) would be different elements of expression, and there would be a wider interval between any two phases of the same letter than between any two letters of the same phase. No doubt there would be a further power of distinction introduced by the difference of letters, especially by the broad difference between the various orders of letters. Thus by reason of the tongue's proximity to the soft part of the palate and of the viscousness of the saliva, the *guttural* in phase (1) was specially fit to express junction or adherence; in phase (4), strong separation, in phase (6) a breaking forth of growth or increase, and so on. The lips,

* *Origin of the Greek, Latin, and Gothic Roots.* By James Byrne, Dean of Clonfert, ex-Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, Author of "General Principles of the Structure of Language." London: Trübner & Co. 1888.

on the other hand, having less muscular power than the tongue, were specially adapted in phase (1) to give the idea of simple apposition (particularly of doubleness) and in phase (4) of simple separation. Nor again were the vowels destitute of expressiveness, since they also require the organs of speech to be "put into certain definite positions." But "after every ingenuity of utterance had been exhausted," our primitive ancestors, struggling into language, must have found a wide interval between their means of expression and the very thought that was to be conveyed. Here Dean Byrne believes they helped themselves by "the analogies of use" and in a large degree by gesture.

Dean Byrne remarks that the nature of "the elements of expression" is a fundamental question of etymology. Differing from Max Müller's view that simple roots were increased and diversified as ideas grew and multiplied, and believing in the "primitive particularity of thought," he argues that many special elements were first produced, and that from them the more general terms were afterwards elaborated. Of this his fundamental principle he makes a happy application. Both Curtius and Mr. Max Müller agree in repudiating the connexion (which Bopp set up) between *mare* (Lat.) and *vari* (Skr.), and in deriving it from *mar*. Curtius connects this root with *μαραίνω* and *marceo* (to wither), the sea being fatal to vegetation (*ἀτρύγετος*), and quotes the affinities exhibited in the Gothic *marei*, the Old Dutch *mære*, and the Old High German *muor*. Max Müller traces the root *mar* from its original sense ("to destroy by friction") to the secondary sense ("to die, wither"), and finds it again in the Sanskrit *maru*, a desert, and thence transfers it to "that other desert the sea, which the Greeks called barren." Dean Byrne protests against this violent attribution of metaphor and poetic imagery to the mind of primitive man; he says that scientific etymologists of the present day pay no regard to any principle except phonetic laws, and violate "that which every consideration confirms," the primitive particularity of thought. In demolition Dean Byrne is not unsuccessful; let us see him in construction. In order to give the leading idea of the sea, the desideratum is a vivid representation of "fluid motion"; that will be found in flexile *r* in combination with the unimpeded flow of breath in a nasal or spiral consonant in the fifth phase of utterance. Accordingly he give us the following tabular confirmation of his theory:—

M_5r_5 *mare*, Goth. *marei*; *μύρω*; *μορμύρος*.
N_5r_5 Skr. *nāra*; *ναρός*; *νηρίτης*.
V_5r_5 Skr. *vāri*; *οὖρον*, *urina*; *urinor*; *οὐρία*; *εὔριπος*.
S_5r_5 Skr. *saras* and *sarit*; *ὀρρός*, *serum*; *serra*. Skr. *sru*, *χ'ru*.

The body of Dean Byrne's book consists of seven chapters, each dealing with one of his "seven phases of utterance" and enumerating the "Grounds." It should be said that a Root is to be distinguished from a Ground, because a Root, either by itself or with the addition of formative elements, constitutes a word; but a Ground is only "the partially organized material of the Root." To discuss this book in detail would be a pleasant scientific game, but it would not be suitable to these columns. Enough has been said about the *Origin of Roots* to show that it is a clever, suggestive, and perhaps important work. We believe the learning to be generally accurate. To conclude with two questions—Would Dean Byrne find any corroboration of his theory by studying the method under which dumb persons are taught to express their ideas without using the finger alphabet? or would he undertake to impart any of his "elements of expressiveness" to a class of dumb pupils unsophisticated by any other instruction? The smallest positive result would be better evidence of his theory than any amount of this subjective reconstruction of an imaginary process which is supposed to have occurred in a hypothetical state of society.

MEDICAL BOOKS.*

WE fear that a considerable number of schoolmasters and mistresses look upon themselves, in relation to their work, as so many machines for hammering into their pupils a certain daily quantum of the knowledge which they undertake to impart, and upon the latter as more or less convenient receptacles thereof. Dr. Warner's lectures are well calculated to correct this mistaken view, and to point out to those who have the management of children that, if they wish to avoid disastrous failures, they must study the individual peculiarities of the youngsters committed to their charge. It too frequently happens that the round boy is forced into the square hole, to the utter destruction of his chances of future usefulness and happiness. We believe that our teachers would compare favourably with any other class of the community for earnestness and conscientiousness in their work; but their success is not uncommonly marred by the incompleteness of their knowledge of the complex and variable being with whom they have to deal. Dr. Warner does not, of course, profess to give in half a dozen lectures a complete treatise on the study of children, but indicates the lines to be followed by parents and others responsible for the care of the young in educating themselves to understand them. The author justly observes that children with decided and obvious brain defects receive suitable training, whereas for those with slighter, and therefore more remediable, deficiencies no special provision is made. He suggests that "Small classes and specially trained teachers might be provided for the dull, the excitable, the wrongly-made children, as a safety and protection to society."

It is well that a school for the proper instruction of those who undertake the performance of massage should have been established. Until quite recently this valuable mode of treatment has been too much neglected in England, and patients requiring its application have been obliged to seek it on the Continent. As properly trained nurses have almost entirely superseded the "Gamps" of fifty years ago, so also it is to be hoped that the ignorant and obstinate "medical rubber" may give place to the educated and disciplined *masseur* and *masseuse*. The pamphlet under notice contains the concluding lecture of a six months' course delivered by Dr. Tibbits to the pupils at the Welbeck Street School of Electricity and Massage, together with a supplementary one on the circulatory and digestive organs. The former contains a detailed description of the manœuvres necessary in the performance of massage, and must have proved a useful adjunct to the clinical teaching of the subject. The latter is necessarily very elementary, but probably well adapted for the instruction of those to whom it was addressed.

We have read Dr. Money's little book on *The Health of Children* with much pleasure. It is written in simple language, and the information, which is concisely put, is just that which is required by every one who has the care of young children. The directions for feeding, clothing, and bathing them are most judicious, and the same may be said for the remarks on their nurseries and bedrooms, their exercise, amusements, and education. The author has, in our opinion most wisely, abstained from discussing the treatment of sick children, and so avoided giving his countenance to the popular error that, because a mother or nurse has had the benefit of the limited experience derived from the close observation of a small number of children, she is, therefore, competent to undertake their management when suffering from disease. Every mother should possess a copy of this excellent treatise, and its small price (sixpence) places it within the reach of all.

* *The Children: how to Study them.* By Francis Warner, M.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.C.S. London: Francis Hodgson.

Massage and its Applications. By Herbert Tibbits, M.D. London: J. & A. Churchill.

The Health of Children. By Angel Money, M.D. London: H. K. Lewis.

NEW PRINTS.

MR. DUNTHORNE is publishing several new etchings and other works of like sort. We have seen examples of facsimiles of twelve of Turner's *Liber Studiorum* series which Mr. Frank Short is executing in a mixture of etching and mezzotint. "Solway Moss," "Ben Arthur," "Bonneville," and "The Chain of the Alps" are among the number chosen. Mr. Short has succeeded, especially in his reproduction of the broad and noble "Solway Moss." Mr. D. Law, in his etching "Hawthornden," deals with an interesting and picturesque subject, and his point of view is well chosen; but his workmanship, a fuzzy mass of lines, has the aspect of an over-laboured pen-and ink drawing. Too many small lights and a poor choice in form and detail rob his etching of piquancy and concentration. "Schloss Zwingenburg, on the Neckar," is another effective subject, treated by Mr. A. H. Haig with sentiment, yet with hardly enough truth of value for an etching carried so far in tone. "L'Église des Dominicains: Arles," shows a better sense of tone, good architectural drawing, and some boldly placed black shadows. Still, the slighter and more sketchy "Regent's Canal" is decidedly Mr. Haig's best work. Here he makes good and legitimate use of the tool, and produces a charming and graceful composition without any appearance of useless labour. In "The Knoll, Taplow," Mr. F. Slocombe has run up two heavy and tiresome side scenes of dark, wiry, winter trees, which tell badly in his composition. If he cut out the centre and showed the cottage, one or two stems and lower branches, and less of the foreground, he could make a much prettier and more effective picture.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

WHOSOEVER invented the title of "History of Civilization" can hardly be acquitted of the charge of (in the words of the poet about another matter) "s'éprenant d'un problème inutile et stérile." An essay on the history of civilization any clever undergraduate or newly-made bachelor with his lecture notebooks pretty fresh in his head can of course write easily, though it may not be particularly easy to read it. But a History of Civilization is impossible. A full encyclopædia is a rather imperfect attempt at such a thing, and is the nearest approach to it. M. Rambaud (1), a clever and learned man, and a facile and ingenious writer, has illustrated these obvious truths very well, though not for the first time, by his fat volume on the History of Contemporary French Civilization in seven or eight hundred pages. It is really learned, really ingenious, really clever; but it is too voluminous for a conspectus, and infinitely too small for an exhaustive history. Divided into three books (from the Revolution to Waterloo, from the Restoration to 1848,

(1) *Histoire de la civilisation contemporaine en France.* Par A. Rambaud. Paris: Colin.

from 1848 to the present day), it is subdivided into chapters on historical and administrative politics, national defence, education, literature, the arts, commerce, science, what not. And everywhere we find the same "betwixt and between." This age has been called the age of literary spoon-meat; certainly, if M. Rambaud's book survived alone, the student of the thirteenth century would not be likely to gainsay the proposition. And we cannot help wishing that so much knowledge and so much labour had been better spent.

Le fils de Coralie and *Le père de Martial*, popular as they were, were not great novels, but they were in every respect better than the even more popular works of M. Ohnet which followed and obscured their popularity. Also, *Thérésine* (2) is much better than anything that the author of *Serge Panine* has done or could do. Among other things, it is notable for a rather unusual vicissitude of story. The heroine, raised as a girl from almost the lowest degradation by an American millionaire (it must be admitted, an American very much *de fantaisie*), to be first his mistress, and then, when education and other things have developed a moral sense in her, his wife, is left a widow early, becomes a great lady in Paris, is machinated against by a rascally friend of her husband's, is delivered from him by other friends, is married a second time to a good young man, and yet ends unhappily in a fashion which need not be revealed. We shall only permit ourselves to remark that this second husband, represented as a model of chivalry, appears to us to be a rather miserable creature. The book is interesting. So also is *Vaillante* (3), though in a different way. It is one of the rare French novels—we certainly do not come across one a quarter, if we come across one a year—which are "young ladies' books," without being goody or childish. "Tiomane," the heroine, who is first the plaything and object-of-charity and then the good angel of a rich family, is capitally drawn in her kind, as indeed might be expected from the author of *Misé Féréol*. The hero, though a good fellow and, of course, an engineer ("O happy civil engineers!" as a bard, though he was not thinking of French novels, but of Lord Sherbrooke, once wrote), is rather a simpleton. There is no falling off in M. Fortuné du Boisgobey's (4) treatment of one of his favourite motives—the wicked stepmother who is false to her husband as well as fatal, or would-be fatal, to her stepdaughter. Indeed, we think there is more vigour in it than in his recent work. M. Matthey's (5) book, a sequel, as its title indicates, to his *Billet de mille*, is of the same class and also interesting. It begins with somebody entering casually into a garret by the window, as Planchet did, when the second series of immortal adventures began. But M. Matthey's room-climber was even luckier; for, instead of a tough and middle-aged Gascon gentleman, he found a very nice young lady, whom he was just in time to save from asphyxiation. The stories (for there are three) in M. de Braisne's (6) book are carefully and rather elaborately written, but there is nothing else of a very particular kind to be said about them. *La neuvaine de Colette* (7), which has, we believe, had some popularity in Paris, is worth noticing, chiefly because the anonymous author has modelled it with extraordinary closeness on the style of Miss Rhoda Broughton—so much so that one wonders whether a French Miss Broughton exists somewhere. The tales translated by M. Kolbert (8) from the Russian of different authors are short and mostly deal with manners, so that they make less of an addition to the dulness of nations than the longer romances which frozen Muscovia sends for that purpose in such numbers. *Une aventure en Portugal* (9) gives itself out as a true history, and we really do not know whether it is or not. It is in a way a crime-story, but such interest as it has (which is not great) comes mainly from the fact that its scene is in one of the least visited districts of Europe, the Southern provinces, Alemtejo and Algarve, of Portugal. But the heroine is not so nice as Alaciel.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

SINCE the Treaty of Berlin the traveller in Bulgaria has become quite a common object, and books on Bulgarian history and politics have increased apace. Mr. James Samuelson's *Bulgaria Past and Present* (Trübner & Co.) does not add much to the general stock of information collected in recent literature on the subject. It comprises a brief historical retrospect, a résumé of the dramatic events since the abortive triumph of San Stefano that have set all Europe at gaze, and a general survey of the present condition of the Bulgarian people, compiled from the traveller's note-books. Mr. Samuelson has a good deal to say that is interesting concerning the country and its industrial prospects, as, indeed, must happen to an observant man who journeys over the Servian frontier from Slivnitza even unto Rustchuk. He is less illuminative when discussing the political outlook, and he wisely declines to offer any forecast based on the present situation. His descriptive narrative, which is well illustrated by woodcuts and "collotype" plates, is brightly written, and includes vivid pictures of peasant life, the flowery region of Kazanlik, the Shipka Pass, Philippopolis, Gabrovo, and Tirnova. The last-named town, with its romantic position on the Jantra, and its many curious antiquities, is a marvel of nature and art that stirs the enthusiasm of the traveller who, as he says, is familiar with the wonders of the world. From the woodcuts the place appears to be a miniature Constantine. Mr. Samuelson interviewed Prince Ferdinand at Sofia and Prince Alexander of Battenberg at Buda-Pest. These interviews do not seem to have been remarkably fruitful, in a political sense; though Mr. Samuelson considers it necessary to assure the reader that he violates no confidence in his account of the second interview. His report of Prince Alexander accords in all respects with the reputation of the late ruler of Bulgaria. It is not surprising, though important perhaps, to note one observation. "He assured me," says Mr. Samuelson, "that, before he abdicated, he had received a formal promise from the Russian Government that they would not attempt to interfere in the internal affairs of Bulgaria. Nekludoff, the Russian agent at Sofia, furthermore told him that, if he left the country, the cause of Russian enmity towards Bulgaria would be removed."

Mr. H. Guillaume has compiled a handbook—*The Amazon Provinces of Peru* (Wyman & Co.)—that ought to set all persons about to emigrate agog to visit Lima and the Montana and the Amazonian provinces of Peru. It is positively heartrending to read in this glowing volume of the neglected resources of Peru. Sir Epicure Mammon's splendid vision in the alchemist's den was no poet's fancy; Mr. Guillaume proves it by eloquent reports of travellers, engineers, planters, geologists, and the like, and by the still more eloquent tables of statistics collected from all available quarters. "Here's the rich Peru, and there the golden mines, great Solomon's Ophir." Nothing has been omitted to complete the seductive quality of this guide to the true earthly paradise. Besides the practical prospects of gain cunningly spread before miners, speculators, planters, and so forth, there are ravishing woodcuts of magnificent rivers and mountains, and a charming photographic group of the ladies of Lima—"noble specimens of female loveliness," says the eminent Dr. von Tschudi—and very beautiful ladies they are. Every visitor to the Mining Exhibition to be held at Lima next summer ought to possess Mr. Guillaume's very interesting volume. It is compact, portable, and crammed with useful information. The neglect of Peru as a field for emigration, while the Argentine Republic is annually flooded with Italians, and La Plata and Brazil receive a steady influx of European population, is certainly not a little remarkable. Perhaps Peru is on the wrong side of the continent, and the Panama Canal may prove its best ally. Be this as it may, Mr. Guillaume's book can hardly fail to attract many Englishmen to Peru.

Charles Dickens and the Stage, by T. Edgar Pemberton (Redway), is an example of book-making that will not be viewed with disfavour by lovers of Dickens, however they may detest the class of compilation to which it belongs. The book shows diligent research in many directions, and it is embellished with portraits of Mr. Irving as Alfred Jingle, Mr. Toole as the "Artful Dodger," and Miss Jennie Lee as "Jo." Padding there is, of course, and a good deal of quotation from Dickens that assumes on the compiler's part an incredible flagging memory in his readers. For all these drawbacks, the record of the novelist's relations to actors and acting may be dipped into, and will be found interesting by many.

The new half-yearly volume of *Book Lore* (Elliot Stock) contains perhaps the usual amount of papers on "old-time literature," as the title has it, and decidedly more of extraneous and undesirable matter. Notes on library sales, bibliography, rare editions, and other bookish lore are always welcome in this magazine. But it is hard to say why it should interest the bibliophile to know that Mr. Grant Allen does not approve of novels, or that Mr. T. P. O'Connor is about to edit a newspaper, or that Walt Whitman is impressed into the "Camelot Classics." What have these precious literary items to do with a "Bibliophile's Kalendar"?

The Antiquary (Elliot Stock) is, on the other hand, much more true to its original scheme. The "news" columns, for instance, in this excellent periodical are really antiquarian, and quite pertinent as a chronicle of current research. The "Antiquarian's Note-book," again, is full of good matter, and worthy of comparison with the palmy days of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The original contributions are altogether up to the standard of previous volumes.

The minor bards cease not. J. R. W.—*A Book of Verse* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)—is a modest and not unmelodious singer. "I wrote to please myself alone, not others," is his plèa. It is a pity he qualifies it by the hypothetical "one" here and there "among the throng who'll hear my song." His adaptations of Horace are a little free; his version of Niobe's sad fate is by no means bad, if not Ovidian, and he rhymes "halo" with "shallow." Mr. Isaac Sharp's *Saul of Tarsus* (Kegan Paul)—with a sequel, "Paul the Aged"—is oddly compacted of triplets and strong phrases:—

> Saul of Tarsus, silently,
> With a silent company
> To Damascus' gates drew nigh.
> * * *
> And his eyes, too, and his mien
> Were, as are the eagles', keen;
> All the man was aquiline.

(2) *Thérésine*. Par Albert Delpit. Paris: Ollendorff.
(3) *Vaillante*. Par J. Vincent. Paris: Plon.
(4) *Le Chalet des Pervenches*. Paris: Plon.
(5) 189. H. 981. Par A. Matthey. Paris: Charpentier.
(6) *Sur l'Estrelle*. Par H. de Braisne. Paris: Perrin.
(7) *La neuvaine de Colette*. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(8) *Barins et Moujiks*. Paris: Plon.
(9) *Une aventure en Portugal*. Par A. Morelet. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

The Chronicle of Mites (Kegan Paul) is a "politico-philosophico-theological satire," by James Aitchison, Minister, Falkirk, and the humour of it lies in the not very original concept of viewing a ripe cheese and its inhabitants as a microcosm of human vanities —a mitey maze, yet not without a plan. As satire is now, the satire may pass. It is less pungent than the material of the poet's vision, and, to say truth, deplorably tedious stuff.

If Mr. Allen Upward desires to typify his sojourn in Philistia by his *Songs in Ziklag* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), he reveals nothing of the promise of a sweet singer in Israel. Ziklag is evidently as unpropitious as Gath, to judge from these sonnets and songs. It seems they have pleased some, and that is sufficient excuse for "committing them to the public press." And so "I, too," says Mr. Upward—like Shakspeare and Petrarch—"have sung my lullabies in vain,"

> And thrown my sonnets on the maddening pyre
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Printed by SPOTTISWOODE & CO., at No. 5 New-street Square, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London; and Published by WILLIAM BOYCE, at the Office, No. 38 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of Middlesex.—Saturday, March 10, 1888.

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,690, Vol. 65. March 17, 1888. [Registered for Transmission abroad.] Price 6*d*.

EUROPEAN PROSPECTS.

A STATELY funeral has put an end to the ceremonial part of that German mourning the effect of which has been felt not only in Germany, and not least in England, where it partly obscured the rejoicings over the Silver Wedding of the Prince and Princess of WALES. As is usual, necessary, and well, Germany and Europe will now have to turn from mourning and from pageantry to business. Such circumstances as the death of the Emperor WILLIAM and the accession of the Emperor FREDERICK always bring out evidence of that *gobemouche* who exists, and by no means dies young, in more than three-fourths of political critics. His prominence on the present occasion has been of two kinds. There has been some mild wonder and satisfaction expressed that the death of one whose life has for many years been recognized as a strong guarantee of peace has not been followed by any immediate sign of war. Apparently those who thus speak expected the new FREDERICK to plunge at once into some new Silesia, in imitation of his great ancestor. The other symptom is a little less obviously absurd, but hardly more intrinsically reasonable. The Proclamation to the German people and the rescript to Prince BISMARCK appear to have excited the most lively hopes. Signs of "Liberalism" are discerned all over them; signs which, considering that it is the negation of "Liberalism" which has made Germany strong, prosperous, and great, would, if they existed, be of evil augury to all wise Teutons. Peace—as if peace depended on any man's word—is supposed to be more secure than ever. Reactionaries, it is announced with delight, are depressed and sorrowful. The time of men of blood and iron is over, and the blessed dawn of constitutional and Parliamentary government, which means the laborious construction of a certain policy for so many years, and then the laborious frustration and reversal of it for so many more, is appearing in Germany. In short, *redeunt Saturnia regna.* Alas! the Saturnian kingdom has been coming back at the beginning of every new reign and every new régime of every kind for a considerable number of centuries; but somehow or other it has never come.

When the documents are examined with other eyes than those of newspaper Correspondents, anxious for something striking to telegraph, it is impossible to discover in them anything which, in a reasonable mind, can give occasion to any particular hope, or to any particular fear. REHOBOAM was probably the first sovereign to signalize his accession by a frank announcement of the intended substitution of scorpions for whips; and the experiment ended so disastrously that no one, not even JAMES II., has tried it since. Least of all could it be expected that a soldier and statesman of proved ability and well-known principles like the present EMPEROR would do violence at once to common sense, decency, and his own antecedents by issuing, with his dead father yet unburied, a programme breathing fire and fury towards foreigners, arbitrary power and reactionary principles towards his subjects. It was not quite so impossible, but nearly as improbable, that he should encourage idle hopes and provoke not so idle fears by any complaisance towards the windy cries of constitution-mongers and demagogues. Accordingly the actual documents partake very much of the well-known nature of our own QUEEN's Speeches in their vaguer and more general parts, with, of course, details altered to suit the case. Both the fact of the address of the rescript to Prince BISMARCK and the tenor of the rescript itself dispose of the idle notion that the main pillar of the German Empire is to be dispensed with because of some fantastic crotchet of Liberalism. The Proclamation is on exactly the same lines. That it should be peaceful in tone, or rather in expression, is as much a matter of course as that it should contain compliments, quite just and reasonable, to the memory of the dead EMPEROR. But the significant reference to German arms in the one document, and the explicit declaration of the undiminished maintenance of the Imperial army and navy, have more meaning than "ingeminations of peace," which are not, and could not have been, much more practical than those of Lord FALKLAND. A "stronghold of peace," if not an ambiguous or a self-contradictory, is certainly a double-edged, term. Nor could anything be more distinct than the words in which the EMPEROR proclaims his adhesion to the HOHENZOLLERN theory of the inseparable connexion of prince and people. What that theory is is perfectly well known. It is the negation of the principles, not merely of persons like Messrs. LABOUCHERE and CARNEGIE, but of old-fashioned English Whig constitutionalists. It enjoins on the King, indeed, the sacrifice of all private feelings and pleasures to the welfare of his people, but it insists on the fact that he alone is the judge of what constitutes that welfare, and of the means by which it is to be promoted. As for the promises of protection to art, science, education, and so forth, they are no doubt perfectly sincere; but they are nothing new.

It is not, therefore, at any published declarations or programmes that reasonable people will look for the effect of the change in Berlin, but at the circumstances of the case. Undoubtedly there are changes there. It may have been customary to overvalue the effect of the personal relations between the CZAR and the Emperor WILLIAM; but they existed. The ill-health, regretted by all, both for selfish and unselfish reasons, of the present Emperor FREDERICK must, if nothing else, deter Germany from aggressive enterprises. But of such no one suspected her, except a few irresponsible Frenchmen; and this same ill-health may be a temptation to enemies and must be an additional stimulus to German statesmen to show that it must not be presumed upon. Otherwise, the only necessary or even obvious change is that there is one good German less in Germany, and that another, as good it may be hoped, has taken his place. But the circumstances which have so long disturbed Europe remain in other respects exactly the same. There is the abiding ill-will of the Russian people and of the French people towards Germany. There is the abiding conviction of the CZAR that it is the duty of a Russian Emperor to keep his hand against every man, to enlarge his borders perpetually, and to regard no terms and no treaties that stand in the way of such enlargement. There is the unhealed wound of the Bulgarian question. In respect to this last, indeed, matters are not looking, for the moment, very threatening. The peculiar form of the Turkish despatch on the subject of Prince FERDINAND's status excited some surprise. But it had this convenience—a convenience in all probability anticipated by the astute persons who drew it up—that it required no answer, except at most a bare acknowledgment of receipt for politeness' sake. A question requires an answer; a command at least suggests some sort of reply intimating compliance or non-compliance. But a mere statement of fact and opinion of fact leaves reply wholly voluntary, and makes the absence of it neither discourteous nor disloyal. The equivalent of a silent bow is all that is necessary. And especially in this new state of things the Bulgarian Ministers and the PRINCE—who is, in the opinion of Constantinople, only half a Prince—would do well to do as little as possible. It is extremely improbable that the new German EMPEROR will volunteer Pomeranian bodies for the defence of Bulgarian soil. But, if he is credited justly with anything, it is with a predilection and respect for constitutional equity as well as for constitutional law. It is certain that Russia has no legal right

to interfere in Bulgaria, and the ingenious pleadings of the Chancellor Prince have not exactly established her equitable right. But it is no doubt true that the chief interest of the present moment is less to see how the change of sovereigns affects German policy than to see how it affects Russian; and that has yet to be seen. One of the worst possible effects of Lord Randolph Churchill's foolish words in the House of Commons on Tuesday would be the creation of any idea in the Czar's mind that it is safe to disregard England in forming his European plans. But Russian statesmen are, as a rule, fairly well informed, and they can tell the Czar, if he will listen to them, what value is to be attached to the statements of a politician like Lord Randolph when he is out of office, and endeavouring to pose as a more liberal and enlightened statesman than his late colleagues.

THE EMPEROR WILLIAM.

The Emperor William was one of three contemporary sovereigns who attempted or effected a great extension of their respective dominions. Nearly thirty years ago Napoleon III. had attracted to himself the largest share of the attention, if not the admiration, of Europe. The victories of Magenta and Solferino had revived and increased the military reputation of France, and careless observers scarcely understood that the moderate terms of the Peace of Villafranca had been imposed on the French Emperor by the threat of Prussian intervention. The annexation of Savoy and Nice in the following year excited well-founded alarm. There was little doubt that Napoleon III. had formed a plan for the acquisition of the Rhine provinces by an arrangement which was to include territorial compensation to Prussia at the expense of the smaller German States. It was probably in the hope of furthering his project that the Emperor in 1860 proposed a visit to the Prince Regent, afterwards William I., at Baden. On his arrival he was profoundly disappointed by finding the chief North German princes assembled to do him honour. When he protested against the general suspicion of his designs, the Prince Regent, while he politely accepted his disclaimer, requested him to communicate his assurances to the Regent's guests and allies. From this time the French Emperor ought to have understood that he had nothing to hope from the divisions of the purely German States; but it was still possible that he might profit by the chronic jealousy between Prussia and Austria. If he had boldly struck in on the side of Austria in 1866, he might perhaps have succeeded in aggrandizing France and in perpetuating the German schism; but he was befooled by a more sagacious diplomatist than himself with hopes or hints which were summarily repudiated as soon as the struggle was decided at Sadowa. It was not believed that King William had personally encouraged the ambitious hopes of his dangerous neighbour. He must have heartily agreed with his Minister in the determination not to surrender an inch of German soil. A French aggressor had now to deal not with an inferior adversary, but with the Prussian Kingdom enlarged by the acquisition of Hanover, of Holstein, and of Schleswig, with the North-German Confederation, and, as it soon appeared, with the other German States exclusive of Austria. To a public declaration of the Emperor Napoleon that the Southern States were no parties to the national alliance, the Prussian Chancellor replied by the publication of a treaty in which they had bound themselves, not only to join in a defensive war, but to place their armies under the King of Prussia as commander-in-chief.

At every point during the long diplomatic contest the restless French adventurer found himself anticipated and baffled by his resolute adversary. The desperate venture of 1870 was an attempt to retrieve a long series of diplomatic defeats. There is no doubt that, as Regent and as King, William I. sincerely desired the maintenance of the minor German dynasties. It was necessary for the common safety that the conduct of foreign affairs should be transferred to the chief of the Confederation, who afterwards accepted from his allies the title of Emperor. Even the King of Hanover might have been compensated for the loss of his kingdom by the Duchy of Brunswick if he would have consented to recognize the supremacy of the Emperor. Of all the disestablished potentates, the recognized claimant to the Elbe Duchies had the strongest reason to complain. It is believed that Prince Bismarck had difficulty in obtaining the consent of his sovereign to some of the arrangements of 1866. They heartily agreed in making the unity and strength of Germany the main objects of their policy. On the important question of the annexation of a portion of French territory they may perhaps have differed. There could be no question of the right conferred by conquest, and Alsace, if not Lorraine, was ethnologically German, though the inhabitants almost unanimously preferred their French allegiance. Two centuries ago Alsace had been treacherously seized by France; but the defect of title had been cured by lapse of time. Prince Bismarck held that the Empire would have been the stronger for the exclusion of the two disaffected provinces; but the heads of the army thought that Strasburg and Metz were required for military purposes, and the newly-elected Emperor, who was before all things a soldier, probably shared the opinion of his generals. The triumph of Prussia, and the ruinous defeat of the French Emperor, were not to be exclusively attributed to differences in ability and character. The union of all Germany, outside the Austrian provinces, into one powerful State was a natural and legitimate operation. During the whole course of modern history the great German nation had been divided against itself; and again and again, in successive generations, a part of the population had allied itself with foreigners, and especially with the rulers of France, against the mass of its countrymen. In no single instance, except for a short time during the last campaigns of Napoleon, was the whole strength of Germany combined against an invader. It has consequently become an axiom in the opinion of such statesmen as Thiers that France is injured when Germans no longer consent to be divided, and to be therefore weak. The obvious remedy was to unite Germany under a single head, with the result of making a hostile alliance with a foreigner an act of legal as well as virtual treason.

The policy of Napoleon III., from his accession to his fall, was personal, arbitrary, and selfish. At one period of his reign he seemed to hold a splendid position; but he impaired his further chances of success by provoking universal distrust. The German Emperor had merely to watch and utilize the force of political gravitation. His rival, afterwards his prisoner, pursued his own interests without regard to national tendencies. A third competitor for fame as a statesman and as a soldier had a far more difficult task than either William or Napoleon. Victor Emmanuel from his youth was bent on achieving the emancipation of Italy from Austria and her indigenous satellites in the Duchies and in Naples. His own forces were insufficient for the task, but his resolution and his diplomatic subtlety supplied all the defects of his position. He caused the French Emperor, whom he regarded with unbounded dislike and contempt, to do his work, and he induced Republican fanatics to assist in the establishment of a constitutional monarchy. The King of Prussia had not only Bismarck, but Moltke and Roon, at his side. The King of Sardinia had, indeed, Cavour, who might compare in ability with Bismarck; but he also made use of Garibaldi, and he overcame or defeated the hostility of Mazzini. Some of those who had good opportunities of judging believed that Victor Emmanuel could have accomplished his task even without the aid of Cavour. It is no disparagement to the first German Emperor to say that he could not have dispensed with Bismarck. The two chief authors of German and Italian unity had some characteristics in common. They were both by natural aptitude and inclination soldiers, though the Emperor had none of the roughness and dislike of ceremony which distinguished the Piedmontese mountaineer. Both sovereigns were religious according to the simplest type, though they belonged to different communions. Both were thoroughly to be trusted when they had pledged themselves to any cause. Victor Emmanuel had probably little admiration for Parliamentary government; but he never attempted to tamper with the Constitution which he had created. The German Emperor was, perhaps, legally justified in deeming that his own prerogative was still more sacred than the powers of Parliament.

The condemnation of hereditary claims which lately found favour with a considerable minority of the House of Commons derives no support from the history of Prussia. Two centuries have passed since the Great Elector of Brandenburg restored the prosperity of his dominions after the desolation which had been caused by the Thirty Years' War. His son, though his memory has been treated slightly by historians, conferred an inestimable benefit on his family and the State by assuming the Royal title. His

descendants might never have aspired to make a kingdom if they had not first called themselves kings. A part of the coronation ceremony has exercised a marked influence on the constitutional policy of Prussia. It was, perhaps, an anomaly that a sovereign should acquire new prerogatives by the simple device of assuming a crown which he thenceforward proceeded to hold "by the grace of God." The pious formula was not treated as a mere form by the departed King. When he was crowned, according to custom, at Königsberg, he placed the crown on his own head, in token of his independence of all other human agency. On every fit occasion he afterwards repeated the assertion of his divine right. A mere Elector would probably not have justified on the same grounds a claim to regulate the numbers and the pay of his army in defiance of successive Parliaments. Prince Bismarck, who may or may not have shared his master's conviction, appreciated its practical utility, and frequently reminded the Parliament of the supernatural origin of the royal power. The first Frederick William, son of Frederick the first King, believed not less reverently in the formula which insured his uncontrolled dominion. Frederick the Great, who had few religious or ritual proclivities, took care that his subjects should acknowledge his divine or indefeasible right to govern. The accomplished elder brother of the late Emperor also took pleasure in dwelling on the divine right which was acquired at his coronation. It is not surprising that the members of the great House of Hohenzollern should cherish the belief that they are set apart by a providential ordinance. It must be confessed that Nature is more ready than the democracy to recognize the hereditary transmission of governing capacity.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER.

A SATISFACTORY debate in the House of Commons on an Indian subject is one of the rarest experiences of the Parliamentary Session, and the debate of Tuesday last, therefore, deserves a white stone. It was, of course, not wholly satisfactory. The attempt made by Lord Randolph Churchill to justify the accusations of those friends of Russia who represent him as a person capable of being converted to Russophilism by a visit of a week or two and a few pleasant parties at St. Petersburg is, of course, to be regretted. But it is refreshing to remember that no politician is more convinced of the futility of sticking to any particular utterance. And even Lord Randolph was sound enough on the general question, his reference to Russia being, after all, of the vaguest character, and at least admitting of the interpretation (which we have not the least desire to controvert) that it is quite unnecessary, not to say undesirable, for England to set herself of malice prepense to thwart Russia where no English duty or interest is concerned. Mr. Slagg and Mr. Caine and Mr. Smith exhibited, of course, the invariable and apparently either congenital or judicial incapacity of the ordinary Radical member of Parliament to deal with Imperial questions. Mr. Slagg's description of the modest process of putting locks on your stable-door as "a policy in mad career," of the mountains of the Khoja Amram as "an unfruitful plain," and so forth, might have been written beforehand by any tolerably skilled parodist. But the victory of the Lancashire manufacturer over the Indian philanthropist shown by Mr. Slagg's anxiety about the reimposition of "the obnoxious duty on imported cotton "goods" was really funny and genuine. Mr. Caine deserves at least the credit of not attempting to wander after Mr. Slagg into the unfamiliar region of high politics, and of confining himself to such well-understood subjects as "six quart bottles," wherein he was followed by the philanthropic Mr. Samuel Smith. But all these things were familiar enough and of little enough importance. It was newer and more refreshing to find that the front Opposition bench left the old fallacies of the backward policy to be uttered only by Mr. Bryce, and that Mr. Bryce was most moderate and careful in uttering them. It is true that after the experience of the Government to which he belonged such moderation was almost unavoidable. The short title of Mr. Gladstone's second and third administrations in history will not improbably be "the Government "which in less than seven years' tenure of office did its best "to lose Ireland and India." But whereas the efforts in respect to Ireland increased as time went on, those in reference to India followed a happier course. Mr. Gladstone lived to hear his own officials confess that they had disapproved the policy they were forced to carry out, and to order the resumption, at a vast increase of expense, of the works which he had discontinued. It was unavoidable that even a politician so honest and consistent in certain kinds of unwisdom as Mr. Bryce should, in such circumstances as these, "sing small."

The speeches of Sir John Gorst, of Sir Richard Temple, and of Sir Edward Hamley on the other side were as much to the point, as forcible, and as successful as the speeches of their opponents were vague and uncertain. Those who are intimately acquainted with Indian affairs and with the opinions of the remarkably able administrators, both military and civil, in whose hands for the last year or two India has had the good fortune to be, may find nothing new to them in these expositions. But these very persons will be the first to congratulate themselves and the country on having the facts put before the British public by such an administrator as Sir Richard Temple, and by such a soldier as Sir Edward Hamley. The demonstration which Sir Edward made of the general character and necessity of the new works of which the entrenched camp beyond Quetta and the Khojak tunnel are the most important is exceedingly welcome. Lamentable as are the fluctuations of English policy, it is scarcely possible, after the words used by Mr. Childers, that at least the most important parts of the new frontier defence scheme should be interfered with. For, as Mr. Childers himself justly enough remarked, this scheme is a necessary complement, or rather an integral part, of the settlement on the other side of Afghanistan, which was arranged by Mr. Gladstone, and perforce carried out by Lord Salisbury three years ago. The acknowledgment, it is true, comes a little late. For it was always contended here and by all intelligent upholders of the policy of keeping Russia back, that the necessity of costly works of this kind was one of the main objections to the policy of perpetual retreat advocated by Gladstonians, that by a blind trust in "deserts and mountains" we were infallibly bringing ourselves to the position of having to provide artificial substitutes for the deserts and the mountains when they were crossed. But nothing can be further from the desires of any one who understands the question than to indulge in recriminations at this moment. All that we can wish is that the policy of defence which has been elaborated by Sir Frederick Roberts, and sanctioned by Lord Dufferin, should be carried out.

That policy is very simple, is in no sense aggressive, and, so far as it has been already carried, it has met with great success in more than one important point. Whether its supporters do or do not maintain that a grave mistake was made in abandoning Candahar—and we think we may say that both views are represented among them—they do not propose to go back there. The most they propose is to secure the power of getting there before anybody else. They do not advocate the occupation of any new territory, but merely the transformation of the English district of Pishin into a sort of outwork or barbican, capable of being strongly garrisoned and easily reached. The great work of the Khojak tunnel is recommended, not merely to quicken, but to cheapen, the process of concentrating the defence on this point if needful. Sir Edward Hamley was speaking well within the mark when he said that the whole railway system required might have been made for less than the cost of the baggage animals which were procured and wasted in the last Afghan war, not only at a first cost lavish in itself, but with results disastrous to the districts from which they were drawn. It is argued also, and that not as a matter of probability but of already proved fact, that two great moral advantages are being gained by these operations. It has been constantly contended by the "backwards" that the unpopularity of any military occupation of, or operation in, Afghan territory with the natives outweighs its military advantages. The reply is that for some years past now operations have been going on; that the Afghan tribes in the district not only show no jealousy, but are thoroughly satisfied with the increased employment and facilities for trade which have been given; that dislike of Englishmen has not only not increased, but has very largely diminished, if it has not entirely disappeared. It is argued also that the evidence given of the strength and the neighbourhood of the English, and of their determination, not indeed to advance, but to hold their own, is exactly what is needed in order to prevent the restless dread of Russia and the sense that it is wisest to make terms with her. Now this dread and this sense have been the main instruments of all recent Russian conquests. All this together makes a

very strong case indeed, and its strength could hardly have been better shown than by Mr. BRYCE's finding nothing to say against the tunnel except that he is afraid of being asked to go further when it is made. We had thought that Liberals like Mr. BRYCE were never tired of laughing at the "thin end of the wedge" argument. But that argument could never be more unhappily applied than here. For the great plea for the tunnel is that of itself it will make it unnecessary to go further in time of peace and cheap and easy to prevent the enemy coming further in time of war.

THE WEATHER AND THE *TIMES*.

PERHAPS it was the report on the New York blizzard that stirred an emulative pen in Thursday's *Times* to a wonderful example of newspaper meteorology entitled the "Vicissitudes of Spring." Perhaps the mandate went forth—"Tip in something flowery, of flaming crocus and "the windy month of daffodils, of farmy fields, and the "cockney joys of spring, of sudden snows and miraculous "thaws." The result fairly beats THEODORE HOOK's cunningest parody of LEIGH HUNT's metropolitan style. It is all about the weather changes between Saturday and Wednesday last; a confused chatter about rain, wind, snow, flowers, buds, trees, and the fickle ways of our unhappy climate. There was nothing unusual in the changes of weather that provoked this gush of flabby sentiment and spurious science. They were such as occur every year with more or less well-marked character; but, like every frost, or snowfall, or thunderstorm, they cause as much surprise as an earthquake. If every seasonable phase in the annual round of weather is to bring forth a similar effusion, the old formula, "The Weather and "the Parks," will have a formidable rival in "The "Weather and the *Times*." Saturday, the 10th of March, was a memorable day, "full of suggestions of Para-"dise." Your common, or garden observer—your gardener, to wit—would say it was but middling, on the whole; and cautiously add that it promised some sort of weather before night. "The opening buds beat their record of the season, "violets opened their petals wide to the genial warmth of "the sun, the crocus beds blazed forth in Assyrian glory of "purple and gold"—not a bad day's work for our sober clime. The reference to the violets is a fine old Cockney notion, and what can be said of buds beating their record? Did they beat time by unseasonably turning themselves inside out, or by marking the rhythmical passage of the breeze? Or, perhaps, it was the flowers, the fastidious violets that "love to live i' the sun," that beat their record. "Sunday came, and afterwards Monday"—indisputable, though delicately exact—and "the god of war was in his "leonine mood," which means that the wind had veered from S.W. to N.E. Then follows a reflection as portentous as anything in this solemn babbling of wind and weather:— "February fill-dyke has passed, and at its end the water-"courses were not filled with water"—they are now, praise be to AQUARIUS!—"without which neither man, beast, nor "fowl, to say nothing of the herb that groweth in the field, "can by any means thrive." And thus does our chronicler struggle towards Tuesday, the 13th, with unutterable pomp and prodigality of platitude.

"On Tuesday came a great and grievous change. As the "shades of night began to fall the windows of heaven were "opened, the wild north-easter rushed forth, like a giant, to "run his course, and brought a vicious storm of fine snow "in his train." Here's a pretty rout of striking images coming with quick vehemence in a hail of words. This is your true fine writing. Nor is the calmer descriptive style wanting. Here is a picture, complete by a few masterly touches, such as artists in black and white and painters who know what is meant by light and shade will delight in:—"Driven snow in spring is another matter. It "produces strange half effects. One side of a tree is "clothed in white, but on the lee the trunk is black." "Half effects" is good, and good also is the half effect of an etching, or the half effect of light and shade in a painting. On that terrible Tuesday "weathercocks and the like "were invisible"; but an "uplifted finger, moistened sailor-"wise"—as MASTERMAN READY instructed little WILLIAM SEAGRAVE—brought comfort to the distressed observer. "The cold upon the south-eastern side of the finger told "the story of a veering wind." The god of war was beaten, and on the morrow "those who had been full of complaint "overnight began to understand, with the Laureate, that "GOD fulfils himself in many ways." Wednesday was a nice moist day. The tell-tale finger was right, the wind had veered, and the perturbed chronicle ends in meek resignation.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

THE Local Government Bill will be introduced on Monday, and it is too late to make practical suggestions in the hope of any immediate result. Mr. RITCHIE, to whom the Bill is entrusted, will have a difficult task; but the great importance of the measure will render his colleagues as well as himself responsible for its conduct through the House of Commons. They have had sufficient notice of the intentions of the Opposition. Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. PARNELL will almost certainly discourage obstruction and offer the Government every facility for alarming or alienating its own supporters. On suitable occasions amendments will be proposed for the purpose of detaching, if possible, from the majority the more Radical section of the Liberal-Unionists; but there is reason to believe that the Bill will disappoint its assailants by the popular nature of its main provisions. There is no longer any useful purpose to be served by inquiring whether it was judicious to attempt organic legislation in the absence of any general demand for a change. All parties have, with more or less sincerity, pledged themselves to a policy which some of their members may have approved. Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH and his predecessor, Sir MASSEY LOPES, obtained large majorities in favour of motions for the relief of ratepayers at the expense of the national revenue; and they and their supporters must have foreseen that such a change would involve a readjustment of the machinery of local taxation. Successive Ministries have declared that the question must be considered as a whole; and in all discussions on the subject it has been assumed that the assessment and expenditure of the rates must be transferred to some elected body. A fanciful grievance was thought to require a practical remedy; and it could not be denied that the fiscal powers of Justices in Quarter Sessions were anomalous, though they had been honestly and prudently administered. It seemed, on the whole, logically, if not practically, necessary to recast the ancient system of local or rural government, and the present Government thought it necessary to prove that its own tenure of power was not an impediment to legislation. If the faint and fitful demand for new municipal institutions had been disregarded, it would perhaps have assumed more formidable dimensions. No other change of equal importance could be proposed which would not have been still more inconsistent with Conservative opinion. Lord SALISBURY has perhaps consulted the interests of the party by introducing a Local Government Bill.

As the fiscal and administrative business of the counties will be withdrawn from the control of the magistrates, it will probably not be thought worth while to preserve the judicial functions of Quarter Sessions. The hearing of appeals and the trial of prisoners are ordinarily conducted by the Chairman, with the formal assistance of two or three of his colleagues. The appointment of a professional judge of the rank of a Recorder would enable Parliament to relieve the judges of assize of a portion of their labours by extending the jurisdiction of Quarter Sessions. The most convenient and economical plan would be to transfer the duties to the County Court Judges, with perhaps a reasonable increase of salary, and in some cases it might be necessary to make an addition to their number. No change in the jurisdiction of Petty Sessions, or of magistrates acting singly, is likely to be included in the Bill, but zealous democrats will perhaps take the opportunity of denouncing unpaid magistrates in counties, though they may tolerate their existence in municipal boroughs. Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN when he was Chancellor of the Duchy introduced the more than questionable innovation of placing working-men in the Commission of the Peace. If party fanaticism should induce other official Radicals to follow the precedent, it would be obviously expedient to disestablish functionaries who would be almost always incompetent to the discharge of their duties. It would be highly inconvenient to entrust to a local Caucus the nomination, or rather the recommendation, of candidates for the office of justice. The preference given in boroughs to the supporters of the Government for the time being has often caused dissatisfaction and scandal. The systematic adoption of Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN's party policy would soon become intolerable.

Neither Conservative nor Liberal Ministers had previously been in the habit of publicly boasting that they had exercised their power of appointing judicial functionaries for political purposes. Of the more important parts of the forthcoming Bill the gentry, however unpalatable they may find the change, have no right to complain. They have themselves been the principal promoters of the injudicious movement against the present arrangement of local taxation. Under the new dispensation they will probably have heavier burdens to bear, because the local expenditure will no longer be managed as at present by the largest ratepayers.

One of the most difficult questions connected with local government will relate to the appointment of a licensing authority. The best tribunal which could be selected for the purpose is that which already exists. County magistrates have the merit of being comparatively impartial, and, for the most part, dispassionate. Those of them who are interested in public-houses are legally disqualified from acting, and the remainder are better qualified for the duty than any body constituted by popular election. Country gentlemen never frequent public-houses, and for the most part they keep aloof from the United Kingdom Alliance and similar bodies. Being neither drunkards nor fanatics, they would be at liberty, if their powers were somewhat enlarged, to consult the interests and wishes of the population. As the law has been hitherto understood, they have thought themselves compelled to renew existing licences in the absence of complaint against the actual holders. If they were entitled to exercise discretion, they might often make mistakes; but no alternative tribunal would be either preferable or equally deserving of confidence. It is, nevertheless, useless to recommend the continuance of a system which is loudly denounced by a formidable body of agitators. In his answer to a deputation which he lately received, Mr. Ritchie seemed to imply an intention of transferring the power of granting licences to the new County Boards. The delegates clamorously demanded a reference in every case to a popular vote. A majority might, as they hoped, be found in every district to impose compulsory abstinence on a sober minority. As in other cases, modern politicians are anxious to restrict or to abolish the representative system, which not long since was universally applauded as the greatest of modern political discoveries. Legislation by mobs and riots suits better the purposes of demagogues; and they think it especially applicable to a subject which has excited an extraordinary amount of passionate excitement. Mr. Ritchie declined to propose an incessant succession of plebiscites in every county and parish, and he endeavoured to convince the deputation that it would be a strange proceeding to create representative bodies, and then to overrule their decision by the votes of their constituents. His arguments were unanswerable, and unacceptable to his audience; but, if the Bill gives the Local Councils a veto on the issue of licences, it will incur the risk of injuriously affecting all the other portions of the scheme. The temperance agitators never cease to assert the paramount importance of their favourite object; and, if the grant or the refusal of licences in any district depends upon the action of the governing body, the municipal elections will turn almost exclusively on the question of compulsory abstinence. It would be impossible to devise a more effective method of excluding the fittest candidates from local office. The battle will be fought between the sectaries on one side and the publicans and their habitual customers on the other. The successful combatants will be satisfied with redeeming their pledges to their supporters, without too carefully qualifying themselves for the discharge of their more important duties. The project of reforming the House of Lords by filling its ranks with elected County Chairmen would, if possible, be rendered still more absurd if the new dignitaries had recently been elected with a mandate to encourage or suppress the sale of alcoholic liquors. It is possible that the Government may have discovered the risk of dealing with licences, and a rumour that that part of the measure is to be postponed may rest on some solid foundation.

The business to which the Government and Parliament are about to apply themselves is, in some respects, unprecedented. The Reform Bill of 1832, though it effected a political revolution, might be said to be simpler than the Local Government Bill. The composition of the House of Commons was remodelled, but its functions and powers were unchanged, and the community at large had always been familiar with the processes of Parliamentary government. The County Councils are novel inventions, and their patrons can only judge by conjecture how they are likely to work. It may be found that, after a time, it will be necessary to pay the Chairmen, if not the ordinary members, of the Councils. Their disposition to thrift, to extravagance, or to judicious liberality, cannot be confidently anticipated. If they are elected on the basis of household suffrage, the constituency will perhaps be interested rather in a free expenditure of corporate funds than in rigid economy. A more restricted franchise, on the other hand, would not be sufficiently popular, and indeed it might probably be rejected by the House of Commons. The objection of novelty is obviously not conclusive; but it justifies caution and moderation in the conduct as well as in the construction of the Bill. Mr. Ritchie, who is not known as an ambitious orator, will probably introduce the Bill in a practical speech containing a clear explanation of its provisions. There will be little reason to regret the absence of eloquent dissertations on the dignity and the educational tendency of local government. Vestrymen and county councillors are useful in their way, and they are not the less to be esteemed because they have seldom aspired to be statesmen. The best argument which can be urged in favour of a Local Government Bill is that the urban municipalities have been on the whole successful. It is to be hoped that the Bill will not introduce any change into their constitution or their powers. It will certainly not confer on the County Boards any right of interference with the boroughs within their limits. The attempt to make the boundaries of counties and Unions coincide seems to have been judiciously abandoned; but it apparently implies a purpose of giving the County Boards some share in Poor-law administration. Such a proposal seems likely to raise unnecessary difficulties. Boards of Guardians know their own business, and they will not readily submit to any external authority except the Local Government Board. The overlapping of areas and the intersection of boundaries are for the most part but imaginary evils.

THE P.R.

It has been said that the "prize-fight" which recently took place at Chantilly has conclusively proved, if proof were wanted, that a revival of the "Noble Art" is impossible. This may or may not be the case. Perhaps such a revival is eminently undesirable; perhaps, on the other hand, it would, in the long run, be found less demoralizing than the practice of sentimental journalism or, for that matter, any other expression of the new morality. Be this as it may, it is certain that pugilism is illegal, and that the enactment in its disfavour should either be repealed, or should be carried out, in the spirit as in the letter, as rigorously and exactly as possible. It is useless to wait for the principals in a prize fight. Mitchell and Sullivan, like Smith and Greenfield and Kilrain before them, trained quietly in England, crossed the Channel, did their business on French soil, and, being taken into custody and liberated on bail, found it to their interest to forfeit their recognizances, and come home. The law must be more alert than that, or, as Bumble puts it, "the law "is a hass." If, as Mr. Matthews is inclined to believe, it is as punishable to publish a challenge as it is to take part, whether as principals or accessories, in an actual fight, then the scandal of last Saturday becomes all the more flagrant, and the torpor of the Administration all the more reprehensible and amazing. It is said on all sides, and with truth, that the case of Sullivan v. Mitchell has done much to discredit the Ring; but there can be no question that it has done still more to discredit authority, and that it is as good an example of the national vice of Pecksniffism—*i.e.* the trick of preaching one morality and practising another—as has often been witnessed.

THE NAVY.

Lord George Hamilton has every reason to be satisfied with the progress of his fight for his policy up to the present. If his foes have been those of his own household, they have not deserved the character usually attributed to a man's domestic enemies. They have not been very dangerous. Lord Charles Beresford, who seems to have left all his Saxon behind him in the Admiralty, has praised his late chief where blame might have been damaging, and has blamed him only on a point where all is

matter of opinion and theory. Such criticism is not very serious. To be sure, Lord CHARLES was debarred from finding much fault; for on his own showing he must be held to have approved of everything which he did not condemn in minutes of extreme violence. But external criticism has been equally absent, and in its place there has been very general praise for the FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY, who is beginning a new era of efficiency and economy. What Lord GEORGE HAMILTON has done in the way of increasing rapidity of construction, and so forth, ought to be recognized, and was duly commended here long before the publication of his Memorandum. The praise asked for that document and its appendices, and pretty freely given too, is a proof of the persistence of an old superstition. If public opinion were, as thoughtful persons say it ought to be, moulded by experience, we are afraid that these documents would be much more coolly received. These re-arrangements of Admiralty accounts, re-namings of departments, and shifting round of functions are no new things. There have been very many of them during the last two generations, and several even within the last ten years. All were to have begun new eras of efficiency and economy. In a little while, however, it was always found that, the more the Admiralty was changed, the more it was the same. Good bookkeeping is an excellent thing as far as it goes, and possibly the new system of arranging the Navy Estimates may have acceptable business results. But, when that is allowed, it is still true that little is really gained unless we are to have the clear conception of what the naval policy of the country ought to be on the part of the Admiralty, and the corresponding distinctness of intention and intelligence of criticism on the part of the House of Commons which would have given us a sufficient navy under any of the forms of our changing system.

There is very little either in the well-praised Memorandum, or in the consequent proceedings in the House, to show that the needful "vivifying touch" is about to be supplied. Lord GEORGE'S statement is a businesslike paper, quite equal to the yearly report of a railway Company in point of arrangement. It certainly shows that a good deal has been done of late, not so much to put the navy into a satisfactory state as to work it up from a condition of dangerous and disgraceful weakness. This is not denied on any side, but when it is examined for signs of the naval policy which is to save us in the future from renewed panics and repetitions of our unending changes of system, some faith is required to find them. It has the old Admiralty stamp on it much too visibly to be convincing. There is the same determination to do the least possible, the same excess of delight in saving for saving's sake, though there is more pride than of old in the amount of work done. Lord GEORGE HAMILTON'S comparison between the English and foreign navies may be taken as fully justified (for purposes of argument), and yet the conclusion he draws from it need not be accepted. The conclusion we mean is not his argumentative one, that our navy is strong enough, but the other and practical one which takes the form of a determination to build no more heavy battle-ships for the present. We do not expect to see the sun of England go down for ever because our navy is not demonstrably capable of overwhelming any possible hostile combination. No doubt in former times we have been comparatively less strong than we are at this moment. In 1793, for instance, our navy was just equal in numbers to the united French and Spaniards, and our ships, as a rule, were smaller and less heavily armed. But then we began that war with Spain on our side, and France utterly disorganized by the Revolution. When at present the fitness of the navy for its work is under consideration, it is not taken for granted that we shall go to war with the third naval Power in Europe on our side against the second, fighting single-handed, and in a state of anarchy into the bargain. The supposition, on the contrary, is that England should be prepared to meet an effective coalition. If that supposition is a sound one, it is manifestly unwise to fix our strength at the lowest figure that will do. No margin is allowed for accident, no reserve provided, and of all the ways of bringing about another panic in peace, to say nothing of war, this is the surest. The section of the Memorandum which deals with naval ordnance gives another instance of this miserly and, in the long run, wasteful manner of equipping the service. Several big ships are waiting for their guns, which are dropping in by batches of two and three. Of course on the sudden outbreak of war this would mean that for months these vessels would lie uselessly in dock; for, even if they were armed with old ordnance, time would be required to change their fittings. The present Board cannot be held responsible for the actual state of things. The determination to adopt the breech-loading system was taken late; and accidents—so called—which are not yet forgotten, suspended the manufacture of the new ordnance when it had actually been begun. But, if Lord GEORGE and his colleagues are free from blame for the past, they are responsible for the future. We cannot see any sign that they are preparing to secure a sufficient supply of the new weapons. Heavy cannon for the line-of-battle ships have been ordered in just sufficient quantities to supply the ships actually in course of construction. Here, again, in armament, as in ships, there is to be no reserve. The minimum is provided for peace, and no provision is made for the waste of war. Guns may be struck and disabled in action. Recent experience does not show that they enjoy conspicuous strength of constitution, even in peace, and no preparation is being made to supply more than can just be mounted. Behind them there will be nothing. This is precisely the fault against which Sir WALTER SCOTT, wiser for others than for himself, warned his friend TERRY. It is the neglect to provide "the ready" wherewith to meet contingencies which has always been the fault of the Admiralty. Until it is amended we look for little good from improved methods of bookkeeping.

The discussions in the House of Commons do not show that Parliamentary criticism is in a more hopeful state than Admiralty policy. Monday night was wasted in what was very little better than vague and purposeless talk, and Thursday was spent to no better purpose. The speech with which Lord CHARLES BERESFORD introduced his amendment was partly devoted to an explanation of his theatrical retirement, which in reality adds nothing to what was already known. As for the amendment itself, it is difficult to discuss with any satisfaction, simply because it is impossible to make out from their professions what the mover and supporters would really be at. We may guess that they would like to see the quill-driving clerks under the orders of an honest sailor. This is, no doubt, the esoteric meaning of the words "That the allocation of "authority [in the Admiralty] requires entire reform." This is a view like another. When we get to their speeches, however, we find they want a different and ill-defined, thing. They do not profess to desire to take the navy from under the control of Parliament, or to diminish the authority of the First Lord. None the less they want, in some way, to put Parliament, and the First Lord too, into leading-strings, to be held by experts. The two things are, incompatible. Without stopping to inquire whether experts would necessarily supply a consistent policy or good administration—which is not a matter of course—we point out that, if the First Lord is to be master, he must be obeyed. The only guarantee that his power will be well used is that Parliament should have an enlightened desire to possess a good navy, and that the First Lord should be taught that it is his interest to consult its wish.

BOULANGISME.

THE last contribution of France to the political vocabulary of Europe has not been received with all the attention which is its due. *Boulangisme* is the word, and a newspaper has been started to preach it. This organ, the *Cocarde*, is reported to be dull, and there is every probability that the adjective is deserved. An amusing journalist is not to be found at every street corner, even in Paris; and believers in Boulangisme have no better luck in that way than others. But, happily for a large and important part of the human race, it is very possible to get on in the world without wit. The staff of the *Cocarde* may expound the Boulangisme of General BOULANGER to admiring and confiding hearers with not the less success because they do not make too great a demand on their powers of appreciating "esprit." What their body of doctrine may be when it is fully expounded we can afford to wait to see. In the meantime the world can make use of the evidence before it, and form its opinion of Boulangisme from known facts. For the rest, a new political principle is not a thing to be despised; and a gentleman who can survive so much as General BOULANGER, and whose mere name, written by a practical joker in a visitors' book, can set half Paris in a flutter, is a very important person indeed. The General's

dismissal has, as a matter of course, been greeted with a pretty loud chorus to the effect that now at last the bubble is pricked and the NAPOLEON *de café-concert* on his way to oblivion. We think we have heard something like this before, and yet here he is. The blue spectacles and the limp are no worse than the AUMALE letters. If the Opportunist Deputies have indeed been congratulating one another on the remarkable energy of Government, it may be remembered that their idea of energy is somewhat peculiar. The measure taken against him is, in fact, a recognition of his importance; and, considering what very small persons he has to fight, it will not be at all surprising if General BOULANGER is found fighting successfully for his great principle for many a day yet.

To judge from the General's career, we imagine Boulangisme to be something like this. It is the art of making the utmost possible noise over the smallest possible amount of work, of becoming famous by show, of appealing to fine sentiments, or to ignoble, by claptrap, of playing to any gallery which is likely to applaud and can be wheedled into paying for its seat, of parading hazy but grandiose looking schemes without the least regard to the possibility of carrying them into effect. To be sure, this is not an absolute novelty, even in France; and there are many professors of Boulangisme who are not followers of General BOULANGER. When the Budget Committee of the Chamber recommends that the budget of the Church should be suppressed, although it knows perfectly well that a majority has voted in favour of retaining it—that is Boulangisme. It is claptrap, played to please the Radical gallery. When M. DE LESSEPS, with a flood ot fine phrases about the mission of France, asks people to lend him 600,000,000 francs at any interest, and then promises to guarantee the loan by borrowing another 150,000,000 francs and investing them at 3 per cent., that also is Boulangisme. It is even a fine example, for it includes the haziness, the grandiosity, the claptrap, and the practical dishonesty. When a theatrical manager and fireman are sentenced to fine and imprisonment for carelessly causing the death of many scores of persons, and are then acquitted by the Supreme Court on the ground that they were not proved to be careless, here, also, there are traces of Boulangisme. The lower court obtained a cheap reputation for austerity by inflicting penalties it knew the superior court would remit, and so it satisfied a public clamour at no cost. In due course M. WILSON and his accomplices, having figured in a first, will figure in a second course of Boulangisme. Boulangisme is the talk about the virtuous calmness of Paris on the death of the Emperor WILLIAM; as if anything else would not have been absolutely contemptible. Boulangisme is the scolding of Bulgaria for its revolutionary disregard of the rights of Europe; as if France had a claim to deliver that lecture, or as if we did not all know to what gallery that claptrap is played. To be sure, General BOULANGER did not invent all this, but that is only to his advantage. It is no small thing to give your name to a common practice. In politics he who can do it shows that his popularity has a deep and wide basis. Besides, is it not the best of all ways to secure fame to do a little better than others what all others are doing? General BOULANGER has played the universal game better than any other, it is only right that he should give his name to it. What Frenchman has become famous so cheaply, and by such pure show? Who has so boldly done ignoble things to please the mob? Who has outlined so much? He is the only man in France who has a party which will act spontaneously for him. His allies, too, are winning. In the Côte-d'Or a Radical has replaced M. CARNOT. Extreme Radicals have also carried the day in La Haute-Marne and the Bouches-du-Rhône. Altogether, it looks more unwise than ever for the superior person to sniff at General BOULANGER. There are the makings in that man of the next Copper Captain.

HOSTS IN THEMSELVES.

THERE is a kind of complacency so innocent that it disarms ridicule, and we feel ourselves in its presence in reading Mr. O'BRIEN'S speech to the Notables who have just entertained him and his "fellow victims" at dinner. "Who would have thought two years ago," exclaimed Mr. O'BRIEN, in effect, "that we Irish members would be "sitting here among you gentlemen, and drinking our "sherry-wine at the tables of the great?" He and his friends, he said, to quote his precise words, "were men "whom Mr. BALFOUR had spared no effort, fair or "foul, to stain with degradation, and with contamination "with criminals; and yet here they were received and "welcomed as princes in the capital of England's industry "and England's greatness." The "capital of" &c., has, of course, very little to do with it, since the dispensing of hospitality at Manchester is, presumably, no exclusive privilege of the distinguished, and we suppose that anybody may give a dinner there to anybody else whom it pleases him to invite. Mr. O'BRIEN'S meaning was that his hosts were representative of their city, and that England's greatness was, to some extent, so reflected, at any rate through its Manchester variety, in their persons. Now Mr. O'BRIEN is an Irishman, or, in other words, he belongs to a race of men who have sometimes been accused of saying pretty things which they do not altogether mean, so that we ought perhaps to make a little deduction for "blarney." But, on the whole, the sentence we have quoted impresses one with an effect of sincerity. One cannot resist the conviction that the exultation of the man who uttered it is at any rate more than half genuine, and that he really felt, and not feigned, those emotions of pride with which he looked round upon the "haffable gentlemen who "had stretched out the 'and of brotherhood" to himself and his fellows. Before simplicity so sacred as this even cynicism itself might bare the head. If it is credible—and, as we have pointed out, we really think it is credible—that Mr. O'BRIEN is speaking in good faith, or to a great extent in that spirit, then indeed must we cease to wonder that he and his Separatist friends have so long been feeding their minds with the delusion that the "English "people is with them." Those who entertain so grotesque a conception of what is representative and influential among an English political party with which they are now in constant contact must be hopelessly incapable of distinguishing valuable from worthless manifestations of opinion on the national scale.

There was one, and only one, remarkable feature about the banquet given to Mr. O'BRIEN, Mr. T. D. SULLIVAN, and Mr. WILFRID BLUNT in the Manchester Free Trade Hall; and that, no doubt, is capable, by judicious statistical treatment, of being made to appear somewhat impressive. The board was graced by one-half of the peers, not being ex-Ministers, who have declared themselves in favour of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Irish policy. That is to say, Lord CAVAN was present at the dinner; and it only wanted the addition of the other one to complete the set of non-official Gladstonian peers. But perhaps the other half of this aristocratic party of salvation—the nobleman who plays JOHNNY DODDS of Farthing's Acre to the DAVIE DEANS of Lord CAVAN—has been guilty of a "right-hand defection" or a "left-hand falling off," and has reduced the true Church to a compact communion of one. The "anti-Union Roll" of peers is easily called, in any case; and as for the commoners who assembled to greet the Irish patriots, what are we to say of them? Here are their names—Mr. JAMES STANSFELD, M.P.; Mr. R. LEAKE, M.P.; Sir H. E. ROSCOE, M.P.; Mr. J. T. BRUNNER, M.P.; and, at the head of the table, Mr. C. E. SCHWANN, M.P. The first name on the list requires, of course, no ceremonies of introduction. Mr. STANSFELD is well known, and his exact status may perhaps be best defined by saying that he stands in the same relation to an ex-Minister of importance as Mr. BRUNNER and Mr. SCHWANN do to important private members of Parliament. Mr. BRUNNER is a little more notorious than Mr. SCHWANN from having ascended the Irish stump for a brief period before the Mitchelstown meeting, and having descended it with signal promptitude after that incident. As to the gentleman who sat at the head of the table, and to the "worthy Vice," and to the other representatives of the "capital of England's industry and England's greatness," it would be inexact to say that their names are altogether unknown to the public; for they occur regularly in lists printed by most of the newspapers after important divisions, and, for aught we know, they may thereby have become as familiar in the mouths of all Englishmen as household words. But unless that has occurred, their highly respectable names will convey no clear-cut and strongly marked conception of their individualities to the average mind of their fellow-countrymen. Yet there are some private members of Parliament on the Gladstonian side of the House whose names *do* convey a conception of the kind, just as there are several ex-Ministers who have impressed themselves more forcibly on the national imagination than Mr. STANSFELD. Why were none of these present? By what extraordinary concurrence of

mischances—by what combination of colds in the head, attacks of gout, sprained ankles, previous dinner engagements, urgent private business—were they one and all prevented from attending?

THE OATHS BILL.

THE debate on the Oaths Bill on Wednesday was, no doubt, in the French sense, *digne*; it was certainly, in the English sense, dull. We shall do our best to avoid dulness in dealing with it; but we shall trust not to avoid dignity. It is to be regretted that the statement of the objections to the measure was not, in the first place, undertaken by some more competent speakers than Mr. LEIGHTON and Mr. DE LISLE, though the task was, to some extent, afterwards performed by Mr. DARLING and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL. No Parnellite member undertook to justify the singular change of conduct of that party on the matter—a change which has no parallel in that minority of the Conservatives which either abstained or voted for the Bill. It has been said by some Gladstonians that Conservatives have "changed their minds"—a saying only to be justified by the severe trials of experience and opinion to which the Gladstonian party has been subjected in the last thirty months, and which may excuse some forgetfulness of facts. Those facts are very simple. Had such a Bill as the present been brought in seven or eight years ago as a consequence of the general knowledge that the Parliamentary oath was constantly being taken in vain, it would have been difficult for many orthodox Conservatives to oppose it. The actual course of events was quite different. Mr. BRADLAUGH, having been elected for Northampton, chose, for purposes of his own which it is quite unnecessary to discuss here, to give the House of Commons the information that he was a person on whom the oath would not be binding. His demand to affirm having been given against him by the proper authorities, he then proposed to take the oath, and, in default of tender, endeavoured to administer it to himself. Indignation at this proceeding, and perhaps even stronger indignation at the constant refusal of the Prime Minister of the day either to pronounce boldly for Mr. BRADLAUGH or honestly against him, led to a succession of scenes in which the sense of decency of the House of Commons was vindicated. And, finally, when Mr. GLADSTONE was at last awakened to the discreditable nature of his conduct, the intolerable character of the *privilegium* thus proposed still prevented the House from passing it. But with the lapse of the Government and the Parliament of 1880 that technical knowledge of Mr. BRADLAUGH's beliefs or no-beliefs which had made his exclusion possible lapsed likewise, and he took the oath as he might have done years before. The question thus fell back to its earlier stage, with an added argument for some kind of new settlement. It became more than ever clear that no person willing to take the oath could be excluded, and that persons by whom the oath ought never to be taken were likely to present themselves in increasing numbers. The course proper to take in such a condition of things could not possibly be affected by the course which had been taken in a condition quite different. Apparently some considerable questions remain to be debated in Committee, especially the very important one whether, in at least inferior cases, the oath as an oath does not exercise a salutary influence. But it may at least be granted that no one who has been elected member of the House of Commons, and who is willing to take an oath the terms of which are to him gibberish, can be kept out by the present law. And it may perhaps be added that after recent experiences the House of Commons can hardly fear more undesirable members under a scheme of latitude than those whom a scheme of tests has let in.

FORTIFICATIONS.

THE exact value of the argument against a public inquiry into the state of our national defences, which takes the form of a complaint that it would betray our weak spots to a possible enemy, is neatly illustrated by the recently published Report on the fortification of our ports. A glance at it ought to convert any one who may still be on the other side to agreement with Sir H. STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, to whom we find we have attributed a more thoroughgoing approval of the military policy of the Ministry than it received from him. He did, in fact, express a conviction that possible enemies knew our weakness too well already, and a willingness to vote more money to make them good than the Ministry had thought necessary to ask for. From the Report it is abundantly clear that our fortifications are one great weak spot altogether. Even Malta and Gibraltar—ports of war which should be at all times in a condition to repel attack—are in need of fresh outlay to make them thoroughly sound. They are, however, in a comparatively favourable condition. A fortified place may be imperfect, and may yet be able to make a long and a good fight. At home things are worse than they are in the Mediterranean. The Committee which drew up the Report was convinced that even Portsmouth was not quite safe against sudden attack. The members of the Committee were unquestionably right in believing that the destruction of our chief arsenal might be decisive in a great war; and, as long as it could not be trusted to stand by itself, there would be an absolute necessity for keeping a squadron to look after it, which is another way of saying that it would be a burden instead of a help. Other naval ports are in an even weaker condition, and, as for the purely commercial sea-towns, we have hardly made a beginning in the work of fortifying them. The very mouths of the Thames and Medway are not safe, since an enemy could take up a position from which Chatham could be shelled with little or no danger to himself. For these and many other equally convincing reasons, the Committee has come to the conclusion that the fortifications are not in a satisfactory condition and ought to be strengthened. It may be observed that all this is, and long has been, the secret of Punch. Comment has been made on it here and elsewhere often enough, and assuredly it is all as familiar as his glove to our possible enemy.

Our esteemed and right-thinking contemporary the *Standard* has improved recent events, and asked itself what the Emperor WILLIAM would have said to it all. We think we know; and also what he would have done. He would have said it was disgraceful; and would have taken the money to put it right, though the House of Commons squalled never so loud. At least that is what he would have done if he had held here the position he did in Prussia. But then neither he nor any man held, or could have held, that position in this country; and so it is useless to speculate what his course would be in these circumstances. It is more to the point to ask what our course ought to be. Here there is more hope of coming to a result, though it is not so great as some may think. By far the worst part of our constant naval and military failures is the difficulty of imagining any change in our methods which will secure permanent intelligent management of our national defence. The House of Commons is generally willing to vote money when it is seriously asked for. The country is not indifferent to its safety. On the contrary, it is very nervous about it, and liable to wild panics, as was seen when the Duke of WELLINGTON's letter was published, and again in *The Battle of Dorking* times. Yet, in spite of good intentions and good will, we seem unable to get our navy and army seriously treated, except by fits and starts. There will not improbably now be another spasm of fear, another brief period of frantic digging, building, gun-casting, and of launching of ships. Work will be done, and much of it will be good. But, when the fit is over, who will guarantee that there will not be another spell of idleness, another interval of neglect, leading up to another panic? That, of course, is the most favourable view of it for us. It might lead to a national disaster. Until we secure this permanent watchfulness and constant care to keep the services up to the level of efficiency required for their work we have done little. Not even the reforms which are to cause the sublime head of Mr. STANHOPE to touch the stars and to make Lord GEORGE HAMILTON immortal will be enough. Perhaps not the worst way of securing them is indicated in the sea-song:—

> Till Hawke did bang Monsieur Conflans
> You sent us beef and beer,
> Now Monsieur's beat we've nought to eat
> Since you have nought to fear.

Let us keep up a wholesome fear by publicity, by yearly statements, showing exactly how things stand, and then if the beef and beer are not supplied, on our heads be it.

TWO PEERS ON THE SITUATION.

THE Duke of ARGYLL and Lord ROSEBERY have been severally demonstrating that vigorous capacity for public affairs which, when displayed by members of the Upper House, excites so strange a mixture of fear and jealousy in the Radical breast. The former has been addressing a meeting of the Liberal-Unionist Association at Cambridge; the latter has been entertained at dinner by an East-End political club. Upon the DUKE the situation in which he found himself, and the particular audience which he was addressing, appear to have produced a somewhat uncomfortable impression of novelty, and there was a certain constraint about his opening remarks which is unusual with so practised a speaker. Rousing himself, however, by memories of Bannockburn, on which historic spot he tells us that he has recently stood and "shouted "for joy," the DUKE went on to point out with new vigour and effectiveness the familiar contrast between Scottish and Irish history, both as regards the resistance respectively offered by the two races to English conquest and to Imperial incorporation. Passing thence to a general review of the Unionists' position and the attacks upon it, the Duke of ARGYLL delivered himself of a most destructive reply to a favourite argument of Mr. MORLEY and his school. It is impossible to say anything new about the Home Rule question, either on one side or the other, and the main line of reasoning to which the DUKE'S reply belongs is familiar enough. But the specific application of it in this instance has a peculiar force and freshness of its own. The whole weight of Mr. MORLEY'S contention on behalf of the Separation policy, in his speech at the Oxford Union, reposed upon the assumed incompetence of the Imperial Parliament to deal with the avowed and admitted political needs of Ireland. Yet Mr. GLADSTONE'S plan—and, indeed, all plans put forward by his party—would involve the creation of a statutory Parliament, and the Legislature which is to frame the statute declaring and limiting the powers of this Irish Parliament is the very assembly which the authors of the scheme declare to be "utterly in-"competent to deal with the needs of Ireland." This, too, is no mere rhetorical *reductio ad absurdum*. It is not as if the Imperial Parliament could safeguard Imperial interests by a few broad statutory provisions which need not necessarily infringe on Irish claims to local autonomy in particular matters. On the contrary, Imperial demands and Particularist pretensions are found in conflict at every turn; the question of fiscal policy is a sufficient illustration of that. There cannot be the slightest doubt that any constituent Act creating a statutory Parliament in Ireland would have, even in the hands of Mr. GLADSTONE himself, come into collision with the alleged "needs of Ireland." And what, as the Duke of ARGYLL asks, is likely to be the permanence of a Constitution so drawn up?

Lord ROSEBERY, we are glad to see, is in good spirits. This is a matter of no little importance; for Lord ROSEBERY, now that Mr. LABOUCHERE has, politically speaking, "found "religion," is the only member of the Gladstonian party who is able to infuse any humour of a lighter quality than Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S into political discussion. He is quite the "agreeable Rattle" of the Radical Club. At the Bow and Bromley dinner, however, he was hardly perhaps in his best form, and his jokes were occasionally of that order which is more pleasing to the joker's opponents than to his friends, who sit wondering whether his wit is unconsciously left-handed, or whether he is slily poking fun at his audience. We doubt, for instance, whether the bold Bowmen quite knew what to make of their guest's eulogism on adversity and its sweet uses, or felt altogether sure that he was serious in declaring his opinion that they had "every "reason to congratulate themselves on the present position "of the Liberal party." If this, however, was irony, it will not compare in point of subtlety with what followed. If Gladstonians find a difficulty in agreeing with Lord ROSEBERY that their state is the more gracious for these late defeats, their perplexity is as nothing to that with which a Unionist will listen to his account of their present wrongs. They are, it seems, subjected to every form of calumny and misrepresentation; and, as soon as the case is presented in the day, weeds are planted in the night, and the diligent Liberal has a task of almost superhuman difficulty and gravity in pulling them up in the morning. A more exact description, on the topsy-turvy principle, of what takes place with respect to the proceedings of the Government in Ireland it would have been impossible to frame. One would really think that Lord ROSEBERY had been recently passing some of his nights in the office of an Irish Nationalist newspaper, and that it was from this experience that his humorous imagination had derived the hint of this most audacious jest. His review of the comparative electoral fortunes of the Unionist and Separatist parties was apparently meant to be serious, and his comments on the Gladstonian defeats at Doncaster and Deptford seem intended for *bonâ fide* explanations of these events. But in that case his observations on Mr. BLUNT'S failure were singularly infelicitous. If Mr. BLUNT was beaten because he was speechless and in prison, it must be remembered that it was only by getting himself imprisoned and silenced that he procured his selection as a candidate at all. This, however, is in thorough keeping with the usual Parnellite desire for the glories of martyrdom dissociated from its inconveniences. Mr. BLUNT was glad to get all the votes he could attract by his mute and helpless appeal to the sympathies of the Deptford electors, and at the same time takes it ill that he should lose any of their votes by being unable to canvass them in person. As to Doncaster, Lord ROSEBERY admits with agreeable candour that "his knowledge of the district was not acquired in "political circumstances"; but, without knowing any more about Doncaster than the result of the last race for the St. Leger, he might still have avoided the singularly inept criticism which he hazarded on the recent election. It is, no doubt, true that the name of FITZWILLIAM is a name which it is difficult to beat in this district; but *Ruff's Guide*—we mean *Dod's Parliamentary Companion*—would have told Lord ROSEBERY, if he had consulted it, that the name of FITZWILLIAM, and, what is more, a name with the same initials as those of the late winner, was defeated on the Liberal-Unionist platform at the election of 1886.

With the future prospects of his party Lord ROSEBERY deals in the same light and airy fashion as with their past vicissitudes and their present fortunes. The kind of cheerfulness which he displays has, no doubt, a physically infectious element about it, and may so far have tended to raise the spirits of his hearers. But those among them who examined his utterances for any substantial grounds of reassurance contained in them must have been a little disappointed. His admissions against his party were generous, even, as some of his hearers may have thought, to the point of imprudence, and there was little or nothing to set against them. "It is quite true," he said, "that our Home "Rule scheme was [or, according to the revised version, "might have been"] a bad scheme, and our land scheme "was a bad scheme, but that was what we went out "upon. The Tories," he continues, "had all the time an "alternative scheme, which was not coercion, but which "has turned out to be nothing else." The statement, of course, is one of the "weeds" which Lord ROSEBERY planted at Bow last Wednesday night, and which has to be pulled up as part of the next morning's work of the Unionists; but let that pass. The Tories, it appears, have a scheme, by Lord ROSEBERY'S own admission—a scheme which they do not admit to be bad, which the country has not so far pronounced bad, and which they have consequently not yet "gone out upon." The only thing, therefore, which could have consoled the men of Bow for these damaging confessions would have been a confident declaration on Lord ROSEBERY'S part that the Gladstonians had not only given up their old "bad scheme," but had devised another which should "go one better" than the Tory scheme. But Lord ROSEBERY does not say this, or anything approaching to this. He says mildly that "it is very difficult to know "what the constituencies think. We go down to the con-"stituencies and we see enthusiastic meetings of Liberals "who are entirely with us; and I have no doubt our "opponents go down and see enthusiastic meetings of "Conservatives who are thoroughly with them. Therefore, "it is very difficult to test the matter till we come to a "general election." Surely this is rather cold comfort. What Gladstonian Clubs want to be told is, not that they will know what the result of the litigation is when the jury give their verdict, but that they have reason to think that that verdict will be in their favour. They must feel, too, that even a general election is little likely to turn the tables on their adversary, unless the "bad scheme" can in the meantime be replaced by a good one. And of any such replacement, or of any the most distant hope of it, there is not, and has not been at any time since Mr. GLADSTONE'S bad scheme was rejected, even the shadow of a sign.

THE OPERATION OF THE CLOSURE RULE.

It was edifying to observe the promptitude with which Mr. Bradlaugh intervened last Wednesday afternoon with a motion for the closure of the debate on the second reading of his Oaths Bill. There was, it is true, no general desire on the part of a majority of the House to "talk out" the measure, otherwise, of course, Mr. Bradlaugh's motion would not have been carried. But it is probable enough that one or two of the opponents of the legislative proposal would have adopted this means of getting rid of it, and its promoter therefore was only resorting to a natural and legitimate precaution. We may admit, also, that Mr. Bradlaugh himself has never been among the noisier opponents of the "muzzling rule." He sits, however, in the midst of a party who have never ceased to denounce the engine of Ministerial oppression which they now find to lend itself with perfect impartiality to the protection of a Bill which meets with almost all its opposition on the Ministerial side of the House. Their future attitude towards the Closure Rule will now probably undergo something of that favourable change which is noticeable in the demeanour of the man who has won his first stake at it towards an unfamiliar game at cards.

The combination of the new midnight rule with that of the Closure has also produced very satisfactory results. It has attained its object of shortening discussion on particular subjects, as well as of limiting debate in general, with hardly any friction. The first hitch—if, indeed, it can be called so—which has occurred in its operation took place last Thursday night, when Mr. Smith interposed at half-past eleven o'clock to bring some rather desultory talk on the Civil Service Estimates to a close by the motion that the question be now put. Mr. Dillon, who was about to address the House when Mr. Smith rose, is nowadays, of course, a person of too much importance to be snuffed out like any ordinary member, and Mr. Dillon accordingly threatened a little later on to vindicate his offended dignity by opposing the order of the day for going into Committee of Ways and Means. He complained of the want of courtesy displayed by the Leader of the House, which, it appeared, had also been keenly felt by that "sensitive plant" of the Parnellite *parterre*, Mr. Timothy Healy. To them were also added Sir William Harcourt, who "thought that the right hon. "gentleman might have postponed his Closure motion for a "quarter of an hour." He was proceeding to support this proposition by another which carefully and completely begged the whole question in dispute, when he too was offended by some Ministerialist ignoramus who did not understand the dialectic figure of *petitio principii*, and cried "Oh!" "If that," said Sir William severely, "was the "spirit shown by hon. gentlemen opposite"—a ribald spirit which can only jeer when an opponent kindly assumes the proposition which he has got to prove—he (Sir William) "could give no further assistance in the matter. He was "going to appeal to Mr. Dillon to withdraw his objec-"tion," but now—— And Sir William Harcourt resumed his seat with an air which said plainly that the blood of those who laugh at *petitiones principii* must be upon their own heads. Mr. Dillon did not press his objection, but Mr. Biggar did, and the order for going into Committee of Ways and Means stood over. Of course Mr. Smith's answer to the absurd charge of discourtesy was simple and complete. He moved the Closure at 11.30 because he knew that there must be two divisions if the motion was resisted. The motion *was* resisted; there *were* two divisions, and it was the very fact of the time spent in taking these two divisions which delayed the next order till after 12 o'clock, and thus enabled Mr. Dillon to oppose and Mr. Biggar to prevent its being taken. Sir William Harcourt's unkindly-treated argument was to the effect that since, as it was, the main question was only voted by 12 o'clock, "the leader of the House might have "allowed the discussion to have continued till a quarter "before the hour, and then have relied upon getting the "vote." But that is exactly what Mr. Smith could not rely upon. He had no reason to believe, and no right to assume, that the Closure motion would be resisted—as in fact it was—whenever it was made; and, if it were, it would then be too late to take a vote on the main question. Mr. Dillon and the Parnellites in general, including Sir William Harcourt, have the remedy in their own hands. They have only to let it be understood that they will not resist these motions of Closure, or at any rate not divide the House upon them, when brought forward, and they will be allowed to talk for a quarter of an hour longer every lawful night. If they will not enter into any such understanding, then they must consent to have their talk reduced by that amount of time. The thing is simplicity itself.

THE CONVERSION PROPOSALS.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer's scheme for the conversion of the Debt has three great merits which recommend it alike to the public man and to the capitalist. It does not increase the capital of the Debt, and yet it effects a very considerable saving for the taxpayers. From April of next year the annual reduction in interest, assuming that the scheme is completely successful, will amount to as much as 1,400,000*l.*, or nearly equivalent to the yield of a three-farthings Income-tax; and fourteen years later a further saving of the same amount will be effected. In fifteen years, therefore, the total saving will amount to about 2,800,000*l.* per annum, or not far short of the present yield of a three-halfpenny Income-tax. And this very handsome saving is secured without any burden being imposed upon the taxpayer, unless, indeed, we count as such the trifling bonus of five shillings per cent. which is to be granted to holders of Consols who voluntarily accept. Secondly, the scheme provides for the creation of one great stock of about 560 millions. This is the feature that specially recommends it to bankers, for we can hardly overrate the value to bankers of a British Government stock of such an enormous amount as to ensure always a free and ready market. Such stock, indeed, makes up almost for the loss of interest that has to be suffered. And, thirdly, the scheme is as considerate towards fundholders as is possible consistently with the main object of conversion. In other words, the reduction of interest is made gradually. For twelve months the fundholder receives the full 3 per cent. interest; then for fourteen years his interest is cut down only by a quarter per cent., and it is not until fifteen years have elapsed from the present time that the final reduction to 2½ per cent. is accomplished. Having these three great merits, it is reasonably certain that the scheme will succeed; but, of course, there are objectors, and principally the holders of the New Threes think that they have a grievance. Our readers are by this time doubtless familiar with the division of the Three per Cents into three great stocks—New Threes, Reduced Threes, and Consols. The first of these only is redeemable without notice, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer has taken advantage of this to propose that holders of New Threes who do not expressly signify their dissent by the 29th of the present month will be held to have assented. Not a few holders think that this is unjust; but we need hardly say that their complaint is entirely unfounded. When the New Threes were created, a guarantee was given that they should not be converted before 1874; but, on the other hand, it was expressly stipulated that afterwards they might be converted without notice, and that the reservation was meant to be acted upon was clear from the fact that the Chancellor of the Exchequer of the day had, just as Mr. Goschen does now, assumed assent where dissent was not expressed. Mr. Goschen, therefore, is merely acting upon the right reserved half a century ago, and is acting, moreover, upon well-established precedents. Indeed, he would have exposed himself to almost certain defeat if he had not adopted this expedient, or else entered into an arrangement with the banks to provide him with the means of paying off all fundholders who refused to assent. Generally it is found that where people are perplexed as to whether they ought or ought not to do a thing, they end by doing nothing. When Mr. Childers made his conversion proposals, he left the option to the holders of New Threes as well as to the holders of Reduced and Consols, and their doing nothing rendered his scheme practically abortive. Now, however, their doing nothing ensures the conversion of New Threes. The conversion of Reduced Threes seems also to be reasonably certain. The Reduced stock is a small one that can be very easily managed, and, therefore, there is little doubt that the bulk of it will be converted.

There is some doubt as to whether holders of Consols generally will convert. Consols constitute a very large stock—about 330 millions—and it seems to many that, if the holders simply refuse to convert, the Chancellor of the Exchequer will be helpless to overcome their resistance, and will have to offer better terms. Indeed, a meeting of bankers has been held, and, it is understood, has decided to ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer for a modification of his proposals. Still we are inclined to think that Consols also will be converted. The new Two and three-quarters per cent. stock is quoted at about 101½. It is, therefore, obviously better for a holder of Consols to accept a new stock which is at a premium of 1½ than to be paid off at par; and, further, it is obvious that, if Consol holders generally were so dissatisfied with the proposals that they threw their stock upon the market in unmanageably large masses, the price must have gone down under par. As a matter of fact, however, Consols remain well over par. Judging by the course of the market, then, it seems to us evident that Consol holders are making up their minds to accept the inevitable; and, as reasonable men, they, in fact, have no option but to do so. For years past the accumulation of wealth and the growing scarcity of new

investments have been sending up the prices of securities of all kinds. Consols, however, as Mr. Goschen showed last week, have not risen in anything like the same proportion as other securities—mainly because for years past it has been foreseen that conversion was inevitable when once Consols had stood well above par for years together, and the higher Consols went the more inevitable became conversion. How great has been the rise in other securities may be seen from two or three examples. Thus, in the beginning of March 1878 London and North-Western Four per cent. Debenture stock stood at 107, it is now 134, a rise of about 27 per cent. in ten years. Metropolitan Board of Works Three and a half per cent. stock at the same time stood at 102; now it is about 113; while New South Wales Fours have risen from par to 108. United States bonds ten years ago varied in interest from 4½ per cent. to 6 per cent., and the prices ranged from 103 to 107; now the Four per Cents, which cannot be called in and redeemed at par for nineteen years, stand at 127. From these examples it is evident that if the holders of Consols were to sell very largely for the purpose of buying securities that yield a better rate of interest, they would drive up the prices of those other securities so extravagantly against themselves that they would find themselves worse off than they are at present. Indeed, the mere prospect that selling upon a large scale would take place has caused an extraordinary rise this week. As we have already stated, London and North-Western Four per cent. Debenture stock now stands at a price which barely yields 3 per cent. on the money invested; Midland Threes are at par; Indian Three per cent. Sterling stock is almost at par; and London and North-Western Ordinary stock yields at the present price, assuming the dividend of this year to be equal to that of last year, about 3½ per cent. Granted that some of the rise was speculative, it is still evident from the course of the Stock Exchange since Friday last that buying upon a very large scale—such as must ensue if there were large sellings of Consols would send up prices inordinately. But clearly it is not worth the while of the Consol holder to sell his stock, which will in the present year yield him 3¼ per cent., and for fourteen years succeeding 2¾ per cent., if he cannot get a higher rate of interest on the securities which he purchases. Even now, however, as we have just been pointing out, such stocks as London and North-Western Four per cent. Debentures, Midland Threes, and Indian Threes yield him no more than 3 per cent. A little further rise would bring the yield down to the level of the new Government stock to be created.

There was another point brought out very clearly in Mr. Goschen's speech last Friday which has gone far to ensure the success of his proposals. It had been assumed that, if the Government gave notice of redemption, it would be bound to redeem the whole of the stock to which notice had been given. For example, it was assumed that Consols or New Threes, if notice was given to the holders of either, must all be redeemed together. Mr. Goschen was careful to point out that this rested on a complete misconception; that, on the contrary, the law very clearly lays down that less than a certain amount must not be redeemed, but that it says nothing of redeeming the whole, making the inference very strong indeed that the redemption of the whole was never contemplated. And Mr. Goschen expressed his own undoubted opinion that the Government has the right to pay off the Debt in whatever proportions it pleases. Accordingly he asks Parliament to enact that, if there are dissentients, they may be paid off in the manner and at the time that Parliament may decide. This clearly gives the Chancellor of the Exchequer a great advantage in dealing with the fundholders. He may give notice of redemption in however small an amount he pleases. For example, if, as is generally assumed, the great majority of the holders of the Reduced Threes should signify their assent, while the holders of Consols should refuse to convert, then Mr. Goschen would be able to give a year's notice to the holders of Consols, and to pay them off in driblets at a time. There would, of course, be difficulties as to deciding as to who was to be paid first; but that is a matter of detail which would offer no serious obstacle. Some reasonable and equitable plan would doubtless be found, and when once it was found, Consol holders would perceive that they stood in the position which the holders of the Three per Cents occupied in the United States recently—that is to say, the Treasury could call in and redeem in monthly, or quarterly, or half-yearly amounts, just as it found convenient. And that he has the means of doing this Mr. Goschen was also at pains to explain. He showed that he has sixty millions of Savings Bank money to apply to redemption; that he can borrow on Treasury and Exchequer bills and Exchequer bonds; and that he can also issue new Two and three-quarter per cent. stock for the purpose of paying off dissentient Consol holders. Bearing all this in mind, it seems clear that the holders of Consols will recognize that it is impossible to resist conversion, and that therefore they will accept the proposals made to them. As we have pointed out above, the proposals in themselves are as considerate towards the fundholders as can be devised; they are fair, in fact, both to the State and to its creditors. It is not likely that better terms will be offered in the future; while it is certain that, if peace is preserved, and Mr. Goschen proceeds, as he intimated, to pay off by piecemeal dissentient holders, they will fare worse than they would do by accepting the present proposals. In the City, though there is some doubt, the prevalent opinion is that the majority of Consol holders will convert. There has, as we have said, been a marked rise in all sound securities this week, and the rise even for a while extended to the speculative classes of securities. In the sound securities the rise is likely to be maintained, for many holders of Consols will doubtless sell, while Consols are well over par, for the purpose of securing a better interest elsewhere; but that the rise can go much further is not probable, for, as we pointed out above, the really sound investments, such as trustees could purchase, are now at such prices that they yield very little more interest than 2¾ per cent.

THE FRENZY OF HENRY LABOUCHERE.

THE folly-drawer of the political philosopher is very full this week, even without transferring to it any of the contents of drawers not strictly political. The latter process might induce a polite inquiry to a writer in the *Daily News* why the work of a Frenchman (and such a Frenchman!) should be spoken of as "Rameau's *Neffe*," which is the title of its German translation. But there is no need thus to digress. The drawer is full of its proper occupants. There is Mr. Gladstone referring to Mr. Bright, in a semi-American, semi-unintelligible fashion, as "your great Rochdale patriarch," and refusing to commit the folly (of which no one who knows him ever thought him guilty) of attempting by any public expostulation to wipe off the stain of infamy which has been fixed on him in the Gordon matter. There is Mr. Shaw Lefevre, whom Sir Frederick Milner has "drawn" in a published correspondence with the same patience, skill, and success which Mr. Herbert Gladstone and others have experienced before. There is Mr. Blunt; Mr. Blunt, indeed, appears twice over in the drawer. There is his letter to the people of Deptford, in which he states that, if he had been elected, the Ministry of Lord Salisbury would have "fallen." To think of that now! It was not more stiff than that! You had only to put Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, ex-Conservative, in the place of Mr. Evelyn, ditto, ditto, and *voilà*, as the old French story has it, *un pauvre ministère perdu!* But the angel of death did not spread his wings on that blast, and the fatal Mr. Wilfrid Blunt could not display his fatality. Then we have Mr. Wilfrid Blunt again at Manchester giving his version of the celebrated conversation with Mr. Balfour, and a very curious version it is. For it now appears that Mr. Balfour never, even by Mr. Blunt's account, said in so many words anything like that which he was accused of saying on Mr. Blunt's authority, and that the anonymous lady who kindly volunteered the information that she heard it said must be a myth or a Sapphira. For Mr. Blunt only "gathered" from "several" conversations that the fiendish intentions of the base, bloody, and brutal Mr. Balfour were so and so. And we need hardly say that nobody is responsible for what any one else chooses to "gather" from his words. There are yet other pleasing things in our drawer; yet such is our respect for Mr. Labouchere that we put them all aside in favour of him.

For, as we have several times pointed out, we are almost tremblingly alive to any symptoms of—well, let us say—of Gladstoniasis or Gladstonitis in Mr. Labouchere. They are all gone into the world of blight, all those valiant sons of heroes. Sir George Trevelyan, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Morley, Mr. Bryce, to the dark Tower have they come, and not returned—at least in anything like their original likeness. The horrible inquiry of the scoffer—*si un Gladstonien peut avoir de l'esprit*—has more and more come to be answered by a sorrowful shake of the head. Only Mr. Labouchere made head against the malign influence, and that with increasing signs—which readers of the *Saturday Review* have had affectionately pointed out—of approaching catastrophe. It reminds one of that noble passage at the end of *Marmion*:—

> Tunstall lies dead upon the field,
> His life-blood stains the spotless shield;
> Edmund * is down; my life is reft,
> The Admiral alone is left.

* [*but perhaps this would not cause unmitigated grief to Henry?*]

And the Admiral—the admiral of the good flag-ship *Veritas*—shows the most alarming signs of succumbing. A letter to A. F. Bruton, Esq., which is published in the *Daily News* of Wednesday, is a nearer approach to the Frenzy of John Dennis than anything else we know, except one striking parallel to be mentioned presently. "We have now in power," says Mr. Labouchere, "a number of men whose views on foreign and domestic matters are entirely at variance with those of the nation," which in some incomprehensible way has nevertheless put them to look after foreign and domestic matters. "In order to retain power they work stealthily, pretending to concur in the national view, but in reality endeavouring, as far as they can, to run counter to it." A most parlous feat of gymnastics! "They have, therefore [and, without running counter, we heartily concur with Mr. Labouchere here] to be carefully watched," and, fortunately, here is one Henry Labouchere ("man talent") to do it. "They are desirous to meddle in European affairs which do not concern us, and would, if they were left alone [but I, Henry Labouchere, I am there also], give pledges which would make us parties to a European war. Moreover they hate France because that country has shown that it may be as safe and prosperous [and have six Ministries a year, aye, and everything handsome about it!] under a Republican form of government as under a Monarchical form. Lord Salisbury is himself a weak man [not like me!], and when he negotiates with Germany he becomes a mere catspaw of Prince Bismarck [*Foi de*

Labouchere; that is so!]. A "more dangerous thing than the continuance in power of a Government affecting, to a certain extent, Liberal principles, and doing its best to neutralize and injure those principles, cannot be conceived. To retain power, and to stave off the Democratic wave which every day [especially at Deptford, and Doncaster, and Dundee] is gaining strength at home, I verily believe that Lord Salisbury, his colleagues, his followers, and the traitors [oh fie! Mr. Labouchere], who, calling themselves Liberals, support him, will plunge us into a European war, were they faced with the alternatives of defeat at home or war abroad."

Now this is really a shocking state of things; that is to say, either the state of Mr. Labouchere or the state of England is shocking. We had thought that nothing but the celebrated mishap of John Dennis, Esq., could equal it; but a person of prehensile genius points out to us a passage in the late Mr. Charles Reade's *A Terrible Temptation* which is exactly parallel. "Mr. Williams," this remarkable passage runs, "says that a machine has been constructed for malignant purposes called an Air Loom. . . . It was invented and is worked by a gang of villains. . . . The gang are seven in number, but Williams has only seen the four highest—Bill, the King, a master of the art of Magnetic Impregnation [Lord Salisbury, whose scientific attainments are well known]; Jack, the Schoolmaster, shorthand writer to the gang [probably Mr. Goschen]; Sir Archy, Chief Liar to the Association [obviously Mr. Arthur Balfour; see Mr. Blunt and Mr. O'Brien *passim*]; and the Glove-woman, so called from her always wearing cotton mittens. This personage has never been known to speak to any one. [This is a little like Mr. W. H. Smith, but may admit of other adaptations]." The rest of the passage is too long to quote, but Mr. Williams (to whom, by-the-bye, Reade owed one of his many skilful adaptations of documents) was clearly of the mind of Mr. Labouchere; and, if any one will consult the original (Chapter XXVIII.), he will find all about it. Pray Heaven that Mr. Labouchere be not "kited" or "lobster-cracked"!—horrid operations which the other gang performed on their victims, just as Mr. Balfour untrousered Mr. O'Brien. But perhaps he has been kited already. For we read that this horror "lifts an idea into the brain, where it floats and undulates for hours together." That was what it evidently did to Mr. Labouchere before he tried to deliver himself of it by denouncing the traitors, the war-plungers, and all the rest of it.

His struggles against the fiends and his determination not to be subject to them are most gallant and touching. We take from a sympathizing paper the following summary of Mr. Labouchere's approaching exertions on the Army and Civil Service Estimates. He will move to diminish Vote 1 in order to bring on the question of Egypt. He will move to diminish Vote 3 in order to bring on the question of Mr. Marriott. He will disendow the Duke of Cambridge on Vote 16. He is going to attack in their pockets, if such things have them, the Royal parks, the Royal palaces, the House of Lords, the First Lord of the Treasury, the stationers, the printers, and the recipients of knighthood medals. We should not be surprised if he inquires whether seven mops are issued to seven maids at Whitehall and St. James's instead of (by a corrupt arrangement with the mop-mongers) fourteen as at present. But this feverish activity will deceive no one. It is the influence of the Gang working on Mr. Labouchere, and, in the very moment when he seems to be fighting for the cause of his country, making that cause ridiculous in the eyes of men and angels.

Seriously, the letter which we have quoted, practically in full, above, is one of the very funniest, or one of the saddest, documents ever written. If Mr. Labouchere has deliberately written down to the level of the New Town and North-West Ham Liberal and Radical Club, to whose political Secretary it is addressed, we beg leave to make him our chalorous felicitations. Never wordsmith—not Horace, not James, not Sydney—hammered out a cleverer thing; and we very much doubt whether since the fate of the poor lady who was allowed by a villanous British Government to be knouted by six drummers of the Preobajinsky regiment just off Piccadilly, any such discovery of baseness on the part of a British Ministry has been made by a British humorist. The number of men whom the nation, entirely at variance with them, has sent to power by a majority of some hundred; their stealthy combination of concurrence and counter-currence; their hatred of France; the catspawkiness of Lord Salisbury, with the terrible Bismarck in the distance; the staving of the wave (you can wave a stave, we grant; but can you stave a wave?); the traitors who call themselves Liberals; and the awful consequences which are going to come the day after to-morrow or, by'r lady! Tuesday, are all like the immortal roly-poly pudding—they are "really too good." But what if Mr. Labouchere really means all this rigmarole, all this nonsense of the lowest and stupidest public-house orator? Why, then, we are confronted with a very curious state of things indeed, and it behoves every Gladstonian who would not become an innocent to look to his own brains very carefully indeed. For with hollaing and singing of anthems to Mr. Gladstone you may apparently lose more than your voice—lose something much more precious and necessary. Heaven forfend that this loss should have happened, or be going to happen, to Mr. Labouchere; but, upon our word, it looks uncommonly like it.

ITALIAN WORKMEN IN THE ALPS.

It cannot be said that life in a small Alpine village is very exciting during the winter months. In fact, it is rather slow. In the second-rate inns the young men assemble, drink, sing, howl, and fight with each other, according to the hour of the night; in the better establishments, where such diversions are discouraged, the doors are usually closed at nine o'clock. If the host has a pretty daughter, a few young men will drop in about seven and seat themselves at the far end of the table; but, except by signs and tokens, they rarely venture to give any expression to their passion in the presence of a stranger. They smile sheepishly and drink their wine quietly. If any one addresses them, they act as if an important religious rite had been interrupted. The meek and gentle answer in monosyllables and return to their wine with a sigh, the more energetic speak loudly and sharply; all give you to understand that they do not desire your conversation, and that the less you say the better they will be pleased.

If you happen to have an affection for your host's daughter, this is the best opportunity of gaining her heart. Approach her airily and talk jestingly with her in an undertone. She is sure to laugh, and everybody present will think she is laughing at him. If you make use of this stratagem, however, you had better not walk alone through the village after nightfall for the next few months. In case you are a peaceable old man, you had better drink your wine as silently and look as sheepish as you can. You may gain friends, and will certainly make no enemies by doing so.

Occasionally a belated Italian drops in during the early winter months, in much the same way as a tired bird of passage settles on a ship. Treat him kindly, as the sailors do the bird, and you may find much to interest you in him. He is at once acute and credulous. He has lived under conditions and come into relations that are perfectly closed to every educated man. If you pay for his win and humour his fancies you may, therefore, find that you have entertained, if not exactly an angel, at least an interesting acquaintance unawares. You may almost always spend an amusing hour with a man of this sort. If he has no fairy tale or ghost story to tell—and this is rarely the case—he knows by a bitter experience the life of a travelling workman, which is at times almost as strange and romantic, though its thrilling incidents are separated from each other by intervals of the dullest prose; and if he is worth his salt he will dwell chiefly on the humorous episodes, for a good Italian workman is never sentimental, as Heine, with much justice, remarks that German wanderers of this class almost always are. He possesses tact enough to render it safe to talk freely with him; and, though his opinion of human nature is not high, he is never cynical. Let him depart, therefore, with the best of blessings and a few extra coppers in his pocket, though you know his purse is filled with silver florins.

Those Italian workmen are an interesting part of Alpine village life. In the spring they wander up from the plains, and stay wherever they find work to do. Their character for skill, industry, sobriety, and thrift stands very high. They live simply and save almost everything they earn. When the winter comes round again, they return to their wives and children, who have in all probability been meanwhile employed in cultivating the few poor fields which they possess or are able to rent, and the money they bring with them enables many an Italian family to live in comparative comfort which would otherwise be reduced to the verge of starvation. As they are for the most employed in some branch of the building trade, their winter holiday is no great business loss; the wandering life which they lead lends them a quite peculiar character. As Northern Italians they are acute, and as skilled workmen they understand their trade, but they generally speak the language of the district in which they settle during the summer months, whether it be German or Slav, with some difficulty, though they soon learn to understand it well. This, of course, renders them rather clannish wherever two or three are gathered together. But in their lonely walks to and fro over the mountain passes, they acquire a reticence as to their own private affairs which is unusual in their nation, and a talent for observing and remembering all that they see or hear which is rare anywhere. The reason of their silence is the inborn dislike of the Italian to show himself in an unfavourable light by endeavouring to speak a language over which he has an imperfect command. But though he is silent, he listens and understands, and when he finds a person who can speak Italian, however imperfectly, he is glad to have an opportunity of telling all he knows. He is intensely patriotic, as persons who pass their lives abroad usually are. In religious matters he professes to be a free-thinker, as he supposes all men of culture to be. But there is a point at which his scepticism draws a line. That ghosts and other spirits exist and occasionally appear would be an article of faith with him if the fact were not, as he thinks, so clearly proved by experience; that cows and horses converse with each other in human language on Christmas or New Year's Eve is a pious opinion for which a good deal may be said. He is sceptical as to no superstition that has not the authority of the Church to support it, and in abstract matters disbelieves no one but the Pope and the Protestant missionary who tries to convert him. This condition of mind renders him at once "the bene and the bale" of the student of popular traditions. On the one hand, no one can enrich your collection of tales as well as he. As he has a business exactitude of mind, he is often ready to give you various versions of the same legend, and to tell you where he heard each of them and which he thinks

most likely to be exact. On the other, he brings Slav or Italian traditions into the German provinces, and thus carries the folk-lore of one race into the districts that seem to belong to another. For, silent as he usually is, when he is detained by stress of weather—by floods or a snowstorm, let us say—for some days in a single village his reticence is apt suddenly to thaw, and if his audience is sympathetic, he becomes garrulous in his broken Slav or German.

At first sight it seems strange that, while local customs are so stable, legends and stories of every kind should spread so widely. Human indolence and an Alpine winter afford a full explanation. To establish a new custom is an even more difficult matter than to do away with an old one. The Christmas-tree is still an exotic in England; it is hallowed by none of the associations that render it sacred in Germany; whereas the Grimm fairy tales have found an entrance into every nursery. In much the same way strange stories wander from valley to valley in the Alps, while no valley will admit a strange custom. Life is so dull in winter in the smaller villages that the arrival of a stranger, even if he bears his whole fortune on his back, is an event quite sufficient to fill the inn parlour. Every one is eager for news, and for once more anxious to hear than to be heard. All the opinions of the wanderer have a certain weight, and if he tells a story even to a sick child, it is remembered and discussed for a week or two in every cottage. If it is amusing, it is carried next market day to the nearest town, and so it spreads till it is not unlikely to return in a distorted form to its place of birth, and there either to supersede the original tradition, or to be noted by the conscientious collector as an interesting variation of it.

But men are as indolent as they are curious, and a living faith in the old superstitions is no longer to be found except in the places where the old rites have been handed down from generation to generation. An Italian may be asked for a charm against the toothache or a gipsy for a love potion, but neither can introduce a new festival or a new custom that is generally observed. He would be a bold peasant who in Upper Carniola denied the existence of the Wild Huntsman, and there are not many well stricken in years who have not at one time or another heard the winding of his horns or the howling of his hounds; but, if you were to ask them to bake the cakes which in Thuringia are supposed to protect both men and beasts from his force and fraud, there is hardly one who would not meet your suggestion with a shrug of his shoulders or a contemptuous smile. His grandfather lived in the house he occupies, he will tell you, and neither he nor his father ate the cakes. They cannot, therefore, be necessary; he will take his chance. As soon as a superstitious rite has been generally abandoned it falls into disuse, because it is seen that no evil consequences follow on the neglect; but if, during the period of its decay, unexpected disasters happen, it is likely to gain a double hold on the imagination of the people. It is because the inhabitants of mountain regions are more exposed to incalculable natural dangers than the dwellers in the plain that they retain their old customs with a greater tenacity. It is perhaps because the Italian workman has suffered more from the rubs of fortune than most of us that he is so anxious to find some way of outwitting the Devil, in whom he professes not to believe, and so ready to try a charm of any kind when his funds are getting low and there is no work to be had. As he has no settled home, he has no enduring customs, and so he carries charm and story from valley to valley and district to district, with a tolerant belief in their equal truth and efficacy, and a supreme indifference both to the advantages he affords and the vexation he causes to the collector of legendary lore.

THE TURF SILLY SEASON.

It is well known that all daily newspapers have their silly season, hailed with joy by irregular and unpaid correspondents, though dreaded by editors and staff, but on none does it seem to press with such awful weight of dull vacuity as on the racing journalist. Possibly he labours under exceptional disadvantages. The winter of his discontent is a long one, practically lasting according to Act of Jockey Club, from the week which includes the 25th of November to that including the 25th of March in the following year. Even from an agricultural point of view the greater portion of this period is unfavourable for the search after stubble instead of straw, and, judging by results, still more hopeless for the Turf writer seeking throughout the land for the accessories of his daily brick-making. He is cramped too by his loyal adherence, or semblance of adherence, to the great *ne sutor ultra* dogma. Not for him can the gigantic gooseberry distend its swelling sides, or the sea-serpent rear his maned crest above the billows, or the mouse make his nest in the ear of the unsuspecting cat; and even if driven by despair to allege that these phenomena have come under his own observation, they must be all in the way of business; the gooseberry must have been eaten in the garden at Danebury during the Stockbridge Meeting, the sea-serpent must have been seen by the reporter from the deck of the *Calais-Douvres* on his return from the Grand Prix, and the cat must have kittened on the back of Mat Dawson's Derby favourite. It is true that the steeplechase and hurdle-race meetings afford occasional and welcome relief; but these column-filling fountains are especially and literally liable to be frozen up, notices of postponement are but paragraphs, and the unhappy scribe has to revert, with openly avowed weariness, to his threadbare topics. The refrain of "There's nothing in it" suggests itself at the end of every sentence; and, considering how swift is the flight of time to most men, his yearnings for the sound of the saddling-bell at Lincoln are pathetic in the extreme.

> The daily round, the common task,
> MAY furnish all we ought to ask,

yet who can help sympathizing with the man who, having exhausted those tiresome statistics of owners' winnings and of jockeys' mounts, having laboriously reviewed more than once the past racing season and the performances of the progeny of our principal stallions, having endlessly analysed the prospects of Derby favourites and the handicap for the City and Suburban, finds himself engaged in the twentieth compilation from his inner consciousness of the list of probable runners and riders in the Liverpool Steeplechase. Once a week our journalist seems to experience an acute phase of disappointment, for regularly on Friday morning he informs the sporting public that "The Sheet Calendar so eagerly anticipated contains but little of interest," though in this respect he is somewhat too exacting, for during the past winter at least, the official organ of the Jockey Club could hardly be arraigned for lack of sensational announcement, unless, indeed, the poor newsmonger expected to find, in addition to several warnings off and suspensions of licences, a feuilleton by the senior steward, an essay on Free-trade by the Right Hon. James Lowther, and an Anacreontic Ode from the pen of Mr. E. Weatherby.

But the ill wind which blights the professional, is as the very breath of life to amateur correspondents; the silly season is their opportunity, and to do them justice it must be confessed that they are not slow to avail themselves of it, but mount their hobbies and caracole gaily through columns which at other times would be closed to them as inexorably as are "the Limekilns" against trainers in wet weather. The happily "dead" months of 1887–88 have seen them well to the front; and, taking their inspiration from the time of year, choosing reform of hurdle-racing and steeplechasing as their theme, they have contradicted themselves and each other to their heart's content. Nevertheless, they were all reformers, all assured that the "illegitimate sport" is rapidly deteriorating, that something must be done to resuscitate it, and each man confident that his own pick-me-up was the infallible remedy, even if it consisted merely in a good all-round cursing of the G. N. H. Committee. Amongst the multitude of counsellors, however, there has been observable that discrepancy of opinion which Lord Salisbury recently noted amongst the advocates of Protection, and epitomised in the memorable words—"Where they are precise they are not agreed, and where they are agreed they are not precise." As an instance—Lord Marcus Beresford, who was early in the field, propounded the remarkable theory that hurdle-racing required more "venom" infused into it, and though he had many followers they were wholly unable to agree as to whence the necessary venom was to be derived—strange to say, no one suggested extracting it from his own or other letters on the subject. Again, there was tolerable consensus that steeplechasing would be greatly encouraged by large increase of added money; but how these sums were to be forthcoming at hunt meetings which already could hardly make both ends meet, no one to the best of our recollection condescended to explain.

Still these were but minor points of dispute; an old bone of contention proved as usual most attractive to the combatants, and the thickest of the inky fray was fought over the "grave" or "open ditch," as to the danger, desirability, and feasibility of which doctors disagreed even more hopelessly than is their wont, some declaring the obstacle to be an inhuman trap which numbered its victims by the score, while others equally expert averred it to be the fairest and most negotiable of all possible fences, the one thing which redeemed modern courses from being shams and steeplechasing from ridicule, and condemning the simple hurdle as the cause of more calamity than all the ditches that ever were dug; while most of the disputants on either side were fully equal to the occasion of advertising themselves, their experience, and the general excellence of their method of training and schooling. Both pros and cons, however, stuck to that most misleading appellation "open ditch"; for how a ditch which is closed or "guarded" by a rail can by any stretch of imagination be declared open is a conundrum which still awaits solution. Perhaps when the schoolmaster comes back from abroad even sporting correspondents may read Alfred de Musset, and will understand "qu'il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée."

Meantime the gods of the G. N. H. C. must have been quaffing their nectar in Old Burlington Street and laughing at the woes of mortals, for no sign or sound came from that Olympus till just as the strife was dying out, when there appeared in a sporting weekly a few columns of official statistics, which proved, as far as figures can prove, that, instead of entries having diminished, as was alleged, owing to the obstinacy and incapacity of the authorities, steeplechasing and hurdleracing in this respect at least, had never been in so flourishing a condition as at present

We may bury the hatchet now, and write R.I.P. over its resting-place; it will not be wanted again before December. The Turf silly season is over, and the heart of the racing editor is glad within him.

COMING BOOK-SALES.

Decidedly there is a good time coming for *les Amoureux du Livre*. Before March goes out like a lamb more than one "distinguished bibliopole"—to use the consecrated auction phrase—will have brought his cherished treasures under the

hammer, while the last days of the month and the first week of April will witness the dispersal of the second portion of the extraordinarily varied and attractive collection of the late Mr. Gibson Craig. But the miscellaneous sales which precede this major event have also considerable interest; and the list of books and MSS. to be sold at Sotheby's between the 19th and 22nd current is not without its notable items. For instance, there are the excessively rare poem by William Drummond of Hawthornden, *Forth Feasting*, Edinburgh, 1617, and the almost equally rare *Nosce Teipsum* of Sir John Davies, 1599. There are excellent rarities of Robert Greene, of Peele, of Nash, of Marston; there are *Euphues and his England* and the *Anatomy* in black letter; there is even "Rare Ben Jonson's" particular copy of Drayton's *Poly-Olbion*, with his motto in his own "Roman hand" on the frontispiece, and with the portrait of Prince Henry *not* absent. There are also Thomas Middleton's unique *Honorable Entertainments, Compos'd for the Service of this Noble Cittie* [*i.e.* London], a little 12mo., dated 1621, and bound by Lortic; *The Charter and Laws of the City of New York*, 1719; and two rare works by William Blake, to wit, the *America*, in blue ink, 1793, and the *Poetical Sketches*, by W. B., of 1783, only two or three copies of which are known to exist, one of them being the property of Mr. F. Locker-Lampson. The copy now about to be sold was formerly in the possession of Blake's biographer, Mr. Gilchrist. But the pearl of this batch is probably the MS. volume of *Scotch Poems, by Robt. Burness*, described in vol. vi. of Paterson's edition of the Works, and now, after many vicissitudes, again in the market. A few of the leaves—*i.e.* from 5 to 10 inclusive—were removed by some earlier possessor, who thus mutilated "Holy Fair" and "Halloween"; but the remainder of the book, a folio of 80 pages, contains transcripts made, *circa* 1785-6, by the poet himself, of thirteen more of his principal pieces. It includes a number of variations from the existing versions, and among other things fixes the date of "Holy Fair." Stothard's Life, by Mrs. Bray, with additional illustrations; the *Contes et Nouvelles de La Fontaine* ("édition dite des fermiers *généraux*"); a number of caricatures by Woodward, Rowlandson, Gillray, and Bunbury, and a goodly list of first editions of Dickens, Thackeray, Lever, and Ainsworth are also to be sold at the same time.

As might, perhaps, be anticipated, the library of Mr. Gibson Craig is especially strong in books relating to Scotland, as well as in all the publications, regular and occasional, of the Ballantyne, Maitland, Roxburghe, and other literary clubs. A few samples of its richest treasures have been already described by Mr. Craig himself in his *Facsimiles of Old Book-Binding*, twenty-five copies of which he printed privately in 1882. One of these, possibly the most interesting of all, is a copy of Paradin's *Cronique de Savoye*, published at Lyons by Jean de Tournes in 1552. It once belonged to Mary, Queen of Scots, and in the list of "Jowellis," &c., in the castle of Edinburgh in 1578 it is described as "pertening to oure Soverane Lord," James VI., and "his hienes deerest moder." It is still in admirable preservation, clothed in its original calf, stamped in gold in the centre of each side with the arms of Scotland, and having down the back "the initial M. ensigned with a crown." The covers yet show the remains of the old silk tapes which tied it. Its penultimate possessor was Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, at whose sale Mr. Craig purchased it in 1851. Another book described in the *Facsimiles* is Camerarius *De Prædestinatione*, bound in white kid, and lavishly blind-tooled with the crescents and cyphers of Diane de Poictiers and Henri II. A third is Humphrey's Life of Bishop Jewell, in ancient calf with *gaufré* edges, and bearing the crest and motto of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, to whom it was apparently presented by the author. But bindings are by no means the distinctive feature of Mr. Craig's library. It includes a large and very fine Kilmarnock *Burns* (1786); and there is also a copy of Fergusson's *Poems*, which once belonged to Burns himself and contains an original MS. poem by him on Jeremiah xv. 10, in his own handwriting. A copy of the so-called Queen Elizabeth's Prayer-book, John Daye, 1578; an unique Italian Block-Book; *De Montfort*, a manuscript tragedy by Thomas Campbell; several privately printed family histories, and a number of specimens from the libraries of D'Hoym, De Thou, Grolier, Soubise, and Mme. de Pompadour are also enumerated in Messrs. Sotheby's bulky Catalogue, of which it is impossible here to give any more detailed account.

Other sales are looming in the not distant future. April will break up the library of Mr. R. B. Stewart, of Glasgow, with all its stores of theology, antiquities, and music. Then, occupying probably thirty days, will come the scattering of the Turner collection, whereby will be offered to the discriminating amateur an almost, if not wholly, unparalleled assemblage of Spanish and Italian literature, romances of chivalry, Horæ, and large paper copies of all kinds, attired in the most approved costumes of Padeloup, Clovis and Nicolas Eve, Roger Payne, Le Gascon, Derome, Kalthoeber, Capé, and other luminaries of the bibliopegistic art. Last, but certainly not least in this place, follows the library of the late Mr. Beresford-Hope, which contains, besides much general literature, many valuable and important volumes of prints, a number of architectural and theological books, a remarkable series of Salisbury and other Liturgies, several complete sets of the transactions and publications of literary Societies, and a few very choice illuminated manuscripts.

FRENCH PLAYS.

Of the numerous plays which have been produced lately by the excellent French company now acting at the Royalty Theatre none has been more interesting or better performed than Beaumarchais's *Le Mariage de Figaro*. The history of this brilliant comedy is, perhaps, the most stirring of that of any in existence, and is, of course, well known. Produced with prodigious success in 1784, it received only two years later the crowning glory of being selected by Mozart as the libretto of his famous opera *Le Nozze di Figaro*. The operatic version is still so popular that when we say that its plot follows closely that of the comedy we need not mention it further, but simply recall that it consists of a series of diverting complications, sustained by inimitable dialogue, which those who can read between the lines, and are intimately acquainted with the political history of the period immediately preceding the Revolution of 1789, will find pregnant with bitter sarcasm against the abuses of then existing institutions. Many, however, of its biting sallies of wit have been blunted by time and rendered almost unintelligible. The fifth act, however, is so great a masterpiece of dramatic construction that the famous scene in which character after character is led out of concealment, only the more clearly to confound the guilty and justify the innocent, is productive of as much hearty laughter now as it was a hundred years ago. It is essentially a one-part comedy. Even the numerous female characters, admirable as they are, are subordinated to the great creation of Figaro, which stands out as prominently in this play as Falstaff does in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, or Tartufe in Molière's great work. M. Coquelin avails himself of the numerous opportunities the part affords him to display, not only his native talent, but the excellence of the training in his art which he himself is the first to acknowledge he owes to the immense ability as a "coach" of his master, the late M. Regnier. Very soon after his first entry it becomes evident that he perfectly understands that Figaro is something more than a mere lively factotum of the city of Seville, and *barbiere di qualità*. Beaumarchais intended him as the incarnation of the lower class of the French people, illustrating all its finer qualities in one many-sided character—its wit and liveliness, its ready sympathy for suffering, and its hatred of injustice. Figaro is the advocate of the unfortunate, ever ready to place his homely philosophy and quick wit at the service of the down-trodden, and to speak up for their rights wherever he can. Beaumarchais himself informs us that, carried away by the enthusiasm of his subject, he was not aware of the prodigious effect it would produce when acted; and possibly, had not the right emphasis been placed upon certain lines by M. Dazincourt, who first played the part of Figaro, the piece would have passed off as did the *Barbier de Séville*, without creating any extraordinary sensation. It is an ascertained fact, however, that the author instructed Dazincourt, and doubtless told him exactly on what lines to dwell with significant inflection. The Théâtre Français fortunately preserves all its traditions. They are handed down from actor to actor, and in the works of Racine, Molière, Corneille, Beaumarchais, and Voltaire very few changes are made in the manner of delivering the great speeches. M. Coquelin has evidently mastered all the traditions which surround the part of Figaro, and he enters into its spirit in a manner which renders this particular impersonation of exceptional interest. By the varied eloquence of his elocution and his avoidance of exaggeration he lifts the character, which could easily be rendered very vulgar were its dignity in the least degree diminished, into a region of fanciful comedy. Nothing could be finer than M. Coquelin's delivery of the celebrated soliloquy which opens the fifth act. A few words of praise are due to Mlle. Kerwich, who played Cherubin very prettily; to Mme. Patry, a very versatile actress, who was sufficiently stately without being too stiff as the injured Countess, and to Mlle. Barety, who was a delightful Suzanne. M. Jean Coquelin was whimsical as Bride d'Oison; but this is precisely one of the characters which ceases to provoke those roars of laughter it did when everybody recognized, under the guise of the stuttering judge, one of the most notorious rascals that then disgraced the Parisian bar. M. Duquesne was the Comte Almaviva, but played it a trifle too heavily. He certainly did not recall Mario.

The second novelty of the past week consisted of a very even performance on Thursday evening of M. Emile Augier's well-known play *Gabrielle*, the plot of which most readers of contemporary French literature will remember turns upon the subject of the wife of a country lawyer who deems herself neglected by her money-making husband, and consoles herself with the attentions of a romantic youth, who has come from Paris on a visit. The husband, a money-making and unsentimental man, discovers the intrigue in time, and saves his wife from dishonour by a prudent stratagem, so that as the curtain falls she throws herself into his arms, exclaiming, "Oh! père de famille! poëte, que je t'aime"—a line which, by the way, brought more ridicule on the head of M. Augier than anything that he has ever written, since Julien can scarcely be called a poet; for it is precisely the lack of poetical sentiment which is the cause of the diminished affection of his wife. In many scenes, however, this play, which is otherwise rather tedious, is surprisingly fine, and the character of Julien, which was a great favourite with M. Regnier, suits M. Coquelin perfectly. As usual with Augier, the scene is laid in middle-class society, and M. Coquelin is inimitable as a *bourgeois*. There is a soliloquy in the third act in which the

heart-broken husband takes a long farewell of all the occupations which have hitherto been so pleasant to him, which forcibly suggests the idea that perhaps M. Augier in his hours of leisure has studied *Othello* with advantage to himself. The resemblance between this speech and the one in Shakespeare's tragedy in which the Moor bids farewell to all the previous occupations of his life is, to say the least, surprising. The part of Gabrielle was played by Mlle. Barety, who is a great acquisition to the company, and makes the best of one of the least interesting of stage heroines. Mme. Patry, a versatile actress, played Adrienne with dignity. M. Duquesne did the best he could for the unsympathetic lover Stéphane, and M. Jean Coquelin acted the only amusing part in the piece, Tamponet, with a great deal of vivacity, although, to be sure, his voice at times sounded very fresh and juvenile for an old man of seventy.

During the week M. Coquelin has reappeared as Tartufe—a performance which was noticed at considerable length when it was produced last December during M. Coquelin's first engagement.

INDIAN FRONTIER POLICY AND EXCISE.

THE darkeners of counsel who achieve notoriety by senseless interpellations on Indian topics are this week to be congratulated on a new extravagance. They have tried the effect of combination. Two motions, each too absurd and indefensible to bear serious discussion, were rendered still more palpably foolish by the suggestion that the topics to which they referred are connected by a chain of causation. One honourable member wishes to impugn the entire frontier policy of the Government; another wishes to depict the Indian Excise Department as a huge machine of immorality. The brilliant idea occurred to the authors of these motions that each would gain from being united to the other, that the unwisdom of the Indian frontier policy would be more conspicuous when it was shown to have necessitated recourse to immoral sources of revenue, and the hateful policy of stimulating intoxication, in order to increase the Excise, be shown in an especially odious light when traced to the unholy requirements of a Jingo policy. Mr. Slagg and Mr. Caine, accordingly, joined forces, and with the natural courage which combination inspires, led a gallant assault on the policy of the Government of India with regard to its military expenditure on the frontier, and on the Provincial Governments as regards the management of their Excise. Such a charge is, on the face of it, inadmissible for the purposes of serious discussion. In a court of law it would be dismissed for "multifariousness." Legal tribunals wisely insist that a suitor shall deal with certain clearly defined topics, and with one of them at a time. To make two perfectly unfounded accusations, and heighten the effect of each by asserting their interdependence, is a proceeding which, however gratifying to an excited controversialist, does not favour the chances of reasonable inquiry or satisfactory result. A more indulgent rule necessarily prevails in an Assembly such as the House of Commons. None the less does it add to the futility of ignorant criticism that it should be permitted to embrace in a single discussion topics which are essentially unconnected, and each of which is only liable to be obscured by attempts to consider it in juxtaposition with the other. Lord Randolph Churchill justly observed that "it shows the laxity of the rules of this Assembly that a discussion of Indian affairs should be allowed to take such a course as this discussion has taken to-night." Such a procedure, however, being permitted, it is matter for congratulation that an ill-constructed and unsustainable motion had the result of eliciting from several competent authorities statements of a high degree of interest and importance. The charges were, first, that the policy of military expenditure on the frontier was unwise; secondly, that this expenditure was giving rise to grave financial difficulties; and, thirdly, that, in order to meet those difficulties, the Government of India was, besides imposing additional taxation, stimulating "the sale of intoxicating liquors, for revenue purposes, with serious results to the moral and material welfare of the people." We shall see what those who know the facts of the case have to say on each.

As regards the first, the one conclusive answer is that no measure was ever more carefully considered and more deliberately adopted, with the consent of every authority and the agreement of responsible politicians of every party in the House of Commons. The works on the Indus frontier were, Sir John Gorst said, "recommended by a carefully-chosen committee of experts in India, and were sanctioned by the noble lord himself" (the Marquess of Ripon) "and the Government of which he was then a member." Lord Ripon, it is well known, went out to India with strong preconceived views against an active policy in the direction of Afghanistan. Acting on those views, he directed the demolition of the military railway which his predecessor had commenced in the direction of Quetta. "The Sind-Pishin Railway was interrupted on political grounds in 1880, and down to 1883 there was a complete suspension of the works. There was no doubt that the suspension had added greatly to the cost; and, when the works were renewed in 1883 by the very same Government which had originally stopped them, Brigadier-General Sir Samuel Browne and his officers, civil and military, were instructed to carry them on with the greatest possible expedition." The necessity of the precautions, to which Lord Ripon became an unwilling convert in 1883, was demonstrated with alarming emphasis in 1885, when Lord Dufferin found himself, to use Lord Randolph Churchill's expression, "as near to war with Russia as we could be without being actually at war." Enormous expenditure was then incurred, and frightful risks were run in consequence of our unpreparedness for any action of defence or attack. "The frontier," says Lord Randolph Churchill, "was defenceless. There were no railways and hardly any roads and bridges to enable our troops to move about with ease, and without very heavy loss and expense." After months of desperate endeavour to make up for lost time, of the profuse outlay which emergency always entails, and of intense anxiety arising from the conviction that, should Russia choose to come to blows on the Candahar plateau, we were without the necessary machinery for obstructing her, the Government of India found itself again with breathing space; and resolved, with the warm approval of every military adviser, that no such panic could be allowed to recur, that the condition of the frontier was incompatible with the safety of the great Empire, which, as its rulers, we were bound to protect from invasion, and that Russia, being now within a pistol-shot of Herat and conterminous for hundreds of miles with Afghanistan, the necessary provision must be made for events which every year was bringing more and more within the range of immediate probability. The strategical position was explained with admirable lucidity by Sir E. Hamley, whose authoritative explanation of the grounds of alarm will, it may be hoped, put an end for ever to the fatuous indifference with which certain classes of English politicians have hitherto regarded the approach of an enormous danger. Russia, he said, is now prepared to put pressure upon England, whenever her policy needed it, through our Indian frontier. A railway traverses the Caucasus, and the garrison of the Caucasus could easily put down an advance force of fifty thousand men, which, of course, could be supplemented from Southern Russia. Northern Russia is traversed by railways and canals, and "when Russia pleases, all her immense force in men and material can be concentrated on the Caspian." The Caspian is a Russian lake, covered by Russian transports, ready to convey the combatants to its eastern shores. From its eastern shores a railway has been constructed to within a few marches of Herat. The hostile populations, through which it was pushed, have been exterminated or subdued. Persia looks on in trembling helplessness at the approach of a Power whose progress she could not delay for an hour. The Aral Sea is on the north what the Caspian is to the west, an effectual basis for the collection of Russian supplies and the despatch of Russian armaments. A line of strong garrisons carries the forces of the advancing Power along the Oxus to a point at which they could easily co-operate with the army of the Caspian. The favourite dream of Russian strategists, formulated by Scobeleff with brutal outspokenness, has ever been to organize hordes of Asiatic horsemen, and to hurl them on the Indian frontier and re-enact the days of Tamerlane. The scheme is, as Sir E. Hamley said, "stupendous"; but it has been deliberately conceived and persistently followed out. "Russia knows her own mind," and the dream has never been brought so far within the limits of possibility as it is to-day. She would begin with the invasion of Afghanistan, and, having "possessed herself of the three corner cities of Herat, Cabul, and Candahar, she would in the space between them proceed to erect an advance base of operations by filling it with immense supplies of men and material for a campaign against India." Such being the programme, is the Indian Government to look on in passive acquiescence? If we await attack in the plain of the Indus, we shall do so, the soldiers tell us, at immense strategical disadvantage, and, according to the views of every Indian authority, run formidable political risk. The Government have determined to be ready to strike an effectual blow, at any rate, for the defence of Candahar. We shall have, when the military works are complete, a good military high-road parallel to the Indus, a couple of railways converging on Quetta, several important lines which will enable us to bring the whole military resources of India, and, viâ Kurrachee, of England, at the shortest possible notice to bear upon any spot on our frontier which the movements of Russia show to be endangered. We have an entrenched camp within British territory, but near enough to Candahar to allow of our anticipating Russian attack; we have fortified the mountain barriers which a Russian invading force would have to surmount, and are tunnelling a range which might otherwise delay our advance. We may thus hope, says General Hamley, "to give tranquillity to India for generations." Can any one—can even Mr. Slagg?—seriously believe that the policy, thus carefully and calmly elaborated, deserves condemnation as "unwise"?

As regards the financial difficulties of the Government of India, no difference of opinion among competent authorities can be said to exist. We have so recently considered them that there is no need to say more than that the views which we ventured to express are completely borne out by the statements of the Under-Secretary of State and Lord Randolph Churchill in the recent discussion. Lord Randolph's contention, however, that the growth of the Indian expenditure during the last decade is a proof of extravagance, has been, to a large extent, disposed of by the explanation recently given by the Indian Finance Minister. The largest portion of the growth arises from the development of departments, such as Railways, Irrigation, Post Office or Forests, the net result of which is to enrich the Exchequer. There is a certain automatic increase in expenditure arising from the growth of population and the general demands of an improving admin-

istration. But it is moderate, and has certainly not, as the Finance Minister showed, exceeded the barest demands of a civilized Government.

The last head of the accusation—namely, that the Government had stimulated the consumption of alcoholic drinks in order to increase the Excise—hardly deserves anything but the comic treatment to which Sir Richard Temple exposed it. Sir John Gorst met it point blank by the statement that the invariably recognized policy of the Government is to place as high a tax on spirits as could be imposed without giving rise to smuggling and illicit distillation. Every one who knows the Indian administration, is aware of this policy and of the sedulous care with which the Government enforces it. Of late years the Provincial Governments, in the course of that development of their local resources to which the decentralization of finance has given rise, have watched the operation of the Excise with care, and have taken measures to stop illicit manufacture, and to secure the legal amount of tax for their Exchequers. In Bengal an experiment was tried which, after prolonged inquiry, was not approved, but which certainly was not devised by Sir Ashley Eden—a perfect type of the best order of administrator—in the interests of intoxication. There has been an increase of recent years in the amount realized by the tax, which is fully accounted for by increased efficiency in the machinery of collection, and the prosperous seasons which the Indian peasantry have enjoyed. The charge, asserted or implied in Mr. Slagg's resolution, that the Government or its officials have deliberately stimulated the consumption of spirits, from a financial motive, is in direct contradiction of known facts, and does little credit to the knowledge or intelligence of those by whom it was advanced.

NOVELLO'S ORATORIO CONCERTS.

SINCE its production at Norwich Dr. Mackenzie's oratorio, *The Rose of Sharon*, has been given more than once in London under the conduct of the composer, with the advantages of a chorus of exceptional competency and training, an excellent orchestra, and the original executants of the solo parts. On Tuesday, at the St. James's Hall, Mme. Nordica and Miss Hope Glenn replaced Mme. Albani and Mme. Trebelli, while Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. Santley once again interpreted the music assigned to the Beloved and King Solomon, with the technical perfection and artistic feeling that makes all comment superfluous. Mme. Nordica's method is not altogether such as is traditionally associated with oratorio singing; but her rendering of the Sulamite's part showed some dramatic apprehension, though differing considerably from that of Mme. Albani. There was less light and shade in her rendering of the music, and decidedly less emotional power. We missed, for instance, the thrilling rapture with which Mme. Albani gave the exquisite, though rather exacting, melodic theme, "My Beloved is mine, and I am his," where it recurs after the fine sequence of choruses in the second part. In numbers of a graver character, such as "The Lord is my Shepherd," Mme. Nordica was completely successful. The contralto solos were sung in excellent style by Miss Hope Glenn. Always an important function in oratorios, the chorus is remarkably prominent in *The Rose of Sharon*, owing to the dramatic significance of the music. This is especially notable of the villagers' chorus and the choruses of women interjected in the lyrics of the Sulamite in the second part, where the relation of chorus to the dramatic action is analogous with its ancient employment in classic drama. Indeed, the term "dramatic oratorio" applied by the composer to *The Rose of Sharon* is completely justified by the character of the choral numbers, and suffices to distinguish this original and beautiful work from the Mendelssohnian type of oratorio. On Tuesday the choruses were admirably sung, all sections of the choir showing, by their execution of music that is at times extremely difficult, the efficiency that comes of devoted study and perfect confidence in the conductor. There is little need to speak of the delicacy and beauty of tone with which the rich and elaborate accompaniments, the various instrumental episodes—such as the delightful "Sleep" music—were rendered by the orchestra under the leadership of Mr. Carrodus.

LONDON BIRDS—THE SEA-GULL.

THE sea-gull—we speak generically—is entitled to a place in the list of London birds. In the London below-bridge, the busy, mercantile, riparian London, among the docks and shipping, this bird can hardly be said to be uncommon, being at all events a frequent visitor. It does not, however, confine itself entirely to the East-end, as specimens may from time to time be seen, especially in the spring, about the waters in the parks of the West End, the Serpentine in Hyde Park being a specially favourite resort.

During the severe weather we have lately experienced, accompanied as it has been by hard north-easterly winds and snow, Londoners have had an unusual opportunity of observing the habits of sea-gulls, as they have frequented the river above bridge, literally in hundreds, their range extending at least to Putney—in other words, from one end of London to the other. It is seldom, indeed, that these birds appear in such numbers on the Thames above London Bridge as they have done lately, and their appearance has, from its rarity, caused a corresponding excitement among Londoners, as is proved by the numbers of people that have crowded the bridges and embankments to watch their movements. To a considerable proportion of them, no doubt, the marvellous flight and power of wing of the gull came as an absolute revelation. To those intimately acquainted with the bird and its ways, the advent of so many on the higher reaches of the river was not only a surprise, but a source of enjoyment, which no doubt induced them to form part of the crowds engaged in watching the birds. There is, perhaps, some slight cause for wonder, when we consider the habit so common to gulls of following the tide in rivers, that these birds are not more often seen in London between bridges, as food in the tideway cannot be lacking to them. The reasons of their scarceness, however, are no doubt, firstly, the crowded state of the river itself, to say nothing of the densely populated condition of its banks, and, secondly, the great distance from the sands and saltings of the estuary to which the birds always retire for the night. In addition, food is plentiful in the lower reaches; and therefore, except in the case of such exceptional weather as we have lately experienced, the gulls find no occasion to venture into the narrow and crowded waterway of the river as it flows through London.

When we say that food is plentiful in the lower reaches of the river, we must not be understood to speak of food to be found in the river itself, or even on its banks; as the sea-gull in autumn, winter, and early spring, before it leaves for its breeding-places, is as fond of foraging in the fields and following the plough as is the rook—with which, indeed, it may often be seen feeding in the greatest amity. No doubt the late immigration of this bird into London was to a very considerable extent caused by the fact that its feeding-grounds on land were closed to it by the snow and frost, and that it was therefore forced to depend entirely on the water for its supplies.

The gull may be said to be omnivorous; nothing, indeed, apparently comes amiss. It will devour small fish, and for this reason is very fond of following shrimpers and other small trawling vessels for the feast to be obtained when the fishermen are shaking out their nets—mollusks and crustaceans which it finds left by the tide, and, one of its greatest feasts perhaps, the scraps and offal thrown overboard from the cook's galley of a passing ship. So fond, indeed, are the gulls of the meal provided them by the refuse thrown overboard from ships, that they will in a harbour where a guardship is moored, apparently observing times and seasons, attend daily with the greatest regularity for the food they know will be supplied to them. In addition they will, as we have said, wander far inland in search of worms and grubs, and when so engaged will not even disdain on occasion to help themselves to the farmer's grain, though this cannot be said in any way to be their natural food. That a gull, however, can live entirely on corn is proved by the fact that the stomach of one so kept by John Hunter is now preserved in the Museum of the College of Surgeons.

Gulls make excellent pets, and are most useful in gardens, having an illimitable appetite for slugs and a general aptitude for devouring obnoxious insects. And, strange though it may appear, considering their natural wariness and wildness, it is not necessary to obtain them young, as an adult bird, pinioned by a good or lucky shot as the case may be, will, often before its wound has thoroughly healed, have become so tame that it will come with great regularity to be fed, if it does not, as certainly will eventually be the case, know and follow the person who is in the habit of feeding it. Gulls in captivity, or rather wandering at large in a garden, though deprived of their power of flight, are by no means the miserable birds that many would imagine. On the contrary, they are most masterful, and evidently consider themselves of very great importance. They will generally condescend to notice all the members of the household to which they belong, though naturally they have their favourites, giving their preference as a rule to those who feed them, and will possibly admit certain well-known visitors to a limited intimacy; but they usually resent the intrusion of strangers, even to the extent of pecking their heels—a far from pleasant operation for the victim, especially if performed by a specimen of one of the larger gulls. They are, in fact, birds of great character, each individual having ways of its own.

Their noisiness—they cannot be said by their best friends to possess musical voices—is to some few people an absolute bar to their being kept as pets. We, however, can only pity those whose nerves are so highly strung, as they thereby lose, at all events, the chance of the friendship of one of these delightfully intelligent birds.

Some knowledge of these birds and their habits may be obtained by watching those in the Zoological Gardens, where a considerable number are kept, pinioned and in a semi-domesticated condition, yet living so happily, that many of them nest in the spring, though we fear with, as a rule, little satisfaction either to themselves or their keepers. Here the birds may be seen in all states of plumage, from the mottled brown of the first year to the pure white and grey and black of the adult. Since the large aviary was built last year, matters have been so ordered that some of the smaller gulls may be seen unpinioned, and, therefore, able to use their wings.

In London, as we have said, gulls are only occasional visitors, and the Londoner must go far from town to make certain of seeing them in all their beauty.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE main feature of the concert at the Crystal Palace last Saturday was Mendelssohn's music to *Œdipus at Colonos.* Even the interest which attaches to any unfrequently performed work by a great composer failed to make the afternoon a lively one. The rest of a by no means remarkable programme was miscellaneous and chiefly vocal, while the *Œdipus* itself could not compensate for the lack of any important instrumental number. If only in deference to the fame of its composer, and to satisfy the curiosity of the public, it is right that this work should be sometimes heard. These occasions, however, will always be rare, as it is easy to see why such a work is not more popular. We are as much accustomed to look at the Greeks in a heroic light as to approach religious mysteries with awe; to read their poets with a glamour as to treat the Bible with a spirit of reverence. If we can complain that church music is not religious, we can as justly complain that the setting of a Greek play is not heroical, or, at any rate, not conceived in the classical spirit. And we are surely justified in this; for, if the separate utterances of any piece of music mean nothing precise, its ensemble has an unmistakable character. When looked at as a language, music read by the letter makes most indefinite, by the spirit most definite, statements. Now if the "Dead March in *Saul*" be considered a good example of the simplicity, majesty, and severity of a classic style, Mendelssohn's *Œdipus* is unquestionably wanting in these qualities. It is not altogether simple, stern, and grand; not altogether free from gush, from a whining spirit, and the modern diffuseness. You do not find pretty sentimental word-spinning in Sophocles's play, but you meet with loose phrases, rambling picturesquely here and there, in Mendelssohn's music. Perhaps the best work, as far as setting goes, has not been done in the most important places. The short dialogue choruses near the beginning are finely and appropriately effective. Nor were these speeches loud or noisily accompanied; they were restrained and sad, and seemed superstitious in their simplicity. As music, of course the well-known chorus describing Colonos is much more important. It is a smooth, beautiful, and tuneful chorus, quite modern in feeling. Some stirring and martial passages occur in the choruses connected with the battle, and the choir sang them with great spirit. Indeed, in spite of a few hesitations, the performance, as a whole, did fair justice to the work. The mixture of recitation with choruses in a case of this sort, where the reciter sometimes takes both parts of a dialogue and sometimes bandies answers with the choir, is, if inevitable, very often unpleasant, and at times destructive to art. Mr. Charles Fry, the reader, was not to blame for that. He carried out his long and difficult task with constantly sustained energy and an unflagging attention to details. His enunciation was clear and distinct throughout; and, if he appeared rather to exaggerate the part of Œdipus in the direction of plaintive pathos, it was probably in some measure owing to the contrast of the bare voice of speech with the full power and varied tone of the orchestra. This may have robbed the character of some elements of tragic and heroic power. The Œdipus of Sophocles strikes one in no way as a whining, beaten-down beggar or jottering sentimentalist, but as a terrible old man, linked with the Gods and the destinies of nations, and perhaps all the more awful from being masked in rags. Mr. Fry also declaimed "The Minstrel's Curse," a ballad translated from the German of Uhland. An orchestral accompaniment has been provided by Mr. F. Corder, consisting chiefly of short phrases descriptively instrumented, which occur for the most part between the stanzas. From the nature of the problem one could not expect the effect to be other than disconnected; but Mr. Corder has nevertheless contrived to introduce some very significant orchestration. Miss Louise Dotti sang two airs, which showed her voice to be of sympathetic and tender quality, especially in the lower notes. She gave Mozart's "Dove sono" (*Le Nozze di Figaro*) with expression and suitable style, too; but in "Angels ever bright and fair" she thought it necessary to conform to the stupidest Handel traditions. Simple as they are in modulation, &c., Handel's airs must either be sung as marked tunes, or else mean nothing. Surely very few hold the old Puritan view that religious feeling demands an intolerably dreary, pointless performance, fit to make a burlesque of any air, whether dramatic or purely melodious. Great singers—we will not say artists—in order to show off their voices, have set a precedent for the ridiculously slow time in which this air was taken on Saturday.

Hitherto we have spoken of nothing but vocal music, and, indeed, if we except Weber's Overture to *Euryanthe*, there was no purely instrumental number on the programme. We can only say that we have heard the Overture done at these concerts with more fire and expression than on Saturday, when the performance was somewhat wooden. In place of instrumental solos, the London Vocal Union, who assisted the Crystal Palace Choir in *Œdipus*, sang T. Cooke's charming Glee, "Strike the Lyre," and Hatton's somewhat commonplace Part-Song, "When Evening's Twilight." They sang with smoothness and clear, steady vocalization in both numbers, as well as in "Ladies, sigh no more" (Stevens), which they gave in answer to a recall. In honour of the Silver Wedding the Overture was prefaced by Brinley Richards' "God Bless the Prince of Wales."

DRAMATIC RECORD.

MESSRS. LYNWOOD and Mark Ambient's drama *Christina*, which was originally produced at the Prince of Wales' Theatre at a matinée some months since, was lately revived at the Olympic. We remarked on the occasion of its original performance that "when certain modifications have been introduced it may prove a taking piece." Unfortunately, we fear, this advice has been discarded, for the piece still requires a great deal of modifying if it is to prove as successful as in many ways it deserves to be. The plot deals, as we related in a former review, with a subject which has lately done duty only too often on our stage—Nihilism—and which is becoming tedious from repetition. The authors have, however, treated it with some degree of novelty, and made the revolutionary episodes subservient to the love interest, which is sufficiently sympathetic to command attention. The characterization is well managed, and the dialogue, even if it is rather old-fashioned, is terse and dramatic. The piece is now extremely well put upon the stage, some of the scenery being particularly effective; notably so the first, which gives a very pretty view of Lake Geneva from Chillon. The acting is excellent. Mr. E. S. Willard takes the part created by Mr. Hermann Vezin; and, since it is that of a villain of the deepest dye, he is quite in his element, and consequently eminently successful. It is impossible to be more villanous. Mr. Yorke Stevens plays the hero; and, as he is always a pleasant actor, he contrives to invest the part with a good deal of interest which it previously lacked. Miss Alma Murray is afforded in the play, as Christina, the best opportunity for the display of her varied talents she has had since she performed Beatrice Cenci; and she avails herself of it, acting throughout with much charm in the lighter scenes, and with genuine intensity in the tragic episodes of the last two acts.

The Don is urging on his wild career at Toole's Theatre in good earnest, and seems likely to be encouraged to continue it for a long time to come. As it has been remarked before, it is unfair to judge a play from a first night's performance; and an audience consisting of personal friends of the performers or critics or—the most difficult of relationships—both in one is not the most satisfactory one. Mr. Toole has certainly found in the Don a part that suits him in every way, and the newness of such a character for him gives him ample scope for his humour and pathos; for, though the audience see through the absurdity of the situation, still they cannot help sympathizing with the poor Dean in his distress and perplexity when he is so constantly and consistently being misunderstood, and finally on the point of being taken off to prison. Good support in a play like *The Don*, where each character is telling, is a necessity for its success, and in *The Don* all the parts are well sustained. Miss Linden renders that of Dora particularly pretty and attractive by her graceful and naïve way of acting it. Miss Violet Vanbrugh's Kitty Maitland, charming as it is, is not quite one's idea of a high-spirited girl, not above flirtation with undergraduates. She might, for instance, be got up less æsthetically, and be, in fact, altogether more commonplace. Miss Kate Phillips is, as usual—though not in the usual line for her—really excellent as the smart and lively little widow. Mr. Shelton is gyp-and-scoutlike (he is called a gyp) as Harris. Of the merits of Miss Thorne's and Mr. Billington's performances we have spoken before.

REVIEWS.

THE BALANCE OF MILITARY POWER IN EUROPE.*

A JUDGMENT on the "balance of military power in Europe," when made by an authority with any pretensions to competence, would be sure of a hearing at present. Colonel Maurice's right to be listened to at any time will not be disputed, and his book comes out under particularly favourable circumstances. As he explains in his preface he was stung, if not into writing, at least into writing in the way he chose, by the attack of a controversialist on a friend, and his not very courteous treatment of himself. Instead of the treatise which was to have been written, Colonel Maurice published a series of articles in answer to Sir Charles Dilke in *Blackwood's Magazine*. In this way he was able to explain his ideas and state his views with all the advantages of the advertisement (the word is used without malice) given by the rattling of replies and rejoinders. So the way was prepared for his book. Whether this was to Colonel Maurice's advantage, except as a matter of immediate business convenience, we do, however, vehemently doubt. One has to keep referring almost at every other page to "The Position of European Politics"—and that, to put it frankly, is a bore. If Sir Charles's name were deleted every time it occurs in Colonel Maurice's pages, there would be a distinct shrinkage in their bulk. If all that is mere answer by *Blackwood's* to the *Fortnightly* were taken out, these two hundred and forty pages would be reduced to about a half of their number. That half would be much the more valuable of the two, but it runs at present a considerable risk of being buried in a controversy. The

* *The Balance of Military Power in Europe.* By Colonel Maurice, Royal Artillery. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1888.

public does not mind a straw about these newspaper rows, and wishes "our governor" would tell the Colonel of the Baronet to stop answering. "The taste for eloquence is going out, Mick," as the gentlemen who was Morgan, but had been either Hoolan or Doolan, observed with regret. Who will be bothered with wrangling literary Siamese twins? On the merits of the controversy, either personal or general, we shall say as little as may be. Colonel Maurice is of course to be believed on his word when he denies that he wrote as the mouthpiece of the Adjutant-General, but the case invites the use of the distinguo. No doubt he was not directly prompted, but Lord Wolseley is, as we all know, *capo di scuola*, and of that school Colonel Maurice is a distinguished pupil. Much is produced in art which the master never sees, but does none the less inspire. Colonel Maurice will probably not deny that his work shows the influence of his studio. We do not think it the less deserving of attention on that account, for his studio happens to be the place in which the government of the British army is at present being carried on, and it is important to know what the views of the chiefs are. Our complaint is not that we get them, but that we are compelled to take so much superfluous and purely temporary matter with them.

Colonel Maurice when he does come to his subject deals with it as a soldier and a man of sense. He declines to look at it merely as a matter of returns and paper lists. Considerations of national character and of the form of country are always present with him. At times he seems to omit elements in the effective fighting strength of foreign Powers which could not be neglected in actual war. He has not a word to say about the Austrian navy when discussing the probabilities of a war in which France should be opposed to Italy. And yet Italy could hardly be attacked by her neighbour except as a party to a coalition; and Lissa shows that the Austrian navy, though a small force, no doubt, cannot be ruled out of the game. Again, he takes no account of the German navy as an adversary to the Russian, and yet it has been on the growing hand this many a day. Over and above these omissions there is a sin of commission in Colonel Maurice's book which is a more serious error. It is his treatment of the question of the reduction in the Artillery. He requests his critics to believe that he has no unworthy interest in arguing, though under certain reserves, in favour of the measure. We take that for granted, and are quite prepared to believe that an officer who is himself a gunner, and has worn "the Jacket," would not support a reduction of the force unless he had what he thought sufficient reasons for doing so. No doubt he is absolutely right in saying that an increase in the Artillery would bring him promotion and the continuance of old associations more valuable than promotion to a cavalier of honour. All that may be granted; but the personal disinterestedness of the disputant does not make his argument logically good. We still think Colonel Maurice's argument bad. Substantially it is this:—We cannot put two army corps into the field without transport and commissariat machinery, hitherto wanting; this can only be got by increased expenditure or by sacrificing something; but we must not look for increased expenditure. Therefore there only remains the resource of sacrifice, and the Horse Artillery having been that part of the army which was cut down the least closely to the quick, it had to suffer. Now allowing every link in this chain of reasoning its full force, what does it all amount to? It is a confession that we must limit our available movable fighting army to two corps, which again means that we must renounce all hope of undertaking offensive operations. Colonel Maurice may believe that this country would allow its only practical army to go abroad while a counter invasion was possible, but we have not the strength to share his faith. Therefore we still think the reduction a most unwise measure; and when we are told of the effect England could produce by threatening an enemy's coast here and there, we remain utterly sceptical as to the possibility of any such aggressive tactics while the country had to remain under the protection of a mob of men with rifles, utterly destitute of transport, commissariat, or field artillery, and very badly supplied with cavalry. Colonel Maurice praises Mr. Smith for honesty and good sense at the War Office, but we wish he could have praised him for courage shown in coming forward to tell the country how it stood and ask for the necessary means to remedy defects.

When the Colonel is not bound to apologize, and has to deal with the armies of the Continent, he takes a much stronger position. His sketch of the Eastern and Western frontiers of Germany, his estimates of the Austrian and, in an even greater degree, of the Russian armies, will be generally recognized as excellent. It is doubtful whether modern long-range weapons, or any other mechanical change, will in the long run diminish the value of solid courage and military devotion—the great merits of the Russian—in warfare, which, if we understand Colonel Maurice aright, he is inclined to believe, but he is on very safe ground when he argues from the difficulty Russia has always found in making any considerable part of her vast army really available for offensive purposes. It was seen in the great Napoleonic wars, in 1828, in the Crimea, and as conspicuously as ever in 1878. There is no reason to believe that the stupidity and corruption which have always counterbalanced the courage and devotion of the Russian soldier will be less helpful to civilized Europe in the future than they have been in the past. In speaking of the Austrian army, that strange force which has been so uniformly good and so constantly beaten, Colonel Maurice forgets neither its excellence nor its weakness. We hope much, and do partly believe that he is right in his opinion that the strength is even greater, and the weakness less than it was of old. The world has every reason to trust it may be so, but as in the case of Russia there is a long experience to inspire doubt. With all its honesty, goodness of intention, and many other merits, the Austrian army has suffered terribly from stupidity. It may be wiser, and yet not wise enough. The most striking part of Colonel Maurice's volume is his estimate of the military position of Germany, and particularly its chances in the event of a war with France and Russia combined. We commend his remarks on the military considerations which make it impossible for Germany to allow the ruin of Austria to those who are inclined to doubt whether the Empire could afford to stand neutral during a series of Russian successes in Galicia. But he has also a good deal to say about the chances of a war between Germany and a Russo-French alliance, which our lively neighbour may profitably reflect on. Colonel Maurice looks more exclusively to the military considerations, but he agrees in the main with an anonymous writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* who lately caused some searching of heart in Paris. This writer reminded his countrymen that alliance with Russia would not necessarily mean that the allies could be on the field at the same time. Colonel Maurice gives good reason for believing that Germany might repeat on a far greater scale the famous campaign of the Consul Nero. With her admirable system of military railways, she might well move a great army from one frontier to another in less than a week. In comparing Germany and France Colonel Maurice comments forcibly on the very different ratios of talk to work in the two countries, and expresses an opinion, pretty widely shared by competent judges, we should imagine, that the late experiment in mobilization was much more showy than instructive. This, unfortunately the smaller, half of his book is so good that we can only heartily regret that Colonel Maurice did not continue in the path of virtue, and write that book on National Defence for which his poor editor has wailed so long, and has now lost by the combined temptations of Sir Charles Dilke's herring, the attractive position of *Blackwood*, the wrongs of Lord Wolseley, and the merits of Mr. Smith.

IT IS THE LAW.*

"MY darling, I love you; passionately, devotedly, &c. &c. &c." These expressions form the first sentence of Mr. Willson's idyl. They were addressed by a gentleman named Dick to a lady called Mabelle. It is unnecessary, and, for reasons which will presently appear, might be inconvenient, to mention the surnames of any of the people in this story. Mabelle's rejoinder was, "You haven't tempted me in the least to be wicked, Dick, when I really want to be tempted." She said this in an elaborate, but not really material, context. Dick thereupon, presumably by way of tempting her, kissed her ear, but there was no satisfying the unreasonable creature. She said, "Do not spoil my happiness, dear, by improprieties. If you do, I will have to go home immediately. And I want to stay here with you." He then asked her to elope with him, but she pointed out financial difficulties. Her husband (whose name was Billy) was not only her uncle, but also her guardian. "For nearly three years, until I am twenty-one, I will not be able to get a cent from him. You have very little more than your salary." They then discoursed of love, and she propounded a theory that it never lasts more than a month or so; that it may precede, but should not accompany, and, *ex hypothesi*, cannot long survive, the marriage of its victims, which should be founded on affection and compatibility of temperament. Dick listened somewhat impatiently, and enunciated in his turn another theory, metaphysical in tone, with musical analogies about harmony and discord. She then gave a fresh turn to the conversation by asking him to marry her. He objected that she was already married to her uncle Billy. She admitted that this was so, but explained that, "as a matter of precaution, and thinking it might some day be useful, when I was in Chicago two years ago [it may be mentioned here that her age at the time of the story is eighteen] I obtained a divorce from William, which is perfectly valid in the State of Illinois, but not valid in this State. I am legally and morally free to marry in the State of Illinois, and such a marriage would be both legally and morally binding in every State of the Union." She elucidated her view of morality by ingenuously confessing that this divorce—which eventually turned out to be bad, but that is neither here nor there—was obtained *ex parte*, and that Billy knew nothing about it, though there had been some danger of his finding it out "last spring, when we visited his aunt's in Chicago. Of course, I would not let him kiss me while in the State of Illinois, and I had to manœuvre to keep from being left alone with him during our stay." This rather puzzled Dick, who somewhat weakly asked whether she "did not dissemble at all." She replied with dignity, if somewhat evasively, that she was "an honest, proper, and law-abiding woman." By way of proving her possession of these noble attributes, she offered to go to Illinois, marry Dick there, be his lawful wife for three months, and then go back to Billy. She added the irresistible allurement that during the three months of being Mrs. Dick in Illinois "I would guard your honour there

* *It is the Law: a Story of Marriage and Divorce in New York.* By Thomas Edgar Willson. New York and Chicago: Belford, Clarke, & Co.

as carefully as I guard William's here." Then she got off the fence—she had been sitting on a fence, a stone fence, during the whole conversation—and they went home.

"Home" for the time being was the temporary residence of one Nellie. She was "seven-and-twenty, in the perfect fulness of womanhood, tall and fair, with a sweet matronly look upon the high-bred face that the moonlight softens into a beauty of the heart that is almost divine" (whether the heart or the beauty of it was divine, it was a great feat to soften the high-bred face into a beauty of the heart; but then the moonlight was American). She was a mother, and, it may be cautiously inferred, a widow. She was also Dick's aunt, and was in love with him. In order to encourage Dick to return Nellie's affection (except in Illinois?), Mabelle related to them how she herself came to marry her uncle, which she had done when she was twelve years old. Then she went to bed, and in her absence Dick and his aunt Nellie made passionate love to each other, with much hugging and kissing. Nellie at last, with a good deal of difficulty, persuaded Dick that he loved her (Nellie) even more than he did Mabelle. After she had been sitting on his knee and embracing him for a considerable time, she observed, speaking of Mabelle, "'If it will give you pleasure, Dick, kiss her, fondle her to your content. *But don't love her*,' she whispers, unconscious of what the words betray; '*I could not bear that*.'" Why a widowed aunt should have any hesitation about consciously "betraying" to her marriageable nephew the affection to which she has been testifying by making violent love to him throughout a long conversation is not clear; but they arrange these things curiously in America. The result was that, after some more expressions of affection, made with an unreserve in every way worthy of a free people, the lady discovered that "a sweet sense of shame gradually rises—wherefrom or wherefore she cannot tell"; and, after another embrace, in which Dick's "kisses burn and sting," they separated.

The two episodes summarized above are related by Mr. Willson in two chapters, and occupy no more than forty-seven pages. It is a bitter disappointment that practically nothing more is heard of Dick. That trip to Illinois never came off, by reason of the awkward circumstance that Mabelle fell in love with Billy, her husband and uncle. Her next opportunity of conversation with Dick did not occur for some months. When it did there was no love-making, and she coldly advised him to marry his aunt. He took her advice, and there is an end of him. The rest of the story consists of the conquest of Mabelle's heart already mentioned. It came about through her uncle Billy having, as he and Mabelle and all their friends supposed, another wife as well as Mabelle. Her name was Jane. Billy married her when he was at college, and then she ran away. So, after a reasonable time, he married his niece Mabelle for her money. The marriage was valid, because the interval had been reasonable. Just about the time when Mabelle arranged with Dick the temporary Illinois marriage, which did not come off, Jane turned up, and claimed from Billy the restitution of conjugal rights. There appeared to be no doubt that the two ladies were equally Billy's wives. So he introduced them to one another, and made Jane a handsome allowance out of Mabelle's fortune. There was nothing out of the way in this, because "thousands" of men in New York have several wives apiece, owing to the laws of that remarkable country. The principal result was that Mabelle fell in love with Billy, as already mentioned. However, it turned out at last, after manifold and very dull complications, that Jane had married somebody else after her separation from Billy (which somebody else had in his turn married another female somebody, and got four and a half years for doing it), and had at some period or other got a divorce from Billy, which divorce accidentally happened to be valid, so that Billy was free from Jane, and Mabelle was his only genuine wife, and also that the Illinois divorce had been granted by a court not having jurisdiction in such matters, so that Billy was Mabelle's husband as much in Illinois as anywhere else, which pleased her just as well, because she had changed her mind about Billy and Dick (*varium et mutabile semper Femina Americana* in a quite special sense); and Jane found a third husband quite after her liking; so everybody was satisfied. The justification of this surprising romance, in its author's eyes, is that everything everybody did or thought of doing was or would have been, in his opinion (which is obviously incorrect as regards the proposed Illinois marriage), quite justifiable according to American law, excepting only the behaviour of the wicked bigamist who got four years and a half. Each chapter ends with the words *It is the Law*. The moral views of the heroine have already been to some extent indicated. It may not be inappropriate to throw some more light on them. Here is her view of persons born in the country. "I loathe the 'honest countryman,' and shiver when I meet one on the road. Billy says, and I believe him, that there never yet was one who was not a thief at heart, a brute by choice; that honest men and decent men are made by the training of cities and towns; and there's truth in his argument." When she and Billy had made up their differences, he said his only regret was that he could not "thank some supernatural being for this blessing. I do not wonder at the tenacity with which the ignorant and vicious cling to the idea of a personal God, to whom they can give thanks for the happiness they do not make for themselves, and do not deserve." But his chaste and beauteous spouse (and niece) bade him "Leave such thoughts where they belong—to the criminal classes and lunatics —and thank yourself, and only yourself." For "a personal God is contrary to reason and revelation." So she lay in his arms, observing, "I am your wife, at last; your one, true, lawful wife, except in Illinois." Though, in fact, as we have seen, not even that refuge was left to him.

NEW POEMS BY CRASHAW.*

TOO often it is with regret, or with a grudged esteem, that we hail newly-discovered works by standard authors. The best writing generally takes care of itself, and is remembered and preserved, whatever may be lost. The first sprightly running is commonly the best, and editors scarcely earn our thanks by troubling the lees for us. For once we have an exception before us. The pamphlet of newly-discovered poems by Crashaw which Dr. Grosart has forwarded to his subscribers contains some things which, even in the congested condition of our national literature, are never likely to be obscured again. The British Museum lately bought from a bookseller, who had picked it up as an odd lot at Sotheby's or Puttick & Simpson's, a MS. volume of Crashaw's poems, indubitably, as would appear, in his own, previously untraced, handwriting. Dr. Grosart gives us an example of the latter in facsimile, selecting the page which contains the well-known epigram on "The Water being made Wine."

We turn at once to the poems which are entirely new. Here is one apparently intended to form the dedication to a gift-volume of the poet's *Steps to the Temple*. It appears just too late to adorn Mr. Lang's selected *Ballads of Books*:—

At the ivory tribunal of your hand,
Fair one, these tender leaves do trembling stand,
Knowing 'tis in the doom of your sweet eye
Whether the Muse they clothe shall live or die;
Live she or die to Fame, each leaf you meet
Is her life's wing, or else her winding-sheet.

We could swear this was Crashaw, if we picked it up anonymous on Pitcairn's Island. Moreover, something very like the second couplet is to be found already in "Love's Horoscope":—

'Tis in the mercy of her eye
If poor Love shall live or die.

It is very pretty. But this, a nameless lyric, is more than pretty; it is exquisite, and in Crashaw's most transcendental manner:—

Though now 'tis neither May nor June,
And nightingales are out of tune,
Yet in these leaves, fair One, there lies
(Sworn servant to your sweetest eyes),
A nightingale, who, may she spread
In your white bosom her chaste bed,
Spite of all the maiden snow
Those pure untrodden paths can show,
You strait shall see her wake and rise,
Taking fresh life from your fair eyes,
And with claspt wings proclaim a spring,
Where Love and she shall sit and sing;
For lodged so near your sweetest throat
What nightingale can lose her note?
Nor let her kindred birds complain
Because she breaks the year's old reign;
For let them know she's none of those
Hedge-quiristers whose music owes
Only such strains as serve to keep
Sad shades, and sing dull night asleep.
No, she's a priestess of that grove,
The holy chapel of chaste love,
Your virgin bosom. Then whate'er
Poor laws divide the public year,
Whose revolutions wait upon
The wild turns of the wanton sun,
Be you the Lady of Love's year,
Where your eyes shine his suns appear,
There all the year is Love's long Spring,
There all the year
Love's nightingales shall sit and sing.

The break in the penultimate verse is a charming addition to the melody, and we are very much mistaken if this lyric does not take its place among the best of Charles I.'s reign.

The remainder of the new poems are religious, and they are not in Crashaw's very finest manner. "To Pontius, Washing his Blood-stained Hands," which we have a vague impression we have already met with somewhere, is a typical example of the monstrous chains of conceits which these most unequal poets were at any moment liable to produce. The face of Pilate was originally a nymph—

The daughter of a fair and well-famed fountain
As ever silver-tipped the side of shady mountain

(in itself a charming image); this nymph has suffered the fate of Philomela from this new Tereus, the hand of Pilate, and "appears Nothing but tears." A paraphrase of Grotius gives us a first version of the well-known verse on the Eucharist:—

The water blushed and started into wine.

We trace the great Crashaw of the fiery surprises but seldom in this long, tame, and somewhat crabbed poem; but he asserts himself in a few such phrases as this:—

Before the infant shrine
Of my weak feet, the Persian Magi lay,
And left their Mithra for my star;

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* *Supplement to Complete Works of Richard Crashaw* (1873). Edited by Alexander B. Grosart. Blackburn: privately printed. 1888.

and this, which well describes the condition of Crashaw's muse:—

A sweet inebriated ecstacy.

The new readings of old poems which the MS. gives are neither, it would seem, very numerous nor very important. "The Weeper" is such a distressing, indeed such a humiliating, poem that we receive a new stanza of it with indifference; we may note one novelty, this string of preposterous conceits on the tears of the Magdalen must in future close with a conceit that swallows up all the rest:—

Of such fair floods as this
Heaven the crystal ocean is.

Dr. Grosart takes this opportunity of recording an interesting little discovery. Crashaw's important Latin poem "Bulla" is found to have made its first appearance in a very rare Cambridge volume, the *Crepundia Siliana* of Heynsius, in 1646, two years after the poet's ejection from his fellowship. It appeared the same year in the *Delights of the Muses*, with a considerable number of variations of the text. It is a pity that Crashaw did not write "Bulla" in English, for it is full of the characteristics of his style.

CLASSICAL SCHOOL BOOKS.*

TO read *Pro Cluentio* is a big undertaking, to edit it is an enormous one, and it is not an easy one to pass judgment on any important edition of the most intricate, the most interesting, and in some respects the greatest, of Cicero's forensic speeches. In bulk it does not exceed twenty-five columns of the *Saturday Review*, but nearly every sentence of it justifies, if it does not demand, the commentator's interference. Beyond those refinements of language which are lost without a cultivated appreciation of Ciceronian Latinity—the rarest of scholarly powers—there lie the innumerable difficulties which can only be solved by a complete understanding of Roman law and usage; the tangled web of inconsistent and controversial statements of fact which Cicero's pleading was not intended to altogether unravel; and, finally, the provoking uncertainty of the text, displayed at some of the most inconvenient places and defying the most sanguine hopes of emendation. Since the late Professor Ramsay published his first edition, much in Germany and something in England has been done for the text. Mr. Fausset now comes forward, not so much to make new contributions as to sum up the achievements of his predecessors, and in this object he may be said to have won an honourable success. The too conservative text of Ramsay has practically been replaced by Classen's, but at all the most important points of variation Mr. Fausset's critical notes supply the reader with sufficient evidence for giving an independent judgment. He will not be acquitted in some minds from the charge of unduly depreciating the authority of the Vulgate, and of attaching more than their proper weight to subjective considerations and to such elements of corroboration as may be furnished by observations of Ciceronian usage, quotations of parallel passages, and theories of rhetorical propriety. It is not an unfavourable, perhaps it may be regarded as a favourable, illustration of this tendency which is given by Mr. Fausset's treatment of the last section of the speech, where he replaces the *carum* of all the MSS., adopted by Classen and Ramsay, with the *carissimum* of Lambinus, accepted by Bait., Kays., Kl., and Müll. It is true that *carum* was co-ordinated with three other superlatives, but the *inconcinnitas* of the MSS. reading, if it exists at all, does not seem to be intolerable. We do not wish to convey the impression that Mr. Fausset is faulty in judgment; he appears to have a genuine power of discrimination and some independence of mind. At § 127 he adopts Madvig's reading and supports it with a careful train of reasoning, finally rejecting the proposal of Mr. Davies to convert *comperisse* into *comparasse*; at § 66 he writes *donis datis muneribusque*, rejecting Classen's theory that *datis* was mistaken by the scribe for a substantive and glossed with *donis*, declaring that "there are limits to the stupidity of scribes," and suggesting that a scribe not familiar with the phrase *dona et munera* made the correction *datis muneribus*; at § 39 he writes *in quo alligatum*, rejecting "the undoubtedly false *inter allegatos*," supported by Ramsay as well as the *inter alligatos* of Turnebus, here agreeing with Classen. In the Introduction, which deals mainly with the facts of "the case against Cluentius," Mr. Fausset has given a methodical statement of all the ascertained points and a careful discussion of those which remain matters of doubt, as, for instance, the bearing of the sixth chapter of the "lex Cornelia de sicariis et veneficis" on the legal accountability of Cluentius, a question which gave Cicero the opportunity of putting in a technical defence, while he professed, in deference to his client's wishes, to rely simply on the merits of the case. Mr. Fausset's Introduction cannot be called luminous. It has to be studied, but it rewards study. He gives a useful discussion of "the occasional colloquialisms" in Cicero's oratorical style; but, if space allowed, we should be glad to join issue with him as to some of the usages which he has classified as "colloquial." He has put together a good "glossary of selected words" (with derivations more or less hypothetical) like *calumnia*, *condicio*, *interpres* and *sequester* (the two aspects of a Roman Man-in-the-Moon), *prævaricari*, and *religio*. The "Explanatory Notes" are numerous but not redundant, full but not verbose. We do not pretend to have examined them except by taking a considerable number of samples, but we have not detected any serious misstatement, omission, or inaccuracy. But we wish to express an emphatic protest against the double fallacy implied in his statement that at the period of this speech "the virtue of old Italy was as obsolete as that of old Rome." It is nonsense which ought to be reserved for unfledged politicians to talk about the personal genius of the Cæsars "propping up for a few centuries longer" (as if that were quite a short time) the "tottering fabric of the Empire."

The American editions of Thucydides—Book I. by the late Professor C. D. Morris, and Book VII. by Professor Smith—are printed in beautiful type. Both are strictly based upon Classen's edition, but Professor Morris (we are told by the editor of the Series) "followed in the footsteps of no man slavishly," and at i. 21, he corrects Classen:—'Ἐκ δὲ τῶν κ.τ.λ. . . . τοιαῦτα ἄν τις νομίζων μάλιστα ἃ διῆλθον οὐχ ἁμαρτάνοι καὶ οὔτε ὡς ποιηταὶ ὑμνήκασι κ.τ.λ. . . . οὔτε ὡς λογογράφοι ξυνέθεσαν κ.τ.λ. . . . ηὑρῆσθαι δὲ ἡγησάμενος κ.τ.λ. Classen regarded these participles as "cond. prot. to ἁμαρτάνοι ἄν," but had not observed (we are informed) that the negative is οὔτε—οὔτε instead of μήτε—μήτε, whereas "the last two express the cause of the *writer's* conviction of the soundness of the result." On the other hand, Professor Morris has not observed the particle καί connecting the latter participles with the former. He is apt to fall into the scholarly fault of over-refinement, as at i. 17 in distinguishing περιορᾶν (of inactive perception) from περιιδεῖν (of non-perception) and at i. 86, τοὺς μὲν λόγους τοὺς πολλοὺς τῶν 'Αθηναίων οὐ γιγνώσκω, where he says that "the position of τοὺς πολλοὺς indicates the speaker's sense of weariness"; and at i. 122 he sees a very subtle, but nearly pointless, irony in what is more usually and more sensibly regarded as a serious assertion. His notes are clearly written, but unduly extended, and the translations are magnificently verbose. Favourable specimens of the generally sound commentary are found at i. 61, on πέμπτον αὐτὸν, where Gilbert's view is quoted (that the general named may be supposed to have had supremacy over his colleagues); and at i. 126, on ἐπῆλθον 'Ολύμπια; as well as at the many places where involved constructions have been carefully and (so far as possible) lucidly analysed. It is not clear what principle Professor Morris has followed in dividing his foot-notes from what he calls "critical notes," relegated to the second part of the appendix. If they related merely to textual criticism it would be an intelligible, but in the case of Thucydides a highly inconvenient, plan; but they deal with all kinds of subjects, including "the chronology of the "pentecontaetia," and, in fact, they are the best, most important, and most original, part of Professor Morris's work, being neatly worded and fairly argued discussions of the most difficult passages in the First Book. They can be recommended without any reserve. Not so the first part of the Appendix, which professes to give a list of the codices and editions of Thucydides. Not so the Introduction, though (like the text) it is "based upon Classen." It does not appear whether this wordy essay is to be attributed to the late Professor Morris or to the general editor, Professor Williams White. The most valuable part of it is a statement of Classen's views upon "Ullrich's theory of the composition of the History of Thucydides." The literary criticism of this Introduction may be judged from a few extracts:—"The fundamental character of the language of Thucydides [in the speeches] is the greatest simplicity and naturalness"; "the view of the world" which is to be

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* *M. Tullii Ciceronis pro A. Cluentio Oratio.* With Explanatory and Critical Notes by W. Yorke Fausset, M.A., Assistant-Master at Fettes College, Edinburgh, late Scholar of Balliol College, Oxford. London: Rivingtons.

Thucydides, Book I. Edited, on the basis of Classen's edition, by Charles D. Morris, Professor in the Johns Hopkins University. Boston: Ginn & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

Thucydides, Book VII. Edited, on the basis of Classen's edition, by Charles Foster Smith, Professor of Greek in Vanderbilt University. Boston: Ginn & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

Herodotos, IX. 1–89 (*Platæa*). With Introduction and Notes by E. S. Shuckburgh, M.A., late Fellow of Emanuel College, Cambridge, formerly Master at Eton. Cambridge: Pitt Press Series.

P. Vergili Maronis Bucolica. Edited, with Introduction and English Notes, by A. Sidgwick, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Cambridge: Pitt Press Series.

Virgil—Bucolics. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by C. S. Jerram, M.A., late Scholar of Trinity College, Oxford, Editor of "Luciani Vera Historia" &c. In Two Parts. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

P. Terenti Phormio. With Notes and Introductions, intended for the Higher Forms of Public Schools, by the Rev. A. Sloman, M.A., Head-Master of Birkenhead School, formerly Master of the Queen's Scholars of Westminster. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Stories from Ovid's Metamorphoses. Edited, for the use of Schools, by the Rev. John Bond, Chaplain of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and Arthur S. Walpole, M.A., Master in Rossall School. With Notes, Exercises, and Vocabulary. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

Easy Selections from Ovid in Elegiac Verse. Arranged and edited, with Notes, Vocabularies, and Exercises in Latin Verse Composition, by Herbert Wilkinson, M.A., formerly Postmaster of Merton College, Oxford. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

Ninth Book of Virgil's Æneid. With a Vocabulary by John T. White, D.D. Oxon. (White's Grammar-school Texts.) London and New York: Longmans & Co.

Greek Examination Papers in Miscellaneous Grammar and Idioms. Compiled by A. M. M. Stedman, M.A., Wadham College, Oxon. London: Bell & Sons.

First Exercises in Latin Prose. With Notes and Vocabularies by E. D. Mansfield, M.A., late Assistant-Master at Clifton College. London: Rivingtons.

Progressive Exercises in Latin Verse. By G. Granville Gepp, M.A., Assistant-Master at Bradfield College. Seventh edition, revised. London: Rivingtons.

assigned to Thucydides is "a pious feeling of dependence on the divine power," coupled with "a belief which rises above the forms of special worship"; and the "moral confusion," which prevailed at Corcyra after the political convulsions, Thucydides is perverted into attributing to an intellectual inability to distinguish between right and wrong. The chief merit of Professor Morris's edition of Book I. appears to be careful scholarship combined with clearness of expression and candour in argument. On chronology he is painfully exact, but does not appear to have a very firm hold of Athenian law, if we may judge from his note at i. 77 on ξυμβολαίαις πρὸς τοὺς ξυμμάχους δίκαις (of inter-federal jurisdiction), which he identifies with δίκαι ἀπὸ ξυμβόλων as being *ex contractu*, as distinguished from βλάβης δίκαι, actions *ex delicto*.

It is creditable to the editor of the series that the above book is closely resembled, in its main features, by Professor Smith's edition of the Seventh Book. Here, again, the best notes are in the Appendix. Professor Smith is very full in his citation of other commentators; thus at vii. 28, on a passage of recognized difficulty, he quotes Classen (with proper acknowledgment) for nearly a page and a half. At vii. 13, ἐπ' αὐτομολίας προφάσει, after fully summarizing Classen, Goeller, Groto and Stahl, he modestly confines to a couple of lines his own summing up, in which he declares that Classen's view is the best that has been offered, although it does not fully clear up the difficulty, "Classen seems to mean that the *opportunity* was the *occasion* (cause) for desertion." Professor Smith's edition is rendered more valuable than it otherwise would have been by his having made use of Holm, who has a good knowledge of the country in the neighbourhood of Syracuse.

Mr. Shuckburgh's edition of *Herodotus* (ix. 1-89) has only two serious faults. The first is that it is written in the horrid jargon which abounds with monstrosities of speech like "metopes," "Oresteium," "Perioeki," and finally reduces itself to absurdity in "the Lakedæmonians." The second is that, by separating the commentary proper from the matter of the "historical and geographical index," he has been sometimes obliged to choose between saying the same thing twice over and leaving each of his two statements incomplete. The chapters which he has edited deal with the Persian invasion of Greece, "from the spring of B.C. 489 to the final repulse at Platæa," and make an "episode sufficiently complete in itself" to form the subject of a separate book. Mr. Shuckburgh is at his best in dealing with matters of tactics and strategy—as *e.g.* on the exact position of the Persian army (c. xv.), and on the ancient developments of military signalling, from the rude Homeric beacon to the elaborate alphabet which was perfected by Polybius. On the familiar difficulty of the words in c. xxxiii.—παρὰ ἓν πάλαισμα ἔδραμε νικᾶν ὀλυμπιάδα—Mr. Shuckburgh writes quite a little treatise. He does not accept Abicht's view that the pentathlic winner was obliged to be first in all five events, and in favour of his own theory (that the winner of three out of five was entitled to the prize) he quotes the circumstantial statement of Pausanias that Tisamenos "won in racing and leaping against Hieronymus of Andros, but was beaten by him in the wrestling, and so lost the victory."

Like all the rest of Mr. A. Sidgwick's work, his edition of the *Bucolics* is neat and scholarly. Not being intended for advanced students, the notes on doubtful and disputed passages are concise and sometimes dogmatic. At iv. 46, *Talia sæcla suis dixerunt currite fusis*, he follows sufficiently high authority in comparing phrases like *currere æquor* and disposes of Conington's less attractive view (which regards the *talia* as parallel with the vocative use of οὗτος, as in O. C. 1627), by declaring the usage to be harsh, and by objecting to the vocative with *fusis*. Similarly at v. 66 he translates "two *aræ* as *altaria*," remarking that "the *ara* was for libations and ordinary offerings, *altare* for victims," as if this distinction supported his appositive interpretation. He does not compare the parallel passage from the *Pharsalia*, iii. 404, *Structæ diris altaribus aræ*, and appears to believe that he has quite settled the question. At vi. 35, *Tum durare solum*, &c., he supplies a nominative, *orbis*, from the line above, and translates "the world hardens its soil." At iii. 102 he explains *neque* as "used by a strange license" for *ne—quidem* (*His certe neque amor causa est*); but at ix. 6 (*quod nec vertat bene*) he favours the view of *nec* being an archaism for the simple negative. On iv. 18, "production" has been written in place of "produce" or "productiveness." But the faults are few in this book and the merits considerable. It is quite the best of Mr. Sidgwick's tasteful little pot-boilers, and deserves praise enough to justify a protest against the affectation of writing about "Vergil." Vergilius, if that gives any satisfaction to Mr. Sidgwick; but the English word is Virgil.

Of Mr. C. S. Jerram's edition of the Bucolics we have only received Part I., the Introduction and Text; the Second Part, containing the Notes, has not reached us. The introduction is sound and readable; the text is good and clearly printed, and there is a fairly complete list of "the more important various readings and emendations."

Mr. Sloman has produced a serviceable and sensible edition of the *Phormio* (the play which was acted at Westminster last year), and he has profited by his "unique opportunities" of studying the play in its practical aspects to intersperse the Latin text with minute English stage-directions. Some of them are superfluous, a few are questionable, and all of them are verbose. But, taken in the lump, they add great value to this edition, helping to unravel the intricacy of the plot, and imparting life and reality to the study of a dead language. Expurgation is effected by "the substitution of similars." Our old friend *leno* figures as *homo impurissimus*; and *amica* is "made an honest woman of," as is shown in the very pointed question addressed by Nausistrata to her over-married husband:—

Adeon indignum hoc tibi videtur, filius
Homo adulescens si habet unam amicam, tu uxores duas?

Mr. Sloman changes the latter words into *unam uxorem, tu senex duas*. But he becomes positively facetious in his emendation of Geta's account of "the love-sick youth":—

obsecrat
Sibi ut ejus faciat copiam;

which is turned into

obsecrat
Sibi ut eam liceat visere.

In spite of his "unique opportunities," Mr. Sloman has failed to grasp the subtleties of Terentian characterization. Speaking of Phormio, he says that "he may be a rogue, but he is no hypocrite like Chremes," who has been practising for sixteen years "a criminal deception" on his wife, but yet shows "no contrition for his abominable conduct." The notes do not shirk any of the important difficulties. They are not particularly full of information or suggestion; but they have been carefully written and compressed, so as to be readable to the ordinary student of Terence and sufficient for his purposes.

Messrs. Bond and Walpole's partnership business appears to be a going concern. *Stories from Ovid's Metamorphoses* is made up of about five hundred lines from the lighter tales which are scattered about the fifteen Books; the little vulgar boy (for instance) who incurred the wrath of Ceres by "spoiling her drink," Philemon and Baucis entertaining gods unawares, and the gorgeous Midas punished for bad taste in music. The editors' notes are humble in their aims, but sufficient for beginners in Latin. Generally they are not misleading and antiquated like this account of *induitur aures*:—"Poets use an accusative with *induor* of that with which one is covered." Midas was not *covered* with ears; the usage is not confined to *induor*, or even to words of cognate meaning; it is not peculiar to poets; and the suggested explanation is at once insufficient in itself and wrong as far as it goes.

Mr. Herbert Wilkinson stands on firmer ground in the Exercises which he has constructed on the Latin text of his *Easy Selections from Ovid in Elegiac Verse*. This is a companion book to Messrs. Bond and Walpole's, but it is much better than theirs; Mr. Wilkinson's short notes are unexceptionable in their clearness and correctness. The vocabulary system adopted in this series (Macmillan's "Elementary Classics") is detestable in its principle and pernicious in its effects. Most of the passages selected by Mr. Wilkinson are short enough for single lessons—a point of very great importance. It is noticeable that "the Life of Ovid" as summarized by Mr. Wilkinson differs from Messrs. Bond and Walpole's account of him. He was banished at the age of 51 (H. W.), at the age of 50 (B. & W.); died in A.D. 18 (H. W.), in A.D. 17 (B. & W.); at the age of sixty (H. W.), in his sixtieth year (B. & W.) In the *Encyclopædia Britannica* Professor Sellar agrees with neither of our present authorities; he says that Ovid was born in B.C. 43 and died in A.D. 17, at the age of sixty-one. The views of Jones *minimus* will probably resemble those of Lord Melbourne presiding at a Cabinet Council:—"I don't care what story we tell, gentlemen, but we may as well all tell the same one."

Dr. White has edited the *Ninth Æneid* because he believes that there is a dearth of cheap classical school books. That is a delusion which might easily have been dispelled. Dr. White divides his book into two parts, Text and Vocabulary; and in the vocabulary each noun or verb (in its "nom. sing." or "pres. ind. act. 1st p.") is explained as it is used in the text; anything which need be known about it for the present purpose is sure to be there; sometimes a little too much, as in the case of *Sāturnia Juno*. The objection to Dr. White's system is that the same grammatical remarks must be many times repeated under different heads; but we are not sure that it would not possess some countervailing advantages for a young man who wanted to get hold of a little Latin but had not the time or means to be properly taught. The book ought not to be admitted into any "grammar school," but it may be recommended to commercially educated members of Parliament who wish to obtain just enough Latin to make a misquotation in the House.

Mr. Mansfield's *First Exercises in Latin Prose* differs from most other primers in the Rules being put at the end of the book and the Exercises at the beginning; and the Latin words for each Exercise, instead of being conveniently placed at the head or foot, are stowed away in separate vocabularies appended to the rules. Mr. Mansfield declares that "a rote knowledge of all syntax rules is now happily discredited." If that is so, we are sorry for it. We do not see that Mr. Mansfield's explanations (which are well enough in their way) will serve to replace this antiquated exactitude; nor do we understand how the rules of syntax can be learnt properly without in the process being learnt by heart.

Mr. Stedman's *Greek Examination Papers in Miscellaneous Grammar and Idioms* is a useful book for teachers who cannot draw up a list of questions for themselves. Some of them are easy, others catchy, and a few are "twisters." Special attention is paid to technical and quasi-technical terms, as well as to the derivation of English from Greek words.

Having reached a seventh edition, Mr. Gepp's *Exercises in*

Latin Elegiac Verse carries its own testimonial of practical merit. Many verse-books have failed because the makers have not understood what passages are easy and what are difficult to young boys; but Mr. Gepp's arrangement is really progressive. The plan is to expound the meaning of the English poetical lines in very bald prose; and, on the whole, it is a better plan than any other which dispenses with oral teaching, though it has obvious defects and dangers. Mr. Gepp is, in our opinion, inclined to be unduly expansive in his renderings, as in the case of "Ride a Cock-horse To Banbury Cross," which is rendered, "Go—my (*noster*) knees shall serve instead (*vicem præstare*) of a back (*caballus*) for thee, to where a marble statue (*marmor* or *statua*) adorns the Banbury (*Banburiensis*) market-place." Plenty of "aids to versification" are given, including lists of the names of birds, flowers, and young ladies.

LECTURES ON ELECTRICITY.*

THE author, in his preface, informs us that the first five of these lectures were delivered before the Society of Arts in the year 1886, and that shorthand notes were taken at the time, from which the present printed lectures were taken with some alteration. This work bears abundant evidence of its origin; it has all the conciseness, all the fire, and all the perspicacity to be expected of an "extemporaneous" lecture delivered by a practised teacher full of his subject, though perhaps it is disfigured here and there by the over-condensation forced on the lecturer by the limitation of time. We may at once express our regret that so practised a writer as Professor Forbes should not have removed even this slight blemish from his work before publication, and we make this observation thus early because the remarkable and unusual good qualities of this short series of lectures make even the smallest fault shine out with great clearness.

Again, in the preface we are told that these "lectures were primarily intended for an intelligent audience, ignorant of electrical science, but anxious to obtain sufficient knowledge of the subject to be able to follow the progress now being made in the science." We can at once say that these lectures ought most thoroughly to fulfil their purpose. Not only are the leading principles of electrical science accurately and clearly laid down, but this has been done without using any of the old misleading leading-strings of "electric fluid," "electricity," or "positive and negative electricity." To give one example amongst many:—quite early in the first lecture, after showing the effect of rubbing glass with silk and the behaviour of a pith ball between the two, the author goes on to say:—

> We now find that, after the light ball has touched the rubbed silk or glass, the electrified space moves it also in opposite directions. In each case the ball is said to be electrified by contact; but there is something different in the two means of electrifying the ball. We must denote this by some language, so we say that the ball is positively electrified if it moves towards the silk, and negatively if it moves towards the glass.

And, further on:—

> These actions of the space on an electrified ball and on rubbed glass and silk are the same as if two positively electrified bodies repel each other, and as if two negatively electrified bodies repel each other, and as if a positively electrified body attracts a negatively electrified body. Hence a rule is often given, which saves time in stating the facts—namely, that "Like electricities repel, unlike electricities attract." This is a most unscientific way of speaking, because there are no such things as electricities. Electricity is merely the science of electrical phenomena. Nor is it even true that the electrified bodies attract and repel each other. It is the electrified space which acts on the electrified bodies, and makes them act as if they attract and repel each other. All this must be remembered if the above rule is quoted.

Again, further on:—

> The most extensive experiments have all gone to prove that we cannot electrify one body positively without at the same time electrifying another negatively to an equal extent. In fact, the only effects which we have observed or can discover are those produced in and by the electrified space lying between those bodies which we say are positively and negatively electrified.

Now here we have a teacher for the first time in our experience taking the trouble to give his hearers the pure doctrine of Faraday and Clerk Maxwell at the very beginning of the subject, instead of either giving bald facts or trying to string the facts together by easily remembered but misleading analogies. Professor Forbes all through his discussion of what used to be called "static electricity" makes use of the simple, clear, and scientific term "electrical condition," or sometimes "electrification"; and speaks of the motion of electrical condition and the attractions and repulsions of electrical conditions in discussing induction and such phenomena, instead of the motion or repulsion of "electricity." This leads to the following short, but excellent, exposition of that most difficult mental conception—electromotive force. The author says:—

> I am now going to describe a kind of force which does not rightly have that title in the Newtonian sense of the word. It is usually called electromotive force, implying that it is a force which moves electricity and not matter, and, since electricity is not a material substance, this is not strictly a force. Newton called force that which causes or tends to cause motion in a body. While we have been watching the electric forces we have seen motions given to a piece of matter. When the force of gravity is acting on a falling body it is producing motion; when it is acting on a weight on a table it is *tending* to produce motion, but it only exerts pressure on the table owing to the resistance offered by the table. In all cases of force-action, as Newton intended the word force to be used, there is motion produced, or a tendency to produce motion, in a piece of matter. Electromotive force moves, or tends to move, a positive electrification in one direction and a negative electrification in the opposite direction in a conductor.

This leads on to an excellent exposition of the phenomena of induction, and here occurs one of the curious gaps which might well have been filled up before the work was published. Although throughout the work Professor Forbes is continually quoting and praising Faraday, and although he is full of the possible practical future of "Influence" machines, he omits all reference to Faraday's classical "Ice-pail" experiment, which is the foundation upon which all influence machines are built. However, the subject is steadily worked out, clearly and in a true scientific spirit, up to the point where the author, before passing on to magnetism and electromagnetism, is able to sum up in these words:—

> We have learned something when we have been led by experiment to accept the fact that, whether the electrification is in a stable condition or whether the electrical strain is being continuously relieved by conduction, we have in all cases a manifestation of one single agency acting in obedience to a limited number of very definite laws. The electromotive force established in the space between a piece of glass and silk that have been rubbed together is of the same character as that established between the terminals of a galvanic cell. The discharge of the Wimhurst machine is identical in character with the current from a battery.

The chapter on Magnetism is extremely good, and the opinions set forth are, no doubt, those with which the majority of men of science would agree, mixed and obscure as this branch of the subject is up to the present time. Throughout the author keeps faithful to Faraday and to æther, and is very happy in his exposition of the modern convention of magnetic resistance. Although there is one very striking experiment of Professor Hughes's described, it is rather curious to find no further reference to his experimental results or to the deductions which he draws from them. Many of these experiments would have illustrated with great emphasis the points on which the author is dwelling, and we can only ascribe their omission to the pressure of time which we referred to at the beginning of this review.

One of the most interesting chapters is that on Electromagnetism, which is not only as lucid and as logical as the others, but in which Professor Forbes always keeps before the mind how all that we know of the mutual influences of currents and magnets might have been deduced by simple reasoning from Œrsted's original discovery of the deflection and direction of deflection of a magnetic needle by a wire conveying a current. A minor but very great merit in this chapter is that the corkscrew memoria technica for the action of currents and magnets is given, which, in our opinion, is the only one which is of any use, as the memoria technica of a man swimming in the current gets hopelessly mixed in the mind of a student who has consulted several text-books, as sometimes he is told to imagine the current entering at his head, at other times to imagine he is swimming with the current, and each of these forms is varied by one author suggesting that the bewildered student should be on his back, whilst another authority will direct him to place himself on his face. Professor Forbes apparently agrees with us, for he recommends the corkscrew rule as superior to the others, "if you happen to know which way a corkscrew turns." This reservation appears very alarming to us. Can it be that amongst an audience at the lecture theatre of the Society of Arts there can be even a large minority in so dreadful a state of modern advancement as not to be familiar with the manipulation of this help to man? We hasten to return to the book before us, and, to conclude, we can only say that we wish Professor Forbes had had the time or inclination to expand this series of lectures into an elementary text-book, so that students might be able to learn the rudiments of the science without picking up a mass of hypotheses and analogies which they find so difficult to discard when the higher branches of the subject have to be attacked. As the book stands, we can heartily recommend it to all who wish to get a working outline of the main electrical phenomena, and some idea of the way in which scientific men regard them, and the attitude of mind which is leading to more and more light being thrown on their origin and intimate nature.

* *A Course of Lectures on Electricity, delivered before the Society of Arts.* By George Forbes, M.A., F.R.S. (L. & E.), F.R.A.S., M.S.T.E. and E., Assoc.Inst.C.E. London: Longmans & Co. 1888.

FISHER'S FOREST OF ESSEX.*

THE Forest of Essex, of which the remnant is better known to the present generation by the name of Epping, is a very proper subject for a monograph; and Mr. Fisher, to whose patient and acute research it was largely due that the battle of Epping Forest was fought and won before the late Master of the Rolls, was of all men the best entitled to make that monograph a labour of love. He can afford to treat with indifference any suggestion that either the labour of the author, or the luxury with which his goodly quarto has been produced, is out of proportion to the general interest of the matter. A monograph must be on a scale that would not be justified in a general history or treatise, for otherwise it would not be a monograph. In this case, however, the local and specially antiquarian interest is subordinate.

* *The Forest of Essex: its History, Laws, Administration, and Ancient Customs, and the Wild Deer which lived in it.* By William Richard Fisher. London: Butterworths.

Epping Forest is an example of typical importance, whether we regard it as students of law, or of the history of social customs, or of the legal and conservative, one might almost say the ultra-legal and ultra-conservative, means by which popular reforms can be and have been effected in this country. To make the ancient forest law, which was odious to the chronicler of the eleventh century, the instrument of preserving trees and turf, in the interest of the people at large, from the advance of bricks and mortar in the nineteenth, was an eminently English and eminently lawyerlike achievement. We could easily have forgiven Mr. Fisher for having, or for showing, more pride in his share of it than he allows to appear. But his modesty in this regard is itself part of a professional tradition, and the tradition is a wholesome one.

Epping is, as we said, a typical forest. Some day the history of Dartmoor will have to be written; and Dartmoor, being legally complicated by its peculiar relations to the Duchy of Cornwall, presents a great many features which a lawyer is at first sight inclined to give up as inexplicable. That historian, whoever he may be, will be glad to make sure, through Mr. Fisher's book, of certain points of contact with the general type. For example, the Forest of Dartmoor (as every one calls it, though in strict propriety of legal phrase it is a chase) is surrounded by a belt of lands known as the "commons of Devon," mostly not separated by any physical boundaries from the Forest. These are the waste of divers manors held by notable persons of the county, the Duke of Bedford and others, and besides the ordinary incidents of manorial rights and customs, they are subject to peculiar rights exercised by the Duchy in respect of the Forest. The materials for investigating the origin of those rights are as yet only in part accessible, but what now concerns us is that the "commons of Devon" have a parallel to some extent in the "purlieus" of the Forest of Essex. The legal theory of the purlieus is that they are lands disafforested by virtue of the Carta Forestæ, but nevertheless remaining subject to forest regulations for certain purposes. We find here a right of "drift" claimed and exercised by the Crown, similar in all essentials to the rights which are still quite practically exercised on behalf of the Duchy of Cornwall on Dartmoor. Both the extent of the purlieus in space and the application of the rules as to persons appear to have been ill defined in the Forest of Essex. When we consider that the forest law was never regarded as a branch of the common law, but was a system standing apart no less than the law of the Admiralty or of the Court Christian, we may perhaps be inclined to think that our knowledge of its substance and its working is on the whole not less but more definite than might have been expected.

Incidentally, however, we get some light on matters which seem to belong to an earlier and more general history. Mr. Fisher points out that the rights of lopping and taking wood which were maintained in Loughton down to a quite recent time (they have been extinguished by compensation under the Epping Forest Act) can hardly be referred to the forest law. His references to the Codex Diplomaticus (p. 245 of the book) will be found profitable, especially by such readers as may have been tempted to accept Mr. Seebohm's ingenious but untenable rehabilitation of the Blackstonian theory of rights of common. Rights which in the early part of the ninth century were described in carefully-framed documents as common and ancient cannot have begun within the preceding century or two in the way of allowances from lords to their dependents. In this and other ways Mr. Fisher's book is one which the student of mediæval tenures, whether he be specially interested in forests or not, cannot afford to neglect.

It is sometimes supposed that commons are in danger of encroachment only, or mainly, at the hands of lords of manors and other considerable landowners. We have no desire whatever to extenuate the attempts of this kind made by people who ought to have known better, and set a better example; attempts, we say, remembering that in the last twenty years many such proceedings have been happily frustrated, and that the establishment of local associations, acting at need in concert with the Commons Preservation Society, is every day making them less likely to succeed. Epping Forest itself is the great example. But commoners have also been deprived of much of their rights by the encroachments of small squatters, individually, it may be, trifling, but collectively serious. Mr. Fisher shows that in the last century a good deal of this went on, apparently with the consent of the lords as often as not. Quite lately the same thing has given trouble in at least one quarter of Dartmoor. There is often a spurious popular sentiment in these cases in favour of not disturbing the poor man's industry—an industry exercised at the expense of other people's property, without even the excuse so dear to false sentiment of those people being rich. And this makes it difficult, sometimes impossible, to deal effectively with the class of encroachments in question. In the case we have in mind the officers of the Duchy were fain to compound with the squatters and release the Duchy rights. Whether they also purported to release the rights of the commoners we know not, and as to the Duchy having any power to do so we offer no opinion.

Mr. Fisher will hardly profess that his book is likely to be found amusing by the general reader; but it has many points of interest to scholars besides those we have mentioned, and it is excellently equipped as a book of reference. Moreover, it is adorned with facsimiles of a thirteenth-century charter and of the Forest cattle-marks, and with a series of maps showing the extent of the Forest and its relation to the manors included in or adjacent to it at various times.

BOOKS ON DIVINITY.*

We are glad to welcome the third and concluding volume of Dr. Ebrard's *Christian Apologetics*, which will take a high place in the department of theological literature to which it belongs. The greater part of the present volume is a continuation of the "ethnographical and historical sketch" commenced in Vol. II., and takes us in order through the various races of Asia and Polynesia, the savage races of Africa, and the peoples and hordes of America, with the view of showing that here also, as in the cases previously examined, the heathen world betrays a decided tendency, not to rise, but to sink from an earlier and relatively purer knowledge of God. On the other hand, we find everywhere fresh confirmation of the unity of the human race and of the primitive tradition it had inherited, and are thus led to recognize "the scientifically certain fact that the population of all parts of the earth has gone forth from the West of Inner Asia, the Euphrates region," and has carried with it in its dispersion over the world, in however crude or confused a shape, the remembrance of a primitive monotheism, of the sin of our first parents and its deadly consequences, of the rebellion of the old giants, the flood, and the confusion of tongues. In the later part of the volume Dr. Ebrard traces briefly "the redemptive acts of God" through the Old Testament dispensation down to the Incarnation and Sacrifice of Christ.

We learn from Dr. Flint's preface that Pünjer died of consumption in 1885 at the age of thirty-four. His *History of the Christian Philosophy of Religion* appeared five years earlier, when he was still a *Privat-Docent* in the University of Jena, where he became afterwards a theological professor extraordinary. We are cautioned that it is merely a history, not a criticism, of philosophico-religious theories, and the great merit claimed for it by Dr. Flint is rigid accuracy of presentation. In one sense the volume contains more, in another less, than the title-page would lead us to expect. It includes an introductory chapter on religious philosophy in the ancient and mediæval Church, and it excludes all notice of recent English, French, or Italian religious philosophy. The sketch of patristic and scholastic theology is however of the meagrest, though fairly accurate as far as it goes; Augustine, Aquinas, and Duns Scotus *e.g.* are each dismissed in a single page. Nor is the information given us much fuller when we come to later times, though it is so far exhaustive that all the leading Protestant or Rationalistic divines are chronicled; thus Martin Luther has six pages assigned him, and Zwingli, with whom the author shows

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* *Apologetics, or the Scientific Vindication of Christianity.* By J. H. A. Ebrard, Ph.D., D.D. Translated by Rev. J. Macpherson. Vol. III. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

History of the Christian Philosophy of Religion from the Reformation to Kant. By Bernhard Pünjer. Translated by W. Hastie, B.D., with a Preface by R. Flint, D.D., LL.B. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

History of the Christian Church. By G. P. Fisher, D.D., LL.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

The Regal Power of the Church, or the Fundamentals of the Canon Law. A Dissertation by the Rev. E. G. Wood, B.D. Cambridge: Macmillan & Bowes. 1888.

The Creator, and what we may know of the Method of Creation. The Fernley Lecture of 1887. By W. H. Dallinger, LL.D., F.R.S. London: T. Woolmer.

The Risen Christ and King of Men. By J. Baldwin Brown, B.A. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

A Manual of Introduction to the New Testament. By Dr. Bernhard Weiss. Translated by A. J. K. Davidson. Vol. I. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

The Gospel of St. Mark. By the Very Rev. G. A. Chadwick, D.D., Dean of Armagh. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

Lectures on the Book of Job. By G. G. Bradley, D.D., Dean of Westminster. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.

Christianity and Evolution: Modern Problems of the Faith. London: James Nisbet & Co.

The Reign of Causality: a Vindication of the Scientific Principle of Telic Causal Efficiency. By R. Watts, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1888.

Faint yet Pursuing; and other Sermons. By E. J. Hardy, M.A. Chaplain to H.M. Forces. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1888.

Apologia ad Hebraeos. The Epistle (and Gospel) to the Hebrews. By Zenas. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

School Ideals: Sermons Preached in the Chapel of Rossall School. By H. A. James, B.D., late Headmaster, Dean of St. Asaph. London: Macmillan & Co.

The Psalmist and the Scientist; or, Modern Value of the Religious Sentiment. By G. Matheson, D.D. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons.

John Wesley and Modern Methodism. By F. Hockin, M.A. Fourth edition, enlarged. London: Rivingtons.

Studies in the Life and Character of St. Peter. By the Rev. H. A. Birks, M.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

Religio Viatoris. London: Burns & Oates, Limited.

Dives and Pauper; and other Sermons. By A. C. Auchmuty, M.A. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

Non-Miraculous Christianity; and other Sermons. Preached in the Chapel, Trinity College, Dublin. By G. Salmon, D.D. London: Macmillan & Co.

Gnosticism and Agnosticism; and other Sermons. By G. Salmon, D.D. London: Macmillan & Co.

Christ or Ecclesiastes. Sermons Preached in St. Paul's Cathedral. By the Rev. H. S. Holland, Canon of St. Paul's. London: Rivingtons. 1888.

Thoughts on Revelation and Life from the Writings of B. F. Westcott, D.D. Arranged and edited by S. Phillips, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co.

mere sympathy, has ten. We cannot at all agree with Dr. Flint that nowhere else will a student get nearly so much knowledge on the subject as in this book, and that he must be an excessively learned man who has nothing to learn from it. On the contrary, it will convey little information to those who are moderately familiar with the subject; its real value is as a handbook for reference, and in that way it may serve a useful purpose.

It certainly required some courage in Dr. Fisher, who is a Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale University, to conceive the design of compressing into a single octavo volume a *History of the Church* from the Apostles' days to our own, which opens with a sketch of the state of the Gentile world at the time of the Advent and closes with a discussion of modern English hymnology, Catholic and Protestant. The author tells us in his preface that his two leading objects have been to exhibit throughout the connexion of ecclesiastical and secular history, and to present a tolerably complete survey of the history of doctrine. It is perhaps for this reason that he has throughout adopted Neander's plan of dividing the external history from that of doctrine and of ritual, which has its conveniences, but certainly has its drawbacks, as it seriously interferes with the reader's gaining a clear idea of the life of the Church as an organic whole. It is a more questionable peculiarity of the author's to omit not only all footnotes, but all reference to his authorities, whereby he makes a very large demand on the implicit faith of his readers. That this confidence would in the main be justified we see no reason to dispute. Dr. Fisher appears to have done his work in a painstaking and impartial spirit; but the result can hardly be called a success. His standpoint is that of orthodox Protestantism, and as regards Church organization he professes his present adherence to "the conclusions of Lightfoot in his Edition of Clement and his Philippians," but is "ready for further light." He might have found further light in the Bishop's masterly edition of the Ignatian Epistles, to which oddly enough—we mean the Epistles, not only the Commentary—he makes no reference at all. We cannot think this very compendious method of compiling Church history a serviceable one. It is a mere dry catalogue of facts "packed close as herrings," wholly uninteresting to read, and not very serviceable as a book of reference, especially when no authorities are cited.

We have a very different writer indeed to deal with in the Rev. E. G. Wood, whose *Dissertation on the Canon Law*, though it will appeal, as he must be aware, to only a very limited circle of readers, is a thoroughly learned and solid treatise on the particular subject-matter which he has evidently made his own. Mr. Wood is a scholar as well as a divine, and his literary aptitude and lucid method and style enable him to bring out clearly, even for those who are not experts, the leading points of a somewhat abstruse and difficult subject, and its bearing on theology and Church history.

Dr. Dallinger's *Fernley Lecture* is addressed not so much to students as to the general public, and is designed to show that the foundations of religious belief are not really imperilled by "the splendid advance" of physical science, or as he—to our mind mistakenly and somewhat inconsistently—terms it, "Science," as though the mental sciences had no claim to the title. He argues with much force and clearness that there are more things in heaven and earth than are included in the sphere of physical science, which after all can only explain the succession of phenomena without revealing the ultimate mystery of causation, and therefore "the coarser Materialism can bring no lasting danger to philosophical Theism."

The widow of the late Mr. Baldwin Brown, who was well known as an able and devout Congregationalist preacher, has published a collection of sixteen of his Sermons under the title of *The Risen Christ*. They deal, as the title indicates, with various aspects of the Resurrection, viewed in its philosophy, its history, and its results for the individual Christian and for the community; and their scope is thus in part apologetic, in part hortatory and didactic. The first eight, which represent the beginning of a treatise the author did not live to complete, are on the whole decidedly superior to the later ones, some of which have only a very indirect relation to the central topic; the three best, we think, are those dealing with the historical evidence of the Resurrection.

It would not be easy to gather from his somewhat obscure preface—clearness of style is neither his own forte nor his translator's—the precise drift of Dr. Weiss's *Introduction to the New Testament.* But the plan of the work is really simple enough. After a preliminary chapter on "the Science of Introduction"—which means a *résumé* of what leading German divines have said on the subject during the present century—the volume is divided into two unequal parts, the first dealing with the history of the formation of the New Testament Canon, the second and longest with the history of the origin of the actual writings of which it is composed, which in the present volume however comprises the Pauline Epistles only. This looks at first sight like putting the cart before the horse, but the author's object is first to trace the growth of the received Canon, and then to test its validity by historical and contemporary evidence. The first part of his inquiry is conducted in minute detail and in a workmanlike manner, and supplies a very useful compendium of the facts. We shall await with interest the conclusion of Dr. Weiss's independent investigation of the authenticity of the Canon in his second volume, which will no doubt be furnished with an Index, an indispensable requisite in works of this sort.

We do not quite understand why Dr. Chadwick is called "Prebendary" on the cover of this volume and "Dean" on the title-page. His *Gospel of St. Mark* is a verse to verse commentary, of rather a commonplace kind, meant for edification, not for criticism. It follows the Revised Version, but without any intimation, still less explanation, of its variations from the Authorized, even in critical passages like Mark iii. 29, where the new reading (ἁμαρτήματος), whether correct or not, is a purely conjectural emendation with hardly any ancient authority.

Dean Bradley's *Lectures on Job*, like his previous course on Ecclesiastes, were preached in Westminster Abbey, and are prefaced by the same disclaimer—which indeed was hardly needed—of any attempt to throw fresh light on the "linguistic or historical" problems connected with the book. He professes a general acquiescence in the critical conclusions of Dr. Cheyne, whose work on the subject was noticed in our columns last year, and who places the composition about a thousand years later than the traditional date. The Dean tells us that his interest in Job was first excited by a very striking—and we may add somewhat revolutionary—comment from the pen of Mr. J. A. Froude, which appeared in the *Westminster Review* thirty-five years ago. The lectures are more interesting than those on Ecclesiastes—partly no doubt because the subject is more interesting—but leave on the mind something of the same vague sense of disappointment.

The collection of papers published under the title of *Christianity and Evolution* is a reprint of later articles from the *Homiletic Magazine* by ten different writers, all clerics of some sort, whose attitude towards modern problems of the faith is not exactly identical. The papers are of various degrees of merit and interest, and might fairly pass muster as magazine articles, but it is not at all obvious why "it has been thought advisable to republish" the series.

Dr. Watts, who is a Professor in the Presbyterian College of Belfast, tells us that the object of his volume is indicated in the title, but to ordinary readers the title, which speaks of *The Scientific Principle of Telic Causality*, will appear the most puzzling part of the book. When however we understand that the barbarous terminology of the title-page simply means the principle of final causes, and that the author's aim is to show that no theory of physical causation can be adequate which ignores the informing action of a Creative Mind, matters are simplified; and it is fair to say that the obscurity is confined to the title-page. The thesis is argued out with much clearness and force.

The Sermons to Soldiers published under the title of *Faint yet Pursuing* are by the author of *How to be Happy though Married*, who thinks people may like to have his thoughts on more serious subjects, "if there is any subject more serious than matrimony," and he hopes his sermons, which are short, will not be found tedious. The hope seems to be justified. There is a short and sensible introduction on the art of preaching, and Mr. Hardy shows himself able, in this respect at least, to practise what he preaches. His discourses are terse, pointed, and practical, without being flippant or irreverent in tone, and he avoids the too common fault of preachers of setting up men of straw in order to knock them down. This remark applies especially to the last four, which deal with certain popular difficulties of religious belief.

The writer who calls himself "Zenas," and gives his book the equally enigmatic title of *Apologia ad Hebræos*, has convinced himself that the Epistle to the Hebrews was written from Rome before the great Fire by St. Paul, with the aid of St. Luke and St. Timothy, and was primarily addressed to the Philippians. He claims to have worked out his conclusions for himself from the text, with little or no aid from previous critics, or indeed acquaintance with them, and his method of procedure is first to construct an elaborate "biography" of St. Paul, and then to give a briefer notice of all the Apostolic Epistles in turn, except those of St. John. We doubt if he will be found to have thrown much new light on the subject, but he seems to have toiled with conscientious diligence through the task he had set himself.

If good preaching is rare, it is a still rarer gift to preach well to boys. It was possessed in a remarkable degree by Dr. Arnold and the late Head Master of Uppingham, while we have conspicuous living examples in the Dean of Llandaff, Archdeacon Farrar, and the present Head Master of Harrow. Dean James cannot quite be placed in the same category, but still his *Sermons preached in Rossall School Chapel* are good specimens of the right kind of school sermons. They are plain, direct, and to the point, without the mistake of preaching down to a merely childish capacity, and they gain much—as for instance in the last sermon—from appropriate illustrations.

Dr. Matheson's *Psalmist and Scientist* is the sequel and development of his former work, *Can the Old Faith Live with the New?* but it goes much further and lays itself open to more damaging criticism. His thesis is that religious emotion may survive and suffice when the doctrine it enshrined and accentuated has become obsolete, and he is indiscreet enough to cite Schleiermacher as a typical example. He forgets that one swallow does not make a spring, and that Schleiermacher's suicidal attempt to reconstruct the failing faith of Protestant Germany on an emotional basis, without dogmatic or historical support, proved a complete failure, and only found its natural outcome in the far abler and more consistent teaching of Strauss, who was his most illustrious disciple.

Mr. Hockin's *John Wesley*, which has already reached a fourth edition, is too well known to need any recommendation of ours. Its object is to prove, as it does most conclusively prove from

Wesley's own explicit statements, that on every disputed question—including such critical points as the Real Presence and Sacrifice of the Eucharist, auricular confession, and prayer for the dead—the great founder of modern Dissent was to the last a pronounced High Churchman. It would be interesting to know how many of those who bear his name in the present day agree with him.

The object of Mr. Birks's *Studies of St. Peter* is not critical but devotional, and he has designedly avoided discussing controversial questions such as the meaning of preaching to the spirits in prison. His book seems well adapted for its professed purpose of encouraging an intelligent and religious daily study of the Bible.

Under the obscure, not to say misleading, title of *Religio Viatoris* a writer who withholds his name, but who may be pretty certainly identified on internal evidence with a high Roman dignitary in this country, gives a brief but lucid summary of his grounds for believing in theism, revelation, and historical Christianity, as presented in "the (Roman) Catholic Faith" as the substance of revelation. He cannot expect to carry all his readers with him, especially in his fourth section, which argues *à priori* and rather too glibly to be very persuasive, and passing a wet sponge over all historical difficulties, for the necessary infallibility of the Pope. Throughout indeed there are obvious *lacunæ* in the argument, as *e.g.* when it is urged that the goodness of the Creator is no more impeached by animals preying on each other than by men being allowed to eat meat. But the force of the alleged objection, *valeat quantum*, lies precisely in the wanton cruelties many kinds of animals often inflict on their prey, for no apparent purpose unless for the sake of torturing it.

Mr. Auchmuty argues from the Parable of *Dives and Pauper*, as he phrases it, that the distinction of rich and poor is unscriptural, and the drift of the volume which takes its name from the opening sermon is to preach the Gospel of Socialism. As might be expected, he interprets the Bible—very dogmatically—by the aid of such high theological authorities as Mr. William Morris and the author of *Natural Religion*.

We have next on our list two volumes of Sermons by Dr. Salmon, with whose masterly *Introduction to the New Testament* many of our readers will be familiar, as one of the best and most thorough exposures of the modern destructive criticism. They take their titles respectively from the opening sermons, *Non-Miraculous Christianity* and *Gnosticism and Agnosticism*, and deal, as is natural in discourses addressed mainly to academical audiences, not so much with purely theological questions—in which the author does not seem so much at home—as with ethical subjects and the claims of the Christian Revelation in face of modern science and the sceptical assault. It is of course impossible within our present limits to attempt any sort of analysis of the argument, but it exhibits throughout the clear logical grasp, comprehensive learning, and strong common sense—devoted to the uncompromising vindication, not of some vague and misty religionism, but of historical Christianity, as a Divine revelation—which mark the author's previous writings. As he puts it, "a non-miraculous Christianity is as much a contradiction in terms as a quadrangular circle; *when you have taken away the supernatural, what is left behind is not Christianity.*"

Canon Scott Holland's last batch of St. Paul's Sermons, published under the rather perplexing title *Christ or Ecclesiastes*, is also designed as a warning that to surrender to scientific criticism "the supernatural setting of the faith" means really "to retreat within the joyless shadows of the Preacher," and lose the true key of life and spiritual energy. The line of reasoning, if less elaborate, is more direct and stirring than in *Creed and Character*; its appeal however is to the spiritual instinct in man, and will fall flat on the mere scientific expert. Its general tone may be illustrated by a characteristic passage in the last, and most striking, sermon in the volume, where the preacher is deprecating the vulgar fallacy that only the miseries of life suggest the need of retribution beyond the grave; "Our human successes breed arguments at least as valid and as impressive; our poor successes that carry with them a sadder lesson of our limitation, and our impotence, than all our distresses. It is the ragged and fragmentary character of our best success that so emphatically disproves our consummation to be here on earth."

We must confess to a decided dislike of compilations of "Elegant Extracts" by a second hand, even when taken from the Bible or from the great masters of human thought, like Shakspeare, and while there is still greater inconvenience in the method of manipulating a living writer, there is less excuse for it. The process is necessarily an arbitrary and scrappy one, and can give us no real knowledge of an author, but only at best of the compiler's estimate of him, especially where, as in these *Thoughts on Revelation and Life*, the average length of the extracts—which are often much shorter—is only about half a page. And such treatment is peculiarly inapplicable to the subtle and delicate genius of a writer like Dr. Westcott, who requires εἴ τις ἄλλος to be read consecutively to be understood. That over 400 pages from so fruitful and suggestive a teacher must contain much that is interesting is obvious, but just as we get interested we are pulled up sharp by the end of the extract, and no references are given. It is fair however to say that the selections appear to have been made with tact and judgment.

BOOKS ON IRELAND.*

WE have seen Lord Grey's book on Ireland called, by a Gladstonian, a melancholy book. It certainly is, though in no Gladstonian sense. We have in it the thoughts of one of the most thoughtful and experienced of English politicians on a subject which, during the whole of his long life, has constantly engaged the statesmen of his own party; and it is in effect one of the most humiliating confessions of failure and incompetence on their part that has ever been written or that could ever be written. When we see a staunch Liberal like Earl Grey inclining to the solution of suspending Parliamentary government altogether in Ireland for some considerable time, no other proof ought to be wanted, to a tolerably intelligent man, of the fatal results of Liberal policy during the past sixty years. Even now we are not sure that Lord Grey is wholly resipiscent on his party's behalf. He admits to the very full the disastrous character of the Liberal legislation of the last twenty years; but he seems to keep up a little Nelsonic blindness to the fact that the *causa malorum* lay much earlier. He still talks, though he is strongly opposed to the form of its Disestablishment, of the "injustice" of the Established Church in its former form, of the "intolerable oppression" of the tithes, of the "just claims" of the Roman Catholic population, and so forth. Alas! it is exactly talk of this kind that has brought on our present plight. If because a majority of the inhabitants of Ireland chose to deprive themselves of the benefit of, and to be hostile to, the Church of Ireland as appointed by the Government or Governments of the United Kingdom, and as representing an unbroken title for seven hundred years at least, it was "unjust" to maintain that Church, we at least cannot see how it can be otherwise than unjust to maintain a civil government to which a majority of the inhabitants of Ireland (if not such a large majority) maintain the same attitude of opposition. Once admit that the caprice of a majority of any fraction of the State may dictate to the State, and Mr. Gladstone's position follows, if not at once, yet by easy steps. We know that Lord Grey's own views, if carried out, would have obviated much of the dangerous results of the early "concessions," of emancipation, of tithe relief, and so forth; and we acknowledge his wisdom therein. But we fear the old "Liberal" leaven in him is still too strong to let him wholly confess the origin of the evil, the fatal admission that the mere wishes of a fraction of a fraction of the people of a country can make "justice." It would be almost too much, however, that a man in his position should be asked to admit, plain and plump, a position which proves Tories, and Tories only, to have been wise, to grant that "the fools were right" and not foolishly right all through. But except for this general and somewhat abstract question, the wisdom of the book, both as to the past and as to the future, is undeniable.

There may be two opinions about the healthiness of that state of the public mind in which it is necessary to provide the sovereign people with Shorter Catechisms of the true faith on questions of politics; but there can be little question of the excellence of the Shorter Catechism of Unionism which Sir George Baden Powell, assisted by the best authorities of the Kingdom, has provided. With the Duke of Argyll writing on some inconsistencies of Gladstonian Home Rule, Lord Derby on the plain man as a Liberal-Unionist, Lord Bramwell (a most refreshing screed) on "What Home Rule Means," Mr. Frederick Pollock on the compatibility of Home Rule and Imperial sovereignty, Mr. Penrose Fitzgerald on Irish Home Rulers as they are, and not as they appear to the guileless mind of Sir William Harcourt to be; Lord Hartington on Separatist demands and Unionist remedies, Lord Selborne on Home Rule in law, Lord Basing (Mr. Sclater Booth) on administrative difficulties of Home Rule, and Mr. Lecky on the interesting, and to Separatists, as we know, specially heartrending, question why Mr. Lecky is not a Home Ruler, a sufficiently good bill of fare was provided already. But the editor has very properly looked to the fringes as well as the centre of the question, and has dealt by himself with the Separatist *aporia* from colonial self-government, and by his most sufficient deputy, Professor Vambéry, with Mr. Freeman's favourite case of Croatia. The contents of the book are not in all cases new, but new and old are excellently selected and blended together, and the whole may be recommended as a catholicon to the faint-hearted, the ignorant, or the inquisitive on this great subject. We should like it to be read side by side with the *Handbook of Home Rule* to show the overpowering character of the Unionist argument; but lazy people may, if they like, dispense with this addition.

We trust that we shall not be regarded as guilty of disrespect to Her Majesty's Counsel learned in the law if we pass Mr. Digby Seymour's book with much shorter notice than the two books

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* *Ireland.* By Earl Grey. London: Murray. 1888.

The Truth about Home Rule. Edited by Sir George Baden Powell, K.C.M.G., M.P. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1888.

Home Rule and State Supremacy. By W. Digby Seymour, Q.C. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1888.

English History from Contemporary Writers—Strongbow's Conquest of Ireland. Edited by F. P. Barnard. London: Nutt. 1888.

The Life of St. Patrick. By W. B. Morris. Third edition. London: Burns & Oates. 1888.

Rolls Series—Tripartite Life of St. Patrick. Edited by Whitley Stokes. 2 vols. London: at Her Majesty's Stationery Office. 1888.

Facts about Ireland: a Curve History. By A. B. MacDowall. London: Stanford.

before it. In the first place, a fancy draft of an Irish Federal Union Bill by a lawyer and politician of no great eminence shows that Mr. Digby Seymour has failed to appreciate the fact that principles, and not details, are at stake. In the second place, one single sentence of Mr. Seymour's shows that in principles, as well as in details, he has failed to grasp the subject. Comparing—the fact of the comparison would be almost enough—Mr. Dicey's reasoning with Mr. Justin McCarthy's, he asks plaintively, "How can England have a case against Home Rule if Ireland has a case for it?" And he goes off into a kind of belly-and-members justification. Why thus:—You may cut off a gangrened limb to save the body; you can never, unless you are mad, gangrene the body to save the limb. And so farewell to Mr. Digby Seymour.

Mr. Barnard's contribution to Mr. York Powell's well-imagined catena of *English History from Contemporary Writers* is an excellent piece of work, and one very timely at the present moment. So well and completely done is it, that we find but two things which we care to censure, and one of those is due to Mr. Barnard's over-respect for a Rolls editor, not to his own *laches*. He should not be guilty of the silly affectation of calling Vikings "Wickings," and for this he is liable himself to horsing and stripes. In the following passage his sin is faith merely. "As Mr. Dimock remarks," he tells us, "this [the Anglo-Norman Poem on the Conquest of Ireland] was just such a Chanson de Geste as would be chanted in many a Norman hall," &c. &c. Now, unluckily for Mr. Dimock and Mr. Barnard, the poem in question is, in form, such as no Chanson de Geste—the form of which is nearly as severely fixed and as germane to its definition as the form of a Sapphic ode—ever was or ever could be. But this does not matter much, though it is always to be regretted that scholarly persons should use terms of scholarship as if they had no scholarly import or connotation. The purely historical work is very well done, and the little book is made attractive to that youth for which it is composed by illustrations at least as good as can be expected for the modest price of it. Considering the way in which, we fear to a greater and greater extent, history is getting written to order (for the increased examination of documents matters not one straw if the result of it is affected by prejudice), it becomes more and more necessary that the documents themselves should be within the reach of everybody. Mr. Barnard has arranged his materials with sufficient care, and we have but to find fault with his giving a translation into doggrel eights and sixes of the Poem, instead of turning it into workmanlike prose. Giraldus, of course, is the most largely drawn upon, not without a wise caution as to his idiosyncrasies. But the rare Irish authorities are also given after approved translations, the other Latin chroniclers besides Giraldus are duly laid under contribution, and the whole is a satisfactory performance of a very useful task.

In saying that it is rather unfortunate that the third edition of Father Morris's *Life of St. Patrick* should have appeared at the same time as Professor Whitley Stokes's edition of the *Tripartite Life* of that Saint, we desire to guard against one possible misinterpretation. Nothing in the documents now put more conveniently before students than in the *Trias Thaumaturga* of Colgan (a Latin version), and the Life by Miss Cusack (an English one), tends in the least to impugn the learned Oratorian's good faith. Father Morris is too much of an historical student not to give up, though, as he says, "with a pang," the fantastic, if not ungraceful, legends of St. Patrick's youth which the Irish hagiographers imagined, as inconsistent with St. Pat'ck's own words. Whenever he gives himself leave to be critical there is no fault at all to be found with his criticism. The "misfortune" lies in the inevitable comparison between a man who has no general thesis to prove and one who has a vast and complicated collection of theses at which he has to be constantly casting side glances for fear of saying something contrary to them. We could pass Father Morris's (in the circumstances) particularly ungenerous side hits at the "Anglo-Irish Establishment" with no other remark than that they are unworthy of him. We could only rejoice in his citation of such silly inurbanity as Cardinal Newman's remark that he should hesitate to believe in a miracle if related of "a member of Parliament, a bishop of the Establishment, *or a Wesleyan preacher*" with no further comment that, for such a reputed master of dialectics, the Cardinal gave the Wesleyan preacher *beau jeu* in retorting. The extraordinary exaggeration of his language about an amiable writer of verse like Mr. Aubrey De Vere might be allowed to pass almost unnoticed. But when we come to such a passage as the following, then the hopeless bondage in which an orthodox Roman Catholic historian lies is seen at once. It is well known to all students that St. Patrick in his *Confessio* mentions quite naturally, and without any comment, the fact that his father and grandfather were both in Holy Orders. This fact, indeed, is, as Mr. Stokes incidentally remarks, one of the chief proofs of the authenticity and date of the *Confessio*. Further, the early Irish hagiographers take the fact of a married clergy as simply as their master. Yet what does Father Morris say? "When, therefore, he mentions that his father and grandfather were in Holy Orders, *we must suppose either that the ancient copyist has made a mistake or else that the Saint is alluding to what has been permitted in all ages of the Church to married men, like St. Gregory of Nyssa and St. Hilary, who have been allowed to take Holy Orders when separated from their wives by death or mutual consent.*" In other words, rather than admit the obvious and common-sense meaning, which might, though supported by innumerable other historical proofs, run counter to an opinion of our own, let us either put a perfectly gratuitous and non-natural gloss on the text, or shipwreck its authority by suggesting that the copyist has made a mistake! We could hardly wish for a more fatal example of a method which may be the method of faith, but is certainly not that of history. We should add that, if Father Morris could get rid of his terrier-like attitude of snapping at the "Protestant round the corner," he would be an excellent literary companion, and that we have no quarrel at all with his attitude on the question of miracles in itself.

The relief of getting rid of the said "Protestant round the corner" without the fear of a Roman round the corner in his place is very great to the reader of Dr. Stokes's book. There is to be found here, prefaced by an ample introduction, well annotated and supplemented, a collection of all the important early documents—the *Tripartite Life*, the precious *Confessions* and *Letters to the Subjects of Coroticus*, the Latin and Irish hymns of Secundinus and Fiacc, and a great collection of miscellaneous extracts from the Book of Armagh downwards. The *Confessions* and the *Letters* are admittedly among the most interesting first-hand documents as to early Christian missions existing; both the hymns have a certain vigour about them which is not common. As for the *Life* and the minor hagiological documents, the interest of them depends on more things than one. To the Voltairian, and even to some extent to the Gibbonian (though Gibbon himself had far too much historic sense wholly to despise such matters), they may be merely extravagant fiction, lacking alike taste, sense, and interest of subject. To more fortunately constituted persons they will be frequently interesting, even in themselves, and almost always capable of serving, if properly used, as valuable sources of social, religious, literary, and, now and then, political history.

Mr. MacDowall's *Curve History*, though something of a concession to a statistical fad of the time, serves as a useful book of reference, always provided that its statistics are not worked too hard. The celebrated curve of Mr. O'Brien's fighting weight in his prison battle with the Evil One—which the Evil One made such good fun of in the House of Commons—is not here, but many other things are. Emigration and pigs are the most wildly erratic; education the most constant in improvement. Now such Philistines are we that we should have been better pleased if emigration and pigs had steadily gone up, even if education had as steadily gone down.

THE LAND BEYOND THE FOREST.*

WE hardly know how to name the author of *The Land Beyond the Forest*. She figures on her title-page under her maiden name of "E. Gerard," but she is the wife of an Austrian officer of rank, who happens to have been quartered for many years in the eastern provinces of the empire. Miss Gerard, as we must call her for convenience, is one of the most fascinating of our lady novelists. In *Reata* she transported us to the forests of Mexico, and painted their semi-tropical luxuriance with such vividly realistic picturesqueness that it was hard to believe she had never visited the country. In her *Baths of Hercules* she laid the scenes on the borderland of Roumania and Transylvania, and we need not say that they lost nothing by her personal familiarity with them. It was in the spring of 1883 that her husband was appointed to the command of the cavalry brigade in Transylvania. To Miss Gerard, with her intense appreciation of all that is wild and romantic, the change from the monotony of garrison life in the dull Galician plains was a welcome one. She had still to put up with much social dulness and to endure many domestic tribulations; but the new existence smacked of adventure, as it opened up a bright field of fresh experiences. In the land where she was to be shifting her residences for two years there was still some survival of what "Eothen" styles the splendour and havoc of the East. The manners and the massive municipal architecture reminded her of the days when the Turks were still the terror of Europe, and even now she finds civilization everywhere rubbing shoulders with semi-barbarism. There was a contact, although no blending of races, that showed many a point of striking contrast, but had scarcely a quality in common. One town was an immemorial settlement of the Saxons; the adjacent villages might be Hungarian or Roumanian. When the nationalities had come together under the same municipal authority, each confined itself to its own quarter, and intermarriages were altogether the exception. The forests and the roads were frequented by great gangs of gipsies, illuminating the darkness with the glimmer of their camp-fires, who were governed by their own immutable laws, though they set authority, so far as they dared, at defiance. It was emphatically a land of legend and romance; each town had religiously preserved its special memories and traditions; all of them had stood many sieges in their time, and most had been repeatedly stormed and sacked. In one of the races the Reformation had struck ineradicable roots, and the Calvinistic creed had survived through the decay of secular institutions; in others religion had been degenerating into superstition, while another was veritably heathen, with no religion of any kind. The gloom of the forests, the solitudes of the hill pastures, had predisposed the peasants to fantastic credulity. With scarcely an exception they

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* *The Land Beyond the Forest: Facts, Figures, and Fancies from Transylvania.* By E. Gerard, Author of "Reata" &c. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1888.

firmly believed in signs and omens, in spectres and vampires and wehr-wolves, and all the horrors of a semi-pagan mythology. Living penuriously through great part of the year, the people celebrated feasts, and sometimes held riot on holy-days; recalled the triumphs or calamities of the past by processions on memorable anniversaries; and solemnized their marriages, births, and burials with a succession of intolerably wearisome rites. That old-world life with its picturesque Oriental tinge awakened the sympathies and excited the fancy of the author of *Reata*. She recorded her first impressions in sundry contributions to magazines, and when she had left a country to which she wistfully looked back, she resolved to collect and connect these impressions. The work grew and expanded under her hand, and the result is the volumes we are reviewing. So far as she professes to go it is almost exhaustive of its subject. There is a solid substructure of historical facts and statistics which enables us to follow with intelligent interest the chapters that deal with the poetical side of the "Land Beyond the Forest." There are graphic descriptions of the Transylvanian scenery in its various aspects, and, should any one care to travel there or to emigrate thither, he will find abundance of practical information in these pages, although it may not be altogether encouraging.

The three important races are the Magyars, the Saxons, and the Roumanians. It is the Magyars, of course, who rule the others, and there is no mistake as to their thorough-going methods of Government. They tolerate no sentimental nonsense as to provincial Home Rule. They have resolved "by pursuance of an inflexible policy to sacrifice all alien considerations to purely Hungarian interests, and impose their own nationality on all without exception." Hungarian is taught in all the schools and is the language of the Courts of Justice. Indeed, the system is carried so far that many criminals are tried and condemned without understanding a word of the evidence or of the arguments on either side. Serbs, Saxons, Roumanians, &c., grumble, but are compelled to acquiesce, and seem gradually to be resigning themselves to the yoke. In Miss Gerard's opinion the Hungarians have chosen the wiser of two difficult and dangerous courses. Suppression undoubtedly has its perils and inconveniences, yet a system of concessions would have been simply suicidal. But she believes that the outlook for Hungary is at the best gloomy. "Should the Balkan races begin to agitate ere Hungary has accomplished her Herculean task" (that of consolidating her strength as a nation), "then her downfall is certain." In Transylvania 650,000 Magyars have to deal with twice the number of sullen Roumanians and with upwards of 200,000 sturdy Saxons. The Saxons are the lineal descendants of the German colonists who were tempted into the country in the thirteenth century, and they have ever since kept together in their semi-patriarchal communities. Miss Gerard found them respectable rather than attractive. The Saxon is stiff and formal, prudent and penurious. He does not indulge in romantic fancies or reckless marriages, nor does he increase and multiply like the impulsive Roumanians. His marriage is always a matter of bargain, and the future comfort of his household must be assured. Nor does he waste his substance in entertaining strangers, and he rather prides himself on refusing the hospitality which his Hungarian neighbours offer all comers as a matter of course. In his towns and villages everything is solid and meant for endurance, in striking contrast with the Roumanian collections of tumble-down hovels of mud. Each house stands gable-on to the wide main street, with a spacious courtyard behind, surrounded by the sheds that shelter the cattle, the horses, and the buffaloes. The clustering of the farm steadings within the enceinte of fortified walls is a survival of the times when the farmers lived in terror of Turkish invasions. The walls were protected by loop-holed towers at short intervals; the very churches, which stood for the most part on commanding heights, were formidable places of defence, encircled by extensive outworks. Sometimes they are within triple lines of walls, and the remains of the moats and drawbridges are still visible. In those days stores of provisions were laid in, in prospect of possible sieges; the custom still exists, and is become a veritable mania, strangely in contrast with the parsimonious habits of the people. "One village prides itself on having the greatest quantity of bacon, much of which is already thirty or forty years old, and consequently totally unfit for use; while in another the oldest grain is the great speciality." In fact, forethought is carried to such an extreme that the thrifty peasant takes care to provide himself a coffin, picking up the timber cheap, and having time to satisfy himself conscientiously of its soundness. He deals in similar fashion with death and the doctors, and it is a marvel how the doctor manages to live. He is seldom called in till the patient's cure is hopeless, and then the dying man often declines to swallow the medicine, which has clearly come too late to do him any good.

As for the Roumanians, they are as careless as the Saxons are provident. As the Roumanian, like his neighbour the gipsy, can live on next to nothing, he is quite easy as to the future of his numerous progeny. His staple food is maize-corn flour, sometimes mixed with a little milk. The children are taught to help their parents by going to the woods to steal firewood almost as soon as they are able to toddle. A young married couple may be more easily and cheaply started in the world than even among the Crofters of the Hebrides. "In actual possession of a calf, the Roumanian lad considers himself a made man." The hovel of mud or clay is thatched with reeds or shingles. Yet he is said to show extraordinary natural taste in decorating the wattled interior; the walls are glowing with coarse engravings of holy pictures; the rude furniture is brightly painted; and the women can turn out gorgeously striped stuffs from the primitive weaving-looms that are to be seen in every cottage. Miss Gerard remarks that their faults are the faults of slaves. Oppressed and persecuted from the prehistoric period, accustomed to work for their masters and not for themselves, they are lazy, cunning, and deceitful. Greatly addicted as they are to violent outbreaks of passion, the gust passes over as quickly as it blows up, from a well-founded apprehension of the consequences. Degraded as they have long been, the spirit of nationality is strongly stirring among them, and the foundation of the Roumanian kingdom under a Hohenzollern Prince is another trouble for the Magyars. It is significant that the King of Roumania's portrait may often be seen in Transylvanian hovels, but never that of the Austrian Emperor. There is an interesting chapter on Roumanian poetry; for, rude and uneducated as the people are, the language is fairly rich in legendary ballads and folklore songs. If the Roumanians have been oppressed, the gipsies have always been treated with exceptional consideration in the Hungarian provinces; they have found congenial breathing space on the boundless plains and secure retreats in the pathless forests; and at the present day, in Transylvania alone, it is computed that there are no fewer than 80,000 Tziganes. As for the most part the scattered bands are perpetually on the move, to take an exact census must be impossible, but with the steady increase of cultivation and population, they are beginning to abandon their wandering habits. Most of the towns and villages have their faubourgs of gipsy hovels. Of course, when they sit down in permanent homes, they take up some kind of occupations, but their tastes are naturally capricious, and they detest any regular industry. It would appear that pilfering and music are their favourite pursuits. Perhaps the fascination the gipsy musicians can exercise on Magyars of all classes partly explains the exceptional toleration they have always enjoyed. The Tzigane throws his soul and being into the melody, and plays on, without a symptom of weariness, like a man who is possessed or inspired. He sets the feet of the peasants in perpetual motion at their rustic merrymakings, and supplies the orchestras at the fashionable balls in the great cities. The gipsy bands in the cities have put on a certain artificial polish; "but intrinsically they are the same as their more vagabond brethren, and their eye never loses the semi-savage glitter, reminding one of a half-tamed animal." "Under the influence of Tzigane music, a Hungarian is capable of flinging about his money with the most reckless extravagance, fifty, a hundred, a thousand florins, and more, being sometimes given for the performance of a single melody." Miss Gerard closes her book with picturesque descriptions of the wild scenery of the gorges in the mountain boundary that divides the "Land beyond the Forest" from Roumania. Gloom and desolation seem to be the prevailing characteristics, though in the summer season the solitudes surrounding the *châlets* are enlivened by the bleating of the sheep, lost to sight in the rifts and clefts of almost inaccessible precipices, but which, nevertheless, respond readily to the cry of the shepherd, whom they know as their protector against bears and wolves.

PHEASANT-REARING AND GROUSE-DRIVING.*

This little volume is both useful and instructive to those who are interested in the rearing of pheasants, and in grouse-driving. It supplies a want very much felt by those who are trying to get up and maintain their shooting, but who, having been unable to gain practical experience, are completely in the hands of their keepers, who, either by dishonesty, laziness, or ignorance, cause them much expense, with very poor results. The perusal of this little volume may enable them to "see through" the "set excuses" that are offered to them by their keepers in exculpation of themselves for their want of success. Nobody is more competent to give valuable hints than Mr. Lloyd-Price. He has reduced the art of game-rearing and preserving to a science, as his friends well know.

This little book begins with an amusing dedication to Lord de Grey, who is unanimously accorded the honour of being the best shot of the day. Mr. Lloyd-Price shows his sense of humour all through the book, and we almost wish that he had sacrificed some of his jokes in giving his ideas to the public about the best pheasantries to be built, with full particulars as to whether to have them open at the top to allow the wild cock birds to come in, or to have them covered over with wire and the cock birds kept in with the hens. We feel sure that there are many points regarding the measurements, building, &c., of pheasantries that would be eagerly read and sought after by neophytes in game-rearing, and we trust that Mr. Lloyd-Price may see his way to giving his valuable experience on the subject at some future day. He animadverts on the extremely bad maternal qualities of the "wild" hen pheasant; but we think he might have said in justification of her that these *lâches* are owing chiefly to her own artificial rearing, and that in places where the rearing of "tame pheasants" has been given up and only a stock of wild game kept, these hens become year by year more careful and acute in bringing up their offspring, and, by becoming really wild, attain to a degree of self-reliance and intelligence in these matters that the half-tame bird does not possess.

We should strongly recommend that this most interesting little

* *Practical Pheasant-rearing and Grouse-driving.* By R. J. Lloyd-Price. London: "Field" Office.

book be put into the hands of all keepers, in the hopes that it may eradicate many of the old-fashioned and erratic fallacies that most of those gentry indulge in, and whose ignorance and obstinacy combined make them turn a deaf ear to advice, as they generally have a notion that their masters are hopelessly ignorant on the subject, as, alas! many are.

There is one most valuable hint about grouse-driving that we wish especially to refer to, and that is Mr. Lloyd-Price's advice to put up posts at the corners of the "butts," so as to prevent the "dangerous" hands from following their birds round, and then "loosing off" all down the line of "butts," and "peppering" many of their friends. There are but few of us, indeed, who have not suffered the agonies of fear of impending danger, if not of being actually hit, at the hands of some of these excitable sportsmen, and we know from practical experience that the adoption of this suggestion "calms each fear," and is productive of better shooting in consequence.

This portion of the work makes us long that the month of August was at hand; and, taken as a whole, this little book is most useful and instructive, and we feel that a debt of gratitude is owing to Mr. Lloyd-Price for imparting so freely, so clearly, and in such an entertaining manner that fund of knowledge on the subject, which can only be acquired at a place like Rhiwlas, at great expense, and after many years of practical devotion to the object in view.

MEDICAL BOOKS.*

THE public stands much in need of some trustworthy instruction as to how to preserve its health. Many of the books which have been written, professedly with the object of imparting such knowledge, have dealt with the treatment of diseases, and thus run counter to the undoubted truth contained in the misquotation that "the man who is his own physician has a fool for a patient." We regret to say that many others have been thinly-veiled advertisements of the professional talents of their authors. We are both grieved and astonished by the fact that boys and girls are usually sent out into the world without the slightest intelligent knowledge of their own bodies or how to take care of them. We cannot doubt that much misery and vice arise from this cause. Mr. Morris's *Book of Health* is intended to remedy this unnatural state of things, and would form a useful text-book for use in the upper forms of schools. The introductory chapter is written by Mr. Savory, and gives a lucid and simple description of the organic and animal functions of the human body. On food and feeding Sir Risdon Bennett gives sound advice, and corrects the many popular errors on the subject. Since the death of Dr. Anstie probably no physician has studied the effects of alcohol on the system more closely than Dr. Brunton. Hence his carefully-written paper on this subject is of great value. His conclusions will prove disappointing, both to those who hold extreme views as to the benefits to be derived from the consumption of this substance, and to the total abstainers who are never tired of denying its utility under any circumstances whatever. The frequent substitution of "will" for "shall" unmistakably indicates the land of the author's birth. On the subject of "Education and the Nervous System" Sir James Crichton-Browne speaks with well-merited authority, and his opinions are to be commended to the earnest consideration of parents, guardians, and others occupied in the care and tuition of the young. Though practically, and perhaps unavoidably, much neglected by the dwellers in towns, exercise is theoretically admitted by all to be essential to the retention of high health. In what manner and with what precautions it should be taken is ably set forth by Mr. James Cantlie, who we should imagine is himself somewhat of an athlete. Mr. Frederick Treves tells us that

> the perfect dress . . . should afford proper protection to the body, and should preserve in it a proper degree of warmth . . . without interference with any natural function, and without limitation of any natural movement . . . in conformity, so far as the above requirements will allow, with the tastes and fashion of the time and with the dictates of modesty.

How this ideal may best be realized he with much success endeavours to indicate. The articles by Dr. Pollock and Mr. Murphy on healthy surroundings and homes are full of common sense. All travellers will be thankful for the thoughtful remarks of Dr. J. Russell Reynolds on "Travelling: its Influence on Health." The "little ones" will owe many thanks to Dr. Cheadle if their mothers will read and profit by his instructions. Dr. Dukes's familiarity with school life and its dangers gives him a peculiar right to instruct us on the maintenance of "Health at School." Matters concerning the eye and ear are discussed with the ability which we should expect in such masters of these specialties as Mr. Power and Mr. Field. We are glad to observe that the paper devoted to the consideration of "The Throat, Voice, and Speech" has been written by a *general* physician of such eminence as Dr. Bristowe. Mr. Tomes contributes a concise little article on the teeth and their management. The editor gives an excellent description of the skin, hair, and nails, together with directions for maintaining them in proper condition. The subject of the preservation of health in India is exhaustively treated by Sir Joseph Fayrer and Dr. Ewart. Dr. Herman Weber contributes a practical treatise on climate and health resorts.

Twelve years' experience fully entitles Dr. Savage to place before the medical profession the conclusions at which he has arrived with regard to the causation, nature, and treatment of the various forms of mental aberration. We entirely endorse his opinion that there is no natural standard of sanity, though, for legal purposes, an artificial, but very imperfect, one has necessarily been created. His statement that "No person is perfectly sane in all mental faculties, any more than he is perfectly healthy in body," is absolutely and undeniably true. He also points out that, although the collapse often comes suddenly, symptoms of unsoundness of mind have generally been present at long antecedent periods of the patient's life-history. In common with most other physicians, the author looks upon heredity as the most general predisposing cause of mental disease, but not by any means the only one. The exciting causes—*i.e.* the actual starting-points of the departure from mental health—are considered at length, and many illustrative cases are given. Dr. Savage has devoted a chapter to the consideration of the vexed question of the responsibility of lunatics, and shows that the difficulties of it principally arise from the fact that no definite line of demarcation can be drawn between the sane and the insane. We regard this book as a valuable contribution to the literature of a most important branch of medical science.

Materia Medica and Therapeutics is an excellent text-book for students and a useful supplement to the British Pharmacopœia for practitioners of medicine. The frequent discovery of new drugs quickly renders every successive work on therapeutics obsolete, and necessitates revision at short intervals. In his fifth edition Dr. J. Mitchell Bruce has made such additions as are required by the physician's enlarged armamentarium.

* *The Book of Health.* Edited by Malcolm Morris. London: Cassell & Co., Limited.

Lunacy and Allied Neuroses. By George H. Savage, M.D., F.R.C.P. London: Cassell & Co., Limited.

Materia Medica and Therapeutics. By J. Mitchell Bruce, M.A., M.D. London: Cassell & Co., Limited.

SOME NEW MUSIC.

WE have been sent a Menuet Caprice for the pianoforte, composed by W. H. Bentley, published by the London Music Publishing Company; and, as it is marked Op. 1, No. 2, we imagine it must be the work of a young composer. It is a showy little piece, well suited to mild performers, as the technique is not difficult; and we see no reason why the composer should not rise to greater works. The name puzzles us much. Why is it called a Menuet? It has none of the characteristics of one, except that it is in three-time, and it misses altogether the essential stately grace and rhythm.

A long list comes from Reid Brothers, amongst them two pianoforte pieces by Ciro Fasoli. The first, "Marguerite Mazurka Caprice," is bright and sparkling, but with no great originality. Its second subject, or what we suppose might be called the "trio" (if such a term can be used in a mazurka), brings too striking a reminiscence of one of the airs in *Lucrezia Borgia.* All the same, this Mazurka has merit, and may help listeners to pass a cheery evening without much strain on their musical knowledge. "L'Etoile d'Amour," by the same composer, would be a pleasant valse to dance to, but has no characteristic to distinguish it from many other valses of the same kind.

Several songs, and a pianoforte work of Claude Melville, have been sent by the same publisher. The latter is called "La Reine," and is a thoroughly modern drawing-room piece, with a certain amount of brilliance; but we cannot imagine how it came by its title of "Ancienne danse de la cour." Mr. Claude Melville's song of "Oh that the dove's light wings were mine!" words by W. C. Newsam, is a descriptive song, where a "watery waste" and the point where the reciter feels "sorrowing, weary, and distressed," are very faithfully portrayed. There is a very curious false accent in the setting of the word "Hesperides," the syllable "Hes" being made quite short and set to a note on the fourth unaccented beat of the bar; "per" is given two notes, consisting of the first principal and second beat of the next bar; while "i" has an almost equally important post on the third and fourth beat. It has a most awkward effect. "Elysian Dreams," by the same composer and author (is it a joint partnership?), has a certain graceful swing about it, and is not so absolutely dreary as the former song. It may be an accurate description in music of the "Elysian Fields"; but certainly the sing-song, swinging rhythm is not exactly descriptive of the lines—

> Till the Great Angel that shall come at last,
> Shall sound o'er earth and sea his clarion blast.

We suppose the violin part sent with this song is not considered at all essential, as it adds nothing either to the air or accompaniment, being almost always in unison with one or the other. "He giveth his beloved sleep," by the same dual authorship, is without any distinctive point, but may please those who like an eminently placid song.

Then we have a duet, "Sweetly the Nightingale," for soprano and tenor, where Mr W. C. Newsam dissolves the partnership with Mr. Claude Melville, and combines the two offices of poet and composer. It is tuneful and of an engaging simplicity that ought to become popular, as it is so entirely within the compass of singers who only possess a very limited knowledge of music, time, and tune.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

ARMAND BASCHET'S (1) name was well known to most students of diplomatic history, and Dr. Dufay has reminded his readers of a commendation of the then young *savant* which appeared in the *Saturday Review* five-and-twenty years ago. It was a little odd that Baschet should take to the laborious department of literature in which he made his reputation; for when he first went to Paris, just before the *Coup d'état*, he fell in and associated for a time almost exclusively with the extremest school of literature proper—Baudelaire, Champfleury, and their set—while his own actual literary start was made with enthusiastic essays on Balzac and *Voyages humoristiques* in the taste of the day. He soon drifted into documents, however, was able (being fairly well off) to indulge his taste without difficulty or hardship, spent years in overhauling the archives of Venice, Vienna, Paris, and London, edited one series of Calendars for the Master of the Rolls, and produced a great deal of historical material. Dr. Dufay has diversified his account of Baschet's life by some extracts from the documents he published, and has produced a very readable monograph.

The useful *Année Politique* for 1887, by André Daniel (Paris: Charpentier), needs but a line of mention. The narrative is well done, though it must always be matter of opinion whether it is wise in a book which must be chiefly, if not solely, useful as a book of reference to criticize as well as to narrate.

One of M. Rollot's (2) admiring friends, a professor not unknown to readers of the *Deux Mondes*, has, it seems, informed the poet that this is the poetry he has been waiting for during twelve years. Our memory does not, we confess, furnish us with any remarkable *point de repère* of the poetical kind in the year 1875-6; but if M. Louis Ganderax has at last found his sacred bard, there is, of course, nothing to do but to congratulate bard and worshipper. We should not ourselves have hailed the dawn of a new poetry in M. Rollot, though he certainly is not a mere Hugoist, or a mere decadent, or a mere belated Parnassian, or a mere blasphemer to order. We might describe him as a kind of Darwinian Lamartine; and he writes always with fluency, sometimes with force, and occasionally with melody. His notion of taking off your clothes and going on all fours through a wood to revive the soul by recollections of the arboreal animal is novel and striking. But the briars would certainly scratch; and the *gardes forestiers* might take you up.

Mme. Jeanne France has drawn in *Madame Fulbert* (3) a painful and partly powerful warning to French wives not to indulge in the pastime which most novelists represent as their sole recreation. The expiation of Valérie Vuillaumin is certainly complete enough in all conscience; indeed, some of its effect is lost by the length and ferocity of the punishment. But we are afraid that the frail and fair will point out, first, that Valérie did not in the least love her lover, while they do love theirs, and, secondly, that her extraordinary brutality to him and to her child, and not her *crime d'amour*, was what brought judgment on her. M. Bonnetain's (4) study of French private soldier life is for a Naturalist book not very dirty; but it carries the Naturalist passion for the representation of situations of dull misery a little further than most. The work of Dostoieffsky (5) now presented by the indefatigable E. Halpérine (who either by much translation of Russian, or some other means, has become E. Halpérine-Kaminsky) consists of short stories in which, to our thinking, the author is stronger than in long ones.

We have also before us in the *Petite Bibliothèque Française* (Librairie des Bibliophiles) a slight but most pleasant little *berquinade* of M. Legouvé's called *Une dot*, which shows that the veteran hand has nowise lost its cunning; *Trois mots sur le Volapük*, by M. de la Sizeranne (Paris: Le Soudier), a subject of which we are heartily tired; a little notice of Mlle. Quinault's *Dîner du Bout-de-Banc*, by M. Ballieu (Paris: Dupret), which is interesting and readable as describing last-century manners; and a stout *Annuaire de l'enseignement*, edited by an Inspector-General, M. Jost (Paris: Colin). This last, which contains more than six hundred pages, includes a complete calendar list of the *personnel* of the Education Department in France, down to the directors and directresses of primary schools, an abstract of all legislation of the French Sessions of 1886-7 affecting education, and a series of articles on pedagogic subjects. Among these, one on overdriving in primary schools has the most general interest. We cannot say that M. Brunel, who is quite aghast at the idea of its being possible to teach children too much, either makes a very good case for his own view or even shows that he appreciates the facts.

(1) *Armand Baschet et son œuvre.* Par le Dr. Ch. Dufay. Paris: Rouquette.
(2) *Les chants de la vie.* Par H. Rollot. Paris: Ollendorff.
(3) *Madame Fulbert.* Par Jeanne France. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(4) *Le nommé Perreux.* Par Paul Bonnetain. Paris: Charpentier.
(5) *La femme d'un autre.* Par Th. Dostoieffsky. Paris: Plon.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

A STORY of Active Service in Foreign Lands, by Surgeon-General A. Graham Young, is a volume made up of the author's correspondence between 1856 and 1882, and is, as might be expected, almost as void of "story" as the Needy Knife-Grinder. There is too much of the ordinary tourist's description of foreign parts in these letters from South Africa, India, and China. No one cares to read for the hundredth time how Calcutta looks from the deck of a steamer on the Hooghly, or how the first sight of Hong Kong impresses the traveller. The most interesting portion of the book, and that which approaches nearer to sustained narrative, is an account of the war in China in 1860, the sacking of the Summer Palace and capture of Pekin. But there is little vitality in these pages. Doubtless it is possible to compile a readable volume of old letters, but it is even more certain that Surgeon-General Graham has not succeeded in so doing.

Mr. Charles Duke Yonge's *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, in the "Great Writers" series (Walter Scott), is a book that might prevail against the strenuous wrestling of the most patient reader. Naturally one marvels how it has come about that so indigestible a compound could be produced from Lockhart, for new biographies of Scott must necessarily proceed from Lockhart. There is enough, however, in Mr. Yonge's volume to make it doubtful whether he has read Lockhart, or, having read him, is conscious of his authority. His style, also, is of the kind that continually sends the reader back to master some tortuous period. At page 17 we have an alarming reference to an innocent publication, and one of the oddest illustrations of cause and effect conceivable:—"And as the title of the volume was *Tales of Wonder*, Scott bespoke the public favour for it by an 'Apology for Tales of Terror,' which was sufficiently ingenious, but which had a most disastrous effect on his subsequent fortunes, since it led him to form a connexion with a publisher named Ballantyne, whose unskilful management of his business eventually brought on Scott losses which nothing but his own strength of mind prevented from being absolutely ruinous." Mr. Yonge's criticism of poetry is quite as dark and wonderful as his style.

The Romance of Life-Preservation, by James Burnley (Allen & Co.), is a capital book for inquiring boys and full of attractiveness for the general reader. It is a collection of remarkable examples of all kinds of perils or disasters memorable by marvellous rescues or escapes. It treats of lifeboats, fire brigades, ambulance services, miners' lamps, and other appliances for the protection or preservation of human life. Life-preservation may of course be anything but romantic. The method of your sincere coddler is not very heroic. Mr. Burnley's book illustrates the romance of courage, endurance, and self-devotion in the hour of peril on land and sea and in many fields of enterprise. The vast subject is skilfully treated in this comprehensive and thoroughly readable compilation.

The fame of Hannah More has sadly dwindled, we fear, but it is right that among "Eminent Women" we should find *Hannah More*, by Charlotte M. Yonge (Allen & Co.) Miss Yonge has shaped her work into a rather scrappy narrative, which is not altogether distinguished by the nice precision and lucidity of the eighteenth century. A reference to "Amos Cottle, bookseller"—and, let us add, epic poet—is by no means to be understanded of the people, and from a sentence on page 114 it would appear doubtful whether Mason, or his tragedy *Caractacus*, is spoken of as "the friend and biographer of Gray."

Stage literature has always a following, and *Adelaide Ristori: an Autobiography* (Allen & Co.) ought to find many English readers, if only for the *tragédienne's* analytical studies of her favourite parts.

Bishop Forbes: a Memoir, by the Rev. Donald J. Mackey (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), is a rather dry account of the life and work of one of the ablest heads of Scottish Episcopalians. Much of the more interesting portion of the book will be found in the appendices. In the correspondence are several letters to Mr. Gladstone, one of which contains an odd reference to a "grand old man"—Dr. von Döllinger, to wit—who merits the familiar phrase because, "after all he has gone through," he remained hopeful for the future of Christianity.

An excellent handbook of English History, simple in method and clear in style, is Mr. Cyril Ransome's *Short History of England* (Rivingtons). The leading features are the very lucid statement of constitutional growth, the useful divisions into dynastic sections, and the handy chronological index, tables of genealogy, and key-maps. Altogether the book will be valued highly by teachers in lower forms who require a compact and complete history in miniature, and not an abridgment.

It is a little strange to read of a country once so famous for the excellence of its dairy products that dairy-farming, as a profitable undertaking, is very imperfectly understood in England. This is the melancholy reflection with which Mr. H. M. Upton introduces a practical and excellent handbook to the subject, *Profitable Dairy Farming* (Sampson Low & Co.) Archdeacon Denison once told the Somersetshire farmers how far they had fallen from the skill of their fathers in the making of cheese. Mr. Upton has less to say of latter-day degeneracy than of the prevalent ignorance of scientific methods and the general apathy that stifles all development of dairy-farming as a profitable industry. It is foreign competition that brings to light the present inadequate methods of English dairy-farming. Slovenly packing for markets, for instance, is only too common in this country, though the reverse is notorious of foreign dairy produce. Mr. Upton gives a striking example of this (p. 85).

Among our new editions are Mrs. Shelley's *Frankenstein*, in "Routledge's Pocket Library," a charming edition of an ingenious and thrilling romance; Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*, "Camelot

Classics" (Scott); Izaak Walton's *Lives* in "Morley's Universal Library" (Routledge); the third volume of Lord Tennyson's works, the *Idylls of the King*, complete, and illustrated by an engraving of Mr. Woolner's statue, "Guinevere" (Macmillan & Co.); Mr. Froude's *Bunyan*, "English Men of Letters" (Macmillan & Co.); the pocket-volume edition of *Devereux*, by Lord Lytton (Routledge); the fourth edition of Mr. Rowland Ward's *Sportsman's Handbook to Practical Collecting and Preserving of Trophies, &c.* (Rowland Ward and Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.); and a second edition of Messrs. Emile Garcke and J. M. Fells's treatise, *Factory Accounts; their Principles and Practice* (Crosby Lockwood & Son).

We have also received the *Clergy List for* 1888 (John Hall); the *Colonial Office List for* 1888 (Harrison & Sons); the *Government Year Book*, edited by Lewis Sergeant (Fisher Unwin); the *Royal Kalendar for* 1888 (Allen & Co.); and *The Advertiser's A B C* (T. B. Browne).

With reference to our review of his "Greek Religion and Mythology" Herr GRUPPE *writes to us that the Reviewer, mistaking the sense of the word* Religionsquelle, *has attributed to him opinions which he does not hold. He means,* not *that intoxication is the origin of religion, but that in the oldest religious literary document—the earlier part of the* Rig Veda—"*intoxication forms a very important element of practical religion.*" Herr GRUPPE *disclaims as* "*absurd*" *the theory* "*that drinking and religion were once very closely connected.*"

NOTICE.

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Printed by SPOTTISWOODE & CO., at No. 5 New-street Square, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London; and Published by WILLIAM BOYCE, at the Office, No. 38 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of Middlesex.—Saturday, March 17, 1888.

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,691, Vol. 65. March 24, 1888. [Registered for Transmission abroad.] Price 6*d*.

THE EMPEROR FREDERICK'S MESSAGES.

IN discussing here the consequences of the change of sovereigns in Germany, it was remarked that, though no direct danger could be inferred from the weak state of health of the present EMPEROR, an indirect danger might arise from presumption on that weak state of health in other quarters. The anticipation has already been to some extent fulfilled. The tone of the Russian newspapers is less indicative of the policy of the Russian Government than is the case in any other country of Europe; but there are the beginnings of a Russian public opinion, and Russian newspapers no doubt in some degree express it. They appear to take for granted that the policy of the new EMPEROR will and must be a policy of peace, almost at any price; and that Russia is even freer than she was some weeks ago to trample upon international law in Bulgaria without fear of interference from Germany, even if her proceedings brought her into collision with Germany's most intimate allies. It is scarcely necessary to say that no more certain cause of the disturbance of peace could be found than the sharing of this opinion by those who are really competent to determine the action of Russia. The "stronghold of peace" of which the new German EMPEROR spoke in his first official utterance exists as such a stronghold only on the terms of making itself respected and feared. Whenever brigands and highwaymen, provided that they do not attack it directly, are allowed to pursue their calling tranquilly within sight of its walls, it is not a stronghold of peace—it ceases to be a stronghold altogether. Fortunately, there is nothing of this *fainéant* tone in the three documents which the EMPEROR has addressed to the Prussian Chambers, to Germany at large, and to the Reichsland of Alsace-Lorraine respectively. The omission of Russia from the list of countries to which Prince BISMARCK paid special thanks in his remarks on the second of these documents has been commented on, but with a curious forgetfulness of the reason of the omission, which extends to England. The PRINCE was speaking of Parliamentary condolences which it was desirable for the Reichstag as a Parliament to acknowledge. There is no Parliament in Russia, and it is not the custom of the English Parliament to occupy itself with matters of this kind, so that the PRINCE could not have mentioned either country if he had felt disposed to do so.

The address to the Prussian Diet, as well as that to the Reichstag, consists in part of an apology for not taking the constitutional oath on account of ill health, and a solemn declaration in lieu thereof. The Reichsland possessing no Constitution, properly speaking, naturally did not receive any such explanation. This last document is, and could not but be, the weakest of the three, and it would perhaps have been better if it could have been omitted. To proclaim the determination to "preserve the rights of the Empire over "these German territories reunited with the Fatherland "after a long interval" has about it a little too much of the threat and a little too much of the argument. "Consciousness of the duty to cultivate in these territories "German ideas and customs" seems to argue a second and very awkward consciousness that German ideas and customs do not exist in these territories at present, which in its turn strikes at the legs of the former argument that they are "German." And it is, perhaps, rash to prophesy that "the lapse of years *cannot* annul" this very recent union. But the situation is no doubt difficult, and it may very well have seemed to the new EMPEROR and his advisers important at any rate to discourage the notion, set afloat by some silly or sanguine critics on his earlier utterances, that the firm and disciplinary character of the Emperor WILLIAM's régime was to be exchanged for a régime of compliance and concession. The intention was, no doubt, in this case wise, though the expression may not be on the whole happy. It is certain that the German Empire will never willingly let Alsace-Lorraine go. Prince BISMARCK, if he chose, might point to the language of this document as evidence of the wisdom of his own views as to these annexations; but he is not likely to do so.

Less interest attaches to the purely Prussian Message. The people of Prussia are quite satisfied with their sovereigns, and they would be an exceedingly foolish people if they were not. The time may come when Prussians shall be as wise as those Englishmen who execrate their fathers for having presented them with an Empire; but that time is not yet. They have another reason for satisfaction which, as being less obvious, is perhaps less generally felt, but which patriotism ought to relish. Prussia has now long given the lie, and may, if she chooses, continue to do so, to the wiseacres and *doctrinaires* who have for ever so many years declared that a real constitution and a real king are (as a great student of German would have said) "in-"compossible." To that favourite doctrine of modern Liberalism Prussia has replied by producing the pair in actual work; and she is alone among nations in the act. It is impossible for anything to be more strictly constitutional than the Prussian Constitution, and not very easy for anything to be less democratic. Now that even England has to a great extent given in to the foolish fallacy that constitutional and democratic are convertible and coextensive terms, Prussia may be said to be alone in demonstrating—and, on the whole, very successfully demonstrating—the contrary. The ideal, no doubt, is the same as the original ideal of English constitutionalists; but for many years England has been more and more guilty of backslidings from it, so that ignorant persons are found who describe, not merely the exercise of the most strictly constitutional acts of the Crown, but the exercise of the most strictly constitutional rights of the House of Lords, as "unconstitutional." Germans are supposed not to dislike giving lessons to the rest of the world; and this is one which they may continue to give with great credit to themselves and great profit to others.

Europe, however, naturally looks with most—at least with most selfish—interest to the address to the Reichstag. Much of that address is, of course, "common form"; but it is significant enough that the paragraph which is not common form, the paragraph which gives individuality to the Message, and distinguishes it from any Message which might have been delivered in any year and almost on any occasion, is devoted to the recent Army Bill. It is quite true, no doubt, that the hand of fate prevented the late Emperor from conveying his Imperial thanks for that Bill to the Reichstag; but, without some special object, the passage repairing this necessary omission would hardly have occupied such an important and such an isolated place in the Imperial Message. The fact of this prominence is an unmistakable answer to those who, either from mere foolish optimism or from more interested motives, endeavoured to read into former utterances of the EMPEROR's an intention of abandoning that *nemo me impune lacessit* attitude which the new German Empire has kept up from the very hour of its birth amid fire, and sword, and conquest. It gives also, though not an equally direct, an equally forcible answer to those who think that the German policy is to be less friendly to Austria than of old. If with the entire southern frontier of Germany safe from invasion, and, what is more, guaranteed by a fast ally, the Empire feels it necessary to make these great sacrifices in men and money, it may be calculated without much difficulty what sacrifices would have to be made with Austria estranged. Political arithmetic is not one of the exact sciences, but it will give a satisfactory answer to the question, If so much and so many be absolutely needed to

defend the Baltic, and the Vistula, and the Rhine, will this be sufficient to defend in addition the mountains and the plains from the Lake of Constance to the Silesian-Polish frontier? They are but idle words which argue that anything but a temporary aberration of personal judgment could lead Germany to estrange a faithful and valuable friend in order to conciliate a certain enemy.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT BILL.

MR. RITCHIE'S lucid and comprehensive speech justified both the selection by which he was placed in charge of the Local Government Bill and his admission to the Cabinet. It may be assumed that he has had a principal share in the construction of the scheme with which in all its details he is so thoroughly familiar. As such a measure was to be introduced, Mr. RITCHIE's Bill deserves the approval of the House of Commons and of the country. The Government would have courted defeat if it had trifled with the question of local government. There may still be different opinions on the necessity of a municipal revolution; but from the time when the general intentions of the Government were announced the question of opportuneness ceased to be material. Mr. RITCHIE acknowledged with judicious candour the absence or insignificance of any popular demand for legislation, and his statement that there was a general desire for decentralization required further exposition. He probably spoke of the supposed expediency of giving new powers to local authorities, and the practical or political impossibility of enlarging the administrative functions of the justices in Quarter Session. No additional control over taxation would in the present day be granted except to elected bodies, nor, indeed, have the justices any especial competence to deal with many of the duties which will be assigned to County and District Councils. The judicial powers of Quarter Sessions are for the present reserved, to be probably hereafter transferred to professional tribunals. The grant or refusal of licences in cases of complaint against the actual holders will also fall within the jurisdiction of Quarter Sessions. The District Councils will have an absolute discretion to grant, to confirm, or to refuse licences in all other cases. Where no complaint is made and sustained the withdrawal of a licence will confer a right to compensation at the expense of the county or the district. The advocates of compulsory abstinence oppose, as might be expected, the claim to compensation; but there is no doubt that the House of Commons will by a large majority sanction a demand which is obviously just. Expropriated publicans will, at the best, suffer heavy loss by the prohibition, which will prevent them from employing their capital in the business which they understand. It may be taken for granted that the lessors of their premises will also receive compensation. The opponents of Mr. RITCHIE's proposal will probably suggest that the Councils may, as representatives of the ratepayers, have an interest in renewing licences; but the general policy of the local authority, if not its special decisions, will be ultimately controlled by constituents to whom the temperance agitators are professedly anxious to remit the whole question of licensing.

Mr. GLADSTONE, while he courteously recognized the merit of Mr. RITCHIE's speech, was apparently inclined to withdraw or to qualify the promise which he was understood to make at the beginning of the Session. He then, for the apparent purpose of encouraging the legislative activity of the Government, pledged himself to give them all the assistance in his power, by discouraging obstruction and unnecessary opposition. He now exercises his right of considering every part of the Local Government Bill before expressing an opinion in favour of any of its provisions. When the debates begin it will be more possible than at present to appreciate the spirit in which he receives a not unambitious project of legislation. It might have been expected that he would at least have approved the prudent liberality of the Government in founding the new organization on direct household suffrage; but Mr. GLADSTONE can seldom be blamed for saying too little, and in the discussion of the Bill he may perhaps be better than his word. No member of either party has better reason to know the difficulty of framing a complicated measure without giving occasion for plausible objections. As both parties had seemed to agree on the policy of introducing a Local Government Bill, it was necessary to produce a definite scheme. If Amendments which could not be accepted were carried, the whole labour of the Government would be wasted. Mr. RITCHIE wisely abstained from stating which parts of the measure were vital. The Government will retain its discretion to insist on those parts of the Bill which it may regard as indispensable. On the whole, it will, perhaps, be less unpalatable to the Liberals than to the Conservatives; but Sir R. PAGET, who ought to understand the opinion of his own party, welcomed the explanation of the measure with unqualified cordiality. In truth, the representatives of the agricultural interest are primarily responsible for the proposed legislation. But for their repeated demands of relief from local taxation, it is probable that a Local Government Bill might have been indefinitely postponed. Their efforts have been so far successful that Mr. RITCHIE and Mr. GOSCHEN make the ratepayers a present of two or three millions a year. If the boon is thought to be acceptable, it must be purchased by suitable concessions. The country gentlemen will probably regret the loss of their administrative powers, and they may with reason anticipate a large increase of local taxation when it is controlled by the nominees of household suffrage. Nevertheless, it would be impossible for them to establish a claim to protection against a withdrawal of their powers. Unpaid public functionaries have no private interest in the possession of rights which ought rather to be regarded as duties. On the whole, the governing bodies which are about to be superseded will do well to transmit their functions to their successors with the best possible grace. They ought also to remember that they will inevitably be losers if the Government incurs any serious defeat.

It is impossible without careful study to understand the numerous details of the Bill. Ten of the largest towns are to be made counties, with the result of retaining the self-government which they have always enjoyed, and at the same time of acquiring the new powers which are to be conferred on local authorities in counties. There will probably be a long series of contests on the extension of the list. Liverpool and Manchester and the rest will have no pretext for dissatisfaction; but the numerous towns of the second or third rank with populations ranging from 20,000 to 100,000 will almost certainly protest against subordination to the County Council. The measure as it is framed is symmetrical and probably judicious; but it will interfere with local sentiments, if not with vested interests. The great extent of the changes which are to be introduced is illustrated by the provisions which are to apply to Local Board districts. At present their governing bodies are elected by plural voting, by which the larger ratepayers possess two or four or six times the electoral power of their less wealthy neighbours. It would be impossible to maintain the distinction when the Local Board districts become parts of the county under the proposed scheme; but it is worth while to observe that Mr. RITCHIE had only room to describe the change in a single sentence of his speech. When the clause is reached in the discussion of the Bill he will be able to show that the present constitution of the Local Boards is already anomalous. The simple household franchise exists in municipal boroughs, some of which are less popular and less rich than the larger Local Board districts. An answer, given in two words to a question asked by Sir ALGERNON BORTHWICK, informed the House that female ratepayers are, as at present, in municipal boroughs to possess the franchise. The Government could not have decided otherwise, though the first instalment of the rights of women originated in the ambiguous language of an Act of Parliament which had not been intended to confer the privilege. It has not been generally remarked that clerical blunders in drafts of Bills are among the elements of an historical constitution. Female suffrage is more legitimate in municipal contests than in Parliamentary elections. It will be more possible to exclude women who may not be ratepayers from a share in the expenditure of the local funds than to prevent the concession of political power to the whole sex.

The only part of Mr. RITCHIE's statement which excited general surprise was the announcement that London is to be included in the Bill. On further consideration it will probably be found that the attempt to deal with so large a question in the present measure is a mistake. The mode of government which is suited to a county or a great provincial town must almost necessarily be ill suited to a province which is more populous than Scotland and much richer and more intelligent than Ireland, and a municipal government for four or five millions of persons seems at first sight an impossibility. Whatever name may be

given to London it will be rather a principality than a county.

Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. FIRTH will oppose the clauses relating to London on one side and the Corporation and the Board of Works on another. The provisions of the Bill may be in themselves defensible, but a serious conflict on a point not necessarily connected with the rest of the Bill may be inconvenient, and perhaps dangerous. It is fortunate that the London clauses are, from their nature, separable and independent. In case of need the Government may, if it thinks fit, postpone them to a future Session. The case of London is so solitary and so exceptional, that it ought to be considered by itself. The reasons which Mr. RITCHIE urged for the course which has been adopted are weighty, but not conclusive. The remainder of the Bill will, without the incumbrance of a collateral dispute, probably occupy nearly the whole of the Session. The Government has removed a certain feeling of uneasiness on the part of its supporters by excluding from the Bill all matters connected with the Poor Law. The contribution of fourpence a day to the support of every indoor pauper scarcely requires a modification of the general statement. The provision is free from the objection which applies to every encouragement of pauperism. It is against outdoor, and not indoor, relief that legislation is required. On the whole, the Bill shows constructive ability and sound judgment, and Parliament would incur a serious responsibility by objecting to pass it. On the most delicate and difficult issue which was necessarily raised the Government has arrived at a just conclusion. It would, for reasons which have been frequently explained, have been extremely unwise to form the Councils on any basis except that of household suffrage.

SCOTT FOR THE YOUNG.

TO teach the young idea how to shoot has always been accounted a respectable undertaking, and it is not unnatural, in these advanced times, that there should be a general desire to instil the juvenile mind with the love of good literature. It may possibly prove to be a national advantage that English classics should be read in all Board schools. That, however, is a question independent of the introduction of the best fiction into reading-classes above the Third Standard. For this purpose there is an enormous literature available. The tales of MARIA EDGEWORTH and the shorter stories and tracts of HARRIET MARTINEAU are excellent examples. Whatever the choice may be, it is obvious that the works introduced should be unadulterated specimens of English literature, untouched by the irreverent fingers of educational pedlars and pedants. In a recent addition to a series of reading-books published by Messrs. BELL & SONS we have an example of abridgment of the most gratuitously offensive kind. To select SCOTT, of all writers, and that noble and impeccable romance *The Talisman* among all the *Waverley Novels*, is an intolerable piece of presumption. It is only an aggravation of the offence to remember that the master-works of SCOTT were some years since vulgarized and distorted with a still greater show of audacity. It is something new, we believe, to emulate that evil example in the interest of popular education. There is a ludicrous incongruity between the deed and the excellent intentions of the projectors of these reading-books which intrudes upon, though it cannot mitigate, the indignation aroused by so gross a violation of good taste and reverence. SHAKSPEARE for the family is laudable in comparison, and CHAUCER for babes is a harmless pleasantry. Selection, too, may be a necessary, and is at least an excusable, literary process. It does not misrepresent or degrade genius, or falsify a document.

Abridgment, of course, may be authorized or legitimate. Abstracts of HUME or CLARENDON by competent hands, and LOCKHART'S reduction of his *Life of Scott*, may be cited as models of the art of epitome. Imaginative literature would needs suffer indefinable injury even when abridged by an expert, if so incredible an assumption were permissible. *The Talisman*, "abridged for use in schools," is sufficiently maladroit to create a distaste for SCOTT in the juvenile reading-classes permitted, as we see by the advertised bait, to revel in selections of ANDERSEN and GRIMM. The dramatic opening of the story is entirely wiped out by the abridger. Of the prodigious and stirring encounter between Sir KENNETH and the SARACEN there is absolutely nothing. The horsemen, we are told, "met in "combat"; "but, after a display of valour on each side, "a truce was agreed upon, and they rode side by side to "the little cluster of palm-trees." All the fire and clash of that brilliant onslaught, the impressive and masterly presentment of the landscape, the glow and atmosphere of the spirit-moving romance, are reduced to one acrid page, as dull as the argument of a libretto. SCOTT'S chapters are parcelled into "lessons," brief sections of text arranged on no conceivable principle, and the teacher is delicately directed to certain "lists of difficult words." No meanings are given with the words, the syllables of which are separated, though by no means accurately in every instance. The native hardihood of the author of the abridgment is shown by the exclusion of words used by himself in a manner not to be comprehended by the young, *e.g.* "['Out upon the hound!' said RICHARD, spitting in "contempt, by way of interjection]." By a thoughtful provision the passages interpolated are distinguished from the original text by being placed between brackets, that the guileless schoolboy may the more readily distinguish between undiluted SCOTT and interjected wash. Truly, the ways of pedagogues are wonderful, and of all the quackeries that are born of them, this pretty example of "Folly, doctor-like, controlling skill" is the most inscrutable.

LORD ROSEBERY ON THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

LORD ROSEBERY'S powerful speech had one defect, which, however, is of little practical importance. It is doubtful whether he would have asked for a Select Committee if he had not known that his proposal would be rejected. Lord SALISBURY'S argument was on this point unanswerable. There was nothing except the speech itself to be referred to a Committee. Lord ROSEBERY, though he made several ingenious suggestions for the future constitution of the House of Lords, prudently abstained from committing himself to any definite plan. A Committee has to consider the details and the application of principles which have been already approved by the House. In the present instance the fragments of the existing organism would have been thrown into MEDEA'S cauldron without any provision for their subsequent reunion. The most plausible of Lord ROSEBERY'S imaginary substitutes for the House of Lords does credit to his originality. No previous projector had imagined the conversion of the Privy Council into a Second Chamber. The number of members would be sufficient, and yet not inconveniently large. Almost all of them would have had official experience, and the list would include the leaders of political parties, and somewhat more than half of the whole body consists of peers. The objection that Privy Councillors are nominated by the Crown might perhaps be removed by some legislative contrivance. It would be more difficult to supply the places of those who would insist on retaining their seats in the House of Commons. It is not worth while to discuss further a hypothetical plan which was disclaimed by its author as a solution of the problem. That it is for the present insoluble may be plausibly inferred from the impracticability of all the alternative plans which have hitherto been devised. To certain minds an hereditary legislative Assembly seems to be absurd; but all, or almost all, the substitutes which have been suggested would probably be less powerful and therefore less useful. It would be interesting to learn whether Mr. W. H. SMITH and Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH have in their minds any more definite scheme than those which have been noticed rather than accepted by Lord ROSEBERY. Their late declarations only show that they are willing to apply to an acknowledged evil a remedy which has not yet been discovered. They probably entertain no invincible prejudice against the demarcation of the longitude or the squaring of the circle, though neither task has yet been accomplished.

Lord ROSEBERY inclines to a project, which has some recommendations, of election by the peers themselves. As he truly says, it would be absolutely necessary to provide for the proportional representation of a minority which is too weak in numbers to protect itself. It might be possible to enlarge the constituency by adding to it a certain number of responsible persons, though scarcely the County Chairmen; but the result would in both cases be nearly the same. The peers who had satisfied the test of election would be respectable in character; and many of them would be distinguished by ability and experience; but these qualities already distinguish the same persons, and they control in

proportion to their number the present House of Lords. The chief advantage of the change would be that the minority would be in some degree strengthened; but there is no reason to expect that in any circumstances the Liberal peers will not be a minority. Lord GRANVILLE, Lord HERSCHELL, and Lord ROSEBERY himself command respect and attention when they think fit to address the House of Lords. After any kind of manipulation, as long as the Upper House consisted of peers, the Liberals would be outvoted. The popular jealousy of privilege and hereditary right would be neither abated nor diminished by the proposed purification of the Upper House. It would still be exclusively aristocratic both in the persons of its members and in its partially representative character. As the conduct of debate and of business now rests with the leaders, the House already possesses all the advantage which it could derive from their ability and knowledge of affairs. The occasional attendants who come down on great occasions to vote with their party would exercise a more important function in electing the existing peers than in swelling the majority or minority at divisions. The exclusion of half a dozen disreputable peers would be an infinitesimal advantage. As Lord GRANVILLE said, they seldom thrust themselves in the way of colleagues by whom they are coldly regarded; and consequently they create but little scandal. The strongest objection to Lord ROSEBERY'S plan applies to every proposal of the kind. An efficient Second Chamber cannot be arbitrarily created; and perhaps the present House of Lords, with its admitted defects, has elements of strength which would be wanting to a new Assembly. The conclusion is not altogether satisfactory, and in changed circumstances it may deserve reconsideration.

The question of life-peerages attracts but little interest. Lord SALISBURY, who has for many years been favourable to such a measure, called attention to the fact that creations of hereditary peerages are now not, as formerly, confined to persons of ample fortune. The admission of life-peers would alter the character of the House even less than the election of the legislating peers. Life-peers would be appointed by Ministers whom they were prepared to support, and they would share the feelings of the respectable class to which they would all belong. Lord GRANVILLE is an older and more zealous supporter of the scheme than Lord SALISBURY himself. A measure for effecting the object may not improbably pass the House of Lords, and it is impossible to know whether it will be approved by the House of Commons. The enemies of an hereditary peerage will grudge any advantage which the House of Lords might derive from reinforcement by a new set of colleagues. Some precedents for a mixture of Crown nominees and hereditary members of an Upper House have been furnished by Hungary and some other countries; but their experience has comparatively little value. The Hungarian Legislature is not new in itself; but it has only of late years been habitually recognized and respected by the Government. The House of Lords is still the most powerful of European Second Chambers, though it no longer maintains its political equality with the House of Commons. The experiment of admitting life-peers may be tried without serious danger; but the whole question of reorganization of the House of Lords will still remain open. Antiquarians please themselves by remarking that before the Reformation the spiritual peers outnumbered the hereditary portion of the House. Bishops and abbots, representing a large part of the land, were extremely unlike ex-governors of colonies, who might be summoned to the House of Lords as life-peers. The law of ecclesiastical succession was regarded in former times as not less natural than the inheritance by sons of their fathers' estates. Bishops and abbots formed part of the peerage because they were great territorial lords.

Lord SALISBURY, as usual, made thoughtful and original remarks, rather perhaps for his own intellectual satisfaction than with any immediate practical object. He admitted the grave inconvenience of the unequal division of parties in the House of Lords. As Lord ROSEBERY had observed, the Home Rule party, exclusive of the Irish Nationalists, counts two hundred supporters in the House of Commons and an insignificant fraction of the House of Lords. Even in cases where the antagonism of opinion is less conspicuous, the Conservative leader disposes of a constant and irresistible majority. There is therefore some excuse for Lord ROSEBERY'S apparently paradoxical statement that the voice of the House of Lords is that of a single statesman. Lord SALISBURY evidently felt the force of Lord ROSEBERY'S argument, as he took pains to show that the permanent majority of the Conservatives in the House of Lords is of comparatively recent origin. He mentioned several important divisions in which Lord PALMERSTON and his predecessors had defeated the Conservative leaders, and he contended that the present derangement of the balance is owing to the revolutionary character of Mr. GLADSTONE'S policy. It is true that in the last twenty years Mr. GLADSTONE has striven with much success to create and widen the feud between the upper and lower classes. Of late he has ostentatiously promoted the same object by contrasting on all occasions the classes and the masses. Mainly for this reason, those who are interested in the maintenance of property and order have, with few exceptions, denounced and opposed their formidable adversary. There are consequently no materials for constituting a Second Chamber which would not be Conservative; and it is impossible to persuade the peers to follow Mr. GLADSTONE. Yet Lord SALISBURY might have quoted an instance which has occurred within the last fortnight of a successful rebellion against his authority when he opposed an encroachment on proprietary right. The PRIME MINISTER, who on that occasion was supported by the late Lord Chancellor, in vain advised the House of Lords to respect the bargain which had been concluded between Parliament and the railway Companies. Lord SALISBURY'S explanation of the great preponderance of Conservative peers is undoubtedly correct. Unfortunately, discernment of the causes of a political inconvenience has little tendency to remove it. The disturbance of social relations, for which Mr. GLADSTONE is largely responsible, is certain to outlive him. Lord SALISBURY neither encouraged nor condemned Lord ROSEBERY'S proposals of change. He would probably not oppose any reasonable change which might enable the House of Lords to take a more active hand in legislation; but a Prime Minister is seldom of a sanguine temper, and Lord SALISBURY is not disposed to associate himself with a movement which has so far assumed no definite or practical form. The success of one of Lord ROSEBERY'S proposals would probably be as acceptable to Lord SALISBURY as it would be agreeable to himself. An arrangement by which a peer could choose whether he would belong to the Upper or Lower House would probably tempt Lord SALISBURY to prefer the more laborious and more ambitious career. A mere permission to take part as a Minister in the debates of both Houses would be less exciting.

SIR CHARLES WARREN AND MR. BAGGALLAY.

THE House of Commons had nothing better to do, before it was counted out on Tuesday night, than to discuss Mr. PICKERSGILL'S motion of censure upon the Commissioner of Metropolitan Police. Mr. PICKERSGILL is not, to put it mildly, a clever man; and his speech was neither instructive nor amusing. A member of Parliament who can gravely say—and Mr. PICKERSGILL has never been suspected of a joke—that Sir CHARLES WARREN is "a sort "of spurious CROMWELL," and whose notion of an epigram is to describe the same functionary as "this military and mili-"tant Chief Commissioner," scarcely deserves the compliment of rational opposition. As, however, Mr. PICKERSGILL, after a few pretty broad hints from Mr. FOWLER that he was trifling with the House, thought proper to withdraw his motion, leaving to Mr. HUGHES the final honours of the count, we are relieved from the necessity of further dwelling upon the plentiful lack of matter in his indictment. The case is really a trivial one enough, and might have been adequately treated by a question and answer across the table. The injured dignity of Mr. ERNEST BAGGALLAY, "lately a member of this House," is not a matter of Imperial concern, and it had already engaged, with more obvious propriety, the attention of the Town Council of West Ham. Mr. BAGGALLAY thought proper to disbelieve the evidence of Police Constable BLOY, who charged a girl with drunkenness and disorderly behaviour. BLOY, according to the HOME SECRETARY, was a "bad and "unsatisfactory witness," who seems to have made the magistrate suppose that the girl was charged with immorality, whereas in truth and in fact she was not. Accordingly Mr. BAGGALLAY, in discharging the defendant, made some unfavourable comments upon BLOY'S veracity and credit. We agree with Mr. ADDISON that both magistrates and judges are far too fond of thrusting their views of things in general upon the notice of the public. They are supposed to know the law, and sometimes they do actually

know it. But they are not better acquainted than the rest of us with SHAKSPEARE and the musical glasses, nor is it desirable upon other grounds that they should deliver miscellaneous lectures from the Bench. BLOY having been severely censured by Mr. BAGGALLAY, himself by no means the wisest of stipendiaries, it became the Commissioner's duty to consider whether the constable was fit to remain in the force. That he was bound, and not merely entitled, to make an inquiry no one who gives the point a moment's thought will deny. He could not allow a grave charge against one of his men to pass unnoticed. He could not punish BLOY by dismissal without giving him an opportunity of being heard in his own defence. He had to take evidence, and he did take it.

It must be plain to any less peculiarly constituted mind than Mr. HOWELL's that Sir CHARLES WARREN neither has nor claims any "power to revise decisions of magistrates." The only "decision" pronounced by Mr. BAGGALLAY was that the girl accused had not been proved guilty of the offence imputed to her. BLOY was not before the magistrate, except as a witness, and the magistrate had no jurisdiction to deal with him. Mr. FOWLER was clearly right when he said that "he regarded the question as one of "internal discipline in the police force." Sir CHARLES seems to have made a very thorough investigation. He examined not only policemen in the same division as BLOY, including the Superintendent who took the charge, but also friends and neighbours of the girl. He came to the conclusion that BLOY had spoken the truth, and he said so in a police order. It has been contended that the inquiry should have been an open one. If it had, there would have been no protection for witnesses, and a repetition of the scandalous farce associated with the name of Miss CASS. The one mistake which Sir CHARLES WARREN made, and which we must admit was a grave one, is that in the official document exonerating BLOY, he reflected, though not in the strong terms attributed to him, upon the decision of the magistrate. That he had of course no right to do, and Mr. MATTHEWS long ago expressed to Mr. BAGGALLAY his regret for the occurrence. Here is a pretty thing to occupy a representative Assembly, overburdened with the affairs of an empire. BLOY, we understand, has been removed from West Ham to Poplar. Mr. BAGGALLAY has received an apology from a Secretary of State. The girl suffered no more hardship than any other defendant who has been acquitted and discharged. Sir AUGUSTUS STEPHENSON, the Solicitor to the Treasury, who instituted an inquiry quite independent of Sir CHARLES WARREN'S, also exonerated BLOY, whom, therefore, it would have been impossible to visit with any penalty. Mr. PICKERSGILL's motion was merely one more attempt, and a miserably unsuccessful one, to get up a case against what Mr. GLADSTONE calls "the admirable police force of the "metropolis." The fount and origin of these attacks is perfectly notorious. Mr. PICKERSGILL and Mr. HOWELL are only tools. If the Metropolitan Police had not in the year 1885 detected and brought to light certain nefarious practices over which it was sought to throw the veil of philanthropy and religion, this defiance of the police would have been left to their old enemies, who do not mingle hypocrisy with crime. Policemen may conduct themselves like other people, as a case heard before Mr. VAUGHAN on Tuesday shows. Indeed, one of the worst results of the disgraceful campaign to which we have referred is, that it tempts all decent people to support every constable and magistrate, whether his acts be wise or foolish, right or wrong.

SIR HENRY JAMES ON UNIONISM.

GREAT credit is due to some Gladstonians for the combination of sadness and mildness with which they have rebuked Sir HENRY JAMES's statement that the Liberal-Unionist members of the Eighty Club were "expelled." This unwonted moderation may perhaps be accounted for by the fact that they are in possession of something like a case—a luxury which has not fallen to the Gladstonian share since the end of 1885, at any rate. As a matter of fact, we believe that the Liberal-Unionists were not expelled from the Eighty Club. That Society, like another and greater thing, is a peculiar institution. It scorns the vain delights of the ordinary temple of luxury and ease. The privileges, advantages, and benefits which its membership confers, as far as profane and disqualified outsiders are aware, consist of the right and duty to work for the Liberal cause, and of the right and duty to entertain distinguished Liberals at dinner and be edified by the words of wisdom that drop from their mouths. It is believed that neither of these privileges was forcibly withheld from Mr. ELLIOT and his fellow-recalcitrants. They were quite at liberty to go on working with the Eighty Club—it being understood that the work of the Eighty Club was to be strenuously directed to the turning out of such of themselves as were members of Parliament from their seats, and to the carrying of the measure to which all of them, whether members of Parliament or not, were as unflinchingly opposed as in "Eighty" all Liberals, save two or three, were. They were perfectly at liberty to entertain and to listen—always provided that no man on their own side was ever to be entertained or listened to, and that they were to supply the dinner, and be paid with the words, of strict Gladstonians only, from Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. MORLEY down to, in process of time, Mr. HARRINGTON and Dr. TANNER. On these terms, we believe, they might have continued members of the Eighty Club till the year Eightyhundred, if they and the Club had the secret of such long life. Finding the prospect of belonging to a working and entertaining Club which was working only for their own political destruction and entertaining only their own political enemies not enticing, they ceased to belong to that Club. But they were not expelled.

The crime of Sir HENRY JAMES in making the statement that they were expelled is so great that, we repeat, much credit is due to Gladstonians for their moderation in denouncing it. It is not ever, or indeed often, thus with them now; despite the Pisgah sights of promised (or shall we say promissory?) lands on which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT from time to time permits his ravished eyes to rest; despite the declaration of Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN that all is well, and despite the fluent fatuity of Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE. The right which was long ago asserted and vindicated by Gladstonians to the title of the ill-tempered party establishes and confirms itself day by day. We saw last week the mere raving to which, supposing him to be serious, an intelligent man like Mr. LABOUCHERE was reduced; and though the sight of Lord SALISBURY laughing at an impertinent competitor in his (Mr. LABOUCHERE's) own pet project of abolishing the House of Lords has restored Mr. LABOUCHERE this week to good humour and something like good sense, the memory of his description of the Gang will not soon perish. Mr. LABOUCHERE's party at large are even crosser than Mr. LABOUCHERE. As the Government shoots eddy after eddy, and avoids rock after rock, the Gladstonian gloom grows to such an extent that a far-seeing and kindly-minded man may tremble for the chances of their continued belief in Providence, their own earthly Providence of Hawarden. The general favour with which the two great schemes of Mr. GOSCHEN and Mr. RITCHIE have been received has prevented them for the moment from grumbling at these; but the signs of driven-in exasperation are only the more evident. One humble Gladstonian, exhibiting the effect of continued ill fortune upon Irish gallantry, was constrained the other day to relieve his feelings by informing his Irish audience that "English "peeresses are an ill-favoured race"—that was the only word of comfort he could find in a long Parliamentary letter. Others more chivalrous relieve themselves by an additional concentration of wrath upon Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR, whose relish for abuse must surely have grown by this time as callous as GARRICK's for praise. Sir HENRY JAMES could have had no difficulty in finding a tender place where all is raw.

The late legal adviser, however, of the late Liberal party did not confine himself to improvising jests on the Eighty Club, or to applying afresh those of a poet of our own on the inside-out identity of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's uniform. He went back to that general argument on the main question which is sometimes, and by Separatists naturally enough, sneered at as repetition and platitude, but which it is absolutely necessary to keep before the public if the Unionist alliance is to be upheld and the Unionist object kept safe. It is sometimes urged, and again by Separatists naturally enough, that this Unionism, this alliance *ad hoc*, is a sterile and negative creed, which cannot long continue to inspire a majority of the people of the three kingdoms. To this there are two answers—one of demonstration and the other of retort. In the first place, the alliance has already, in this very Session, produced two great constructive measures, each of more importance in its kind than anything which Mr. GLADSTONE, with his huge majorities of 1868 and 1880,

was able even to bring in; and one of these is as good as carried. Further, it is at least possible, and, especially if the Gladstonian attitude remains the same, it is even probable, that the continued amicable working together, at first in independent fashion, of the Tory and Liberal sections of Unionism will produce a distinctly new party. Such a party would aim, as Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH suggested, in his singularly sensible and sound speech to the Primrose League on Wednesday, neither at mere resistance, nor at that continual tinkering with institutions which has been the curse of the last fifty years, but at the kind of foreseeing legislation of which PITT set the example a hundred years ago, and which was only checked by the actual excesses of democracy in France and the threatened imitation of them at home. And, on the other hand, the reproach brought against Unionism recoils with crushing force on the Gladstonian party themselves. There, if they like, is a party with a programme which has no future in it. It is not the programme of the old Liberal party; for, in the first place, that programme is still held complete and unbroken by the Liberal-Unionists with Lord HARTINGTON at their head; and, in the second place, the negation of one of its chief articles has taken the place with the Gladstonians of the affirmation of all the rest. Yet again this negation is quite essentially negative. Every Gladstonian knows that he is fighting for nothing but for some form of Home Rule, and no Gladstonian knows what form of Home Rule he is fighting for. The form of the year before last is officially pronounced to be dead, and is buried under the seal of every Gladstonian leader. No other form has ever been proposed, much less accepted or recommended, by authority. Mr. FREEMAN, the other day—at that beggarly Home Rule meeting at Oxford which contrasted so remarkably with the meeting held last week at the sister University by one section only, and that the smallest, of Cambridge Unionists—said that Home Rulers had a special right to and interest in the toast of the Crown. There is another toast which they can give even more sincerely in the same sense, and that is the toast of Mr. GLADSTONE. Mr. GLADSTONE'S sealed orders, Mr. GLADSTONE'S undisclosed nomination, these are the things, and the only things, that the Separatist party can put its faith or its fortunes upon. It has no other principles, no other programme, and when it goes to the country it must go to the country on a blank schedule of policy. Certainly there could be no greater proof of confidence than the acceptance of such a schedule; but the chief hope of Gladstonians that it will ever be accepted must lie in the continued success of another thing in which the word "confidence" figures—to wit, the confidence trick.

SCARLET TAPE.

WILL anybody be surprised to hear that the water-pipes of a metropolitan householder recently burst? They did so, and the householder sought relief at the hands of a plumber. The plumber, for one reason or another, was not available, and the householder tried to bethink himself of another. One of the consequences of living in a metropolis is not always to know, when your usual arrangements are momentarily out of gear, where to look for a substitute. The householder, therefore, being a person of resource, turned into the nearest post-office, and asked leave to look at the Directory. The clerk told him that it could not be. Being a male he announced these surprising tidings, not with savage glee, but with sympathetic regret. His words were sufficiently remarkable to be recorded. "Sir," he said, "we are not allowed to keep them."

It is not known how long ago this ingenious method of inflicting a petty inconvenience on a large number of the lieges was devised by the mighty intellects brooding over St. Martin's-le-Grand. Nor is it known, or even possible to imagine, how any person can have justified, even to himself, the issue of so ridiculous an order. If there is one place in the world where a Post Office Directory is likely to be useful it is a post-office, and if there is one book in the world which the customers of HER MAJESTY'S Postmaster-General are likely to want to consult it is a Post Office Directory. Why, then, should a privilege which everybody has long made use of without thinking about it be suddenly and arbitrarily abolished? There can be but one answer. In the words of Mr. LEWIS CARROLL, "Because he knows it "teases." Who "he" may actually be does not matter. For practical purposes he is Mr. RAIKES. He either is or has control over the actual culprit, and he is in any case the person responsible to the public. The matter being here and now brought to his notice, he has an excellent opportunity of making himself useful by rescinding the absurd regulation without the loss of an instant. If he does not do so, he will in the next few days cause many innocent persons to hope earnestly that there is some truth in the singular report that he is about to proceed to a remote colony in a high official capacity. The wish may not be in the highest degree altruistic, or in the widest sense patriotic, but it will be natural, intelligible, and widely felt.

THE PASSING OF THE CONVERSION BILL.

THE rapid progress of Mr. GOSCHEN'S conversion scheme through the House of Commons may be a proof of the value of the new Procedure Rules, or it may be only one of various pieces of evidence that the Opposition has been taught to avoid obstruction by observations made during the recess. Of the two explanations the second would be decidedly the most acceptable, though it is not wholly reconcilable with other matters. But to whatever cause the speed may be due, it is satisfactory to find that we have come again to a time in which the House of Commons can attend to business. After a long series of Sessions, in which every day before Easter was wasted in barren and acrimonious talk, it is like a return to health to find an important measure introduced, debated, and carried before an exceptionally early holiday. The Pharisee is not a model we are taught to imitate, but the comparison he made in his own favour was human. In this matter we may, provided it be with Pity, and not with Swelling or Pride, reflect that the scheme has been creditably received by those to whom it must entail inconvenience and even loss. There has been no sign of the unpatriotic selfishness on the part of the bondholders which compels France, for instance, to pay a rate of interest in excess of what is made necessary by its credit. Mr. GOSCHEN'S Bill has been received, if not with enthusiasm—that could hardly be expected from human virtue—still with resignation by small investors, and even by the heavily-burdened and ill-treated race of trustees, on whom it will impose more unremunerated trouble and more responsibility.

The proceedings in Committee last Tuesday seem to have been quoted from the reports of a Session of twenty years ago. Mr. GEDGE was fiercely wroth with the Bill, and called it ill drafted because it did not promise to do what it was never meant to do. But the anger of Mr. GEDGE and his tender regard for the New Threes were neither novel nor troublesome. The attempt to get up a case of bribery against the Ministry on the strength of the commission to be given to bankers might have been annoying in recent times. On Tuesday it failed completely. The scolding of Mr. H. FOWLER, the stern morality of Sir W. HARCOURT, and the grave doubts of Mr. GLADSTONE did not occupy more than a reasonable amount of time. Mr. CHILDERS helped the Ministry materially by pointing out that he had not done what Mr. GOSCHEN is doing. This instantly reminded the House that Mr. CHILDERS'S conversion scheme had been a complete failure, and afforded further reason for taking a very different course from his. The question is a very simple one when it is put in plain words. It is only whether the Ministry, having a piece of work to do in the general interest, is or is not fairly entitled to make a small payment to private persons who give help? There may be no exact precedent for the form of what the Ministry is doing; but there are abundant precedents for the substance, without going to the purchase of the Canal shares, or the more recent action of the Indian Government. It is not seriously pretended that the bondholders will lose anything by the payment of 1*s.* 6*d.* per cent. to the bankers. The commission is given to encourage a part of the business community which can materially facilitate the working of the scheme to exert themselves. To offer it to the bondholders who may manage their business directly would be to pay them for doing their own work—and work which has been made compulsory by Parliament. Mr. GEDGE'S attempt to include the New Threes in this part of the scheme only shows his belief that the commission is in some way a gift made by Government to individuals. The conversion of this stock will be immediate and automatic. There is no occasion here for the intervention of an agent, or even for any action on the

part of the bondholder, and therefore no occasion for the payment of any commission. As regards the other stocks, there is need for voluntary co-operation by the public and their agents, and the 1s. 6d. per cent. is offered to stimulate it. The only reason for refusing to give the commission would be that it is excessive or unnecessary; but it has not been proved to be either. The bondholders will gain by a reward which will encourage their bankers to act promptly. Mr. CHILDERS's complaint that the one-and-sixpences may mount up to 150,000*l.*, or even 200,000*l.*, only shows how deeply rooted is the faith that all spending of money is vicious. The larger sum would be a moderate amount to pay to facilitate the working of a measure which will save the State over a million at once, and far more a few years hence. His plan only cost 5,000*l.* in circulars sent out by the Bank of England, it is true; but then it was a complete failure. It is better to give a pound for getting something done than twopence for nothing. If Mr. GOSCHEN wished for a text on which to write an essay on the difference between useful and useless expenditure, he might well take that 5,000*l.* and this 1s. 6d. per cent. The House of Commons showed its view of the matter by a majority of 117.

RECENT POLITICAL SPEECHES.

IT seems at last to be admitted by the Gladstonians themselves that they are not winning. True, they endeavour, while admitting the fact, to examine it for its concealed consolations. Indeed, they are sometimes heard to go further than the well-known saying of one of the historic leaders of their party, and to come near to maintaining, not merely that losing at their favourite game is the next best thing to winning, but that it is the better thing of the two. The precious jewel in the toad's head is so very precious to them, it would appear, that they can hardly bring themselves to speak of its wearer as "ugly and "venomous" at all. Adversity is so invaluable a teacher; it is giving them, as Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN has just said at Cirencester, so exactly "the discipline they want" that they feel it to be ungrateful to complain of its discomforts. This is a very edifying frame of mind, and long may it and its cause continue. That the Unionist party should administer the discipline of adversity, and that the Separatists should do the profiting by it, is a division of labour of which we cordially approve. If the latest electoral defeat of a Gladstonian candidate exercises so salutary an effect upon their political associates, we can only express our hope that, to use a homely phrase, "there is more where that came from." We cannot but fear, however, that the moment the supply of this healthy medicinal agent intermits—as, in the nature of things, it must do now and then—we shall note an instant change in the attitude of pious resignation. The truth is that, as Lord HARTINGTON substantially, though indirectly, put it the other night at Carlisle, the party which follows Mr. GLADSTONE are unable to resist either the elating or the depressing effect of the only signs which they look for or care about in political controversy. Their "final and con- "clusive argument against us is," said Lord HARTINGTON, "that we are a small party, that we are diminishing, and "are speedily to be swept away into political insignificance. "And these facts, if they are facts, which we deny, seem "to be held up as reasons why we should change our "opinions." To Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who is the largest dealer in the taunt in question, they *are* reasons, and, what is more, the only reasons which he practically recognizes, why men should change their opinions. The year before last Sir WILLIAM and the other converts among whom he was the most distinguished made the, for them, most mortifying blunder of shouting with the crowd which proved not to be the largest. Their only hope now, since the other crowd would now naturally object to the addition of their voices, is that the relative proportion of the two crowds may be transposed. That is for them the beginning and end of politics. This is the one practical question of absorbing interest, which eclipses all speculative issues whatever. How, then, can they help being elated or depressed, according as they think they see signs that their crowd is beginning to exceed the other, or that it is maintaining its original level of inferiority? And how should they be elated or depressed at anything else?

Unionists, as the leader of their Liberal wing points out, have principles which they are glad to know have controversially triumphed; and under sporadic electoral defeats they can always sustain themselves with the hope that right reason will prevail again, as it has prevailed before, with the constituencies as a whole. At the same time it is natural and legitimate to rejoice in moderation at all contemporary signs of success, and the eminently cheerful tone of Lord HARTINGTON's last speech is fully justified by recent events. The County Government Bill is, of course, a measure altogether to his taste, and he no doubt regards it with satisfaction, as notably strengthening the Unionist alliance on its Liberal side. In connexion, too, with this subject he took occasion to correct a current misrepresentation of his views on the matter of Local Government in Ireland. He repudiated the declaration attributed to him by Mr. MORLEY that "the Irish people should never have self- "government till they had renounced the idea of nationality." It is characteristic of that nebulous school of politicians with which Mr. MORLEY has chosen to associate himself that they should regard a practical statesman of Lord HARTINGTON's type as in the least likely to trouble himself about the renunciation of so vague an "idea." One might as well say that the Irish could not with safety be admitted to this or that political privilege until they formally recanted the belief that Ireland is "the first flower of the earth and first "gem of the sea." The important question is not whether they retain or renounce an "idea of nationality," but whether they persist in or desist from the attempt to compass certain definite political ends which are dangerous to the interests of the United Kingdom. Lord HARTINGTON, however, goes further than this, and to a point to which we at least are not prepared to follow him. "I do not believe," he said, "that the Irish need necessarily abandon their demand for "a separate Parliament before they receive the boon of "increased local self-government. All I ask is that Parlia- "ment should satisfy itself before it gives assent to a measure "largely extending powers to popular bodies in Ireland "that the Executive Government retains in its hands all "the powers which are necessary for the enforcement of "order and for the enforcement of justice between class and "class and between man and man." Surely, however, we may further ask that Parliament should satisfy itself that the extended powers thus conferred upon popular bodies in Ireland are not capable of being diverted, or, at any rate, are not likely to be diverted, to the promotion of the movement for a separate Irish Parliament.

The melancholy contrast between the moods of the two parties receives further illustration from a comparison of Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH's animated address of last Wednesday, at the East End, with those chastened utterances of Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN to which we have already referred. Although a preacher of resignation, and of the acceptance of the schooling of adversity, Sir GEORGE is not altogether successful in the practice of those virtues. Much of the speech which he prefaced by the admirable exhortations above mentioned was somewhat querulous in tone, and it contained throughout a great deal more complaint than argument. What, for instance, is to be said of this protest against the "singular unfairness" with which the Irish members are treated? "When people wanted "to justify the severities used against the Irish members "they were in the habit of quoting from speeches made "by them years ago, at a time when one of the great British "parties, under the guidance of its great leader, had not "declared itself to be in earnest to do justice to Ireland." We can quite understand Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN's dislike of quotations from speeches made years ago, or even from those made not many months ago; but, as a matter of fact, the process is not in the least necessary for the purpose for which it is stated to be employed. "When people want to "justify," what Sir GEORGE calls—but only in the case of some half-dozen men of conspicuous position, and not in that of the scores of obscure persons who are undergoing them in Ireland—"severities against the Irish members," they do not need to quote, and, in fact, would gain nothing by quoting, from speeches made by these members years ago. What people do quote from are speeches made only weeks or days ago—speeches actually inciting to those offences which bring down "severities" on those whom they lead astray, and richly deserving, therefore, of the punishment meted out to them. And when Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, who has himself assisted to govern Ireland under a far sterner code of law than exists at present, talks of the "persecution of "Irish members, both inside and outside Parliament, going "on with greater barbarity than ever," we can only marvel at the judicial fatuity which seems to overtake even the best intelligences once prostrated before Mr.

GLADSTONE's. What may it be, this "persecution"? Is it perchance the plank-bed—that disciplinary couch with which Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN a few years ago, nothing doubting of the excellence of his own motives, and never for a moment suspecting himself of "barbarity," provided Mr. TIMOTHY HARRINGTON? No wonder Sir GEORGE contends that "a "man should be judged by his speeches of to-day," though even that stipulation indeed is not altogether a safe one; for, if the yesterday speeches of the former Chief Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant cannot, according to his present views, be regarded as doing much honour to his heart, his speeches of to-day are singularly unfruitful of credit to his head. Such a deliverance as that of the other night at Cirencester—so futile in point of thought, so peevish and petulant in tone—is indeed a pitiable falling off from the earlier reputation of one who was wont to be among the brightest and most incisive of political speakers. It is an "awful example" of the consequences of straying from the straight route and firm foothold of the Unionist path into the jungle and morass through which the wretched followers of Mr. GLADSTONE are condemned to flounder after their leader.

THE *ESERCITO* SCARE.

AS the *Esercito* is said to be well informed, and not alarmist, it must be supposed to have some authority for the startling story it has set going this week. Its little piece of news is of the most stirring character as it stands. If the Italian military paper is to be believed, France was some weeks since "on the point of making a *coup de main* "on Spezia." The Ministry of Marine at Paris had its plan and its aim, and the ships were almost ready. On the other hand, the Italian Government was not ready, and when it was informed of the good intentions of its neighbour had to make frantic preparations both at Spezia and Genoa. Things were soon on a different footing; and, if the declaration of war, which was to have preceded the actual sending of the French squadron by a few hours only, had ever actually come out, it is to be presumed that the assailants would have found *à qui parler*.

When a story of this kind is published by a paper with a reputation to lose and known to enjoy official inspiration, it must be presumed to be published for some purpose. As to the truth of the details, we do not profess to have an opinion. The report may be substantially accurate, and yet not be of much actual importance. A few weeks since may mean the time when France and Italy were at the height of their dispute over the irregularities of the French Consul and the Italian Pretor at Florence. If that is so, then the Ministry of Marine at Paris may very possibly have prepared a plan for an attack on Spezia in case the war which M. FLOURENS seemed to be anxious to provoke did actually break out. No doubt, too, the Ministry would be disposed to show how smart it was by having its squadron ready within a few hours of the publication of the declaration. That an attack on the chief Italian arsenal would be undertaken if ever the countries were actually to begin fighting was always well known. But, though all this may be true, it does not follow that France was getting ready, or is inclined to make an attack on Italy out of pure malignity. If the Italian Government happens to have a dispute with its neighbour, it ought in common prudence to be prepared to see its quarrel end in open war, and to prepare accordingly. So the story in the *Esercito* may have some historic truth, and yet may be more disquieting than much that appears daily. More interesting than any evidence of the truth of the story would be some account of the *Esercito's* reasons for publishing it at this time. A Continental paper of a semi-official character does not usually print even thoroughly trustworthy information likely to cause alarm except for a definite purpose. If the *Esercito* thinks proper to make its information public at this moment, and the *Riforma*, an undoubtedly official paper, is allowed to confirm the story in a way, it may be taken for granted that the Italian Government and War Office have some reason for letting it do so. The secrets of rulers are good things to guess at—if a man likes the amusement, which is somewhat idle—but the significance of the *Esercito's* story is patent enough. France and Italy are on the worst possible terms. The incident at Florence, the other incidents on the frontier, the riot at Arles, and the denunciation of the treaty of commerce, with all the angry talk and legislative action which have followed, are all proofs of the ill humour of both parties. On the French side there is a firm conviction that the Italians are an ungrateful, upstart nation, which owes everything to France and forgets its obligations. On the Italian side there is an equally settled belief that France, after paying itself for its trouble in '59 by taking Savoy and Nice, wants to be paid in subservience also, and would like to play Russia to Italy's Bulgaria. There is a good deal to be said on both sides, for the Italians have been unblushingly cynical, and the French are as incapable as ever of thinking that there can be any reciprocity of services between themselves and their neighbours. That any nation can be justified in considering its own interests first and those of France afterwards, is what has never appeared credible to the French mind. The mere notion of such a thing fills them with disgust and perfectly unaffected moral indignation. Both parties being in this frame of mind, they are, of course, prepared to believe anything of one another; and that explains how a serious paper like the *Esercito* can gravely assert that France was about to make a piratical attack on Spezia. Some basis there probably is for believing in the existence of that plan at the Ministry of Marine; but it would require a stronger and more daring Government than has been seen of late years at Paris to play the very dangerous game described by the Italian paper. But, whatever amount of truth there may be in the story, the existence of feelings of anger and distrust on both sides is one of the most serious features of the dangerous general position in Europe.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION.

THE Imperial Federation League is entitled to think nobly of itself at all times, and speak well of itself at its annual meeting. Perhaps those evil times, when "the "Empire lay listless all over the world, politically passive," were not so evil as Lord ROSEBERY is bound to represent. The Empire's passivity never extended to the stoppage of its growth. It could always digest and grow bigger, which were the most important things it had to do; and, if it did not find it necessary to stop every moment and take note of its increase in size, that was no sign of want of health. A countryman of Lord ROSEBERY's was of opinion that it was exactly the reverse. However, the period of excellent or not excellent passivity is over, and the Empire has taken to listening to itself. Happily what it says by the mouth of the Imperial Federation League is what we like to hear it say. The Empire is not only conscious of its unity, but satisfied with it. The examples of the growth of Imperial sentiment cited by Lord ROSEBERY are very pleasing. The formation of the Australasian squadron and the presence of Australasian gentlemen in the House of Commons are both excellent signs. Perhaps Lord ROSEBERY himself is not the least encouraging example of the growth of a feeling favourable to the unity of the Empire. The wind must have been blowing strongly in that direction when a member of his Lordship's party can talk about the greatness of the Empire as a thing worth preserving, and even can display "Imperial sentiment," though the word and the thing are associated with the memory of a late wicked Tory statesman, who excited the wrath of the virtuous by insisting on their value.

We do not like the League the less because it has made its mind up not to try to cut Parliament up and turn it into something new. The wind has not been blowing in *that* direction of late, as Lord ROSEBERY knows, and it is wiser in the League not to wish to replace the historic Parliament of England by any brand-new invention on the lines of the Legislative Chamber of the last territory admitted to form one of the United States. How many of the members of the League agree with Lord ROSEBERY in thinking that it would be desirable to have a "Senate" in London consisting in part of Colonial representatives who would take a share in general government we do not know, though we guess. For the rest, it does not greatly signify, since they have all decided to allow this imaginary Senate to remain in the condition of pious wish. In that state it can do no harm. The Leaguers will deserve the character of practical men claimed for them by Lord ROSEBERY by agreeing to take it for granted that—as he himself put it—we have the essentials of any possible Imperial Constitution already. It may seem that, if this is so, the Imperial Federation League has no further reason for its existence. But it would be cruel to extinguish a

patriotic body which is doing no harm, and is even anxious to forward the doing of some good. It may innocently hold its yearly meeting, and eat its dinner. If it also "keeps a "vigilant eye" on the public good, that will do no manner of injury. The objects on which the Chairman asked it to direct that eye are worth watching. He spoke of "the different "requirements for Imperial defence that lie outside these "islands," a phrase which probably owes some of its form to the reporter, but conveys a sufficiently distinct meaning. He also urged the League to do its best to facilitate communication between the different parts of the Empire, to utilize every organization and opportunity "that may seem to offer "a chance of drawing our different commonwealths closer "and closer," to further Colonial aspirations in that direction, and generally to preach the word at home and in the Colonies. If the League does these things, said Lord ROSEBERY, "the scattered peoples of one race under our flag "will recognize more and more deeply the unity of the "Empire in sympathy and interest and aim. And when "that is done, our work will progress of itself." What the work is, unless it is the formation of the Senate aforesaid, is not particularly clear. When the mother-country and the Colonies have realized the unity Lord ROSEBERY describes, the work, we take it, will be done—and we are by no means sure that it has not been done already. Neither is it very clear how the League as a body is helping the work on. There need be no cavil on that point, however. The League does reasonable service, after all, by meeting and dining yearly in the cause of unity. It could not choose a finer symbolical illustration of what friendly union means.

GENERAL BOULANGER.

THE result of the Court of Inquiry which is to be held on General BOULANGER'S alleged misconduct cannot be doubtful. Whether the General came to Paris in a pair of blue spectacles or not does not greatly matter. There can be no doubt that he came to Paris without leave. He has confessed it himself, and does not even attempt to deny that he came not only without leave, but in spite of a refusal of the permission which he had asked. This was, of course, distinctly insubordinate conduct. It may be the case, as General BOULANGER has asserted, that leave is never refused to a divisional commander who wishes to visit Paris on private affairs; but the mere fact that it was refused to him shows that he was not considered to be in the same position as other officers of his rank, and the refusal was substantially an order to remain at his post. In order to prove that he has not been guilty of insubordination, General BOULANGER must show that it is a recognized practice in the French army for divisional commanders to leave their commands in defiance of the Minister of War. He will hardly be able to prove that, and the Court of Inquiry must condemn him as a matter of course. No doubt the journey to Paris is a pretext for the proceedings against him. He has been dismissed, not because he has broken a regulation of the service, but because he is believed to be playing a political rôle. But that was only what he might have expected. A general who wishes to impose himself on the Government of his country should take care not to give his enemies an advantage over him. It is quite possible that General BOULANGER provided the pretext and provoked the dismissal.

Whether General BOULANGER will be effectually silenced by expulsion from the army is, however, very doubtful. He will, of course, be rendered unable to head a military rising, except in the very improbable case that the French army is ripe for a revolt. The General himself, doubtless, never intended to imitate the proceedings of Spanish generals of the old stamp. His hope must have been that he would attain power by making himself generally popular. It is not at all clear that he will be less able to do that as a civilian than as a soldier. He is certainly not popular with the people of Paris, or at least with that part of them which makes its opinion known through newspapers of standing. But, then, neither was Prince LOUIS NAPOLEON, and yet he became both President and Emperor. The discreditable incidents of the General's career are not worse than early incidents in the life of the Emperor NAPOLEON III. The letters to the DUC D'AUMALE answer to the landing at Boulogne, and the blue spectacles, if they are not imaginary, are equivalent to the contemptible fiasco at Strasburg. Compulsory retirement from the army will not even make it impossible for General BOULANGER to carry through a *coup d'état*; for, if he is ever in a position of sufficient influence to make one at all, he will readily find another ST.-ARNAUD to do the military part of the work for him. Everything depends on whether he can attain to that position or not. If the probability is to be judged of by the qualities of the men at present at the head of the French Government, it may be said to be very considerable. The whole body of Republican politicians are obviously thoroughly afraid of the General. They have watched him, set spies on him, and seized on a technical excuse for getting rid of him. Of course this has marked him out more distinctly than ever as the natural leader of all those Frenchmen who regard the Third Republic with contempt. Their number is considerable; and, if they were ably led, the present race of politicians could be easily swept aside. The Chamber is showing itself more and more incapable; it will neither govern nor allow others to govern. An astonishing instance of its haste and incompetence has been given during the passing of this year's Budget. On the recommendation of the Budget Committee, a number of fiscal changes were accepted, which abolished taxes to the amount of 300,000,000 francs. They were mostly taken from the Excise on alcoholic drinks. When the Chamber, which had left the discussion of the Budget till the eleventh hour, and was working with frantic haste and excitement, discovered that it had thrown away this enormous slice of the revenue of France, and had not even thought of any alternative resource, it suddenly undid all it had just done, and replaced the repealed taxes in a lump. No Chamber can long survive the contempt which must be caused by such frivolous stupidity as this, and it is only one example out of many. The whole administrative business of the French Government is conducted in the same way. The finances of the country are in a state which threatens to illustrate once more what Mr. CARLYLE called the greatness of bankruptcy. The immense wealth of France is taxed to the extremity of even its power of paying. In spite of this, however, the waste and extravagance in all the Government offices is greater than it has ever been since the fall of the old Monarchy. The floating debt is accumulating with astonishing rapidity, and the Government only gets on from month to month by renewing its bills, by paying enormous interest (considering how good the credit of France is) for temporary accommodation, and by the expedients of an impecunious tradesman. It is impossible that this can continue much longer without leading to a crisis. There is no political ability in the Chamber, no organized parties capable of governing, no common principles or common aims to keep men together. France has been misgoverned and oppressed before; but even during the years just before the Great Revolution it was never in such a welter of feeble incompetence. Unless it is to sink into utter insignificance, there must be a speedy and complete change. How it is to be brought about is, no doubt, a very obscure question. Neither Bonapartist nor Royalist leaders occupy a position which promises well for their success in seizing power. M. CLÉMENCEAU, the only untried politician in the Chamber, has never given any sign that he is other than a wire-puller and windy speechifier. M. FERRY is hated with extraordinary rancour. There is certainly nothing intrinsically improbable in the opinion held by some observers that, if General BOULANGER plays his part as a politician with judgment and spirit, and a proper contempt for the mob of little men in the Chamber, he may sweep them all out of his way. To be sure, he has not yet proved that he has much more governing faculty than his cousin M. CLÉMENCEAU, but at least he has not shirked office, and has not confined himself to intriguing with no visible object, except to make government by other men impossible.

THE ARREARS BILL.

AMONG the many excellent reasons which justified the Government in declining to reopen the question settled by the Land Act of last year, it would have been quite sufficient for them to have relied upon one alone. All that could possibly be represented as equitable in Mr. PARNELL'S Bill was offered to him and his followers under Mr. POWELL WILLIAMS'S amendment; and as they rejected that offer last Session, so did they this year decline to entertain it. The theatrical indignation of Mr. DILLON—that picturesque and romantic patriot, who, by some unfortunate chance, is continually being put, like any prosaic HEALY or O'CONNOR, to the defence of his veracity—cannot make people forget one of the most significant passages in the Irish debates of 1887. It is the simple fact that the Parnellites had last year the fullest opportunity of including

the tenant's arrears of rent in the relieving operation of the Act, on the bare equitable condition that he should be prevented from going to the County Court to get the debt to his landlord cancelled, and then paying twenty shillings in the pound to the small shopkeeper and the gombeen man. Not only did they decline this opportunity, but they displayed much irritation and uneasiness at the mere circumstance of its being presented to them. Mr. DILLON is quite mistaken in supposing that the public have forgotten the contortions of the Irish party in wriggling out of acceptance of a proposal which, though obviously just in itself, was most distasteful to a class of tenants' creditors whom, in the interests of the National League, it would be most undesirable to offend. These humiliating gymnastics, we can assure Mr. DILLON, are perfectly well remembered; and, though we can understand his annoyance at being so pointedly reminded of them in debate, he ought to reflect that the mere form of the issue submitted to the House in the amendment to Mr. PARNELL's motion for the second reading of his Bill would alone have served the same purpose as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's and Mr. BALFOUR's speeches. Mr. PARNELL and his party had before them the proposition that "no Bill providing for "a composition of arrears of rent in Ireland will be satis-"factory to this House and effectual for the relief of the "tenants which does not at the same time deal with their "debts to other creditors than the landlords." Having this proposition before them, they elected to support instead a proposal to deal only with the debts due by the tenant to his landlord. It does not need to be a profound politician to understand the meaning; it needs only to be an intelligent and honest man. And, inasmuch as the majority of Englishmen, though not professed politicians, are intelligent and honest, we can leave the question to their judgment in perfect repose of mind.

We are, however, very far from admitting that, even if the Parnellites make such a concession to conscience as would have been needed in the acceptance of the amendment, the case for further "relieving" legislation would have been established. Mr. T. W. RUSSELL, who seems a little too ready to believe that a unique political position gives a necessary title to supreme political influence, would have done well to more closely examine the basis of his Bill—a little less objectionable one than Mr. PARNELL's—before submitting it to the House. As it was, his case was quite unequal to sustaining the destructive attack of the CHIEF SECRETARY for IRELAND. Mr. RUSSELL's two main propositions—that, if a rent has been "unjust," the arrears must be unjust, and that it must have been unjust if it has been reduced by a Land Court—afford melancholy proof of the moral and mental chaos to which the legislative methods invented by Mr. GLADSTONE have reduced plain men's understandings. The words "just" and "unjust" have probably undergone harder usage within the last ten years than they have suffered since the days of the Sophists. We will content ourselves for the present with asking Mr. RUSSELL to explain to us why it is that, if the arrears of a rent which has been subsequently reduced are "unjust," the excess of returns from a holding the rent of which has been subsequently raised are not unjust also. The cases are precisely analogous; and, if the landlord has no moral claim to the arrears of a rent which, by the assumption, is more than the land is worth, the tenant cannot possibly have a moral claim to retain that part of his profits which arose from his having held the land at less than its value. But one point alone in Mr. BALFOUR's excellent and closely-reasoned speech would have been sufficient for the answering either of Mr. RUSSELL or of Mr. PARNELL. The County Court judges already have the power to spread arrears over a number of years when the tenant shows that his indebtedness is not "due to his own act or default." Yet this power has only been exercised in one-quarter of the cases that have come before them. What would be likely to be the proportion of cases in which a County Court judge would exercise a discretion of wiping out the arrears altogether? No answer was given to the question by Mr. HEALY, who followed Mr. BALFOUR, and than whom no one is more capable of finding an answer if it were possible; and the point was of course beneath Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's rhetorical notice. Yet it is really decisive of the whole controversy.

OBSTRUCTION AT LAST.

AT last the Parnellites have broken through the restraints which have been placed upon them, and, with the assistance of a few distinguished recruits, have tried their hands again at the game which recent Procedure reforms have made so difficult and unprofitable to them. Of course their case was a most plausible one—it always is. Indeed, it almost always used to be, even in the days when they were not compelled to satisfy the proprieties represented on the front Opposition bench. Mr. HEALY denied, for instance, that he had used any "threat" of obstructing the Criminal Evidence Bill. He had merely "expressed his "intention of exercising his constitutional right of oppo-"sing the measure." In the exercise of that constitutional right he will have the assistance of some of Mr. GLADSTONE's late official colleagues; while the grounds of his opposition are supported, it is fair to add, though it is somewhat singular to have to do so, by a speaker of no less authority, personal and professional, than Sir HENRY JAMES. Mr. HEALY and his friends are vehemently hostile to the proposal to allow an Irish prisoner to tender himself as a witness in his own case. They admit, as the House generally was agreed, that it might be a good thing to allow English prisoners to do so, but in Ireland a different state of things prevailed. And this position Mr. HEALY proceeded to fortify by a series of arguments which have, so far as we can see, no sort of application to a proposal which cannot affect one single prisoner in Ireland, unless he chooses. Nevertheless, the contention was taken up by Mr. MORLEY and Sir HENRY JAMES, the latter of whom, however, argued against the extension of the Bill to Ireland, not so much, as we understand him, on the merits of the case as on the general ground that it is inexpedient to give any benefit to the Irish people unless with the approval of their representatives. Although he thought that the Irish members would in this case be teaching the people wrongly, "yet they would," he continued, "teach the "Irish people that this was a hostile measure, and if they "did that, might it not be that the Irish criminal" (Sir HENRY JAMES must clearly have meant "prisoner") "would "take up an attitude of dogged hostility to the measure, and "always refuse to go into the witness-box?" But, if so, who would be injured? And what would become of Mr. HEALY's fear of "conferring on removable magistrates the "power to cross examine the prisoners deprived of the "protection of a jury"? Sir HENRY JAMES deserves thanks for having so clearly brought out the fact that the Bill "confers no power on removable magistrates," as suggested by Mr. HEALY's amendment, but that it would rest solely with the prisoner to confer or withhold these powers himself.

It cannot, of course, be a matter of much importance whether the provisions of this Bill are extended to Ireland or not. No doubt it would be rather hard upon an Irish prisoner, who might be able to demonstrate his innocence if made a competent witness in his own case, that he should be debarred of the privilege because the member for North Longford desires to embarrass HER MAJESTY's Ministers; but that, after all, is the affair of the Irish constituencies. Every electorate must be assumed to have the representative, just as every nation may be assumed to have the kind of Government, which it deserves. Ministers would, of course, be fully justified in declining to extend the benefit of a new law to Ireland in the face of the factious opposition of Irish members, and whether they should or should not take this course at some future stage of the measure is a point worthy of consideration. But they were undoubtedly right in resisting the attempt to force their hands on Thursday night, and in vigorously employing the Closure to defeat it. Mr. PARNELL, who, as the leader of the House remarked, had abstained for five hours from taking part in the debate, can have no possible right to complain of being shut out by the motion of Closure at half-past ten, the more especially as he was allowed a subsequent opportunity, under rather unusual circumstances, on which we trust that the SPEAKER will not permit a precedent to be founded, of addressing the House. The acrimonious discussion which followed on the question of fixing the next stage of the Bill was of a kind familiar enough in these cases. The only novelty was the active participation in it of occupants of the front Opposition bench. It would have been better if Mr. MORLEY and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT had held aloof from the dispute and had intervened at a later moment, so as not to have left it to a colleague of Mr. SMITH's to repudiate on his behalf a charge of "discourtesy" which they must well know to be grossly unjust.

A JAPANESE PICTURE-BOOK.

THERE are many excellent things, as we have shown, in that exhibition of Chinese and Japanese art which Mr. Colvin, with admirable taste and judgment, has arranged in one of the rooms in the new White Building in the British Museum; but there is nothing more entertaining than the set of *makimonos* by some artist of the Yamato-Tosa school, in which are figured the adventures of the heroic Minamoto no Yorimitsu, otherwise known as Raikō, and the companions with whose aid he exterminated that dreadful ogre, the Shiūten Dōji, or Drink-bewildered Boy—the devourer of maidens, the ravening demon, who oppressed the "sea-surrounded, dragon-fly-shaped land" which is Nippon somewhere about the year of the Christian era 947. The story, says Mr. Anderson, "is as well known in Japan as that of Jack the Giant-Killer in England," and has been a theme for the Yamato-Tosa men from the thirteenth century onwards. As old at least as the seventeenth century, the set of illustrations included in the British Museum collection are marked by all the characteristics of the style, and are probably as representative of the ideal and the mannerisms of the gifted Fuji-wara no Tsunē-taka, the founder of the academy, as a man living four centuries later could make them. Their material is paper; they are thirty-four in number; in Mr. Colvin's selection, which is perfectly efficient, and tells the story with a fine regard for its more picturesque and romantic qualities, we are presented with full twenty-three, in which the tale is told almost from the beginning of time and altogether from the beginning of the action. They are arranged in the first two show-cases on the floor of the room, and in Mr. Colvin's *Catalogue* their numbers run from 134 to 157.

To our mind the Yamato-Tosa men were the least artistic and the most absurdly conventional of all the painters of Japan. Their colouring was shockingly crude; their drawing is absurdly inhuman and inexpressive; to show the inside of a house their genius was equal to nothing more intelligent than the device of taking the roof off, and asking one to look in on the interior from a point of view impossible to any save the intimates of the limping Demon known to Don Cléofas; and they have other qualities which go far with western critics to affirm the superiority of such men as Hōku-sai and Yō-sai and—speaking generally—the draughtsmen of a later age. But it is not to be denied that they have plenty of grotesque invention and a fine enough feeling for pictorial romance; and they who doubt it have but to turn from this series of drawings to the excellent "Night March of the Hundred Demons" (No. 33 in Mr. Colvin's *Catalogue*) hard by to have their doubts removed and experience the inception of a genuine sense of admiration and regard. In some ways, to put the matter briefly, the Yamato-Tosa artists were common idiots; but in others they were men, if not of genius, at least of remarkable and sterling talent. This is obvious in such specimens of their work as Mr. Colvin has thought fit to exhibit; and it is most obvious of all, as we think, in this particular set of pictures They are the work of a man in whom the sentiment, the gift, the faculty—call it what one will—of illustration was native and vigorous. He saw his motives clearly; he reproduced them as exactly as he could; and, having looked at them with a certain care, it is found, upon reflection, that we know the whole of the story as a commentary upon which they are designed. The merit is not so common in western illustration as might be supposed. We are nothing if not "artistic," and to tell a story graphically is the last thing to which, as a rule, our illustrators will condescend. They do not think of their author, and they think still less of his public; what they are concerned with is the "pictorial quality"—or words to that effect—of their own work; and the consequence is that nineteen times out of twenty they produce a commentary that is merely feeble as art, and that has no apparent connexion with the subject-matter of their theme. They do not elucidate—they confuse; they do not illustrate—they bewilder. They might do worse than go and learn their trade of a man (unknown) whose colour and drawing will make them shudder, and whose idea of (say) a cloud is scarce less rudimentary and inexact than the concept Mrs. Todgers would have invented of a wooden leg.

Mr. F. V. Dickins, in an excellent translation, first printed in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, is inclined to believe that the original Shiūten Dōji was one of the autochthones, the *yebisu*, who, declining to be altogether dispossessed by the Japanese proper, took valiantly to the hills and defied the Mikado steadily, until some legendary hero, some Yoshitsunē or Yorimitsu, went out against them with bow and blade, and brought the heads of them back to Kiyôto. The leader of these bands of savages was not always, Mr. Dickins opines, of the *yebisu*; he was now and then a Japanese of independent mind and no particular morality; and of such a desperado the legend of the Shiūten Dōji may well be a memory. In Mr. Dickins's version "the incidents of the story," we are further informed, "are not unskilfully put together," while "the reflections scattered through it . . . sketch, after a fashion not less instructive than quaint, the half-official piety and wholly conventional loyalty" (both very good things in their way, we may note) "that were regarded as the main elements of civic virtue" under a dynasty that need not further be particularized. The series of pictures secured by Mr. Anderson, and set out in Mr. Colvin's cases, were once, it is understood, "the illustrations of a set of *mackimonos*," but "have been divorced from the text apparently for the reduction of bulk." The story they tell is as grotesque and withal as gruesome—as quaint in incident and as grim as regards essentials—as any we remember to have heard. As edited by Mr. Colvin in pictures and by Mr. Dickins in prose, it is very well worth study; and such of our readers as may care to visit the White Building and the Print Room, and thereafter to get sight of Mr. Dickins's paper—from which we have quoted freely—will secure themselves a good deal of entertainment, and will, besides, obtain some glimpses of a new and quite extraordinary world.

The Shiūten Dōji and his band of demons, it must be understood, have long been the terror and the scourge of the surrounding district. None of the neighbouring virgins were secure; and the scandal reached its height when the daughter of a certain Kunimasa—a young person "of marvellous beauty of face and form"—disappeared "one night about midnight, and could not again be found." In his despair the afflicted parent took counsel of "a right skilful physiognomist whose name was Seimei," and of whom it was said that "demons and goblins had little chance with him." Seimei "laboured at his art" for some seven days and nights, and then informed Kunimasa that his daughter was not dead, but the captive of a demon whose lair was situate in the Senjō ga Take—the Peak that is Ten Thousand Feet High—and that by the use of exorcisms she might be restored to the society of her sorrowing friends and relations. Kunimasa hastened to repeat the report of the right skilful one at the Court of his master the Mikado, Murakami Tennō; and there in solemn council, on the advice of a certain Minister, it was resolved to call in the aid of one Yorimitsu, "a pillar of the military nobility, in strength unrivalled, in bravery without equal, in war invincible"—a man, in fine, before whom even the Shiūten Dōji might tremble and turn and be changed. "Dreadful," said the Minister, in a strain of oratory that reminds the candid reader of Mr. O'Brien calling for his breeches and boasting about the Plan of Campaign, "dreadful is the glare of his eye, exemplary his piety, swift his action; him the gods guard, him no dangers can affright"; backed by the Mikado's approval he would become merely irresistible. The Majesty of Japan approved; Yorimitsu was called in; and with his calling in begins the pictorial interest of the story. Mr. Colvin has suppressed the first drawing, which shows the effect on the Mikado of the report of the Ogre's crimes, and starts with Yorimitsu receiving his sovereign's commission to go forth and extirpate the evildoer. The next three numbers—which show how Yorimitsu and his companions prepare themselves for their enterprise by means of prayer and purification—are also suppressed; but the sixth (in Mr. Anderson's *Catalogue*) is given, and it shows us Raikō (to call the hero by his shorter and his more convenient name) with his comrades, the valiant Tsuna, the undefeated Kintoki, and three others, sitting in council, while their squires are grinding swords, preparing provisions, feeding the horses, and generally making ready for the expedition. In the seventh picture the band, disguised as wandering Buddhist priests, are preparing for the start; they are clad in weeds of grey; they are packing their armour into the wooden wallets proper to the folk whose likeness they have assumed; their trusty swords—long, two-handed, tremendous—are indifferently dissembled. The next picture reveals them in the act of journeying towards the monster's lair, but pausing in converse with a *yamabushi*, even a wandering priest of the hills, an ancient man of a venerable aspect and a sage. With this philosopher, who is no other than the Spirit of Sumiyoshi, they take counsel, and they take drinks; and soon he is discovered in act to furnish Raikō with a magic helm and a bottle of liquor, both which gifts, as we shall see, will presently come in useful. More than this, the Spirit (of whom Raikō has made a vast deal from the first, and who is possibly not unsusceptible to flattery) volunteers to conduct them on their way; and, under his guidance, they are seen climbing terrific mountains and crossing ravines on tree-bridges, in a style of landscape, touched with the true Skelt feeling, where the clouds are like rolls of paper, and the rocks are contorted into shapes that seem to clamour for the presence of Grindoff and his fatal Millers. In the next number of the series they have reached the borders of a mountain lake, and there they happen upon a damsel, "whose beauty was beyond that of most women"; in the water was she washing—washing a bloody garment; and when they spake with her "she answered not, but fell a-weeping," till "her face was as of one wrung by a terrible anguish," and they took her for a crony of the Ogre, even the Shiūten Dōji, sent that way to lure them to their destruction. She soon convinced them, however, that her intentions were strictly honourable; she told them her name (which was nothing shorter than Naka Mikado no Hanazono); she gave them details of the Dōji's way of treating his captives—whom in life he caused to shampoo him, and of whom, when he was tired of them, he made his accursed meal—which set them beside themselves with anger; she instructed them how to reach his cavern, and that when they got there they would find him "fair-skinned and not unseemly, of burly frame and fierce look, a giant stern of eye and puissant of arm beyond measure." Faring forward from her, the heroes came to the Ogre's castle, where one sees them received by a company of demons exulting in the prospect of fresh meat with a breadth of grin and a capacity of leer that makes them incomparable company; and the next thing is that they are in presence of the Ogre himself. He appears to them, being less than common drunk, and still having some wits about him, in one of the least offensive of his work-a-day shapes, and they behold him as a very large, very bloated, and rather "muzzy" Chinese boy. With him do they hold high wassail; he pledges them in bowls of blood; he gives them to eat—and Raikō is found equal to the occasion—the leg of a young woman; they

drink together, and the *saké* fails not to produce its due effect; the demon does a fantastic dance (in the manner of Mr. d'Auban) before the company, and the accomplished Kintoki returns the compliment in kind. Meanwhile, the drug presented to the heroes by the Spirit of Sumiyoshi is being introduced into the *saké*-pans, and the Dōji and his merry men are presently as drunk as pipers. Two noble damsels—one of them the daughter of Kunisada—have been sent for to shampoo the brute; and, though he has offered to receive Raikō and his comrades into his retinue, and indeed has treated them handsomely according to his lights, it is evident, when we see him led off in a beastly state of intoxication between two of his retainers, that the end of him is near at hand. As soon as he is gone, indeed, the heroes take counsel with the two damsels; they arm themselves, Raikō putting on the magic helmet received from the Spirit of Sumiyoshi, and they set forth to tackle the monster where he lies. They are seen in act to break into his room, the good Spirit suddenly appearing with a coil of rope; and in the next picture they are face to face with the Terror in person. He has assumed his natural shape, which is that of a vast, bloated, spider-like, vermilion-coloured giant; he sprawls enormous in sleep, while the noble (and afflicted) damsels shampoo him; he is a terrific and disgusting spectacle; and they tie him up with (one can imagine) a certain queasiness—a certain feeling of nausea. Raikō, however, is not a bit afraid of him, nor are Tsuna and Kintoki either; in the beginning they had "felt their hair stand up with terror, and their livers perish" at the sight of him; but they have seen him drunk since then, and Raikō, flourishing his "rocksplitting sword," cuts off his head at a single blow, while Kintoki and Tsuna and their comrades go to work like men on the monster's trunk. Then is seen a dreadful thing. The Dōji's head leaps into the air, "pursued by a spout of blood," and swoops down on Raikō from above, like some horrible bird of prey. Of course, it is all of no avail. Not Amadis himself was a more puissant knight than Raikō. Here is the end of the Dōji.

Other pictures show the hero and his comrades visiting the Ogre's larder, where dead Young Persons hang most piteously on hooks, like the unnatural butcher's meat they are; vanquishing the Ogre's guards in combat, and taking it out of them without mercy when they have vanquished them; returning homewards, through romantic mountain scenery, in the company of rescued damsels, not, it is hoped, ungrateful for their rescue; and, finally, presenting themselves at Courts laden with demon heads, amid the acclamations of the populace. One must see out the story, of course, and it must be confessed that the compositions representing the fight with, and the punishment of, the Dōji's henchmen, have real merit. But the great picture of all is unquestionably the attack upon the Dōji himself. The artist has worked up to it as to a culmination, and he has so far succeeded that, once seen, it is not forgotten.

MR. LABOUCHERE CLOTHED.

LAST week we had occasion to notice a deplorable instance of frenzy in an intelligent though mistaken politician. This week Mr. Labouchere has once more come to the fore with a letter to the *Daily News*, on the subject of the House of Lords. Now we do not agree with Mr. Labouchere as to the House of Lords—there are probably no two intelligent corporations in this kingdom who differ more heartily with (persons wholly ignorant of English would no doubt say from) one another than Mr. Labouchere and the *Saturday Review* on this point. But when a man differs intelligently, and does not talk nonsense about villains and traitors whom it is necessary to watch, and who are going to do dreadful things under cover of heaven knows what, he deserves to be taken more or less seriously. We say more or less; for we are convinced, as some not wholly foolish persons before us—one Shakspeare, one Dryden, one Swift, one Canning, one Sydney Smith, and some others—have been convinced, that you may be none the less really serious for mixing humour with your gravity. But undoubtedly a person may, if he likes, doubt of the efficacy of a House of Lords, provided always that he is ready to be made a hare of when it is proved that his objections are futile and mistaken. It is only when he elects to play the big bombardoon, and to cry lamentation and mourning and woe, villany and treason, rape, murder, and all the pleas of the Crown, that it becomes impossible to treat him otherwise than in pantomime fashion. Even before Mr. Labouchere's letter, a half-uncomfortable feeling seems to have prevailed among Gladstonians that their very genial and clever leader in the Upper House (*vice* Lord Granville, become a noble shade) had made a mistake. Mr. Labouchere has said this very plainly and very forcibly, and he has said it in a manner which precludes altogether the possibility of interjecting *Times Danaos*, or hinting that, if Mr. Labouchere objects to Lord Rosebery's plan, it is because Lord Rosebery's plan is really good for the House of Lords, and not bad for it. We conceive that Mr. Labouchere's letter is quite an honest one; and we conceive it for this reason, that he has given hostages by proposing a plan of his own. It does not seem to us one whit a better plan than Lord Rosebery's, for reasons which we shall mention presently; but it is not a plan *pour rire*. It is quite as reasonable as Lord Rosebery's mixture of fish, flesh, fowl, and bad red herring; and it would not be more wanting in the real characteristics of a Second Chamber. Moreover, Mr. Labouchere seems to us to have done a real service in endorsing Lord Salisbury's argument to the effect that any combination of hereditary peers and elective peers would be just as obnoxious to Radicals as the present House. He has given a very useful warning that tinkerings and tailorings of the House of Lords will leave it just as it is in the estimation of those who either are democrats or pretend to be (for what reason God only knows!) Wherever he attempts to be constructive or to be combative of Tory principles he fails; for the simple reason that he comes into collision with those old, those abominable, but those quite invincible laws of fact, logic, and human nature which will not budge for the votes of twenty thousand majorities of cobblers. But when he criticizes his own less thoroughgoing associates he is very useful and edifying. He contradicts himself, of course; when you engage in a conflict with the laws just enumerated you usually do. For instance, he says that "we have no objection to a House of Revision and Appeal, provided its functions are limited to those duties. . . . But we object to a . . . House which may emasculate and minimize at its will Liberal measures." Now a "House of Revision and Appeal" simply means a House that can emasculate and minimize at its will. But we have no quarrel with him on this score. And we have to thank him for having brought some amiable, but unpractical, persons on his own side back to and face to face with the facts of the case.

Let Mr. Labouchere state in his own words what he and the people whom he calls Liberals do object to. He admits that he and they "have no personal quarrel with the members of the House of Lords." He sweeps away the silly nonsense about a peer here and there who has done something, probably not worse than his neighbours do, but something which, thanks to his being a peer, is widely known. He fences, it is true, rather than fights with Lord Salisbury's very cogent contention that the Conservatism of the actual House of Lords is an accident which rather justifies than condemns it—a contention which, by the way, Lord Salisbury might have argued out with advantage. But he says that "they [his so-called Liberals and he] consider it grossly unfair that, when they have obtained a majority at the polls, this majority should be stultified by a few hundred rich men, neither elected nor selected, and whose sole right to legislate and to meddle is derived from the somewhat apocryphal services of their ancestors." Now we have so strong a case that we can afford to be generous; and we'll tell Mr. Labouchere at once what we'll do with him. We will make him a handsome present of half a dozen question-begging terms in this passage—the "stultified," the "rich," the "neither elected *nor selected*" (the last of which words is a gross fallacy), the "meddle," the "somewhat apocryphal," and so forth. Ungenerous controversialists might insist on these, on every one of which Mr. Labouchere could be irrecoverably *tombé* in five minutes, with the consent even of a fair Radical audience. But we will give him all this for the present, reserving, of course, the right to enforce it later. It is, it seems, a dreadful thing to "they" that, when "they" have obtained a majority at the polls, it should be capable of having its will obstructed by a hereditary House of Lords?

Part of the answer to this is purely historical, and it was hinted at, though not completely given, by Lord Salisbury. It is utterly false that the stultification of popular majorities, to use Mr. Labouchere's own term, happens only when those majorities are Liberal. From the very nature of the case, the restraining influence of the Upper House is most wanted and most used in such times; but its exercise has not in the very least been confined to them. On the contrary, in the one period of English history when there was for some time a Tory majority as ignorant, as violent, and as prejudiced, as—well, let us say—some Liberal majorities have been, the House of Lords was the chief bar in its way, and the Government had actually to revert to that same remedy which Lord Grey, in the opposite case, had only to threaten, and to swamp the House by a creation of peers. Of such crucial instances there have been only two, one on each side; but of approaches to them there have been many. It may be laid down, without fear of contradiction from any one who knows English history, that whenever the House of Commons has been for any length of time distinctly Tory, the tendency of the House of Lords has been to be Liberal, and *vice versâ*. And it is exactly in this fact, and in the reasons for this fact, that the value of the House of Lords consists.

But we have not done with Mr. Labouchere, whom it is quite a pleasure to handle now that he is clothed and in his right mind. Not only has this "stultification" of which he complains been automatically and equitably directed now to the Liberal, now to Tory majorities, but no Assembly otherwise constituted than the present House of Lords could be expected to exercise such an influence. Perhaps we have said too much in the last phrase; for you might frame an Upper House which would do as well, but only at a cost of what Mr. Labouchere and his friends call reasonableness, which would be far greater than in the case of the House of Lords. And not only would it be more unreasonable, but it would be infinitely more cumbrous, costly, and capricious. The hereditary principle which excites such wrath is the only simple means of providing "a House of Revision and Appeal" (we thank Mr. Labouchere for that term) which shall be competent to revise and quash the results of an elected body when necessary. To put elect over elect is not only false heraldry, but folly in itself. You want some method of making an Upper House which shall be independent of popular judgment, which shall presumably have had all advantages of education, and such a position as shall make it reasonably free from corruption of every kind.

You cannot possibly get that by election in any form or shape. There is not such an elected body in the world, except, perhaps (and we are not quite of Lord Salisbury's mind there), the American Senate, while the independence and power of the American Senate, such as they are, depend directly on the peculiar federal constitution of the United States. The hereditary principle, in aristocracy as in monarchy, provides the desideratum which the wit of thirty centuries has not been able to provide otherwise. It excludes, except in the case of persons as foolish as Citizen Carnegie, jealousy or heart-burning; for one Englishman who was not born a lord is no more jealous of another Englishman who was born a lord than if he had been born to blue eyes and his neighbour born to black, or (if Mr. Labouchere denies the analogy) than if he had picked up the deuce of trumps and his neighbour in the same deal seven, with three honours. It supplies a body of men who have an interest to qualify themselves, and who, even by Mr. Labouchere's reluctant testimony, do qualify themselves for the duties of legislation in a fashion certainly not to be excelled, if it is to be paralleled, by the Assembly which used to contain Mr. Whalley and does contain Mr. Biggar. And it supplies, as nothing else has ever been found to supply, that "second thought" which no man of sense would like to dispense with in his own private case. We have put here the arguments for the House of Lords merely by sample and *ex abundantia*, for we might go on for columns. And there is at least one retort which Mr. Labouchere cannot now make. He cannot say that he does not want a Second Chamber at all, for he has supplied his own recipe for it—a curious mistake in the case of a thoroughgoing monocamerist, as some folk call it.

RECENT EGYPTIAN DISCOVERIES.

IT is curious that there should be so much information extant about the Twelfth Dynasty, although we are absolutely unable to fix its date. It was the twelfth family of kings which ruled in Egypt; but we cannot affirm with certainty that it succeeded the eleventh or was succeeded by the thirteenth. In fact, to judge from the evidence of the monuments before dates can be assigned, the first six dynasties were followed by the twelfth, and that by the eighteenth and the nineteenth. We may safely assume that the Twentieth Dynasty began to reign in 1200 B.C.; but absolute chronology only begins with the Persian invasion in 527 B.C. We might suppose that, if 1200 can be fixed for the Twentieth Dynasty, it would be a mere matter of calculation to discover the date of the Twelfth; and this is, naturally, the German assumption. The same great Egyptologist who gave us a complete hieroglyphic grammar, nine-tenths of which must have been evolved from his own inner consciousness, dates the Twelfth Dynasty from 2466 B.C. to 2266; and his theory suffices to work by, though, as we have said, we cannot reach back with confidence to within a whole millennium of the year 2266. Yet the names, the successions, the pedigree, the performances, the officials, the geographical limits of the power of these remote kings are almost as well known as if they had been Roman emperors. Usertsen succeeded Amenemhat, and Amenemhat Usertsen, until three of the one name and four of the other had reigned from Nubia to the Delta, with almost equal ability, and leaving behind them monuments, not so much of personal wealth or greatness, like the pyramids of their predecessors, as of public utility, like the Labyrinth and the Nilometer, by which the water supply was regulated all over Egypt. If we would know something more about these great rulers, something of their personal qualities, we must seek it in the records left by their officials, and so far, if we may judge, "like master, like man," they must have been seven of the most enlightened legislators who ever reigned over any people of whom we know. In these records we learn what were the morals and manners likely to be approved by the monarch, and each official prides himself on having carried out the just, wise, and benevolent policy of his master. The inscriptions of Beni Hassan and the remarkable "Second Sallier Papyrus" have been repeatedly translated and quoted, and show that long before Moses the principles illustrated by the Ten Commandments were known and acted upon by Amenemhat I. and his son. His advice to his successor is to give to the lowly and strengthen the weak; to comfort the afflicted, and to see that none in his land should want bread. In the papyrus just named Amenemhat states that "he sent his messengers to Abu." It is the discovery of the tombs of these messengers which Mr. Wallis Budge described in the interesting paper read before the Society of Biblical Archæology at the end of last month. Mr. Budge was sent out to Egypt by the Trustees of the British Museum, and had an advantage over most explorers in that country as his knowledge of hieroglyphics was already complete; and he entered on the labours prepared for him by General Grenfell at once and fully armed to overcome the greatest difficulties of reading and interpretation. He had another advantage in the fact that much of the heavy work had already been carried out, and that he was spared the most laborious part of such excavations as those of Mr. Petrie, who has always had to organize and control a band of native workmen. It was thus possible for Mr. Budge to economize his time to the utmost, and it must be allowed that he got through a prodigious amount of work in the few weeks of his stay.

The tombs newly discovered are on a hill of sandstone, seen on the right hand, or western bank, as we approach Aswan, the ancient Syene, the Ptolemaic Sunnu, the Biblical Seveneh, the archaic Abu, or town of ivory or the elephant, from which the island in the river is still called Elephantine. At this point the granite formation crops out, and the western hill, Contra-Syene, is the last ridge of the sandstone which borders the Nile from Silsilis. The ancient lords of Syene buried their dead on the western side, as did the Pyramid-builders and the people of Thebes, as much for convenience as for any religious reason. The Twelfth Dynasty tombs at Beni Hassan are on the other bank, and their entrances face the opposite way, towards the sunset. Of the finest of the tombs at Syene, Mr. Budge remarks that it could best be seen at 9 A.M., when the morning sun shone directly into it. The monumental tablet of Sabben could be seen at the far end. We have remarked on the remote antiquity of the Kings of the Twelfth Dynasty; but Sabben ruled Aswan under the Sixth. His royal master was the giant centenarian Ra-nefer-Ka, or Pepi II., who reigned a hundred years. The tomb of Sabben is in fine preservation, and full of inscriptions. A second tomb, not in such a complete state, is that of Mechu, and a third, that of Heq-ab, but the most important is on a higher level. This is called No. 31 by Mr. Budge—a number which gives us an idea how the whole hill is honeycombed. Before describing the tombs Mr. Budge gives us interesting particulars of the ancient approach to the high level. What the makers of the grottoes aimed at chiefly was that the best stone should be used; and, though Sabben had to be content with a lower stratum, Nub-kau-Ra-necht was buried where the stone is best and hardest, near the top of the hill; and one of the most interesting features of the discovery is that a fine broad staircase ran from the quay up a hundred and fifty feet to the layer of stone in which the tombs are cut, and that this stair is still almost perfect, although the quay has been wrecked. The stairway of Milosis, described in *Allan Quatermain*, was perhaps fifty feet higher, but cannot much have surpassed this one at Aswan. Similar stairways must have existed at Thebes and at Beni Hassan, but they have long perished. Between each set of steps at Aswan is a slope, up which the coffins were dragged by men on the steps at each side. When General Grenfell first discovered the tombs, he cleared the sand from the steps; but already, in eight months, when Mr. Budge arrived, so strong is the drift, they were completely covered, and had to be dug out again.

The tomb No. 31 is at the top, and, from what Mr. Budge tells us, must be considered a discovery of the highest interest and importance both in art and history. The great man here buried was the son of a lady named Satihetep, who, as Mr. Budge believes, was the daughter of Se-renput, who occupied an adjacent tomb, and who certainly lived under Usertsen I. Heq-ab, mentioned above, was the brother of the lady Satihetep, and Mr. Budge found a wrecked tomb which had belonged to Seten, a granddaughter of Se-renput. So that, as he observes, Se-renput was the founder of a great family of rulers of Elephantine during the Twelfth Dynasty, and these tombs were made for him and his family. At Beni Hassan there is a similar succession of local rulers, similarly connected through daughters. Se-renput held a chief command in an expedition to Ethiopia, which took place in the forty-third year of Usertsen I., and which is also mentioned at Beni Hassan, where Amen-em-hat-Ameni is described as having distinguished himself signally at the head of four hundred men. The tomb of Nub-kau-Ra-necht, his grandson, is, however, the finest of the series and the best preserved. The mummy pit within was also discovered, a pit within a pit and within a third pit, the care taken to preserve and conceal the bodies having been most elaborate. "We found," says Mr. Budge, "in one corner of the pit a hollow about two feet deep, which led to a very narrow passage about two feet wide by eighteen inches high. We dragged ourselves through this passage one by one, and found that on the other side there was a fourth square pit or shaft, the sides of which had been carefully smoothed." The shaft was filled up with small stones, and further than this point the explorers did not penetrate; but the shaft was no doubt the final resting-place of Nub-kau-Ra-necht.

As we have said, the number of tombs in this same hill is very great, and we must refer to Mr. Budge's forthcoming paper for an account of some of them, and of an interesting Coptic "dayr," or convent, at the foot of the slope. It concludes with the remark that the stone staircase is unique, and that the so-called "Proto-Doric" columns of two of the tombs are of a character elsewhere unknown. One of the most curious deductions relates to the violation of the tombs at some very early period, and Mr. Budge quotes an interesting passage from the Coptic *Life of Pisentios*, as to the existence and treatment of tombs in the seventh century A.D., but Mr. Budge is disposed to put the principal destructions down to Cambyses. The tombs of the Sixth Dynasty were probably opened in the troublous interval before the accession of the Twelfth; and the later and finer caves may have been destroyed under the predecessors of the Eighteenth Dynasty; but Mr. Budge thinks the ruin was not wrought by Egyptian hands, and quotes the *Chronicle* of John, Bishop of Nikiu, who expressly states that the Persian soldiers destroyed the town of Aswan; but in addition great damage was done by crowds of fanatical recluses, anchorites and ascetics, who took up their abodes in these spacious tombs, and, looking upon the divinities of ancient Egypt as devils, destroyed or plastered them over, as may be seen in the Temples of Karnak and Luxor, and many other places.

THE NEW YORK THEATRES.

THE New York theatrical season, which is now drawing to a close, has been interesting and profitable. Some good plays have been produced, and some new histrionic talent has been made known. Unquestionably the most important position in the chronicles of the season belongs to Mr. Bronson Howard's new comedy *The Henrietta*, which was produced at the Union Square Theatre. Mr. Howard has written a genuine comedy, brilliantly illustrating a peculiar phase of American life. The Henrietta is not a yacht, a horse, or a woman, though mistaken for the second and third in the course of the play. It is a "wild cat" mine, which the millionaire Wall Street financier, Nicolas Van Alstyne, admits that he won in a game of poker. The shares of the Company become the hinge upon which his vast fortune turns. The ruthlessly mercenary spirit of his elder son, Nicolas Van Alstyne, jun., leads that young man to become the secret financial opponent of his father, and to accomplish the old man's ruin. In the beginning of the play, however, the father, finding that his second son, a vapid, foppish club-lounger, has fallen in love with his ward, a sweet young girl, gives him $500,000, and then washes his hands of him. Nicolas the younger has betrayed an innocent girl, and to clear himself with his wife declares that the brother is the author of certain discovered letters. The younger son shoulders the brother's sin to shield the devoted wife, and is in turn deserted by his own fiancée. He plunges into Wall Street speculation, and, having lost about one-fifth of his half-million, appears at the office of his father's broker on the day when the crash comes. He promptly hands over his $400,000 to his father's clerk, and so saves his parent: while the unexpected turn in affairs carries off the unhappy elder brother by heart-disease. This is a faint outline of the story on which Mr. Howard has built a play which has not one uninteresting moment nor a single dull line. The action is full of life and significance, the situations are strong, the dialogue crisp and sparkling, and every character a clear-cut study. The old financier is a personage of wonderful strength and depth, and the club-haunting son is a masterly representation of what is commonly termed a "dude." W. H. Crane and Stuart Robson, who have been acting together for a number of years, are the central figures of the comedy. Mr. Robson's performance of Bertie Van Alstyne is one of the best pieces of character-acting he has ever done. Mr. Crane's work, however, is of a higher sort. As Nicolas Van Alstyne he has revealed the possession of greater powers than he was known to have. There are strength, dignity, and pathos in some of his scenes, while in others he beams with genial humour. He has earned an enviable position on the American stage by this performance. The play was generally well acted at the Union Square Theatre.

At the Madison Square Theatre the most important production artistically was that of *Elaine*, a dramatic version of the Laureate's poem, made by George Parsons Lathrop, novelist and essayist, and Harry Edwards, stage manager at Wallack's Theatre. As many as possible of Lord Tennyson's lines were used in the drama, but several hundred new ones were written by Mr. Lathrop, who has written many smooth poems. The idyllic beauty of the story, the unusual excellence of the stage effects, which included a faithful reproduction of Rosenthal's picture of "the dead steered by the dumb," and the effective acting of Annie Russell as Elaine, gave the play no small prominence among the novelties of the season. Beyond that little has been done at the Madison Square, *Heart of Hearts* having achieved only a moderate success.

The Wife, written by Bilasco and De Mille, is another American play which has been successful. It was produced at the Lyceum Theatre on November 3, and will run to the close of the season. The play is a smooth and interesting domestic comedy, founded on a woman's devotion, with incidental appearances of infidelity on the husband's part. The local colour is American, but is not essential to the story. Miss Georgia Cayvan, who impersonates the heroine, has won a leading place in this class of play. Her methods have notably improved, and she has to a large extent freed herself of a studied artificiality which was a conspicuous feature of her earlier work on the stage. *The Wife* is generally well acted, and is put on the stage with great care.

At the Standard Theatre *Paul Kauvar*, a drama by Steele Mackaye, was produced on December 24, and has been running since that time to crowded houses. Mr. Mackaye's play is based on imaginary incidents of the French Revolution, and shows the misfortunes that follow the love of a prominent Republican, Paul Kauvar, for the daughter of a Duke. By the machinations of a good old-fashioned villain, who loves the girl, it appears that Kauvar has betrayed the Duke to the Revolutionary authorities after having married the girl. The rest of the play is taken up with the gradual demonstration of Kauvar's fidelity and heroism. The play is a melodrama, but a very good one. The situations are theatrically powerful, and the interest is strong from beginning to end. A striking feature of the play is a *tableau vivant*, gradually revealed behind a gauze scene in a totally dark theatre, every light in the auditorium and on the stage being turned off. The tableau represents Kauvar's dream of his wife's death on the guillotine. Another feature, in the last act, is the mob, which is magnificently trained.

Mr. Daly opened the season at his theatre on October 5 with Pinero's *Dandy Dick*, which was a failure. He followed it speedily with another of his own light and pleasing comedies, called *The Railroad of Love*. This was an exceedingly attenuated play, but it had considerable movement, and was acted with delightful skill by Mr. Daly's company of accomplished comedians. It was followed early in February by a revival of Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. This production was a veritable triumph for Mr. Daly and his company. The manager and author, with his customary conscientious devotion to the highest dramatic art, carefully studied the text. He made as few alterations as possible, and changed the sequence of only a few incidents in the comedy. He devoted a wonderful amount of patient care to the preparation of the scenic effects, and, in respect of stage attire, the presentation of the comedy was one of the most complete and appropriate ever seen on the American stage. The success of the production, however, is unquestionably due to the admirable acting of Mr. Daly's players, who have again demonstrated in a striking manner the ease with which they can step out of the high collars and long trains of modern drawing-rooms into the tunic and sandals of antiquity. Miss Rehan has added another triumph to her long list by her charming impersonation of Helena, and Mr. Drew has succeeded in disguising his familiar methods in his excellent treatment of Demetrius. Mr. Skinner and Miss Dreher are excellent as the second pair of lovers. Mr. Lewis has caused considerable discussion in New York by his unique performance of Nick Bottom. His quaint conception and original acting of the part have quite upset many preconceived notions; but his interpretation is admitted to be full of merits. The other parts in the comedy are all well acted, and the production has met with the success it deserves.

Mr. Edward Harrigan, whose curious dramatic portrayals of low life in New York have for years delighted American playgoers, has departed from his customary lines, and produced a play called *Pete*, in which he makes a study of the negro of the Southern States. The theatre is crowded nightly, but the drama is far from being the author's best work. There are strong points in it, and Mr. Harrigan's own acting is remarkably effective; but as a play *Pete* is not well made.

Mr. Edwin Booth and Mr. Laurence Barrett are acting together in America with the greatest possible success. They produced *Julius Cæsar* at the Academy of Music, New York, on December 26, and played a short engagement there to extremely large audiences. Mr. Barrett's Cassius has long been regarded as his best work, his appearance and methods being admirably suited to the part. Mr. Booth has done no better acting of late years than he has done during the season now closing. His art has deepened and broadened, and his command of all his resources has reached the highest condition of certainty.

The Shakespearian drama has been further made known in New York through the labours of Mme. Modjeska, who lately brought out *Cymbeline*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, and *Measure for Measure*. The first and third of these plays were unknown to the American stage. Mme. Modjeska, playing a short engagement with her travelling company at the Fourteenth Street Theatre—a house miserably unprepared for any serious work—produced these dramas and acted the heroines in a manner which attracted large and enthusiastic audiences, and won her the praise and thanks of the more scholarly critics.

CANVEY ISLAND.

CANVEY ISLAND is only thirty miles from London, yet the two places are but little acquaint. Most Canvey Islanders have never been to London, and most Londoners have never heard of Canvey—unless, indeed, in connexion with the problem of the disposal of London sewage. Yet its history may interest the curious, and the island itself will well repay a visit, for it is a quaint, old-world sort of place, and oddly un-English in many ways. It lies down the Thames, between Gravesend and Shoebury on the Essex shore. It is about five by three miles in extent, is as flat, and for the most part as treeless, as the Haarlem Lake, and like it has Dutch traditions, and is beloved of the Dutchman of to-day. Not that Canvey ever belonged to the Dutch; their connexion with it came about in this way. The Romans who embanked the Medway and the Thames doubtless did the same for Canvey, for they overran all the land about, and evidence of their industry may be found in the broken pottery which was often, until lately, washed up upon Leigh Beck, its extremest point. The Saxons have left ample evidence of their existence in local nomenclature, and the Danes of theirs in ruins which may still be traced; for here, under their leader Hasting, they were beaten in a great battle by Alfred, who took from them their fortress "Beamfleet"—*i.e.* Benfleet—on the mainland, "with deep and wide trenches," as Camden says. But the mighty engineers were gone, and things in Canvey went from bad to worse; until, in Camden's time, the tides had so far worked their will that all the arable land, of which there had been much, was ruined, for the island, he says, "is oftentimes quite overflowne, all save hillocks cast up, upon which the sheep have a place of refuge. For it keepeth about four hundred sheep." In 1621 (about eight years after Camden wrote) a principal owner, Sir Henry Appleton, with others interested in the soil, agreed, as appears by the records, to hand over one-third of the lands to one Joas Croppenburgh, a Dutch engineer, on condition that he should "in" and embank the island, ensuring it against future inroads of the sea. The land so made over is still called "Third-acre land." Croppenburgh's work

was followed by a considerable immigration of Dutch, who sustained severe loss at the hands of their own countrymen during the Dutch incursions in the year of the Plague, and most of them then left. But if a pure Dutch name would be hard and a pure Dutch pedigree impossible to find, the round face, the heavy, square figure, and the stolid temper are characteristic of the Canvey Islander of to-day. As Lindisfarne, in short, is essentially Scandinavian, so Canvey is essentially Dutch.

Crappenburgh did his work conscientiously enough; but exceptional storms and spring-tides upset his calculations, and in 1735 so great was the damage to live stock from these causes (Canvey then fed near four thousand sheep) that the Third-acre land was by Act of Parliament saddled with a first charge—limited to 10s. an acre—towards the expenses of the wall; the remaining two-thirds were only to be rateable should more money be wanted—at that time a remote contingency. But the storms of 1881 wrought such frightful havoc that this land was charged as high as 1*l.* per acre, a sum equal to the value of its rental. Consequently, the only land at present worth the holding in Canvey Island is "Third-acre land." The wall is finished now, and a solid bit of work it is; but the area it encloses is sadly contracted, and acres away over its eastern limit one may trace the old Dutchman's handiwork running down to the point, and see even now the remains of old fleets and ditches when the tide goes down. The point itself, indeed, has entirely gone to sea to the extent of half a mile within the last few years.

"The Lobster Smack," sometime "The Sluice," Canvey's principal inn (she has, by the way, only two), lies just under the wall by Hole Haven, a little creek where barges and bawley-boats can ride. It is pleasant to lie in bed and watch the lights as the great steamers feel their way down Thames. Here, too, are rare chances for studying Dutch character, for the light that shines from the windows of the inn is a spell few Dutchmen can resist. And as the small Scheldt trading-boats come up the Thames, one by one they lay-to in the creek till morning light. London and Amsterdam have done many a stroke of business in a quiet way at this retired and convenient half-way house, for a bargain is wonderfully helped by a glass or two of old Schiedam. This house has seen some curious doings in its time, before the white coastguard station put in an appearance, with its trim flower-beds, its flagstaff, and its handful of steady men. Mine host has often reason to be glad of the society of these useful allies when emergencies arise. For your Dutchman, stolid and phlegmatic in his sober moments, genial and somewhat noisy later on, has a tendency by 11 o'clock or so to become wildly unmanageable and to "run amuck" at everything and everybody when closing time begins. Fortunately for himself the landlord is a strong and a plucky man, and is moreover ably seconded by his better half. There is an old flight-shooter, too, who can always be relied on in a row. Like most of those about the "Lobster Smack," he is honourably scarred. The loss of two fingers is the form it takes with him. Ask him how it happened, and he will say, "Well, sir, you see it was just like this 'ere. We was a-heltin' out a Dutchman one night, and I went for to hit his head, and he dropped sudden, and blest if I didn't drive right at that there beam."

Canvey contains about three thousand acres of land in all, and this was divided among eight different parishes, and was titheable to them. Whether the clergy of any of these parishes ever collected their tithes in person on this island we cannot say; but it is certain that for centuries no other consideration ever brought them there—the Church left the islanders absolutely alone. For marriage they had to trudge to their respective parish churches on the mainland, often a weary way; for burial they took their dead to Benfleet. A little chapel put up by the Dutch colonists in the seventeenth century was the first place of worship on the island. But the Dutch left, and the chapel fell into decay. It was rebuilt by one who held a small farm there, which he charged with 8*l.* for a few sermons. This was slowly improved upon, and in 1715 a wooden chapel was consecrated by Compton, Bishop of London, "for 20 sermons a year." After a long interval some of the neighbouring clergy provided by contributions for a few more sermons, which were supplied in fine weather by the chaplain for the time being. Things have gradually improved, and for some years now Canvey has been happy in the possession of its first vicar, a wooden vicarage, and a wooden church; while quite recently, by a crowning and an almost superhuman effort, the island has been semi-parochialized. All the houses in Canvey are of wood, any heavier material is considered liable to disappear beneath the soft alluvial soil.

The cause of law and order was further promoted about three years ago by the introduction of a policeman to the island for the first time. It would be impossible for those who have become familiar with "the bobby" to conceive the storm of scorn and indignation aroused by the arrival of this humble guardian of the peace. "*Canvey* don't want no p'lice," insisted a parlour orator; "let 'em keep to the mainland, *I* says. Ain't we already got the Clesiasticals?" The Ecclesiastical Commissioners having been compelled by bad times to take some land in hand themselves at the other end of the island, they are regarded by the islanders as in some dim way an expression of authority and interference, and as the authors of all their woes. An abstraction known as "Guv'nment" has the same significance in the minds of rustics in other parts. "Fust chance I has," interposed our friend the flight-shooter, "I leads him down in the evening to the marshes beyent the fleets and takes the planks up"—a Christian determination which was much applauded. The fleets are deep and wide ditches which bisect the flats in all directions; they are crossed by narrow planks at rare intervals, and a stranger left down there on a cold winter's night would fare badly indeed.

Ten-shilling licences have been the ruin of the winter sport which once made Canvey so attractive to the wildfowler. But a visit to it in summer-time will well repay the lover of nature. The bearded tit has been driven away, and the prowling plant-stealer has hunted there unchecked, but what remains of flora and of bird-life is singularly characteristic and interesting. The trees of the island are mostly disposed in one small group, but this can boast a rookery. One word as to the name "Canvey." Camden talks of "the island Convennos, which is also called Κώουννος," which, he says, Ptolemy mentions in his Geography. This name, he adds, is still retained in "Canvey." Had Ptolemy seen the island from a balloon, his use of the term would have been more intelligible, for the general shape of the island as then seen would be that of a pear; but given to a place as flat as a pancake it is an obvious misnomer. Further, the Canvey Islanders would not have been careful to have preserved Ptolemy's word had they ever even heard of it. It has been suggested that Canvey, which often appears in records as "Canwe," "may *possibly* be a British name, since 'Canwe' in Welsh means bright, shining, glistening," and that this would fitly describe the appearance of the place, partly from the vast bank of shells on its eastern point, and more so from the fleet by which it was bisected as late as the time of Elizabeth. There are difficulties in the way of this derivation; but we will leave it as it stands, for we are free to confess we cannot supply a better.

DRAMATIC RECORD.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN somewhat misinterprets the necessities of his position. In an Author's Note to his play, *Joseph's Sweetheart*, he states that he has "had" to suppress, to amplify, to alter, and otherwise to treat Fielding's novel *Joseph Andrews*. As a matter of fact, Mr. Buchanan "had" to do nothing of the sort. That which he "had" to do in truth, if he had regarded the subject from the proper point of view, was to leave Fielding alone. Mr. Buchanan does not seem to be gifted with the sense of humour and appreciation of character which would enable him to understand the genius of the great eighteenth-century novelist. He is fortunate in appealing to a manager who is not concerned for the reputation of Fielding, and to audiences so ignorant of literature, so little able to comprehend the wonderful vigour and vitality of the writer on whom hands have been laid, that they do not know the difference between an adequate adaptation and a Buchananism. In the same Author's Note Mr. Buchanan asserts that "the critics, almost without exception, pronounced a favourable verdict" on the attempt to dramatize *Tom Jones*; but the exceptions were in truth a good deal more numerous than the sentence quoted would lead the reader to suppose. Mr. Buchanan also laments that, "as in the case of *Sophia*, he finds himself, to some extent, forestalled by Sheridan." Sheridan's presumption in daring to forestall Mr. Buchanan is very shocking. How could Sheridan venture to take such a liberty? We only hope that Mr. Buchanan will treat Sheridan with contemptuous neglect, and not find some day that he "has" to Buchananize *The School for Scandal*, by introducing the Ghost of Hamlet's father to frighten Joseph Surface, or Falstaff to sing a topical song to Charles's festive companions.

It would serve no good purpose to show how Mr. Buchanan has picked scraps out of *Joseph Andrews*, and misfitted them into a commonplace melodrama of his own invention. We dimly trace perverted Fielding in the circumstance that Lady Booby is in love with her footman Joseph Andrews, that he and the quasi-Parson Adams are found together on occasions, that Squire Booby supports his brother-in-law, who turns out to be well born, and in a very few other particulars. The plot of the drama really deals with incidents for which no sort of warrant is to be found in the book. Not content with this, Mr. Buchanan has taken startling liberties with the characters. Lady Booby, for instance, becomes a perfect monster of vice and cruelty, pursuing Fanny and Joseph with the most relentless hate, and the abduction of the virtuous Fanny occupies the greater part of the five acts. Lord Fellamar casually sees the girl at Lady Booby's house, and that evil-minded dame perceives how she may revenge herself on Joseph, who has repulsed her advances. "Promise me to get that girl into your power. Use any means!" her ladyship hisses into the libertine's ear, and so Fanny is carried off from Parson Adams's cottage by Fellamar's Welsh chaplain, Llewellyn ap Griffith, forced into a coach, and brought to his lordship's town house. Some hundreds of dramatists who preceded Mr. Buchanan have ventured to forestall him in the episode of the virtuous rustic maiden abducted by the licentious nobleman—it is not only poor Sheridan who so far forgot himself as to be guilty of forestalling the author of *Joseph's Sweetheart*. As for Joseph, he finds his father, and that father, moreover, a baronet or a knight, before the play is half over. The late Mr. Alfred Bunn forestalled Mr. Buchanan in the introduction of the character; for Sir George Wilson is in fact none other than Count Arnheim of *The Bohemian Girl*. Joseph, however, in a handsome dress of yellow brocade, sets off to track his Fanny, and he runs her and Fellamar to ground in a kiosk at Ranelagh—here exhibited as a very vulgar specimen of Cremorne. Fanny is

rescued, a duel is arranged to take place between Joseph and Fellamar, and here we certainly lose our respect for the hero. If a gentleman were going to fight a duel, there is one thing that he would never do, and that is, talk about the chances of the combat, on the whole rather despondently, to the girl he is engaged to marry. Surely it would have been well worth while for the adapter to ascertain the customs and sentiments of gentlemen in this position. Seeing what manner of play *Joseph's Sweetheart* is, we cordially admit that it does not matter in the least.

We scarcely know how to criticize the acting of the play, being doubtful as to what standpoint to adopt. Joseph Andrews might have been such a man as Mr. Conway shows; and, apart from this, the actor gives a very spirited and natural study of the character. Mr. Conway is intelligent, most probably he is acquainted with the book, and altogether he does at least as well as circumstances admit. Miss Kate Rorke, who has all the qualities which make a successful heroine of melodrama, imparts a charm to the part of Fanny. It would not be fair to urge that she does not suggest Fielding's creation, for Fielding had not forestalled Mr. Buchanan in describing adventures which she undergoes. Miss Vane has to play Mr. Buchanan's Lady Booby, and not Fielding's, and she seems to accomplish this task with considerable skill. Mr. Thomas Thorne is ill fitted with the name of Parson Adams. We recognize no trace of our good old friend. Mr. F. Thorne talks stage Welsh as Llewellyn ap Griffith. He sings the popular "Hob y deri dando," so well known to all who are acquainted with "pennillion," but in case any among his audience have attended Eisteddfodau, it is desirable that he should learn the tune. Mr. Cyril Maude did creditably as Lord Fellamar, and Miss Eliza Johnstone's Mrs. Slipslop was not without merit.

The worst defect from which a play can suffer is the absence of central motive. Before all else there should be a leading idea—in fact, a plot—and this the incidents should directly support and develop. These are the first axioms of playwriting, and, as Mr. Pinero's new "domestic drama," *Sweet Lavender*, does not fulfil these indispensable conditions, it must unhesitatingly be set down as a bad play. We notice that the critics differ considerably in their estimates of this work, which was produced at Terry's Theatre on Wednesday evening. For our own part we have seldom been so utterly bored at an evening performance. We admit Mr. Pinero's cleverness in picking up and presenting odd and unconventional types of character, though in *Sweet Lavender* we only have a couple of them, in the shabby dipsomaniacal barrister, Dick Phenyl—the part acted by Mr. Terry—and the love-lorn hairdresser and wigmaker, Bulger, whose feelings of affection for the laundress at 3 Brain Court, Temple, have so much overcome him that he does not attempt to conceal the fact of his having descended to poetry; but Bulger is the merest sketch. A friend lives in the Temple with Phenyl, and tries to keep him from drinking; and this law student, Clement Hale, is deeply in love with the laundress's daughter, Lavender Rolt, otherwise known as "Sweet Lavender," a character not improbably suggested by the Fanny Bolton of *Pendennis*. An attempt is first made to interest us in the love affairs of Hale and this handmaiden, an attempt, however, which is the less successful because, in the hands of Mr. Bernard Gould, Hale becomes a very commonplace young man; and Miss Norreys, the Lavender, appears to be mourning the melancholy circumstance that she has not a comic part to play. A less convincing *ingénue* than Miss Norreys in *Sweet Lavender* we do not remember to have seen; she appears to be nervously apprehensive lest the audience should suspect that she is going to be funny, and altogether Lavender strikes us as a most depressing young woman. At the end of the first act her mother, Mrs. Rolt, seems about to take up the running. It is indicated that there is a mystery in connexion with her, and that the banker, Mr. Wedderburn, who has adopted Hale, is at the bottom of it. We do not really reach this, however, for the best part of a long hour and a half. Meantime the banker's niece, Minnie, who has been engaged to marry Hale, but prefers his brotherly affection, becomes a prominent personage, and we are invited to concern ourselves with the flirtation between her and a volatile American named Bream. In course of time a new side issue comes up for consideration; Phenyl is represented as the chief creditor of Wedderburn's bank, which has suspended payment. Little or nothing comes of this, and we are carried on to the mystery which was suggested at the end of the first act. There had formerly been a liaison between the barrister and the laundress, and Lavender is their daughter. Phenyl, in various stages of ebriety, pervades the play, and is often amusing. The lean, shabby barrister is a quaint figure, and would be a great deal quainter if Mr. Terry did not make such painful efforts to be grotesque in speech and gesture. The parts of Minnie and of Mrs. Rolt are played with excellent taste and judgment by Miss Maude Millett and Miss Carlotta Addison. The former is charmingly fresh and natural. Mr. Valentine also shows ability as Bulger, and a word of commendation may be added for the Bream of Mr. F. Kerr. The manner in which the piece straggles makes it sadly tedious; but we can cordially praise the lighter passages of the dialogue. There are many humorous, witty, and fanciful lines, such as, indeed, are happily characteristic of all Mr. Pinero's pieces.

There is sound reason to hope that in Miss Julia Neilson, who has made her first appearance on the recognized stage as Cynisca in *Pygmalion and Galatea*, we have an actress who will presently occupy a leading place in the front rank of her profession. We do not believe in "born actresses," for acting is a difficult and abstruse art which must be learnt, and can only be acquired by practice. Dramatic aptitude, however, novices may possess, and this is possessed in a very exceptional degree by Miss Neilson. A musical voice, a correct ear, and intelligence of a high order were evidenced by her delivery of the verse; her face readily reflects the emotions she expresses; her bearing is graceful, and her gesture remarkably apt, unconstrained, and significant. We were much struck by the indication of Cynisca's nature which was conveyed in her first interview with Pygmalion. Jealousy of the statue is lightly, almost jestingly, hinted at; when she refers to the power Artemis has bestowed upon them there is no shadow of a thought in her mind that it can ever possibly be used; and yet with much subtlety the young actress in the midst of her loving converse reveals the depths of her disposition. The keynote of what follows is, in fact, faintly sounded. Over-anxiety to make much of every varying phase of the character to some slight extent marred the interpretation; on the other hand, in the delivery of some of the speeches we found a repose and restrained force which are exceedingly rare in the performances of inexperienced players. Miss Mary Anderson repeated her familiar impersonation of Galatea, Mr. Macklin gave a particularly able study of Pygmalion, and Mr. Rutland Barrington made a humorous Chrysos.

An interesting performance of Sheridan Knowles's *The Hunchback* was given at the Prince of Wales's Theatre on Tuesday afternoon. The interest of the occasion, of course, centred upon the young actress, Miss May Fortescue, who undertook the part of the considerably tried heroine Julia. Hitherto Miss Fortescue has not appeared favourably as an actress. She has seemed rather too much inclined to accept popularity on the easiest terms, and to pose as a star of the first magnitude ere she had learned the first rudiments of her art. Experience is a hard master, and Miss Fortescue has evidently soon found that people would not accept her with genuine favour until she had proved herself worthy of their commendation. This she emphatically won on Tuesday last. In the earlier scenes, it is true, she was rather artificial and stiff, but as the play progressed she manifested so much fervour in her love-making, and so much passion in her desolation, that she surprised by the firmness of her touch and the evidence which sh exhibited of having placed herself under the direction of some skilful instructor. Throughout she exhibited so much promise of still better things in the future, that we feel almost inclined to pass over her faults, which are plastic rather than elocutionary. She persists, for instance, in over-gesticulating, and ignores the value of the greatest of all histrionic arts—repose. We commend its study very earnestly to her attention. Mr. Willard was Master Walter, and we cannot say that it is a character which suits him, but he is far too intelligent to do anything indifferently, and in the last scene he was both powerful and dignified. The Sir Thomas Crawford of Mr. Conway was externally all that could be desired. His delivery, however, of Sheridan Knowles's somewhat sterile poetry was the reverse of satisfactory. He seemed, like many another English actor, determined to give his lines as little value as possible. Miss Webster as Helen was lively, but wanting in refinement; and Mr. Norman Forbes was capital as Modus, and did not over-emphasize that melancholy youth's shyness, which can so easily be rendered grotesque. Mr. A. Wood played Fathom very funnily, and Mr. H. H. Morell was a capital Thomas. We have rarely seen a more picturesque or accurate costume on the stage than the one of brown and yellow silk worn by Mr. Frank Rodney as Lord Tinsel.

A change in the cast of *The Two Roses* at the Criterion Theatre, which is given now occasionally for matinée performances during the successful run of *David Garrick*, has permitted Miss Ellaline Terriss to assume the character of Lotty, the younger of Digby Grant's daughters. Although this very young actress may have failed to efface souvenirs of Miss Amy Fawcett and Miss Amy Roselle in this same part, nevertheless she contrived to make a most favourable impression by her graceful and winning appearance and by her pleasant and fresh delivery. She is a little fidgetty, and has a tendency to overact; but these are defects which will surely disappear with practice. Mr. C. W. Somerset, who played Digby Grant for the first time, is a clever and painstaking actor, who somehow or other vaguely suggests Mr. Irving; but his make-up was the reverse of artistic, and did not assist him in creating as favourable an impression as he otherwise might have done. Mr. Sydney Brough was excellent as Jack Wyatt.

There is little praise to bestow on Miss Beatrice Strafford's matinée of *Camille* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre on Thursday. This lady, who has been absent for some time from the London stage, essayed a part which is associated with some of the greatest of modern actresses, and although she seemed to feel its emotions, she certainly failed to move her audience, as least in the sense she evidently desired. Mr. William Herbert, however, who played the part of Armand Duval, acted remarkably well. He was manly, and in the more passionate scenes exhibited a power which we scarcely imagined him to possess. He is altogether the best representative of this part we have seen in a very long time; for, as a rule, it is rendered the reverse of agreeable by violent outbursts of passion and general unseemly conduct on the part of a youth whom Alexandre Dumas (the son) distinctly describes as extremely refined and elegant.

THE HASTINGS SALE.

THE Hastings sale, which took place this week at Messrs. Christie, Manson, & Woods, although not a large one, has been of considerable interest. One hundred and thirty lots of Majolica, including some fine pieces, gave a good opportunity to amateurs, and the best of the plates, or dishes, were sold at prices varying from 100 to 410 guineas. Urbino, which may be called the birthplace of Majolica, was richly represented; so was Gubbio, a place in the same duchy. There were several pieces, too, from Caffagiolo, one of them bearing a peculiar mark very like that on a plate in the Rothschild collection, which is celebrated for having misled the compiler of the Catalogue of the Bernal sale (at which it was purchased) into mistaking the words In Chafaggiuolo for Incha Agricola. This Caffagiolo Majolica is remarkable for the richness of its blues. There were many specimens, again, of the Majolica commonly called Abruzzo ware, from the factories in the neighbourhood of Naples. Among these was a pair of plaques, one signed with the name of S. Grue, a man of science, who became director, in the seventeenth century, of the works at Castelli, one of the most celebrated of all the Majolica factories in Italy. The Hispano-mauro ware was exceptionally good, one dish fetching 325 guineas. Generally speaking, this kind of Majolica is inferior to the Italian. There were half a dozen specimens of the ware of Palissy, who, as is well known, was so zealous in his art that he put his chairs and tables into his furnace when he was short of fuel. One of his principal employments was making large earthenware vases and statues for French gardens, especially for those of Henri II. and his Court; but he is best known now for his small pieces encrusted with fish, shells, and reptiles.

The Limoges enamels, which were sold on the second day, furnished some interesting specimens of the methods that have been at various times adopted in that very difficult art, although it can hardly be said that all were represented. Some of the earliest enamels on metal, that are known, are cloisonnés, their surfaces being divided with gold filagree into compartments in which the enamel was enclosed. This method is still followed in parts of Asia. Next came the Early Limoges style, or *champ levé*. The chief characteristic of this method was that cavities for the reception of the enamel were incised by an engraver in a thick plate of copper. The next development was the Italian, "jeweller's style," whose great exponent was Benvenuto Cellini; and then followed another sort of Limoges, known as Late Limoges, in which the paintings were laid upon an opaque paste in transparent colours. There is yet another, called the Miniature style, remarkable for the variety of its colours, the gradation of its tones, and the number of the firings to which its plates were exposed. The Hastings enamels brought in some good prices, a small piece, only 7¼ inches long, fetching 350 guineas, and eighteen plaques, about 6 inches square, 598; but these prices seemed small in comparison with those realized at the Hamilton, Blenheim, and Fountaine sales, when enamelled dishes made from 1,000 to 7,000 guineas. Students of enamels were interested by comparing the Limoges with eight lots of Chinese enamels which were sold later in the day. It is not very often that a good collection of ivories finds its way into the market, and the thirty-four lots now sold comprised some very fair pieces. There were two ivory horns (or *Oliphants*, as they used to be called), several handsomely carved knife-handles, a diptych and a triptych, some caskets and plaques, and a number of statuettes. One or two of the latter, from 11 to 13 inches high, made something over 60 guineas apiece, and a casket more than 400*l*.

EXHIBITIONS.

THREE exhibitions of the one-man sort claim our attention this week. In each case some bond of unity has been found to give the drawings an interest as parts of a series of illustration. Mr. F. G. Cotman's "Around London," at Messrs. Dowdeswell's, is a set of landscapes in water-colour, which happen most of them to have been made not far from the town, but evidently without any definite purpose of illustrating all the scenery of the environs. The few that cannot pretend to come under the title have been made in Norfolk. They are somewhat unequal, both in ambition and in performance; but, on the whole, Mr. Cotman's aims are worthy and his methods artistic. The basis of his art is realism —a realism ennobled, however, by a broader and more dignified view of effect than can be gained by mere patient compilation of small forms and local tints. In "A Wedding Morning—Blakeney" (48) we admire the limpid quality of the tone, the luminous sky in true relation to the ground, and the fine delicate finish with which boats, rigging, &c., are fully made out without any hardness or undue prominence of definition. "Blakeney from the Downs" (42), another example of serious and well-calculated finish, arrests one's attention by the way in which dark green grass and gorse are given their true local colour without prejudice to the scheme of values or the feeling of air. The greens in "Distant View of Harrow-on-the-Hill" (3) are also strong and soft; and the picture presents a group of light bowery trees worked with a broad elegance of style that does not exclude a free delineation of natural forms. "Morston Church, Norfolk" (44), one of the largest, is broadly modelled; "Brickmakers" (47) is a good effect of light on figures, &c.; and "Horton Mill" (10), "Near St. Albans" (12), and "Parched Downs near Epping" (33) are fresh, aërial, and yet solid in aspect. A sad and tranquil view of nature may be seen in the bare trees and grey diffused light of "Sheds at Ruislip" (20); while "Strangers at the Gate, Pinner" (1), "Twickenham" (8), "Pinner" (23), "On the Colne" (26), "Pinner Church" (32), "Pinner" (37), and "The Bar, Blakeney" (43), are some among the good things which we have not space to describe.

In his collection of drawings of Oxford, on view at the Fine Art Society's Rooms, Mr. J. Fulleylove gives us both pencil drawings and work in water-colour. As usual, he has succeeded best in some of the latter, though he uses the pencil in many cases with a pleasing freedom and suggestiveness. It may be objected that, in drawing architectural subjects with the point, he should have been fuller and more precise in his information. But then it is evident that the artist merely wished to give a general idea of the corners of streets and dispositions of buildings that you might come across in a walk through Oxford. He has very rarely intended to give a thorough architectural account of the buildings he treats. Perhaps the frankest in execution and most consistent in effect of the water-colours are two studies of "St. John's College: Garden Front" (66 and 29). "Christchurch: Library and Peckwater Quadrangle" (27) shows a good treatment of stone; and the large "Magdalen College: Cloisters, &c." (21) is a fine and careful piece of workmanship, except in the false "chic" of the foreground figures. The interiors produce a good general effect, though brown and somewhat lacking in feeling for space and air. "Merton College: Interior of Library" (18), with its interesting treatment of the variously hued books, is perhaps the best of these. The painting of the Renaissance façade in "St. John's College, with Archbishop Laud's Library" (13), should not be overlooked; it is one of the finest of the purely architectural subjects. Suggestively worked, the detail in shadow exhibits no false hardness, and the colours of the stone, though faithfully given, do not interfere with the tranquillity of the mass of building.

Let no one imagine from the title of Mr. Haynes-Williams's exhibition at the Goupil Gallery—"Fair and Famous Fontainebleau"—that he is about to be introduced to the haunts of Millet, Rousseau, Diaz, Decamps, and the nursery of the Romantic landscape of 1830. It is with the Château, not the Forest, that Mr. Haynes-Williams has been occupied. Nor has he given us any glimpse of the famous gardens and picturesque staircase and buildings; he has confined his labours to the state-rooms of the Palace. He has been very careful in his drawing and perspective, very faithful in his treatment of ornament and decoration, and he has gone no further in the way of license than in cleaning up some of the faded stuffs and burnishing some of the gorgeous gilding. His work is perhaps too universally clean and shining. The most important rooms of the Palace are unquestionably the long, narrow "Galerie François I." and the "Salle du Bal," adorned with the combined monograms of Henri II. and Diane de Poictiers. Mr. Haynes-Williams, who has made his principal picture a general view of the first room, has given a most trustworthy delineation of the Renaissance decoration planned by Primaticcio and Benvenuto Cellini, and carried out by the foreign workmen of Francis I. Of Henri II.'s much finer gallery there is no general view, and we must be content with three pictures of various corners of the room. From these the style of the mural paintings may be gathered and the design of the deep embrasures; but the dark tone of the picture and the concentration of light prevents one from realizing the resplendent shimmer of the gold and satinwood of the gallery and the blaze of reflections which lights up every dark corner of the walls and floor.

We have deplored on former occasions an absence of freshness in the methods, and conviction in the aims of painting, which gave to Mr. Tooth's Gallery a uniform aspect of uninteresting commercial mediocrity. We see a tendency to improve matters in this respect; a real step has been made towards better things. The work of the inevitable trickster may still be seen, but tempered, as it should be, by sincere and serious art that looks like the production of a human being, and not of a mere machine. Nor is the talent of young Englishmen so entirely sacrificed as it was to foreign potboiling and unintelligent repetition of clever formulas. Mr. Alfred East has proved himself ere now, and his co-operation is worth securing for an exhibition; but he might have made his talent more distinctly manifest than he has in "Kilchurn Castle, Loch Awe" (44). His other contribution, "The Land of Burns" (91), somewhat redeems this failure by its solidity and superior air of truth. Mr. J. W. Waterhouse exemplifies his power of drawing and his sane realism of tone in a picture of classic subject, "The Rescue" (136). "On a Lee Shore" (6) is in Mr. H. Macallum's best style, fresh, vigorous, and free from exaggerated warmth of colour. Mr. W. L. Wyllie, in a genuine snow effect, "Winter on the Medway" (43), shows that he can still observe nature with sincerity, and paint it with freedom and vigour, notwithstanding his occasional sacrifices of late years to a false prettiness of colour. Mr. D. Farquharson, in two or three small canvases, and Mr. Logsdail in "A Side Canal, Venice" (29), paint solidly and robustly in good natural colour, and without any affectations or trivialities of style. Modern fashions of impressionistic handling and cool, fresh, grey colouring are represented by Mr. E. Dade's "Scavengers of the Sea" (23), Mr. Norton's "Toil and Pleasure" (101), Mr. F. Brangwyn's "Lazy Afternoon —Fowey" (34), and one or two similar canvases. Some really fine

foreign pictures add distinction to this year's show. The superbly deep moving sky of Mr. James Maris's "Dordt" (3) serves to show up the hard steely flatness of the mechanically-executed skies in such foreign potboilers as Mr. J. Gallegos's "Souvenir of Venice" (103). Beside such work, indeed, Mr. H. B. Davis's laboured "Summer Time" (87), from last Academy, appears sincerity itself. Then we have a very happy instance of P. Billet, "The Shepherdess" (57), a canvas loosely and naturally painted in the honest colours of truth; a fine study of armour, "The Standard Bearer" (5), by Meissonier; and a life-size figure of a girl, by Th. Paraf Javal, called "The Lacemaker" (15). This picture possesses a charming refinement of colour combined with strength, which makes it agreeable at any distance from one foot to twenty. The type chosen is not beautiful in itself, but the artist has taken such advantage of its marked character as to give his work an irresistible charm. One cannot help admiring the even cream of the flesh tint, the judicious parsimony of pigment and labour shown by the artist in painting the eyes, the soft impasto of the cheeks, and the masterly treatment of all accessories to the head. We confess to not liking hard, small workmanship or smooth uniformities of texture that look like painted tin or coloured glass; but, upon examining R. Sorbi's "Blind Man's Buff" (118), or more especially L. Deutsch's "News from the Soudan" (63), we see such thorough modelling and drawing that we are disposed to forgive their unnatural aspect. Want of space prevents our describing work worthy of attention by Messrs. Lhermitte, Binet, Marchetti, Senêt, Chevallier Tayler, Rubens Santoro, F. Murray, Conrad Kiesel, and W. S. Coleman.

The composition of the French Gallery, Pall Mall, remains the same as ever. The bulk of the show consists of the very clever handiwork of men who seem each to possess a mould from which they can turn out any required number of proofs. One would think that they must become even more tired of this industry than we are. Do these gentlemen, with all the resources of nature and art at their command, ever try to grapple with some fresh aspect of nature, ever abandon themselves to the inspiration of the moment in their handling, or ever adventure themselves in some entirely new region of colour? Perhaps, if they do, they find it impossible to sell the results in England, where we heartily wish their well-known manufactures met with a cooler reception. The only charge which has been supported with any seriousness against Corot was that of a want of variety. The painters we are referring to need take no heart from the illustrious precedent. In half of his work, it is true, Corot was developing a style, and that so absolutely a new one as to require his whole attention. Moreover, his handling was always fresh, lively, and accidented, and his colour only apparently the same, while his whole art was so full of an uncloyed enjoyment of nature that it never produced the effect of an often repeated formula. Corot improved too, whereas Mr. Joanonitz and others have become the shadow of themselves. Nevertheless, the French Gallery contains some excellent pictures. Amongst works of the older school we have a note of colour and effect "The Last Gleam" (2) rapidly dashed in by Corot and yet showing a mysterious profundity of tone; a fat rich Dupré, "Near Barbizon" (53), totally unlike any part of the district; a dark, rather mannered Rousseau, "A Bit near Barbizon" (40), and a decorative figure picture, "Cupid's Own" (19), by Diaz. As examples of sincere realism we may mention Mauve's "Ploughing: Holland" (4); Windmaier's "Sportsmen Returning: Bavaria" (89); "Spring and Winter" (37), an effect of cold light in a peasant interior, with white caps, which Mr. W. Firle is beginning to paint too often; and Tina Blau's strong and lively effect of blue sky and warm buildings, "A Bit of Ancient Rome" (60). Of conventional work there is plenty. Mr. Heffner is best in small canvases, such as "Bavarian Homestead" (26), but he is weakly insincere in everything. Fair work comes from Messrs. L. C. Müller, Hermann Philips, A. Holmberg, Israels, Chevilliard, and some others. Mr. Seiler's minutely worked "Arrest of Voltaire at Antwerp" (39) is interesting from its subject and from the expression of the figures, while as a picture it is most aggravating and inharmonious. Without any effort of artistic treatment, intelligent plan, or master conception, it is niggled all over with the same ardour and preciseness of definition. The whole of a picture cannot be equally full and excited any more than a symphony all trombones and trumpets, without becoming a dead level of ineffectiveness. Besides, from the ordinary human point of view, one does not occupy oneself with the light on barrels and bottles when Voltaire is being arrested before one's nose.

THE RISE IN SOUND INVESTMENT SECURITIES.

SELDOM has the Stock Exchange witnessed so great a rise in sound investment securities as has taken place since Mr. Goschen's conversion scheme has been laid before the public. Had the rise occurred after a sudden fall brought about by a financial or political crisis, or had it come when a long period of depression was drawing to an end, it would not be surprising; but the rise has occurred when already the prices of such securities were unprecedentedly high. For many years past the creation of new sound securities has been much smaller than the demand for them. The wealth of the world is constantly growing; while railway construction in Europe has come to an end, at least so far as main and really profitable lines are concerned, and Government borrowing on a large scale there has not been for many years. On the contrary, our own Government has been steadily paying off debt; while the redemption of debt by the United States Government has been on a scale larger than ever the world has seen before. The consequence is that the amount of money available for investment exceeds the supply of new investment stocks, and the old investment stocks are, therefore, steadily rising in price. Some weeks ago we called attention to the amount of idle money that was waiting investment, and to the consequent rise in prices, because the owners of that money were growing weary of leaving it unemployed and were beginning to invest. The investment came to an end as political apprehensions grew; but once more investment has become active, because of the proposed conversion of the National Debt. Many holders of Consols and New and Reduced Threes had come almost to persuade themselves that conversion was impossible. In the present position of the Continent, with a great war always in prospect, they believed that the Government would not give sufficient consideration to the banks to induce the banks actively to assist the Government in conversion, and without such assistance from the banks they argued that conversion was impossible. Hence these people, though unwilling to receive less than 3 per cent. for their money, had continued their investment in the Three per Cents. But, when the conversion proposals were made known, they saw with the rest of the world that conversion would be carried, and they were eager, therefore, to sell out their Three per Cents and invest in other securities. It does not follow, of course, that the buying was really very large. Undoubtedly large numbers of the holders of Three per Cents are not content with 2¾ per cent. interest; and very many of them instructed their brokers to sell the Three per Cents and buy other securities, always providing, however, that those other securities can be got at prices that would still give them 3 per. cent. or more. In many cases, however, it was soon found impossible to fulfil those conditions, and therefore we are inclined to think that the buying was much smaller than would at first sight seem probable from the magnitude of the rise. The truth is that, owing to the scarcity of sound investments to which we have been referring, the new savings of the world have for years been going into kinds of securities which ten or twelve years ago careful investors would not have been satisfied with. Consols, and debenture, and preference stocks had become too dear, and many investors therefore put up with ordinary stocks or Colonial Government bonds. And that the buying has not been so very large as is often assumed seems to be proved by the fact that the fall in Consols was slight. If all the discontented Consol holders, or even a considerable proportion of them, had sold, the price of Consols must have fallen heavily; but even this week Consols have been at a premium of from 1¼ to 1½. It seems to follow, therefore, that the selling of Consols has not been exceedingly large.

The rise was greatest in the ordinary stocks of British railway Companies, some of those stocks having advanced in a couple of days fully 6*l.*; but it was very general in all the securities which are classed as sound investments. At one time Two and a half per Cents rose to nearly 98; Indian Three and a half per Cent. stock this week has been 107¼; Indian Threes are a fraction under par; Metropolitan Board of Works Three and a half per Cent. stock has touched 115½; Birmingham Three and a half per Cents, 112; and Manchester Four per Cents have touched 125. Practically, Corporation stocks yield from about 3⅛ to 3⅜, while British railway debentures and preference stocks yield from under 3 to about 3¼. Thus, the Four per Cent. debenture stock of the London and North-Western Railway yields barely 2*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.* per cent, and even the ordinary stocks of the best British railways, at present prices, yield only about 3½ per cent. All this, however, is quite consistent with a comparatively small amount of real buying. It is quite true, as we have said above, that the number of persons who wish to buy was large, but the knowledge that so many persons were intending buyers was quite sufficient to drive up the price without actual transactions on a very large scale taking place. The more far-seeing investors, ever since Mr. Childers's proposals were made, have been avoiding Consols; they saw that conversion might be postponed for a while, but sooner or later that it was inevitable. They have, therefore, been buying debenture and preference stocks, Corporation stocks, Colonial Government bonds, and the like; and not a few also, of a less cautious temperament, have been investing in the ordinary stocks of British railways. All those investors who bought without the intention of selling again were not tempted to sell by the rise which took place last week, and which has been fully maintained this week. Indeed, if they had sold they would be in the difficulty of the intending buyers—they would not know how to employ their money to greater advantage; and, consequently, there was found to be a very great scarcity of these stocks in the market, and the result was the extraordinary rise that has been witnessed. Ten or a dozen years ago the quantity of railway ordinary stocks "floating in the market," to use a Stock Exchange phrase, was very large. It was held by large numbers of jobbers, large brokers, and speculators. It was always, therefore, changing hands, and a very considerable speculation in those stocks was in consequence possible. But so large of late years has been the investment-buying of those stocks that the floating amount in the market has been steadily decreasing, until practically now a large speculation is impossible. Speculators cannot buy on a very great scale, for

the simple reason that jobbers will not sell, knowing that, if they do so, they cannot buy in order to deliver. The scarcity that has thus been created fully explains the rise in sound investment securities that has taken place, without any assumption that very large buying has actually occurred. No doubt there was considerable speculation also in the rise. For some months past it has been known that conversion was imminent, and capitalists with large sums at their disposal doubtless bought the better classes of stocks, for the purpose of selling when conversion was announced. Doubtless, also, many members of the Stock Exchange, in anticipation that the demand would arise, were beforehand with investors, and bought all the debenture and other such stocks that they could obtain. But, after all, the influence of speculation in the matter was comparatively small.

As regards the future, much, of course, depends upon the course of politics on the Continent. If there is no war, the influences which have been tending to send up the prices of all securities for years past will continue to operate. The sounder classes of securities will either maintain their present price, or will advance somewhat more. It is not probable, indeed, that in the very best of those securities there can be much further rise. For example, there would be very little advantage to a holder of Consols to sell his Consols at the present moment for the purpose of buying London and North-Western Four per Cent. Debenture stock. On his Consols he will receive for the next twelve months 3 per cent. interest and 5s. per cent. bonus, making together 3¼ per cent., and in the following year he will receive 2¾ per cent. Practically, therefore, for two years he will receive 3 per cent., and for the following thirteen years 2¾ per cent. But if he were to sell his Consols and buy London and North-Western Four per Cent. debenture stock, the interest he would receive at the present price would be scarcely 2*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.* He would receive, therefore, for the next two years less interest than he would receive on Consols, and though for the following thirteen years he would receive more, the benefit would not be great. On the other hand, if he continued to hold Consols, and converted, the probability is that his 2¾ per cent. stock would rise in price, and that in the long run the holder of Consols would gain more by retaining his Consols than by buying London and North-Western Four per Cent. debenture stock. But while a further rise in the very best of these securities does not seem probable, there is no reason to anticipate any material fall. The causes that have brought about the present prices will maintain them, and possibly even may produce a slight further advance. In the less excellent but yet sound securities a further rise is not improbable; nor is it improbable that there may be some further rise also in ordinary railway stock; for although at present prices —assuming that the dividends remain as they were last year— the yield averages only about 3½ per cent., it is always to be recollected that the dividend may be increased. Good trade, for example, would augment the business of the railway Companies, and would increase dividends. There is an element of uncertainty, that is, in the yield of ordinary stocks, which introduces a certain amount of speculation. As the sound securities of all kinds thus steadily appreciate, it is reasonable to anticipate that there will by-and-bye be a recovery in the more speculative securities. Any upward movement in Continental Government bonds is hardly probable, however, unless Continental politics become less threatening. If, however, peace is maintained, industrial securities of all kinds, including American railway securities, even of the more speculative kind, can hardly fail to recover in price. Just as Consol-holders are dissatisfied with the lower rate of interest, many of the holders of debenture and preference stocks, Colonial bonds, and the like, will grow dissatisfied with the small interest receivable on their holdings at present prices. They will be tempted to sell, therefore, and to buy securities of a kind not quite so assured as their own. Those who sell to them in turn will look for a higher rate of interest, and thus, by the shifting of investment, the speculative classes of securities will at last be reached. Before that comes about, however, there must, in the first place, be a more confident feeling as regards the maintenance of peace, and, in the second place, there must be a re-establishment in the United States of better economic conditions.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

LAST Saturday was a day of modern music at the Crystal Palace, at least if the chief symphonic numbers of the concert are considered. The Symphony itself was Goldmark's *Country Wedding*, perhaps his best as well as his best known work. Much of modern effort in every art is the outcome of theory and science on the part of men who are afraid to be easy and direct for fear of being banal. In so far as they come from deliberate and scientific intention rather than from artistic taste, just so far will these works engage the brains of intellectual men rather than the feelings of emotional ones. Music belonging to this class of art is apt to be more interesting and absorbing to its maker than it ever can be to a listener, even as scientific realism in painting seems thrown away on all but painters whose experience enables them to appreciate it intellectually. Lack of knowledge is fatal to enjoyment of anything which demands not only familiarity, but special studies to be understood. When an author has approached a subject merely as a problem, those who understand the proposition alone can follow him, and it is by reason, not by feeling, that they determine the success of his solution.

In this Symphony, at least, Goldmark, whatever he became afterwards, showed himself straightforward and natural, and yet the *Country Wedding* is full of originality and innovation. Though his aims included programme music and some departure from symphony form, the composer's intentions lie on the surface, his melody stares one in the face, and his instrumentation and musical devices are most clearly suitable to the character of his themes. That he adopted a most unusual form for his first movement—namely, the air with variations—does not make his music formless or incomprehensible. The air itself has a certain old-world precision of measure, and the variations are as unconnected as those of Handel's time; but the composer shows himself original both in the structure of these divisions and in their piquant and varied instrumentation. All departments of the orchestra were handled with a judicious respect for the general effect by Mr. Manns's excellent body of artists. They emphasized to the full the pleasant contrast between the force of No. 5 and the coquetry of No. 6, followed with great steadiness the imitative passages of No. 9, and gave the gracious stateliness of No. 10 and No. 13 with delightful dignity and precision. The theme of the "Serenade" is a fine inspiration of simple melody, and the oboists, who bore most of the burden, played to perfection. After the fourth movement, which seems a little long and somewhat plaintive, the fiery entrance of the "finale" is very welcome. All played with care and energy, and the symphony was brought to a triumphant conclusion. Two numbers—also orchestral—stood, one at the beginning, the other at the end of the programme. Byron's *Manfred* was an excellent find for a modern romantic musician, such as Schumann, and the Overture is one of his best compositions for the orchestra. Its fiery starts and bursts, its grand march-like passages, and its soft but still active second subject, met with an intelligent and vigorous interpretation. Mr. Mackenzie's Ballad for Orchestra, "La Belle Dame sans Merci," is music somewhat difficult to follow, but it seems to improve at every hearing, and was certainly better played than at its last performance at these concerts. With all its grandly organized orchestral bursts, long prepared effects, and immense variety of melody and sentiment, we do not quite see its aptness to express Keats's simple jet of weird fantastic feeling. That, however, is hardly a fault in a fine piece of musical work. It merely means that the composer preferred to take a sort of vast mythological and Wagnerian view of the legend, and appended Keats's poem because it was well known, not because its style and expression were appropriate.

Miss Clotilde Kleeberg gave a lively and brilliant rendering of Mendelssohn's "Concerto for Piano," No. 1 in G Minor, in which she was materially assisted by the excellent and judicious playing of the orchestra. The lively runs of the "Andante" well suited her peculiarly tender and tinkling touch, yet she was by no means lacking in the force required for the powerful passages in other movements, and especially in the splendid *brio* of the Finale. Miss Kleeberg plays Handel well; the piece chosen was "Chaconne and Variations," in G Major, and it suited her sharp sparkling touch, which reminds one of the point of acid in a cool invigorating claret. Mrs. Hutchinson put a fair amount of dramatic feeling into Gounod's "Plus grand dans son obscurité" (*Reine de Saba*), and sang very pleasantly "Mütterlein, sprich," and "Frühling ist da," by Fischhoff.

FRENCH PLAYS.

FEW French pieces have proved more successful in this country than M. Emile Augier's fine comedy of *L'Aventurière*. The author has acknowledged that he modelled his earlier works upon those of Molière; but he certainly contrived to infuse into this particular piece a stronger dramatic interest than is usually to be found in plays of the school to which he attached himself in his youth; and although *L'Aventurière* was written some time before *Gabrielle*, and is in a purely literary sense greatly its inferior, it is infinitely more interesting when produced upon the stage. The action takes place in an age sufficiently remote from our own to enable the actors to use verse without appearing unreal or affected. It is said that M. Coquelin in Annibal, which was originally created by Regnier, preserves his great master's traditions, and follows his lines faithfully. This may or may not be so, but if it is, it is all to the greater honour of the pupil; and certainly in two scenes it would be very difficult to find any actor now living who could approach M. Coquelin. The first of these is the one in which Annibal, after indulging over freely in wine, reveals in an unguarded moment his sister's secret, and thus defeats his own and her purpose. This he plays with consummate skill; we actually seem to see the fumes of the liquor rise, reddening the face, and moistening the eyes of the intoxicated rascal. His vain endeavours to recover his reason and to pull himself together are depicted with a subtle elaboration which is positively fascinating, and as faithful a copy of nature as art can ever hope to give. And when at length he is finally overwhelmed by the strength of the wine, and, reaching the maudlin condition, falls into a heavy sleep, his so doing occasions a feeling of absolute relief, so eagerly has every movement been watched. He is equally excellent in the last scene of all, where his well-laid schemes are defeated through his own stupidity; and at last, when he finds himself face to face with the man who

killed his own master, Matapan of Geneva, his trainer in sword-play, he collapses, drops his braggadacio, and takes himself off out of the presence of the outraged but triumphant Fabrice like a well-whipped cur. A close observation of M. Coquelin's acting, not only in this part, but in all the characters we have witnessed him perform this season, enables us to form a clear idea of his histrionic method. He depends rather upon the varieties of intonation of which his voice is capable and of the placing of the exact inflection upon various words, whereby he gives them their true value and even subtlest meaning, than upon elaboration of gesture. We know of no English actor of equal rank who acts so little. Scene after scene passes during which M. Coquelin always contrives to be interesting, but in which he barely lifts his hand or arm or moves from his place. This economy of gesture is all the more surprising coming from a Frenchman; but those who are acquainted with the traditions of the Théâtre Français will remember that it is one of the chief rules of that great institution to make its associates understand that they must never attempt a move or gesture without reason. We also observe that M. Coquelin avoids posturing or forming what English actors popularly call "a picture." He skilfully shuns making sensational exits or surprising entries. If he quits the stage in the middle of a scene, he does not do so for the emphatic purpose of provoking a round of applause, but goes off naturally, as the text requires him to do. The members of his troupe have been, we believe, for the most part recruited from provincial companies, and are not much known in Paris. This being the case, the excellence of their acting is all the more surprising. M. Duquesne has frequently been praised as an actor of exceptional versatility. As Fabrice in *L'Aventurière* he surpassed himself, and in the passionate interview in the fourth act with Clorinde he was genuinely tragic. When this wily woman, seeing that her game is lost, ventures to insinuate an insulting slur upon the memory of his mother, he turns upon her, and beats her down by sheer force of indignant fury. Mme. Patry plays the part of Clorinde admirably. It is no easy task to depict the different moods of this capricious and dangerous woman, who, for all her accomplishments and graces, has at the bottom of her nature much of the brutality which distinguishes her amiable brother. Like M. Coquelin, Mme. Patry is sparing of gesture; but her acting throughout is never inappropriate, but invariably graceful and dignified, and where it is necessary for her to pantomime the attitudes which she assumes are in the best style of plastic art. *L'Aventurière* is a piece with three parts of almost equal importance—Annibal, Fabrice, and Clorinde—but the other three personages are mere shadows. The young lovers are insipid, and Mont Parade, the astute Clorinde's victim, has only one fine scene, which M. Borel rendered very picturesque by his grand manner.

During the week M. Coquelin and his companions have appeared in *Le Parisien* and *Le Juif Polonais*. The first-named piece, which has been previously reviewed in these columns, contains a part which M. Coquelin plays perfectly; but the weird hero of the French original of *The Bells* is, in our opinion, not at all in his line. We willingly pay our tribute of admiration to M. Coquelin's great talents when displayed in parts which suit him, but those of a romantic character he certainly never ought to essay.

On Thursday evening M. Coquelin essayed, for the first time, a part hitherto associated with the names of M. Régnier and M. Got—that of the faithful old retainer Noël in Mme. Emile de Girardin's well-known comedy *La Joie fait Peur*, a piece which, although admirably written, is apt to prove very doleful and wearisome unless it is extremely well acted by all concerned. M. Coquelin's Noël is perhaps the most finished piece of acting he has yet given us; but, for all its elocutionary and plastic elaboration, it has, to the general audience at least, the aspect of extreme simplicity, so skilfully are the wires, to use the expression, concealed by his consummate art. In none of his other characters does M. Coquelin teach a greater lesson, to English actors especially, in the art of varying the inflections of the voice according to the numerous shades of emotion he wishes to express. It is, indeed, remarkable to note in how many totally different ways he repeats almost the same phrase, and what meaning he can give to apparent trifles. He draws a picture of the honest-hearted old servant which a Scott or a Dickens would have delighted in describing—full of tenderness, delicacy of sentiment, and quaint humour. His by-play, too, throughout is a study, and it is a veritable treat to watch the care with which he dusts the furniture and shakes the sofa cushions. He does not obviously pretend to perform these household duties, but honestly goes through them with all the solicitude of a trusty servant. His recognition of his newly-restored master was most affecting, and nothing could be more pathetic than his tender concern for his mistress in the hour of trial. His watchfulness over her, his delicate expression of love for her daughter, and his quaint drollery throughout were all rendered in a manner in every way worthy of a great artist. Mme. Patry played the part of the lachrymose mother, and rendered it interesting, which is saying a great deal for the excellence of her acting, since this character is written in a dreary and unnatural style, bordering very frequently on bathos. M. Jean Coquelin was a pleasant Adrien, and Mme. Baretty a very natural and unaffected Blanche.

THE INVITATION AND THE RESPONSE.

A certain patriot writeth:—

Dear Sir,

FEELING sure from the speeches you've made
 That you hold not the arrogant W-rr-n in awe,
We believe you will willingly lend us your aid
 In defying that minion of "order and law."
And we therefore invite you a meeting to call
 In the Square of Trafalgar for some future day
And, declaring that spot to be open to all,
 To eject the police in an orderly way.
If you hold, with ourselves, such proceedings to be
 The best means of defeating despotic intrigue,
Send a line by return to the Secretaree
 Of the "Mob Law and General Anarchy League."

One answereth him:—

My name is J. B-tt-mley F-rth,
There is no braver man upon earth,
 And I fully intend
 To your project to lend
My assistance for what it is worth.

But I've no metropolitan seat,
And I cannot but think it is meet
 That the patriots bold
 That distinction who hold
Should be first to descend to the street;

So 'tis better distinctly to state
That at present I purpose to wait
 Till they show me the way
 To the glorious fray
In a minimum number of eight.

Another replyeth:—

Sir Edward R—d
Is charmed indeed
 By the request you make him,
Which, were it not
Exactly what
 It is, would greatly take him;
But, lest he err,
He would confer,
 Much as your offer flatters,
With some of those
Who, he'd suppose,
 Know something of such matters.

A third droppeth a line:—

Dear Sir,

The question of Trafalgar Square,
 As raised by the events of last November,
Ought to be handled, you must be aware,
 By, first of all, some metropolitan member.

And while I in your objects sympathize,
 Nor will my efforts spare your ends to gain,
The House, I think, an adequate field supplies
 Of action for yours truly,

C. S-le H-yne.

A fourth respondeth:—

The dearest wish of W. S. M'L-r-n
Has ever been to beard the imperious W-rr-n;
He thinks that when the House has risen for Easter
The bearding might take place; although ere *he* stir,
The metropolitan members, 'tis his notion,
Should take the lead to put the thing in motion;
Else the whole scheme may prove completely barren,
Or so, at least, thinks W. S. M'L-r-n.

What a fifth said:—

To vindicate the people's rights, dear Sir,
 I shall, I hope, be always found alert;
None with the London members will confer
 In mood more resolute than Thomas B-rt.

The reply of a sixth:—

Where the fight is raging thickest
In the Square, and stones fly thickest,
 There your eye shall surely mark
(Given the co-operation
Of the London representation)
 Yours sincerely, G. B. Cl-rk.

Answereth at last a metropolitan member:—

A bold metropolitan P-ck-rsg-ll I,
 And I boldly make public the fact
That with those who are willing the law to defy
 I'm prepared—on conditions—to act.
I, of course, must confer with them first, and tell them
 Your proposal must lie on the shelf,
And I'll fix on a day to confer with them when
 I've conferred for a while with myself.

REVIEWS.

KINGSFORD'S HISTORY OF CANADA.*

THE title-page of the present volume, which bears a London imprint, gives no clue to the nationality or to the qualifications of the author, but from internal evidence it is apparent that Mr. Kingsford is a Canadian, and in point of fact the volume was published at Montreal at the close of last year. Mr. Kingsford undertakes to trace the history of Canada from the earliest date of French rule down to the series of events which have led to the present Constitution under which the Dominion is governed. The first volume—all that is yet published—carries the narrative down to the expedition of La Salle to the mouth of the Mississippi in 1682. The same ground has been covered from an American point of view by the series of independent historical narratives by Mr. Parkman, beginning with his *Pioneers of France in the New World*. It is inevitable that Mr. Kingsford, who has had access to original materials not, perhaps, available when Mr. Parkman's earlier volumes were published twenty years ago, should not agree at all points with the conclusions of his predecessor; and in a history which chronicles the clash of conflicting creeds and nationalities it is no doubt impossible to attain to absolute impartiality; but Mr. Kingsford expresses the hope that those who differ from him will recognize that he has warrant for the belief that his opinions are fully sustained by a discriminating examination of original authorities, and an endeavour to divest himself of all sentiment dictated by faith or nationality. Mr. Kingsford's work would have been more useful to the general reader if he had given a little more preliminary information as to the Indian tribes, and especially as to the geography of the early settlements. Facts within the cognizance of every educated Canadian are not so universally apprehended on this side of the Atlantic; for instance, the names of early settlements are altered or the settlements abandoned, and the localities consequently cannot be found in modern maps; yet Mr. Kingsford gives his readers no map to help them to follow his narrative, and he leaves them to find out for themselves such matters as the distinctions between the Algonquin and Iroquois races, taking it for granted that they know to which of these tribes the Mohawks and the Mohicans respectively belonged. If somewhat lacking in the minute local descriptions which give such a charm to Mr. Parkman's volumes, Mr. Kingsford deserves especial commendation for the pains which he has taken to lay before his readers in a few lines the previous history and character of each individual who appears in his pages. The broad outlines of the history of Canadian settlement are clearly laid down; the policy which governed it is plainly indicated, and the sequence of events is traced with due attention to their relative proportion and importance.

The precise period at which the St. Lawrence was first ascended by the mariners of Dieppe, St. Malo, and Rochelle is uncertain; the earliest recorded instance is that of Cartier, who, on his second voyage to Canada in 1535, made his way up the river as far as Montreal, where he ascended the mountain, and gave it its present name. His report to François I. was coloured so as to convey the impression that the dream of the age—the discovery of gold and precious stones—would reward his adventurous countrymen. It is a point of some interest that he mentions the Indian practice of smoking some years before the birth of Drake and Raleigh, the traditional discoverers of tobacco. He adduces evidence of previous European visits, which establish the fact that trade is more ancient than the record tells us. It does not appear that Cartier's voyages were followed up by any attempt at permanent settlement, though there is evidence that trade in furs was maintained by vessels annually arriving from Europe. The real founder of New France was Samuel Champlain, who has left on record by his own pen an unpretentious account of his exploits in Canada, which extended over a period of thirty-two years, from 1603 to 1635. Mr. Kingsford seeks to restore Champlain to the place in the history of the country which is his by right. Champlain's motives have been misrepresented and his actions unfairly criticized; his very writings were, as Mr. Kingsford shows, tampered with in their own interests by the Jesuits. His leading idea was

> to establish the value of Canada to France. He looked upon its political and commercial importance with the eye of a statesman. To him it was the last thought to regard Canada as a mere field for the conversion of the savage.

Champlain's first voyage in 1603 was a commercial venture to Tadousac, at the mouth of the Saguenay. He parenthetically tells us that the Indians whom he met there informed him that their enemies were the Iroquois—a remark which Mr. Kingsford adduces as a proof that no subsequent proceedings of Champlain's created the deadly enmity generally ascribed by Mr. Parkman and others to his policy. Indeed, he later on deliberately refused to strengthen the Dutch on the Hudson by destroying the power of the Iroquois. On this voyage he followed the St. Lawrence to the foot of the rapids above Montreal, and the Richelieu sufficiently far to enable him to describe the lake which now bears his name. The recital of his adventures to Henri IV. induced the first attempt at settlement, which was made at Port Royal, on the Bay of Fundy; but the experience of two winters proved the unsuitability of the climate and the exposure of the colonists to rival attempts so long as they remained on the coast. Champlain saw the superiority of Canada over Acadia, and counselled a change of base to the internal waterway of the country, and his advice was followed. He also counted on the native tribes as powerful instruments in carrying out his policy; necessity made him the ally of the Indians; his aim was to organize the friendly tribes, to win them to Christianity and civilization, and by their aid to establish French power on the continent. The neglect of this policy led to the attack on the white settlers, the annihilation of the Huron race, and the ruin of the Jesuits' missions. In 1608 Quebec was selected by Champlain as the most suitable place for a settlement, and buildings were commenced. Specimens of oak were taken to France by Champlain, who even at this early date foresaw the future timber trade of the country. The death of Henri IV., followed by Jesuit ascendency at Court and the internal troubles of the kingdom, caused Canada to be neglected by those in power for half a century; the nascent colony was starved and its control left solely to the Jesuits, who cared nothing for national objects, and aimed only at the establishment of their authority. They were not, however, the first of the religious orders to appear on the scene. That honour fell to the Recollets, who were introduced by Champlain in 1615; they established missions in the Huron country, and discovered Lake Ontario by ascending the Ottawa. During Champlain's lifetime there were no serious Indian difficulties; famine was the enemy most dreaded by him. From a national point of view he constructed a fort at Quebec, that New France might be safe from attack, though the Company who controlled the trade of the place looked on the expenditure as a waste of money. There were difficulties of jurisdiction between Champlain and the Company, and he was unable to prevent the sale of arms by French traders to the Indians. He especially bewails the neglect of agriculture by the association, recording that the first use of the plough was not till 1628. In that same year the half-manned and ill-provisioned fort at Quebec was summoned to surrender by an English privateering expedition under Kirke, who intercepted some supplies sent from France for the relief of the garrison. Champlain held out through the winter; but next summer starvation and lack of ammunition obliged him to surrender, and the flag of England floated over the citadel of Quebec. The loss of a French possession called the attention of Richelieu to the value of it; and in the necessities of Charles I., at that time just beginning the struggle with his Parliament, and in no condition to carry on the war into which he had recklessly plunged with France, the great Cardinal saw his way to re-establishing the prestige of his country in the eyes of Europe. Half the marriage portion of Henrietta Maria remained unpaid; to obtain payment of this money Charles restored Canada to France after three years of English occupation. A century and a quarter was to pass ere the cession was again reversed. Had England retained her conquest, the settlement of the West would undoubtedly have been effected much earlier; for the French achieved little beyond the exploration of the rivers, while the New England colonies were shut in from the West by the Alleghanies. Champlain returned to Canada in 1633 with a commission as governor, the commercial Company undertaking to pay his salary and all the expenses of government, receiving the profits arising from trade. Thus the home Government had no interest in and contributed little or nothing towards the advance of the colony. The Jesuits had sufficient power at Court and with the Pope to prevent the return of the Recollet Fathers. The first Jesuits had arrived in 1625, more came over on the re-cession of the colony, and quietly appropriated the establishments of the Recollets, to whom history has done scant justice for their work in preparing the ground. Champlain scarcely survived two years to discharge the duties of governor, dying at Quebec on Christmas Day, 1635. Mr Kingsford comments on the absence of any monument to his memory founded in the country which he, "to teach the youth of the Dominion what excellence there is in a noble, honest life, marked by devotion to duty and an utter disregard of self."

The twenty-five years which succeeded Champlain's death bear the stamp of failure, owing to the non-observance of his policy. The colony was stationary; the governors were merely the representatives of the Company, whose objects were purely mercantile; while the Jesuits devoted themselves, with incredible fortitude and disregard of personal suffering, to the conversion of the Indians. The Jesuit "Relations" attest the appalling cruelties which the Fathers cheerfully underwent; but history records that the result of their labours was a total failure. At the close of the missions the Huron territory was depopulated by the Iroquois, who regarded the Hurons as the allies of the hated white man, and the very existence of the feeble colony was threatened. Montreal was settled in 1641, but from none of the ordinary motives of colonization; it owed its foundation to religious zeal alone, as an outpost whence missionaries could make their way into the heart of heathendom. The inhabitants, both of Quebec and Montreal, were only safe from Iroquois attack within the palisades of the forts. No aid was given by France; there was little general sympathy and an entire lack of enterprise in the development of the colony. There was no armed force of sufficient strength to retain the respect which the French had at first imposed. Horses were unknown in the colony; for hay could not be grown, as the mowers were always in danger

* *The History of Canada.* By William Kingsford. Vol. I. [1608–1682]. London: Trübner & Co. 1888.

of being killed. The difficulties of government were increased by ecclesiastical disputes, and the pretensions to absolute power for the Church put forward by Bishop de Laval. It was felt at length that, if the country were to continue to be inhabited by white men, some national recognition and aid from France was indispensable, so an agent was despatched to ask the intervention of the King. This awoke attention to the safety of the country; soldiers were sent over in 1663, Canada passed from the control of the Company and was erected into a Royal Province, and a Council under a governor was established at Quebec. These reforms were due to the vigorous administration of Colbert. Their beneficial effect was soon felt. Immigration was encouraged, and a land system developed; trade was fostered, though the traffic with the Indians in liquor led to lengthened disputes with the Church. The river Richelieu and Lake Champlain were fortified, and war was carried into the heart of the Iroquois country by De Tracy, who broke the power of the Mohawks by destroying their villages near the headwaters of the Hudson. Here the French came into contact with the English; for the New Netherlands, which had been settled by the Dutch while England was engaged in domestic troubles, had been ceded to England by the Treaty of Breda in 1667. Hudson's Bay was taken possession of by the French in 1671. Under the governorship of De Frontenac the spirit of discovery awoke afresh, and the limits of the colony were extended to the Great Lakes. Jolliet and Marquette discovered the Mississippi in 1673, and descended it as far as the Arkansas. Mr. Kingsford proves that the claim of priority for La Salle was never made till after his death, though he had discovered the Ohio in 1671, but without knowing whither its waters flowed. In 1679 La Salle and Hennepin built a vessel above the falls of Niagara, and navigated Lakes Erie, Huron, and Michigan. In the following year Hennepin penetrated to the falls of St. Anthony on the Upper Mississippi; and La Salle, after the endurance of great hardships during two years in an unsuccessful attempt to reach its mouth, finally succeeded in descending the river to the sea in 1682. The mouths of the river, with several hundred miles of its lower course, had been known for nearly a century and a half, through the early Spanish expeditions of De Soto and others, though these exploits were imperfectly known to the Canadian explorers; but to La Salle belongs undoubtedly the glory of being the first European who descended from its upper waters to the Gulf of Mexico.

At this point the close of Mr. Kingsford's first volume breaks off the narrative of French enterprise in the New World. It will be a pleasure to his readers to resume it on the appearance of his next volume.

NOVELS.*

FRESHNESS is not exactly what any one can assign to the two first books in our list, though neither is a bad book in its own way. Miss Rosa Carey and the author of *Phyllis* both write very much up to themselves and never much beyond themselves. The central situation of *Only the Governess* is not bad; for it really must be a strong sensation to fall in love with your sister's governess, and discover that she is your intimate friend's wife. As this happens by the middle of the second volume, it is not wrong to tell it. Miss Carey has brought in a great many characters, and she bustles them all about in a businesslike and not unamusing way, while the tone of the book is, as is always the case with her, healthy and good. But is a *mouche* the same as a *moue*? And can you make a *mouche* by "pursing up your lips"? We had not thought so. *Marvel* is another stock book, if we may invent a phrase capable of doing useful work. It is in this respect different from most of its author's books, that we miss the young man, usually of the name of Dicky, who quotes the most recondite authors, always speaks or behaves adverbially ("says Dicky languidly," &c.), and keeps up brisk fires of verbal flirtation with the young woman usually of the name of Dolly, or something like it. Otherwise, there is much sameness. We may, however, submit to the author that it is rather unpatriotic to borrow the central situation of the *Roman d'un jeune homme pauvre*, and exhibit the English young man as either so much less inventive or so much less brave than M. Feuillet's disguised nobleman that he does not get his lady companion out of the difficulty. As the lady is a married woman, too, there was all the more need of extrication. However, if Mr. Savage had behaved in the proper fashion, and jumped out of the window, it might have been awkward for the story. We don't ourselves quite like the other situation, in which, as our author herself remarks, somebody "loves the mother, and marries the daughter"; but, perhaps, that is only our squeamishness. And, after all, Lord Wriothesley was only Mrs. Scarlett's lover, and not her *amant*.

Criticisms of different sorts might no doubt be passed upon *Robert Elsmere*; but there is one which we can hardly imagine any competent critic passing. The picture might have been better—to speak honestly, it might have been very much better, but not if the painter had taken more pains. Of pains Mrs. Ward has been most creditably lavish. Her Westmoreland scenes and her Oxford scenes and her London scenes—West End and East End—are evidently all taken with much labour from the life; some at least of her personages are almost labelled and ticketed "Copy from So-and-so," and we should not be surprised to find that most of the others were equally conscientious studies from the model. Unluckily, this is not enough; unluckily, it is very often fatally more than enough. The constant suggestion of something photographed, something *calqué* upon the actual, is but an irksome thing in a novel. Neither has Mrs. Ward confined herself to this source of tediousness. Her hero is one of those no doubt well-intentioned persons who are, we venture to think, not, indeed, equally hateful, but equally despicable, to God and to the enemies of God; one of the folk who cannot bear to be without a religion, and for whom the religion which was intellectual enough for St. Paul and St. Augustine and St. Anselm and Butler and Berkeley is too unintellectual, the religion which was spiritual enough for St. John and for Thomas à Kempis and for Jeremy Taylor too unspiritual. It is true that the good man does not come to this conclusion at once, that he has already taken honours and orders and a living and a "fair soul" to wife before some exceedingly commonplace scepticism of the squire of his parish produces the same effect, with the same suddenness, as the immortal query about the queerness of the Pentateuch. Then Robert Elsmere gives up his living and his orders and, though not his wife, his wife's happiness, in order to found a "new brotherhood of Christ. At last he does the most sensible act, as it strikes us, of his whole career, and dies. About that, however, there may be differences of opinion. We do not think that among competent judges there can be any difference on another point—that stuff of this kind is not good stuff, is very bad stuff indeed, for a novel. "Oh! but," Mrs. Ward, who has a just admiration for Kingsley, may say reproachfully, "*Yeast? Alton Locke?*" Now both these are very charming books; but we think that they are charming, not because but in spite of the feature which they have in common with *Robert Elsmere*. Moreover, Kingsley has done exactly what Mrs. Ward has not done—he has given a general human interest which would carry even heavier passengers than it has to carry, and he has cut both books short, *Yeast* very short indeed. *Robert Elsmere* consists of some eleven or twelve hundred tightly packed pages; *Yeast*, which has ten times its action, of 350, rather loosely packed. The simple truth is that Mrs. Ward seems to be on quite the wrong track of novel-writing, and to have, by some unlucky knack, got together, for the purpose of following that track out, all the faults of two bad contemporary schools. She is as much a slave of documents and of copying from the life as any French naturalist, though being an English lady, and not a Frenchman, she naturally chooses different models; and she is as much the slave of a weak and beggarly "analysis" as if she were Mr. Howells himself. Of her own motion she has added this unfortunate propensity to a class of theme as uninteresting as Mr. Howells's, and to some tastes, at any rate, not much less unsuitable than M. Zola's. The most careful and scholarly writing—of which there is plenty here—the most excellent intentions, even a certain amount of not ill-expressed observation of fact and character, will not make a readable book in these unlucky conditions.

After *Robert Elsmere*, *A Wily Widow*, which is an ordinary novel enough, comes with a certain sense of refreshment. Indeed, one may reverse the criticism exactly, and say that here the picture would, &c. Mr. Cresswell has a not inconsiderable idea of incident and of conducting a story. His poisoning heroine, Maud Gainsborough, behaves very much as a real poisoner would, and tries her second murder so naturally that we should rather like to hear how she actually did her first. The final scene (where a sharp young lady catches the poisoner literally in a trap by smashing down the revolving cover, also sharp, of an escritoire on her hands) is remarkably brutal, bold, and successful, suggesting stage possibilities. There is in the earlier part another audacious and successful situation, in which the same young person, who has spirited her sister up to fly from an unwelcome lover, induces the poor young man to escort them both to the railway-station, and coolly tells him the whole thing under a thin allegory just as the train starts. These and other things are good of their kind; but Mr. Cresswell's dialogue is rather weak and his characters shadowy. Even Essie Chesterfield, the heroine of these two situations, is a young woman of whom we do not quite know what to make. Her sister Violet is only an outline; the victim, or almost victim, of poison, Lily Hardwick, does not live at all; and all the men are sticks. But there is an odd freshness about the book in parts.

Readers of *Dr. Heidenhoff's Process*, a clever book, should prepare themselves for a severe disappointment in *Looking Backward, 2000–1887*, which, to put the matter plainly, is a stupid book. The slender frame of fiction is not interesting; and the solid middle of purpose is about as dull as anything can be. There is a little touch of Mr. Bellamy's former talent in the preface, which is an elaborate excuse to the reader, not of to-day, but of the twenty-first century. That person may accept it if he likes; but the present value of an excuse payable a hundred and twelve years hence is both arithmetically and [illegible] small. Mr. Julian West, a young American "[illegible] man" of this or

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* *Only the Governess.* By Rosa N. Carey. 3 vols. London: Bentley & Son. 1888.

Marvel. By the Author of "Molly Bawn." 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1888.

Robert Elsmere. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1888.

A Wily Widow. By Henry Cresswell. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1888.

Looking Backward, 2000–1887. By Edward Bellamy. Boston (Mass.): Ticknor. London: Trübner. 1888.

Mr. Fuller of Tunes. By the Author of "Mr. Barnes of New York." London: Routledge & Sons.

The Modern Vikings. By H. H. Boyesen. London: Sampson Low & Co.

last year (and what punishment could be too great for such a one!) is subjected to an awkward trial. Being subject to insomnia, he has built himself a subterranean sleeping room which, though he is just going to be married, nobody knows of but a mesmerist and his valet. After spending an evening with his betrothed, he goes home and to bed, put to sleep by the mesmerist, who is just starting for New Orleans. The house is burnt in the night and the valet in it; the quack either never hears of the matter or does not care. Mr. Julian West goes on sleeping till 2000, when the present owner of the re-edified house above him accidentally discovers the vault, revivifies his *ci-devant* landlord, and introduces him to the twenty-first or twentieth (if that old quarrel still survives) century. This is in full swing of State Socialism, no private property, concerts and sermons turned on per phonograph, and all the rest of it. By a daring, but certainly not happy, innovation on the usual story of this kind, Mr. Bellamy makes his hero learn all the glorious gains of the new era, not so much by experience as by recital at his host's mouth. Of actual story there is, as we have said, the merest fringe or frame, and the only interesting part of this is the comforting fact (which we could have guessed) that there will be pretty girls a hundred years hence. As for the kernel of didactics, it is inexpressibly silly. According to the author, people only had to become State Socialists to bring on the millennium. What he does not tell us is how the characteristics of human nature, having remained absolutely unchanged for two thousand five hundred years, or thereabouts, of authentic secular history, happened to change into something quite different in the course of a few decades. We can only suppose that Mr. Bellamy, who has some cleverness, is laughing at Socialism under the guise of being a convert to it. But he has certainly written a wonderfully dull book. One feature we ought perhaps to note, that he has improved on the old and awkward "and behold it was a dream" by making the awakening also a dream and the dream the truth. There is nothing very clever in that; but, such as it is, it shall have celebration.

"These States," as Mr. Whitman and others like to call them, are large, and it is absolutely impossible to foresee the end of a range of titles which begins with "Mr. Barnes of New York," and continues with "Mr. Potter of Texas." Readers of the former book may be prepared for some of the characteristics of this. It is clever in a way, and is full of the most grotesque blunders. It opens with a fight—the rescue by an Australian of an English lady during the bombardment of Alexandria—which is a noble fight, though we fear not very probable; at least, we should not ourselves like to risk our chance of salvation on boring holes through doors, sticking cartridges in them, and tapping the ends with hammers. The barrel of a gun has something to do with its lethal powers, which our author seems to forget. However, it is an excellent fight. After it we plunge into the wildest imbroglio, in which the Australian, the lady whom he has saved, and Mr. Potter of Texas are the chief figures, with plenty of subordinates. The beautiful lady—indifferently called Lady Annerley, Lady Sarah Annerley, Lady Sarah, and Lady Sahara (this last, it appears, is a joke)—is the daughter of somebody who has impartially wronged her saviour's father and Mr. Potter. Mr. Potter is an Englishman by birth, who has G. T. T.; who, when excited, breaks out into those impossible combinations of aspirates and non-aspirates of which American writers have the secret, and who addresses Lord Lincoln, an English judge, as "Peer." There is also a pleasing dude, Mr. Van Cott; and all about the book there are oddities innumerable. "A boy of twelve clothed in characteristic knickerbockers, though he wears an Eton cap." Tell us, O ye who know that our Tower of London is in the vicinity of our parks and our drives, what is an Eton cap? What, too, is "a cowardly Egyptian fellaheen"? how did that cowardly Egyptian become several blackguards at once? But the chiefest thing is to come. Lord Lincoln ("peer" in Mr. Potter's lingo) tells us that "his resignation from the Bench not being as yet accepted, and no successor to the office having been appointed, Lady Annerley's affidavit, taken by him, will be sufficiently binding for the purpose he shall use it, that is to quash the indictment against Samuel Potts, and to make such representation to the Home Secretary as shall obtain the Queen's free pardon for Ralph Errol." Of the greatness of Alfred Davids none but infidels doubt; but we never knew that, even in the hands of a not yet resigned judge, a single one was quite so great as this.

A twelve-year-old critic of *Modern Vikings* returns it with the unanswerable criticism, "But there are not any Vikings in it." There are not; and it is a pity that Mr. Boyesen should have put a silly and pretentious title to a book which has some merit in it, though it is spoilt by Americanisms. The nearest approach to a Viking that we can find is a young gentleman who, having rather rashly taken his little sister a-fishing with him, and having by chance harpooned a dolphin, is carried out to sea and luckily rescued by his own father. There is a "gnome" story (Mr. Boyesen might have called Norwegian spirits by their own Norwegian name of Troll) which is old but good. There is a fowling story and a snow-shoe story which are fair, and there are two stories of tamed beasts—"Mons," the otter, and "Mikkel," the fox—which are excellent. The silliest thing in the book is putting Yankee dialect into the mouth of Norwegian fishermen. Why should a Norwegian, if he spoke English, which he might or might not, say "thar" for there, and "ef" for if? "Ax" and "bowlder" are trying enough, but this is worse.

GERMAN BIOGRAPHIES.*

THERE was ample room for a new work on Novalis, combining into a whole the various biographical particulars which have gradually accumulated about the meagre sketch at first deemed adequate by his friends. Its imperfection is reflected in what is to this day the chief source of information for English readers, the essay by Carlyle, who had evidently by no means obtained his usual firm grip of a subject when he dealt with the ethereal author of *Heinrich von Ofterdingen*. By the aid of the contributions of Just, Novalis's guide in the technicalities of his profession as mining engineer, and the interesting little book published some years ago by an anonymous member of the Hardenberg family, the portrait of Novalis has become much more definite; and, as in the parallel case of Shelley, the result has been to do away with much of its seeming vagueness and unearthliness, and to lay bare a stratum of vigorous will and practical efficiency. Novalis must nevertheless remain one of the "problematic natures" that Goethe so delighted to scrutinize, for he never even understood himself. The period of youthful development and intellectual ferment was unusually protracted with him; and when he died at the age of twenty-eight it was still uncertain whether he would become a Neo-Catholic, like Friedrich Schlegel, or a Protestant enthusiast, like Jacob Böhm; or whether, freeing himself from the fascinations of mysticism, Protestant or Catholic, he would prove a great objective delineator, like Goethe. The firmness of outline and vivid pictorial power observable in some parts of *Heinrich von Ofterdingen* incline us to the latter view. If it is so—if Novalis could have attained to Goethe's knowledge of life and mastery of art without forfeiting his poetry and ideality—German literature lost one who, in Goethe's own words (if they are correctly reported), in course of time might have become "an Imperator." Such a possibility justifies the pains which Dr. Schubart has taken with the biography and the intellectual affinities of his hero. It is but natural that the easier half of his work should be the better done. Some of Novalis's literary work is too obscure and oracular to be usefully criticized; a large and more valuable portion may be compared to fine music, which can be admired and enjoyed while heard, but whose charm eludes analysis after the sounds have died away; while the admirable Hymns are too simple and clear to afford the critic much scope. Dr. Schubart has done his best with these various difficulties, and, if sometimes hazy and verbose, has at all events succeeded in depicting Novalis as the purest representative of the spiritual thirst which broke up the deadness of the eighteenth century.

Friedrich Rochlitz possessed many tastes and accomplishments which qualified him for the friendship of Goethe. For many years he was the editor of an influential musical periodical; he achieved, and deserved, considerable reputation as a composer, dramatist, poet, and novelist. He was an artist of no mean ability, and inherited through his wife a fine collection of pictures. His correspondence with Goethe, turning principally on literary and artistic subjects, though never very animated, continued for thirty-one years (1800-1831), and evidently gave pleasure to both parties. Goethe's share of the correspondence has been already printed, but is benefited by the juxtaposition of Rochlitz's letters, which, as the editor remarks, are models of the art of pleasing and coaxing without any descent to servile flattery. The most remarkable are those containing his denunciations of the young German art-students at Rome, whose pre-Raphaelitism was an abomination unto him. Some passages in Goethe's letters are very characteristic, as when he does not disdain to canvass Rochlitz for a favourable review of *The Natural Daughter*, inasmuch as encouragement is absolutely necessary to enable him to proceed; and when he expunges some jests at the expense of philosophers in a comedy of his correspondent's, on the ground that people will be laughing at their betters, if they laugh at all.

Abt Vogler, best known to English readers through Mr. Browning, was a highly scientific musical theorist, as well as a prolific composer, and especially renowned in his own day as a teacher of harmony and an organ-builder. He was patronized by crowned heads and persons of distinction, but his latter days were clouded by embarrassments, and since his death he has, most unjustly in his present biographer's opinion, been denounced as a

* *Novalis' Leben, Dichten und Denken.* Auf Grund neuerer Publikationen im Zusammenhang dargestellt von Dr. A. Schubart. Gütersloh: Bertelsmann. London: Nutt.

Goethe's Briefwechsel mit Friedrich Rochlitz. Herausgeber, Waldemar Freiherr von Biedermann. Deipzig: Biedermann. London: Nutt.

Abt Georg Joseph Vogler: sein Leben, Charakter und musikalisches System. Von Dr. K. E. von Schafhäutl. Augsburg: Huhlers. London: Nutt.

Frau von Stael; ihre Freunde und ihre Bedeutung in Politik und Literatur. Von Charlotte Lady Blennerhassett, geb. Gräfin Leyden. Bd. 1. Berlin: Paetel. London: Nutt.

Erinnerungen alter und neuer Zeit. Von Ferdinand Graf Eckbrecht Dürckheim. 2 Bde. Stuttgart: Metzler. London: Nutt.

Gottfried Bernhardy: zur Erinnerung an sein Leben und Wirken. Von Dr. Richard Volkmann. Halle: Anton. London: Nutt.

Thorwaldsen in Rom. Aus Wagner's Papieren. Von L. v. Urlichs. Würzburg: Stahel. London: Nutt.

Emanuel Geibel. Aus Erinnerungen, Briefen und Tagebüchern. Von C. C. T. Litzmann. Berlin: Hertz. London: Nutt.

Annette v. Droste-Hülshoff und ihre Werke. Von Hermann Hüffer. Gotha: Perthes. London: Nutt.

Die deutsche Sappho (Anna Luise Karschin): ihr Leben und Dichten. Von Dr. Adolph Kohut. Dresden and Leipzig: Pierson. London: Nutt.

charlatan. His manuscripts, which seem to have been at one time in the hands of his pupil Weber, have mysteriously disappeared. According to Dr. Schafhautl, the best biography, previous to the appearance of his own very comprehensive and painstaking work, is Professor Mee's article in Grove's *Dictionary of Music*.

It is to be hoped that Lady Blennerhassett's title-page will prepare her readers for a general work on Mme. de Staël's life and times, in which the heroine herself frequently disappears in the crowd of incidents and personages not always in the closest possible connexion with her. A thick volume brings the history only down to 1790, when none of Mme. de Staël's principal works were as yet written, and she was only beginning to distinguish herself as a writer of pamphlets and political articles. Necker, Mme. Necker, and Mirabeau are so far the heroes of the book; and if the same scale is maintained when they have given place to Benjamin Constant, August Schlegel, and Bonaparte, the dimensions of the work will border upon the formidable. At the same time, the reader is not likely to complain. Lady Blennerhassett's style is attractive, her knowledge exhaustive, and her candour exemplary. She seems to have very sound and just conceptions of the persons and events that occupy her pen, and when she finds more to say about the proper subject of her book she probably will not be found deficient in the regard which every right-minded biographer entertains for his hero or heroine. At the same time, her own position as, apparently, a Liberal Catholic, will shield her from the inconsiderate enthusiasm which so gravely detracted from the merits of the last comprehensive biography of Mme. de Staël, an excellent book in other respects.

Count Eckbrecht Durckheim, though a Bavarian by birth, was a French Prefect under Louis Philippe and Napoleon III., and his generally tedious memoirs are redeemed from absolute lack of interest by personal traits of these sovereigns, and illustrations of the course of administration during their reigns. Napoleon is evidently his favourite, and all the glimpses we obtain of the Emperor tend to justify the Count's remark that it is a thousand pities he was not a constitutional sovereign, who had come fairly and honestly by his crown. In 1866 the Count was despatched on a mission to reorganize the telegraph service in Algeria and Tunis, which proved entirely successful, and has afforded material for some agreeable pages. It is vexatious to hear that he might have imparted various excellent stories, which he has withheld under the entirely erroneous impression that his readers would feel more interest in his personal affairs.

The Life of Gottfried Bernhardy is not only that of an eminent classical philologist, but of a literary historian, who, in his biographer's opinion, was the first to teach philologists how literary history should be written. "Bernhardy," he says, "is the creator of a really scientific treatment of Greek and Roman literary history." As an editor, his principal achievement was his Suidas, in which he received valuable aid from Hermann; he projected a library of Latin classics, which came to nothing from the default of his contributors, whom he seems to have treated too much like schoolboys. The main labour of his life, however, was the direction of the philological seminary at Halle, where he educated a large proportion of Germany's future classical schoolmasters. He was always complaining of his pupils, but in the opinion of persons less difficult to please his labour was not in vain, and it certainly lacked nothing that high aims and indomitable industry could contribute to make it so. His life had in general been identified with his studies and his profession; the principal interruptions to the general evenness of its course were the mortifying fiasco of the *Bibliotheca Scriptorum Latinorum* and his misunderstandings with his colleague Bergk.

A selection from the correspondence of Wagner, many years agent at Rome of the art-loving King Louis of Bavaria, gives an amusing insight into the management of a great sculptor, who is idle, wayward, and mutable, and at the same time indispensable. Thorwaldsen seldom knew exactly what he wanted, and it is to Wagner's credit to have got so much work out of him with, on the whole, so little friction.

Emanuel Geibel's rank as a poet fully entitles him to a biography, but the biography cannot be very interesting, as the life is not very eventful. Nor was Geibel endowed with such intellectual powers as to compensate for the barrenness of external incident by the wealth of his ideas and the charm of his conversation and correspondence. He was a true singer, the merit of whose lyrics consisted in great measure in their melodious simplicity, and one who could not, if he would, have committed the mistake of overweighting them with thought. The principal incident of his life was his visit to Greece in his youth; its most remarkable feature was the continual ill-health which trammelled his poetical faculty without ever extinguishing it. Apart from these, the biographer has little to record but Geibel's early struggles, the patronage of the King of Bavaria, a happy union with a child-wife, soon dissolved by her death, and his generous support of an old friend, reduced to penury by sickness and irregular habits. As Geibel's schoolfellow, Dr. Litzmann has some special qualifications for his task; as a physician, he is excusably tedious in his treatment of the medical details, which unfortunately constitute a large part of Geibel's and his wife's history.

As the best female poet of Germany, Annette von Droste-Hülshoff has even a better claim to a biography than Geibel, but the incidents of her life, closed by consumption in 1848, at the age of fifty-one, are even less numerous and interesting than those of his. Herr Hüffer's memoir is nevertheless redeemed from dulness by [illegible] literary treatment, and the vivacity of the poetess's own letters, which, without especial brilliancy or any very important matter, nevertheless evidently emanate from a bright, active, and intelligent mind. Annette herself was considerably more interesting than her associates in the incidents of her existence, and is always most acceptable in proportion as her pen is occupied with her inner life. The most pleasing part of the book is the account of her early attempts at composition, which afford the same insight into the first ferment of youthful genius as the similar productions of Charlotte Brontë.

It would be a severe satire on German poetry if Anna Luise Karschin had really merited the appellation of German Sappho, and the bestowal of the title upon her by her contemporaries was probably more than half in joke. By so much, however, as she comes short of Annette von Droste in the merit of her verse, by so much does she surpass her in the interest and variety of her history. Of humble origin, she was married to two bad husbands—the first a miser, the second a drunkard. She freed herself from the latter by the spirited measure of procuring him to be forcibly enlisted in the army, and turned a deaf ear to his entreaties to buy him out. "I shall be glad to hear of your reformation," she remarked; "but I have no wish to see it." She turned professional poetess, and supported herself by writing complimentary verses for patrons on all possible occasions, frequently receiving handsome presents, but always in difficulties from her want of management and lavish generosity. She took it into her head that Frederick the Great had promised to build her a house, and upon his successor's accession presented a petition which actually gained the desired object, and enabled her to end her days in comfort. She was essentially an improvisatrice, endowed with a real gift of song and considerable energy of diction, but her houghts are usually commonplace.

STUDIES IN THE TOPOGRAPHY OF GALLOWAY.*

THE divergence of politicians into the paths of literature seems to produce better results than the encroachment of literary men on the domain of politics. We have surely had some recent examples of eminent men who would have done wisely if they had stuck to their books and had burnt gas or oil at midnight anywhere except in the House of Commons. The book before us is a precedent in the other direction. That a Junior Lord of the Treasury should at some period of his career find time to explore philologically two or three Scotch counties might not surprise us. That in a Session marked by prolonged debates, divisions, disturbances and noises of all kinds, he should be able to produce a book remarkable for extensive research and generally sound deductions is as astonishing as the gyrations of Sir William Harcourt and the inconsistencies of Mr. Gladstone. This is no volume of fugitive pieces or defunct essays exhumed from the pages of periodicals. It is a serious attempt, first to catalogue and then to explain the derivation of some four thousand names of places which have hitherto excited a languid curiosity in tourists and perplexed the lovers of antiquarian research.

The province of Galloway, which comprises the county or shire of Wigtown and the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, according to the best authorities was, in very old times, inhabited by an Iberian race, in all probability akin to the Basque. Then followed one or possibly two invasions of Celts from the Continent. They flooded the southern part of Scotland, and occupied Galloway for some twelve centuries. Sir Herbert Maxwell, in a preface distinguished by temperate and judicious reasoning, slightly touches on the difference between the Gaelic and Brythonic dialects, on Pictish affinities, and on other murky subterraneous questions. But leaving these themes, as to which the best authorities are not always agreed, the following points seem to us to have been fairly established. Hills, plains, rivers, woods, and all other remarkable features of a picturesque district, bear names traceable to the following sources. First, there are fragments of an Iberian language, of which little more is known now than it was when Tacitus hazarded the opinion that the Silures, with their black hair and ruddy faces, had crossed over from Spain to Britain. Next we have names which are clearly Erse or Gaelic, and they can be found in that language as it is still spoken in the Highlands or in Wales. The bulk of the names belong to a tongue which may be heard now in Rossshire and Argyllshire. The Brythonic variety is not dealt with in this book, and it may be left for some "happy future day" when Irishmen cease to trouble us. Then there are a few later importations in the shape of words of Anglo-Saxon or Scandinavian origin, and downright Middle English and Broad Scots. But it is not rash to conclude that by far the greater number of places retain the appellations given them by the Cruithne or Picts of Galloway during a period ranging from the second century down to the sixteenth of our era. Another conclusion may be relied on with even more confidence. Things are not what they seem to be in the nomenclature of Galloway. Abbreviations were easy; consonants were elided; aspirates were dropped; and there has been a mischievous tendency to assimilate words of Celtic origin and meaning to Anglo-Saxon phrases which seemed to have a decided resemblance in sound.

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* *Studies in the Topography of Galloway; being a List of nearly 4,000 Names of Places, with Remarks on their Origin and Meaning, and an Introductory Essay.* By Sir Herbert Eustace Maxwell, Bart., of Monreith, M.P., F.S.A., F.S.A. Scot., F.L.S., &c. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

When this transformation had taken place in the mouths of illiterate farmers and peasants the next thing was to invent a legend to account for the new word. We shall give some notable instances of this curious transliteration. As a rule, hills and mountains, plains and flats, trees and wild and domestic animals claim a very large share in Sir Herbert's research and discovery. The word *knock* or hill, properly spelt *cnoc*, occurs as a prefix to two hundred and twenty hills in Galloway. *Bar*, the top of anything, is similarly a prefix to more than one hundred and fifty names. *Kil*, which might mean a cell or chapel, a wood, or a corner, or a back part, occurs more than fifty times. *Pol*, a pool or stream, some twenty times. Then mountains are either red, black, grey, or yellow. They are the habitations of the *brock* (badger), the *sinnach* (fox), or the *madadh* or *maddy* (the dog or the wolf). Glens are shady with the oak, the willow, the birch. Eminences and corries are places where calves (*gowan*) were tethered or deer (*fiadh*) pastured. Streams have the *breac* or spotted trout; other localities are tenanted by pigs, appropriately in Erse known as *muc*. In *Drom* a ridge, with the epithet *more* or great attached to it, we have Dromore both in Ireland and Scotland; and for the meaning of the *Mull*, whether of Cantyre or of Galloway, we are referred to *Maol*, which signifies a bare headland.

But a selection of a few derivations out of the four thousand will give a better idea of the patience and skill with which the author disentangles knots, pursues affinities, and suggests inquiries for other philologists. We have always thought that a proprietor, however hospitable his intent or charming his country-house, might have some hesitation in inviting any one except his most intimate friends to pay him a visit at Shambellie. But in fact this is *sean* or *shan*, old, and *bhaile* or *baile*, dwelling. If surnames are changed or assumed by Royal licence or at individual option, we think it would be better if this property could be known under the form of the word which elsewhere is spelt Shanvalley. *Ass of the gill* is another instance of the same kind. This is a compound of three languages. *Eas* in Gaelic is a cascade; *gil* is a ravine in Scandinavian; and then the English Philistine inserted our own preposition and the article. *Gil* or *gill*, we may observe, is to this day used in Sussex to denote a ravine, generally wooded on both banks, with a muddy streamlet at the bottom. Barnyard has little or nothing to do with a homestead. It is *bearna ard*, the high pass or gap in the hill. Another term for this kind of feature in a mountain range is *nick* or *nock*. *Blaw Weary* might be thought a phrase taken out of Burns's poems. It is probably *Blár iarach*, the west field. *Buss* is *busch* or *bosch*, the Latin *boscus*, a wood or thicket. Of Clawbelly the same may be said as of Shambellie. It is *clach bhaile*, the stone house, and appears as Cloghvally in Ireland. Pleonasms are not infrequent in the catalogue. An accomplished Persian scholar, deceased not long since, used to object to the expression the Hari Rud River; the Persian *rud* being the equivalent for a stream or torrent, just as the Usk or Esk means water, and nothing else. Barrhill is one very familiar instance of this, and Knock-Fell is another; the Icelandic *fjall* being tacked on to the Erse *knock*. Crook's Hill may be a third example, if the interpretation of the first syllable as *cruach* can be taken as correct. On the other hand, the first syllable of Kill-hill is not to be resolved into *kil* or *coil* or *cul*, but into *kiln*, a place for drying grain, and Kil-Hill, the *n* being dropped, might then mean an elevation where grain is dried. This seems to us a little questionable.

Mount Hilly, again, is not ridiculous tautology; it is *moin choille*, hill of the *coil* or wood. Some other places have been named after a noted personage, local hero, warrior, maiden, or saint. This process followed as local history made itself; for obviously names would at first be assigned from some peculiar and striking physical feature. Stoneykirk is the church of St. Stephen; Steenie, Stainie, Staney in pronunciation. Hence an erroneous interpretation of a parish or district full of stones. Kirkmaiden, known from the lines of Burns if from nothing else, as the most southern parish in all Scotland, is not the church of the Virgin, but that of St. Medona, an Irish girl about whose Lucretian chastity we have a curious old legend. Kilmorey, which is found in some fifty townlands in Ireland and from which a well-known peerage takes its title, is *Cill muire*, St. Mary's Church. Killantringan is the church of St. Ringan, otherwise St. Ninian. Killfillan, similarly, is St. Fillan's Church; Killfeather, the church of Phetir or Pheadair, or St. Peter. Barfadden may be the hill of Phaidin or Paidin, little Patrick; and Rodericks and McClellans and McGhies have, by charter or tradition, lands and hills named after their own selves. Here and there a classical word comes in. *Ernespie* is *Ard an espoic*, the hill of the *ἐπίσκοπος* or bishop. Sir Herbert quotes a Gaelic authority to show that *espoic* is used for a bishop. Now and then we are told that some Gaelic original, though apparently lost in the modern spelling, survives in the pronunciation in use to this hour. *Droicheaid* means properly a bridge, and joined to the familiar *Barr* is explained as Hilltop of the Bridge; but it is now written *Bardrochwood*, and pronounced *Bardrochat* by every shepherd. *Kildrochat* and *Drumdrochat* may be similarly explained. A trade which began at some particular spot and gave its name to the locality, still maintains its hold there. *Challoch* is *teallach*, a hearth or smith's forge. It occurs in Wigtownshire and the Stewartry, and there is still a smith wielding his hammer at one or two places so named. *T* followed by a diphthong is soon changed to *ch*. Scott would have been glad to know the correct etymology of several words which he had pressed into his service. Mr. Croftangry would have learnt that his name meant *Croft fhainre*, the sloping croft, or if he preferred a popular etymology, *Croft an righ*, the King's Croft. Balfour of Burley when in hiding was known to his intimate friends as Quintin Mackell of Irongray. The place has no connexion with either metal or colour. It is, if we are to credit Sir Herbert, *ard an greaich*, the height of the mountain flat or the moor. Ellangowan does not actually occur; but Ellergower, very like it, is *ail na gobhar*, the cliff of the goats. Baldoon, familiar as the locality of the *Bride of Lammermoor*, is *Baile Duine*, townland of the fort, and there is the fort to this day as a witness. The inevitable Dryasdust character of such a catalogue or dictionary is relieved by some quotations from ballads and by anecdotes or sayings which fulfil Mr. Weller's characteristic of good letters—they make us wish for more. We do not think the author has anywhere told us the exact meaning which the country folk attach to the word "Lane." By this is understood a reach of a sluggish stream, generally flowing through a peaty bog, deep, and treacherous, and very unlike the usual sparkling, gushing, clear trout-streams of Scotland. We are sorry that he has not been able to find out the etymology of the Merrick, the highest mountain in the south of Scotland. But his general scope, method, and arrangement are excellent. The parish or district of each place is carefully given; the explanations are not priggish or too precise; and, though Gaelic scholars may not accord to every derivation an unhesitating acquiescence, the author has shown sense and discretion in leaving some places without any attempt at explanation. The learned in such matters may fill up the gaps. It is always refreshing to find a prophet who is not "cocksure" about his own prophecies, a priest who has no dogmas, and a Pundit who does not discern light and transparency where others can only see fog and mist.

Better opportunities for the interpretation of doubtful names and designations have been afforded to residents in a very different part of the British Empire. The process by which some names are retained, are partly altered, or are dovetailed into the language of more recent invaders, can be studied in our Indian Empire, with the additional advantage that fewer changes have there been effected by the intolerance of Mohammedan conquerors or the crass ignorance of early Anglo-Saxon residents. A large proportion of the towns, villages, and hamlets of India are Sanskrit or its derivatives. Some of the capitals, bazaars, and crowded marts bear, on the other hand, names taken direct from the Persian. In some we find a hybrid union of both languages. In wild and jungly tracts there are names fearfully distorted from their original shape, or which do not belong to any Aryan or Semitic language. They may be the utterances of the *Mlechas*, who fled before the Aryan warriors who settled in the plains. As Sir H. Maxwell is not only a classical scholar, but has also looked for analogies in more than one Oriental tongue, he may be thankful for a notice of a few errors, which doubtless were owing to his "incessant Parliamentary and official work." The Persian word signifying a farmer, or "one who sows," is *warz-kar*, not *warz-har*, and it is by no means a common term. It is too remote to be connected with wark, werk, or work. *Kisht-kar* is the usual term in Persian for a peasant or agriculturist. The hand, in Sanskrit, is *hasta* and not *harna*. "Dog," in the same language, is *kukura*, not *cuan*. When two vowels come together they either coalesce to a diphthong, or else one is turned into a semi-vowel. The root *pri* means to protect, satisfy, or please, and not to bring over. The root to shine is *chadi*, and not *chand*, though the latter word in all dialects of Sanskrit means the moon. *Mârga* is a path or road rather than a trace. And the ill-omened word *Nâna* is not Sanskrit at all in the sense given by the author. In pure Sanskrit *nâna* means "various." In Hindi it is generally used for a maternal grandfather. *Darbha* is not defined with sufficient accuracy, even by the Rev. W. Skeat, as a kind of grass. It is the sacrificial or *kusa* grass. These errors or omissions do not impair the solid value of the work. It must be a satisfaction to country gentlemen in the Lowlands, who live very much in the open air and read few books, to know why their farms and hamlets are so named. It will be a guide and landmark to future philologists. And it is proof that a legislator with strong local sympathies and attachments can revive almost extinct memories without setting class against class, dividing the Caledonians against themselves, or speculating on the chances of Home Rule for the Western Lowlands, under which Provost Mucklewhame should certainly be the first President of a new Assembly.

DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.—VOL. XIII.*

THE most important historical personage in this volume of the *Dictionary of National Biography* is Oliver Cromwell, of whom Mr. C. H. Firth treats in an article which, as everybody will remember, has given rise to an interchange in the *Times* of letters between its author and Mr. Reginald F. D. Palgrave, the writer, in the *Quarterly Review* for April 1886, of "Oliver Cromwell: his Character illustrated by himself." Mr. Palgrave contended, and we think with justice, that his argument, which is founded on "evidence drawn from Cromwell's State papers," was not one to be dismissed as "merely an ingenious paradox"—the term applied to it in the Dictionary. Mr. Firth has since ex-

* *Dictionary of National Biography.* Edited by Leslie Stephen. Vol. XIII. Craik—Damer. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1888.

plained that with him the words "an ingenious paradox" merely express his belief that the facts adduced do not warrant the conclusions drawn from them. Into the question whether Mr. Palgrave has proved that Cromwell "manufactured, for his own purposes, a Royalist conspiracy" in 1655, we shall not attempt to enter. Mr. Firth has expressed his intention of hereafter discussing in detail the whole subject, including "the general question of Cromwell's honesty"; and it will also be Professor S. R. Gardiner's duty to deal with it, at, we trust, no very distant day. If Mr. Palgrave's figures are right, the present biographer perhaps puts things rather mildly when he says that "a few of the leaders were executed"—the few, being, it appears, fourteen or more. And it is pushing the biographer's simple faith rather far when he solemnly cites, as if it proved anything, Cromwell's own assertion of the moral and religious advantages of his system of arbitrary government by Puritan major-generals. But the most Royalist of readers may be grateful to Mr. Firth for his services in collecting and weaving together all the facts relative to Cromwell, including much that is not in Carlyle. The history of Cromwell's earlier military career is carefully gone into; the references to foreign works dealing with the relations of the Protectorate with Continental Powers will be found of especial use, and the bibliography of the whole subject is thoroughly and impartially treated. Here and there we notice some verbal discrepancies between Mr. Firth's version of Cromwell's words and that of Carlyle, to whom he refers. It is well known that Carlyle is not implicitly to be trusted for verbal accuracy; but if Mr. Firth has taken his quotations from other sources these should have been distinctly indicated.

Thomas Cromwell is placed in the competent hands of Mr. Gairdner, who, by the aid of the researches which Mr. Phillips has been making into the Wimbledon manor rolls, has thrown considerable light upon the early history of his subject. It seems to be admitted that Thomas Cromwell was identical with the Thomas Smyth of the Wimbledon court rolls (his father appears sometimes as Cromwell and sometimes as Smyth); and, if this be so, though we are still far from possessing clear and full knowledge of his early adventures, the court rolls supply some fixed points to start from. The article upon Cranmer is also Mr. Gairdner's work, and is equally valuable. Among the biographies of later Churchmen we may notice that of Bishop Crew, by Canon Creighton, whose unvarnished account will rather disillusion readers who only know that prelate as a stately figure in Mr. Besant's romance of *Dorothy Forster*. Yet the worst story against Crew—that of his having paid five or six thousand pounds to Nell Gwyn in order to obtain possession of the see of Durham—is not even alluded to by Canon Creighton, whether through disbelief or through reluctance to stoop to scandal we know not. Of mediæval Churchmen the most important is Saint Cuthbert, whose history is appreciatively told by Mr. Hunt. Interesting biographies of soldiers are those of Lord Craven, by Professor A. W. Ward; of Lord Cutts, the "Salamander," by Mr. Chichester; and of Dalyell or Dalzell, of Covenanter-hunting fame, by Mr. Henderson. Mr. H. Morse Stephens, in his biography of Craufurd, the hero of Ciudad Rodrigo, does not seem to be sufficiently well informed as to his subject's early history. He thus writes of Craufurd:—

> In 1807 he was sent to South America on the staff of General Whitelocke, and took command of a light brigade, consisting of a battalion of the 95th regiment, the Rifle Brigade, and the light companies of all the other regiments. With this brigade he led the advance upon Buenos Ayres, and in the attack upon that city he successfully accomplished the task before him, when he was suddenly checked by the orders of Whitelocke and ordered to surrender with the rest of the army.

The last part of the statement is incorrect. What really happened was that Craufurd, having made his way into the city, threw himself into the convent of Santo Domingo, and there maintained himself for about eight hours, at the end of which, having received neither support nor further orders, he, without having had any communication with Whitelocke, surrendered himself and his brigade as prisoners of war. Another of the attacking columns had already surrendered; but "the rest of the army" was withdrawn upon a treaty concluded two days later. Mr. Stephens cannot have read with much attention his own authority, Cole's memoir of Craufurd; and apparently he has not studied the charges against Whitelocke, or consulted the evidence given on his trial, in the published reports of which Craufurd's own account of the business will be found. He represented himself as having been "abandoned"; while Whitelocke complained of Craufurd's omission to communicate with him. Nor was Craufurd sent out in 1807 on Whitelocke's staff. He was sent out late in 1806 in command of an independent expedition; and it was not till he reached Montevideo that he came under the command of Whitelocke, whose appointment had been an afterthought. Mr. Stephens also seems to be in some confusion, or at least has expressed himself in a confused manner, about the 95th or Rifle Regiment, of which Craufurd had under his command from four to eight companies. It appears from Sir William Cope's history that it was not till 1816 that the 95th became the Rifle Brigade. These are small, and may be thought uninteresting, points; but what is the good of military history, or indeed of any other history, unless it is written with accuracy? In the note at the end, the published reports of Whitelocke's trial should have been included among the authorities; and it would have been well also to give a reference to Croker's notes of Wellington's remarks about Craufurd. Croker himself is the subject of an interesting but over-diffuse biography by Sir Theodore Martin.

Those who care more for literature than for history will turn at once—that is, if they remember to look for "George Eliot" under the letter C—to the editor's account of Mary Anne Cross. In the way of biography there is, of course, little or nothing new to tell; but the article will be read with interest for its criticism. Matter-of-fact readers may perhaps tax Mr. Stephen with a slip of the pen in writing of Tito Melema as "one of her finest feminine characters"; while feminine readers, if they perceive the sarcasm, will be ready to assure him that Tito is one of the most distinctively masculine characters in fiction.

Crichton (the Admirable), and Croke or Crocus, the sixteenth-century Greek scholar and diplomatist, by Mr. S. L. Lee; Cruikshank, by Mr. Austin Dobson; and Dalton, by Miss A. M. Clerke, are all noteworthy articles. And as an example of the good work which the Dictionary is doing in gathering together dispersed fragments of the history of men not in their own day obscure, but now forgotten, we may notice Mr. R. L. Poole's account of the fourteenth-century Franciscan alchemist and prophet, John Cutcliffe, *alias* Rochetaillade. It is not every one, we admit, who is consumed with desire to know all about Friar Rochetaillade; but if, or when, one thirsts for such knowledge, there will be found in Mr. Poole's article an amount of information which it would cost days of running about the Bodleian and the British Museum to collect for oneself, even if, which is improbable, one knew where to begin to look for it.

ARCHER-HIND'S *TIMÆUS*.*

THE present school of Platonic studies in Cambridge is certainly the most interesting, if only because by far the most serious, which has existed in this country. The impulse which apparently began, if anything begins, with the late Master of Trinity, and of which Dr. Jackson has been the chief promoter, has now significantly produced what "appears to be the first English edition of the *Timæus*." By a serious Platonist the *Timæus* cannot be put aside as a pleasing or a tiresome romance. "What is the world," is its question, "and how did it come to be?" Here, if anywhere in Plato's extant works, must be found his fundamental doctrine. Mr. Archer-Hind's book is really a review, complete and in very important parts original, of Platonic philosophy. As we hold it to be essentially right, we shall not spend words upon the magnitude of the achievement.

The translation (for the whole dialogue is translated) may be briefly dismissed. If the editor cannot construe Plato, no one can. He is often plainly right where all before have been puzzled; and very seldom plainly wrong. We cannot, for instance, accept "first we must assign to all the substances we *have mentioned* the property of *causing sensation*" for πρῶτον μὲν οὖν ὑπάρχειν αἴσθησιν δεῖ τοῖς λεγομένοις ἀεί (61 C), where the perversion of αἴσθησις is the least of several objections. The meaning is "In all that we say (about sensibles) sensation (in some sentient) must be presupposed." But we have noticed no error of moment, and will now turn at once to the substance.

The *Timæus* is in form a strange and fanciful story of creation. The "artificer," desiring that the universe should be good as he is good, and seeing that the best of all things is the "ideal living thing," αὐτὸ ὅ ἐστι ζῷον, made the universe like it, a living thing. *And the soul of it he made of Being, Same, and Other.* And of the same materials he, or those whom he commissioned, made all separate souls—and so forth. Now the author tells us expressly that these are not things which really took place in time and in historical succession as they are related. What, then, does this pretended story mean? Mr. Archer-Hind answers, It is a parable of absolute idealism. The distinction of the artificer, the model, and the copy is mere machinery of the fable. The true point lies in the statement that the life or soul of the world is like absolute life or soul, taken together with the description of soul. The universe is "the self-evolution of absolute thought." The soul of the world makes the world, and is that which is made. It copies itself off, so to speak, *because Soul or Thought is by its nature subject and object, One and Many, "Same" and "Other."*

"For since One has meaning only when contrasted with Many, Being, forasmuch as it is One, demands that Many shall be also. But since Being alone exists, Being must itself be that Many. . . Being is the synthesis of every antithesis. The material Universe is Nature manifesting herself in the form of Other; it is the one changeless thought in the form of mutable multitude. Thus does dualism vanish in the final identification of thought and its object; subject and object are but different sides of the same thing. Thought must think; and, since thought alone exists, it can but think itself. . . . The Universal Soul attains plurality by differentiating itself into a number of finite intelligences. . . . But for this independent consciousness every soul has to pay a fixed price. The price is limitation, and the condition of limitation is subjection to the laws of what we know as time and space"; and hence come natural phenomena, which are symbols of the eternal as perceived through the senses by finite souls. But "the only existance outside particular souls is the

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* *The Timæus of Plato.* With Introduction and Notes by R. D. Archer-Hind, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

Universal soul. Mind is the Universe, and beside Mind there is nothing."

We think, as already said, that the editor makes good his case. Sometimes, indeed, he seems to put Plato's thought rather as Plato might have put it if he had read modern philosophy than as he actually did. Thus when "space and time" are grouped together as the two conditions of limitation, we believe that Plato's belief is truly represented in modern terms. But Plato did not consciously so group the two, or he would have brought them together in his fable, which he does not. But to follow the editor in detail is here impossible. We cannot even quote his expositions of Plato's "space" and "time," admirably clear and subtle as they are. If we are to say anything to the purpose we must confine ourselves to some one point, and it shall be the main point. Is Plato's position purely idealist? Is his material universe, as the editor says, a symbol or image of thought? On this we shall offer something which may not be without importance.

The kernel of the *Timæus* must lie, where the editor would find it, in the mystical statement that "the soul of the world is of Same, Other, and Being." It is clear, from the whole form of the work, that Plato, whatever he meant by this, thought it of supreme importance. It is, in fact, the only thing in his "probable account" which he will affirm to be assuredly true. Now, when he has concluded, in highly impressive language, his treatment of this topic, and is about to speak of the "making of time," when he is passing, that is, from the intrinsic and eternal nature of things to the condition under which they appear, he pauses, as if to mark the importance of the moment, and recommences his tale with a few striking words, biblical in their majesty and harmony, which purport to resume what has been said up to this point (37 C). In these words, then, if anywhere, we may expect to find something precise and definite; if there is anywhere a key to the parable, here is the place to look for it. These are the words:—ὡς δὲ κινηθὲν αὐτὸ καὶ ζῶν ἐνόησε τῶν ἀϊδίων θεῶν γεγονὸς ἄγαλμα ὁ γεννήσας πατὴρ ἠγάσθη τε καὶ εὐφρανθεὶς κ.τ.λ. "*And when the father who begat it perceived the created image of the eternal gods that it had motion and life, he rejoiced and was well pleased.*" So, then, the doctrine so incomparably true and important is this—that the world is an "image of the eternal gods"! Mr. Archer-Hind, conscious of the crisis, is amazed, as indeed are most people; and well they may be. It would be an undeserved compliment to call such language obscure. Of what gods, eternal or other, can the world, according to Plato, be the image? In the preceding exposition not a word has been said of "gods" or any god; and when in the process of the story we hear of gods, it is in a sense which would make nonsense if read into this place.

If Plato [says the editor] wrote θεῶν (which I cannot help regarding as doubtful), I am convinced that he used this strange phrase with some deliberate purpose in view, but what that purpose was, I confess myself unable to divine.

We are offered, that is, the choice, either to reject the text as corrupt or to interpret it as an enigma; and this is the inevitable alternative, if we are to suppose that the *Timæus* had any serious purpose. But the first alternative, precarious at best, is here not to be thought of. Neither error nor design would bring in words simple in appearance, in reality bewildering. It remains to try the way of enigma. The *prima facie* meaning is seen upon reflection to be impossible. Do the words admit any other? Certainly they do. The word θεῶν is ambiguous; it is the genitive of θεοί, but it is also the genitive of θέαι. Now θέαι, the plural of θέα (whence θεᾶσθαι, *to contemplate*), signifies *sight*, both active and passive, and in philosophical language both *contemplation* and the *object of contemplation*. It is used by Plato elsewhere, as Aristotle uses the more prosaic synonym θεωρία, for the operation of pure thought. Thus in the *Phædo* (84 B) the philosophic soul, when, delivered from the body, it is restored to its true function, is said "to contemplate (θεᾶσθαι) the truth," or, as the same thing is expressed figuratively in the *Republic* (615 A), "to enjoy a contemplation (θέαι) of marvellous beauty." The words τῶν ἀϊδίων θεῶν ἄγαλμα admit then the meaning "image of eternal thought." But this is just what, if the editor be right, Plato did mean. And the cryptic manner of expression (for, of course, the impossible θεοί, from its familiarity, suggests itself first) is exactly like that of another such phrase, first explained by the editor, which occurs at the end of the dialogue. If the world be self-evolved, the "model" and the "maker" of the allegorical story are but aspects of the same thing. Just as he closes, Plato lets us know this, by suddenly describing the world, for the first time, as εἰκὼν τοῦ ποιητοῦ. If we have wit enough to see that this cannot really mean "the image of that which is made" (which is nonsense), and faith enough not to alter it, as some have done, into εἰκὼν τοῦ νοητοῦ, or anything else, but just to think about it again, we are rewarded by discovering that ποιητοῦ is from ποιητής (not ποιητός), and that the world is thus declared to be the image "of its maker," which is the hint required. Such cryptic expressions are found in Plato elsewhere, and were probably suggested to him, with not a little of his vocabulary and imagery, by the mysteries of Greek religion.

It is an interesting question why Plato should have used parable so much as he does, and why he veiled in allegory doctrines in themselves sufficiently difficult. Poetic taste, and a certain contempt for the vulgar understanding, may be a partial, but not a complete, explanation. We should probably add the simpler motive of prudent apprehension. It is by no means clear that such a theory as the *Timæus* seems to veil could have been published plainly in Plato's time without exposing the author to discomfort, if not to danger. It must be allowed, however, that the history of Platonism does not encourage such fastidiousness, or, if so it was, such caution. For whether Mr. Archer-Hind has probed the *Timæus* or no, it is too certain that few have tried to understand it, and very, very few have in any degree succeeded. And this leads us to speak of the only general defect with which Mr. Archer-Hind may be charged. His theory of Platonism will not be complete without a theory of Aristotle, or rather of the alleged Aristotelian writings. The editor rates Aristotle not highly, and in this volume seldom refers to him without an asperity which does not please us. But we may, perhaps, presume that Aristotle was a man of common honesty and average intelligence, and he must have heard Plato explain himself without disguise a hundred times. Yet he is credited with criticism of Plato, which is not merely dull, but transparently false. All that the editor says on this head we by no means accept, but look at the *Physica*, called "of Aristotle." Plato says that "the artificer" made time as "an *eternal* image of eternity." A man may say that this phrase, with Plato's explanation, is intelligible, or may say, if he pleases, that it is not. But he will not say, if he has wit or discretion, that "Plato makes time come into being, whereas all others hold it to be everlasting." The literary history of "Aristotle" is in the highest degree suspicious, and it is time that some one, especially if he approaches at all to the views of Mr. Archer-Hind, should say a plain word on the subject. Meanwhile, this book is a valuable and permanent addition to our philosophical literature.

LEAR'S BOOK OF NONSENSE.*

THE presence on our table of a new and complete edition of *The Book of Nonsense* reminds us that a quarter of a century has just elapsed since the Old Derry-down-Derry first presented this remarkable classic "to the great-grandchildren, grand-nephews, and grand-nieces of Edward, thirteenth Earl of Derby." The pictures—most of them—dated back much further than 1862, and were made for the delectation of the parents of the happy tribe enumerated. When the book was beginning to make its way with the public, but before its real author was widely known, a rumour went abroad that it was Edward, thirteenth Earl of Derby himself, who, in his lighter moments, had thus diverted the world with his pencil. Various passages in the poems themselves seemed to give weight to this idea, and in particular the words

There was an old person of Cromer
Who stood on one leg to read Homer,

at once so modest in deprecation, so irresistibly confidential in allusion, were felt to be all that could be required in evidence. The late Mr. Lear used to tell a story of a journey he once made in a railway carriage with a gentleman who discoursed aloud on this subject, and stated that the authorship of *The Book of Nonsense*, by Lord Derby, was within his own private experience. Mr. Lear at last was moved to say that it was not so, and that, besides, a real Edward Lear existed. "Ah! no, indeed, my dear sir," was the reply, "you do not perceive our little transparent subterfuge. 'Edward' is his lordship's christian name, and 'Lear,' you will perceive, is simply 'Earl' transposed." Nor even when the author took off his own hat, and showed him his name written in full around the lining, was this rash inductive critic entirely convinced.

The sustained popularity of these verses and drawings is remarkable. At no time, so far as we remember, have they been published at a particularly cheap price, and yet their sale has been enormous. The drawings very cunningly combine the clumsy conventions dear to children with types and expressions that display real artistic knowledge and observation. For instance, in the portrait of the Old Person of Leeds, "whose head was infested with beads," the lower extremities of this person, and the artless manner in which she sits, as one who never learned to sit, on the small stool, are puerilely false and silly, while her greedy expression and the fatuous upward glance which tells that the gooseberry fool has just acted upon the nerves of the palate are very fine indeed. So that in all the really successful pictures in this book there is on one hand the concession to childishness which childhood appreciates, combined on the other hand with genuine humour, and sometimes with a mild species of genuine satire. Another lasting charm which breathes through the book is the gallant spirit of so many of the characters, and their noble disregard of any of those inconveniences which ensue upon the indulgence of personal eccentricity. The Old Person of Hurst, who, when they said "You'll grow fatter," for he was very fat to start with, merely answered, "What matter?" the Young Lady of Norway, who, when the door squeezed her flat, just exclaimed, "What of that?" and the Young Lady of Hull, who, when chased by a virulent bull, merely seized on a spade, and called out "Who's afraid?" are instances of a great spirit of independence which breathes through this beautiful, though perhaps sometimes a little quaint, volume. Nor was a temper superior to the moral misfortunes of life ever shown to a more heroic degree than by the Young Lady of Lucca, who, when her lovers

* *The Book of Nonsense.* By Edward Lear. Twenty-fifth edition. With all the original Pictures and Verses. London: Warne & Co.

completely forsook her, ran up a tree, and said "Fiddle-de-dee!" We can imagine no reproof more stinging, and we shall be very much surprised if we do not find, upon investigation, that this conduct, though entirely disinterested at the time, had the result of bringing her a choice of fresh lovers, much better looking, and with larger balances at their bankers.

We must express a hope that the original text of this classic will not be tampered with. Many of our readers will recollect that the conduct of the Old Person of Philæ was "*scroobious* and wily." We lament to see this altered to "*dubious*." There was nothing dubious about the Old Person of Philæ, but he was just scroobious. To ask what "scroobious" means is to show oneself no worthy denizen of the land of Nonsense.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.*

IT was admirably remarked by Coleridge of Goldsmith's varied work in literature that he did everything happily. The good genius that inspired his pen in all things seems to have presided with not less constancy over the oracles of criticism. Men of the most diverse gifts and humours—De Quincey, Macaulay, Thackeray, to name a few—have written of Goldsmith with the happiest unanimity of judgment. Detraction died with Kendrick, and Northcote, Boswell, and Hawkins have essayed in vain to hint a fault or hesitate dislike. Mr. Austin Dobson's *Life of Goldsmith* in the "Great Writers" series will strengthen the impression that Goldsmith has been singularly happy in his biographers. Indeed, it is not unnatural to regard Mr. Dobson's undertaking as the most fortunate of all the literary dealings of posterity towards one who must inevitably have ranked in this series of biographies, and might easily, as shuddering experience suggests, have received far different treatment. In the circumstances, the latest of Goldsmith's biographers finds his work both facilitated and embarrassed by the multiform labours of others. A century of investigation has certainly cleared the way. On the other hand, the task of compression and reconstruction, necessary by the limited space at Mr. Dobson's disposal, was beset with peculiar difficulties. The literature of the subject is immense, and research has not been unfruitful in these latter days. Goldsmith's first biographer, Sir James Prior, enjoyed the exceptional advantage of personal intercourse with many who had known the poet. He was also the first to gather and collate the rich results of contemporary reminiscence and anecdote scattered in the pages of Boswell, Hawkins, Percy, the *European Magazine*, the *Annual Register*, and so forth. The diligent research and accuracy of Forster's valuable work have withstood the severest tests of subsequent inquirers. The correction of the date of Goldsmith's entrance at Trinity College, Dublin, supplied by Dr. J. F. Waller, is the only emendation of importance adopted by Mr. Dobson in dealing with Forster's biography. As to Washington Irving's charming memoir, the general sentiment is not inaptly expressed by the schoolgirl heroine of an American novel who, when pressed for her opinion by the hero, exclaims, with a gush of conviction, "Oh, sir, how Goldsmith would have loved Mr. Irving!" The artistic triumph implied by this somewhat oblique compliment is not diminished by the most strenuous insistence upon the fact that Goldsmith was one of the most lovable of human beings, as well as an illustrious man of letters. Only a rare accord of fidelity and sympathy could result in so pleasant an apposition of artist and subject.

Mr. Dobson's work is essentially a new Life of Goldsmith. In constructive art, in style, in criticism, it is altogether what was to be expected of a writer so eminently qualified to deal with the subject. Forster thought that Goldsmith lived in times unfavourable to the profession of letters. His was a transitional experience between the old days of patronage and the latter days of a free press. He arrived too late for the patron, too early for the people. De Quincey contested this view with plausible, if not very convincing, rhetoric. He thought it was a great escape for Goldsmith's "intellectual purity," however unfortunate for his "purse," to have missed the "enormous expansion of the reading public" during the present century. This is one of several moot points—such as Goldsmith's propensity to gambling—which Mr. Dobson with admirable good sense leaves to the judicious reader. These questions are extremely interesting to scholars, though their discussion, even if finality were possible, would be quite out of place in a volume designed for an ever-expanding reading public. What manner of man Goldsmith was and how he worked, the nature of his work and its significance, these and other vital matters, material and spiritual, are presented by Mr. Dobson with excellent breadth and force and the happiest discrimination. The judicious tone that characterises this entirely pleasurable book is nowhere better exemplified than in the treatment of the numerous passages in Goldsmith's writings that may be referred to the poet's vagabond years, the happy disengaged days when bookseller Griffiths was undreamed of, or that dark period when the tyranny of Peckham schoolboys was not yet overpast. If not actual autobiography in every instance, there is undoubtedly much genuine self-allusion in these half-serious, half-sportive sketches of hard times and the strange fellowship that penury brings in its train. It is a little surprising, perhaps, that there should have been any room for that extremely unpleasant French teacher at the Peckham school, for Goldsmith was "perfectly acquainted" with French before his voyage to Leyden. Mr. Dobson refers to the old story of a previous experience as usher, in the provinces under an assumed name, though he does not mention that local history in which Douglas Allport dated Goldsmith's sojourn at Dr. Milner's school four years before the date given by Forster. This was "about the beginning of 1757," according to Forster. If this date be correct, Goldsmith's residence at the Peckham school could not have extended to three years, as Miss Milner reported, and "could scarcely," says Mr. Dobson, "have exceeded three months, as it is possible to fix definitely the termination of the engagement." This is a hard matter to solve. If Miss Milner is not an authority here, it is difficult to say who is preferable to her. We cannot think that she spoke of three years and meant three months. If it could be shown that Goldsmith was twice employed at the Peckham school—before the Leyden excursion, as Mr. Allport thought, and afterwards, at the date given by Forster—the difficulty would be considerably lessened. Mr. Dobson devotes a portion of a very interesting chapter on the *Vicar of Wakefield* to circumstances connected with its sale and publication, which he had previously discussed in the introduction to the facsimile edition published two years since. The discrepant accounts of the purchase of the MS. given by Cooke, Hawkins, Mrs. Piozzi, and others are ingeniously clarified of misconceptions, if not completely harmonized by Mr. Dobson. The delayed publication of the work, however, appears to us to be less mysterious than its unremunerative sale, as revealed by the account books of Collins, the Salisbury printer and part owner of the copyright. Mr. Charles Welsh, who possesses the papers of Collins, declares that "the fourth edition (1770) started with a loss," and Collins sold his share (one-third) for five guineas before the fifth edition appeared in 1774. Although this is explicit enough, there seems to have been a good demand. Four editions in four years, not to mention two pirated reprints in Dublin and London of the first edition (1766), indicate a considerable success. Mr. Dobson, we rejoice to note, is no believer in the "poor Poll" of Garrick's epitaph. The evidence collected on this point is further enforced by his citation of the Rev. Edward Mangin, a witness probably new to Goldsmith's readers. New, also, and very delightful are the letters to Goldsmith's brother-in-law, Daniel Hodson, transcribed by permission of Mr. F. Locker Lampson, the fortunate owner. They are fragrant with the single-hearted generosity and sweet frank nature of the writer. Mr. John P. Anderson's bibliography is an excellent piece of work. All we have to note of it, after much searching, is that the publication date of the *Captivity* is given in the chronological list as 1836, whereas in Mr. Dobson's book (p. 185) it is said to have been "not published as a whole until 1820."

* *Life of Oliver Goldsmith.* By Austin Dobson. "Great Writers." London: Walter Scott. 1888.

STORIES.*

THERE was a man whose age was thirty-six, and Edmund Thallerton he had to name, and one short year before the story's date he'd been betrothed to Meta, who had died. So now he was betrothed to Violet, a blue-eyed maiden with a shallow soul. Both she and Edmund disbelieved in spooks, though Meta's haunted all the manor-house. She came in many forms, but always was surrounded by a white mysterious light, and waves of hot perfume of jasmine-flower. Sometimes she was a figure robed in black from eight to eight-and-thirty feet in height, with arms and fingers of portentous length, which grabbed with ease across a good-sized room. At other times, for Edmund's benefit, a lotus lily was the spook's disguise, which floated where she wanted him to go, with merry chimes of non-existent bells. Violet had a sister, and her name was Dora, and when Meta first appeared in spookly guise to work her vengeance out, she collared Dora's astral principle, and took it strolling round on other planes and showed it every kind of horrid sight as in a nightmare. Dora pined and drooped, and made a solemn vow to marry Jack. (Jack was an undistinguished, good young man.) One night a ball was given. Edmund sulked because his Violet danced with some one else, so Meta's spook enticed him from the house, made-up this time as what you might have called a long "dark shadow, of" a "tall lean form," with a "small head and one long arm stretched out," and "with white fingers of" most "wondrous length," and took him "where the snow was hardened by the icy pool." He was in evening clothes, and boldly "coming there without a wrap," it is not to be wondered at that "he was cognizant of only blank dismay." He did not know the spook, but there it stood, "without a face, without a word or look, but it stooped down from its gigantic height, bent to the ground, and two white hands appeared, with long-boned fingers" and began to dig. It shovelled up a quantity of worms of most disgusting aspect. Edmund knew that they were those the poet sings about and

* *Lotus: a Psychological Romance.* By the Author of "A New Marguerite" &c. London: George Redway. 1888.

The Family Story-Teller—Romance of a Black Veil. By the Author of "Dora Thorne" &c. London: W. Stevens.

The Family Story-Teller—Sir Alan's Wife. London: W. Stevens.

A Romance of the Queen's Hounds. By Charles James. London: Chatto & Windus. 1888.

Mary, the Queen of the House of David. By Rev. A. Stewart Walsh, D.D. With an Introduction by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1888.

says that man is food for. Here they were *in propriis personis*, and the spook lifted "the hideous mass of slimy things" which "made for" Edmund, so he shut his eyes, and when he opened them both spook and worms had disappeared. "He rose and made for home"; which was perhaps the wisest thing to do. So things went on until the day approached when Edmund was to marry Violet. About a week before the happy day Edmund was summoned by the same old spook to a churchyard, and there, to his surprise, it owned to being Meta, and appeared in Meta's likeness. So he asked her what on earth she wanted, and she made reply that he was not to marry Violet, but die, and live on other planes with her. Edmund remarked that he and Violet loved, but Meta told him that was his mistake, and in a fit of spookish jealousy called her "that woman with the wire hair," and asked him "Will you marry for an hour by the Infinite Clock?" and Edmund said he would, not clearly understanding what she meant (no more do we; for surely this is plain that, if a Clock is somehow Infinite, its hours should be infinitely long?) She said "You will not, Edmund; try, and see." He tried, and this is what the reader sees. He married Violet (so the spook was wrong) and was her husband for about an hour by Shrewsbury Clock; the wedding breakfast came, and Violet was about to cut the cake, when Meta swooped on Edmund unawares —which we consider was unsportsmanlike—and scragged him there and then. The wedding guests were horrified to see the bridegroom die. There rose "the wail of women's voices, and," moreover, "that of Violet's, screaming high." It did no good; for Edmund was a spook, and moved thenceforth in spookish circles with the fascinating Meta. Whether, then, Violet lived unmarried till her death we cannot say; but Dora married Jack.

Lady Laurie Dundas, the autobiographical heroine of the *Romance of a Black Veil*, was never a governess, though she was at different periods of her seventeenth year a schoolgirl and private secretary to the so-called "mother superior" of an amateur Anglican convent. In nearly all other respects she was fitted to be the heroine of a Family Story. She did not get kissed as much as usual—in fact, not by anybody except Lord St. Asaph (who kissed her the moment he saw her)—but perhaps that was because she was not a governess. She was daughter of one Lord St. Asaph and cousin of his successor, whom she married. The latter was the son of the former's sister; and, as he immediately succeeded to the title and estates upon his uncle's death in his mother's lifetime, there must have been something very odd about the patent or writ of summons by which the earldom was originally created. Old Lord St. Asaph was generally known as the Reprobate Earl, on account of his extraordinary wickedness. He had secretly married Laurie's mother, and kept the existence of his wife and daughter a secret from all his relations until he was on the point of death, when he sent for Lady Laurie from school, acknowledged her as his daughter, and left her half his fortune, to the great disgust of his sister and nieces. The mother was not forthcoming, because when, some time after her marriage, her husband had sworn on Sunday morning, when he ought to have been at church, and had followed up this revelation by avowing himself to be no other than the Reprobate Earl, and when, to punish his wife for sulking he had kidnapped the infant Laurie, and pretended that she was dead, she had disappeared from human ken, and had, in fact, set up business as manageress of the convent in which Laurie eventually took refuge from the sorrows of a heartless world. After the old lord's death Laurie determined—very sensibly—to marry her cousin, the young lord. She pursued him with a shameless vigour which would have been hard to excuse in any girl who ought not to have been in the school-room. She was precocious enough, however, to notice with satisfaction, when she put on a certain dress intended to captivate the young nobleman, that "My arms and neck shone marble-white through it, and the crimson pomegranate-blossoms lay like glowing rubies in my hair." The young man's sisters were excusably of opinion that for Lady Laurie to insist on marrying their brother, after having deprived them of half their expected fortunes by falling upon them like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, was a little strong. So they made a clumsy plot, whereby they persuaded her that her adored Earl was going to marry somebody else. She jumped to the desired conclusion with all the credulity of youth, gave up the game, and ran away to die. Before doing so she consulted her solicitor, and, as he was of opinion that girls of seventeen can make valid wills, it is not surprising that his advice was not of much use. So she endeavoured to die in a church, and had nearly succeeded when one of her long-lost mother's nuns picked her up and took her to the convent. Eventually her mother and she discovered the relationship between them, and Lord St. Asaph found her, and took her back, and married her, and has since, on occasion, "held the balance of power in Europe in his own capable hands." The story is written in extremely slipshod English, and betrays little or no acquaintance with the domestic manners of the common earl.

Sir Alan Harlech, Bart. was an elderly prig with nothing to do, so he married the childish, pretty, uneducated, frivolous, and commonplace daughter of a gambler, of whom the only thing he knew was that he had committed suicide at Spa when he, Sir Alan, happened to be in the immediate neighbourhood. He had never told Netta—that was his wife's name—how her father had died, but his friends generally knew it, and the circumstance gave rise to a good deal of discomfort. When Netta's father was alive he and Netta—who knew nothing of his principal occupation—had lived a good deal in the society of a fellow black-leg, who, by the merest chance in the world, inherited an earldom and a castle next door to the house of the Harlechs. So one Lady Eustace, who had wanted to marry Sir Alan herself, plotted that the Earl should compromise the guileless Netta, and sow disunion between her and her husband. The plot would have succeeded but for a priest coming in while a ball was going on, and pointing out that the Earl had a deserted wife somewhere, and was not a person to be trusted. Lady Eustace poisoned herself, and the Harlechs made friends. On the whole, if one were driven to the alternative, there is more entertainment to be got out of this than out of the other Family Story.

If Mr. James's *Romance of the Queen's Hounds* were a shining example of the pathetic style, or a work of genius in any way, some people would probably call it a prose idyl. As it is, there does not appear to be much reason for its existence. The story is this. Frank was engaged to Blanche, who was an idiot, incapable of speaking of anything except a decrepit drawing-room dog. He was also in love with Diana, a young lady in reduced circumstances, who supported a blind father by riding horses out hunting for a horse-dealer and training them in the school. Blanche was rich; Diana was poor. Bravo, a villain, courted Blanche for her fortune. So he bought from Diana's employer a black mare called Jezebel. It was "certain death to ride that mare to hounds." Therefore Bravo lent her to Frank when the latter was going out hunting with Diana. She knew all about the mare; so, instead of telling Frank it was certain death to ride her to hounds, she asked to be allowed to ride her herself, and accordingly incurred death, as per certainty, selfishly leaving her blind father to shift for himself. Frank looked after him, and they both looked after Diana's grave, the site of which she had chosen in happier days. That's all.

If there is a longer, duller, and generally more stupendous story extant than *Mary, the Queen of the House of David*, long may we be preserved from the duty of perusing it for the benefit of other people. It tells how a reformed rake called Sir Charleroy de Griffin went crusading in 1290, became acclimatized after the Crusade, and married a Jewess called Rizpah; how to them was born a daughter called Miriamne; how they quarrelled, and Sir Charleroy went back to London and went mad; how Miriamne was converted to Christianity, went to London, cured her father, brought him back to Palestine, and reconciled him and her mother; how they died, and Miriamne married a chaplain called Cornelius Woelfkin; how between them they founded a sisterhood and made a plan to regenerate the world; and how Miriamne died and her plans came to nothing. All the people mentioned prosed and preached to each other in the baldest possible American with a fluency and a self-complacent wearisomeness of reiteration which are simply heart-breaking and maddening. Every incident in the book is mentioned above (except about three trifling ones), and its length is enormous. It is the sort of book to make the reader curse all books, and wish the world had never been made. *Procul oh procul este*, everybody! Dr. Talmage writes an introduction to say that there never was such a book—thank Heaven, he is right there—and that it has "all the fascinations of romance." Also, that there is nothing like women—which is true —and that "O what a multitude of women in heaven! Mary, Christ's mother, in heaven. Elizabeth Fry in heaven. Charlotte Elizabeth in heaven. The mother of Augustine in heaven. The Countess of Huntingdon is in heaven"—in short, the preface is in the best style of rabid American popular preaching, and the book is worthy of it. "And now," says Dr. Talmage, "I will leave you in the hands of Dr. Walsh." He does. For the moment we rejoice, but it is nothing to our joy when we escape from Dr. Walsh's detestable hands, and proceed instantly to forget all about him and his drivelling story.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.*

FIFTY Years Ago is not a novel, but it is doing it but scant justice to say that it is more amusing than many novels. The author's desire, we learn from his preface, was to "present a picture of society in this country as it was when the Queen ascended the Throne." The keynote of the book is contained in another sentence of the preface:—"Meantime, remember this. As nearly as possible, fifty years ago, the eighteenth century passed away. It died slowly; its end was scarcely marked." Such of our readers as are old-fashioned enough to have read Gibbon's great History may remember the parallel which he draws between the state of modern Europe and that of the Roman Empire under the Antonines. The historian seems scarcely aware of any material difference between the two; Marcus Aurelius could travel post as fast as Gibbon could; if Gibbon undertook a sea voyage he was at the mercy of the wind and tide, just as Marcus Aurelius was seventeen centuries before him. Gunpowder and printing had both, it is true, been invented since the times of the Romans, but neither of these great inventions had been developed. Perhaps Archbishop Whately's theory is true, that paper is the really important invention, for any one could conceive the idea of movable types, but without cheap paper they are valueless. Fifty years ago newspapers had not arisen, and poetry was tottering to its fall. What the newspapers were we can gather from Lamb's

* *Fifty Years Ago.* By Walter Besant. London: Chatto & Windus. 1888.

essay; poetry, overdone by Scott, Byron, and the Lake school, was pronounced unsaleable by the great bookseller of the period. "If you could write a good cookery-book, now," was the advice to which we owe Miss Acton's work. But few now read L. E. L., and if they are more familiar with the name of Mrs. Norton, this is due more to her piteous story and to George Meredith's novel than to her writings. Both these ladies' portraits appear in the very interesting and complete series of portraits of celebrities with which the book is enriched. In most cases these portraits have autograph signatures attached, and one has an opportunity of observing what shocking hands they wrote fifty years ago. One modern development is far from being an unmixed good; we mean the disappearance of the "delicate Italian hand" affected by ladies fifty years ago, before what George Eliot calls "the present uncial period." Fifty years ago there was a distinct male and female script, just as in Sweden at this day there are men's loaves and women's loaves; nowadays few of us have not received letters which leave us entirely in the dark as to the writer's sex.

Demonstrativeness, if we may coin a word, seems to have been crushed out of us moderns by the hurry amid which our lives are spent. The tear of sensibility seldom bedews our manly cheeks, while our ideas of amusement are utterly opposed to those of fifty years ago. "A picture by Du Maurier in *Punch* once represented a man singing a comic song at an 'At Home.' Nobody laughed; some few faces expressed wonder; some, pity; some, contempt; a few, indignation; but not one face smiled. Consider the difference; in the year 1837 every face would have been broadened out in a grin." 'Arry, Mr. Besant acutely points out, is a survival; just as the comb in the coster girl's back hair is a survival of the Spanish combs and mantillas which came into vogue during the Peninsular War. Taine remarks of us at the present day, "Les Anglais parlent extrêmement bas," and contrasts the quiet of an English crowd with the noise of Arabs or "meridionals." Walter Scott, in a letter to Joanna Baillie, dated Paris, 1815, remarks, "All our young men (officers) pique themselves on imitating the Duke of Wellington in nonchalance and coolness of manner." This, no doubt, was the thin edge of the wedge, which since that period has broadened until it has swept away the comic song, the practical joker, Bob Sawyer, Mr. Ledbury, and all those boisterous forms of amusement of which we read with wonder in the works of Theodore Hook and Albert Smith, and in a lesser degree in *Pickwick*, that prose idyl of cockney life, fit swan-song of the "quiet century" which, as Mr. Besant reminds us, really lingered on till the death of William IV. Sam Weller was quite satisfied with the-day-but-one-before-yesterday's paper. In London, too! What a contrast to our feverish fifth editions and special editions! As Lamb says of an old paper, "We resent the stale thing as a sort of affront." Here is a picture of a cabriolet, with the driver perched upon a sort of bracket on the right side. Is this the cause or the effect of the rule of keeping to the left in driving, which obtains in no country except our own? This was the vehicle which, with three people squeezed into it besides the driver, was seen to proceed at a rapid pace up Goswell Street to Mrs. Bardell's door, on the day of the memorable excursion to the "Spaniards"—there is a picture of the "Spaniards" in Mr. Besant's book—and in which Mr. Pickwick talked to the driver as he drove to the "Golden Cross." There is no drawing of a hackney-coach; the ancestor, we presume, from which the modern four-wheeler has been evolved. Speaking of the worship of horseflesh in 1837, our author says of the young Londoner that "to ride was his greatest ambition," but he does not discuss the effect which this ambition had upon the legs of that remote period. That part of the garments of fifty years ago which Miss Griselda Oldbuck observed that "it did not become a leddy to particularize" bore remarkable tribute to the horsey tastes of the time. Mr. Pickwick's gaiters are immortal. Micawber wore a species of compromise. We are surprised to see a portrait of Sir Francis Burdett in trousers. He was one of the last men who habitually wore top-boots. Nowadays, we only see them on the legs of stable helps, travestied as postboys at a wedding.

Much information on the subjects of drink and dress may be obtained from a careful perusal of Jos Sedley's proceedings between Southampton and London. Jos selected "a crimson satin, embroidered with gold butterflies, and a black and red velvet tartan with white stripes and a rolling collar, with which, and a rich blue satin stock and a gold pin, consisting of a five-barred gate and a horseman, in pink enamel, jumping over it. . . ." If we fill up the black and white outline of Count d'Orsay's waistcoat, &c., in the portrait here given with these colours, we can form some idea of the general appearance of that mirror of fashion. As for drinks, Jos, "after a copious breakfast, thought a glass of sherry necessary at Winchester. At Alton he imbibed some of the ales for which the place is famous. At Farnham he partook of a dinner of stewed eels, veal cutlets, French beans, and a bottle of claret. He was cold over Bagshot Heath, and took some brandy and water, and when he drove into town he was as full of wine, beer, meat, pickles, cherry brandy and tobacco, as the steward's cabin of a steam-packet." A toper nowadays—but we blush to compare the man of to-day with such giants. The ideal hero of the Fleet turnkey took "twelve pints of ale a day, and never left off smoking even at his meals." Compare Dean Stanley's funeral sermon on Dickens, and the drinking habits of all the Pickwickians. What would Addison have done nowadays?

"Every fellow with a moustache and a cigar is a low fellow," said Major Pendennis. The moustache has been tolerated since the Crimean War, but many people even in 1888 are secretly of the Major's opinion. Indeed, we believe that many modern smokers have adopted the cigarette, not because they like it, but because they think that no one can blame them for smoking such a thing—"is it not a little one"?—and because they can throw it away without a pang whenever they see their maiden aunts or other unsympathetic persons approaching. Notice the Turkish pipe among the yataghans, &c., in the drawing of the young Disraeli. It required some courage, at the time when that picture was drawn, to avow that one smoked a pipe; but the Eastern pipe carried with it a flavour of great voyages, of houris and bulbuls, and all the picturesque Orientalisms which Lord Byron had made fashionable. "Such a man, my dears," said Miss Wirt of the Duke of Sussex, "but, alas! addicted to smoking." Look at the endless pictures which Leech drew on the subject of smoking in railway carriages, and compare the large toleration of '88 with the "survival" which we read on the walls of our railway stations, menacing any one smoking in any part thereof with 40s. fine and removal from the company's premises. What would be the fate of an "intending traveller" when "removed from the company's premises"? Would he have to buy blue spectacles and pretend to be lame, according to an illustrious precedent, and then return to the station and buy a fresh ticket, making believe to be somebody else? or would he have to bathe in many waters and be unclean until the evening?

Mr. Besant says nothing of the decline and fall of wigs. Though they were fallen from their high estate, an observant man might have found plenty of wigs in 1837. Hair-powder, too—did not Sergeant Snubbin wear hair-powder? What opportunities both must have offered to the practical joker. Instead, however, of blaming him for his omissions, let us be grateful for what we find in his old curiosity shop, and bear in mind the words of his preface:—

In compiling even such a modest work as the present one is constantly attended by a haunting dread of having forgotten something necessary to complete the picture. . . . At this very last moment the Spirit of Memory whispers in my ear, "Did you remember to speak of the high fireplaces, the open chimneys—up which half the heat mounted—the broad hobs, and the high fenders, with the fronts pierced, in front of which people's feet were always cold? Did you remember that the pin of the period had its head composed of a separate piece of wire rolled round? that steel pens were either as yet unknown, or were precious and costly things? that the quill was always wanting a fresh nib? that the wax match did not exist? that in the country they still used the old-fashioned brimstone match? that the nightlight of the period was a rush candle stuck in a tin cylinder full of holes? and that all the ladies' dresses had hooks and eyes behind?"

NOTES ON THE BIRDS OF HEREFORDSHIRE.*

THIS book is brought out under the auspices of the Woolhope Naturalists' Field Club. If Herefordshire bird-life has somewhat suffered from the draining of swamps, it is in other respects greatly favoured by the physical features that still remain.

The whole country forms a pastoral oasis of hill and dale, well wooded and well watered, filled with meadows and orchards, in the midst of a wild waste of hills of considerable height and of great extent. To the south and south-west are the Forest of Dean, the Monmouthshire hills, and the Black Mountains; to the north-west lie the wide range of hills which, beginning in Radnorshire and Breconshire, stretch onwards to the sea; on the north, where the hills within the county are wilder and more desolate, they are contiguous with those of Radnorshire and Shropshire; while the eastern side is bounded by a bleak open country, and the long range of the Malvern Hills.

So runs the introduction to a book that is chiefly built upon the notes of the late Dr. Bull, a local enthusiast. One may forgive the gentle pedantry of an Isaac Walton, of a Gilbert White or a Charles Waterton; but whether the cause of local ornithology gains anything from such a ransacking of the poets for allusions such as we find here is perhaps a matter of opinion—it is a harmless foible at the worst. For the rest, this is a pleasant book, that betrays a wise discretion in all it does or does not do.

Herefordshire lays claim to many British birds of rare occurrence, and to some whose visits are so few and far between as to leave it doubtful whether they are entitled to be considered British birds at all. The Blue-headed Yellow Wagtail (*M. flava*; the "Yellow Wagtail" of the Continent) "occurs regularly every season at Belmont, and from the length of its stay is almost sure to breed there." We do not doubt it for a moment; and, could it be proved, Herefordshire would have scored a triumph.

Few things in this book please us more than the good case that is made out for the common starling, perhaps our favourite bird. And "the gardeners make no complaints against the starling here," our authors say. Nor should we, if he would not pick off all the blossoms from our primrose and polyanthus plants and lay them in a row. But for all this, we love the starling, who seems the very spirit of the summer day as he sits outside our window with drooping tremulous wings and a song that sounds like rippling water. And everything he does he does adroitly; yes, we love the starling. Alas! his ranks have been sadly thinned these wintry times. This book notices the fact, with which most of us are familiar, that both starlings and wood-pigeons may be divided into two general classes—those which frequent the haunts of man

* *Notes on the Birds of Herefordshire.* London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. Hereford: Jakeman & Carver. 1888.

and those which do not; and that these differ remarkably in their habits.

Local uses of words are touched upon throughout the book. "With country folk the crow is used as a symbol of independence. A Herefordshire girl who had a good place and was doing well, sent a message to her companion not to be in too great a hurry to get out, for 'service was not all golden crows.'" The custom of dressing spring corn with strychnine to protect it from disease is singled out for censure, which we heartily endorse. This cruel habit results in the wholesale poisoning of rooks, whereas "carbolic acid" keeps off blight *and* rooks, and is cheaper than strychnine to boot.

Ravens are, as we should expect to find, fairly abundant still in Herefordshire; building annually in the Black Mountains and elsewhere. One of the most interesting articles—that, at least, which will attract the most notice—is that on the Great Black Woodpecker (*Picus martius*). The interest of the subject will justify a somewhat long quotation:—

> There can be no doubt, however, of its having been observed *on several occasions* in Herefordshire [the italics are our own]. Captain Mayne Reid saw two specimens in the woods near his residence at Frogmore, Ross, and noted the occurrence in the *Live Stock Journal*. The Rev. Clement Ley saw the Great Black Woodpecker at Ruckhall Wood, Eaton Bishop, about the year 1874, and pointed it out to his cousin, Mr. Edward du Buisson, who also saw it there. On writing to Mr. Ley on the subject, he replies that "he has not the least doubt about it," and adds . . . "The last occasion on which I heard it was in 1876, on Mount Edgecombe, in Devonshire, when standing with my daughter close to a thick oak coppice and waiting for a few minutes we got a fine view of the bird." Mr. D. R. Chapman also saw the Great Black Woodpecker at Belmont . . . in the spring of 1879. His attention was called to it by his son, as it flew from a copse to a tree standing in open ground. To make sure of the species, he crawled along the meadow for some sixty or seventy yards, and was rewarded by a clear view of the bird.

Now, coming from independent witnesses, of good credit in their own districts, this deserves every attention. The claims of the Great Black Woodpecker (who inhabits the pine forests of various countries) to be considered a British bird, have never, so far as we know, been formally admitted. The *Ibis Catalogue* (1883) and the last edition of Yarrell will have nothing to say to it. The Great Black Woodpecker is familiarly called by the Norwegians Gertrude's Bird. The quaint legend, quoted from Thorpe in *Fraser's Magazine*, is given as follows:—

> Our Lord in His wanderings on earth, accompanied by St. Peter, came to a woman who wore a red hood on her head, who was engaged in baking. The wanderers were weary and hungry; and our Lord begged the woman, whose name was Gertrude, to give Him a cake. She took a little dough, and set it on to bake, but little as it was when it was set on, it soon filled the whole pan. Thinking this too much for alms, she took a smaller quantity, and again began to bake; but this also grew as large as the first. Gertrude then took still less dough, but this cake, too, swelled until it was as large as the others. Then said the woman, "You must go without alms, for all my bakings are too large for you!" Then was Our Lord wroth, and said unto Gertrude, "Because thou gavest me nothing, thou shalt for punishment become a bird. Thou shalt seek thy dry food between the wood and the bark, and drink only when it rains." The words were no sooner spoken than the woman was transformed into the "Gertrude bird," and flew away through the kitchen chimney. And to this day she is seen with a red hood and black body, coloured by the chimney soot.

When we consider how long the Red-leg Partridge has now been acclimatized in England it is certainly singular that it should have only occurred in Herefordshire about five times. We commend the following to some of our neighbours:—"The preservation of game in a country district is an object of much higher importance to the public than it would seem to be at first sight. It is the amusement afforded by game that brings the squire's friends around him; it is the game which keeps mansions occupied in remote districts of the country during the dreary months of winter; it is the game which brings rich strangers into the country, and gives to the district the advantages of resident wealth." And what is true of game is true of fox-hunting also.

The extracts which we have given will show that this is a pleasant book. British ornithology owes a debt to such local societies as the Woolhope Naturalists' Field Club, whose careful observation more than justifies their existence, and whose published records are a labour of love.

NEW PRINTS.

AMONGST new prints we must mention with praise a careful and excellent mezzotint which Mr. T. Wilson, of Edinburgh, has just published. Mr. R. S. Clouston has executed it from a good portrait by Mr. R. Herdman of Dr. John Campbell Shairp, Principal of the United College St. Andrew's, and Professor of Poetry at Oxford. Messrs. George Rowney & Co. are publishing two coloured lithographs by Mr. M. H. Long, after Turner's "Ramsgate" and "Mouth of the Humber" in the National Gallery. To us they appear tormented and fantastic masses of yellow and of purple blue standing in no pleasant relation to each other, and most far-fetched as an expression of storm and gleam. Some of Turner's wonderful invention in arrangement of details is there, and that is the most that can be said for them.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE extinction of the liberties of Switzerland by that *soi-disant* apostle of liberty the French Republic has always been regarded as one of the most important events of the whole revolutionary period. It completely justified the conduct of the other European States towards France, and it converted, as is well known, many amiable and gifted, but not politically-headed, persons who had hailed the dawn of the Revolution itself. Barthélemy, whose papers (1) have just been calendared in the French equivalent of our Rolls Series by M. Kaulek, was French Ambassador in Switzerland from 1792 to 1797, the very eve of the seizure. The reviewer, even if he be responsible and far from indolent, certainly feels, and we think the reader will feel, the want of a brief summary indicating the contents of the most important documents and the general drift of the rest. But it is impossible to read the volume, even partially and cursorily, without perceiving the signs of the wolf-and-lamb procedure usual in all such cases, and perhaps never more usual than when the wolf is a Republic.

M. Bernard Perez's book on the education of infants is not a new book (though it announces itself as *entièrement refondue*), and therefore we need not give it any very lengthy notice (2). It has received praise, we know, from expert authorities, and there is no doubt that, both in its earlier form and in the present, the best intentions and a considerable knowledge of the subject are visible in every page. But we cannot praise M. Perez for his compliance with the modern fad of "unsectarian" education, of complete neutrality on what he is pleased to call metaphysical questions. Nor do we call it exact "neutrality" to recommend as a sufficient and final explanation of death that "you become bones and smell badly." Moreover, putting this grand question aside, we are obliged to deplore in M. Perez a tendency to the fiddle-faddling, old-woman-*plus*-man-of-science habit of never letting children alone, of constantly supervising, and directing, and training, and developing, and applying a kind of pedagogic *ars topiaria* to the hapless human tree. Tight bodily lacing may be, is, a bad thing; but how much worse is tight moral and mental lacing! Punish what you know to be wrong, inculcate (not too boringly) what you know to be right; and, while doing these two things, let the human plant grow as straight and free as it can. That is educational heresy for the day, perhaps; but it is educational orthodoxy for all time.

M. Louis Ulbach has given in *La Csardas* (3) a collection of lively newspaper articles respecting visits (chiefly as "representative of literature") to most of the capitals of Europe. One of these tells how he was present at the Lord Mayor's dinner to Literature in 1881. He met there a certain "Fl. Burnan, adaptateur acharné," and a certain "P. Gilbert, auteur dramatique populaire original." Who *can* these be? This is the only English paper; but the others are numerous and readable.

There are some people who become very angry when you praise M. de Pontmartin (4); nevertheless we shall continue to do so when he deserves praise. It is never possible to agree with him during a whole book, a whole essay, or even a whole page; but it is seldom possible to read a page, or an essay, and never possible to read a book, without finding something good. We wish he could leave Sainte-Beuve alone; but, considering the doings of the biographic ghouls, and the former relations of the dead and the living critic, M. de Pontmartin would not be M. de Pontmartin if he did. The best thing in the present volume is a vigorous onslaught on the Russian novel, an onslaught which was greatly wanted.

Another book of critical essays, that of M. Emmanuel des Essarts (5), is much more even, much more trustworthy, and on much more important subjects; but it is not quite so readable. If anybody wants a collection of just and moderate thoughts on Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Vigny, Hugo, Gautier, Sainte-Beuve, Quinet, and half a dozen others, he may find them here. But, as a rule at any rate, justice and moderation merely by themselves are not enticing literary qualities, and M. des Essarts, who writes well, might sometimes with advantage keep himself less severely in hand.

Among books of education we have a *Grammaire française devant l'histoire*, by M. Delon (Hachette), which is full of mysterious things like this:—

> KA, KI, KWA—*qui, que, quoi, quelqu'un, quelque-chose.*

After which the reader will be glad to hear that "nous allons voir MA et NA, indicateurs des objets éloignés, dégager de cette idée de *lointain* celle d'*absent*." That is very interesting and very kind of MA and NA. Ah, who will deliver us from the Aryans? M. Boielle has continued his school selections from Victor Hugo by a second volume from *Notre Dame de Paris* (Williams & Norgate). Mr. Granville Sharp has put together a useful little book of *Elementary French Exercises* (Rivingtons), and M. Belcour a set of *English Proverbs with French Equivalents* (Hachette). The word proverb is rather widely construed, but the phrases are mostly in common use and the French equivalents good. "By hook and *cook*" is an odd misprint, though.

In the March *Art and Letters* (Boussod, Valadon et Cie) the most important articles are continuations. But M. Ernest Chesneau has a good one on Rossetti under the title "Lilith." The illustrations to M. de Maupassant's "Afloat" and to M. Th. Gautier *fils*' "Red Gendarme" are very pretty. We cannot say quite so much of the plates from M. Mercié's designs and sculptures, which seem to us somewhat lacking in sculpturesque quality.

(1) *Papiers de Barthélemy.* Publiés par Jean Kaulek. Paris: Alcan.

(2) *L'éducation morale dès le berceau.* Par B. Perez. Deuxième édition. Paris: Alcan.

(3) *La Csardas.* Par L. Ulbach. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(4) *Souvenirs d'un vieux critique.* Par A. de Pontmartin. Neuvième série. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *Portraits de maîtres.* Par E. des Essarts. Paris: Perrin.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE first volume of Dean Church's collected essays—*Miscellaneous Essays* (Macmillan & Co.)—to be completed in five neat, well-printed volumes, Globe octavo, opens appropriately with an essay on Montaigne, originally published in 1857. The choice must imply honour to the father of essays, as several of the author's essays, including two in the present volume, are earlier compositions. As critic, Dean Church writes in a judicious, if not a genial, spirit of "the old Gascon gentleman who first vindicated for prose the liberty of unscholastic writing"; as moralist, his final estimate of Montaigne, elaborated in a full-length study of the old essayist, is perhaps not altogether supported by the original self-revelation of the *Essais*. Not every reader who accepts the *livre de bonne foy* with responsive cordiality will be prepared to regard its grossness of language as indicative of Montaigne's "bestial love of impurity." The conjunction of critic and moralist in Dean Church's essay does not tend to a perfect harmony. There is much in the paper, however, of acute observation, expressed with admirable point, that will delight all readers of Montaigne. The remaining essays comprise an interesting paper on Cassiodorus, the "Letters of Pope Gregory I.," a review of certain well-known books on Brittany—in which Mr. T. A. Trollope and M. Emile Souvestre are quoted—and an article on the Ottoman Turks, suggested by a French translation of Von Hammer's history. It scarcely remains to add that there is excellent reading as well as variety of subject in the volume.

The Serpent of Eden, by the Rev. Dr. J. P. Val d'Eremao (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), is a "philological and critical essay" on the temptation of Eve, which professes to be an interpretation of Gen. iii. "satisfactory to science and human reason." So far as the author's "new theory" involves the identity of the serpent, "more subtle than any beast of the field," with the "old Serpent called the Devil and Satan" in the Apocalypse, it can hardly be said to possess the novelty claimed for it. Taking the Serpent to be one of Satan's appellations, he contends that Satan is meant in Gen. iii., to the exclusion of any visible serpent. He rejects, in a word, the general interpretation that assumes a "merely bestial serpent," or a "possessed" or "apparitional" serpent, and argues that the temptation was consummated by the possession of Eve by the Serpent, otherwise called Satan. "Internally and invariably, yet quite intelligibly, Satan spoke to Eve's mind and soul." Here, if anywhere, is the novelty of Dr. d'Eremao's interpretation, though how it can be said to reconcile science and reason is by no means clear. In support of his thesis the author endeavours to prove that serpent-worship was at no time universal, that it is entirely unconnected with the received interpretation of the temptation in Eden, and that much of it was what he calls indirect worship and mere symbolism. The serpent, he argues, "would very naturally have become the object of detestation and abomination to man rather than the object of his love and worship," if regarded as the instrument of his fall. This view entirely ignores the influence of fear as a potent source of worship.

Scientific literature of a popular kind appears to thrive in America. An excellent handbook for inquiring young people with a taste for mechanics is Mr. O'Conor Sloane's *Home Experiments in Science* (Sampson Low & Co.) This is a reprint of papers originally published in a New York journal. It is written in a clear, forcible style, and the admirable expository method of the author is reinforced by some hundred engravings of uncommon merit. The most inexpert of young experimentalists can hardly fail to become a practised hand by the study of this capital guide. The object lessons are admirably calculated to train both eye and hand. This book is an indirect but striking proof of the great development of technical education in America, where handbooks for use in laboratory and workshop are remarkably numerous and good.

Astronomers and geologists are impartially drawn upon in the compilation of Mr. W. J. Cassidy's *Age of Creation* (Toronto: Briggs). The result is not a bad example of a class of books that is already too exuberant. Mr. Cassidy is perhaps needlessly apprehensive of a general opposition to his attempt to reconcile the teachings of science and the literal interpretation of the Mosaic cosmogony. We like his attachment to the earlier geologists, and profess a kind of secret respect for the old faith in cataclysmic energy. Sentiment of this kind may be the inalienable portion of a man's temperament, co-existing with a scientific faith altogether opposed to its logical inferences.

The New Social Order, by John Fordyce, M.A. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), merits the respect due to all honest endeavour to illuminate the people. It is intended to demonstrate the beneficial influences of Christianity in the social community, contrasted with the condition of the world under the Roman Emperors in the pre-Christian era. We cannot say that the book is one of the most readable of the innumerable antidotes to Gibbon. "Addressed to the People," as it is, let us hope that it will reach the people.

Golden South Africa (Whittingham & Co.) is a comprehensive, and apparently trustworthy, survey of the gold-fields in the Transvaal and Swazieland, compiled by Mr. Edward P. Mathers, whose account of the numerous mines is full of the most useful kind of information. Mr. Mathers is a firm believer in the future of the South African gold-fields. He is also an explorer and investigator, who in person writes of that which he has seen. His book is well illustrated by maps and statistical tables.

We have also received an "authorized" translation of Professor Kirchhoff's *Volapük*, third edition (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.); *Volapük*, prepared for the English-speaking public by Klas August Linderfelt (Milwaukee: Caspar); *Elocution, Voice and Gesture*, by Rupert Garry (Bemrose); *Tell us Why!* by Gertrude Heath (Sampson Low & Co.); *Britain's Early Faith*, by W. J. Anderdon, S.J. (Burns & Oates); *Derryreel* (Hamilton, Adams, & Co.); and *The Dawn of the Twentieth Century* (Field & Tuer).

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OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,692, Vol. 65. March 31, 1888. [Registered for Transmission abroad.] Price 6*d*.

THE GOWER ELECTION.

MINISTERS have gone to their Easter holiday with one great measure carried, with two others favourably received, with the procedure of the House of Commons rearranged and expedited, and certainly with no sign of any hostile feeling in the country. The last instance in which they were able to take fresh observations of that feeling was the Gower election. In itself that election could not be expected beforehand to be very interesting. Mr. YEO's majority was so enormous that, if the craven counsels which too often prevail in such cases had been listened to, the seat would undoubtedly have remained unchallenged. The constituency, though named after one of the most out-of-the-way and sparsely populated districts of the whole kingdom, is more of a mining and trading than an agricultural one, and though South Wales, owing to the greater mixture of population and the larger amount of business, is less narrowly sectarian and pseudo-patriotic than North Wales, it is even more Radical and Democratic. It was an advantage, no doubt, to have a pure Welshman and a man of great personal popularity as the Tory candidate, and the very vague but very large programme which Mr. LLEWELLYN put forward was also an advantage, though one of a less legitimate kind. But it could beforehand have been regarded as little less than a miracle that Mr. LLEWELLYN should win, and such a result could not possibly have been obtained except in some sudden and unusual revulsion of popular feeling, or else by the abstention of a very large number of Gladstonian voters, and the transference of not a few. Both these things happened, though not quite to the necessary extent. But the enormous diminution of the Gladstonian majority, which in 1885 was 3,500 (not, as the *Daily News*, by an awkward blunder, if not an "Irish mistake," puts it, 2,000), and is now only 600 on a very slightly reduced poll, cannot be explained away. All the causes noted above may have worked in Mr. LLEWELLYN's favour; but, inasmuch as he stood, whatever his detailed programme, as an unflinching supporter of the Government, it is quite certain that such a result could not have been reached if a great majority of the Gower electors had been unflinchingly opposed to the Government. A Tory gain of twelve hundred votes, and a Gladstonian loss of sixteen hundred at the same time, are things that Gladstonians may be left to square as they like with their still proclaimed conviction that the tide is steadily flowing in their favour.

The history of the election was, moreover, very curious, and exceedingly instructive to both parties. Fortunately the experience was not gained, as it was in the Spalding Division and elsewhere, at the expense of the Unionists. But it is quite as instructive as if it had been, and is of the very first importance. For it shows that Liberals no less than Tories are slow to read the signs, even the clearest and most unmistakable signs, of the times. The first of these signs followed the strange blunder made by the local wirepullers in putting forward Sir HORACE DAVEY as a candidate. This excellent lawyer, but unlucky as well as misguided politician, appears to be making what Frenchmen call an "Odyssey" only inferior in interest to that through which the present LORD CHANCELLOR went some years ago. There is, indeed, one exception to the parallel, that Sir HARDINGE GIFFARD, living in happier times, had open fights for his defeats, while Sir HORACE DAVEY has the much more ignominious experience of being catechized, rejected or accepted, and then shunted without mercy or ceremony, by Caucuses and committees. It seemed for a brief minute that Sir HORACE, fresh from the pleasure of having Mr. BOTTOMLEY FIRTH preferred to him at Dundee, might, at any rate, be accepted by the Caucus of Gower. Perhaps it was thought that anybody of the name of DAVEY must be acceptable to Welshmen. Alas! these hopes were nipped in the bud just at the same time as the patient snowdrops and crocuses were being similarly nipped by the ethereal mildness of spring. The people of Gower simply would not have Sir HORACE at any price whatever. And they went further than this, "splitting" about other candidates also, and insisting on a labour candidate of the not particularly Welsh name of RANDELL. For a time there was even a chance of two Gladstonians standing, and though this misfortune for the Separatists was averted, the minor misfortune of disgusting a considerable proportion of the party was not. So fierce was the contention, that it was, just before the polling, thought possible that Mr. LLEWELLYN might win, and this expectation, though too sanguine, was, as the result showed, not wholly unjustified. In so far as these matters concern merely local and personal disputes, they of course do not deserve much comment. But there are general principles involved in them, which it is of vital importance to recognize, and which do not appear to be recognized yet by either party.

The great and general principle is that, for county divisions especially, but more or less for all, it is political insanity not to be prepared with a candidate as long beforehand as possible. Indeed, if it were possible, it would be well for even the party which holds the seat to be prepared with a sort of second string or "understudy" in case of sudden removal of the sitting member by death or other cause. Speaking generally, the present constituencies resent nothing so much as the sudden thrusting by any authority—whether Caucus or patron—of an unknown candidate upon them. There are still, we believe, not a few excellent persons who desire to enter Parliament, and who think that, if they are prepared to spend the necessary money, nothing more is, or ought to be, expected of them than to come down and show themselves when the writ is issued, or a little before. This means, as things go nowadays, certain disaster, unless by some mere chance the other side has been equally thoughtless and shiftless. Occasionally, of course, there are good local men, like Mr. LLEWELLYN in this case, who have already stood for the same or neighbouring constituencies, who have canvassed with former candidates, and who are thus known. But, if there is nobody of this kind, it is in nine cases out of ten absolutely necessary that any one who wishes to represent a county constituency should "work" that constituency patiently and steadily beforehand. The towns—though, as we have before now pointed out, work is indispensable even there—are not nearly so difficult as the counties. For the town voter knows his own mind a little better, thinks as a rule less of his vote, neither expects nor cares so much to be personally addressed, and seldom masses himself in little groups such as village life favours, and such as are either most dangerous or most helpful to the cause. But in the counties preparation is almost everything. The silly people who triumph in the supposed "destruction of the political influence of "the squirearchy" by the new Local Government Bill forget or ignore the fact that that influence is practically destroyed already, except where it is a matter of personal energy and merit, in which case it is of course indestructible.

But there is another lesson of the Gower election which is very different from this, and that is, that the last Reform Bill has made things anything but pleasant for one very large class of candidates—the popular lawyers who want seats with a view, let us say, to something else. We do not say that the "labour candidate," who appears to be taking their place, is an improvement; very far from it. For, putting the more personal qualities of the two aside, the lawyer had little interest in not representing all classes of his constituency, while the labour candidate usually seems to understand his commission of representing

[illegible] were a commission to represent nothing else. [illegible]r, is matter for argument; the other is matter [illegible] the reasons for it are clear. For, though the [illegible]ng lawyer is, as a rule, a better speaker (by no means always a more popular speaker) than the squire or the merchant, he cannot spare the time for thoroughly working up the constituency as they can, and he is regarded with far more jealousy by a certain class of voter as a man who is simply seeking votes in order to get pay or place. A very unjust thought, no doubt; but an actual thought to a very large extent, and one to which, unluckily, not a little justification has been given by the conduct of Sir HORACE DAVEY himself, and not a few of his brethren, in regard to the question of the hour. This disadvantage for lawyers of repute and standing may in some degree be corrected by the increased facilities given to young men who have not much professional employment, and who can afford to devote themselves to a constituency—a class who, since the disappearance of nomination boroughs, have been rather out in the cold. But we do not think that the Parliamentary prospect is comfortable for the Sir HORACE DAVEYS of the future. And it is certainly as black as it can be for any one, lawyer or layman, who thinks to slip into a seat by merely presenting himself at the last moment to the electors, and being ready to sign a cheque.

THE PENSION-LIST.

MR. BRADLAUGH has been the most fortunate of private members in scoring two preliminary victories during the first six weeks of the Session. He has carried the second reading of the Bill for the abolition of compulsory oaths by a majority of a hundred, and the Government has consented to appoint a Committee on the Pension-list. There is little difference of opinion on the inexpediency of satisfying real or supposed claims on the country by grants of perpetual annuities. It is only surprising that the holders should not long ago have pressed for the commutation of their invidious claims. Some hereditary pensioners have been so fortunate or so prudent as to obtain and accept fixed sums in purchase of their annual incomes. The remainder will, after the late debate, be eager to follow their example. The majority of the House is not yet disposed to borrow from some of the legislators of the French Revolution the doctrine that long-established possession is a ground for confiscation. The agitation against perpetual pensions will die out for want of material when the process of commutation is completed. No future Parliament is likely to revive an anomalous and unpopular form of extravagance. The contributions which are made by the Treasury to the revenue of the Duchy of Cornwall stand on a different footing. When the income of the PRINCE OF WALES was settled at the time of his marriage the pension was taken into consideration. It is probable that if the payment had then been discontinued, an equivalent sum would have been added to the Parliamentary grant. The exceptional tenure of the Duchy seems to explain the continuance of the present arrangement. No heir except the eldest son born to a reigning sovereign can succeed to the Duchy. When there is no such personage the revenue belongs to the Crown, until the condition of inheritance is once more satisfied. On the birth of the present Duke of CORNWALL the Law Officers advised the Government of the day that the infant Prince was absolutely entitled to the whole income of his appanage, including the Parliamentary pension. There is abundant time to introduce any change in the system which may be thought desirable. The eldest son of the present PRINCE OF WALES would not in any contingency succeed to the dukedom, nor will any son who may be born to him before his accession to the throne have a better title.

The concession of a Select Committee on pensions is one among many proofs of the anxiety of the present Government to conciliate popular opinion. It is true that there has been of late no agitation against pensions, except that a few Liberal speakers have sometimes expressed dissatisfaction either with the amount of the total charge or with special allowances which were deemed to be excessive or undeserved. The task of the Commission or Committee on pensions which sat fifty years ago was more delicate and more comprehensive. Many of the pensions which then existed had been granted on grounds of personal favour, and not a few were notoriously instruments of corruption. In the latter half of the last century; and down to the time of the Reform Bill, political combinations and bargains were constantly adjusted with the aid of pecuniary considerations. The great patent sinecures, some of them producing several thousands a year, remunerated Cabinet Ministers and party leaders for the acceptance or surrender of office. Their adherents, or perhaps their troublesome opponents of lower rank, were compensated for their services, or sometimes for their sacrifices, by pensions to themselves or to their relatives. In some instances peers with narrow incomes received perhaps 1,000*l.* a year, with smaller allowances to the cadets and the ladies of their families, on the understanding that they were to vote with the donor of the bounty, whether he was in or out of office. Owners of boroughs, though they were generally themselves possessed of ample fortune, were often enabled to provide at the public expense for their dependents. It is not surprising that reformers and agitators habitually denounced the whole body of pensioners and of their patrons. That the system failed to shock the feelings of ordinary politicians was probably explained by the origin of the practice. There had been a time when the king was thought to have an absolute right to his own revenues, and WALPOLE, or NEWCASTLE, or HENRY FOX distributed in the name of the Crown funds which were at its absolute disposal. GEORGE III. had private pensioners of his own; but after his time, and even in the latter portion of his reign, pensions and gifts were dispensed by the Minister. The recipients might, if they thought it worth while, assert their own dignity by attributing the benefits which they enjoyed to the spontaneous liberality of the sovereign. The Commission recommended the suppression of some of the most questionable pensions, and rules were laid down which effectually prevented the continuance of similar abuses in future. Some of the holders anticipated unfavourable comment by voluntary surrender of their pensions.

The inquiry which is now proposed will neither expose scandalous transactions nor immediately diminish the total amount of pensions. The most discreditable grants are those which have been made by successive heads of departments or by Governments with only the passive concurrence of the fortunate pensioners. Offices have been repeatedly reformed or rearranged by the appointment of new classes of officers, and the retirement, sometimes on full salary, of those whose services were no longer required. Some ludicrous instances of sinecure pensions thus conferred before middle life were quoted in last week's debate. As the former incumbents of suppressed offices were not responsible for wasteful methods of reconstruction, their vested interests will, of course, be respected. The ordinary scale of Civil Service pensions has been deliberately, and not injudiciously, settled. In general it may be said that an applicant for a pension must have served for a considerable number of years, and that he must have passed the age of sixty. The pension is equal to one sixtieth part of his salary at the date of retirement, multiplied by the number of years during which he has served. The maximum pension amounts to two-thirds of the salary. Additional grants are made, with the sanction of the Treasury, in cases of extraordinary merit. Holders of certain offices which are necessarily conferred on persons who have reached middle life are allowed to assume for the purposes of pension that, at the time of their first appointment, they have already served for a certain number of years. The rules are so well known and so simple that there is nothing for a Committee to ascertain. Any proposal for reduction would be a subject for the House, or rather for the Government of the day. As some of the speakers in the late debate justly remarked, the pensions of permanent public servants are a deferred part of their pay. The State has an interest in the maintenance of the system as an additional security for the integrity and good conduct of those whom it employs. It also profits by the forfeiture of the claims of all officers who die before the prescribed age. One or two zealous economists recommended for imitation the American practice of combining a precarious tenure of office with the negation of all claim to pension. The precedent is not recommended by success; for the system has for many years been condemned by all disinterested politicians. The actual PRESIDENT owed his election in great measure to the vigour with which he had, as Governor of New York, endeavoured to make the Civil Service independent and permanent. As long as the spoils were, in the common phrase, distributed among the victors in political contests, the condition of the public offices was generally regarded as scandalous. There is no doubt that the sounder practice which is already sanctioned by law

will be universally, though gradually, adopted in the United States. Whether a part of the salaries will be ultimately paid in the form of pensions is a question of detail.

Political pensions, as they have lately been called, which are held by a few ex-Ministers, are insignificant in their total amount. The principle on which a limited number of such pensions is calculated was settled so long ago as in the Duke of WELLINGTON's first Administration; and certain reductions of amount or extensions of time of service were made by an Act passed ten or twelve years ago. In an application for one of these pensions it must be stated that, having held one of the offices enumerated in the Act for the requisite time, the proposed pensioner has not sufficient property to enable him to live in a manner suited to his station. The Minister, after satisfying himself that the conditions of the grant are satisfied, allows it as a matter of course if there is a vacancy, though the applicant is, for the most part, opposed to himself in politics. Claims for pensions of this class have always been preferred with moderation and delicacy. Among those who have held them within recent memory may be mentioned Lord BEACONSFIELD, Sir GEORGE GREY, and Mr. MILNER GIBSON. The country has never grudged a modest provision for statesmen who might otherwise not have been able to devote themselves to public life. Among the present recipients are two or three members of the late Government. They were perhaps surprised to learn from their late chief that he entertained doubts as to the propriety of the pensions which they had earned as his colleagues. The only remaining class of pensioners consists of the objects of the limited bounty of the Crown. The Prime Minister, as representing the QUEEN, disposes of the modest sum of 1,200*l.* a year in gifts and annuities to persons distinguished in literature, science, and art, or of special merit in other departments. Some members of the House of Commons expressed dissatisfaction with the manner in which the discretion of successive Ministers has been exercised. The grant of 500*l.* a year out of the fund to the widow of an eminent public servant was naturally regarded as a strange application of the fund. It would have been better to provide a well-deserved annuity from some other source. Prime Ministers are not always competent judges of literary or scientific merit, but they have always the opportunity of consulting skilled advisers. A preference may be fairly given to students of unremunerative branches of knowledge. There is no reason to believe that the fund has not been, for the most part, honestly administered; and its total amount can scarcely be deemed excessive. On the whole, it would seem that there is little need of a Committee to discover facts which are known to all who take an interest in the subject. If the Government meditates any reduction of the total amount of pensions, there is no need of reference to an external authority.

CONFUSION IN PARTRIDGIBUS.

OF course a police magistrate, like anybody else, ought to be conscious of the existence of public opinion, and, particularly in cases where he has discretion, ought to some extent to take it into account. It does not follow that a magistrate should lend himself, in his judicial capacity, to every passing agitation of the general mind, and there can be no excuse for his displaying even the appearance of sympathy with the disgraceful assaults of disgraceful people with disgraceful motives upon the police force, of which he is himself a complementary part. These general truths are commended to the notice of Mr. PARTRIDGE, who a week ago was either badly misreported or grievously left to himself.

A certain WALTER FRY was charged with obstructing policeman PALK in the execution of his duty. It appeared that PALK had taken a black man—or, at all events, a man who was not white—into custody on a charge of assaulting a child. The worthy black, who was in fact wholly guiltless of the charge, "at first showed no disinclination to go "to the station." FRY appears to have considered this conduct pusillanimous; for he not only pushed PALK "against the railings of a workhouse," and compelled him temporarily to drop his swarthy prey, but said to the latter, "Don't you go; he has no authority whatever to take you." Eventually, however, the gallant constable succeeded in carrying both his original victim and the would-be rescuer to the police-station, where a satyric interlude was provided. It was thought well that the son of Afric should be immediately confronted with his accuser, for the purpose of identification. It is properly contrary to the habits of the police to ask the victim of crime whether a specified person is or is not the criminal, and it is, therefore, the practice to surround the accused with any policemen in plain clothes who happen to be handy, and any casual passers-by of fairly similar general aspect who can be induced to render the public this not particularly agreeable service. This procedure was clearly inapplicable in the case of a prisoner who chanced to be black. We all know that the blackness of a black does not always extend to his soul, and never to his rights as a man and a brother; but it does make him easy to identify. So two men were found heroic enough to black their faces and stand one on each side of him. Whether they blacked their hands or put them in their pockets history saith not. (Perhaps neither was necessary.) The assaulted child—who, we hope, thought it almost as good fun as St. James's Hall—promptly failed to identify anybody, and the genuine negro was forthwith discharged, FRY being detained to answer for his contempt of the majesty of the law.

Mr. PARTRIDGE, in order to ascertain whether or not FRY had obstructed the constable in the execution of his duty, entered into the consideration of the question whether or not the constable's mistake in arresting the blameless Ethiop was excusable, and came to the conclusion that it was not. This was chiefly because the description of the suspected person, though apparently corresponding in every respect to the appearance of the person arrested, corresponded equally to that of every other middle-aged and middle-sized "man "of colour" in this great city, or, indeed, out of it. Mr. PARTRIDGE, therefore, held that the constable "had no "authority to arrest," and discharged FRY. Yet it does not appear that FRY was in any way aware of the looseness of the description of the man whom the police "wanted." It cannot be, and indeed is not, the law that any person seeing another taken into custody by the police, ostensibly with propriety, is entitled to push the policeman about and incite the prisoner to escape, if it should turn out *ex post facto* that the prisoner was being arrested by mistake. If this were the law, or even if magistrates behaved as if it were, the police would soon have to leave off arresting anybody under any circumstances except when they were actually engaged in the commission of crime. If it had been proved that FRY knew that the wrong man was being arrested, and that the policeman ought to have known it, the case would be different; but, as nothing of the kind is reported, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that Mr. PARTRIDGE forgot that, as an officer of the law, he is especially bound to protect other officers of the law against forcible interference when they are trying to carry out their orders. Coming so soon after the same magistrate's curious conduct of the examination of Major BORROWES concerning the assault for which he was afterwards fined, the episode seems to show that Mr. PARTRIDGE's soul is not of that heroic mould which would enable him to treat the enemies of all law with the moral contempt they so richly merit.

RUSSIA AND THE BALKAN STATES.

NOW that the change of sovereigns in Germany has run its full nine days and more of wonder, and that the French Government has all but completed the necessary steps for effecting the much more astonishing change of BOULANGER into BONAPARTE, the attention of students of foreign politics returns almost untravelled to Bulgaria. We might almost say Bulgaria and Roumania; for, though it may be too much the wont of some, especially of Austrian, critics to see Russia everywhere, Bucharest has too long enjoyed the presence of the notorious M. HITROVO not to render suspicion of Russian complicity in the recent disturbances inevitable. It seems nearly impossible that that much-talked-of and infinitely unhappy person the historian of the future should ever study the daily papers of our day; but, if he does, his wonder at the state and condition of international ethics in the year 1888 is likely to be as intense as the wonder of KATERFELTO, and more sincere. The whole of Europe has been kept for months, and almost years, in a state of armed preparation by day and broken sleep by night because of the relations of Russia to Bulgaria. And what are the relations of Russia to Bulgaria? They are those of any member of a set of six trustees to the subject of

[illegible]. We may pass over, though the facts are sufficiently notorious, the way in which it became necessary for the trustees to exercise one of the functions of their trust two years ago. A vacancy had been created—Russia herself best knows how—in the government of the Principality. Every tolerable and possible proposition for the filling up of that vacancy was rejected, again by Russia. At last the Bulgarians, having no Court of International Bench to apply to for a mandamus, elected a Prince who would have been acceptable enough to five of the six trustees, and who was and is only objected to by the sixth for reasons obvious to a tolerably intelligent schoolboy. Russia, having a certain influence over another Power whose nominal concern with Bulgaria is great, prevails upon that Power to issue a declaratory, and strictly declaratory, document, stating what everybody knows about the election and status, from the technical point of view, of the present Prince of Bulgaria—Prince *de facto*, and, to the extent of at least eighty-three and a fraction per cent., also *de jure*. And there, as far as legal proceedings go, the facts remain. What Russians and Russophiles would like to be the next step has been learnt by any one who has looked at the daily papers during the past week. It is said, and it is certain that the description answers to the wishes, whether it answers or not to the intentions, of the Russian Government, to ask the Powers whether the conduct of the Bulgarian Government in officially ignoring the Grand Vizier's recent Note is not contumacious, and whether the maintenance of the Prince on the throne is not revolutionary. It is said further—this being evidently more matter of gossip—that the Czar has shown great irritation at the failure of the step taken against Prince Ferdinand; that M. de Giers has declared that the Czar's dignity cannot allow the matter to rest where it stands; that M. Karaveloff has received "instructions" from St. Petersburg directing him to propose a plan for the removal of Prince Ferdinand, with the promise of "means" to put that plan into execution; that Russian public opinion is convinced that Germany will let Russia do exactly what she likes; and, lastly, and most serious of all, if true, that the Bulgarians are thinking, in their present badgered condition, of taking the bull by the horns (or, to be accurate in metaphor, the terrier by the throat), and proclaiming the independence of Bulgaria.

Some of these items of intelligence or of guesswork are serious in themselves; others, because of the facts and tendencies which they indicate more or less indirectly. To begin with, it is perfectly clear what the reply of any Power which spoke honestly would be if any such representations were made by Russia. It would be, first, Whose fault is it that Prince Ferdinand's situation is not regularised? and, secondly, It is contumacious to resist the order of a superior; but how can it be contumacious to receive silently a declaration of opinion not enforced by any command? To the second representation only one reply in the same spirit could be given—to wit, that the only revolutionary proceedings which have taken place in Bulgaria, to the knowledge of the Powers, took place in Sofia two years ago in Rustchuk and certain other places more recently, and in the neighbourhood of Bourgas the other day. In reference to the reported Karaveloff incident, no official language could very well be used. It is very much as if Russia were to send instructions to Sir William Harcourt or Mr. O'Brien to prepare a measure for removing Lord Salisbury (not to mention any one higher), and were to promise means for carrying the project out. A good deal of all this is, no doubt, mere canard; but it is not a canard at all that the state of things which serves as incubator to these canards is allowed to go on, that the right of Russia to torment Bulgaria and disturb Europe in this fashion is, at least in words, admitted by Prince Bismarck, and in deeds winked at by Europe. The concert of Europe is a modern invention, presumably intended to prevent such proceedings as this. It cannot be said that its operation is conspicuously successful. Compared to the bullying of Bulgaria, the partition of Poland was a quite respectable and reasonable action. To begin with, Poland notoriously could not govern itself, while Bulgaria is considerably better governed than the dominions of the Power which threatens her. Also, Poland was a nominally independent State, which might be compelled to make its hands keep its head or succumb, while Bulgaria has been created by, and is under the safeguard of, the Powers of Europe jointly.

[illegible] may be the result of these proceedings, it [illegible] hoped that the Bulgarians will not [illegible] which in more than one [illegible] is offered to them. The declaration of independence is a conceivable last ditch into which to retire; but it is only that. It would at once give Russia a real, instead of an imaginary, ground of action. At present the imaginariness of the ground almost passes imagination. In the first place, whether Bulgaria is or is not contumacious to Turkey is a matter with which Russia is not in the least concerned, and, in the second place, it can be demonstrated that Bulgaria is not contumacious. No such demonstration would be possible if the Bulgarians threw off the Sultan's yoke; and Russia, in such a case, would have what she has been striving for in vain for months and years—a solid pretext for interference as a signatory of the Treaty of Berlin. But there is more than this. The Bulgarians have no real or serious complaint to make of their Suzerain's conduct towards them. In some small matters, such as that of the extradition of some of the Bourgas raiders and the retention of others, the action of Turkey has not been wholly friendly, but it has done Bulgaria no serious harm. The form of the late communication from the Grand Vizier, on the other hand, could hardly have been better calculated, if it had been drawn up by the Bulgarians themselves, to justify Bulgaria in the course of action which she is actually pursuing. It might, of course, be conceivable that the line of Turkey's conduct should change, and especially in the case of actual war, or a threatened Russian occupation, without nominal war, a declaration of independence might be the *ultima ratio*. But assuredly the time for such a declaration is not yet, and the making of it would play into the hands of the enemies of Bulgaria. That, some day or other, and in some way or other, the Bulgarians will escape from their present state of tutelage is very likely. But it depends upon themselves whether they escape from it into real independence, or exchange the frying-pan of vassalage to Turkey for the infinitely hotter fire of Russian slavery. The course which they have hitherto pursued makes for the former and happier termination; the course which some would have them pursue would certainly make for the latter and unhappier. Neither Austria nor England could well take their part if they put themselves as openly and manifestly in the wrong as they have hitherto kept themselves openly and manifestly in the right.

THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BILL.

THERE is thus far no sign of opposition to the Local Government Bill on the part of any section of the Conservative party. That it should be received coldly by country gentlemen and the class to which they belong was natural and inevitable. They are probably indifferent to the taunts of their habitual opponents, some of whom declare that the squires are not only disestablished but disendowed. As their services have for several centuries been rendered gratuitously, they can scarcely incur personal loss; but they will regret both the withdrawal of honourable employment and the diminution of their social importance. They will, nevertheless, show their good sense and their self-respect by acquiescing in an unwelcome change. Almost all of them have at different times pledged themselves in some form to a reconstruction of local government, and their special representatives began for political reasons the agitation which has culminated in Mr. Ritchie's proposals. During Mr. Gladstone's first administration Sir Massey Lopes induced the House of Commons to pledge itself by a large majority to the readjustment of local and general taxation. A similar resolution carried by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach in 1885 caused the overthrow of Mr. Gladstone's second Ministry with all the unexpected consequences which have ensued. The stock answer to demands for relief of ratepayers has always been to the effect that fiscal concession must necessarily be associated with the creation of an elected, or partially elected, governing body. About 1875 Mr. Cross, then Home Secretary, introduced a Bill for associating with the justices in their administrative capacity a certain number of ratepayers to be chosen by secondary election. The proposal, which was renewed with some alterations in the following year, received no support from either party; but the Conservative leaders had weakened their defensive position. It was generally understood that reconstruction of county government was impending, and some supporters of the existing organization thought it prudent to effect the change while their own friends were in office. The indispensable conditions of a transfer of powers from the Justices of the

Peace were generally overlooked. When Lord SALISBURY announced the intention of the Government to introduce a Local Government Bill, many of his followers probably thought that the future governing body would include a proportion of justices or of Crown nominees.

The Ministers have formed a sounder judgment, at the risk of being accused by some partisans of making a revolutionary proposal. It might have been possible to prolong for a time the authority of Quarter Sessions, especially as the prospect of an elected government seemed to be received with general indifference. An old house may stand for a time, although its stability has been impaired; but it would be unwise deliberately to erect a new building on an insecure foundation. There are many objections to popular government; but the principle has been irrevocably conceded. With a household Parliamentary franchise, and a similar municipal franchise in towns which even admits women to vote, it was impossible to establish county government on any narrower basis. The result of an imperfect concession would have been an agitation which, after doing more or less mischief, would have been ultimately successful. It would have been impossible to draw an intelligible distinction between urban and rural municipalities; and the Government plan is more conformable to precedent than any mixed government which could have been devised. Mr. RITCHIE or the draftsman of his Bill has judiciously begun his labours by enacting that County Councils shall be elected in accordance with the provisions of the Municipal Reform Act. The extension of a law or custom requires less explanation than an attempt at original or novel legislation. The first sub-section of the second clause is at the same time comprehensive and simple:—"The Council of a county and the members thereof shall "be constituted, and elected, and conduct their proceed- "ings, in like manner and be in the like position in all "respects as the Council of a borough divided into wards." The exceptions and limitations which follow are consistent with the general enactment. It matters little that the Chairman and the selected councillors and the districts are called by different names from the mayor, the aldermen, and the wards of municipal boroughs. Legislation by reference is for the most part objectionable on grounds of convenience; but there is an advantage in connecting new machinery with old. A different practice would have constituted a paradox which would not have admitted of plausible explanation. Uniformity is not always desirable when institutions have in course of time diverged from a common course; but deliberate variety is seldom permissible.

The only agitation against the Bill which has hitherto been commenced proceeds, as might have been expected, from the total abstinence party. The provisions of the Bill on the licensing question appear, on the whole, to be expedient and just, if any change was required. A few years ago the new scheme would have been summarily rejected as unfair to those who had embarked their capital in a lawful business. The publicans, who have for some time past been threatened with ruin, will probably not be obstinate in rejecting a reasonable compromise. The justices have until lately believed that they had no discretion to refuse renewal of a licence, except when the holder has offended against the law. Some recent decisions in the High Court seem to show that the justices have a wider discretion. The Local Government Bill, while it transfers the control of licences to the County Boards, gives them absolute power to refuse renewals without assigning any reason. The Council will appoint a Licensing Committee, consisting of its own members, for each licensing district. A certain proportion of the Committee will consist of selected members. When the holder of a licence has not been guilty of any offence, he will be compensated at the expense of the county. Complaints against publicans are to be heard before justices in Petty Sessions, with an appeal to Quarter Sessions. If the charge is established, the licence will be withdrawn, and the holder will not be entitled to compensation. The temperance agitators contend that the claim of an innocent holder to compensation creates for the first time a valuable property, which the owner will be enabled to sell. When it is thought necessary for the public good to take away valuable property, compensation is the only mode of reconciling expediency with justice. The fanatical party is perhaps as eager to punish the unfortunate publicans as to diminish the consumption of alcoholic drinks. The whole subject excites so much keener an interest than local government that there is reason to doubt whether the elections may not turn rather on opinions for or against prohibition than on administrative capacity. If contests for seats in the Council are determined by the pledges of candidates on the question of licences, the general community will run the risk of being misgoverned for the encouragement of a collateral agitation; but it is useless to protest against one among many inconveniences of the sovereignty of the multitude. The struggle may perhaps come to an end or diminish in violence when the contending parties have learned to measure their own forces and those of their adversaries. It may be hoped that Parliament will approve of the proposals embodied in the Bill.

The complicated character of the measure, and the probable length of the debates, will probably compel the Government to postpone some considerable part of the Bill. They may both simplify their task and save themselves opportunities of reconsidering a questionable proposal by throwing overboard the clauses which relate to London. It might well have been deemed impossible to include in a Bill for establishing county government a scheme for the administration of a province which will soon contain five millions of inhabitants. The clauses which degrade the municipality to the rank of a county differ little from Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's wild scheme three or four years ago. The measure in one sense establishes Home Rule, and at the same time its practical result will be extreme centralization. The ratepayers of Southwark or of Hampstead will be deprived of the control of their own affairs, and yet they will share in legislation for those parts of the metropolis which they could perhaps scarcely find on a map. In troubled times the Council of London might become formidable as a political power, especially if it acquired, by the exertion of its political influence, the command of the police. The framers of the Bill seem, like Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, to hesitate whether they should place under the orders of a popular Assembly the army which maintains order in London, and which, among other duties, is charged with the protection of the Government and the Legislature. The Lord Mayor may at some time be a demagogue and a dangerous rival to the constituted national authorities. In the last century WILKES used the privileges of the City to defy the Government, and he had not fourteen or fifteen thousand disciplined men at his disposal. The French Republic, though it has sacrificed the Church and the judicial Bench to popular clamour, has thus far steadily refused the appointment of a Mayor of Paris. London is twice as large as Paris, and it also may at some future time be represented by a disaffected faction. The London clauses of the Bill stand so completely apart from the rest that they may be amputated without danger or inconvenience. It is not at present known whether they will provoke opposition on the Ministerial side of the House. The County Councils, with their administrative and financial functions, will furnish sufficient occupation for Parliament during the remainder of the Session.

UNLICENSED HAWKING.

AMONG the minor proposals of Mr. GOSCHEN's new Budget, that which would establish the liberty of unlicensed hawking is by far the most objectionable. This is one of the small questions that are fraught with consequences of great public interest. It is already noteworthy that the gathering voice of protest does not proceed from those immediately affected by the proposal. Genuine hawkers have, indeed, small opportunity of protesting against the abolition of licences, even if they have yet realized all that is implied by the proposal. Their silence is no more to be construed as cheerful consent than the outcries of those who are to be subjected to new or increased imposts are necessarily the utterance of aggrieved virtue. The connexion between hawking and mendicancy is sufficiently notorious to justify the note of warning sounded by certain correspondents in the *Times* and *Standard*. Mr. GOSCHEN can scarcely imagine that he is opening a new field for the industrious in search of employment. The hawker could easily prove over-competition in his calling. To make that calling the general resource of professional mendicants and sturdy vagabonds would be a public calamity, and anything but an act of true philanthropy towards hawkers who now hold licences. Perhaps the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER is too well aware of the extensive evasion of the law, and in an unwonted moment of despair has preferred unlicensed

liberty to restriction that is avowedly inadequate. The result will be to stimulate to immeasurable growth the small existing evil which, after all, is perfectly controllable, and ought not to exist at all, unless we are prepared to countenance a new order of Bluegowns.

There are hawkers and hawkers. It is highly undesirable that all alike should be massed together with the nondescript multitude of beggars. Everybody is familiar with the hawker who does not hawk, in the trader's sense of the word; who stands stationary by the road-kerb in city and suburb. There is another sort of hawker, equally common; fellows whose profession is more desultory and quite compatible with intervals of idle loafing, aimless tramping, hop-picking, and picking of a less legitimate kind. The enterprise of such soars far above the sale of pencils and collar-studs. In the congenial quiet of side streets, and in new neighbourhoods where a policeman is as rare as a ptarmigan, they deal in something more terrifying to the timid and defenceless than penny novelettes. Begging, not hawking, is their pursuit, and begging that is enforced at times with abuse and threats. Only the most guileless of mankind can believe that these rogues are genuine hawkers, licensed under the Act. If Mr. GOSCHEN's proposal becomes law, the inordinate increase of resolute "askers," armed with the flimsy pretext of hawking, must follow, as surely as night follows day. Country roads and town streets will become intolerable to a large section of the public. The decay of beggars will no longer be a vain lamentation with the sentimental, and a Society for the Encouragement of Mendicity would lack subscribers even among the most fantastically humorous. There is a more serious aspect of the question that concerns the veritable hawker who travels from place to place, and follows his ancient calling with more or less fidelity to its picturesque traditions. It was once a profitable pursuit, and is so still in many districts. Unlicensed, it will be irretrievably gone. The hawker of these degenerate days is shorn of much of his bravery. Very little of the romance of the road attaches to him. The itinerant chapman, with eloquent tongue, whose stock of laces and other fal-lals interested AMY ROBSART almost as much as it bewitched her maid, has few representatives. Like the loud-voiced dealer in illustrated "broadsides" and "last dying speeches and confessions," he is disappearing rapidly before the regular trader. Hawkers, however, are sufficiently numerous to engage the attention of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. They are by no means unwelcome visitors in rural districts, and they continue to angle, with very pretty bait, in the areas of town houses. From a fiscal point of view they may not be important. They may not be necessary even, in the eyes of small tradesmen. But it is incontestable that the licensed hawker, as we now have him, is infinitely preferable to the irruption of legalized mendicity with which the Budget proposal threatens to flood the country.

FRANCE.

THE last week has, if signs which have never proved fallacious before are to be trusted, brought France very appreciably nearer that outbreak of galloping consumption which destroys most French Governments at the fatal age of eighteen. The finishing touch has been put to financial and judicial scandal, and large bodies of voters, in widely distant parts of the country, have voted that they have had enough of the men now at the head of affairs. It would be an extreme piece of impertinence on the part of any foreigner to question the legality of the decision of the Court of Appeal in the case of M. WILSON and his fellow-intriguers. Beyond all doubt, the judges of the Supreme Court have rightly quashed the sentence of the inferior tribunal. But the fact that they are in the right does not make the scandal less disgraceful for the country. It may be considered as settled that M. WILSON was condemned for an offence which he had never committed. The Court of first instance condemned him to two years' imprisonment and a fine for not obtaining the cross of the Legion of Honour for M. CRESPIN (DE LA JEANNIÈRE) in return for a sum of money. The judge was of opinion that M. WILSON's promise to sell the cross was fraudulent. The Supreme Court has decided that, as no time was fixed, M. WILSON's failure to keep his word was no proof of fraud, and so it quashes the sentence. Both Courts decide that it is no legal offence to sell the coveted decoration. This decision, and all the proceedings which led up to it, cannot fail to discredit the Government. It may not be logical that it should do so, but the periodical and violent changes of French politics are not controlled by logic. All the feeling of contempt which was directed against M. GRÉVY will now be turned against the Government of which he was the chief. Like him, it is discredited by small meanness. It administers very badly, it is weak, and has absolutely no quality which strikes the imagination. That it is the best Government France has been able to give itself in these years will assuredly not save it from reform by extinction.

The result of the present elections is, or ought to be, a sufficiently clear warning to the Chamber. By-elections may not be a very safe guide; but, when five voters out of six support avowed enemies of the form of government, they have a very distinct meaning. This is what has happened. No doubt can possibly attach to the election of M. FÉLIX PYAT at Marseilles. It means that, in the second town of France, it is no disqualification for a candidate to have been a member of the Commune, to have shared the responsibility for the murder of the hostages, and to have helped to fire Paris. The votes given for M. HERVÉ mean something less criminal, but equally dangerous for the Republic. M. HERVÉ is not only a Royalist, but is the ablest of the writers of his party. He and M. PYAT gained between them six times as many votes as the moderate Republican candidate. The return of General BOULANGER at the head of the poll in the Aisne was an even more severe blow for the Government. On the very day before the result was known observers who had learnt nothing from experience were exulting in the withdrawal of the General's candidature for Marseilles. They asserted that, if he dare not stand for a Southern constituency, there was an end of him; whereupon a town in the North of France, supposed to be the steadiest part of the country, casts over 40,000 votes for the candidate who was judged to be too much even for Marseilles. This lesson does seem to have taught the moderate Republicans something. They have now discovered that nothing has been gained by expelling the General from the army. He has been so little crushed that he is able to decline to profit by the votes of Laon. He can afford to decline to stand, to the prejudice of Radicals, in the Aude and Dordogne, and can present himself with confidence in the Department of the Nord. This has at last put a stop to the foolish talk about the approaching extinction of General BOULANGER. The Moderate Republicans, to use the most convenient term for the confused cliques which happen to be at the head of affairs, have received something like notice to quit. They are, in consequence, seriously frightened; but their fright is bringing none of them to greater wisdom. Intelligent critics of politics, of whom there is never a want at Paris, can point out that the popularity of General BOULANGER is entirely due to the general disgust caused by the bad government of the Chamber. It is also easy for them to add that the General could be made perfectly harmless by a little consistency, intelligence, and vigour on the part of the majority of the Chamber. This may be very true, but then, unfortunately for the third Republic, it would not be in its present condition if the men at the head of it were capable of displaying any of these qualities. The present crisis has been reached because they are conspicuously deficient in every one of them, and there is no reason to suppose that the deficiency will either be amended at the eleventh hour or will cease to produce its natural effects. Radicals of the stamp of M. CLÉMENCEAU—who have not created a Frankenstein, as the *Times'* correspondent puts it, but have themselves played the part of that rash man of science—are also well scared by the General. Their one idea of a defence against him is another Ministerial crisis, and another revision of the Constitution which will, of course, intensify the confusion which is his best opportunity. The incompetence of the talkative politicians of the Chamber has made the game very easy for General BOULANGER up to now, and will doubtless continue to serve him. Some of these gentlemen are apparently consoling themselves by reflecting that the General has shown no rhetorical faculty, and they seem to hope that he will be crushed by their remarkable eloquence. This belief in the power of talk is natural on the part of gentlemen who can do nothing else, but they may possibly find that the General prefers to fight with his own weapons. He may conceivably try to make himself ruler in France, not by talking to them in the Chamber, but by talking at them in the country. He has hitherto won every round even when he seemed for

a time to be getting much the worst of the fight. In the next match he may show himself equally clever. Certainly the history of the recent elections rather goes to show that the General is quite a match for the political gentlemen who have been trained to the business of electioneering. The Government has removed every restraint imposed on him by his profession. It has given him his freedom, and he himself seems to be full of fight and of confidence. With their recent failures to instruct them the Opportunist deputies must listen to their enemy with some considerable discomfort.

The lamentations very common in Paris, and audible even in London, over this revival of popularity of the sabre, are no doubt natural, but are withal a trifle silly. There would seem to be a belief in the mind of a good many politicians and journalists that financial extravagance, bad administration, weakness, and instability are much smaller evils than the vigorous government of a soldier. At least, if this belief does not exist in their minds, it is not easy to account for the horror expressed in many quarters at the prospect of General BOULANGER'S advent to power. He certainly cannot come there unless some very considerable part of the population of France believe that he will govern better than the present possessors of office—it would be absurd to call them rulers. The complaint that his victory would mean war with Germany is almost absurd. It is notorious that France will make war on Germany whenever she can with a reasonable prospect of success. If the country really wishes to remain at peace, and to convince its neighbours that it is peaceful, it has only to cease lavishing money on its army and playing for the Russian alliance. It has only to give up launching out into enterprises such as the intervention in the New Hebrides which has just come to an end. It would also inspire some confidence by ceasing to be captious and provocative in its dealings with Italy. But France will do none of these things; it acts as aggressively as of old, and expects that a few phrases will be accepted by its neighbours as a proof that it wishes to remain at peace. If, as is almost certainly the case, the desire for a war of revenge is genuine, then General BOULANGER is helped when he is accused of being likely to bring it about. In any case, whether it wishes to remain at peace or to go to war, France may naturally desire to be governed with some degree of vigour. If General BOULANGER does not fulfil its wish, which is very possible, he has at least this in his favour as a candidate, that he has not yet failed, and all other politicians have.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN AT BIRMINGHAM.

ONLY a very few ill-conditioned critics have ventured to hint that the honour which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has just received from the town of his political birth has been prematurely bestowed. It is true that the Fisheries Treaty has not yet been ratified by the American Senate, and that it is possible—though we hope improbable—that it never will be. Even if it were to be ultimately rejected, the services of the British Commissioner in negotiating it would be none the less worthy of recognition. The temporary *modus vivendi* between the United States and Canada which has been agreed upon by the Treaty is, in itself, a substantial gain to the cause of international goodwill; and there is, moreover, good ground for the claim put forward by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN that, even if this particular attempt at an arrangement should fall through, it will make the way easier for a subsequent understanding. "We have at "least succeeded," to quote his words, "in putting on "record in the most formal and authoritative way the "opinion of three Governments—of the Executives of three "nations—as to what constitutes a just and honourable, a fair "and reasonable, settlement of the differences that have "arisen between them." And we are disposed to agree with him that that fact "must influence, and in the end must "govern, the final disposal of the question." To have left the matter on this footing is undoubtedly to have rendered valuable service to the nation; and since Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has for the present declined any official recognition of that service, it is eminently fitting that, at whatever shock to the susceptibilities of those good Gladstonian patriots whose love for their country attempts so nobly, but so vainly, to make head against their hatred for Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, the town of Birmingham should undertake the discharge of, at least, a portion of the debt.

The speech in which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN returned thanks for the toast of his health at the dinner which followed the presentation to him of the honorary freedom of the borough was one in the highest degree creditable not only to his oratorical powers, which have been amply illustrated in other fields, but also to his tact and judgment. An English politician of his distinction who has just returned from an important mission to the United States, and who undertakes to give his impressions of the character and institutions of the American people, has a task of extreme delicacy to perform. He had himself remarked with justice on the sensitiveness of Americans to English opinion; and this, moreover, is a characteristic which no longer means—if, indeed, it ever did mean—merely that "our "people must be cracked up." Americans are quite keen enough critics of themselves and of other people to be able to distinguish between the real and the spurious article in the matter of compliments. They are as impatient as we ourselves should be in like circumstances of the insincere gush, or only half-sincere gush, which rises so readily to the lips of some Englishmen in speaking of America and its people, and which to a sensible American must be even more offensive, because less excused by ignorance, than that unflattering estimate of his countrymen which used to find expression in the "stage Yankee." Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S observations on the United States were in tone and substance admirable. The praise bestowed in them has all that sincerity which is guaranteed by measure and discrimination, and the confidence expressed by him that no future difficulty incapable of friendly settlement can ever hereafter arise between the two nations was carefully dissociated from that extravagance of language which too often disposes sober-minded people to estimate the basis of the belief in question at something less than its real strength. The place and circumstances being what they were, it would be unreasonable to complain that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN left the other side of the question unstated; which is, that the excessive "sensitiveness" above referred to may itself become a source of danger to the good understanding of the British and American peoples. Those who most highly value each other's good opinion are usually at the same time the most exigent in their demands upon each other for the strict observance of the obligations of friendship. A certain amount of healthy indifference is between nations, as individuals, the best security against quarrel, and too ardent international attachments are therefore not always unmixed blessings. England and America are not far at present from hitting the happy mean between the two extremes of feeling; but, so far as they show a tendency to deviate from it, it is certainly in the opposite direction to that which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN appears to contemplate.

THE CASE OF THE *ERA*.

THE case against the *Era* has gone beyond a mere action of libel, and blossomed or developed into an application to commit the defendant for contempt of court, as well as into an action for conspiracy, from which it appears that there are people not above making a good thing out of public sentiment. The judgment of the Queen's Bench Division on the point of contempt is even more important than the verdict of the jury on the first, because it settles authoritatively an interesting question of law. It is a well-recognized, and we may add a most wholesome, rule that neither a journalist nor anybody else may comment upon legal proceedings while they are in progress. To do so is an offence which the law calls, and justly calls, contempt of court. This principle was vindicated the other day against the *St. Stephen's Review*; there can be no doubt of its validity, and it is based upon common sense and practical convenience. The application made to a Divisional Court last Monday by Mr. MURPHY, as counsel for Miss DALLAS, sought to extend this doctrine in a very considerable degree. The judges were asked to punish Mr. LEDGER, the proprietor of the *Era*, for publishing an article upon the trial in which he had been defendant the week before. The ground on which Mr. MURPHY applied was that the defendant had given notice of his intention to move for a new trial, and that, therefore, the case was still pending. The learned counsel, who is not the sort of man to give up a tenable argument, frankly admitted that, but for this notice of the defendant's, he would have been out of court. It is the undoubted right, not only of every journalist, but of every citizen, to express himself with perfect candour upon any civil or criminal trial, so

soon as that trial is over. He may criticize the verdict, he may censure the judge, he may, if he thinks it witty, call the jury "twelve SOLONS." The Court held, in accordance with reason and propriety, that the action, having been tried out, was a legitimate subject of comment from Mr. LEDGER, or from any other person whatsoever. The consequences of an opposite decision would have been practically to destroy the freedom of the press where judicial proceedings are concerned. In any case there may be an application for a new trial, an appeal to the Lords Justices, a final appeal to the House of Lords. The result of all this might be a new trial, and it is conceivable that, if the contest were between a millionaire and a railway Company, the whole process might be repeated with the same issue. Could any man out of a lunatic asylum contend that no discussion of the questions involved was permissible until it was absolutely certain that no further litigation would take place? To state such a proposition is to refute it; and, so soon as Mr. MURPHY was confronted with it, his case doubled up like a naval cutlass or a military bayonet.

The judges who refused to commit Mr. LEDGER were Mr. Justice FIELD and Mr. Justice STEPHEN, neither of whom would be in the least disposed to underrate the powers of the Bench. Moreover, Mr. LEDGER was commenting on his own case, and directly intimated in the article that he meant to move for a new trial. Much of his language was in very questionable taste, and his references to the plaintiff had far better have been omitted. These considerations enhance the effect of the judgment as a precedent, and it is now quite clear, if indeed it were ever doubtful, that when a verdict has been found one way or the other, the case is, for purposes of comment, at an end. As for the action itself, out of which the alleged "contempt" arose, we should have thought, but for the decision of the jury, that there could not be two opinions about it. Miss DALLAS employed very small children on the stage, and Mr. LEDGER regarded the system as an improper one. Holding that view, in which most humane and rational people agree with him, he had, we should have supposed, a right to express it in plain and even strong terms, though it must be inferred from the success of Miss DALLAS in her action for conspiracy that she treated the children kindly. There was not a particle of evidence that he had any spite against Miss DALLAS, or that his motives were otherwise than what he avowed them to be. The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE summed up as strongly in favour of the defendant as any judge could, and the jury promptly found for the plaintiff, damages forty shillings. Lord COLERIDGE made, indeed, if he is correctly reported, the curious blunder of confounding "privilege" with the right of fair comment on matters of public interest. "No "doubt," he said, "as has been admitted, this was a privi-"leged occasion, on which what was defamatory might be "published if it was within the limit of fair comment, and "did not go beyond or abuse the occasion, to do injury to "another." Now the essence of a "privileged occasion," of which a lady giving a servant a character is perhaps the most familiar instance, is that false statements made upon it are not actionable unless they can be proved to have been malicious also. The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of England can scarcely, we presume, have intended to declare that a newspaper may publish with impunity false statements concerning public men provided the writer honestly believes them to be true. There are partisans quite capable of honestly believing that Mr. GLADSTONE or Mr. GOSCHEN dabbled in the public funds. But, if they said so, and if either of these eminent men condescended to sue them, they would not find their honest belief of much avail. The discussion of public affairs is unfettered. Allegations of fact are subject to the liability of proving them, and to put a newspaper article in the same category as a confidential communication from one interested party to another is calculated to mislead the unwary.

IRELAND.

THE conviction of HAYES and MORIARTY at the Wicklow Assizes for the murder of FITZMAURICE is a satisfactory evidence of the improved state of things in Ireland. It would, of course, have been still more significant if the trial had taken place in the district in which the crime was committed, instead of in a distant county; but such a transfer of the proceedings, after all, relieved nobody but the jury of intimidation. The witnesses—or rather the chief witness—whose testimony was necessary to their verdict had to come from the scene of the murder to give evidence, and to return to it after the trial; and it argues some return of public confidence that NORAH FITZMAURICE should have felt herself at liberty to speak out as boldly and to adhere as firmly to her identification of the prisoners as she did. Her home is, or at any rate was, at a centre of National League activity of the most sinister kind. Her father's murder was beyond doubt directly due to a denunciation published in the newspaper of that eminently constitutional politician and friend of English Radicals, Mr. HARRINGTON, and holding up FITZMAURICE to popular execration; and boycotting in the neighbourhood of Listowel was in such force at the date of the crime that, when the wounded man was carried into a house hard by the spot where he had been shot, no inmate of it dared to go for a doctor, and his daughter had to leave her dying father to go herself. It is to be hoped that when the two miscreants who have done this unhappy man to death have been punctually hanged, a better state of feeling may arise. There is reason to believe, at any rate, that the life of this fearless witness will be safe enough, and that the law as at present administered in Ireland will be sufficiently strong to prevent any repetition of the CURTIN persecution in the case of NORAH FITZMAURICE. That the two men whom the Wicklow jury found guilty after a short deliberation are really guilty we see no ground for doubting. Her original identification of MORIARTY was made under circumstances most favourable to accuracy—namely, within so short a time after the commission of the murder that his features must have been quite fresh in her memory; while, as to HAYES, she stated immediately after the murder that she knew him, and she mentioned his name, and the attempt of the defence to impair the value of this testimony was signally unsuccessful. The parish priest, who was called as a witness for the prisoners, succeeded only in showing that he gravely misconceives his duties as a spiritual adviser. There was no evidence to show of any trustworthy kind that NORAH FITZMAURICE had ever materially varied in her story as to HAYES, and she had further picked both him and MORIARTY out of a group of nine or ten men who had been brought to her. The witnesses for the alibi were evidently regarded by the jury as unworthy of credit. Mr. Justice O'BRIEN summed up at great length and with complete impartiality, and no reasonable mind can doubt that the jury returned the right verdict. There has since been a report that MORIARTY offered to turn approver, but that the Crown prosecutor declined his services, and it seems not at all improbable that one or both men may confess before the sentence is carried out.

Agrarian crime, however, and its punishment have not the only, or at present perhaps the most pressing, claim on the attention of the Irish Executive. They should keep a watchful eye on the proceedings of the one or two agitators who have still heart enough left in them to attempt to fan into flame the fast expiring embers of disorder. Mr. O'BRIEN seems resolved to prove himself the most determined of his party, and is at his old work again. In the proceedings at Youghal last Sunday he was somewhat favoured by circumstances perhaps, and might have been balked in his attempt to get up a scuffle with the police if the dispositions of the authorities had been a little more prudently conceived. But, as it is, the attempt in question succeeded, and its success is one of those incidents which ought not to be overlooked. It is not enough that Mr. O'BRIEN's meeting at Youghal was dispersed before he could address it, and that he has had to content himself with a harmless indoor conference on the affairs of the Ponsonby estate, held in the Town Hall at five o'clock in the morning. The fact remains that, in preventing him holding his prohibited open-air meeting in the Park in the afternoon, a collision took place between the police and the mob, that Captain PLUNKETT was thrown down, and savagely beaten with bludgeons, and that several police constables were brutally assaulted in the same manner. This, it must be remembered, is to Mr. O'BRIEN the next best thing to holding a forbidden meeting. If he cannot successfully defy the prohibitions of authority, he is almost as well pleased if he can compel authority to assert itself by forcible means. And what is more, the effect upon the temper of the people is only one degree less mischievous than would be produced by a successful defiance of an Executive prohibition. We see no reason whatever why Mr. O'BRIEN should be allowed to score even these second-class successes, so to speak, and we see abundant reason why, in the interest of the now prospering work of restoring order in Ireland, such toleration should be withdrawn from him. Nothing in the present instance,

at any rate, could have been clearer than that. Mr. O'Brien went down to the Ponsonby estate—an estate to the good management of which, and to the amity which ought to subsist there between landlord and tenant, Mr. Balfour the other night bore testimony—with the avowed object of encouraging the party of resistance and disorder who are attempting to get up another "Woodford." The meeting which he proposed to hold in the Green Park at Youghal had been for good cause proclaimed by Mr. Redmond, the Resident Magistrate, and Mr. O'Brien had nothing to allege against the validity of this proclamation, except a criticism of the flimsiest description on the form of its signature. He was from the first a mere deliberate wrongdoer who ought to have been dealt with as such at the earliest possible opportunity. As a matter of fact, his appearance in the town and his threatened intervention compelled the assembling of a considerable force of military and police, and led directly to the affray of which we have spoken above. It is just possible that Captain Plunkett might, by the adoption of somewhat different tactics, have avoided this encounter, and yet have substantially attained his end. But there is a tendency just at present to lay a great deal too much stress on observations of this kind. We entirely deny that any agitator who pleases ought to be allowed with impunity to array a mob against the police under such conditions that, by the highest tactical skill and judgment, the officer in charge of the Constabulary may just manage to disperse them without breaking of heads, and, by a display of a somewhat lower degree of skill and judgment, with such breakage. If the second best course should be adopted, and heads happen to be broken, it is not the officers in charge who should be blamed, but the agitator who should be punished.

It will be the more disappointing if the Government allow any revival of agrarian agitation, because the game in Ireland, unless they throw it away almost at the last card, is now as good as won. Those who are the best able to judge of the state of the country—resident magistrates, judges of assize, even candid Nationalists themselves—agree in the opinion that the back of the party of disorder is broken. Profound as is the discouragement of the Parnellites in the House of Commons, that of their faction in Ireland is deeper still. It is not that they have but just discovered that the Government is in earnest; it is that they have only lately satisfied themselves that the country is in earnest too. The Government, to do them justice, have ever since Mr. Balfour's accession to his present office shown no sign of wavering in their determination to restore the authority of the law in Ireland; but it has taken a good deal to convince Irish lawlessness that the "English democracy" would allow them to do so. The partisans of disorder in Ireland have been so often and so loudly assured through the mouths of their self-appointed spokesmen that this mysterious "de-"mocracy" would "rise" against "coercion," and the belief in Mr. Gladstone's power of swaying democratic passion has been so difficult to dislodge, that the first results of the re-imposition of a firm and steady hand upon Irish anarchy were necessarily somewhat disappointing. It has been difficult to convince the men who saw Mr. Gladstone lead the English people captive in 1880, and Mr. Parnell chain Mr. Gladstone to his own car in 1886, that the two conquerors would not in conjunction be irresistible. The furious Parliamentary opposition of their combined parties to the Crimes Act gave fresh life to these hopes, and the desperate struggle of last autumn was the result. It failed; but it was renewed later on and persevered in up to the very eve of the present Session, in the desperate hope that the promised rising of the "democracy" would at last take place. Mr. Parnell's announcement of intended capitulation, made in the winter of last year, was hardly taken as serious, and Mr. Gladstone's speech on the opening night of the debate on the Address was virtually the first intimation made to the party of disorder that their leader had given up the game. Ever since that moment their spirit of resistance has declined at the rate of the barometer before a storm; and it will be the fault of the Government if it is ever allowed to rise again.

SAVING AND DESTROYING LIFE AT SEA.

THE short Bill with a somewhat long-winded title which the Earl of Onslow has introduced in the Lords does not seem much to be the total outcome of the labours so strenuously undertaken by the Royal Commission on "Loss of Life at Sea." It is entitled "An Act to "Amend the Law with respect to the Appliances to be "carried by British Merchant Ships for Saving Life at "Sea," and is not much longer—when the merely formal parts are suppressed—than its title. Neither is there any need that it should be longer; for it provides for nothing more complicated than the appointment of a mixed Committee, which is to help the President of the Board of Trade to invent rules as to the number and nature of life-saving appliances to be carried by various classes of ships in future. The result of much inquiry, therefore, would seem to be only that other persons must be appointed to inquire further. The rest of the Bill provides only that shipowners and shipmasters shall be held bound to obey the law, which obligation was, we imagine, already incumbent upon them. If legislation can increase the chances of escape for passengers and crews, it ought to be employed at once; for at present their risks are unquestionably considerable. The figures quoted by Lord Onslow, who was rather anxious to show how much is done already in the way of supplying appliances, prove that only about half the people in danger of drowning in shipwrecks within these last nine years were saved by boats actually belonging to the ship they were in. This does not seem a large proportion. Lord Onslow gave us another proof of the careful equipment of modern ships—the evidence of a packet captain—who stated that, while he usually carried a thousand passengers, he had boats for eight hundred, and life-belts for all. This is creditable as far as it goes, but it might mean that a balance of two hundred passengers would be left to die of cold hanging on to life-belts. The excuse for the very modest scope of this Bill is, however, just the extreme difficulty of providing that any ship should be able to carry appliances to save such a number of passengers—that is, to save them not only from instant drowning, but from immersion and ultimate drowning. It would be very difficult to stow boats enough on a ship's deck to carry away a thousand passengers and a crew of some two hundred sailors, firemen, and stewards. If the boats could be put there, it is quite certain that no modern merchant ship carries a crew large enough to clear them away, and man them. What possible alternative appliances there are is a doubtful question. The Committee to be appointed by this Bill, if it can be squeezed through when such big fellows are blocking the way, will justify its own existence, and prove the real importance of the measure, by discovering some means of escape from a sinking ship, more capacious and more easily handled than a boat. Perhaps the Committee will do as much good by recommending that the number of passengers to be carried should be limited as by insisting on an increase in the number of appliances for saving life.

Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, there is much less doubt as to the supply of appliances for the destruction of life at sea. Lord Brassey's Naval Annual, which is now in its second year, is not much, if at all, more bulky than the Blue-books (there are three of various size) compiled by the Royal Commission, but it certainly represents a much greater amount of solid work done in that respect. The Annual is not quite complete. It misses a few things—the naval manœuvres of last year, among them—which we should like to have found in it; but it gives an immense amount of information, clearly arranged, well indexed, and well illustrated by maps much more pleasing to the eye than most pictures. Lord Brassey gives the results of his own observations of the state of the coaling stations and colonial ports. On more purely technical matters he has had the help of competent authorities. The authors of the Annual have among them produced a volume which will not only be useful to the naval officer, who can profit by the scientific instruction, but to the "general "reader," whom we take to be a person anxious to have results stated for him in an intelligible way, but neither willing nor able to work them out for himself. A large part of the volume is given to a survey of the doings of foreign navies, so complete that it contains notices of Spanish battle-ships or cruisers not yet finished, and an account of the late Admiral Courbet's bombardment of Foochow in 1884. It is a book for continual use and reference. A great confidence in the efficacy of information to produce wisdom would be required to persuade any one that disputants will be brought to an agreement as to the strength of the navy by Lord Brassey's help. Lord Charles Beresford and Mr. Forwood, Captain Colomb and Lord George Hamilton, will unquestionably continue to differ.

Lord Charles very rightly insists that the sufficiency of our navy can only be ascertained by comparing it with the work it has to do. Nothing can be truer; but then how are we to learn what the work is? Lord Charles would employ his leisure to excellent purpose by thinking it out and stating the results. At present he, like his enemies the official gentlemen, is a little too fond of flashing comparisons before the British taxpayer—to use his own phrase. We are not much the wiser for continual assertions that the navy will not be in a satisfactory state until Lord Charles's own scheme of organization is adopted. There are really quite enough gentlemen in public life each with his own earthquake pill to recommend. Captain Colomb has a suggestion for a practical experiment which has some merit. It is that he should be let loose with a quick steamer and a large pot of paint to see how many merchant ships he could touch before he was stopped. In this way, he thinks, he could show how the Closure could be applied to our commerce. This would be excellent fun, but to make the experiment complete, it would be necessary to commission cruisers to hunt for the rover, also to warn merchant ships, and indemnify them for loss of time in running away from the Captain and his pot of paint.

The launch of the *Nile* makes a distinct addition to the strength of the navy, and is a gain without peradventure or need for experiment. Every prophecy made about the new battle-ship, except one, ought to be fulfilled. The exception is the prediction that she is to be the last of the great fighting ships. It is by no means certain that other people will let us cease building this class of vessel, and we are as it is very far indeed from having so wide a margin of reserve strength that we can afford to stand contentedly where we are. Captain Penrose Fitzgerald, whom "we shall not "call an alarmist, or any other name," because we are far too fond of him, says that naval officers are universally of opinion that much remains to be done. The Captain's arguments and figures are not above criticism; but he is an authority, and has shown that he does not lean to the side of the panic-mongers. Until the test of actual warfare has been applied there must always be a doubt as to the value of modern line-of-battle ships; but, unless science is utterly wrong in its shipbuilding (and that is conceivably possible), the *Nile* must be a very powerful vessel. Experts are at present the only judges of the question; but "the British "taxpayer" can see for himself that she has been built quickly and cheaply, as cheapness goes in these days when millions are spent on a single craft. At present she is about half done; but, if the rest of the work required to fit her for service is pushed on with equal energy, she will be ready in a space which compares very favourably with the speed formerly attained in our own yards, or even now reached by most foreign navies. It is even very possible that she may be ready for her guns before they are ready for her. As science grows and becomes more complicated, it takes more and more time to get anything ready for science. A big gun takes as long to make as a big ship, and is more liable to burst. Perhaps it is their liability to this form of accident which makes the Admiralty anxious to have as few of them as it can help. Perhaps the department has another reason; but, whether or no, it is acquiring guns even more slowly than ships at present.

MR. LONG ON THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BILL.

Mr. Walter Long, who has just addressed his constituents at Devizes on the subject of the Local Government Bill, possesses the twofold authority which belongs to a country gentleman and to an important official of the department from which the legislation issues. His chief, indeed, in introducing the Bill in the House of Commons, showed a very natural tendency to interpose the Parliamentary Secretary to the Board as a buffer between himself and the Conservative county members. Mr. Long, he declared with truth, was a country gentleman of the best type; and, if Mr. Long approved of the Local Government Bill, then surely, &c. &c. It would not be well to examine the implied sequence too minutely, or it might occur to us that there has never been a legislative project, however ill judged, the promoters of which could not have contrived to produce the testimony of their "Mr. Long" in support of it. Lord Spencer, for instance, was the "Mr. Long" of the Separation Bill and its accompanying Irish policy, and very energetic was the use made of him in this capacity. Far be it from us to say, however, that Mr. Ritchie's witness has no better evidence to give for the side which has called him than Lord Spencer had. We will admit, indeed, that, if you concede him his premisses, he makes his way very successfully to the conclusion that the Local Government Bill is an excellent measure and worthy of all support from Conservatives as well as Liberals. It being granted that the Government are right in dealing with the question of county administration at all, we unreservedly agree with Mr. Long that they could not wisely, or even rationally, legislate on any other general plan than that which they have adopted. It would have been the merest trifling with the question to have brought in a measure "based upon a fancy franchise," or extending protection to what were known as the "privileged classes." Rather than take a course which would have satisfied no one and irritated everybody, they should have declined to touch the question at all, and have fallen back on the eminently tenable proposition that our present form of county government is fairly efficient, reasonably economical, and absolutely pure, and that there is no ground for believing, and some ground in experience for doubting, that elective county government would possess the second and third of these qualities in a proportion at all adequate to justify the effort to attain a slightly enhanced efficiency by means of such an alteration of the system.

On the question of economy Mr. Long had much to say that deserves consideration. He pointed out, for instance, that the large expenditure of School Boards and of urban authorities ought not to be taken as measuring the probable outlay of County Councils; in the case of the first because the School Boards are, to a great extent, compelled to incur expense under pressure from the Education Department; and, in the second case, because it is principally their undertakings in the matter of urban sanitation—a function which will press equally heavily on the County Councils—whic' have imposed such heavy charges on the ratepayers. These, no doubt, are considerations which have not yet been sufficiently weighed, and Mr. Long has done well to draw attention to them. But, of course, it is one thing to show that a public body need not, and another to show that they will not, spend large sums of money; and it is in considering this latter point that the question of purity, which is, doubtless, too delicate a matter to be discussed before a popular audience, comes prominently to the front. On the proposed reform of the licensing system Mr. Long's observations are also worthy of study. The proviso for compensation on the extinction of licences needs no defence; and there is reason to hope that, if and when it becomes law, it will of itself exercise a sufficient check on the fussy activity of local optionists. But we should like to have heard from Mr. Long a somewhat fuller exposition of the anticipated effect of the Bill on this head. He contented himself with citing the provision of the measure by giving an appeal to the County Council against the refusal of a licence for "any cause other than that for "which magistrates can now refuse it"; and, of course, it is conceivable that this clause might be so worked as to make the County Council, in fact as well as in name, the tribunal of final adjudication in the case of any attempt to put the "moderate drinker" minority under the yoke of the teetotal fanatic and his intemperate pets and protégés. But, on the other hand, this might not be the case. The County Council might turn out to be the tribunal of adjudication in name only and not in fact; and a local licensing committee of teetotallers might be able to domineer over a district unchecked. As the appeal to the County Council is, in fact, the only thing which would stand between it and the "permissive prohibitory principle," we should like to feel sure that the provision will work.

DER SCHINDER.

The Schinder has no English name, because his office is unknown among us, and he is hardly a figure that it would be worth while to introduce into English society if it were not for the part he once played in the fiction of the German Romantic School. He is an official, and has his recognized rights and duties, though neither are of a dignified character. He has a right to the hides of all the animals that die a natural death in his district, and is bound to bury the carcases in a way that will prevent them becoming injurious to public health. In the days when the difficulty of travelling and the number of capital punishments rendered it convenient for each province to keep its own executioner, the office, with its perquisites, belonged to him; and

it is generally believed, on what grounds we cannot say, that in case of need the Schinder is still legally bound to assist at executions, a case which of course never occurs.

The man who fills such an office and all his family are naturally regarded with disgust and horror. A considerable fine is imposed upon every one who does not give due and immediate notice of any death that may have taken place in his live stock, and if he wishes to keep the skin of a favourite dog or cat, he has to purchase it from the official, who is now its legal proprietor. This seems hard, though of course the arrangement has its sanitary advantages. It is not a due appreciation of these, however, but quite a different feeling that secures the Schinder his strange position in the village where he lives. There seems to be a tendency in the imagination to invest the outcasts of society with supernatural powers. The gipsy, who is considered hardly human, can foresee the future and work irresistible love-charms; the Jew, who is regarded with an irrational repugnance, possesses strange medical secrets; and the Schinder is encircled by a glamour which secures him the same kind of shuddering respect with which the South Italians regard their witches.

He is at once a doctor and a sorcerer—indeed, the common people rarely make a distinction between the two professions. The doctor's skill, if it proves successful, is magic to them. They dose their children with simples because their grandmothers made use of the same herbs. Gruesome stories about the dissecting schools circulate, and lead them to believe that there the outrage against God and nature is performed by which alone a higher knowledge, and therefore a higher power, can be attained. In a word, anatomy is a branch of the Black Art. For the peasant, a medical man is simply a conjurer with ecclesiastical permission and a governmental guarantee. Neither priest nor policeman forbids his being consulted; but, after all, there is something inexplicable, and therefore not quite right, in his cures. May not the Schinder, whose whole life is far more uncanny, know more of the secrets of nature after all? No one thinks exactly thus. It lies in the very nature of superstition to be unclear and illogical; but this conception of the world seems to underlie many popular superstitions. You must renounce God before he allows you to know how to thwart him, at least apparently and for a time; you must violate nature before she will tell you the things best worth knowing. The doctor has done so in his youth to a certain degree, but the very fact that he is recognized by the authorities shows that his power is limited. The Schinder, who would be fined if any one knew that he had given medical advice, is probably a sorcerer of far greater power.

Theory apart, it is a fact that a peasant woman will always go to him rather than to the doctor when there is illness in her family, and that his wife enjoys the same rather weird reputation, and in difficult cases commands a greater confidence than the certified nurse. But this is far from being the chief source of his private profit. Above all men he is able to discover and to thwart witchcraft. This may seem a comparatively harmless branch of his art, but it is not always so. Here, for instance, is a case, all the principal actors in which were living three months ago, and are, as we hope and believe, still alive. In a small village in Carniola, about fifteen years ago, a peasant woman found that the butter "would not come," and took it into her head that the churn was bewitched. She therefore sent her husband more than twenty English miles into Carinthia to a Schinder who was celebrated for his knowledge. The wise man after due consideration declared that it was certainly a case of witchcraft, and that the first woman who came to borrow anything after the peasant's return was the witch. In order to break the spell the churn must be plentifully washed out with fresh spring water three times in the name of the Holy Trinity whenever it had been used, and once with an Ave Maria before it was used again. The villager had hardly returned home before a near relation of his came in to borrow some simple household utensil. It was refused, and she was declared to be the witch. The churn was duly washed, and the butter came. Since then the bitterest enmity exists between the two families, and this is said to have influenced several municipal, and at least one political election, because for a time it split the village into two parties. If this were an isolated case, it would hardly be worth mentioning; but it is one among the many which make even the most ardent lovers of old beliefs and customs sometimes doubt whether, after all, it is not better that the schoolmaster is abroad. It is possible to pay too high a price even for gold and antiquities.

The more one learns of the popular traditions and customs of Germany, the more one admires the extent and exactitude of Clemens Brentano's acquaintance with them and the literary skill with which he used his knowledge. In one of the most powerful of his tales there is a scene in which the mother of the heroine takes her while she is still a child to the house of the executioner, to which she herself is obliged to go in search of medicaments. As soon as the girl enters the room where the sword hangs, it moves itself in the sheath, and the executioner entreats the mother to allow him to scratch her daughter's neck with it, in order that it may taste the blood it demands, and the evil omen be averted; but the mother rejects the proposal with horror. The occurrence is brought so vividly before the reader, and woven with such art into the tissue of the story, that almost every one who recognizes the delicate art with which the plot is constructed would suppose it to be an invention of the author's. Yet in Brentano's time the superstition must have been at least a living memory; for in Carinthia and Carniola there are still old men that can remember a Schinder, the son of an executioner, who possessed his father's sword. When children showed such evil tendencies as to awaken their parents' anxiety, they were brought to him and placed before it. If the sword remained still, no danger was to be apprehended; if it moved it was a fatal sign. They know nothing, however, of the means of averting the future evil which Brentano either invented or preserved. It may be worth while noting, however, that the poorer Neapolitans believe that a knife which has once taken a man's life constantly thirsts for human blood.

After one more literary reminiscence we may allow the Schinder to depart in peace. It is not likely that many Englishmen should know that Maximilian Heine, who was a doctor of medicine, and who possessed a number of other titles, once wrote a small book about his celebrated brother. They have no great reason to regret their ignorance, as the volume is both dull and untrustworthy, though not intentionally untruthful. The most amusing thing about it is the evident difficulty the author feels in deciding whether his uncle Solomon, the wealthy banker of Hamburg, or his brother the poet, who for three generations determined the character of the literature of Germany and strongly influenced that of Europe, was, in fact, the greater man. The uncle would not have had any doubts on the matter if it is true that he once said, with a sigh, on being congratulated upon one of his nephew's greatest successes:—"If the stupid fellow had only stuck to business, as I wished, he wouldn't have to be writing books now." Yet in this tiresome, frivolous, and ill-written book there is one passage not unworthy of attention, and in it a Schinder plays at least a secondary part. The story is demonstrably false, but Maximilian did not possess imagination enough to invent it. He himself says, doubtlessly with perfect truth, that his brother told it him while lying on his long deathbed in Paris; but it must be remembered that Heine delighted in mystifying even his nearest friends.

While he was still a child, so the story runs, the poet made the acquaintance of the Schinder's daughter and fell in love with her. The two children used to meet and wander about in solitary places together. Both were ashamed of their loves, she because he was a Jew, and he on account of her father's calling, but this only made them cling all the more closely to each other. Here we have evidently the first idea of some such sketch as those which were executed in the *Reisebilder*, and if the poet had carried out his conception the Schinder's daughter might have taken her place beside the little Veronica and the dead Maria. Even in Maximilian's dreary prose there is something strangely pathetic in the picture of the two outcast children sitting in woody hollows, with their arms round each other's neck, and then parting and going home by different paths in the dread that any one might suspect the love which each knew to be a shame.

It must be confessed that whatever poetry the Schinder may possess is due to his position rather than his character, and that any tourist whom curiosity may prompt to pay him a visit will, in all probability, find it well to drop his acquaintance as soon as he conveniently can.

BLUNT v. BALFOUR, BRETT INTERVENING.

THE pleasingly oracular tone of Mr. Balfour's reference at Stalybridge to a time when, like the young ladies in the poems and novels of a former day, he will be "all Mr. Blunt's" has produced different effects on different persons. Some of his friends have asked him whether Mr. Blunt is really worth first upsetting in an aside, and then dancing upon at leisure on the future occasion to which this hyperborean fiend refers with "considerable satisfaction." As for his enemies, *abyssus abyssum vocat*, as indeed is natural. An Irish Gladstonian across the Channel of St. George pronounces Mr. Balfour an "effeminate runaway," and an English ditto on the hither side sadly answers that the Chief Secretary's apparent sentiments and principles are "obviously bestial." Meanwhile Mr. Balfour makes inhuman fun of Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Blunt, and all the rest of those great men, and promises himself an ogreish and considerable satisfaction in making more hereafter. It may be said that, in another sense from that referred to above, this proceeding, though not unnatural, is unnecessary. With Mr. O'Brien we have nought to do at present; but Mr. Blunt has been so busily engaged in making a consumer of flapdoodle of himself—if the language of another, and ah! how different an O'Brien may be borrowed for a polite circumlocution—that nothing can be better than simply to give him his head. But those who argue in this way cannot comprehend the real fiendishness of Mr. Balfour's character. If, when the first absurdity came from Ireland, he had composed a grave and regular refutation, with historical statements, dates, corroborative testimony, and all the rest of it, Mr. Blunt would have been, not squelched (for there are some things that will always wriggle out, however hard you set your boot on them), but disposed of. By his actual course of dealing Mr. Balfour ("Alan, there is something terrible about this man," as Darsie Latimer and the *Daily News* would remark) has got Mr. Blunt to consume flapdoodle with a most unbounded stomach. And then, as if the comedy were not sufficient, we have Mr. Reginald Baliol Brett intervening, as a sort of self-constituted Queen's Proctor, to say that the petitioner's conduct is really too bad for the Court to give him relief, whatever the wickedness of the respondent may be. Whenever Mr.

Brett writes, there is (as we think Mr. Thackeray remarked about another character) an air of chivalry about him which is intensely interesting. In the name of "we" of the Home Rule party—we do not exactly know where Mr. Brett got the power of attorney from that not very creditable client, but that is his and the client's affair—Mr. Brett protests against Mr. Blunt's shocking violations of propriety. He weeps for the host and relative of Mr. Blunt, whose privacy has been so roughly violated. "Dead are Ogier and Charlemagne," says this *preux chevalier* in effect. Mr. Blunt is not careful of the character and reputation of Mr. Brett's party. And so on, and so on. This sensitiveness to a stain as to a wound is most edifying, and in itself could not be too highly praised. But—but—what does such a very sensitive gentleman in such a party?

However, Mr. Brett, added to Mr. Balfour, gave Mr. Blunt a fresh opportunity for the now familiar display of himself, thereby making what otherwise would be hardly worth notice good fun. As for the actual charge against Mr. Balfour, it is perfectly absurd by Mr. Blunt's own showing, even if, with most enormous good-nature, we take Mr. Blunt's word for gospel. What was at first an accusation of deliberate intention to try at murder under judicial forms becomes now, by Mr. Blunt's own detailed testimony, nothing but a statement that the speaker intended to do his simple official duty, coupled with a warning that it would not be a pleasant duty for Mr. Blunt's friends, and an anticipation (which has turned out to be perfectly judicious) that some of them at least would make, as one notorious person has boasted of making, discretion the better part of valour. If the once famous invisible reporter of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* had been present on the occasion, and if every word of his report had been found to tally with Mr. Blunt's reminiscences, there would be nothing to be said by way of rebuke to Mr. Balfour, except something like Lieutenant Tappleton's famous remark to Mr. Pickwick, "Allow me to observe that the best way of preventing such consequences in future will be to be more careful in your choice of company." The substance of the charge thus dwindles away to nothing on the very showing of the accuser.

But the manner of it and the manner of the accuser's rejoinders afterwards are full of the richest delight and satisfaction to faithful souls. Mr. Blunt's whole tone and attitude all through are only to be expressed by a verb which might just as well be English as French, the verb *pontifier*, "to pontify." He is as deadly serious as his namesake and fellow Home Ruler, the other Wilfrid, is deadly lively. "The party to which I had been invited [a party which was clearly not "all silent," and of which we trust that not all will be damned] was a family one, devoid of all political complexion and intention," adds Mr. Blunt, thinking doubtless of the celebrated political gatherings which the late leader of his own late party used to delight to portray in words. This peaceful taboo on politics was broken into by the splenetic and rash Balfour, who dragged the subject in for the special benefit of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt. There is a soul of goodness even in things evil, and even the Mephistopheles of East Lothian felt that such a political light as Mr. Blunt not only ought not to be bushelled, but must be unbushelled at any hazard. Then follows the great dialogue which occupied some unknown period of the peaceful Sabbath of September last what time Shrewsbury, or rather Salisbury, clock was striking the hour of five. And once more Mr. Blunt challenges Mr. Balfour to say "whether they met at Clouds"—the bricks of which mansion are no doubt alive at this day to testify it, as on another celebrated occasion.

But, from the mere repetition of this Nephelococcygian conversation or cuckoo-cry about a visit at Clouds, Mr. Blunt was recalled by the girds of the brutal Balfour at Stalybridge and by the insinuations of the faitour Reginald Baliol against his own gentility and honour. Ye should have seen how the good knight, the terror of the Saracens, who, in the wilds of Araby, peacefully sat down while a whole Ghazu charged him with threatening lances, and spared not to damn the base policeman at the Worry of Woodford, did tackle these two assailants. (A good knight never minds two at once.) With regard to the further expansions and variations on the Tale of Clouds, we must be excused for saying that they are even more of a Tale of a Tub than the original, if there ever was an original, of the story which Mr. Blunt has told in so many ways. There is the same edifying insistance on details—the sea-coal fire and the parcel-gilt goblet and the prawns, if we may take a new simile from the same unfailing source—and the same absence of anything important. It seems to come to this, that "only one version" of many was "at all authentic." But this insufficient food becomes rich pasture when Mr. Blunt turns to Mr. Brett. In the disgusting lingo of a half-civilized foreign people, Mr. Blunt may be said to see Mr. Brett and go several better in the matter of chivalry. Mr. Brett, as "a Censor of honour in the fashionable world," will understand that 'in another age the matter would have been settled neither on the platform nor in the columns of the *Times*." Yes, after sending a bullet through the heel of his enemy's boot then Mr. Blunt would have been, ye see; and when he had polished up Mr. Balfour, very likely he would have had a shot at Mr. Brett, too, for making insinuations. But, alas! it could not be. So Mr. Blunt diverges. "It"—the Nephelococcygian conversation—"was not postprandial." We have heard of "It was after dinner" being given as an excuse, but never before of "It was not after dinner." It was not Mr. Blunt who began, but Mr. Balfour, the abominable, who uninvited came [but no, invited sure he must have been] into the fair Nephelian banquet hall, and cast the name of Dillon on the board. Also there was a great deal more of "it." Three parts of the conversation are yet *anecdota*, "to be continued." Mr. Blunt's object was to save lives, though he seems to have been a little slow about that. And then Mr. Blunt, dropping his politeness to Mr. Brett as a "Censor of honour," the "holder of a high social point of view," &c., suddenly calls him a "pedant." Thus, in another class of society, do ladies begin by addressing each other with "Pray, Ma'am," and "Oh, indeed, Ma'am," till all of a sudden it becomes "You nasty" something! And then, having reached the real Billingsgate level, Mr. Blunt gives it to Mr. Brett. "Common drawing-room view," "flutterings in London drawing-rooms," "sham battles," "unpolished democracy," "the poor know well," and all the rest of the rottenest rant of the lowest Radical spouter of the platform flows from the mouth of this "serious Liberal politician." For Mr. Blunt himself has said that he is that; and who should know better?

So Mr. Blunt is very angry with all of us, from the Balfour upon the mountains to the Brett upon the wall. But none of us, not even the chivalrous Mr. Brett himself, will do well to be angry with Mr. Blunt. For, in the first place, his pontifying is immense fun, and, in the second, he makes several very pretty little admissions in his anger. Perhaps it is true that "gentlemen," whether Whig or Tory, have nothing to do with him and his party; we can only say again that he has said it. When he talks of "the coming fight without gloves," that is a useful warning, and we may ask, Will they also in the coming time take their wives with them into that fight? Moreover, with still greater interest we may ask when the much more interesting three other parts of the Tale of Clouds are coming out. To tantalize even "gentlemen" and "drawing-rooms" is wrong.

THE VICEROY'S FAREWELL TO CALCUTTA.

ON the principle that no man should be called happy till the close of his career has excluded the possibility of further mishap, it is, perhaps, premature to congratulate Lord Dufferin on the agreeable manifestations of respect and affection which enlivened the closing hours of his residence in Calcutta. Yet there can be no doubt that one of the most difficult of the many arduous tasks which awaited the new Viceroy on his arrival in India four years ago has been now successfully achieved. The public of Calcutta, native and European, has been won from a mood of excitement, restlessness, and angry antagonism into an harmonious and friendly recognition of a rational and statesmanlike régime. The historical leaders of native society presided over the vast assembly which, a week ago, gathered to do honour to the departing Viceroy and formulated the valedictory utterances in which his claims to the gratitude of all good citizens were enunciated. Making all due allowance for the conventional courtesy of a polite ceremony, there is good reason for believing that the language of the valedictory address spoke the sincere conviction of the sober, estimable, and intelligent sections of native society no less than of the European community. Such expressions are of more than merely ceremonial importance, because when Lord Dufferin ascended the viceregal throne no such conviction existed, either among the European or native subjects of the Crown. Neither class considered that it had been well and wisely ruled. The English community was thoroughly alarmed, and had been fretted into an angry mood, whose manifestations interfered seriously with the respect due to the Queen's representative. As far as unofficial Englishmen were concerned, Lord Ripon was socially ostracized. Not a merchant in Calcutta would attend his levées or accept the hospitality of Government House. Calcutta is the focus of a widespread European sentiment, because all the commercial enterprises of the provinces, for hundreds of miles around in every direction, have their head-quarters or their agencies at the capital. The indigo manufacturers of Behar, the tea-planters of Darjeeling and Assam, impress with great acuteness their opinions and wishes on the Calcutta firms with whom their business is transacted. These classes, rightly or wrongly, were impressed with the belief that their interests were being unduly subordinated to a policy which made popularity with the natives its exclusive aim, and which was prepared to purchase that popularity by rash and ill-considered concessions to native restlessness and ambition. In particular they resented a change in the law which would have placed them at the mercy of an order of native magistrates of whom they had no experience and in whom they felt no confidence. In this belief they were confirmed by the opinion of those who watched Lord Ripon's administration from the vantage ground of an independent position, and who spoke presumably without personal interest or class bias. The highest judicial tribunal in India expressed in emphatic terms its grave disapproval of the proposed legislation as unnecessary, inexpedient, and dangerous. The prevailing dissatisfaction gave rise to much violent language, several unseemly demonstrations, and to bitter class feelings, such as had been unknown in India since the dark hours of the Mutiny. After a period of resistance and vacillation, marked at each stage by increased animosity, the Government escaped from an impossible position by an expedient, the futility of which both parties to the controversy thoroughly appreciated, but which both accepted as the only available escape from a dangerous dispute. The feelings which such contests provoke unhappily survive them, and the European community

retained, for the rest of Lord Ripon's term of office, a profound distrust of his policy and a keen resentment at his indifference to his countrymen's interests. Native society, meanwhile, had been deeply stirred by the vague prospects of change which English Radicalism, with Lord Ripon for its mouthpiece, had held before the eyes of the aspiring, the restless, the dissatisfied. Thousands of young Hindus have received a smattering of education sufficient to unfit them for manual toil and to render them the ready victims of political illusion. Nature has supplied them with an eager intelligence, a fluent tongue, an aptitude for rhetoric, a keen sense of rhetorical effect. The British schoolmaster did the rest, and furnished the village Hampdens of Bengal with apposite precedent and congenial phrase. The Viceroy set an impressive example of stump-oratory. Young India promptly took the hint. A structure such as the Indian Government necessarily abounds in materials for rousing political passion or appealing to latent animosity. Bengal was soon ringing with noisy champions of a downtrodden race, whose cup of misery was full, and for whom the hour of emancipation was about to strike. Lord Ripon took his leave amidst plaudits, which impliedly hailed him as the inaugurator of an epoch of revolution.

Lord Dufferin's task, on arrival, was to conciliate the angry, to reassure the alarmed, and to restore the reign of common sense in classes which were half delirious with nonsensical visions of a political millennium. His temperament, his gifts, his official training rendered him exceptionally well qualified to deal with a critical situation, the difficulties of which might be fatally enhanced by any want of tact, judgment, or determination. The accomplished ex-diplomat outmatched Oriental astuteness itself in the delicate arts of reserve, which wears an air of genial frankness and a resolute will veiled under an exquisite urbanity. Equally qualified "to dominate a Senate or to dine with the Graces," the new Viceroy brought the accomplishments of European salons to bear upon the problems of Indian statecraft. The genial host or accomplished raconteur of one hour was transformed, in the next, into the patient investigator of facts, the calm arbiter of conflicting interests or rival theories, the subtle perceiver of nice distinctions, the careful weigher of remote results, the discriminating judge of personal character. Behind all lay a fixity of purpose which it was impossible to shake. Lord Dufferin's qualities speedily made themselves apparent. The eager exponents of the wishes of Young India were conscious, not, indeed, of a rebuff—for the new Viceroy was courtesy itself—but of a reminder that the aspirations of educated Bengalis were not the only, or indeed the chief, topic with which the ruler of India has to deal. The landlords of Bengal, stretched on the rack of a distasteful Land Act, found that they had to do with one who had thoroughly mastered the controversy, and whose calm and impartial judgment had already decided on its solution. It is no small testimony to Lord Dufferin's force of character that these Bengal Zemindars are now among his warmest admirers. Before long a far graver topic, of true Oriental magnitude, threw all others into abeyance. One of the "incidents," which so often herald war, occurred on the Cabul frontier, and for some weeks a war with Russia was deemed to be inevitable and imminent. Lord Dufferin, we may be certain, claims no more than his due when he asserts that the circumstance of the Amir being at the moment in his camp, and open to his counsels, was mainly instrumental in warding off this calamity. The anxieties of that moment have borne valuable fruit in the strenuous exertions which, in the face of grave financial difficulties, the Indian Government has since made to strengthen its strategic frontier and its internal military resources. All parties are now agreed as to the expediency of this tardy precaution; its adoption, in disregard of the evil precedent of his predecessor, will remain among Lord Dufferin's strongest claims to his countrymen's regard.

The moment has scarcely arrived for forming a final opinion on the merits of Lord Dufferin's other great undertaking, the annexation of Burmah. It has proved disappointingly costly in money and lives; but this circumstance has no bearing on the question of the necessity of the step, and of this Lord Dufferin declares himself—and he is certainly the person in the world most qualified to form a correct opinion—more than ever satisfied. The fact that the annexation has, at any rate, put an end to embarrassments with France is, *primâ facie*, a sufficient justification. It would be simply intolerable to have, on the North-Eastern frontier of India, a sore spot, such as already exists, to the infinite discomfiture of the Indian finances, on the North-West. Still the cost has been enormously in excess of all anticipation, and will, for several years to come, it is to be feared, add materially to the embarrassments of the Indian Exchequer.

Those embarrassments constitute the dark side of Lord Dufferin's Viceroyalty; they have been, throughout, serious, and each year has added to their gravity. At present the position is gloomy in the extreme. Such details of the Indian Budget for 1888 as have reached this country suffice to show how enormous are the vicissitudes to which Indian finance is liable, and how little reliance can be placed on forecasts, however careful, which are liable to be tossed to the winds by extraneous circumstances beyond prevision or control. The Budget Estimate for the financial year, which has just ended, showed a bare equilibrium. We explained, on a recent occasion, that this equilibrium was obtained only by the provision of 4¾ millions of additional revenue to meet 4¾ millions of additional expenditure, which the course of events has necessitated since 1884. It was achieved at the cost of absorbing the normal surplus of 2 millions, which it had been the settled policy of the Government to provide for famine and other contingencies; by direct taxation to the extent of 900,000*l.*; by curtailments of the resources of the Provincial Governments to the extent of half a million; by automatic improvement of revenue to the extent of a million. The strain was obviously excessive; still an equilibrium was attained. As matters have turned out, however, this equilibrium has been converted into a deficit of nearly 2½ millions. Of this excess, expenditure in Burmah accounts for 830,000*l.*; the fall of exchange below the Budget Estimate for 710,000*l.*; while the operations connected with a conversion of a portion of the sterling debt have involved the expenditure of a million. Opium and railways, which, between them, are 700,000*l.* worse than the Estimates, have been counterbalanced by improvements in other branches of revenue, and may be left out of the account. But it is obvious that a position, which was distressing enough at the outset, has been materially aggravated in the course of the year, and in particular that exchange has fallen more heavily, and the pacification of Burmah proceeded less easily, than the framers of the Budget hoped. With such a series of misfortunes staring them in the face, the Indian financiers can hardly venture to put forward their Budget Estimate as more than a rough guess at the probable financial result of the opening year, supposing that no one of various, scarcely improbable, contingencies occurs. Exchange has been taken at its present rate—namely, 1*s.* 4·9*d.* to the rupee—but there is no valid ground for supposing that its downward course during the last three years has been permanently arrested. The revenue from opium has received a blow, the effects of which will certainly be permanent, and may become still more serious; the Burmah Dacoits may easily outrun the allotment provided for their subjugation. Then there is the possibility, never remote, of famine, and the chance that we may have to do something more than prepare for war on the North-West Frontier. In the face of these alarming possibilities, the Indian Government continues its policy of railway development with sublime composure. It has spent more than 9½ millions during each of the last three years; 8 millions sterling more will be spent from borrowed capital during 1888; while three crores of rupees will be borrowed in India for various local undertakings. Such determination might be admired if the railways were a source of increasing income; but, owing to the fall in exchange, this prospect is remoter than ever. The following figures are given in the Secretary of State's memorandum as the result of the last few years:—

Net Charge 1884-5.	Net Charge 1885-6.	Net Charge 1886-7.	Estimate 1887-8.
£1,051,000	£731,000	£1,458,000	£1,589,000

As railways are worse than the estimate for 1887-8 by 400,000*l.*, it appears that their net charge in that year to the State was over 2 millions. A Government which, despite such a result and with the silver market in its present condition, resolves on borrowing 8 millions more for expenditure on railways in the coming year, does not certainly err on the side of over-caution.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

EVERYTHING combined to make the race of Saturday last as dull as any contest of the kind could be. The weather before and during the contest was gloomy and dispiriting in the extreme, the attendance was far below the average, and it was perfectly well known that, in the absence of accident, there was scarcely any chance of the Dark Blues winning. Their shortcomings and the marked superiority of their antagonists had been fully recognized, and though on one famous occasion the betting altogether failed to indicate the result of the race, it was felt that there was little chance of such a mistake being repeated, and that 4 to 1 meant conclusively that Cambridge must win. It is only fair to those who had to contend with them to say that they seemed anxious to save the spectators from trying suspense, and to remove all doubt about the race at the earliest possible moment. After a very fairly even start the Cambridge crew, pulling much better together than their rivals, shot ahead, whereupon the Oxford crew, sinning against all the traditions of Oxford rowing over the University course, put on a feverish spurt, and, rowing very quickly but short and badly, very slightly headed their antagonists for a brief space. The latter, after the flurry which is almost inseparable from a start, settled quietly and steadily down to their work, soon brought their boat up level with the other craft, headed her, passed her, and went away from her with scarcely more trouble than if they had been contending with a scratch crew. Long before Hammersmith Bridge was reached the race was decided, and in one respect it was fortunate that this was so. The mist, which was thick enough at Putney, was thicker still above Hammersmith; the steamers, owing to their machinery not having been used for some time, or to some other cause, went slowly, and could not keep up with the boats; and, during the latter portion of the race—if race it can be called—the Cambridge boat was absolutely invisible, and at one time it was excessively difficult to make out the boat of the Dark Blues, who were wearily toiling after their conquerors. Those writers who have described the whole match have spoken from the fulness of their imaginations, as did their predecessors some years ago, when copious accounts appeared of a race great part of which had not

... per thousand pounds upon Stock Exchange securities "to bearer." In principle the duty is open to no objection. Already all British industrial securities are taxed, and there is no reason in equity why the holders of foreign securities should be more favoured than the holders of British secutities. It is argued, however, that the duty will seriously damage what is called arbitrage business—that is, the buying of foreign securities abroad to sell them in London, and the buying in this country to sell abroad. Unless the price in this country is higher than abroad it is contended it will not be profitable to buy abroad for the purpose of selling here, and, if the price is ... profitable to buy at home for the ... would be a perfectly good ... high one; but one shill... it cannot have a ... unfair to impos... alike. For t... and Erie ... about 2... of Er...

is to meet the complain... Chancellor of the E... disputed that the ... agricultural de... whole burde... Within th... risen a... grow...

... further. ... &c., principally be... ...ary to get up very early in ...race, and this terrible fact gave ...n has never been cured. The effect ...after a time, apparent enough on the day ...shopboys at the West-End of London and the ...ceased to flaunt light and dark blue emblems, ...ly enough that the interest in what was once ...eat national event was waning sadly; and now the ...e East-End seem to be tiring of the contest which once ...ch unsurpassable attractions for them. The attendance on pre...day was poor, and there was comparatively little of the noisy enthusiasm which has often been shown, so that it certainly would seem as if even the people were failing at last.

THE REV. H. N. OXENHAM.

THE death of the Rev. Henry Nutcombe Oxenham has somewhat suddenly deprived literary and theological London of a characteristic figure. His spare frame, though slightly bent, did not seem to feel the weight of years; though he was a contemporary of Canon Liddon, he did not look it; and even among his friends there will be many to feel surprise that he had reached the age of fifty-eight. After a course at Harrow—where his father, the Rev. W. Oxenham, was second master—he became a Scholar of Balliol, and took his degree (in 1850) as Bachelor of Arts, with a Second Class *in literis humanioribus*. His ripe scholarship was the more remarkable inasmuch as his first thoughts were for theology even then, when he had already become a fervent Tractarian. At the Union he won, as a fluently persuasive speaker, a reputation he maintained in after life at meetings held to oppose the practice of vivisection or to promote the reunion of Christendom, once making an excursion into politics during the election for a Leicestershire division which returned to Parliament his attached friend, Mr. Edwin de Lisle. Ordained by Bishop Wilberforce in 1854, Mr. Oxenham had held two curacies, when, in 1857, he joined the Church of Rome. At first his thoughts turned towards the priesthood; he spent some time at the London Oratory, and afterwards he held the post of professor at St. Edmund's College, Ware, and later that of a master in Cardinal Newman's school at Birmingham. A prolonged visit to Germany, where he studied the language and literature, and where he began his intimacy with Dr. Dollinger, formed what may be called a sort of middle period in his life.

For the last thirty years he devoted himself to literary work, in some departments of which he was a master. Of the articles contributed to our own columns by his pen, some have been collected into two separate volumes, and others, too fugitive in subject for subsequent republication, will linger in many memories as examples of his bright, incisive style. Even those who differed with him could not but admire the ingenuity of his advocacy, his ready repartee, and his transparent sincerity. If his style was lucid, it was otherwise with his penmanship, which, for illegibility, could be ranked with Dean Stanley's. He had at least this much in common with Dr. Ward of the *Dublin Review*, whose handwriting was once described by Lord Tennyson as looking like "walking-sticks gone mad" That Mr Oxenham thought his own hieroglyphics plain as pikestaffs—to continue the Tennysonian comparison—was clear from the indignation with which he contemplated the crowd of misprints occurring whenever an unwary editor printed his MS. without first sending him proofs. His work for the press continued till within a few days of his death. On his table, beside his bed, were Mr. Augustus Trollope's Roman volumes, from which he had been refreshing his memory of the antecedents of Monsignor Campello. In last week's *Guardian* he had a long letter of protest against another correspondent's identification of Dr. Dollinger's principles with those of the Old Catholic Movement in its latest developments; and he wrote it, he said, as one who, with the single exception of Lord Acton, was perhaps more intimate than any other Englishman with the isolated theologian of Munich. Years ago Mr. Oxenham translated Dr. Döllinger's *First Age of the Christian Church*, dedicating it to Cardinal Newman, as one "whose illustrious name is alone a passport to the hearts, and a secure claim on the intellectual respect, of his countrymen." He translated also Bishop Hefele's *History of the Councils*. Beside these may well be placed his own books, *The Catholic Doctrine of the Atonement* and *Catholic Eschatology and Universalism*, both of them recognized as standards by English Churchmen and by Roman Catholics. In 1886 he appealed to a more general body of readers by his *Memoir of Lieutenant Rudolph de Lisle*, who was killed the previous year while fighting with the Royal Naval Brigade on the Upper Nile.

Mr. Oxenham's illness was of short duration. For an organic complaint an operation became necessary last week, and complications arose which gave him two days of suffering, ending ...n Friday afternoon. His sister was with him ...s in Addison Road, Kensington, as was also his ...d Father Lockhart, whom he summoned from St. ...'s, in Ely Place, Holborn. He received the last Sacra... ...f his Church, and bore his sufferings with entire resigna... At his own particular request *The Dream of Gerontius* ...read to him; and, when death came, he fell asleep into it. On Tuesday his body was laid to rest beside that of a favourite sister at Chislehurst.

THE EXETER MAGISTRATES AND THE EXETER FIRE.

THIS reply is about what might be expected from a body of local magistrates who could seriously issue a licence for a theatre built in open defiance of their own instructions. The most careful perusal of it does not enable us to discover a single point to justify their course of proceeding, and it is not too much to say that the attempts in that direction are as feeble and aimless as their inspection of the building. They say that "the Act 6 & 7 Vic. cap. 68, under which the licence is granted, contains no indication whatever that the magistrates are to consider the structural condition of the building," although it was made quite clear by evidence that, under that very Act, they had considered the structural condition of the building, had passed resolutions, given orders, made inspections, and, by means of the licence, accorded their approval. They then go on to say:—"It is obvious, even if they are to do so, that they must be governed mainly by the opinion of experts, and it is quite unreasonable to suppose that they are to be responsible for the experts' mistakes or errors in judgment." But all this is mere evasion, as public bodies, when dealing with technical subjects, invariably employ experts, and it would be difficult to imagine any case coming before a bench of magistrates in which the assistance of some one with skilled knowledge was more imperatively required. Indeed, we go so far as to say that, in a case of this kind, it is the duty of local authorities to employ skilled aid, and that they incur a very heavy responsibility to their fellow-citizens when they neglect to do so.

But in the case of Exeter it is to be observed that the magistrates made what they themselves called an inspection for the purpose of ascertaining whether their orders had been carried out, and that on that occasion they either saw or did not see that the stipulations which they had formally made had not been complied with. If they saw this, it was a most improper act to issue a licence, and so deceive the public; if they did not see it, we may well ask what manner of men they are who could walk over wooden floors, wooden stairs, wooden corridors and passages, look at partitions of lath and plaster or match-boarding, and believe that they are "all constructed of fire-resisting materials"; who could inspect a proscenium-wall which they had ordered to be "not less than 13 inches in thickness throughout, and to have only one opening into the orchestra," and to pass it as satisfactory, although it was only 9 inches in thickness at some parts and had two openings under the stage; who could examine the dressing-room partitions in the mezzanine floor, which were of light wood, and pass them as being of "brick and fireproof construction"; who could inspect the scene-dock, which had no separation whatever from the stage, and pass it as "separated by brick and fireproof construction"? But it is a mere wearisome repetition to go on with the details.

Will any one in his senses say that these are technical matters or difficult subjects requiring the assistance of experts? It is certain that there are technical points concerning the safety of theatres, and that in connexion with such points it is the duty of the licensing authority to obtain the advice of experts; but the matters we have mentioned can hardly be considered to rank under this category, and we cannot but feel that the local magistrates place themselves on a very low level when they claim exemption from responsibility on the ground that they did not understand the difference between a wooden floor and one of concrete, or between a matchboard partition and one of brick and fire-resisting materials, and on a still lower level if they mean to convey to the public that, with such an enormous responsibility on their shoulders, they hesitated to employ an expert. Indeed, it is only just to say that the evidence of their own surveyor made it abundantly clear that they had at their disposal at least one official who could have spared them all the odium they have incurred, and it must still remain for the bench of magistrates to explain to their fellow-citizens why they ventured in such a case to license the theatre without employing this official to examine the building and report to them about it. We have no hesitation in saying that, if they had done this, 127 lives would have been saved. When it is remembered that the Exeter magistrates are gentlemen of good local standing and position, a question naturally arises as to the way in which inspections are carried on and licences issued in other large cities perhaps less favourably situated with regard to the magisterial bench.

The next part of the local magistrates' reply is so interesting that we prefer to give it in their own words:—

The magistrates, however, are very strongly of opinion that they have no such responsibility cast upon them in regard to the structural condition of the building as is indicated by the Report, and in support of this opinion they would refer to p. 32 of the treatise by Mr. W. N. M. Geary, Barrister-at-Law, on the law relating to theatres, &c., published in 1885 by Messrs. Stevens & Sons of Chancery Lane.

Vide paragraphs 20, 213, 216 of Report. ...ndly. That it must be taken

and started at 50 to 1.
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requirements as a theatre, and for public safety, and, setting asi... ly out
claims, they selected as their architect Mr. C. J. Phipps, F.S.A.,
London, who had designed more than 42 theatres, 11 of them in London, under the sanction of the Lord Chamberlain and Metropolitan Board of Works, and who had special knowledge in this particular line, and the magistrates are informed that in no instance connected with theatres erected by him have the licensing authority deemed it necessary to require a further opinion as to the structural safety of the building before granting a licence.

This is delicious in its simplicity, and furnishes a key to the whole proceeding and its appalling results. If it had not been put in such plain words by the magistrates themselves, we should not have dared to impute to them a complete and absolute abdication of all the functions specially imposed on them by law in connexion with the licensing of theatres. The following extract is also in their own words:—

It may be contended that they placed too much reliance on others; but under the circumstances they would have taken a most unusual course had they insisted on being supplied with the opinion of some other experienced architect on the structure, &c., of the building before granting the licence. They had no reason to doubt in the slightest degree Mr. Phipps's competency, judgment, or *bona fides*.

Here is an instance of pure faith to which it would be difficult to find a parallel; but let us see what the Commissioner sent down by the Home Office has to say on the point. These are *his* words:—

It appears to me that the licensing magistrates either deceived themselves or were deceived, and that with the most ordinary care they ought to have discovered that, according to the rules which they themselves had adopted, the building was unfit to be licensed as a theatre.

The magistrates say that they "most deeply deplore the awful loss of life occasioned by the fire, but they submit that they cannot be held responsible for the defective state of the law with regard to the erection and supervision of theatres in the provinces," and they go on to ask that what they call "the provinces" may be brought under the provisions of certain Acts of Parliament, the very same which they made compulsory in their orders to the architect, but neglected to see carried out. The Commissioner on that occasion sent down by the Home Office has always stated in his writings and his evidence that, in his judgment, there was no need for a change in the law, and that what was wanted was simply knowledge and a sense of duty on the part of the licensing authority, and the reply recently given by Mr. Matthews to a question in the House of Commons appears to indicate that he holds a similar view.

We commend to the serious attention of all licensing authorities the concluding sentence of the Commissioner's Report, which is as follows:—

The saddest part of this matter is that no lesson of any kind has been taught by the event, as every one who has studied the subject, either theoretically or practically, knew beyond any possibility of a doubt what the whole action of the fire and smoke would be under such circumstances; and, moreover, the lessons and warnings of recent years had prepared all concerned for the terrible catastrophe precisely as it actually occurred.

We entirely agree with this, as far as it goes; but, for ourselves, we are inclined to go a little further now, and add that a still sadder picture is presented by the abnegation of responsibility and feebleness of argument on the part of the magistrates, and that no laws, however good, can be carried out on the principles, or want of principles, which form the basis of this reply. The Home Secretary has solemnly pronounced in his place in Parliament that there is no need for a change in the law—an opinion in which he is strongly supported by the Commissioner whom he sent to Exeter, by ourselves, and by many others—and, consequently, from this time forward licensing authorities will do well to realize their position with regard to theatres, and to make every effort in their power to prevent such severe censure as that passed by the Coroner's jury on the magistrates of Exeter.

In conclusion, we desire to say that theatres can be made safe, and ought to be made safe, and that those persons on whom the laws cast the responsibility of inspecting and licensing them will fail conspicuously in their duty, and deserve the severest reprehension, if they do not take the proper steps to have them made safe before allowing them to be opened for the reception of an audience.

THE BUDGET.

MR. GOSCHEN'S financial statement was less ambitious and sensational than the world made up its mind that it was to be; but it was exceedingly able and lucid, and showed a grasp of the intricate and complicated subjects dealt with as well as a mastery of detail seldom equalled. Before we proceed to the more interesting part of the speech, we may state briefly that the revenue for the year ending to-night was estimated at 89,589,000*l.*, being 1,454,000*l.* more than the Budget Estimates of twelve months ago. The increase is mainly due to the extraordinary productiveness of the Stamp-duties, which is a consequence chiefly of the death of three great capitalists within the year; but the business Stamp-duties also gave a larger yield, indicating a better condition

the winner of the Derby. Handicappers seem to have a high opinion of Gallinule, considering that he did not win a single race last year, as they place him within from 7 to 11 lbs. of the winner of the Derby, and from 3 to 8 lbs. above The Baron, who won more than 1,700*l.* in stakes in the course of the season. At Lincoln, too, he was put on even terms with Eiridspord, the winner of the Epsom Grand Prize, and with Gloriation, the winner of the Cambridgeshire. At Kempton Park he is esteemed 3 lbs. better than Timothy, who won nearly 4,000*l.* in stakes last season, and nearly 5,000*l.* the year before, and was bought for 4,000 guineas last autumn by so excellent a judge as Captain
est... Gallinule, it will be remembered, belonged formerly to
89,287,000*l.*, ... was sold last autumn for 5,100 guineas, at
growth in the Stamp-duty ... Everitt and the rest of the stud
stances, stamps cannot be expected ... own five-year-olds, Harpenden
year as in the year closing to-night, and ... at weight for age, some
be expected to be as productive, since the ... ger winners of last
in the new year at the rate of sevenpence in th... relative merits,
twelve months ago they were collected at the rate of ... Harpenden
the pound. Still, Mr. Goschen expects that the growth of ... of the pair.
and consequently of the other taxes, will so far make ... number by
falling off under those two heads that he anticipates a ... that he
within 302,000*l.* of that collected in the closing year. Th... the
penditure is estimated at 86,910,000*l.*—a decrease of 912,000*l.*
compared with the closing year. There is thus an estimated surplus of 2,377,000*l.* on the basis of existing taxation. As Mr. Ritchie stated last week, it is proposed in the new year to increase the grants in aid of local taxation by somewhat over a million. Next year, when the Local Government Bill comes into operation, the grants in aid are to be entirely withdrawn; licence duties are to be handed over to the local authorities; new licence duties are to be imposed, and there is to be a contribution of about a million and a half from personalty. But in the coming year these complete changes are not to be made; the grants in aid are to be continued, and only a portion of the contribution from personalty is to be given to the local authorities, amounting to 1,136,000*l.* Deducting this contribution from personalty from the surplus of 2,377,000*l.* estimated above, there remains a surplus of only 1,241,000*l.* Further, the Chancellor of the Exchequer remodels the Carriage-tax, by lightening the tax on the cheaper classes of carriages, which will involve a loss to the Exchequer of 30,000*l.* annually; he exempts from the Income-tax owners of land who farm their lands without profit, which will involve a loss of about 20,000*l.*, and he abolishes hawkers' licences, involving a loss of about 25,000*l.*, the three exemptions involving a loss to the Exchequer of 75,000*l.* The surplus is thus brought down to 1,166,000*l.* On the other hand, the Succession-duty is increased in the case of lineals from 1 per cent. to 1½ per cent., which will be a gain to the Exchequer of 50,000*l.*, whereby the surplus is once more raised to 1,216,000*l.*, and one or two other slight changes bring it up to 1,227,000*l.* A certain portion of this surplus, however, is clearly necessary to provide against contingencies during the year, and the real amount which the Chancellor of the Exchequer can dispose of is only about a million. To take a penny off the Income-tax, which Mr. Goschen proposes, it is necessary, therefore, to find new taxes amounting to about 550,000*l.*, as the loss to the Exchequer in the year by a reduction of a penny in the Income-tax is estimated at about 1,550,000*l.* By making the Stamp-law more stringent he expects to get 50,000*l.* a year more from the existing Stamp-duties. Then he imposes a duty of one pound per thousand on the issue of new Companies, and on new issues of existing Companies, which is expected to yield 110,000*l.*; next he proposes a tax of five shillings per dozen on all bottled wine, which is expected to yield 125,000*l.*; further he raises the Stamp-duty upon contract notes from a penny to sixpence, which is expected to give 50,000*l.*; and, lastly, he proposes a duty of one shilling per annum on the nominal value of all securities "to bearer," which are now circulated without having paid the stamp of ten shillings per cent. The effect would be that such stocks would not pass as good delivery unless they bore the *ad valorem* stamp. This is calculated to yield 200,000*l.* The whole of these new taxes are thus estimated to give 535,000*l.* a year. The surplus is thereby raised to 1,762,000*l.*, which enables the Chancellor of the Exchequer to take a penny from the Income-tax, involving a loss of 1,550,000*l.*, and there is left a final estimated surplus of 212,000*l.*

There will be little difference of opinion as to the propriety of most of these changes. With a surplus of over two millions to dispose of, it is clear that Income-taxpayers have a right to demand relief. The Income-tax falls with very great severity, as Mr. Goschen justly observed, upon the lower middle classes, and especially upon professional men, whose incomes die with them—indeed, whose incomes in many cases are dependent upon their health. It is not just that a high rate of Income-tax should, under those circumstances, be kept up unless some great reform in our fiscal system is to be carried out, or unless the country is engaged in war. The Income-tax properly ought to be reserved for cases of emergency. In ordinary times its rate ought to be low. Every one will agree, therefore, that a remission of a penny in the Income-tax is right, and few will dispute also that the costlier and choicer wines are fit subjects for taxation. No doubt the wine-growers abroad and their Governments will remonstrate; but, as Mr. Goschen pertinently observed on Monday evening, our remonstrances with foreign Governments in matters of taxation are not attended to so courteously as to make us very regardful of foreign remonstrance in such a matter. So, again, preventing evasion of existing Stamp-duties is decidedly right; as is the moderate tax that is placed upon new issues. There will be more discussion, probably, regarding the proposed stamp of a

shilling per thousand pounds upon Stock Exchange securities "to bearer." In principle the duty is open to no objection. Already all British industrial securities are taxed, and there is no reason in equity why the holders of foreign securities should be more favoured than the holders of British securities. It is argued, however, that the duty will seriously damage what is called arbitrage business—that is, the buying of foreign securities abroad to sell them in London, and the buying in this country to sell abroad. Unless the price in this country is higher than abroad, it is contended it will not be profitable to buy abroad for the purpose of selling here, and, if the price is higher, it will not be profitable to buy at home for the purpose of selling abroad. This would be a perfectly good argument if the tax proposed were a high one; but one shilling per cent. is so very small a duty that it cannot have a very material effect. It does, however, seem unfair to impose a uniform tax upon cheap and dear securities alike. For the sake of illustration, let us take New York Central and Erie shares. The former is quoted about 108, the latter about 24. If the same amount of tax is to be paid by the holder of Eries as by the holder of New York Centrals, the former practically pays more than four times as much as the latter in proportion to the actual selling value of the property. We would respectfully ask the Chancellor of the Exchequer, therefore, to consider whether the duty should not be upon the consideration money, and not upon the nominal value. No doubt there would be more difficulty in collecting the tax, and probably it would involve greater cost, but it would remove the only real argument that can be brought against the proposal. In itself the principle of taxing foreign securities equally with home securities is right; but a right principle may be made odious if the tax falls more heavily upon some taxpayers than upon others. To a certain extent the same objection applies to the uniform duty of sixpence upon contract-notes; but it may further be pointed out that, unless brokers are required to furnish a separate contract-note for each transaction, the raising of the duty is not likely to bring the gain to the Exchequer which Mr. Goschen anticipates. Probably, however, when the text of the proposal is made public, it will be found that this matter has been provided for.

So far we have been dealing with national finance alone; but Mr. Goschen devoted a large part of his statement to local finance. It was incumbent on him, of course, to make provision for the new local authorities about to be called into existence, and for the changes which are to be made by the Local Government Bill, and in doing this he was obliged to discuss the whole question. It will be in the recollection of our readers that, when the County Councils come into existence, it is proposed to withdraw 2,600,000*l.* of grants in aid which are now made. On the other hand, it is proposed to hand over nearly three millions of existing licences, chiefly publicans' licences, but also what Mr. Goschen calls "establishment licences," and dog, gun, and game licences, and the Carriage-tax. The local revenues will gain by the change nearly 400,000*l.* a year; but the increased expenditure of the local authorities is estimated at about three millions, so that it is necessary to find an additional revenue of about 2,600,000*l.* This is done, firstly, by handing over one-half the Probate-duties of England and Wales—roughly about a million and a half. This is a tax imposed upon realized personal property, and it is the form which Mr. Goschen considers to be the best for carrying out the demand that personal property should contribute to the rates. Then new licences are to be imposed, amounting altogether to 840,000*l.* We need not remind our readers that in the coming year only one-third of the Probate-duty is handed over. We are now dealing, however, with local finance, not with the Imperial Budget, and with local finance as it will be affected in April 1889, when the Local Government Bill comes into operation. Then one-half of the Probate-duty will be handed over to the local authorities. In addition, as we have said, new licences, amounting to 840,000*l.*, are immediately to be imposed. In the first place, a duty of 1*l.* upon every vehicle exceeding 10 cwt. in weight is proposed, agricultural carts used for husbandry purposes being excepted. Secondly, a duty upon wheels is imposed of five shillings for two-wheeled carts and ten shillings for four-wheeled carts. These two duties together are expected to yield 300,000*l.* per annum. Then, the Horse-duty is revived, amounting to 1*l.* on pleasure horses, brood mares and colts being exempted, while racehorses will have to pay 5*l.*, and horse-dealers will pay a composition duty of 15*l.* per annum. The Horse-duty is estimated to yield 540,000*l.*, which, with the Wheel and the Cart duties, raises the whole of these new licences to 840,000*l.* It is to be understood that no part of the proceeds of these licences goes into the national Exchequer; they will be handed over to the local authorities, even in the new year. It is a question that interests ratepayers, therefore, and not taxpayers. It seems manifestly fair that those who use the roads should contribute to their maintenance, and heavy vehicles, such as brewers' drays and railway vans, do cut up the roads very seriously, while even owners of light carts ought in all equity to contribute more than mere pedestrians. So far the new proposals will hardly be contested, but there will probably be more opposition raised by the proposal to revive the Horse-duty. It is a duty, however, on pleasure horses alone, and it is one of the ways by which the demands of the agricultural community that personalty should contribute to the rates can be best satisfied. There is no question that farmers grumble very seriously when a great capitalist from London takes a fine mansion and keeps horses and carriages, and yet contributes to the rates only according to the rateable value of his house, and doubtless it is to meet the complaint upon this head that the proposal of the Chancellor of the Exchequer is made. Nor can it be seriously disputed that the complaint is justified. In these days of grievous agricultural depression it is not possible to go on throwing the whole burden of local government in the rural districts upon land. Within the last twenty years, Mr. Goschen showed, rates have risen about 60 per cent. In the future they are not likely to grow more slowly. But, on the face of it, it is inequitable that the whole of this growing burden should be borne by one kind of property. Agriculture is still the greatest of English industries, and as such has a claim to the greatest consideration from Parliament. But there is something more at stake. The vast immigration from the rural districts to the towns is becoming a serious national danger. Everything which tends to check it is to be welcomed. And fiscal changes which relieve the agricultural employer and impose upon personal property, if not a full, at least a material, share of the cost of local government, do tend to check it.

RACING AND STEEPLECHASING.

THICK indeed must have been the greatcoat that kept out the cutting wind on the Monday at Lincoln, and to make matters worse, the majority of backers lost their money on the Batthyany Stakes, as Mr. Naylor's Fulmen, who won the race by two lengths, was only fourth favourite. The old horse must have a strong partiality for this course, since he has won races on no others for six years. Last year he ran nine times and was unplaced on every occasion. It was no wonder, therefore, that he now started at 12 to 1; the marvel was that he should win, and under a respectable weight, too. On the second day, the Brocklesby Stakes, of 1,034*l.*, the first important two-year-old race of the season, was won easily by the Duke of Portland's good-looking and heavily engaged colt, Donovan, who, like Fulmen, the hero of the previous day, is by Galopin. The bulk of the field was generally considered very second-rate, so we shall want to see Donovan beat a better class of opponents before we can venture to call him a first-rate colt. It was rather curious that on the day of the Brocklesby Stakes two races should have been won by Parga, who was *lame*. Instances of races having been won by lame horses, however, have not been so rare as might be supposed. Theodore was so lame on the day on which he won the St. Leger that when he came on the course his jockey is said to have cried at the prospect of riding such a cripple. Nevertheless, a lame filly's winning two races in one day was extraordinary.

There was a great improvement in the weather on the third day at Lincoln, but it was so unexpected that the attendance was by no means large. Oberon, the winner of the Lincolnshire Handicap of last year, was now made first favourite. He is a well-bred little horse, being by Galopin out of Wheel of Fortune. As a yearling he was bought for 2,500 guineas at Lord Falmouth's famous sale, and he was sold last autumn by "Mr. Manton" to "Mr. Wardour" (how weary we are of these stupid assumed names) for 1,700 guineas. He is a neat, well-shaped horse, with a great deal of quality, but some people object to him on the ground that he turns his toes in a little. "Mr. Childwick's" Harpenden, who was carrying the heaviest weight in the race, was also much fancied, as many people still cling to the idea that he is one of the best horses in training. On public form there was much to be said for the chance of Gloriation, who had a splendid record last season, when he was the first to pass the winning-post in nine races out of ten, his winnings amounting to but little short of 6,000*l.* His only conqueror of last year, Lady Muncaster, who was now meeting him on 3 lbs. better terms, also seemed to have some right to favouritism, although it was said that she was scarcely fit. Tommy Tittlemouse, a hard-working and useful old plater, was considered favourably treated at 6 st. 6 lbs., as well he might be, since he was receiving no less than 2 st. 5 lbs. from Harpenden. But it would be weary work to go through the long list of horses (many of them but half-trained) that found their way into the betting. The handicap gave rise to a great deal of gambling, and it was what is generally known as a good betting race, which means a race in which professional bookmakers are able to make large profits at the expense of amateurs. Many horses were backed when their owners had not the least intention of starting them; and there were rather more than less of the usual fictitious stories of private trials and "owners' intentions." After Fulmen's unlooked-for victory on the Monday, there was a rush to back his owner's horse, Royal Rose, for the Lincolnshire Handicap; he at once sprang from 100 to 1 to 16 to 1, and at the post he was backed at 10 to 1. He had run half a dozen times without winning last year; but he was a five-year-old carrying only 6 st. 3 lbs., and Fulmen also had lost all his races last season, so backers made up their minds that he was a "good thing," and plunged accordingly. As soon as the field had started, Tyrone, an outsider, made the running to within a hundred yards of the judge's box. Oberon, it is said, was nearly knocked down by Hugo, and he never took a prominent part in the race. Harpenden, who had been almost an equal favourite with Oberon, was beaten very early; so, too, were Gloriation and the much-vaunted Royal Rose. Isobar ran well throughout the greater part of the race; but he gave way at the critical moment. Thunderstorm, who had gone back in the betting on the strength of a report that he had lately broken a bloodvessel, did better, being in the struggle almost to the end. The winner was Mr. W. J. Legh's Veracity, a horse that had run

ten times unsuccessfully last season, and started at 50 to 1. It is but fair to say that he had been a very fair two-year-old, winning eight races out of ten at that age, when he is said to have been purchased for 2,000 guineas. In the Lincolnshire Handicap he reached Tyrone's quarters below the distance, and a good race followed between the pair, Veracity staying the longest and winning by half a length. It is probable that Thunderstorm might have been third if his jockey had not eased him when he found he could not be second. As it was, Lobster beat him by a head. Backers and Turf prophets were terribly out of it, for odds varying from 25 to 50 to 1 had been laid at the start against each of the first four horses that passed the winning post.

The next day, the first of the Liverpool Spring Meeting, Veracity came out again for the Prince of Wales's Plate, and as he had a stone extra to carry, he was overweighted; but he might have been third if he had been persevered with. When, however, his jockey found he could not win, he gave up pressing him, and Tommy Tittlemouse, who had been fifth to him at Lincoln, passed him. Nevertheless, his performance under his extra weight was sufficient to show that his victory in the Lincolnshire Handicap was no fluke. The race was won by Lisbon, who had been purchased in the winter for 1,000 guineas, a considerable part of which was now repaid by the stakes. Veracity's running with Tommy Tittlemouse in this race, with 3 lbs. the worst of the weights, looked as if the owner of the last-named horse would have lost the match which he was anxious to make between the pair for 1,000*l.* a side. This was confirmed on Tuesday last by Veracity's easy victory over Tommy Tittlemouse in the Nottingham Spring Handicap. Mr. J. Houldsworth's Gazelle, a two-year-old filly by Springfield, that had run a bad fourth two days earlier for the Brocklesby Stakes, now beat a field of nine for the Molyneux Stakes, a race worth 949*l.* The result of this race was a terrible blow to those who place their faith in private trials, as two of the competitors were understood to have been tried at home to be superior to the second and third in the Brocklesby Stakes, in which race Gazelle was unplaced; yet now Gazelle beat the reputed conquerors of her own conquerors by several lengths. On the day of the Grand National, the Sefton Park Plate for two-year-olds, a race worth about 500 guineas, was won in a canter by Lord Rodney's chestnut filly Spoleta, by Hermit out of Villafranca. She had lately been purchased from Captain Machell, who bought her last year at the Blankney sale for 350 guineas.

It was pretty generally admitted that the field of twenty horses that went to the post for the Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase was a poor one, and it was voted a dull and uninteresting affair. Mr. Gubbins's Usna, who had never been beaten, and "Mr. E. Wardour's" Chancellor were the leading favourites. There were no false starts, and the field went away at a strong pace, clearing the two first fences without difficulty. At the open ditch Lord Cholmondeley's The Fawn fell, and Kinfauns, as well as a horse belonging to the owner of Usna, refused. The rest got safely over Beecher's Brook; but Cork dropped his hind legs into Valentine's Brook and came down. Usna held the lead when they got on the racecourse. At the first of the new thorn fences on the flat, Bellona rolled over; and, after leaving the racecourse the second time for "the country," Trap fell heavily, and either broke or dislocated his rider's collar-bone. Half a mile further on, Chancellor, one of the first favourites, was hopelessly beaten; and just before reaching Valentine's Brook, Usna, the other favourite, wrenched his shoulder, and not only lost his own chance, but, in swerving from the course, pushed Frigate considerably out of her line. The Prince of Wales's representative, Magic, was going well in the front rank as the horses entered the racecourse for the last time; but he was beaten in the long gallop over the flat. When they came to the two last fences, Baron Schroder's Savoyard had taken the lead, and the race seemed to be in his hands. In jumping the thorn fence, however, he solemnly toppled over and came down on his head. Lord Rodney's Ringlet was now left in command—an empty honour, as she was utterly pumped out, and tiring at every stride. There was more strength left in Frigate, in spite of the ground she had lost through Usna's running her out of the course, and she soon overhauled Ringlet. She had already run second twice for the Grand National, and now victory seemed at last within her grasp; but her effort in making up lost ground had taken a great deal out of her, and Mr. E. W. Baird's black gelding, Playfair, crept up as she went at the last fence. There was a struggle for a few strides on the run in, and then two or three cuts of the whip put Playfair in front, and the 40 to 1 outsider won by ten lengths.

A thorough study of the Spring handicaps is almost essential to a racing man, for they may be said to present a summary of the form of the preceding year. They ought to be examined in full, apart from the question of acceptances, although the latter should receive a careful scrutiny in due course. The handicapper at Kempton Park paid the winner of last year's Derby no compliment in considering him 10 lbs. below Minting, in addition to weight for age, and this estimate is quite supported by popular opinion; for few people think that Merry Hampton could have won a Derby in a good year. In relation to his old opponent, The Baron, he was placed at an interval of 10 lbs. at Lincoln, 14 lbs. at Epsom, and as much as 18 lbs. both at Kempton Park and Leicester, which shows that racing authorities differ in their opinions as to the respective merits of the two horses. Kilwarlin, the winner of the St. Leger, is handicapped on about equal terms with the winner of the Derby. Handicappers seem to have a high opinion of Gallinule, considering that he did not win a single race last year, as they place him within from 7 to 11 lbs. of the winner of the Derby, and from 3 to 8 lbs. above The Baron, who won more than 1,700*l.* in stakes in the course of the season. At Lincoln, too, he was put on even terms with Eiridspord, the winner of the Epsom Grand Prize, and with Gloriation, the winner of the Cambridgeshire. At Kempton Park he is esteemed 3 lbs. better than Timothy, who won nearly 4,000*l.* in stakes last season, and nearly 5,000*l.* the year before, and was bought for 4,000 guineas last autumn by so excellent a judge as Captain Machell. Gallinule, it will be remembered, belonged formerly to Lord Ailesbury, and was sold last autumn for 5,100 guineas, at the same time that the notorious Everitt and the rest of the stud went to the hammer. The well-known five-year-olds, Harpenden and Gay Hermit, were thought to be, at weight for age, some 4 or 5 lbs. inferior to the Derby and St. Leger winners of last year; but handicappers differed as to their relative merits, those at Lincoln and Kempton Park considering Harpenden and those at Epsom Gay Hermit slightly the best of the pair. Thunderstorm showed such unexpected form last November by beating fields of sixteen both at Derby and Manchester that he was treated as a good horse in the Spring handicaps; yet the compilers were not quite agreed about him, as he was made to give Gallinule 4 lbs. at Epsom, whereas he was to receive 3 lbs. from that horse at Newmarket and Kempton Park. For the long Metropolitan course, Humewood, the winner of last year's Cesarewitch, was very properly given the post of honour at the top of the handicap, 5 lbs. above The Cob. Then came Quilp, as to whose merits the handicappers at Epsom and Chester differ to the extent of 11 lbs., as he was placed 8 lbs. below The Cob at the former meeting and 3 lbs. above him for the Cup at the latter. It only remains to be said that, if any of the Spring handicaps should prove failures, the blame ought to be laid on the weather, which has interfered so much with trainers, rather than on the handicappers.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

A BEETHOVEN Symphony, wherever it may come in the programme, is always the kernel of an orchestral entertainment. The No. 4 in B flat, placed at the end of the last Crystal Palace concert, was given, not only without any signs of impatience or weariness on the part of the musicians, but with a brio and vigour which, in the last movement at any rate, surpassed all their efforts in the previous numbers. Most people consider this Finale the important division of the Symphony, and it is unquestionably difficult to render it with a fitting effect of enthusiasm. It was firmly and incisively played, however, without dragging of the time or confusion in the utterance of the rapid and brilliant passages. The intelligent breadth of phrasing necessary to give point and unity to the performance was by no means lacking on Saturday. As in the last so in the first movement, a broad marked style of melody seems to draw the mind through all sorts of beauties and details from one main point of rest and contrast to another. In fact, in this work Beethoven had fallen into his favourite style of composing in phrases of wide and even flight—a style he interrupted at times, as in the C minor Symphony, by shorter and more abrupt kinds of utterance. Though the "Allegro Vivace" of the Fourth Symphony swings, so to speak, on a long pendulum, the connexion of its parts should be very clearly discerned in a good performance, for its melodies are large, simple, kindred in character, and suitably instrumented. Thanks to Mr. Manns's good offices, and to the intelligence and energy of his orchestra, the unity and beauty of the work were not likely to be lost to any one. The first and last movements were the best done, and if there was a fault, it lay in an occasional tendency to an even and heavy hammering in the fortes. The slow movement seemed a little too smart in expression, perhaps somewhat hurried, and scarcely graceful and pathetic enough. The "Trauermarsch" (Siegfried's Death), from the *Götterdämmerung*, is one of the selections from Wagner's works most welcome at a concert. Fairly comprehended, and played with spirit, it produced its usual effect of rich picturesqueness and bold and stirring contrast both of theme and of orchestration. An imposing grandeur of sentiment, fortunately simple and easily felt, is given by the admirable distribution of the orchestra to the subjects treated. Of course Mr. Wingham's Overture No. 4 in F cannot take rank with works of such colossal mould and deep science as the foregoing; but, placed as it was at the beginning of the concert, its bright tunefulness and sympathetic use of old forms were by no means unacceptable. More is promised at the outset, perhaps, than is carried out; for the themes, though melodious, are treated in a vein of hardly original invention.

The part of the concert devoted to soloists was made interesting by the playing of a lady whom, considering her sex, it might be rude to call a veteran of the violin. Mme. Norman-Neruda's performance possesses a moving quality, a perfectly unaffected simplicity, and a rich satisfying tone, which makes one forget many a good violinist of later arrival. She is a player who exhibits what is called charm in a higher degree than musicians with a broader and more masculine style. What she played on Saturday suited her manner to a nicety. Viotti's Concerto (No. 22) in A minor is music of an old sort, quiet in emotion. The passionate emo-

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tions are those most in fashion since Beethoven, and players of to-day generally render them more satisfactorily than classic grace, quaint stateliness, or quiet dignity. Mme. Norman-Neruda fully proved that there is no need to be cold because you are not treating the wild and fervid, and that other sentiments than passion and mystery find a touching and legitimate expression in art. She played the Adagio, in particular, with a simplicity and justness of expression and a beauty and purity of tone that are seldom surpassed. Later on she gave Nardini's "Larghetto" with exquisite sweetness, and Paganini's "Perpetuo Mobile" with admirable clearness and steadiness of technique which did not exclude a method of phrasing full of intelligence and meaning. Miss Anna Russell—a pupil, we believe, of the Royal College of Music—made her first appearance as a singer at these concerts. She sang a little timidly in Weber's "Although a Cloud," from *Der Freischütz*, but she gave proof of a nice sentiment and a pleasantly refined method. Without the orchestra her voice produced more effect, and her rendering of Mendelssohn's songs, "Greeting" and "A Maiden's Thought," was full of tenderness and delicacy.

SOCIAL SULKING AND SOCIAL BOYCOTTING.

PERSONS who move in the dim and unoccupied spaces of what used to be society have discovered that society has ceased to exist. There are factions mutually intolerant and exclusive, but society properly there is none. It has gone to that limbo filled by the serpents of Iceland and the manners of the barbarous tribe which possessed only customs. Political alienations have cooled personal friendships and dissolved acquaintanceships, converting a benevolent neutrality into a malignant partisanship. Good temper was once the characteristic of English politics, but it has been soured. There used in former days to be Whig houses and Tory houses. There were Lady Hollands and Lady Jerseys. But Whigs were found in Tory houses and Tories were found in Whig houses, not disguised nor liable to expulsion if detected, but in their true character. Now very little of this is to be seen. Even the common or neutral ground on which people once met is left void. It is deserted, barren as the sacred field of a heathen temple. People who once were glad to greet each other now stay away from their old haunts lest by chance they should encounter. The fall of the French Empire, in deposing Paris from its rank as a capital of pleasure, had helped to make London a centre of European society. But this state of things has been changed by the events of the past three years. No guest can be comfortable in a house in which the hosts are quarrelling, in which they occupy separate apartments, in which they do not speak if they meet, and do not meet if they can help it. This for the moment is the condition of society in the English capital.

People who have known London for more than half a century testify that the social alienation produced by political divisions is profounder and more general than they have before witnessed. At the time of the repeal of the Corn-laws there were heart-burnings and estrangements. The intimate friends of yesterday were the distant acquaintances of to-day and the complete strangers of to-morrow. Sir George Lewis somewhere expresses the opinion that a state of things had arrived, a slight aggravation of which might have produced in the English House of Commons something like the Sumner outrage of the United States Senate; and the champion of the agricultural interest would have been found, not in Mr. Disraeli, but in some protectionist Brooks. A century ago Burke renounced on political grounds the friendship of Fox, and angrily desired to be set down when he found that the Parliamentary colleague who had given him a lift in his carriage homewards from the House was "one of those people"—that is to say, took the Fox view of the French Revolution. But Burke's temper was as unique and as dominating as his genius, and the two were so fused together that it was not always as easy as in the case just recited to say when his temper spoke and when his genius. In the House of Commons, which lacks a Burke, matters have not reached this length. The old and the new Liberals—Hartingtonians and Gladstonians—exhibit a decorum which was not always displayed by the old and new Whigs. The rival chiefs do not attack each other as Walpole and Pulteney did; but it may be doubted whether they exchange the mutual chaff and the bets with which the orthodox and the dissentient Liberal of the eighteenth century relieved their public encounters. Walpole's false concord—his *nulli pallescere culpa*—is nearly as celebrated as Burke's false quantity; but, though Mr. Gladstone occasionally quotes Latin, he is not a betting man, and, if he were, Lord Hartington is scarcely the person to challenge his grammar, nor Mr. Reginald Palgrave the authority to whom the dispute might be referred. There is more decorum—when Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Tim Healy keep their seats and hold their tongues—but there are probably a deeper distrust and alienation than have before divided statesmen who were once colleagues. The passion is cold, but it is not for that the less keen.

In the earlier days of English party history personal rancour had but a small part in the conflicts of Parliament. Public life was a kind of aristocratic game, with the administration of the State for its prize, and though Whigs and Tories gave and received ugly knocks and got occasionally kicked and trampled upon in the scramble, there was, as a rule, no more ill-feeling than exists between the two sides at a match of football, played according to the Rugby game. Now, we fear, a different state of mind prevails. Perhaps politicians are more in earnest. Perhaps in some cases they are only more Pharisaic. Mr. Gladstone's conversion to Separatism is so strange that, if it is not due to a supernatural illumination on his part, a sort of on-the-road-to-Damascus miracle, it will suggest the manœuvre of a practised tactician who saw that eighty-five Irish votes were in the market and was resolved to have them at any price. Between the men who believe in the miraculous convert and the men who believe in the political schemer, to whom eighty-five Irish birds in the old Parliamentary hand are worth more than twice that number of English birds in the bush, there cannot be much cordiality. The man who thinks Mr. Gladstone an inspired political prophet and the man who regards him as an ingenious and unscrupulous political adventurer feel that they are better apart. The degree of their present estrangement is measured by their former intimacy. Each is to the other a sort of Banquo's Ghost—an uncomfortable spectral phenomenon; the outward semblance of the man—his look, his bearing, and his clothes—without the inner reality to which they once addressed himself. A stranger is masquerading, not only in the habit, but in the flesh and blood, of an old friend; and the superficial familiarity makes the interior strangeness the more complete. Short of this degree of distrust, the feeling that issues have been raised affecting, not only the future greatness and life of England, but the most vital principles of personal conduct, is enough to explain the division which politics have carried into society. Between believers in the peremptory obligation of the Ten Commandments and believers in their optional and conditional character, between those who would maintain and those who assail the integrity of the Empire, drawing-room and dinner-table civilities are difficult. That basis of common conviction and sentiment which has hitherto lain beneath the widest divergence of English politics is wanting. Apart from it there cannot be profitable variety of opinion; and even the easy interchange of thought or talk on things indifferent becomes a task. Each is conscious of a haunting secret. Perhaps this ought not to be so; but of a certainty in innumerable cases it is so. The result is social sulking and social boycotting.

CONCERTS.

THE concert given by the South Kensington Ladies' Choir at Prince's Hall, under the conductorship of Mrs. A. O'Leary, in aid of the funds of the South London Fine Art Gallery and Free Library, proved a decided success. The choir, which has been most carefully trained by Mrs. O'Leary, was supported by Miss Alice Gomes, whose charming rendering of Pergolesi's "Tre Giorni," and F. Clay's "She wandered down the mountain-side," received the enthusiastic applause it deserved. Miss Emily Skinner, who was unavoidably absent through indisposition, was represented by Miss Lucy Riley, who played an "Adagio" from Max Bruch's violin concerto in G Minor, and two of Brahms's Hungarian Dances very creditably. The choir were at their best in three trios for female voices by Brahms, which were very effectively accompanied by Messrs. Standen and Mann on the horns. Especially good was the last trio, a composition which needs much careful singing and strict attention to the lights and shades of expression. One or two members of the choir showed that with a little more study they would be able to take their places among the solo singers of the concert stage of the future with credit.

FANCY IN NUBIBUS.

"O! it is pleasant (and 'tis done with ease
When months have passed, so quickly memory flies)
To make a chat at Clouds mean what you please,
And let your easily persuaded eyes
See serious projects issuing from the mould
Of playful converse; or, with head bent low
And wits askew, find villanies untold
Preparing; then, an agitator, go
From stump to stump through noisy Paddyland,
Till, crammed with blarney, and with closed sight
To facts, all pikestaff-plain, on every hand,
By one idea possessed all day and night,
At last this fiction-bubble huge you see
Rise like the swelling of soap-suddery."

Thus, or to very much the same effect,
In gist and substance so—or nearly so—
Sang Coleridge, in a sonnet I select
As one which you, a poet, ought to know.
How great wits jump! How seems this casual lay
Of that poetic Proteus to belong
To you and your adventures! None would say
That you take step for step with him in song—
That were too much: no "Ancient Mariner"
Floats through your brain, or in your bosom swells.
I do not think that you are destined, sir,
To witch the world with other "Christabels."
But "Fancy!" and "in nubibus." Ah! there
You and our Coleridge make a perfect pair.

What saw you in that retrospect of Clouds?
Less bright is yours than Coleridge's *mirage*.
Dungeons and manacles—nay, tombs and shrouds—
Planks for all bed, skilly *pour tout potage*,
And wasting forms of patriots affront
Your shuddering gaze; for such the vision stern
That your strange colloquy, good Mr. Bl-nt,
With Mr. B-lf-r gave you to discern;
Such, and more dread than such—the despot's glee
Who counts his scalps the Castle's walls within,
And, gaol-report in hand, smiles fiendishly
Over th' unfavourable bulletin.
These were the *nubes* which your fancy, freed
From sense's trammels, traversed—dark indeed!

Yet did that retrospect of Clouds disclose
Something more marvellous and fraught with awe
Than, gazing on the ever-shifting shows
Of Heaven amid his courtiers, Hamlet saw.
Grotesque, or so it pleased the Prince to feign,
Seemed him the nebulous shapes his eye that met,
Nor to the deference of the Chamberlain
Appeared they less fantastical; and yet
How feeble was that fancy which espied
Only the camel o'er the welkin sail!
How dull that glance that in the clouds descried
But the lean weasel and the floundering whale,
When you in such piled vapours of the air
Found the weird Nest of the Mysterious Mare!

REVIEWS.

EARLY ART IN IRELAND.*

MISS MARGARET STOKES is already well known to students of Christian archæology as one of the chief living writers on the antiquities of Ireland, and as an able fellow-worker many years ago with the late Lord Dunraven in his researches on the same subject. It is also to Miss Stokes that we owe the very useful English edition of Didron's *Christian Iconography*, consisting of various scattered papers which were collected and published under her direction in a convenient form two years ago.

We are glad that so able an antiquary has undertaken for Ireland a work similar to that which Dr. Anderson has done so well for Scotland. The purely Irish origin of the early Christian art of Scotland and a great part of England gives a special importance and interest to Miss Stokes's subject, illustrating as it does the history of art development in Britain. It is only by the most careful selection of examples and by a good system of classification that Miss Stokes has been able successfully to deal with so large a subject within the narrow limits of this little book of two hundred pages, the highly concentrated interest of which makes one wish that the author may some day produce a much larger work on the same subject—including, as it does, such very different classes of art as illuminated MSS., metal-work, sculpture, and architecture.

A very valuable feature in Miss Stokes's book is the tabulated list which she gives (p. 298) of the various works of art of all classes to which dates, either exact or approximate, can be given. These dated MSS., pieces of jewelry, buildings, or whatever they are, each form a fixed point of knowledge, which enables the antiquary to arrive at a probable chronological arrangement of the other and more numerous undated examples of each class.

In considering this chronological table, one of the most striking points is the very extraordinary technical perfection and complicated beauty attained by the Irish scribes as early as the seventh century A.D. No words can adequately describe the decorative richness and the mechanical perfection of such illuminations as those which so thickly crowd the Book of Kells in the Trinity College Library at Dublin, or the Gospels of St. Chad now in the Chapter Library at Lichfield. The ingenious intricacy of the various interlaced patterns are not only æsthetically beautiful, but give one also a sort of intellectual pleasure, akin to that derived from a clever mathematical problem, when one traces the unerring accuracy with which the various strands of the design cross and wind and knot with one another without a false line or an impossible plait occurring anywhere. One thing is clear about these marvellous patterns, and that is that they were produced by men who were themselves familiar with the working of gold jewelry; motives of ornament, clearly derived from gold wire twisted into complicated patterns, are very frequent in the MSS.; and these very patterns are to be seen in some of the no less wonderful jewelry of early Celtic times. In the art of prehistoric Greece exactly the same interchange of motives is to be seen; designs which grew naturally out of the technique of one art were copied in another and quite different class of work. Thus, for example, we see the wire spirals of the jeweller reproduced in the stone reliefs of Mycenæ and Orchomenos, and at Tiryns on the walls of the ancient palace were paintings in which every detail, down to the semblance of a fringe along the border, was copied from loom patterns or woven stuffs.

The fact is that man of all ages and of all countries, while passing through a similar stage of artistic development, is led, not only to use the same methods of execution, but even to produce the most closely similar designs. Certain combinations of spirals, repeated in geometrical patterns of almost exactly the same type, occur on the gold bosses of pre-Homeric Mycenæ, on many pages of seventh and eighth century Irish MSS., and among the ornaments of the pre-historic races of Northern America—a curious proof of the general sameness of the human brain and of the strong tendency which the peculiarities or necessities of certain handicrafts have to suggest certain forms of decoration to the mind of the worker. One peculiarity of the early Celtic illuminations is the absence of gold, either as a ground or as forming part of the pattern. The extreme richness of their effect is produced by the use of colours only, and among them it is interesting to find a gorgeous purple-scarlet, which appears to be a form of the old *murex* dye, for which the ancient Phœnicians were so celebrated. Miss Stokes quotes a curious statement made by Bede in his *Ecclesiastical History*, I. i., to the effect that a very beautiful scarlet pigment was obtained in his time from shell-fish found on the shores of Britain. The *murex* used by the Celtic scribes can hardly have been imported from Syria, and it is probable that they possessed the secret of extracting the dye from some shell-fish which no doubt is still to be found on the coasts of Britain or Ireland, though its special value as a source of pigment has been forgotten.

Wonderful as the early Irish illuminated MSS. are, the technical skill shown in the metal-work is even more remarkable. No people, except perhaps the Greeks of the fifth to the third century B.C., and the Hellenized artists of Etruria ever produced work in gold, silver, and enamels of greater technical perfection than that of the Irish Celts. The number of different metals and alloys and the variety of kinds and qualities of enamels which are combined in one such object as the Armagh Chalice are most extraordinary. This beautiful cup, now preserved in the collection at Dublin, belongs to that primitive type of two-handled chalices of which the finest examples are to be found in the Treasury of St. Mark's at Venice; the bowl very frequently is cut out of a solid piece of crystal or onyx, and the stem and handles formed in gem-studded gold. This early type of chalice is simply copied from the most magnificent sort of secular drinking cup, which with its capacious bowl and double handles was the most convenient shape during the time when the laity still received the Communion in both kinds. These larger cups often continued in use long after the introduction of the new system of refusing the wine to the laity had been established; they were then used not to hold the consecrated wine, but for what was called in Old English the "housel-sip"—that is, the sip of unconsecrated wine which was given to the communicant to help him to swallow the dry wafer-Host. The variety of methods are very surprising in which vitreous pastes or enamels, both opaque and translucent, are used for the enrichment of the Irish jewelry and other metal-work. In some cases the cloisonné process is used; patterns are formed by soldering on edge minute ribands of gold; the intervals between are then filled in with differently-coloured pieces of glass, each fused into its place with perfect accuracy. Another system was to form incised patterns in a solid bit of gold, the sinkings in which were then filled in with similar enamel glass. A third method, more difficult still, was to make small jewel-like bosses, in which the design was made by different-coloured bits of glass fused together, without any metal separation—a sort of minute mosaic, like the *millefiori* still made by the Murano glass-workers. A number of glass rods of different colours are arranged in a bundle, so that the ends of the rods form the design; the whole bundle is then melted together into one stick, which, while soft, is pulled out to a greatly diminished thickness, the relative position of each rod remaining the same, so that, without other alteration, the sectional design in the rod is reduced to a fraction of its former diameter. In this way glass patterns were made with the design so delicate and minute that a microscope is needed to trace the separate pieces of the mosaic. Wonderful examples of this process have been found in ancient Egypt—as, for example, the glass bezel of a ring now in the British Museum, in which the figure of a sacred hawk is formed by the union of microscopically minute sticks of glass. One of the advantages of this ingenious device was that a large number of slices, each with the pattern equally perfect, could be cut from one of these compound sticks of glass. This great skill on the part of the early Celts of Ireland points to a previously existing intercourse with Roman Britain, where very elaborate specimens of glass-work of this class are still occasionally discovered among other Roman remains; as, for example, the beautiful fibula, ornamented with a disc of glass mosaic, which was found recently at Caerleon, and is now preserved in the Museum there.

Miss Stokes gives, among the many admirable woodcuts which illustrate her volume, a drawing of the celebrated Tara brooch, now one of the chief treasures of the Dublin collection; its whole surface is enriched with delicate gold filagree work, and studded with gems and bosses of variegated glass, making it one of the most beautiful pieces of jewelry in the world. Another fibula of almost equal splendour was dug up some years ago on the site of the ancient battlefield of Largs in Ayrshire; in style of workmanship and date of execution it closely resembles the more celebrated Tara brooch. One curious Celtic custom, that of enshrining

* *Early Christian Art in Ireland.* By Margaret Stokes. Published for the Committee of Council on Education: Chapman & Hall.

valuable MSS. in a richly ornamented metal casing, still survives among the Coptic Christians of Egypt; who use as one of the ornaments to be set on the altar on festivals, a silver box encasing some old copy of the Gospels or Liturgy. Even in design, though far inferior in beauty of workmanship, many of the Coptic silver cases for books closely resemble such Irish examples as those illustrated by Miss Stokes at pp. 93 and 95.

The last section of this very interesting volume is devoted to the early architecture of Ireland, beginning with the monastic stone beehive huts, which look like rude copies on a small scale of the great beehive treasuries of Mycenæ and Orchomenos. These early Irish monasteries consist of a group of small beehive huts, together with one or more almost equally small rectangular chapels, similar in construction to the stone dwelling chambers; the whole group is enclosed for purposes of defence within a surrounding precinct wall. This arrangement is one of special interest, as there are some reasons for thinking that a very similar plan for monasteries survived in Britain till nearly the time of the Norman Conquest. The existence of the great plan on vellum of the Benedictine Abbey of St. Gall in Switzerland, drawn during the reign of Charlemagne, has caused the general belief that the later arrangement was widely used as early as the ninth century; the St. Gall plan being in most points closely similar to the stereotyped Benedictine arrangement of post-Norman times. It appears, however, from various indications that the primitive Celtic plan in some cases survived in England till the arrival of the Normans introduced a new and more stately style of stone architecture. This appears to have been the case in the important Abbey of Abingdon, near Oxford, as is shown by the Abbey Chronicle printed among the Master of the Rolls Series (vol. ii. p. 272). This valuable Chronicle describes the plan "quomodo constructum est primo monasterium Abbendoniæ." Each of the monks had a little house and chapel; the separate houses were arranged round an open court, on one side of which was the main church, built after the early fashion, with an apse at both ends. This curious plan appears to give us the transitional link between the primitive Celtic arrangement of the scattered huts and the later Benedictine system of grouping the various monastic buildings round a cloister. The use of the two apses belongs to another period of transition, the oldest method being to have one apse only, not at the East, but at the West end; the reason being that the celebrant at first stood behind the altar, facing the people. Thus the apse was placed at the West in order that the priest might face East. The later custom was for the celebrant to stand between the altar and the people, with his back to the worshippers, and so during the period of transition from the one custom to the other it was not unusual to add a second (eastern) apse to churches which already had one at the west end, as was done, for example, at Canterbury and other English cathedrals. In some cases even a new church was built with both apses, as, indeed, is shown in the celebrated St. Gall plan. In this way the primitive Celtic type of monastery gains a new interest when we realize that it survived and influenced the architecture of this country long after the invasion of the Teutonic races had put an end to the distinctively Celtic arts. With regard to the curious round towers of Ireland, Miss Stokes has much that is interesting to say. By a minute comparison of the different styles of masonry and carving used in these buildings, she is able to arrive at a very satisfactory conclusion as to their date and the object with which they were built. By carefully tabulating a list of the existing examples the author arrives at the following conclusions:—"That the earliest of the round towers are not older than the ninth century, the latest dating probably from the twelfth century; that they were always built adjoining or near to a church, the commonest position being about twenty feet from the north-west angle of the church; and, lastly, that their original object was to provide a place of shelter and security during the invasion of the Scandinavian Northmen, who so often harassed the northern and eastern shores of Ireland, especially from the ninth to the eleventh centuries, within which period nearly all these towers appear to have been erected."

On the whole, Miss Stokes's work is a model handbook of its class; its only fault is that there is not a great deal more of it, and this we hope may be corrected in a future work, in which the author may not be so narrowly limited in point of space.

NOVELS.*

COUNTESS IRENE is a very romantic and sentimental story, with a very prosaic and practical moral. The story consists of a year's events in the life of a beautiful girl with the face of an angel, the soul of an artist, and the voice of a siren. The moral is, generally, that you should mind your own business, and particularly that you should have nothing whatever to do with Polish Jews. If Irene Nugent had not been touched by the woes of Olga Levinsky, and befriended that very commonplace adventuress in a variety of imprudent ways, she would not have gone near to causing her lover's death and her own. The lover in question, Herbert Harding by name, an Englishman in the Austrian military service, was nearly murdered by his defeated antagonist in a duel, and it may be remarked in passing that a more horrible duel was never described. That, however, is almost at the end of the book, and the vicissitudes of Olga Levinsky's worthless career occupy a large part of the three volumes. The life depicted is chiefly Viennese, the Emperor and Empress of Austria appearing with at least sufficient frequency. We have also, however, a fair proportion of low life, such as that of the couple with whom Olga lodges, and a very revolting study it is. Scarcely, indeed, since the publication of that French book about Berlin, wherein the author veraciously observes that any female inhabitant of that city would sell herself for a plate of roast goose, has there been printed anything quite so nauseous as the account of Frau Denk and her husband. A single quotation will, perhaps, suffice to justify this remark. Frau Denk, who believed herself to have good grounds for being jealous of her lord, found him waiting outside the door of their house, which he could not enter until she returned. She "unlocked the door and changed the key in the lock to the inside." She then turned suddenly and fastened her talons like a tigress in his face, tearing it deeply from forehead to chin, and before he could recover from the shock she closed and locked the door, leaving the wounded and bleeding man to his own pleasant reflections in the [illegible]eet." It is only fair to say that the rest of the book is very different from those chapters which deal with the Denks and their affairs, and to add that any one interested in the social life of Vienna will gather plenty of interesting information to compensate for much sordid detail. The family life of the Nugents, on the other hand, is drawn with admirable delicacy of touch, and Irene's friend, the intellectual and sagacious, if not very lively, Irma von Thurn, is as wholesome and natura[illegible] a character as almost any living novelist could draw. The wayward Irene, with her [illegible] for singing in public, and her irresistible impulse to arran[illegible]r people's lives for them wil[illegible] chiefly, perhaps only, attr[illegible] musical and æsthetic reader. She is, however, well worth [illegible]out, which is more than can be said of most modern [illegible] and her conquest of the old Baron Lindheim at Gmunden is told with exquisite grace. Grace is, indeed, the chief merit of *Countess Irene*, and distinguishes all those pages [illegible]t which are agreeable to read. The sketches of scenery are done with a light, firm [illegible]d which seems equally at home on the Danube and on the Shannon. For the author contrives to bring into his otherwise exclusively German drama some few episodes from the Irish [illegible]s and prospects of 1870, the year of the story. In the bac[illegible] [illegible]ooms the war between France and Prussia, in which Au[illegible] Hungary was, of course, neutral, but in which she migh[illegible] [illegible]ance [illegible] proved even temporarily successful, easily have become involved. For the truly wonderful part played by Mendelssohn's "Slumber Song," for the hairbreadth escape of Count Nugent in his voyage down the Danube, for th[illegible] circumstances which led Captain Harding innocently to in[illegible]ur the vengeance of Olga Levinsky's disappointed suitor, the book itself must be consult[illegible]. Were not the sex of the author proclaimed by him[illegible] to [illegible], we should unhesitatingly [illegible]e set down *C[illegible]ntess Ire[illegible]* [illegible]th work of a lady. Short of genius, and perhaps humour, it contains all the good qualities of a novel. There is a curiously foreign flavour in the style of the conversations; but that i[illegible] not inappropriate to the atmosphe[illegible] and surroundin[illegible].

Mr[illegible] Oliph[illegible]'s latest book [illegible]ther a particularly pleasant nor a particularly intere[illegible] [illegible]e second son himself is a poor creature, understood to be highly intellectual, but never saying or doing any[illegible]g to prove it, or even to disprove it, which would in the circumstances be a relief. Of his two brothers, the eldest is a semi-romantic nincompoop, with whom Mrs. Oliphant herself gets so bored that she kills him in a highly improbable man[illegible], while the youngest is an irreclaimable brute, one of a class with which judges and magistrates must deal, but which authors of Mrs. Oliphant's stamp might, with advantage to themselves and their readers, neglect. There is no redeeming feature in Stephen Mitford's character. He is merely a bestial savage, whose proper place is the criminal dock, and not the drawing-room table. Balzac drew men as bad as Stephen, perhaps worse. But there is some mental excitement in unravelling the skeins of their wickedness, whereas Stephen is simply the sort of person for whose benefit the Legislature sanctioned the punishment of flogging. The Squire himself is really not very much better, and it is to be hoped that no foreigner will take the family life of Melcombe as a typical picture. The excessive and monotonous rudeness which prevails between Mr. Mitford and his sons is certainly not characteristic of an age with plenty of faults of its own, nor is rural society quite so uncouth as Mrs. Oliphant seems to suppose. Lily Ford, the gamekeeper's daughter, who turned the heads of two Mitfords, and cost the life of one, never emerges from the chrysalis stage in which we first find her, and Mrs. Oliphant evidently did not think her worth the trouble of bringing out. The same remark applies even more strongly to Nina Mitford, who as a little girl is one of the cleverest, if also the most odious, among Mrs. Oliphant's minor creations. Her creator simply grows tired of her, and drops her without scruple so soon as she has played her not very important part in playing the spy upon her brother. The plot is of the most ultra-conventional type, turning, as it does, upon an elopement, a question of identity, an escape of imperilled innocence, and the alteration of a will. Edmund Mitford's marriage is brought about by causes which would in

* *Countess Irene.* By the Author of "Lauterdale" and "Caterina." 3 vols. London: Blackwood & Sons.

The Second Son. By Mrs. Oliphant, Author of "The Wizard's Son," "Hester," &c. 3 vols. London: Macmillan.

Whose Wife? By Mrs. Harcourt-Roe, Author of "A Friend in Ten Thousand," "The Bachelor Vicar of Newporth," &c. London: Allen & Co.

actual life barely justify a morning call, and when Miss Travers has qualms about having "thrown herself at his head," we cannot say that they are baseless. It is a pity that Mrs. Oliphant, who can write English with polished ease and finish, should fall into the trick of using a French word when it is not wanted. Such phrases as "the *sourd*, mysterious something which stood between him and Elizabeth," "a *sourd* mixture of anger and alarm and satisfaction," "a *sourd* antagonism," show a somewhat limited command both of French and English. One of Mr. Mitford's peculiarities was so disagreeable that it might have been less often described. We refer to the "foam" which "flew from his mouth" on the very numerous occasions when he was in a rage. This may have been what Falstaff meant when he said, "Call me horse." But equine propensities in the human race had better be left to physiologists. When all is said and done, however, *The Second Son* is a clever book.

The answer to the question which Mrs. Harcourt-Roe has chosen for her title is not difficult. Elma Tremaine's husband does not die till the end [illegible] the book, and although she married Percival Murray in the belief that George Brownrigg was dead, that piece of inadvertence [illegible] her part could not, of course, get rid of George as a "hard fact." [illegible] story turns upon what the virtuous but unlucky Elma [illegible] to do when she discovers that [illegible] not Mr. Murray's wife. [illegible] however, there [illegible] of the almost incredible [illegible] with [illegible] unwelcome attention [illegible] Murray, the sympath[illegible] -hearted reader in her subsequent and cons[illegible] a good deal diminished. Mrs. Harcourt-[illegible] for matrimonial complications, though her [illegible] is n[illegible] improper, and the reader who does not [illegible] taste [illegible] avoid *Whose Wife?* Elma, it may be [illegible] extenuatio[illegible] Mr. Disraeli said of Byron, was "very young." She w[illegible] sixteen when she came from New Zealand in the same ship with Mr. Brownrigg, and she had plenty of money, which, we are told, she could [illegible] "touch" till she was eighteen. How she could "touch" it then, not being of age, Mrs. Harcourt-Roe does not explain. Mr. Brownrigg wanted the money, [illegible] being some time disliked and despised, suddenly found himself its [illegible] along with the hand of its mistress. Of Mr Brownrigg['s] [illegible] a single specimen may suffice. When Percival [illegible] from the antipodes, and met Elma, her husband [illegible] with him, young lady, remember [illegible], for [illegible] The Brownriggs speedily quarrelled, [illegible] Mr. B. threw [illegible] other. This degradation was more than the cultivated [illegible] could bear, and she retorted, with proud intelligence, "[illegible] least care for political economists, [illegible] on [illegible] would never do a kind action." After [illegible] Mr. Brownrigg left her and son [illegible] society of Utah that [illegible] which the tippl[illegible] ignoran[illegible] ever afford. Some [illegible] was dead, and made up [illegible]. The circumstances of [illegible] Brownrigg's supposed [illegible] communicated to her, in a singularly businesslike [illegible] Major Poole, a famous traveller [illegible] Elma bore it calmly, a[illegible] as perhaps natural [illegible] but, by way of [illegible] hypothesis, took it into her head that the worthy George had been buried alive. She consulted the Major on this point, who hastened to reassure her [illegible] saying "He was [illegible] as dead as a door-nail." "He felt this comparison," [illegible] are informed, "to be irreverent, but made it simply from the fact that he knew of no other to express an equal a[illegible] After marrying, or doing her best to mar[illegible] me a mother. It was a boy, and the [illegible] passionate outcry. "I thought no ma[illegible] exclaimed; "but if I lost this little chap, [illegible] grief to me." Could paternal love go further? [illegible] need not pursue the narrative of Mrs. Brownrigg's trials when George turns up, as odious as ever and just as much in want of money. He is a violent ruffian, but a good deal more lifelike than John Newcastle, the famous author, or his uncomfortable, mysterious wife, with a concealed title. Mrs. Harcourt-Roe's pages may amuse an idle hour, and she is sometimes most amusing when she means to be most serious. But she describes herself in speaking of some imaginary personage as "simply a manufacturer of something to read, not a living writer."

HISTORY OF THE MEXICAN PEOPLE.*

MEXICAN history after the completion of the Spanish conquest is not a particularly attractive subject, and, though Mr. Bancroft in this abridgment of his exhaustive work upon it has treated it with clearness and, along with some slovenliness of expression, with a certain degree of vigour, his book as a whole lacks interest. The description of Aztec civilization and the narrative of the conquest by Cortés are the pleasantest parts of his volume. Nearly three centuries of viceregal rule are passed over very briefly, though full accounts are given of two or three of the few striking events that occurred during the long period of Spanish domination. We are told, for example, how Vera Cruz was sacked by filibusters, how again and again the crops were destroyed by floods, and how one famine led to a serious bread-riot in the capital; but the rule of the viceroys was marked by little save a gradual decline in the character of the European population. For the most part none but Castilians by birth were appointed to any of the higher offices in the Church, the State, or the army, and a feeling of bitterness sprang up between them and the Creoles of much the same kind as that which existed in Ireland between the English by birth and the English by blood. In both countries alike the resident families of the conquering race sank to a lower level of civilization. In Ireland, however, the English by blood became at least as turbulent as their Celtic neighbours, while in Mexico "the three centuries of colonial rule were marked by a monotony so dead, a society so stagnant, as almost to bring about a lapse into barbarism of the Europeans here vegetating." After pointing out the main causes which alienated the Mexicans from Spain, Mr. Bancroft relates at considerable length the early struggle for independence under the leadership of Hidalgo, the curate of Dolores. Brave and single-hearted as Hidalgo was, he had neither military skill nor political ability, and though his successor Morelos, who was also a priest, was a man of far greater genius, the war, which was conducted on both sides with great ferocity, ended in the total overthrow of the insurgents. Mexican independence was the fruit of the revolutionary movements in Spain in 1820. The nation seems to have acquired its new political position before it had learnt how to make a good use of it. The fairly bright chapters on the revolution are followed by a dreary record of the intrigues of a number of second-rate adventurers, of constant changes in the constitution, and of a succession of obscure and ignoble struggles. The discipline that the nation needed was to some extent supplied by the efforts it made to repel foreign interference. Nevertheless, until within the last ten years the Republic has constantly been disturbed by tumults and sometimes even by civil war. The triumphant vindication of Mexican independence unfortunately involved the execution of the Emperor Maximilian. As this well-meaning and feeble foreigner endeavoured with the help of a foreign army to overthrow the Republic, and compel the Mexicans to acknowledge his sovereignty, they can scarcely be held responsible for his death; it lies at the door of the French Emperor, who used him to serve his own ends, and deserted him in his time of need. The narrative is brought down to the second administration of the President Diaz, which began in 1884. The character and work of this able and unselfish statesman are described in glowing terms; his two administrations form, we are told, "what may truthfully be called the Golden Age of Mexico." Mr. Bancroft's bulky volume contains a good deal of information about the social life and progress of the country, and is furnished with a large number of maps, plans, portraits, and other illustrations.

* *A Popular History of the Mexican People.* By Hubert Howe Bancroft. London: Trübner & Co. 1888.

INCWADI YAMI.*

DR. MATTHEWS has had a long and varied experience of South Africa, and in this volume he gives his readers a somewhat long and varied selection from the leaves of his diary. Had he discarded his diary altogether, and consolidated his experiences, he would, in our opinion, have produced a better book. As it is, some useful and interesting information is hidden in a great deal of matter to which these epithets cannot be applied. We may also take exception to his mysterious title of "Incwadi Yami," which does not convey any clear idea to the minds of the uninitiated. Dr. Matthews began his South African career as a district surgeon in Natal, and in course of time found his way to the Diamond Fields, where he became Vice-President of the Legislative Council, and subsequently, on the annexation of the province to the Cape Colony, the senior member for Kimberley. By far the most interesting part of his book is that which deals with the development of the great diamond-digging industry, and the schemes and artifices of that rascally fraternity the I. D. B., or illicit diamond buyers. The whole story is melancholy, and to the believer in human nature most depressing. There is a saying that five years in South Africa is sufficient to corrupt the most immaculate, and that a man who has lived there for seven should not be believed upon his oath. Dr. Matthews's revelations certainly give colour to what we still hope is a slander. According to his account, the larger part of the community of Kimberley was, and to some extent is still, mixed up in this nefarious traffic. The temptation of obtaining diamonds at a fraction of their value seems to be altogether too much for poor human nature, and is indulged even by persons in official positions, and, to all appearance, of the solemnest respectability. Legislative enactments of the most stringent severity have again and again proved powerless to check the evil, and even when the delinquent has been caught and sentenced, he has, it seems, more than once been set free to resume his career of fraud, by means that will not bear examination. In other words, his profits being large, he has been able to spend some portion of them in buying a reprieve. "There is," says Dr. Matthews, quoting from a local newspaper, "something terribly revolting about the extent of crime arising out of the I. D. B. calling in all its ramifications. Inducing servants to steal, murder, perjury, receiving stolen goods, white women prostituting themselves to Kafirs for payment in diamonds, little boys employed by mining Companies taught to steal and supplied with false pockets in which to conceal the gems, bribes attempted on officers of law, and a thousand other crimes

* *Incwadi Yami; or, Twenty Years' Personal Experience in South Africa.* By J. W. Matthews, M.D. London: Sampson Low & Co.

are practised and gloried in by gangs of ruffians whom the law seldom reaches."

It is, however, time to explain the method of this fraternity of thieves. Diamonds, as most people will be aware, are sorted out of the diamondiferous stuff by native "hands." Some of these hands are probably in the pay of the fraternity, or, to be more accurate, are humble members of it. A fine stone is turned up by one of them when nobody is looking. He seizes it, hides it in his hair, in his mouth, or in some other portion of his person. Or if a goat lie handy he twists it in his wool and tends the animal affectionately till an opportunity occurs of redeeming the stone. Or perchance he conceals it behind a rock, or forces it down the throat of a dog, or, Homeric device, he swallows it himself. The gem being restored to the light of day from its hiding-place, whatever it may have been—and many a diamond now sparkling on a lady's neck has made acquaintance with the stomach of a Kafir—the dusky thief in due course puts himself in communication with another native of a superior class. This man is a tout in the pay of a low white man; a "Mean White," as he is called in the Colonies. The tout buys the stone for, let us say, a hundredth part of its value, and the thief spends the money on the vile drink which it is the peculiar pride of civilization to supply to the unsophisticated savage, and, so far as he is concerned, there is an end of the transaction. Then the tout carries the stone to the Mean White, and receives from him a sum of money, perhaps double what he has given to the actual thief. The Mean White in his turn takes it to the licensed buyer of diamonds, who is possibly a person of glaring and even aggressive respectability—a churchwarden or member of the municipality, or at the least a merchant of good antecedents—and from him receives, perhaps, a tenth part of the worth of the gem. So far so good; but still there are slips between the cup and the lip, and it is sometimes found difficult to convey the stuff out of the country to the final receiver in London. To this end many artifices are resorted to. We have heard of innocent-looking fowling-pieces, which on examination have been found to be loaded with diamonds to within an inch of the muzzle; while such repositories as novels with holes cut in the leaves, the quills of ostrich feathers, and boots with hollow heels are not uncommon. Often the fair sex are found to be useful auxiliaries in these adventures, for there is a peculiar sacredness about a lady's underclothing that appeals to the mind of the Customs officer. The man would be bold who merely ventured on her back hair. However this may be, by far the greater number of stones so procured arrive safely in Europe. Most people will naturally think that the native rascal who takes the stone is responsible for this state of things, but it is not the case. The native, as is well known, and as Dr. Matthews is careful to explain, never dreamed of stealing diamonds until he was taught to thieve by the white receiver of stolen goods, and after his simple virtue had been debauched by "Cape smoke." More especially is this true of natives of the Zulu race, amongst whom, when they are as yet uncontaminated by civilization, honesty is not only a policy, but a universal practice.

Dr. Matthews tells some interesting tales of the I.D.B. fraternity. In the dead of a certain night in the year 1872 he was roused from sleep and confronted by a trembling and middle-aged citizen of the Fields, who informed him that he had swallowed a thirty-carat diamond and two sovereigns—just to show his friends how the scoundrels did it, and was now anxious to be rid of these foreign substances, which had presumably begun to disagree. Ultimately they were recovered, and the happy citizen departed with the diamond, leaving the gold in payment. Of course this man had disposed of the diamond under imminent fear of detection; but why he took the two sovereigns, not knowing we cannot say—unless it was to get his hand in. Some people, by the way, appear to be able to swallow very large stones, for so lately as last year, a native dying under suspicious circumstances, his body was opened, and a *sixty-carat stone* found in his stomach. Here is another tale. A white gentleman lived with a pretty Fingo woman, who also acted as his agent in the "trade." He fell ill of fever, and for weeks lay in a state of delirium, between life and death. She nursed him tenderly through it all, and, what is more, kept up his connexion with the "boys"; so that, when he came to himself, she was enabled to present him with hundreds of carats of fine stones. And now mark the sequel! No sooner was he strong enough than he departed to Europe, taking every gem and farthing that she had collected with him, and leaving the unfortunate girl to starve on the streets. On a certain occasion Dr. Matthews was called in to attend a dying digger who had once worked a claim for him. These were the words that greeted him when he told the man that there was no hope:—"I shan't, I can't, I won't die without telling you how when I worked your and Mr. Lynch's claim in No. 6 I robbed you of nearly all your diamonds."

In the face of stories such as these and of a mass of other evidence, it is sometimes difficult not to believe that civilization is a failure, and that the educated Christian man, except under very exceptional circumstances, and when restrained by the strictest pressure of law, is a lower animal at heart than the savage he despises and destroys with drink and rifle bullets.

Dr. Matthews made a journey to the battlefields near Newcastle, in Natal, shortly after the Majuba surrender. In Newcastle itself he attended a grand concert, at which the band of the 97th Regiment performed. Presently a gentleman began to sing a song of a soul-stirring and patriotic nature. Thereon the gods broke out, and drove him from the stage. "Loop!" (run) they cried, "Verdomte Englishman." "Go and fight the Boers!" "Why did you run?" It must have been a pleasing and instructive scene. Dr. Matthews also had an interview in 1886 with Piet Joubert, the Boer general, which, if it does not actually throw new light on the Majuba disaster, goes far towards confirming accounts that have hitherto been received with doubt in this country. Here is an extract from their conversation:—

"But tell me, General," I said, "were the English fully aware that the Boers were really coming up the mountain to attack them?"

"Yes, of course they were. They knew it for eight hours, as it was five o'clock in the morning when they fired the first two shots, and it was one o'clock when we got to the top."

"Then it was not, as it is alleged, a sudden attack in force which gained the day?"

The General smiled at my question. "How could it be when heavy firing was going on all the morning up to the very last moment."

"When the top was gained by the Boers what took place next?"

"There was no resistance; all was over in a minute or two."

"But tell me, General, how do you account for the fact that 500 English should run before 60 Boers who had just had an eight hours' climb up the mountain?"

"I don't wish to give any opinion," said the General, looking serious indeed; "but I am certain the hand of God was with us all through."

Piet Joubert also favoured Dr. Matthews with an account of his subsequent interview with Sir Evelyn Wood, for which we must refer the curious to his book. For our part we take the liberty to doubt its entire accuracy. We cannot more fitly conclude these remarks, and especially our allusions to Dr. Matthews's comments on the Boer war, than by quoting a notice (with which many of our readers are doubtless familiar) which he found posted in an inn at Ladysmith, and which seems to us to sum up the whole matter with some truth:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
HONOR,
THE BELOVED WIFE OF JOHN BULL.
SHE DIED IN THE TRANSVAAL, AND
WAS BURIED AT CANDAHAR, MARCH 1881.
HER END WAS PEACE.

MEDICAL BOOKS.*

It is a great pity that Dr. Parkin's work has been posthumously published; for, although not unmindful of the adage *nil nisi bonum*, it is impossible to criticize it favourably, if indeed seriously. This is the more to be regretted since it bears evidence that the author was a man of pains and learning, and must have spent no little time and thought in fabricating his theory. Starting from the dictum of Hippocrates—"Aer est omnium rex morborumque causa"—the author strives to demonstrate that the cause of all epidemics, whether cholera, measles, small-pox, or the black plague, is some altogether indefinite pollution of the atmosphere due to subterranean exhalations. Hippocrates was nearly right, in so far as the air is undoubtedly one vehicle which commonly conveys contagious spores. Dr. Parkin is altogether wrong in saying (p. 142), "These conclusions granted, there is an end of the contagious origin of diseases." And when we are gravely told that epidemic diseases may be shut out of a house by closing the doors and windows, we are tempted to ask how long persons thus hermetically sealed could survive the want of fresh oxygen. For, if the apertures were not hermetically sealed, the exclusion of the contaminated outside air could be only partial, and therefore ineffectual, more especially so if, as the author maintains, the morbific principle be of a gaseous nature. We think it only right to protest against such pernicious advice. No allusion is made in the work to the discoveries of bacteriology in the past few years, and we can only charitably suppose that the work was written, and has not been revised, since Koch, Pasteur, Lister, and others first demonstrated the pathogenic powers of micro-organisms. That certain conditions of the atmosphere are more favourable to the rapid development of pathogenic organisms than are other conditions, seems very probable; but that is a very different thing from Dr. Parkin's theory that all epidemic diseases are caused by some poisonous gas—the chemical composition of which he does not attempt to formulate—which emanates from the ground, owing to volcanic action. The attempt to prove this wild theory is painfully illogical, and is little likely to be heard of again.

Dr. Woakes's book is obviously that of a man who has paid special attention to the interdependent train of maladies which constitute its title, who has observed keenly, and reasoned out his theory in the true spirit of philosophical inquiry. The demonstration of the causal relationships of these maladies to ethmoiditis forms, indeed, the principal part of the book; and to this end the author has brought forward a mass of proof—physiological, pathological, and clinical—which entitles his views to the highest respect. We think that in a future edition the value of the work might be enhanced by more copious reference to the predisposing and exciting causes of ethmoiditis, which appears from this work to

* *The Volcanic Origin of Epidemics.* By John Parkin, M.D. London: Sampson Low & Co.

Nasal Polypus, with Neuralgia, Hay Fever, and Asthma, in relation to Ethmoiditis. By Edward Woakes, M.D. Lond. London: H. K. Lewis.

The Commoner Diseases and Accidents to Life and Limb. By M. M. Basil, M.B. (Edinb.) London: J. & A. Churchill.

The Diseases of the Bible. By Sir Risdon Bennett, M.D. London: The Religious Tract Society.

be the root-stock of a pathological tree which has many branches. Dr. Woakes has traced those branches most carefully to the parent stock, and has thrown new light upon many points hitherto vague and undetermined. He writes lucidly as well as forcibly, although here and there the style is needlessly turgid; as, for example, at page 31, where we read, "Or if a female, a hysterically constituted individual, unequal to the adequate discharge of the ordinary duties of life, and still less capable of rising to the higher walks of intellectual labour, or of successfully confronting the exigencies of physical enterprise." But this can be readily forgiven in a work which possesses such solid and valuable qualities as render it a distinct acquisition to medical science.

It is no easy task to simplify the language of science so that it shall be comprehended by unscientifically trained minds; and after the attempt has been made, it is equally difficult to get the public to take an interest in such a book at all. Most people are quite self-satisfied with the generally grotesque smattering of medical lore which they have imagined for themselves, or picked up at random from other sources, legitimate or otherwise, and they see no necessity for such commonplace advice as the little book before us contains. Nevertheless, those who do read it will gain no small amount of valuable information, conveyed in common-sense, if homely, language. The author very distinctly repudiates any attempt to teach the rudiments of medical science, but wisely confines himself to telling people what they ought not to do, in certain contingencies, and what simple measures they ought to take, pending the arrival of the responsible medical adviser. The chapter on Patent Medicines is a timely warning to those heartless amateurs who are so much addicted to trying experiments upon their own helpless offspring; and the writer notes with quite justifiable cynicism, the non-survival, and therefore elimination, of the many silly adult dupes who undertake their own diagnosis and treatment. The paltry revenue derived by Government from the sale of stamps upon patent nostrums is denounced, as it deserves to be, in no measured terms. Not a few imperfections of style may be noted in the work, but the motive is altogether honest and good.

The preface to these essays informs us that the author has "confined himself mainly to the medical aspects of the subjects discussed." With all due deference we submit that this very proper resolution is not very apparent in the following passages, p. 10:—"In some cases they (*i.e.* diseases) appear to have occurred as ordinary calamities. . . . In some they were inflicted simply as signs, as in the case of the leprosy of Moses, and were of temporary duration. In others they were evidently brought about by direct Divine intervention, as a punishment for sin, &c. &c." There is surely less of science than of theological dogma in such observations as these; and the prevailing animus of the work is even more apparent in the following astounding passage, pp. 21 and 22:—"There is little difficulty, therefore, in understanding what may be meant by leprosy in the house or raiment . . . . Some Jewish writers maintain that the marks of house leprosy correspond exactly in appearance with those of the person," &c. Although the author adds that "no appearances on inanimate objects can be said to indicate either leprosy or any other malady," he thus apologetically glides over the plain fact that the compiler of Leviticus enunciated the preposterous dictum that inanimate objects might be attacked by leprosy as well as man. Much space is occupied in quoting ancient writers upon the subject of leprosy, and the chaos that has arisen from confounding λέπρα and elephantiasis is duly recognized; and yet at p. 49 we find it very difficult to determine whether the author himself applies the latter term to "true leprosy" or not. As a matter of fact, the direst confusion existed from the earliest times, and even now exists, regarding the differentiation and nomenclature of skin manifestations, and we quite fail to see what good end can be served in trying to elucidate the paradoxical descriptions of Biblical leprosy and other cutaneous disorders. Certainly the writer has shown nothing more than that the compilers of both the Old and New Testaments were hopelessly bewildered in their attempts to classify these diseases. The writer passes on to discuss the diagnosis of the various "plagues" which are evidenced as vessels of divine wrath, and to identify them more or less with well-known modern plagues. Surely this is quite irrelevant from a scientific point of view. Then, as now, such epidemics appear to have slain the good and the bad indiscriminately; yet we are left to infer (p. 11) that the priest could avert the impending doom, while the physician was powerless.

DICTIONARY OF CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHY AND LITERATURE.*

THIS noble collection of biographies and treatises ought properly to be reviewed, as it has been compiled, by distribution amongst specialists. Many of its articles, if they were printed in a larger type, would make volumes of a considerable size and provide the critic with plenty of hard work. The fly-leaf inserted by the publishers is intended, we presume, to call the special notice of reviewers as well as readers to some thirty of the chief articles. The list includes several which are sure to command attention by the proved capacity of their writers as experts, such as the wonderfully elaborate monograph upon "Origines," by Canon Westcott; the helpful elucidation by Professor Salmon of "The Teaching of the Apostles," and his essays upon "Simon Magus" and the "Ophites"; the valuable doctrinal essays of Professor Stokes; the consummate study of "Synesius" by the late Mr. Halcomb; the thorough handling of early Christian poets by the Rev. W. Lock, not only under the general heading of "Verse Writers," but in his painstaking analytical biographies of Prudentius and Sedulius. "Prosper of Aquitaine," "Sidonius Apollinaris," and "Paulinus of Nola" are treated with subtle critical skill and much detail by Canon Phillott. Orientius, to whose "Commonitorium" Adolf Ebert has given considerable space in the first volume of his *Geschichte der christlich-lateinischen Literatur*—which covers the same period as the present Dictionary—is dismissed by Mr. H. A. Wilson with less than a column, who, however, refers to Ebert as one of his authorities. Amongst other contributions of the first order, mention ought to be made of the exhaustive critical essays by the learned explorer of the sources of the Roman *Petrus-Sage*, Professor R. A. Lipsius—"Pistis Sophia," "Sophia" (Achamoth), "Thaddæus," and the dissertation on the Gnostic "Valentinus." It is scarcely agreeable, however, to the grateful student of so helpful a library to continue naming its particular treatises, when he is obliged to leave so much fine and accurate work unnamed. There are no fewer than a hundred and twelve articles under the heading of "Theodorus." One of these, Professor Swete's "Theodorus of Mopsuestia," is really a book; while such articles as the Bishop of Chester's "Theodorus of Tarsus" and Canon Raine's "Wilfrid" make us regret the arbitrary chronological boundary at which the writers are obliged to cease. When shall we have equally capable hands to continue early English "Christian Biography," at least as far as the Norman Conquest? The inconveniences of this chronological barrier confront us again and again in the Continental and Eastern biographies. It is particularly awkward in the history of important local churches and the successions of bishops in a See. The series of prelates named Nerses, beginning with Nerses I., or the Great, who had so powerful an influence over Armenian Christendom, may be taken as an example. Professor Stokes gives an account of "Norseses I.," and of the comparatively insignificant "Norseses II." and "Norseses III."; but the chronological warning-post stops him from entering into the much more important biographies of Nerses IV. and of Nerses of Lambron. Hence the inquirer will often be obliged, here as elsewhere, to put the Dictionary aside, and turn to Herzog or to Wetzer and Welte. The official title of the great Armenian prelates, by the way, is not uniformly given. In some places it is Latinized as "Catholicus," in others it is half Greek and half Latin, as "Catholicos." "Katholicos" and "Catholicus" are equally good; but the other forms are mongrel. The abrupt chronological break is nowhere more provoking than in Mr. Barmby's excellent notices of the Bishops of Rome, which are brought to a sudden stop with "Stephanus IV." or III. Some Popes, of whom there is little to tell, such as "Urbanus I.," have been allowed a needlessly large space. Mr. Barmby has most carefully orientated the dates by the use of the *Chronologie der römischen Bischöfe* of Professor Lipsius; yet he does not seem to have availed himself of the latest and most scientific authority on early Papal history, the *Geschichte der römischen Kirche bis zum Pontificat Leo's I.*, by one of the ablest of the Old Catholic theologians, Professor Joseph Langen, of Bonn, although the first volume, reaching to Xystus III., was published seven years ago. In his account of "Zephyrinus," the first Roman bishop of whom we have a contemporary portraiture, he substantially but independently follows Döllinger. He omits the remarkable fact that the three greatest theologians of the age—not only Hippolytus but Origen and Tertullian also—were making common cause against the Roman chair, and that each was successively condemned by it. Quintianum, the see of "Zoticus," one of the prelates who took part in the Roman synod of 313, is Kintzen, in Rhætia. The articles by writers of an exclusively Anglican learning occasionally need amplification or revision. This is the case with the long essay on "Patron Saints and Angels" by the late W. E. Scudamore. It deals too exclusively with the general cultus of the saints. Mr. Scudamore deplored that he was not acquainted with any book treating especially of patron saints; but so old a work as Heinrich Alt's *Die Heiligenbilder* would have supplied him richly with what he needed. The article has no reference to the characteristic place which nationality and patriotism held in the canonizations amongst newly-converted peoples, both in the East and West, which was one of the signs of the naturalness of the union between the Church and the nations.

That abundant storehouse of sixth-century biography, *The History of the Franks*, by Bishop Gregory of Tours, has been sedulously explored by a group of the contributors, particularly by the Rev. C. Hole, Mr. S. A. Bennett, and Dr. Gammack. We have found so many names of slight historical importance to be scrupulously recorded, that we were led to expect we should find in the Dictionary a reference to almost everybody whom Gregory has introduced. It is hard to see on what grounds some persons equally important and others more important have been excluded. Under "Nicasius" Mr. Hole gives the names of three bishops, all anterior to the fifth century, but he omits a fourth—Nicasius, Bishop of Angoulême. Nanthin of Angoulême appears amongst the Counts, but Ollo of Bourges is absent. There are four entries under "Parthenius"; a fifth should, at least, have been added—Parthenius, Bishop of Javols or Gabalitana urbs (Mende), to whose predecessor, "Privatus," Dr. Gammack has given an article. Gregory has drawn a lively sketch of a sixth

* *A Dictionary of Christian Biography, Literature, Sects, and Doctrines, during the First Eight Centuries.* Edited by William Smith, D.C.L., LL.D., and Henry Wace, D.D. Vol. IV. N–Z. London: John Murray.

Parthenius, the brutal favourite of Theodebert. The Bishops Pientius of Poitiers and Pientius of Aix are both absent; so is Regalis, the diplomatic Bishop of Vannes, who sent out a procession of clergy with cross and choral-song to meet the invading army of King Gunthramm under Duke Ebrachar. The Frankish chief physician, Reovalis, who gave evidence in the monastic scandal at Poitiers, deserved a notice. He was a sort of link between the old civilization of the Christian East and the new civilization of the Christian West. He had studied and practised medicine at the Imperial Court of the Cæsars in Constantinople, and brought the science and manners of the East to the rude Court of Chilperich. Mr. Bennett gives only one "Riculfus," the third Archbishop of Mainz. He omits the two wicked Riculfs of Tours, the enemies of Gregory, one of whom was a sub-deacon, the other a priest of the Church of Tours. To the latter, whom Gregory describes as worse than Simon Magus, Count Leudast of Tours had promised the bishopric. He lived in the Church House—the episcopal palace—and while Gregory was absent with the King he acted exactly as if he were the bishop, giving away the landed property of the Church and administering chastisement to the clergy with his own hand. Gregory's account of his rival is not likely to be impartial. Riculf was a native of Tours, the son of poor parents, and hated the Bishop and historian as an Auvergnat. No place is found for Stremonius, Bishop of Arverna, the old capital of the Auvergne (Clermont), one of the seven bishops said to have been sent into Gaul as apostles in the reign of Decius, all of whom were the first bishops of their sees, and became martyrs. Stremonius, as the apostle of his native place, was the most attractive of the seven to the historian. Mr. Bennett deals in this volume with two out of the seven, "Saturninus of Toulouse" and "Trophimus of Arles," and Dr. Gammack has a notice of a third, "Paulus of Narbonne." St. Sunniulf, the abbot of Randans in the Auvergne, one of Gregory's ascetic heroes, is also absent; so is the priest Transobad, of Rhodez; so is Virus, the Roman Senator, who succeeded Evantius as bishop of Vienne in the famous year of episcopal mortality, 586. Teutar, King Segebert's arch-chancellor—the venerable man is frequently employed as a diplomatist after his ordination—is missing. This catalogue of omissions, we ought to add, is very far from being exhaustive.

The literary advocates of women's rights may possibly complain that the Dictionary is defective for lack of some representative of their sex among the contributors. Only a few of the Frankish ladies who figure in Gregory's history have been allowed a place in the Dictionary. "Radegundis" is introduced by Mr. Bennett; but no scholar has had the gallantry to insist upon room for Placidina, the sister of Apollinaris; for Tranquilla, the wife of Sichar of Tours; nor for Veneranda, whose relations to the Christian monarch make us wonder when Gregory describes him as "the good King Gunthramm"; nor for Septimina, the teacher of the children of Childebert II., whose tragical story throws a strange light on contemporary Christian morals and manners; nor for Tetradia, whose matrimonial adventures were the cause of a synod; nor for Rigunthis, the daughter of Chilperich and Fredegunda, whose name occurs so frequently, and whom Gregory calls "the Queen," a title which he often gives to king's daughters. Amongst other excluded women may be named Vuldetrada, wife of Theodobald, and Wisigardis, wife of Theodebert, the two daughters of the Lombard King Wacho. Vultrogotha, the pious wife of Childebert I., surely deserved a notice. She is mentioned in one of the canons of the Fifth Council of Orleans as co-foundress of the Hospital for Lepers at Lyons. Under the heading "Ursicinus (4)," her chaplain and chancellor, the Bishop of Cahors, is introduced by Mr. Bennett. Gregory states that this prelate's acquaintance with Holy Scripture was so extraordinary that he could even say all the genealogies by heart. Sedeleuba, the devout church-builder, the sister of Clotilda and benefactress of Geneva, has no place.

Great pains have been taken with the articles on Welsh saints, although some omissions were inevitable. "Tudwal," says Dr. Gammack, "is called a bishop, but no see is mentioned." His see was the ancient Lexobia or Lexovium (Lisieux) in Gallia Armorica. The episcopal chair was afterwards moved to Treguier. He was one of the Britons who fled before the English invaders. The name of his successor, St. Ruellin, is absent from the Dictionary; he is mentioned as present at the successive Councils of Orange in the sixth century. Early apocryphal literature, by reason of its recognized historical value, naturally occupies a large space, and the products of the latest scholarship have been so conscientiously explored as to give the Dictionary a singular completeness in this direction. Dr. Gwynn's article on "Thecla (1)" is an admirable specimen. The sixteen other entries under this name are also from his exact pen. We could wish that he had taken in hand the Acts of St. Timothy. About ten years ago H. Usener published a critical text of the Greek original and of the old Latin translation. It was ascribed by the Latins in the middle ages to Polycrates, the famous Bishop of Ephesus; but there is no allusion to it in Dr. Salmon's article "Polycrates (1)." Professor Langen, in a contribution to the Bonn *Theologisches Literaturblatt*, declares it to be of much greater importance to Church history than has hitherto been supposed. We are surprised at the omission of a man of such lasting popularity as Sturm, the disciple of St. Boniface, the first Abbot of Fulda, and "the Apostle of Saxony." There are nine entries under "Ursus"; but the popular Swiss St. Ursus, Knight of the Theban Legion and co-patron of Solothurn, does not appear amongst them. Notwithstanding the indefatigable research which is exhibited under such headings as "Paulus," with its 114 articles, or "Petrus," with its 83, or "Victor," with its 54, a crowd of bishops, priests, deacons, and lay folk of both sexes, eminent and influential in their time, have been left out in the cold. We cannot expect the Dictionary to record every name anterior to the ninth century in such huge collections as Pertz or the Bollandists. Yet many gaps might have been filled if a few unpretending assistants had been employed to overhaul books so easy to obtain as the earlier volumes of Neander, of Hefele, or even of Fleury. But the Dictionary, as it stands, is a truly noble monument of the best contemporary English scholarship, in which the two absolutely necessary elements of the perfect historical temper—the conservative and the critical—too often opposed as contraries, are happily blended. Mr. A. W. W. Dale's book on the Synod of Elvira gave an early indication of his capacity in the field of ecclesiastical research, and we are glad to see from his masterly treatment of the "Origenistic Controversies" that he continues to work so profitably on the same soil.

HEARTSEASE AND RUE *

IN the postscript to "An Epistle to George William Curtis," not one of the least pleasing poems in Mr. Lowell's new volume, there is an interesting touch of autobiography—a description of the poet's feeling in resuming his too long forsaken art:—

Little I ask of Fate—will she refuse
Some day of reconcilement with the Muse?
I take my reed again and blow it free
Of dusty silence, murmuring "Sing to me!"
And, as its stops my curious touch retries
The stir of earlier instincts I surprise—
Instincts if less imperious yet more strong
And happy in the toil that ends with song.

Too many a bard we fear, especially if able to say with Mr. Lowell, "Past my next milestone waits my seventieth year," has found these poetic rejuvenations somewhat delusive. The stir is felt perhaps in their own bosoms, but it fails to reach those of their readers. The author of *Heartsease and Rue*, however, is in no such case. Not only are the "earlier instincts" with him in possession of their full vitality, but the voice which they have again awakened has not only not lost, but has actually gained in power. It is a veritable Indian summer of Mr. Lowell's muse. There are pieces in this volume, and these, too, among the very latest in date, which will bear comparison with the best of his earlier work; and its opening poem, an elegy on Agassiz (though this, indeed, is of earlier date), we are inclined to regard as surpassing anything, not even excepting the noble "Commemoration Ode," which he has ever written. Mr. Lowell belongs to that not very large class of poets who seem to find a fuller and deeper inspiration in the sentiment of friendship than in that of love. Nineteen of the poems contained in this series—including all the most important pieces therein—are expressly classified under the head of "Friendship," the four other divisions of the series receiving respectively the subtitles of "Sentiment," "Fancy," "Humour and Satire," and "Epigrams." These last, considering the pungent pen to which we owe them, are perhaps a little disappointing. They are not only slighter in point of substance, but they are just a trifle less felicitous in form than was to be expected from Mr. Lowell. In the longer humorous pieces, however, he has done himself more justice. "Credidimus Jovem regnare" is a most brilliant exercise on a somewhat well-worn theme, and in the metrical speech supposed to have been delivered at a "Commencement Dinner" in response to the toast of "The Smith Professor," we have this master of comic verse at his happiest and best.

Tastes will perhaps differ as to the scheme of Mr. Lowell's sonnets; and it may be that his rigid adhesion to the same unvarying arrangement of the rhyme has not only precluded him from developing the full capacities of the measure, but has occasionally betrayed him into that monotony which Shakspeare almost alone among those who never vary the form of their sonnet has known how to avoid. In one example, too—that of the lines inscribed "To E. G. de R."—there is an unlucky lapse in rhyme, the word "be" in the tenth line being matched by an oversight with another "be" in the twelfth. This, however, we believe to be the solitary blemish of its kind; and, generally speaking, the level, not only of poetic quality, but of technical excellence, is admirably maintained—the sonnet "To Whittier" in particular attaining to a quite Wordsworthian dignity of expression. But it is in the ode that Mr. Lowell, as indeed he had given us reason to expect that he would be, is found at his strongest; and notably so, as we have already indicated, in the poem inspired by the memory of Agassiz. For variety and flexibility of rhythm, for sustained vigour of thought, and for unflagging force and flow of utterance, the place of this poem among the foremost examples of this difficult order of composition is certainly very near the front. A rough, but a most effective, test of the quality of an ode may usually be obtained by comparing its length with its self-sustaining power; for it is in adjusting the one to the other

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* *Heartsease and Rue.* By James Russell Lowell. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

that the poet who is not fully master of this complex instrument generally fails. If he does not weary you with metrical monotony, he fidgets you with excessive frequency of strophic and antistrophic alternations—with too many "new pars," as a prosaic compositor once described them—or else he lengthens out strophe and antistrophe, until the back of the thought breaks helplessly under the load of words which it is made to carry. In an ode of more than four hundred lines in length Mr. Lowell is not only never guilty of any of these faults, but he never even comes near to committing any one of them, nor, what is almost equally disastrous, ever raises the uneasy apprehensions of the reader that he is about to witness its commission. It is no exaggeration to say of this poem that, although there is of course (as there should be) a certain rise and fall in the tide of poetic feeling, it does not contain a single prosaic line. To how few writers of odes, even among the greatest, can such praise be justly given! In Mr. Lowell's case, too, the praise is higher than in any, since no former poet has ever so boldly handled the prose of modern life, and pressed its most familiar commonplaces into the service of the Muse. In his description of the sudden shock given to him by the telegram announcing the tidings of Agassiz's death there occur fourteen lines contrasting the curt brutality of the telegraphic wire with the more sympathetic methods of the letter in the breaking of bad news, which are a veritable triumph of literary cunning. A too prosaic criticism might perhaps object that electricity, "the savage of the skies, whom men have caught, And some scant use of language taught," cannot in justice be blamed for a brevity really due to the costliness of those services which even a "savage of the skies" has a right to sell in the dearest market. Passages of this kind, however, must always be in the nature of *tours de force*. To test a poet's inbred quality rather than his acquired artistic powers, it is fairer to take a more inspiring theme. The sense of prematurity in the extinction, at whatever age, of all full and vigorous lives is more or less of a poetic commonplace; but here, too, Mr. Lowell's never-failing distinction of literary manner—perhaps the one expression which most accurately differentiates him as a poet—has enabled him to impart a charm of novelty:—

I cannot think he wished so soon to die,
With all his senses full of eager heat,
And rosy years that stood expectant by
To buckle the winged sandals on his feet;
He that was friends with earth, and all her sweet
Took with both hands unsparingly:
Truly this life is precious to the root,
And good the feel of grass beneath the foot;
To lie in buttercups and clover-bloom,
Tenant in common with the bees,
And watch the white clouds drift through gulfs of trees,
Is better than long waiting in the tomb;
Only once more to feel the coming spring
As the birds feel it when it bids them sing,
Only once more to see the moon
Through leaf-fringed abbey arches of the elms
Curve her mild sickle in the West,
Sweet with the breath of haycocks, were a boon
Worth any promise of soothsayer realms
Or casual hope of being elsewhere blest.

And again the contrast between the departure of those who have been worn out by their labours and of those who have been only stimulated by them to fresh endeavour is surely set forth in the following lines with an entire freshness of charm:—

When toil-worked hands are crost upon the breast
They comfort us with sense of rest;
They must be glad to be forever still;
Their work is ended with their day;
Another fills their room; 'tis the world's ancient way,
Whether for good or ill!
But the deft spinners of the brain
Who love each added day and find it gain,
Them overtakes the doom
To snap the half-grown flower upon the loom,
(Trophy that was to be of life-long pain)
The thread no other skill can ever knit again.
'Twas so with him, for he was glad to live;
'Twas doubly so, for he left work begun.
Could not this eagerness of Fate forgive
Till all the allotted flax were spun?
It matters not; for go at night or noon,
A friend whene'er he dies has died too soon,
And, once we hear the hopeless *He is dead*,
So far as flesh hath knowledge, all is said.

Of the lighter poems of the series we have already spoken. The best of them are those of which the motive is less directly and deliberately humorous—those in which Mr. Lowell's gravely ironic philosophy of life finds its way to expression through the good-humoured, well-mannered tolerance of the accomplished man of the world. "In the Halfway House" is a capital example of this mood of the poet. It is like a piece of Praed, with something less than Praed's metrical perfection, and something more than his playfulness of cynicism. But in mere felicity of expression it may well claim to rank with the best work of that master of the felicitous. This, however, to say the truth, is a kind of praise which it would be inequitable to apply to any one part of Lowell's work to the exclusion of another. The volume abounds with stanzas, with couplets, with single lines which hit the right nail on the head with as convincing a certainty to any reader of average taste as though his own finger were under the hammer.

FOUR BOOKS OF TRAVEL.*

THE extraordinary merits of Mr. Doughty's travels in one of the least known, though by no means one of the most remote, districts of the world may possibly, we fear, be veiled to at least the general reader by some of the features of their presentation. The author in his preface remarks that his book is not milk for babes; a hasty critic, with not much knowledge and little patience, might say that it was something much more like nails and gravel for ostriches. It is immensely long, extending (though it is true that this includes elaborate indices) to some thirteen hundred pages, each of which holds more words than two ordinary pages. Its altogether exceptional minuteness of observation, social and scientific, is combined with a singular neglect of that "eye of history," chronology; so much so that we do not know, as we read, in what year, month, or day Mr. Doughty was anywhere and did anything. Lastly, it is written in a most miraculous style, suggesting a mixture of Mr. William Morris, Mr. George Meredith, the late Mr. Carlyle, and the living Sir Richard Burton, a style of which two short specimens will suffice:—

Greater ones were a mitred fellowship of two or three withered Persian lordlings, for whom was pitched a wide pavilion in the stations. But for that little I met with them I could imagine the solemn Persian gentlemen to be the most bad-hearted dunghill souls of all nations.

Of a licentious military tongue, and now in the shipwreck of a good understanding, with the bestial insane instincts and the like compunctions of a spent humanity, it seemed the jade [*sic*] might have been, if great had been his chance, another Tiberius Senex.

This tormented fashion of speech is well enough as a ragout now and then; but twelve hundred pages of it are something of a chokepear. Having said this, however, as the duty of critics will have it, we have only to revert to our first sentence, and to say that the merits of the book are extraordinary. Starting with the Haj from Damascus, Mr. Doughty journeyed under the name of Khalil, but with no concealment of his Christianity, across the desert of Petra as far as Medain Salih or El Hejr, thus following a course more westerly than Mr. Blunt's, who journeyed Nejdwards by Jôf, or, as Mr. Doughty spells it, Jauf. At Medain Salih Mr. Doughty let the sacred caravan go on, and then took his chance alone, either actually in the desert living in tents with the nomads, or else in the rare towns, where, as a rule, he was in much more danger. Once or twice the danger came very near, but a perfect knowledge of Arabic and an uncommon command of temper seem to have preserved the traveller. He did not hurry himself, but accompanied his hosts backwards and forwards in the central desert, not attempting to visit either of the two sacred cities close to which he passed, or the southern capital of Nejd, Riyad, but sojourning at Medain Salih, at Teyma, at Hayil, at Kheybar (famous in the Prophet's history, and now notorious for its witches), and at Boreyda, from which last place he journeyed by Tayif to Jeddah. Both in these town sojourns and in his desert wanderings he lost no opportunity of copying inscriptions, of noting the geological features of the country, and, above all, of observing and recording the ways and manners of the Bedouin. As to the last point, it is satisfactory to say that the stupid and monotonous disillusioning of much modern travel finds no support in Mr. Doughty's grave and elaborate book. The Arab of the desert, whom we have sometimes of late been bidden to regard as nothing better than a picturesque blackguard, appears as a rather noble, though not in the least superhuman, savage. The Arab of the towns certainly does not figure so well; but then we did not expect that. Mr. Doughty seems to have seen a great deal of the women, who wear no face-cloths; and though, as with most uncivilized people, they have to do the major part of the work, they enjoy a great deal of liberty. He was several times offered wives, who were sometimes maidens, sometimes widows, and sometimes wives at the time; for divorce is free enough; but he never seems to have incurred the danger which the companion of Ayesha ran in a celebrated incident of the Prophet's life. He shows us the general condition of the Bedouin in, as we think, a more probable and a less exaggerated light than any previous traveller has managed to shed on it. Its privations and dangers are not of an Esquimaux or Fuegian kind; but the aversion to regular labour brings about a certain approximate starvation which sometimes comes very near indeed to starvation itself. As for the scientific results of his work, it is sufficient to say that his recovered inscriptions were printed by the Paris Institute, that authorities like M. Renan and the Marquis de Vogüé have acknowledged the light they cast on the mysterious Nabathæan monarchy, and the relation of its civilization to Greece on the one hand, and to Islam on the other; and that Professor Robertson Smith, Professor Sprenger, Professor Wright, the late Dr. Badger, and other Arabic scholars of the first rank, have testified, both by approval and by elaborate help, their sense of the value of his work. This work, both by transcription of inscribed documents and by record of vernacular dialect, has done wonders. As for the book itself, we wish that it could be compressed, and to a certain extent translated, but its value as a storehouse of knowledge simply cannot be exaggerated; while there has to be men-

* *Travels in Arabia Deserta.* By C. M. Doughty. 2 vols. Cambridge: at the University Press. 1888.

Picturesque New Guinea. By J. M. Lindt. London: Longmans & Co. 1888.

Travels in Tunisia. By A. Graham and H. S. Ashbee. London: Dulau. 1888.

À travers la Tunisie. Par L. Baraban. Paris: Rothschild. 1888.

tioned, also, the presence of an admirable map, topographical and geological, of the almost unknown country traversed.

To say that Mr. Lindt's magnificent volume of photographs from plates, taken on the spot in New Guinea, with letterpress appertaining, is a *reductio ad impossibile* of photographic book illustration, would be in the highest degree ungracious. But any ungracious critic who should make the statement might produce better chapter and verse for his assertion than most of his graceless kind. Mr. Lindt, a practised photographer, accompanied the late Sir Peter Scratchley, when, after the fatal delays of Mr. Gladstone's Government, part of New Guinea was saved from the German claw, instead of the whole, and the Australian colonies were empowered by the home Government to give the mother-country part instead of the whole of the greatest present that has ever been given to any European nation since Captain Cook made Australia English, if not since Columbus discovered America for Spain. That his text, though interesting and readable, does not quite rise to the height of this situation we blame him not; for a man can but serve in his vocation, and well for him is it if he be good in that. We do not even quarrel with the fact that the subjects of his photographs are not always chosen with a view to durable interest, and that cabinet portraits of divers no doubt excellent naval officers and pictures of the same in pith helmets taking observations on a tolerably everyday quarterdeck are not excessively stimulating. The point is that this book, to which we give hearty testimony, as one of the handsomest and best executed books of the kind that we have ever seen, shows conclusively how unfit photography is to be anything but the basis and substructure of book illustration. We are not referring, as some innocent persons have sometimes thought that those who made similar remarks were referring, to the supposed perishableness of photographs; we dare say that the processes here adopted will keep Mr. Lindt's plates clear till our summers have deceased. We are not now hinting, as we sometimes have hinted, at the artistic unpleasantness of the combination of sun pictures with ordinary letterpress. We refer to something quite different—to the tendency, that is to say, of a strong tropical sun to overpower all the "dodges" of art, and to make a mere blur of some of the most interesting parts of the picture. If these photographs had been handed over to a skilled artist on wood or copper, he might, no doubt, have lost in his transcript something of their absolute fidelity, but he would have substituted something intelligible, which their absolute fidelity often is not. He would have adjusted the values of black and white, and he would have made these interesting pictures, so to speak, legible. For instance, take the frontispiece, one of the best and most successful plates in the volume. It represents a girl carrying water, in a New Guinea landscape. The piece is striking; but not only has Apollo, justifying the favourite old derivation, destroyed the perspective of the vegetation, but he has completely smudged out all the young lady's doubtless charming countenance, except the extreme tip of a very broad nose. And this is quite the most successful plate of its kind in the book. Opposite p. 16 there is a capital landscape, the definition of minor points being of less importance there. But turn to the next plate (p. 22), where two young aborigines, as some philanthropists say, confront each other in another tropical frame. The smudge and the slur, which are the curses of the method, again occur. The houses and vegetation of some plates which follow are capital, and the tree-house opposite p. 36 could hardly be better. For wherever photography has to take anything *percé à jour*, and with a good *jour* behind it, the result is safe. But the sea *palafittes* of Tupuelei (p. 56) are "mixed," as the burin or the needle never would have mixed them, and of the many native groups taken with the sun in their faces, there is hardly one which can be made out without a magnifying glass and much imagination. We ought to except one opposite p. 6, which is full of good and comic effect, and we should be very sorry if anything we have said were taken as reflecting on Mr. Lindt, whose manipulation in anything but easy circumstances seems to have been admirable. But we abide by our thesis that, though photography is an excellent basis for book illustration, it is thoroughly ill suited for book illustration itself.

With regard to the last two books on our list we have no quarrel with M. Baraban for saying "Tunisie," but we should like to know why Messrs. Graham and Ashbee, who are Englishmen, say "Tunisia." The English name of the Beylik, as of its capital, is "Tunis," all short; and we really cannot see that the fact of France having assumed a probably temporary protectorate is any reason for altering it. But that is the only unfavourable comment that we have to make on either book. M. Baraban's does not require much notice, though it is well worth recommending to those who are interested in the purely geographical aspect of the matter. M. Baraban, an inspector of forests, was sent by the French Government to report on the agricultural aspects of the new colony, and he has done so with customary French clearness. Perhaps the most interesting thing in his book is that, evidently not out of prejudice, but from patient observation, he joins himself to the opponents of Captain Roudaire's grandiose project of a Saharian sea fed from the Mediterranean through the Chotts or dry marsh-beds of Tunis. He takes this line rather timidly, but few cool-headed geographers will fail to range themselves on his side in reference to a project which must cost vast sums, which might poison half Africa and seriously affect the Mediterranean ports, and which, as he very shrewdly suggests, might, from the merely French point of view, be rather a hindrance than a help to African dominion. Messrs. Graham and Ashbee have produced a careful and well-written account of journeys to Tunis, Kairwan, Sfax, Gabes, Carthage, and most other interesting places in the province, without any fine or gossipy writing, but with a record of careful observation and experience, and with half a hundred most admirable illustrations of all kinds. The frontispiece—a Tunisian doorway, with horseshoe arch and exquisitely delicate mouldings and patterns on the door—does Mr. Graham's architectural drawing credit, and it is followed up by many other large engravings of the same kind. Among these may be specially noticed the Court of the Bardo, the grand arcades of the Carthage Aqueduct, the ruined Temple at Zaghouan, the doorway of the Kasba at Susa, and the magnificent amphitheatre at El Djem. This last is made more useful by a plate of comparative elevations and ground plans of the Colosseum, Arles, and Verona, to only the first of which is El Djem (Thysdrus) inferior. Many other architectural or landscape plates might be mentioned, the ruins of Sufetula or Sbetla deserving particular mention; while of figure subjects a Bedouin woman and a group of Jewish girls in their famous Tunisian costume, with the veiled Arab lady later, are perhaps the best. Mr. Ashbee has added a very careful and elaborate bibliography, and the whole composes one of those books of travels which remain. We should add that many, if not most, of the large engravings are tinted, and are really admirable examples of their kind. The figure pieces are heliographed, and we like them less. The book is one which could hardly be produced except by travellers with means at their command; but, considering the amount that is spent every year by wealthy Englishmen on travel, we can only wish that it left more monuments of a similar kind.

BRITISH AND IRISH SALMONIDÆ.*

So much has of late been written upon the British salmonidæ, that there would hardly seem to have been room for another work on the subject. Mr. Day's book, however, has its special value, since it not only expresses the matured conclusions of one whose qualifications have long been recognized, but it is practically a summary of the information gained by the continuous and costly pisciculutral experiments at Howietown, so admirably conducted by Sir James Maitland.

At the very outset of his work Mr. Day commits himself to an opinion which is, we think, far too important to be overlooked:—

> It has been [he says] increasingly evident to me, for some years, that one of the main reasons militating against the successful cultivation of trout, and possibly char, by riparian proprietors, has been the confusion into which these forms have been thrown by naturalists, who, in order to give greater accuracy to their descriptive treatises on museum specimens, have subdivided them into many species. The consequence of this has been that fish-culturalists who have accepted the statements made have been constantly attempting to introduce new species into their waters in order to improve the native race. For the zoologists who have been most active in raising local varieties to specific rank have been compelled to admit that they all very commonly interbreed, but that the young revert to one of the original parents.

The above extract forms really the keynote to the whole work; colour, internal organization, and external form are all, as Mr. Day contends, consequent on local surroundings, and may be modified by changing the abode of the fish.

It must be acknowledged that the classification of the Salmonidæ has always been to a greater or less extent unsatisfactory. There are apparently no distinctive features which can be regarded as constant. The dark bars or bands down the side—par marks, as they are called—in the young of the true salmon, *Salmo salar*, are seen in the young of the non-migratory brook-trout, *S. trutta*, as also on some species of mackerel; the black and red ocellated spots partially or wholly disappear in the salt water, and where they occur are so variable in position that they serve no purpose of classification. The number of the pyloric cæca—small sacs closed at the end and attached to the intestine, and of which Dr. Günther says "there can be no doubt they may materially assist in fixing a species"—is by no means invariable; the brook-trout in our northern streams having, as a rule, a larger number of these cæca than have the trout of the south. Ova sent from Hampshire and Buckinghamshire to Tasmania have developed a race of fish which shows still further variation; the shape of the caudal fin varies with the age of the fish; the size and arrangement of the vomerine teeth are not always alike in specimens of even the same universally admitted species; and the number of vertebræ in the spinal column is not in every case identical. It can therefore be no matter of surprise that naturalists should have disagreed in their enumeration of species, from Dr. Günther, who, under "anadromous" forms—*i.e.* fish which migrate from the sea into fresh water to breed—describes six species, and catalogues an equal number of non-migratory fresh-water species, to the author of the present work, who recognizes only two divisions—(1) the *Salmones*, or true salmons, wherein the body and the head of the vomer, *i.e.* the central ridge in the upper palate, are toothed at some period of their lives; and (2) the *Savelini*, or chars, wherein the vomerine teeth are restricted to the head of that bone; in (1) he places the salmon and the trout, whether brook or lake, and in (2) the British, and the recently introduced American char, *S. fontinalis*. We do not know that Mr. Day's decision will be at once accepted, although

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* *British and Irish Salmonidæ.* By Francis Day, C.I.E., F.L.S., F.Z.S., &c. With Plates. London: Williams & Norgate.

he adduces very many striking facts in its support; it should, however, be most carefully tested, if, that is, pisciculture is to be regarded as a science of any practical importance; and, the conclusion once established that all forms of trout are varieties of the same species, new and greater consideration will be given to the advantages and disadvantages of crossing and interbreeding; of food, locality, and depth and volume of lake or stream; and it may not perhaps be too much to hope that peculiarities of inherited instinct may be so successfully cultivated that a race of trout will some day be produced which shall average a little under 1 lb., shall be guiltless of the sordid habit of bottom-feeding, and only rise to the fly.

It is impossible, within the limits of this notice, to follow Mr. Day through the whole of his almost exhaustive volume; in fact, it is a book which cannot be compressed, and what gives the whole work an additional interest is the liberal manner in which, chiefly in footnotes, he refers to the descriptions and opinions of others. There is hardly any authority whom he does not quote:—Johnson (1649), Willoughby, Ray, Pennant, Thompson (Nat. Hist. Ireland), Couch, Badham, and Yarrell. Reports of Commissioners, Inspectors, Chairmen of Fisheries; genial Frank Buckland, Huxley, or Willis-Bund, whose salmon problems should accompany every angler in his visits to the pools; writers in the *Field*, in *Land and Water*, and *Notes and Queries*; every one whose practical knowledge or observation can throw light upon a disputed point, or record some hitherto unnoticed fact, is pressed into the service, and the result is a mine of information; containing not only all that is at present known or can be reasonably inferred in the life-history of the Salmonidæ, but giving curious details on the authority of charters and early records of the terms of the petition presented to Edward III. 1357 (?) to regulate the price of salmon taken in the Thames; or of the sums paid, 6s. to 8s. a dozen, for fresh salmon by "the Convent of Durham" in 1532; and produces the evidence for the oft-repeated but contested assertion that an article was commonly inserted in indentures of apprenticeship, in towns situate on salmon rivers, that the apprentices should not be obliged to dine on salmon more than twice or thrice a week.

But there is one question on which we could have desired a more authoritative opinion, one upon which, for reasons not easily explained, much unexpected sentiment has been aroused—and that is, whether the extent to which Kelts are preserved is or is not injurious to the rivers. It is commonly asserted that, so soon as salmon have spawned, they drop down into the nearest pool and remain quiet until the next flood, when they go down with it to the sea, to return again the following season greatly increased in size. But every fisherman's experience teaches him that this statement is only partially correct; both female fish, known as *kelts* or *slats*, and male fish, *kippers*, remain in the rivers in large numbers many weeks after the spawning season has ended; owing to their weakened condition they are peculiarly liable to disease, and in the early part of the season are continually met with blind, or crippled with fungus, or dead and rotting in the streams; if, on the other hand, they recover their health, and become what are known as "well-mended," it can only be at the cost of untold thousands of trout and salmon fry; for, as Mr. Willis-Bund expresses it, "no more ravenous beast than an old Kelt can be found, and he is not particular what he eats." In our opinion the suggestion, more than once put forward, is an eminently reasonable one—that all male Kelts taken after the 1st February should be destroyed, and all of either sex from the commencement of March. It is a question which we beg to commend to all Boards of Conservators as one well worthy of their attention.

HISTOIRE DE BEAUMARCHAIS.*

WHEN, during 1852-4, the *Revue des Deux Mondes* first gave to the world the successive instalments of those studies of eighteenth-century society which M. Louis de Loménie afterwards republished under the title of *Beaumarchais et son Temps*, it might well have been thought that his work, accomplished, instructed, and artistic as it was, should have been final. But, alas! there s no finality in biography. Not only is there always the possibility that some petty discovery may change the aspect of some minor detail, and so, with a running-and-reading public, vaguely discredit the general character of the whole; but even the very vigour and ability of the presentment often prepare its own gradual supersession by attracting fresh students to the subject. However judicious may be the first biographer, however on his guard as to his inevitable successors, it is scarcely to be hoped that he can escape the rectifications and revisions which increased facilities for the consultation of authorities and the endless disclosure of fresh material afford to the modern inquirer. It is well if he is not entirely set aside; and it is most likely that, if he survives by virtue of his style, it is only to be buried (like Boswell) under a Babel of footnotes. M. de Loménie has not yet attained to this disfigurement; but it is clear that his labours have greatly stimulated the admirers of the author of *Le Mariage de Figaro*. Messrs. Auger, de Goncourt, Fournier, Jal, Moland, d'Heylli, F. de Marescot, Auguste Vitu, have all occupied themselves in this matter; and in 1883 an invaluable bibliography was published by M. Henri Cordier. Germany, too, has been not inactive, and some very curious, though very unedifying, light was thrown upon the subject by a little book entitled *Beaumarchais und Sonnenfels*, published in 1868 by Alfred von Arneth, Director of the Archives at Vienna. A more detailed and laborious volume, *Beaumarchais, eine Biographie*, was also issued two years ago from the pen of Dr. Anton Bettelheim.

By a curious accident, however, the latest contribution to Beaumarchais literature belongs rather to the material which prompted M. de Loménie than to anything which may be said to have received its impetus from him. When, in 1850, he first made those dusty investigations in the garret of the Rue du Pas-de-la-Mule, of which he has given so graphic an account in his introduction, there already existed among the documents submitted to him by Beaumarchais's descendants a manuscript Life, prepared by Beaumarchais's friend and ally Gudin, or, "writ large," Paul-Philippe Gudin de la Brenellerie. Originally intended as an introduction to the edition of Beaumarchais's works published in 1809, it was suppressed at the request of Mme. de Beaumarchais, who appears to have feared that its readers might associate her husband too closely with some of the ultra-philosophic theories of his enthusiastic, but (in 1809) somewhat old-fashioned, biographer. Of these unpublished Memoirs M. de Loménie made considerable use—perhaps more use, even, than is quite covered by his prefatory acknowledgments—but after his book had appeared they were again forgotten, at all events for the time. Then the discovery of the original draft among Gudin's papers seems to have suggested their publication; which, after being projected by a M. Mabille, now deceased, was ultimately effected by their present editor, M. Maurice Tourneux. By a coincidence, M. Eugène Lintilhac, who is engaged upon a further study of Beaumarchais, was enabled to allow M. Tourneux to collate the draft with the fair copy used by M. de Loménie, so that, to use M. Tourneux's expression, Gudin has been treated "like a veritable classic." That he will ever become one is more than doubtful. To the defects which were felt by both M. de Loménie and Mme. de Beaumarchais lapse of years has added errors and misapprehensions long since rectified, while in the portion exploded by M. von Arneth, the Angelucci episode—upon which, as M. Lintilhac promises still further elucidations, it would be unwise to dwell here—he is naturally very much to seek. Still he has one incalculable advantage. Panegyrist and partisan though he be, he possessed Johnson's supreme qualification for a biographer—he had known and lived with the man whose life he wrote. He is besides effectively annotated and supplemented by M. Tourneux; and, as M. Tourneux says, it is but fair, even at this late hour, that the earliest and staunchest of Beaumarchais's apologists should be allowed a hearing.

This tardy justice is the less to be withheld because the suppression of Gudin's work upon this occasion was not by any means a solitary experience. Facile and laborious, "fruitfully mediocre," he spent a large portion of his lifetime in the preparation of a vast History of France, in five-and-thirty volumes, which never succeeded in meeting with a publisher rash enough to produce it. He also wrote two "opera-ballets," *Lycurgue* and *Solon*, which were equally unable to find a composer; and the most important fact connected with his numerous tragedies, acted and unacted, is that one of them, *Lothaire et Valrade*, after being printed at Geneva and played at Berlin, was burned at Rome by order of the Inquisition. And yet all this, added to his authorship of an heroi-comic poem, "dans le goût de l'Arioste," on the conquest of Naples, failed to save him from being put forward, some fifty years ago, as the "only begetter" of the work of Beaumarchais! But unless he should chance to find a new fame in the *Mémoires* now given to the world by M. Tourneux, it is most likely that his surest claim to recollection will continue to rest upon one line, now definitely ascribed to him. In 1779 the French Academy offered a prize, which was gained by La Harpe, for an *Eloge de Voltaire*, then lately dead. Gudin competed, and although unsuccessful, his happy characterization of Henri IV.,—

> Seul roi, de qui le pauvre ait gardé la mémoire,—

was specially noted as a suitable legend for that monarch's statue. But even here Gudin's habitual ill-luck pursued him, for until very recently, not only was his authorship of this fortunate utterance practically unknown, but, to make matters worse, it was almost always misquoted.

* *Histoire de Beaumarchais.* Par Gudin de la Brenellerie. *Mémoires inédits, publiés sur les Manuscrits originaux.* Par Maurice Tourneux. Paris: Plon. 1888.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THIS article may be not inappropriately opened by a few words on the eldest and not the least noteworthy of French critics, M. Désiré Nisard, who has died since our last issue. More than fifty years have passed since M. Nisard's *Poètes Latins de la Décadence* and the parallel which (perhaps taking the hint of Byron's remark about Horace and Claudian) he drew therein between his immediate subject and certain of his own contemporaries made him regarded as the bitterest foe of Romanticism. He was all the more dangerous because he could not, like the Jouys and the Lemerciers, be dismissed as a "fossil," being exactly Victor Hugo's contemporary. Twenty years after, political as well as literary causes made him once more extremely unpopular with literary youth. He has sometimes been regarded as, and may very likely have been called, the Boileau of the nineteenth century—an appellation which would not be much

happier than most such, inasmuch as he was far Boileau's inferior in mordant style, and far his superior in literary knowledge. Putting old quarrels aside, M. Nisard may be recognized as having been, though a narrow, an acute and accomplished critic. He wrote French of the best old kind, and his last republication—not very long ago—of critical articles displayed this agreeably. But his chief book, the "History of French Literature," was fatally injured by his prejudices and his want of range. It ought to be mentioned that, quite independently of his critical work, M. Nisard rendered valuable services as an organizer of literary education. Of many departments of this, especially of the Ecole Normale, which has since produced almost more men of letters than schoolmasters, he was, in fact, the second founder.

One of the most solid and not the least brilliant of Michelet's many services to history long ago put the famous *Procès des Templiers* (1) in, if not a new light (for the general truth had always been fairly enough understood by historians), at any rate a fuller light than had before been given. Fresh investigations of the documents have confirmed his views since, though they may have also shown that Michelet was always Michelet. M. Lavocat's exposition of the matter is patient in its reference to chapter and verse, and has the advantage of being arranged by a lawyer. It will thus be very useful for reference to historical students; but we have read books more satisfactory and yet not less instructive to the general reader, both in the digestion of fact into narrative and in the character of the critical comment.

A new series, the "Petite Bibliothèque Economique," opens very well with Vauban's famous, but little read, *Dime royale* (2). The book is cheaply but prettily produced, and has a capital introduction by M. George Michel, sketching Vauban's life, noting the economical objections to his project, and giving a sufficient account of the rascally cabal that disgraced, and in a way killed, the great engineer, and proved more clearly than anything else the dotage of Louis XIV.

Providence has rewarded that wicked Gyp for her gibes at poor M. Ohnet by quickly supplying her with a fresh subject of gibing. We are inclined to think *Volonté* (3) a more absurd book than any of its forerunners. M. Ohnet's pitiless critics of what Mr. Blunt calls the "drawing-room pedant" school will note that he calls the wife of Sir James Olifaunt "Madame Olifaunt," critics of his notions of the heroic feminine will observe that he thinks it ladylike for a lady when her husband has rescued her from the hands of villany to smite villany on the cheek with a glove, and critics of his *style noble* will chuckle over such phrases as this:—"Mais on ne change pas sa destinée; et il était écrit dans l'avenir que l'existence de Clément et celle de Louis devaient être tragiquement mêlées l'une à l'autre." And the public will no doubt buy another hundred thousand copies.

Among schoolbooks first place, by right of subject, must be given to Mr. H. A. Perry's edition of *Hernani* (Rivingtons). The notes are good, though Mr. Perry has not quite followed up his excellent determination not to take the student away from "the wholesome society of his grammar and dictionary," but has succumbed to the (to us quite unintelligible) fancy for indicating etymologies which have nothing more to do with *Hernani* than with any other work. His note on the Alexandrine metre were better omitted or considerably enlarged and corrected. To say that "*e* mute *always* counts as a syllable," without so much as mentioning elision, will utterly mislead the non-classical student. And it is entirely a mistake to say that in the [French] classical verse "the interests of the rhythm or harmony are paramount," while in the Romantic verse they have to give way to "the emphasis required to bring out the force of a word." On the contrary, the Romantic theory is not to sacrifice rhythm or harmony at all, but to vary, enlarge, and enrich both. The introduction might also be a little fuller; but we are glad to welcome the book. We have also useful school editions (Whittaker) of Piron's *Métromanie*, by M. Delbos, and of Galland's *Ali Baba*, by Mr. Clare; a book called *The Self-Tests Series—French*, by J. Berrington (Allen), which, no doubt, contains much useful information, but the general plan of which seems to us confused, and a capital *French Accidence* (Rivingtons) from the practised hand of M. Eugène Pellissier.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

It is satisfactory to find that the *Addresses and Lectures* of the late Sir G. A. Macfarren (Longmans & Co.) are issued as delivered, and not prepared for publication like Parliamentary speeches. Never were discourses less academic in style or more invigorating and helpful than these ten annual addresses (1878–1887) to the students of the Royal Academy of Music. There is something apostolic in the earnest exordium which is an invariable feature of the addresses and in the fervid admonishment that occasionally intervenes in the course of exposition. In the midst of some technical or historical dissertation, enriched by the happy illustration Sir George Macfarren could always command, a note of warning is sounded in frankly colloquial language. Thus, in the admirable discourse on the Symphony (p. 88), in which its inter-dependent development by the great masters is eloquently demonstrated, we find this characteristic passage:—"It is too much the use nowadays to speak of Mozart as old-fashioned, to speak of Haydn as *rococo*. Oh, do believe there is endless youth, eternal spring, in the writings of those men, and that the more scrupulously we look into the beauties of their work, the more fit we are to understand what has been written since, and the more capable we are of enjoying it all!" The combination of dignity and simplicity, of wide culture and vigorous common sense, does not often characterize the official utterances of public men, and in Sir George Macfarren was extremely noteworthy. Few men have known so well how to instruct and interest a youthful audience, or how to utilize in the clear and expressive language that befits the platform the accumulated stores of thought and erudition. If there is little of what is commonly called oratory in this volume, there is abundance of the more valuable eloquence that survives the hour of speech.

In *A Dream of John Ball* (Reeves & Turner) Mr. William Morris is possessed of the spirit of prophecy, like the poet in the *Vision of Piers Plowman*; but, unlike the dreamer of the Malvern Hills, who proved to be a genuine seer, he prophesies very much after the event in his ghostly converse with John Ball. An unbiassed statement of facts was perhaps not to be expected in what purports to be a vision, and we certainly do not recognize "things as they are" in the vision of things to come which Mr. Morris unfolds to the wondering priest. The marvel is that he does not deter John Ball from his march upon London with his rabble rout, for he plainly tells him that his enterprise will not bring down heaven upon earth, but rather hell up from below. And it were well if all preachers of violence and sedition would take the moral to heart. This is not the way of Mr. Morris. The address of John Ball from the Kentish village cross, though prettily sown with archaisms, is strangely modern in style and matter. "Be ye bold, and again bold, and thrice bold!" is certainly a familiar adjuration. "And, look you!" says the leader of the insurgents, as they are about to have a brush with the King's troops, "think it no loss of manhood to cover your bodies with tree and bush; for one of us who know is worth a hundred of those proud fools." This modest self-esteem is not unknown among the Tappertits of our times. Being a poet, Mr. Morris could not altogether fail to write like a poet. His descriptions of a village inn, the interior of a yeoman's house, and the moonlit church, in which, seated in the vicar's stalls, he and his fellow-enthusiast discuss economic problems, are very sympathetic and spirited. Unhappily there are few of these pleasurable interludes in the heady current of Mr. Morris's vain imaginings. The forecast of our own days of steam and machinery, "when men shall make things, and not men, work for their superfluities," is rank distemper rather than a humorous perversion of fact.

Professor Morley's projected History of English Literature has advanced to a second volume of *English Writers* (Cassell & Co.), which completes the section devoted to literature before the Norman Conquest, the centuries treated being conveniently comprehended under the title "From Cædmon to the Conquest."

The Fortunes of Words, by Federico Garlanda (Trübner & Co.), is a little volume of "Letters to a Lady" on the study of language; one of the large number of books that show the natural increase of the popular interest in philology since the publication of Archbishop Trench's Winchester lectures *On the Study of Words*. Mr. Garlanda is an agreeable and unpedantic writer, and his book a good introduction to the subject.

Mr. Thomas Davenport Warner has written a drama—*Madelena; or, the Maids' Mischief* (Philadelphia: Lippincott)—and published it with the feelings of one who finds no place for it in the world and consigns it to Limbo. That publication frequently leads to Limbo is too true, yet we have never known an author candid enough to acknowledge so much. Mr. Warner's play is much too long and too diffuse, though by no means ill conceived. The plot is the old one that begins in comedy and is like to end in very solemn tragedy. The maids who plot mischief playfully almost bring a noble pair of lovers, their dear friends, to a shameful death. One of these young ladies is too fond of the verb to cuddle. She speaks rather enigmatically of "a toad cuddling in a flower bed," and of Venetian soldiers that "they cuddle themselves with glory."

Bird Notes, by Evelyn Douglas (Chelmsford: Clarke), have more of the carelessness than the rapture of unpremeditated song. Mr. J. W. Watson's *Beautiful Snow, and other Poems* (Ward, Lock, & Co.), now first collected in this country, have "won the favour," we are told, "of literary circles in America." All sorts of persons have fraudulently claimed the authorship of *Beautiful Snow*—a fact we should have thought incredible of any people save the countrymen of Mr. E. P. Roe. Mr. Watson's "poems" are mere Christy-Minstrelsy.

Lays of the Early English Church, by the Rev. W. Foxley Norris (Parker & Co.), deal with incidents in ecclesiastical history in ballad stanzas of extreme simplicity. The notes are readable and the woodcuts good.

A curious novelty in books of reference is the diminutive *Pocket Encyclopædia* (Sampson Low & Co.) An enormous mass of information is compressed into this dictionary by a somewhat painful process of abbreviation. When once the rather formidable list of "signs and abbreviations" is mastered, the book will be found to be really useful. The signs are almost mystical and astrological enough to deter the reader.

Mr. Joseph Alan Scofield may be a conscientious believer in psychical research, but he is an overbold dramatist. His four-act play

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(1) *Procès des frères et de l'ordre du Temple.* Par M. Lavocat. Paris: Plon.

(2) *Vauban—Dîme royale.* Paris: Guillaumin.

(3) *Volonté.* Par Georges Ohnet. Paris: Ollendorff.

in sad blank verse—*Alwynne; or, the Secret of Narboth* (Wyman & Sons)—deals with historic personages, such as the father of Lady Jane Grey, and sets forth "certain actual and recent psychical experiences." If the hero's experiences represent those of the author, Mr. Scofield must have had a dreadful haunted time, and merits our sincere commiseration. His wild and cryptic drama cannot seriously be designed for an earthly stage. Only an audience of spooks could endure it.

Among new editions and reprints we have the *Life and Labours of Thomas Brassey*, by Sir Arthur Helps, and *The Queen's English*, by Dean Alford, in "Bohn's Select Library" (Bell & Sons); a new and improved edition, with Glossary, of Mr. Edward Sims's Manual for the *Genealogist, Topographer, Antiquary and Legal Professor* (Edward Avery); the fourth edition of Lord Selborne's *Defence of the Church of England against Disestablishment* (Macmillan & Co.), and Goldsmith's *Deserted Village* and *Traveller*, edited and annotated by Professor Arthur Barrett (Macmillan & Co.)

We have received Mr. Arthur Young's *Axial-Polarity of Man's Word-Embodied Ideas* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.); the Second Part of Vol. VI. of *The Encyclopædic Dictionary* (Cassell & Co.); the *Calendar for* 1888 of the Royal University of Ireland (Dublin: Thoms & Co.); *The Allotments Act*, 1887, *and Compensation Act*, 1887, *Explained*, by J. Theodore Dodd (Horace Cox. *Law Times* Office); *Ceylon*, by John Ferguson, third edition (Haddon & Co.); *A Selection from Pascal's Thoughts*, translated by H. L. Sidney Lear (Rivingtons), and *A First History of the English People*, by Amy Baker (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.)

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No. 1,693, Vol. 65. April 7, 1888. [Registered for Transmission abroad.] Price 6d.

MR. MORLEY AT NEWCASTLE.

It is pleasant to observe, in Mr. John Morley's speeches at Newcastle on Wednesday, no signs such as have appeared in some other of his speeches, both in and out of Parliament, lately, and have seemed to show that he had returned to political work too soon after his very serious illness in the winter. The number of fair-minded and good-tempered politicians, especially in the Gladstonian party, is not so great that Mr. Morley can be spared, even by those most opposed to him, to swell the throng of petulant sophists. He, indeed, as has often been noticed, usually shows at his best among his own constituents. There is a class of speakers, of whom Mr. Disraeli was an instance, and of whom Mr. Goschen is the most remarkable living example, who positively thrive on opposition and dissent, who never strike out so strongly as in a rough sea. Mr. Morley, like his present chief, and like the late Lord Iddesleigh, gets on much better with the tide. It is very edifying and agreeable to read the excellent opinion which he has of the Newcastle colliers and machinists, and to observe the cordial fashion in which these worthy persons appreciate his appreciation. "Collery [without the i] lads for evermore," says an old Newcastle song, and that is the opinion of the lads themselves and of their member—in the latter case, of course, so long as they return him. It must always be agreeable to all but sour curmudgeons to survey happy families of this kind, even if the happiness did not produce much better speeches than Mr. Morley delivers when he has opposite to him a not wise Chief Secretary, as he mournfully described his successor to his audience, a recreant Chancellor of the Exchequer, and a majority composed of persons as different as possible from the intelligent, the high-minded, the, above all things, "sober" artisans of Elswick and Byker.

At the same time the satisfaction of perceiving Mr. Morley at his best is perhaps increased by the additional perception how very little even so clever a man at his best can make of the cause and the party which Mr. Morley now represents. Mr. Morley is not in the least like Mr. Pecksniff, whatever may be the case with some of his friends; but, since the celebrated request of that great architect to be merry, after which he suited the action to the word by taking a captain's biscuit, a more curious kind of jollity has seldom been seen than Mr. Morley's declaration, that the state of the Liberal party in Newcastle is "admirable," because it has just suffered "some small "reverses." To his further argument that the heart of Irishmen has been changed and become as that of a little child, because they say handsome things to Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley himself, when Mr. Morley and Mr. Gladstone promise them everything they want, another parallel from fiction presents itself—the parallel of the boy who was "so obedient that you might guide him with a "feather—to pick cherries." It is extremely interesting to know that Mr. Morley admires the Duke of Wellington and Mr. Carlyle; but he must surely be a very hard-bested politician when he quotes these two particular names in a speech tending to the support of Radicalism in general and Home Rule in particular. So, also, no orator who was in funds, and Mr. Morley least of all, would have indulged in the foolish and, as far as real meaning goes, positively untrue taunt that those Conservatives—after all but a fraction of the party—who supported the Oaths Bill, were acting inconsistently with their conduct some years ago. Mr. Morley should be aware (whatever be the case with his half-namesake, Mr. Arnold Morley, who speaks with the double license accorded to a party Whip and a very young politician) that the presence in Parliament of other persons besides Mr. Bradlaugh affected the Oaths question seriously, and that the action taken in Mr. Bradlaugh's affair was due to the action taken by Mr. Bradlaugh himself. But the signs of "No case" were perhaps more serious and not less obvious in the comments made by Mr. Morley on the Budget and the Local Government Bill. This wicked Mr. Goschen, says Mr. Morley plaintively, only gets a surplus by not paying off debt as he ought to do. And he carefully does not mention that at the very same moment this wicked Mr. Goschen, by the conversion process, has, to all intents and purposes, reduced every twelve millions of the Debt to eleven millions, as far as the burden on the nation goes. He calls on blushing Free-trade to hide the dreadful bottled-wine tax; but he was obliged to explain to Elswick and Byker that he really has no objection to it as a tax upon bottled wine. And when we pass from what he said about Mr. Goschen to what he said about Mr. Ritchie, very much the same things appear. He is "delighted" that the Tories have been converted. That is his general criticism; but when he comes to detail the delight seems to be of a most curious character. There are very few things, after all, in the Bill that are right, and those have the damning fault of being done by the wrong persons. But the crowning instance is, of course, to be found when we come to Ireland; and Mr. Morley's case is no better that his mistake happens to be shared by Sir Henry James. Everybody remembers that memorable day when those who are unceasingly complaining that there is one law for England and another for Ireland fought desperately, as far as Ireland was concerned, against the proposal that both in England and in Ireland a prisoner or his wife might give evidence. Now every child, and much more an ex-Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant, knows what the opposition of Irish members to this means. It means, and can have no other meaning than, that the proposal would act as an additional means of detecting crime; and the Irish members, who represent crime, fight against it. Sir Henry James, like many lawyers, has no doubt other and technical objections; but none of these objections can by any possibility count with the Parnellites or with Mr. Morley. The Parnellites want, and very naturally want, not to tighten the rope round the necks of the advanced guard of their party. Honest men want, and very naturally want, to get that rope as tight as possible. And yet Mr. Morley acquiesces in resistance to the extension to Ireland of what he admits to be in itself and in England "a humane and beneficent "proposal."

It can scarcely be necessary to go further than this in detailed examination, and the result is very interesting indeed. Mr. Morley is one of the ablest, if not the ablest, of Home Rulers. He has not, like most of his friends (his secret opinion of whom would be very interesting to hear), taken up Home Rule as an office-key, a pick-lock to a place, but as a conviction—a very strange conviction, no doubt, but still a conviction. He has got reasoned grounds for it—very odd grounds, no doubt, considering that they rest ultimately on sheer fear, but still grounds which can be called reasonable if you grant a little. He is speaking evidently in good temper on the whole, and not under the pressure of any recent mortification, to a sympathetic audience, and without the trouble—a new but considerable one in this platform-haunting age—of any special opponent to answer. Yet, as has been seen, he can hardly touch a single question without dropping into an obvious fallacy, exposing himself to an awkward *tu quoque*, rushing on the horns of a disastrous dilemma, or incurring a damaging charge of laughing on the wrong side of the mouth. This is the constant fate of the Home Rule orator, whose argumentative progress deserves no description so well as that famous and eloquent one of the Psalmist, about those who go down to the sea in ships, with the single exception

that it is never likely to end in any haven where he would be; to stagger from one contradiction to another, to reel out of this fallacy into that paralogism, this is the regular way of the defenders of the scheme. For it is a scheme logically and historically impracticable in itself, and discredited further by the necessity of working with a gang of politicians such as no honest man before our present Gladstonians would have touched with a little finger. It is scarcely wonderful that those who choose to meddle with it should incur such sorrowful chances by the way and stumble so lamentably in their going.

THE BUDGET.

THE main provisions of the Budget will probably be accepted either in virtue of their soundness or on Mr. GOSCHEN's authority. The narrow margin which he has allowed for amendments will render considerable alterations comparatively difficult to introduce. A small, and perhaps a precarious, surplus limits the elasticity of a Budget. A Chancellor of the Exchequer hampers his own freedom of action as well as the discretion of the House of Commons by proposing doubtful additions to the revenue as the alternative of an insufficient balance. Some of the new taxes will have the serious defect of being unpopular and not proportionally productive; but it will be necessary either to insist on the original scheme or to provide a substituted source of income. It fortunately happens that the most objectionable of all the minor articles of the Budget may be abandoned, not only without loss, but with a trifling gain. No class but that of vagrants has an interest in the suggested abolition of hawkers' licences. Quiet rustic householders view with alarm the facilities which are offered by Mr. GOSCHEN to sturdy beggars. Small ratepayers have no desire to increase the number of itinerant competitors, and the hawkers themselves would probably rather pay a tax on their occupation than surrender the monopoly which has been conferred on them by the imposition of the licence. A saving of 25,000*l.* a year looks insignificant by the side of the estimated millions of receipt and expenditure; but the hawker's licence has the collateral advantage of restraining a serious nuisance. If it were possible to discourage the whole mendicant profession by taxing their unprofitable industry, such an extension of the licence system would do more good than harm. It would perhaps be thought both presumptuous and paradoxical to suggest that the few thousands which might, as now, be levied on hawkers should be applied to facilitate the withdrawal of the heavy additional tax on bottled wines. The classes will perhaps not receive the sympathy of the masses with their grievance of dear champagne; but cheap wines, especially from Italy, which are commonly bottled where they are made, will be excluded from the English market if the present course of trade is disturbed. The technical difficulty of reversing a vote which has already passed the House of Commons might be easily overcome.

A more serious impediment to concession may perhaps be connected with Mr. GOSCHEN's motive for proposing an increase of duty. It is possible that his object is rather to recur to old-fashioned fiscal doctrines than to make a trifling addition to the surplus. One school of financiers has always disputed the soundness of Mr. GLADSTONE's policy in reducing to the lowest point the number of subjects of taxation. On the whole, the weight of authority is perhaps in favour of the recent practice; but it involves the inconvenience of rendering the fiscal system in a great measure dependent on the Income-tax. Mr. GOSCHEN's new tax on bottled wines is the first addition to the duty since the date of Mr. GLADSTONE's celebrated Budget of 1860, though the alcoholic standard was altered two or three years ago for the benefit of Spanish growers. The proposed increase of the duty on wines imported in bottle will produce an insignificant return; but it may perhaps be intended as the beginning of a new resort to indirect taxation. Mr. GOSCHEN caused some surprise by his remark that Parliament had no need to consult the susceptibilities of nations which take every opportunity of discountenancing English industry. The liberality of the English tariff is the result of a calculation of exclusively domestic interests. It was not out of generosity, but as a result of calculation, that Mr. GLADSTONE readjusted the wine duties. His measures have in a great measure altered the habits and tastes of English consumers. It is for their benefit, and not through polite consideration for French growers, that light claret has been introduced as a common beverage. The apparent intimation that the new duty on bottled wines partakes of the nature of retaliation would cause some anxiety if it had been propounded by a less orthodox economist. It may also be remarked that a Customs duty, however small, becomes protective if it is not accompanied by a corresponding impost in the nature of Excise. Some wines are habitually bottled abroad, while other wines are imported in the wood. The advantage which is to be offered to wine bottled in England is in some degree anomalous. The expediency of taxing luxuries as such is not universally acknowledged. Duties on commodities used by a few are comparatively unproductive, and, if they discourage consumption, the revenue suffers. It may be admitted that, if the effect of the duty is only to make champagne slightly dearer, the grievance will not be intolerable.

The new taxes on heavy vehicles and on wheels will affect a less patient section of the community. The limit of weight is so fixed as to bring almost every waggon, if not almost every cart, within the jurisdiction of the tax-gatherer. It is true that farmers will not be liable for vehicles exclusively used in husbandry; but a load of timber or of coal for household use will entail the payment of duty. It must also be remembered that farmers are purchasers as well as dealers, and that they for the most part haul all the goods which they consume in their own waggons or carts. It may be presumed that artificial manures will be carried as articles connected with husbandry; but a cask of beer or a sack of flour can only be brought in a taxable vehicle. The argument that heavy vehicles wear the roads is entirely inconsistent with the policy which has prevailed for more than twenty years in the administration of the most important highways. Turnpike trusts have been almost everywhere abolished, at the cost in many cases of heavy loss to the creditors, and with the result of throwing the expense of maintenance on the ratepayers. Carriers and others who use the roads for heavy traffic are useful and indispensable members of the industrial community. The tax on heavy vehicles is a deliberate measure of retrogression. The wheel-tax will be still more universally obnoxious. There is not the smallest reason for taxing the simple machinery of the farm which would not equally justify a duty on boilers or fly-wheels. The smallness of the charge will not diminish the irritation of the farmer or tradesman who will bear the burden. The tax will be thought the more vexatious because it will render only a small contribution to the revenue. When Mr. GLADSTONE opened his great Budget of 1853 he was interrupted by an inquiry whether he intended to tax carthorses. He replied without a pause that he saw no more reason for taxing the machinery of agriculture than for taxing the machinery of manufacture.

The parts of the Budget which have been mentioned are not of primary importance. If the new taxes can be spared, they may be omitted from the scheme without affecting Mr. GOSCHEN's general policy. He has evidently thought it desirable at the expense of some questionable experiments to reduce the Income-tax to the comparatively moderate amount of sixpence in the pound. The accompanying suggestion that sixpence is the natural or normal rate of duty is perhaps an arbitrary assumption; but, as future Chancellors of the Exchequer will not be bound by Mr. GOSCHEN's opinion, the question need not be discussed for the present. It is certain that the Income-taxpayer is entitled to immediate consideration. For many years it has been his fortune to supply all deficiencies in the revenue; and he would be the first and the greatest sufferer by any extraordinary demand on the public purse. Every new addition to the Income-tax increases its inequality. Lord ADDINGTON and a few consistent devotees of an obsolete theory complain on all occasions of the supposed injustice of a tax upon earnings. It has been found impossible to convince them of the demonstrable truth that a permanent and invariable Income-tax would adjust itself with the nicest accuracy to the equal incidence of the burden. The incomes earned in professions and trades are as permanent as rent or interest of money, though the persons of the recipients may be more frequently changed. An equal tax extending over a long term of years would be levied on those who earned it at the time, and the contributions of the Bar, the medical profession, or the Stock Exchange would be in proportion to a collective income, perpetually renewed. Injustice arises when the rate of duty varies at short intervals. A trader who had pursued his occupation only during the three or four years of the Crimean War must have paid ten to fifteenpence in the pound out of his whole receipts, although his successor

ten years later would only pay a third of the amount. Mr. GOSCHEN apparently wishes to make the percentage more uniform by aiming at a rate which would, according to his scheme, last for several years. He probably disapproves of the facility with which the rate has been frequently raised, and of the delay which has followed when a reduction might have been possible. His opponents will probably complain of the inseparable connexion between the Local Government Bill and the Budget; but any Chancellor of the Exchequer who offered large relief to ratepayers must have made in his financial scheme sufficient provision for the grant. It is not yet known whether the proposed increase of the Succession-duty will meet with opposition. For reasons which were briefly stated by Mr. GOSCHEN, the duty on real property causes greater inconvenience than an equal charge on personalty.

AUTHORITIES ON THE NAVY.

WE do not know how it may be with other people, but we are becoming rather tired of comments on the state of the navy. The subject is not what we complain of. That is abundantly interesting; but what is talked and written about it is rapidly approximating, in point of confusion, contradiction, and inconclusiveness, to the level of notes on SHAKSPEARE's plays. There is not only no agreement as to the meaning of words among the disputants, but no attempt even to secure one. In a general way we know that official gentlemen will draw a pleasing picture of the condition of the fleet, and that naval officers will —— the said official gentlemen in heaps. So much is certain; but beyond it there is nothing to rely on. Within the last few days Mr. FORWOOD has been speaking, and various naval gentlemen have been writing, and it is hard to believe that they have been dealing with the same force, so different does it look in their respective pictures. Mr. FORWOOD is eminently official as against the naval officers, though he can be severe and independent enough when he has to do with the extravagance of the dockyards. He is perfectly entitled to speak up for the civilian element in the Admiralty, and the partisans of administration by experts will find that he does it well. But that quarrel is as good as fought out, and indeed never did greatly interest anybody outside the profession. What we should like to get from Mr. FORWOOD would be something to show that the Admiralty has a distinct idea of what the navy would have to do in war, and of how far it is able to do it. Unfortunately, he is so far from giving any such thing, that his speech rather seems to prove the existence of a good deal of confusion in the Parliamentary official mind.

Speaking as an official, and also as a shipowner, Mr. FORWOOD contrived to come, if not actually to, then to within touch of, a downright contradiction in terms on the subject of the protection of commerce at sea. We have his word for it that hard-headed practical men in the shipping business do not expect that any fleet can protect the 8,000 British ships on their homeward-bound voyages, and the 8,000 outward-bound vessels. This is good and self-denying of them; but then, on the other hand, they do expect, and have a right to demand, that "we shall provide a fleet more "than sufficient to watch, and I hope destroy, every war "vessel of a possible enemy." This is quite a different story; and how does Mr. FORWOOD suppose that the second of these things can be done without including the first? We should be glad to know that we have a fleet capable of watching and destroying every possible enemy. If it is there its existence can surely be demonstrated. Mr. FORWOOD declares that in 1891 England will have eighty sea-going cruisers, as against fifty-nine of other Powers. This practice of comparing what we will have with what others will have a few years hence is rather misleading at a time when war may break out in a week. But, even if it is allowed, on what does Mr. FORWOOD base his statement? It is only a few days since Lord CHARLES BERESFORD was making a very different estimate; and both cannot be right. The melancholy truth is that all these estimates are utterly fallacious; for on each side ships are included or ruled out according to the views of the gentleman who makes them. Nobody has yet settled what a "sea-going cruiser" really means, nor what amount of speed it ought to possess, nor what degree of slowness or other weakness ought to cause a ship to be struck off the active list. If we may read a little between the lines of Mr. FORWOOD's speech, it would seem that the Admiralty itself is not quite sure in its own mind that our force of cruisers is sufficient. All this talk, at least, about the difficulty of knowing what the protection of commerce would be in practice looks very much as if the official mind was terribly uncertain. The course to take, supposing this to be so, would seemingly be to build many more cruisers, and that quickly, and moreover to build them up to the level of the *Reina Regente*, which has just steamed from Glasgow to Ferrol at the rate of nineteen knots an hour. This course, however, is not to be taken. We have pleasing official comparisons instead, and we doubt whether professional criticism is of sufficient calibre to drive the Admiralty out of its position. It is some consolation to be reminded by Admiral FANSHAWE that the quarrel between the department and the officers is not new, and that we have got along in spite of it. The Admiral quotes some figures of Sir JOHN BARROW's in the Appendix to the Life of ANSON to show that in 1838 the navy was relatively stronger than it is now. He does not add that Sir JOHN collected those statistics in order to answer naval officers who were publishing pamphlets to show that the French were getting ahead of us, and that the very Russians were preparing a fleet in the Baltic at which we might tremble. Perhaps some future Admiral FANSHAWE will quote Mr. FORWOOD to crush some future Lord GEORGE HAMILTON.

THE SESSION TO EASTER.

THE first six weeks of the Session have been fully occupied, first with party squabbles and afterwards with large projects of legislation. Little more than a fortnight was devoted to repetition within the House of Commons of the invectives which had been delivered on a hundred platforms during the recess. All that remains in the general memory is the strength of language characteristic of the Irish Nationalists and their English allies, and the impression that both in the goodness of his cause and in his own growing skill and vigour Mr. BALFOUR was a match for his assailants. From his colleagues, with the occasional exception of Mr. GOSCHEN, he received but little assistance in debate. Perhaps they thought it useless to prolong a controversy in which it was difficult to say anything new; but it must be confessed that most of the Ministers in the House of Commons are not distinguished as Parliamentary gladiators. Mr. STANHOPE and Lord GEORGE HAMILTON display much ability in defending the administration of their respective departments. Mr. RITCHIE has founded a reputation on his exposition of the complicated Local Government Bill, and Mr. GOSCHEN has only one superior as a debater on either side of the House. Mr. SMITH, who has never professed to be an orator, has succeeded beyond expectation as leader. Good sense, good temper, and knowledge of business and of the rules of the House appear to be popular qualities. On the other side, Mr. GLADSTONE, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, and Mr. PARNELL have directed many attacks against the Government. Even the political enemies of Mr. GLADSTONE appreciate the unabated energy with which he takes a principal part in debate, and animates his party. His chief lieutenant's powers of debate and declamation still suggest a feeling of regret that he should not have taken service on the other side. Mr. PARNELL has on two or three occasions superseded his irresponsible subordinates; and they have been compelled under his authority to suspend their habits of obstruction. Mr. O'BRIEN was exceptionally favoured by permission to expound his personal experiences and his devices for evasion or defiance of the law. His speech was not without rhetorical merit; but its most remarkable peculiarity was the reception which it met from the official Opposition. Mr. GLADSTONE ostentatiously exhibited his admiring sympathy with the vituperator of Mr. BALFOUR, although only two or three years have passed since he was himself denounced by the same foul-mouthed declaimer under the nickname of WILLIAM JUDAS GLADSTONE. Forgiveness of injuries may sometimes be a virtue, but not when the pardon of a libeller is purchased by his not less scandalous calumnies on the enemy of his former victim.

After the experience of last year, the waste of two or three weeks of the Session almost formed a topic of congratulation. The debates on the Address conveyed no particle of information to hearers or readers, but it was felt that they might have been indefinitely prolonged. The Government was anxious to introduce several important measures, and for once Mr. GLADSTONE and his followers concurred in their laudable desire. The Opposition hoped,

and still hopes, by facilitating legislation to loosen the alliance between the Conservatives and the Liberal-Unionists, and perhaps to create a schism in the Ministerial party. When the leaders of the Opposition announced their purpose of discontinuing obstruction during the present Session they had no means of knowing whether the Local Government Bill would be founded on household suffrage. If the Government, having once determined on a great organic change, had fallen into the mistake of making it incomplete, Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. PARNELL would have justified their foresight by pouncing on a fatal defect in the measure. They must now content themselves with the chance of the rejection of the Bill by the party which naturally regards it with dislike or regret. Mr. LONG's speech at Devizes may probably have shown them that they are about to incur a second disappointment; but they have still some possibilities in reserve. Notice has been given by a professed Liberal-Unionist of a resolution for the inclusion of Ireland in the Bill; and the injudicious application of the measure to the metropolis may probably, unless the obnoxious clauses are withdrawn, furnish occasions for formidable attacks on the Government. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the Radicals cannot openly condemn the principle of a measure which they only disapprove because they would gladly have proposed it themselves if they had been in office. Their course would have been simpler if the Government had abstained from sweeping legislation. That their hostility is in no degree abated was proved by Sir CHARLES RUSSELL's unwise attempt to derive party profit from the Trafalgar Square riots. The considerable majority by which the motion was rejected imperfectly represented the contemptuous disgust with which the respectable part of the community regarded the patronage of disorder. It was wholly unnecessary to inquire whether any mob assembled on political pretexts had an indefeasible right to the monopoly of public thoroughfares. If the law had been so absurdly defective, the first duty of the Government would have been to pass a remedial Act.

The Ministers have made a good beginning of the Parliamentary year; but their supporters must not forget that they have taken upon themselves large responsibilities which they have still to discharge. Mr. RITCHIE has put on his harness and shown that it fits him; but he will be too prudent to boast till he has put it off. His Bill was printed and circulated a few days ago, and the immediate impression of those who have attempted to study it is that it is difficult to understand, and more difficult to estimate at its true value. The reception with which the general scheme has met must have satisfied the Government of its wise discretion in following the precedent of the Municipal Corporations Act. The social and material differences between towns and rural districts can scarcely be elucidated by discussion. No political prophet can foresee whether the gentry will be willing to take part in county administration, or whether they will be chosen for local office by the constituencies. Conjectures in these and similar subjects will supply little matter for debate. To many possible objections it will be a sufficient reply that any provision which may be impugned has been taken from the Corporation Acts. One argument for the Bill will perhaps not be publicly urged. A main cause of the tolerable success of urban Corporations has been the great administrative ability of many of their permanent officers. The counties will, if their Councils are well advised, spare neither trouble nor expense in obtaining the services of the best professional advisers. The Town-clerks of the great provincial cities are the depositories of municipal and local tradition, and when, as is generally the case, they possess considerable ability, they have in their hands the training and the guidance of successive generations of their nominal employers. Clerks of the peace or County-clerks ought to have equal qualifications and to exercise the same beneficial influence. Other officers, such as surveyors and architects, possess similar opportunities, and it is an important consideration that the paid staff for the most part stands comparatively apart from political conflicts. A lawyer or engineer who is worth his salt regards professional considerations as prior to party or prejudice. An elected councillor is more likely to be an agitator, a jobber, or perhaps a fanatical bigot. There is too much reason to fear that the nominees of temperance factions or of their opponents may be preferred at elections to the best men of business.

The only important Acts which have been passed are Mr. GOSCHEN's Bills for the Conversion of the Debt. In point of form they are classed among legislative proceedings, but they are really official measures. The credit of the remarkable success which has been achieved belongs to Mr. GOSCHEN, and probably, in part, to the skilled officials whom he must have consulted. When the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER and the City are agreed the community at large accepts their authority, and Parliament is conscious of its own incapacity to review the action of the competent authorities. Mr. CHILDERS with creditable candour acknowledged the superior skill and good fortune of a successor who had, as he truly said, taken advantage of more favourable circumstances. Purists in search of a ground of objection were obliged to content themselves with a conscientious scruple as to the small payment to be made to bankers. The pittance was called a commission, and some commissions of an entirely different kind are illegitimate and even fraudulent. Rigorous Parliamentary logicians consequently arrived at the conclusion that the payment without which the whole scheme might have broken down was analogous to the present which a tradesman sometimes makes to his customer's butler. Mr. GOSCHEN was probably much more anxious to learn the decision of the Fundholders than to satisfy his House of Commons critics. The quotations of the Stock Exchange must soon have satisfied him of the absence of all impediment to his operations. His Budget will certainly pass, probably with some alteration; but he will not meet with the same unanimity which was allotted his measure of Conversion. Mr. GLADSTONE may perhaps have exhausted his limited store of indulgence to his adversaries, and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT will wish to remind the House that he also has been Chancellor of the Exchequer. It may be doubted whether either of them will produce an apter criticism than Mr. CHAPLIN's broad assertion that no occupant of the Treasury Bench knew a horse from a cow. If the Ministers had cultivated rural sympathies, they would perhaps have induced Mr. GOSCHEN to remit the tax upon wheels and on waggons, which will irritate and annoy every farmer in the kingdom. The resident in the country will be still more troubled by a plague of vagrants, affecting to pursue the occupation of unlicensed hawkers; but it is not necessary on the present occasion to discuss the details of the Budget. If the Ministers can end the Session, four or five months hence, as creditably as they have begun it, they will have done much to justify and confirm their position.

WOMEN AND WORK.

THE pretty antithetical view of the labour market expressed in the burden "Men must work and women "must weep" is already utterly discredited. Masterful parents, and still more masterful single ladies, have gathered in overwhelming voice to spurn the base conclusion of the poet. The generous columns of the *Daily Telegraph* during the week are given over to eloquent and convincing letters from all sorts of people intent on showing that women must work. There is a fine practical tone about the majority of the correspondence on "Our Daughters." A little wailing here and there, and perhaps a touch of despair, but never a hint of weeping, is discernible in these frank and suggestive revelations of struggling worth. It is not a little remarkable that Mr. WALTER BESANT's article on the Endowment of the Daughter, in *Longman's Magazine*, meets with scant approval. Perhaps it is due to misapprehension of his views, or it may be the natural indignation of the self-reliant, that Mr. BESANT's scheme of endowment is considered by one writer as "too Utopian," while another expresses little sympathy with him because he "regrets "that woman must work." Almost all these good people who discuss "Our Daughters" agree on this point. They say in the clearest language "Women must work." Some go further by inferring that women must work even if they compel some men to give place to them. Now, Mr. BESANT does not say that women must not work. He laments the necessity, if it exists. By his scheme of deferred annuities, readily obtainable on easy terms, he shows a preferable way to relieve burdened households. He would have girls work, if they desire to work, but "[illegible] not "—because they must." Some of those who [illegible] to Mr. BESANT do not appear to have mastered his [illegible]. Others think there exists a limitless field for the [illegible] of single women in the professions and trades. Others [illegible] imagine that the problem is solved by girls obtaining clerkships at lower salaries than young men receive, forgetting that the united family income is lowered and not raised by this

cheapening process. If ever young women succeed in filling mercantile offices and the like, it can only be by accepting inferior wages and at the expense of their brothers. It is well enough in fathers of seven or eight daughters to show a smiling face, but parents blessed with a better regulated quiver might well quail at the prospect. Indigent gentlewomen when they write to the papers become by a natural transition indignant gentlewomen. One enthusiastic lady wanders from the subject with the laudable desire to interpret a recent letter from Mr. RUSKIN on the unmanliness of what she scornfully calls the "nobler" sex. Another—surely a hopeful soul—agrees with "the "lady who writes so nicely from Brockley" in wishing to promote a conference on the subject of woman's work. Here, again, it would seem that Mr. BESANT's services enjoy but slight renown in the suburbs. Many women with loving hearts are wanted to devise some plan that would give women "a fair chance." The proposition is exquisitely vague, and is not likely to lead to anything but a new Babel.

What is meant by "a fair chance" is tolerably evident, to judge from the greater number of these spirited correspondents. Employers should be prepared to regard women competing for work with men as equal to them in capacity and endurance. Something more is meant than that "general intelligence" which Mr. BESANT regards as the possession of the average girl. And young men, moreover, must brace themselves for the arduous struggle with an Orinoco rush of what a brutal "Single Man" calls "female "labour." We are threatened with the worst of all conceivable forms of competition. "The men are arm'd, and "for the fight prepare; And now we must instruct and arm "the Fair." There seems to be a general impression that women are handicapped by certain artificial restraints or antiquated prejudices which must one day be swept away. Few writers in the discussion on "Our Daughters" refer to natural disabilities or to their willingness or obligation to work for lower wages than are commanded by men. No one is better qualified to instruct and arm parents and daughters alike than Mr. BESANT, but he hesitates to encourage young women to engage in a conflict that can only end in disaster to the majority of them. "If," says Mr. BESANT, "we open the Civil Service to women, we take so "many posts from the men which we give to the women "*at a lower salary*." And what is true of the Civil Service is true of all kinds of clerkships in the commercial world. Should this kind of competition become general and successful, the benefit to people with large families of boys and girls would be extremely doubtful. The strange case, cited by "A Single Man," of the male clerk ousted by a cheaper German or young lady, "possibly through "no fault of his own," might, after being common enough, become in the end impossible by the sheer repression of the man. Mr. BESANT lays proper stress on the limits of competition. His scheme for the endowment of daughters is perfectly feasible, as well as a sound precautionary measure. The purchase of the small annuity he cites, as an example of what it is in the power of most parents to effect, would provide a genuine stay for a young woman who is obliged to work. It would be an excellent stimulus, and inspire courage and confidence. Mr. BESANT observes, with excellent force, that it took many years to persuade people of "the duty of life insurance." It may take as long to make his scheme of endowing daughters acceptable to men with large families; but we cannot doubt it will, in the end, have excellent results.

M. FLOQUET'S CABINET.

THE sudden fall of M. TIRARD's Ministry and the formation of a new Cabinet by M. FLOQUET are, no doubt, conspicuous events enough, but they have changed nothing in the position of affairs in France. At the outside, they only note progress. It has been the French custom for long to upset somebody whenever anything unpleasant happens or is discovered. M. FERRY was turned out of office because a column of French troops had been roughly [illegible] in Tonquin in the course of carrying out a policy [illegible] approved of by the Chamber. M. GRÉVY was [illegible] because certain scandals in which nobody [illegible] personally concerned were discovered by [illegible] of course that the election in the [illegible] of M. TIRARD. Nothing could be more annoying than that Gen. [illegible] should start up from the box he was suppos[illegible] into tight. The event was most unpleasant to the [illegible] the Chamber, and as it could not get at General Bou[illegible] or the voters of the Aisne, it knocked down M. TIRARD, [illegible] after all, was only put there to be knocked down. The parti[illegible]cular question on which he was upset matters little. Four-and-twenty hours earlier eight Republican deputies out of ten would unquestionably have declared that there was no need for a revision of the Constitution; but on Saturday the Chamber was suffering from incipient hysterics. It was disposed to tear its cap, and scream at the maids. So it voted for a revision, and would have voted for anything else which was likely to produce a crash, and so relieve its nerves. In a week or less it will probably be whooping on the hearth-rug, and will remain there till it is revived by a bucket of cold water.

Only an extreme dearth of other matter could justify the use of more than a very little type on such a subject as the character and prospects of M. FLOQUET's Ministry. This gentleman has been marked out for the place of Premier for some time, mainly because the French, who are a very conservative people in their habits, have been accustomed of late years to think that the Presidency of the Chamber entitles the occupant of the chair to high office, and gives him some mysterious superiority. Nothing else is known of him to justify any confidence in his capacity. The most remarkable incident in his life supplied M. HALÉVY with a model for the great feat performed at Rome by the immortal M. CARDINAL. His colleagues have all given their measure or are absolutely obscure office-seekers. M. PEYTRAL, Minister of Finance, has amply proved himself an especially incompetent financier. M. GOBLET, who goes to the Foreign Office, has established a character for bad manners and bad temper. The jerky frivolity of M. LOCKROY, the honest nullity of Admiral KRANTZ, and the obscurity of all the others, except one, are familiar. The one exception is, however, considerable. M. DE FREYCINET goes to the War Office—to keep MM. PEYTRAL and GOBLET in countenance. This appointment is amazing, if any incident of contemporary French politics can amaze. M. DE FREYCINET is not only a civilian, which is of itself enough to disqualify him for the office in France, but his name is associated with the worst follies of the Provisional Government at Tours. There is probably not an officer in the French army who does not believe that M. DE FREYCINET's vanity and ignorant meddling with the generals in the field did much to aggravate the disasters of the army of the Loire. To appoint such a man to such a post at this time looks like the mere wantonness of folly. It is perhaps polite to comment on this Ministry's probable policy, but the politeness is entirely wasted. M. FLOQUET's Cabinet cannot live, and, therefore, it is superfluous to inquire what it will do. The Chamber is already so eager to begin pulling it down that the recess has been cut short, and the election of M. MÉLINE to the Presidency of the Chamber shows that the Moderates are already thoroughly well scared by the Radical victory. M. FLOQUET's Ministerial programme shows that he is a Radical prepared to abolish anything, and completely master of the stock phrases of his party. The recess will secure it a fortnight's life, and then the scrambling of a swarm of little parties, composed of fluent little men, will begin again and go on till a dissolution, regular or irregular, suspends it for a time. No government can possibly be conducted with such a body as the French Chamber. In general level of ability it is distinctly lower than, but in other respects it reproduces very fairly, the legislative body which smoothed the way for the *Coup d'état* of 1851. There are the same irreconcilable divisions, the same spirit of intrigue, the same stupid devotion to shibboleths, and, to complete the resemblance, there is "a man of destiny outside." It remains to be seen whether the country is so enamoured of this state of things as to agree with the deputies that "it should "continue and increase rather than that they, beautiful "Republican creatures, should cease to have the guidance "of it."

UNIONISTS ON THE SITUATION.

THAT "great but mistaken prophet," as the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE so well described him, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, has hardly honoured the public platform at all, we believe, since the delivery of his last imposing but infelicitous oracle. In this, no doubt, he is

If you have prophesied the almost imme- a political party, and it thereupon immedi- .s to display quite remarkable signs of increasing -and vigour, it is just as well to go into retirement a season, even though your very silence may cause a malicious political adversary to "wonder how you feel now." That, as Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH has just told his constituents of West Bristol, is the sentiment which fills his mind as he reflects on Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's present position—and which, it must be owned, is an extremely natural one in the circumstances. For, of course, it is not only the disastrous defeat of the prophet's electoral predictions which he has to contemplate, but also the highly disconcerting probability that the Parliamentary successes of the Government will, of themselves, tend to make these predictions fly wider and wider of the mark. If Doncaster and Deptford were so thoroughly satisfied with a Unionist Administration a month or so ago, when Ministers had had little more than time to show good intentions, what is likely to be the feeling of these and other constituencies now that Ministers can point to that list of legislative achievements to which Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH was quite justified in referring the other night in such terms of pride? Probably the vote in the Gower Division of Glamorganshire supplies the correct answer to that question. The difference produced by the Ministerial exploits in legislation is likely to amount to this—that, whereas before those exploits the Unionist cause throughout England was fully holding its own, it is since then beginning to attract converts from Separation even in gallant little Gladstonian Wales.

We have no intention whatever of assuming the mantle which has slipped so untowardly from Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's shoulder, and we therefore only throw out this last observation in a purely conjectural spirit. How the performances of the Government may be viewed by the electorate the next time it falls to any constituency to express an opinion is a question which we would rather leave it to events to settle. But, though we do not say that Ministers will command success at the polls in virtue of their services to the country in Parliament, we do not hesitate to agree with Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, Mr. CAINE, Mr. T. W. RUSSELL, and other legitimately rejoicing Unionists, that they, on that ground alone, and apart from their claims to credit as the restorers of law and order in Ireland, thoroughly deserve it. And in saying this we, for the moment, leave the Local Government Bill out of the question as a measure which has not yet reached a sufficiently advanced stage to justify positive assertions as to its future. It would be enough that Ministers have almost at a stroke accomplished the correction of those abuses in the House of Commons which have defied so many previous reforms of procedure; that they have, as Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH says, successfully carried through the largest and most beneficial financial operation ever attempted by a Chancellor of the Exchequer in this present generation; and that they have, to quote Mr. CAINE, disposed of the largest surplus that has accrued for fifteen years, by fulfilling that hope of reducing the interest on the National Debt which Mr. GLADSTONE has so long cherished in vain. Unionists, whether Liberal, Conservative, or Radical, are justified in some modest exultation over a record which promises so well for the popularity of their common party. So pleasant is it to contemplate, that even Mr. T. W. RUSSELL has been mollified by the survey, and admits that the Government "has a "programme for Great Britain, of which he thoroughly approves." As to Ireland, he does not, he of course adds, profess to approve of some of the acts of the Government. He was against the appointment of Colonel KING-HARMAN as Under-Secretary; he regrets the action of Ministers in regard to "arrears of rent," and "their Land Commission Bill would "have to be greatly modified before it could be accepted by "the representatives of the Irish people." But, these drawbacks admitted, the Government, he was good enough to say, is "sound on the great question of the Union," and, though differing with them on these details of their administration, he did not think it his duty to obstruct their progress. In spite, that is to say, of their having declined to give an inequitable preference to the gombeen-man's claim on the defaulting tenant as against that of the landlord, and in spite of their having appointed Colonel KING-HARMAN Under Secretary instead of—well, instead of somebody better fitted for the post, Mr. T. W. RUSSELL does not think it his duty to transfer his support from them to a party which is pledged to break up the United Kingdom. Which for Mr. T. W. RUSSELL is a considerable concession.

To Mr. CAINE, as may be supposed, the latest legislation of the Government is the most acceptable. He positively basks in the political warmth which has been diffused by it over a Radicalism grown somewhat chilly from want of sustenance during the past twelve months. "Last Session," he said, addressing his constituents at Barrow, "the burden "of the bargain was felt most heavily by the Liberal-"Unionists; but this Session it was their turn to go lightly "rejoicing in the hope of the fulfilment of some of those "measures that had been the object of Liberal aspiration "for years past." We have no objection whatever to Mr. CAINE'S "going as lightly" as mental and physical conditions will allow, but we venture to object to his displaying such lightness of heart as is implied in his remark about "the disestablishment of the country squire." Of course in so strictly technical a sense of the phrase as that the justices of the peace are to be deprived of their *ex officio* right to administer county affairs, they may be said, and the class of country gentlemen from which they are principally, but by no means exclusively, drawn, may be said, to have been "disestablished." But if, and in so far as, that word is intended to convey any idea of effacement, of the annihilation of local influence and importance, we suggest to Mr. CAINE to consider whether the remark is not somewhat premature. He himself notes with satisfaction that Sir RICHARD PAGET, "the typical Tory country "squire, warmly approved the main features of the Bill," and it would be superfluous generosity on his part to suppose that Sir RICHARD PAGET was merely patriotically rejoicing over the exclusion of his own order from local public life. If Mr. CAINE holds—we put it hypothetically, for his language does not necessarily imply it—that, after the Local Government Bill is passed, he will hear no more of the "squires" in the work of county administration, we cannot do better than refer him to the opinion expressed on the same subject by an authority of so much more weight, with all respect to Mr. CAINE, than himself on such a point, as Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH. We are not without doubts of our own as to the extent to which the county populations themselves will benefit by the proposed changes; but we entirely sympathize with the spirit in which Sir MICHAEL HICKS BEACH and Mr. WALTER LONG counsel the existing controllers of county administration to accept it; and we are disposed to think that it is, not the rulers, but the ruled, who have most reason for anxiety as to the results of the reform. As regards the prospects of the former, there is undoubtedly very great force in Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH's remark that men who have taken a prominent part in Quarter Sessions, or as Chairmen of Finance Committees of their counties, are constantly chosen under household suffrage by those whose local affairs they manage to represent them in the House of Commons. "Depend upon it," continued the speaker, "that, if they continue in the future, as I believe they will, "to work for their country as they have done in the past, "they will be as active as ever and more powerful in county "government as members of a County Council than ever "they have been as members of Quarter Sessions." We sincerely hope that these anticipations may prove well founded, and we certainly quite agree that the surest way of fulfilling them—indeed, that an essential condition of their fulfilment—is for the English squires to accept the legislation of the Government in the spirit which Sir MICHAEL HICKS BEACH himself shows, and which he recommends to them.

POPES AND BISHOPS.

IT is at any rate congruous that ecclesiastical subjects should be discussed at Easter, and two of the subjects which have helped to fill the daily newspapers, at a time when it is necessary for daily newspapers rather to look about for filling materials, have been very ecclesiastical. Into some parts of the discussion about renewing regular relations with the Vatican it is not necessary to enter. The statutable and historical aspect of the question is of less than usual importance, though it is quite natural that Lord GRANVILLE and other persons who can say *pars fui* should take trouble to set it in what they conceive to be the true light. But the question is really one which requires almost a minimum of historical considerations, though it certainly requires a maximum of consideration of actual political facts. The POPE is not, and, except in some entirely changed order of things, is not likely to be, a temporal Sovereign; nor, though we know there are some not despicable judges who think differently, is he likely soon to be the head of a world-wide political organization of any kind. What he is is something very different; but, as it happens,

something almost as important to us. He is the spiritual head, with a direct power of interfering in organization not wholly spiritual, of a large and, fortunately, for the most part very loyal section of HER MAJESTY'S subjects in England, of a very much larger and, unfortunately, very disloyal section of HER MAJESTY'S subjects in Ireland. It is idle to say that the QUEEN is ecclesiastically and spiritually, as well as civilly, the head of these persons as well as of members of the Churches of England and Ireland. It may have been a very great pity that that conception was ever given up; but by Catholic Emancipation it was given up, and it is absurd not to recognize the fact. The recognition of it leads straight to the conclusion that it is in the highest degree unpractical to have no formal means of communication with the POPE, and both undignified and inconvenient to have to supply the want of such communications by extemporized, irregular, and anomalous agencies.

The objections offered to the regularization of the position in some Gladstonian quarters are, of course, not surprising; it is more remarkable that they seem to have found an echo in quarters where political loyalty and political intelligence are less questionable. For the whole thing comes to this—that you never gain anything, and never can gain anything, by blinking accomplished facts. No Englishman wants the help of the POPE in governing Ireland; but he must be a rather foolish Englishman who, because of a point of etiquette about præmunires, or out of antediluvian Protestant hatred of the Scarlet Woman, or out of petulant touchiness as to "interference," fails to see that it would be a very good thing if the Government of the country could have such a say in the appointment of Irish Roman Catholic bishops as every foreign country has, and that some part, at any rate, of the present woes of Ireland are due to the childish system of pretending not to see the POPE which has prevailed so long. At present the Irish Roman Catholic hierarchy, no doubt with honourable exceptions, is the very worst example of an organized priesthood to be found anywhere in the world, from Thibet to Paraguay—ignorant, prejudiced, disloyal to the State, given to the constant countenancing of vices and crimes far more heinous than the vices and crimes with which of old time certain priesthoods have been chargeable, or at least charged. Nor is it the POPE'S fault. He hears the lies; we will not tell him the truth. He has the mischievous persons presented to him for selection; we will not help him to reject them and choose the good ones. And so we naturally get prelates of a well-known type, with the natural further result that the characters and sentiments of such prelates are reflected and exaggerated downwards till we come to those disgraces to Christianity and to humanity who sometimes figure at evictions and on platforms. That all this could be stopped at once, or even stopped in course of time, by accrediting an envoy to the POPE, is, of course, impossible; it is at least equally impossible that some good should not be done by such a proceeding. To represent the attempt to purify the present source of infection as a confession that we cannot govern Ireland is almost as unreasonable as to represent the anxiety of a householder to prevent the pollution at the source of a stream that runs through his garden as a confession that he cannot keep his own premises clean. We cannot keep Romish priests out of Ireland; we can, at least if we choose, exercise some influence to prevent the belief that the patronage of sedition, murder, and robbery is a passport not only to popularity at home, but to favour at Rome. If, as Colonel WARING'S letter seems to show, it is the fact that the offence given to the Protestants of the North would be greater than the advantage gained in securing, at any rate to some extent, the exclusion or discouragement of disreputable clergy in the South and West, that, of course, would be a reason for pausing. But it would be a reasonable argument, like the arguments for the innovation, and not, like the confession-of-weakness argument and the foreign-potentate argument, utterly unreasonable.

It is not a long step from the POPE to Lord GRIMTHORPE, because both are, according to some good authorities, infallible; nor is it a long step from the POPE to the English Bench of Bishops, because both, according to other good authorities, cannot possibly do anything right. Perhaps we should count Lord GRIMTHORPE himself among both our sets of authorities; it is certain that he always worries a bishop with as much natural-enemy feeling as SYDNEY SMITH himself, though with considerably less wit and good temper. At any rate, he is a good deal less at sea here than in his unlucky apologies for homœopathy or homœopathists. We are not far from agreeing with him in his summary condemnation of the disciplinary legisla the Church is concerned of the last half-cent is certainly right in many of his fault-findings measure now before Parliament. It has a bad hist all ways, from its not indistinct origin in the mong. Church reform schemes of the present Archbishop of CANTERBURY to its latest appearance in the House of Lords last month. But we are entirely unable to share Lord GRIMTHORPE'S extraordinary jealousy, less explicable than that of SYDNEY SMITH himself, of episcopal authority as such. The talk about the Bishop "wanting to get rid of "him [a clergyman] for other reasons" is what, if it had been used by somebody else, and if Lord GRIMTHORPE were criticizing it, Lord GRIMTHORPE would himself certainly call "nonsense." To begin with, bishops are seldom fiends and not always fools; in the second place, in a modern diocese there are far too many clergymen for a bishop to have, except in very exceptional circumstances, any personal prejudices against individuals; and, in the third place, with newspapers and suchlike things about, a case of persecution or oppression is certain to be even more awkward for the bishop who "gets rid" than for the clergyman who is got rid of. And if a bishop is not to have a part, and a very considerable part, in managing and disciplining his diocese, we really do not see why there should be bishops at all or what they exist for. It is doubtless very discreditable to English law that the present methods of getting rid of clergymen who are in different ways a scandal or a nuisance or a burden to the Church should be so slow, so costly, and so ineffective. Lord GRIMTHORPE has shown, what was not difficult to show, that the last device for curing this state of things is a bad device. But that is not the same thing as providing a better. We are neither bound nor prepared to draft a better ourselves offhand. Yet we certainly think that when it is found it will not be found in curtailing the bishop's authority in any way, but in enlarging it very considerably, and providing at the same time that the bishop shall be under complete and prompt responsibility for its exercise.

THE CAUCUS AND ITS CHILDREN.

WE are of course disposed, in the Unionist interest alone, to welcome the action which has just been taken, at Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S instance, by the Executive Committee of the National Radical Union. Judging from the accounts given of the present composition of the Divisional Councils of the Birmingham Liberal Association, it was certainly high time that the Liberal-Unionists should withdraw from that body. Now that their representation upon these Councils is reduced to absolute insignificance, it would lead, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN pointed out, to very mischievous misconceptions if they were to remain. Were they to do so, or at least were they to continue to take part in the proceedings of the Association, the country would imagine, whenever they brought forward their resolutions and amendments for certain defeat, that the result of the voting gave correct indications of the strength of Liberal-Unionism in Birmingham. On the other hand, to continue nominal members of the body, and to absent themselves from its deliberations, would produce practically the same effect. The public would infer, and infer rightly, that they did not oppose the resolutions of the Separatists because they were too weak to do so; and from this, of course, the same mistaken deduction would be drawn as to their corresponding weakness in the constituency. There was undoubtedly only one wise course open to them—namely, to withdraw definitively from a body which misrepresents their opinions, and through them, as they contend, the opinion of the people of Birmingham, and to form a new Liberal-Unionist Association of their own for the town, and to allow the old Association to sink to its proper level of a "mere Home Rule and "Parnellite organization."

But, while we view the action with approval from a purely Unionist point of view, we must confess to regarding it also with some satisfaction as a further proof of the essential vices of the electioneering "machine." Mr. CHAMBERLAIN stoutly contends that the test of 1886 is still trustworthy, and that the Liberal-Unionists still constitute a great majority of the Liberal party. We see no reason whatever to doubt that this contention is well founded. Every sign by which we are usually able to read the political mind of the country goes to show that it is. Yet, although Liberal-Unionism still holds its preponderance in the country, and though this preponderance was in few places

...u and significant as it was in Birmingham, yet ...atists in that constituency have contrived to them from all share, or from any share worth speaking of, in the representation. How has this been done? For our part we confess that we do not very much care how it has been done. It is good enough for us that the "Association" system has been discredited by such a thing having been proved to be possible. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, of course, has his own explanation of it. "He would only say "that the votes for the Divisional Councils had been carried "against them at sparsely attended meetings into which "their opponents had imported bodies of adherents, many "of whom were non-Liberals, non-voters, or under age; and "some of whom were induced to attend by means which he "would not describe, but would only say of them that they "were non-political." These, it may be said, are irregularities which, if they occurred, are not due to any inherent faults in the system. Possibly that may be so; but it is sufficient for our purpose if, by these or by any other means, the organization shows itself, as it continually does show itself, apt to yield a totally false impression of the political opinion of constituencies, and to give an answer only to the question which party contains the most unscrupulous and dexterous practitioners of the arts of wirepulling and intrigue. The Gladstonians may reject Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's explanation, but they cannot for a moment pretend that the machine has not, somehow or other, worked in a fashion which, however satisfactory to themselves, is absolutely misleading as an index to opinion. This success has been *too* great; for, since they cannot suppose that the "reaction" they prate about can really have spread so far as to prevent any Liberal-Unionists from obtaining a seat on the Divisional Council "except by accident," such a complete rout of their opponents would, if genuinely brought about, involve an inference a little too good to be true. We feel safe, therefore, in preferring our own inference—which is that the Caucus is devouring its children.

A CASE OF ARBITRATION?

THE fable of the fly on the wheel was written in vain for very many, and notably for the Peace and Arbitration Union. It may possibly be that, if the members of the remarkable body had read the instructive story of the insect, they would not have solemnly informed Mr. CHAMBERLAIN that the Society "had been in existence forty years, and "during the course of its life there had been no fewer than "sixty cases successfully settled by arbitration." A very good-natured interpreter might persuade himself that the Society does not necessarily see any connexion between its own existence and the happy settlement of those sixty disputes; but it is to be feared that he would therein flatter the Peace and Arbitration Union. This great body is much more likely to be firmly convinced that it has in some way persuaded Governments which never heard of its existence not to fight over things not thought worth fighting about. If it were not very cocksure of its own importance, it could hardly have sent a deputation to Highbury, near Birmingham, last Wednesday, to congratulate Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. It obviously never expected to be met with the inquiry—Who, in the name of ZERNEBOCK, art thou? Another explanation of its activity might be found in the desire of the Peace and Arbitration Union for a puff; but that would be malicious. The persons who form Societies of this kind are far too well assured of their own importance, and of the value of their favourite nostrum, to condescend to hunt for puffs. Self-satisfaction is good for something, after all.

The peculiar propriety of the Union's compliment to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is patent from the fact that, whatever his negotiations were, they were not a case of arbitration. It is a mere detail that the negotiations can hardly be said to be complete yet, since the United States Senate has not ratified the treaty. The peculiar beauty of the Union's haste to score a success is independent of the ratification. It is due to the fact that there was no arbitration in the matter. Indeed, if any one is in search of a modern instance of the futility of that much-praised resource, he could hardly find a better than Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's mission. Both sides were too much in earnest, and had too much they were resolved not to surrender, to trust their case to a third party who might be "prejudiced or ignorant." This was the irreverent description given by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN himself as possibly applicable to that virtuous person the arbitrator. He used it while he was explaining to the deputation that it was friendly negotiation, and not arbitration, which had settled this business. What his mission proves is that, when two States see no sufficient reason for going to war, and have a dispute to settle, they can do it by peaceful arrangement. This we knew before. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN gave the fussy Society such an excellent snub that one is sorry to find him saying very weakly that "in the course of the last fifty years great progress has "been made in the direction we desire"—"we" being apparently he and the deputation. Fifty years takes us back to 1838, a peaceful time; but since '48 great wars have occurred every six years or so, and all Europe is now going about in expectation of a greater than any of them. During this time, too, there have been quite a respectable list of treasons, privy conspiracies, and rebellions in half the States of the world, or more. Science has been actively at work improving tools for slaughter, and has succeeded pretty fairly—certainly much better than any Arbitration Society. There is something exquisitely fatuous in the belief of these modern enthusiasts that they have discovered the beauty of peace. If they will read that excellent work, COXE's *Life of Walpole*, they will make the acquaintance of a statesman who sought peace without canting about it, and that successfully. Whether he took the most dignified, and in the long run most profitable, course is another question; but it does not lie in their mouth to condemn him. Then there was a monarch named JAMES I., who was fond of saying Blessed are the peacemakers, and acting on his favourite maxim. Neither did Queen BESS love war for war's sake. It may have escaped the notice of the Union that the Church of England has prayed for peace in our time for some centuries, but it is a fact. With the exception of a madman here and there, nobody does want war if he can obtain his object without it. Unfortunately, that is just the rub. There are some objects which cannot be obtained without fighting, and then we must needs fight, shocking as it may seem to Peace and Arbitration Societies.

THE COMMITTEE OF SUPPLY.

THE usually thin attendance in the House of Commons on the first night after a recess may give a certain additional dulness to its proceedings from the newspaper reader's point of view, but it is a circumstance upon which Ministers have, as a rule, some reason to congratulate themselves. On Thursday night it undoubtedly tended to the dispatch of public business in which fairly satisfactory progress was made. Progress, indeed, was the more satisfactory because the first vote which came before the House in Committee of Supply on the Civil Service Estimates is one upon which economists of the school of Mr. ARTHUR O'CONNOR, Mr. PICKERSGILL, and Mr. LABOUCHERE—alas! that such names should have to be coupled; but Mr. LABOUCHERE *l'a voulu*—could hold forth, if they liked, for an absolutely indefinite time. As it was, they tempered their strength with mercy, and, though as unreasonable as usual, were not unreasonably prolix. Mr. PICKERSGILL—"with much iteration," it is said by a Parliamentary summarist who evidently does not know what Mr. PICKERSGILL can do when he tries—demanded the opening of Hampton Court to the public. Mr. CREMER asked that provision should be made for visitors to Kew Gardens to obtain refreshments; and Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, with much more reason, we admit, than his fellow-critics, complained of the condition of the trees in Kensington Gardens. Mr. LABOUCHERE, however, was of course the hero of the occasion, as he is in all such encounters with a wickedly wasteful and anti-popular Office of Works. He denounced the extravagant management of the Parks, and moved the reduction of the vote, on which he was defeated by a majority of 95 votes to 53. We are, of course, bound to assume that every beat of "the great heart "of the people" is faithfully responded to by a throb under Mr. LABOUCHERE's waistcoat. Were it not for this, we should have said in our blindness that anything less likely to be popular with the class of holiday-makers and pleasure-takers whom Mr. LABOUCHERE professes to represent than the whole body of his criticisms on the management of the Parks it would be difficult to imagine. Perhaps he touched the climax in objecting to the deer in Richmond Park. "Parks," he said, "were made for men and not for deer." With equal truth, as regards quality, apart from extent, of statement, it might be said that Parks were made for men and not for trees. It would be possible, no doubt, by a sufficiently extensive clearance of oaks, beeches, and chest-

nuts in Richmond Park to render it capable of accommodating many more persons than it can at present, and, at the same time, to effect a considerable saving of expense. Will Mr. Labouchere bring forward a motion to that effect next year?

Once more the question of the deficient accommodation of the House has come up for its usual abortive discussion, Mr. Labouchere being again the principal exponent of a grievance which is no doubt, in a certain sense, a real one. The "let-it-alone" side of the case was, however, put by Mr. Addison for the first time, so far as we are aware, with considerable point and freshness; and possibly the considerations which he urged may not strike members the less forcibly from having been put forward at the particular moment. Mr. Addison and others content with the existing state of things have, in any case, a winning game; for, as Mr. Plunket's reply indicated, there is not the least likelihood of any extensive structural alterations in the House being adopted within any reasonable period of time, unless much greater pressure is brought to bear; and, while the practical inconvenience from the grievance is so rare as it is, this pressure is not likely to be forthcoming.

ALPINE WINTER PASTIMES.

It is hardly possible to conceive of a contrast greater than that which really exists between the deathlike stillness of the hamlets and the merry social life of the smaller Alpine towns in the winter months. In the latter, the whole of the educated classes are drawn together by the chilliness of the season. As work of all kinds is slack, there is plenty of time for amusement, and of this full use is made. This is particularly the case in places that form provincial centres and are fortunate enough to possess a garrison. The recruits who are enrolled in the autumn have to be drilled in order that they may be ready for the work of spring; but the real task of the Alpine regiments, which, for the officers, consists in laying down maps, in leading the men in larger or smaller parties over rocky heights, and in directing their evolutions in apparently pathless wildernesses, becomes impossible as soon as the first heavy snow has fallen, and little remains to be done after the routine of the day has been gone through. The courts of justice remain open; but clients prefer to postpone all business that will admit of delay to travelling for hours through the cold with the chance of being overtaken by a snowstorm before they can return, so that the judge and the notary are not exactly overworked. The great cattle-fairs are over, and when the timber-merchant has given proper orders for the removal and storing of his purchases, he may fold his hands till the spring has fairly come. The foresters are the only persons who seem to be really busy; for, though the work that falls upon the inspector of roads is occasionally very heavy, the daily work of his office is light, as no improvements or new constructions can be undertaken.

There is, therefore, plenty of leisure, and the German-Austrian likes to spend his leisure in a cheerful and sociable way. It is true there are places of the stamp described where discord is the order of the day, where the officers refuse to associate with the townspeople, the schoolmaster and the priest are in conflict, and the wives of the doctor and the notary are at daggers drawn. In such cases the very smallness of the society tends to embitter a quarrel, but they are comparatively rare, at least in Carinthia, where, for the most part, the inhabitants are too intent on enjoying their own lives to trouble themselves about vexing those of others.

The outdoor winter amusements are not very varied, and, to judge from some articles that appeared in the *Saturday Review* a few years ago, they must be very inferior to those of Canada, and much more primitive in their form. Of course where there are lakes there is skating, at least when a town lies near enough to render it probable that the expense of clearing the ice of snow and keeping the surface of preserved parts in due order will be paid. This is not so easy a matter as it at first seems. After the snow has been removed, the surface is usually too rough to attract visitors, and every night frost-blossoms form upon it which may charm the æsthetical passer, but do not appear in quite the same light to the skater who knows that every flower is formed round a small hole which, when the bright frost-leaves have been swept away, is not unlikely to trip him up in the execution of his finest designs. To render the skating-fields attractive, they must be marked off and carefully swept and watered every night. This is generally done by means of hand-buckets, but squirts are occasionally used to secure the perfect glassy equality of surface that skaters love after the rougher work has been done, or when the wear and tear of the day has not been great. Even the ballroom hardly affords such a license and convenient opportunity for flirtation as the skating-grounds, and so it is no wonder that they are popular, and that where lakes do not exist meadows are artificially inundated in order to afford the opportunity for a sport which is at once athletic and social. This is not a matter of great difficulty. When the earth is firmly frozen and the autumn snow has fallen, the latter has only to be firmly beaten down, and then carefully drenched with spring-water for a few days, to form an excellent skating-p. ponds have two advantages—no one can pos. them, and they usually lie close to an inn i. drinks may be procured, and to which one can with ease and a good grace if either the material or t. atmosphere of the outside world prove too chilly.

Sledging is another winter amusement. In such a place been described almost every one possesses a horse and sle.. and the mere suggestion that an excursion might be ma.. is enough to put all in motion. One after another they all start for the appointed goal, which is a village in which the wine is known to be good and the eating at least tolerable. Husbands bring their wives and fathers their daughters with them; and, if there is any doubt as to the nature of the entertainment, both wives and daughters bring hampers that fully supply the host's possible sins of omission. The quick drive through the cold air sharpens one's appetite. Wine is brought and coffee made; all the parties that sit at the long table seem a single family, and if there is a piano and a large room in the house the afternoon drive often ends in a dance that lasts till after midnight. When it breaks up a confusion generally ensues, but there seems to be a certain order in it, as the young people usually find themselves alone together in the same sledges, though their elders follow close behind.

Sometimes an amusement in which the ladies play a smaller part is the purpose and end of a sledging excursion that starts at an earlier hour and has been arranged for days beforehand. This time the object is to reach some village or inn that lies as near as possible to the head of a steep pass. Here the hand-sledges are unpacked, or, if anybody is unfortunate enough not to possess a vehicle of the hand, he hires one for a few pence. In structure these sledges are exactly the same as those used for bringing down timber from the mountains, but they are far smaller and lighter. As soon as every one is seated the race begins. Usually it is a mere rush downhill, in which the pleasure of rapid motion is rather enhanced by the probability of a collision and a consequent fall in the snow; but occasionally it is conducted on more serious principles. Two umpires are appointed, one of whom starts the racers, while the other is ready to receive them at the end of the course. Great care is taken that their watches should exactly agree with each other, as bets are often made against time, and the difference of a few seconds may decide a race on which considerable sums depend. In such cases the sledges are started separately, and the result is determined only by time. When the snow is in good condition a skilful sledger will cover his English mile in from four to six minutes, even on a winding road; and the course is usually at least a mile and a half, often considerably more. This speed can, however, only be obtained when the track is entirely free. If a vehicle happens to ascend the pass during the race, the drivers of the hand-sledges are bound by the laws of the road, and also by a care for their own necks, to run into the soft snow on the side of the way and let it pass, and this of course causes a considerable delay. Whether such chance hindrances are to be risked or taken into consideration in placing the winners is a matter that is always decided before the start. This sport is usually a great favourite with young officers.

Another and far more popular outdoor sport is Eisschiessen, Alpine curling, which may be played wherever skating is possible, though the two amusements cannot be carried on at the same place, even at different hours, as the skates roughen the ice. A court is cleared on a lake, or artificially formed in the way that has been above described. It must be at least thirty metres, or nearly thirty-three yards, in length; but if circumstances permit, as when it is situated on a natural lake or large-sized pond, at least forty metres, or above forty-three yards, of ice are cleared and prepared. The breadth of the courts differ; but it should never be less than three yards. At a few yards' distance from each end a piece is hewn out of the ice of about three inches in length and one and a half in depth. The back of the hole thus formed must be perpendicular, while the front gradually slopes upwards to the level of the court. It is intended to afford support for the right foot of the player, and must be in the centre of the course. At two or three feet behind these incisions at each end a cubic piece of wood is placed. It is named the pigeon, and is pushed aside from the end at which the game begins. Each player is furnished with two ice-sticks. These are circular pieces of hard wood about a foot in diameter, bound with heavy iron hoops. The smoother the bottom is the better; but the top may be ornamented according to fancy, if only it is surmounted by a straight, perpendicular handle. There is no law either as to weight or size; but the usual height of an ice-stick with the handle is about a foot and a half. Numerous wooden cubes, considerably smaller than the pigeons, but otherwise exactly like them, must also be at hand.

The regular game may be played by any even number of players from six upwards. Ten is usually thought to be the best, as it affords an opportunity for a variety of play, and yet does not render it necessary for any one to remain long unoccupied. Two parties of equal strength are formed, a *mar* or captain is chosen by each, and they take their places together at the same end of the court. The object of both is to place their sticks as near the pigeon at the other end as possible. Now, let us suppose that six players—A, B, C and X, Y, Z—engage in such a contest. A is the captain of the first and X of the second party. A therefore plays first, which is a slight disadvantage. He places his right foot firmly in the hole, lifts and swings his stick as much as he likes, which

...a then sends it gliding along the ice. His ... to bring his stick as near as he can to the ... place it in such a position as to render the ... the enemy difficult, if not impossible. X now ... endeavours either to displace A's stick, to put his ...er, or to knock the pigeon out of its place, so that the ...tage the other party has gained may be lost. As soon as ... first two shots have been fired, the two captains proceed to the other end of the ground and from thence direct the action of their followers. If X's stick is nearest to the pigeon, B and C must play their first sticks, and, unless one of them outdoes X, A must return to the other end to play his second. It is always the losing party that plays, and it may, therefore, happen that no member of a side except the captain plays—but this is a rare occurrence. At the conclusion of a game, when all the sticks of one side have been used, the captain of the losing party has a right to remove the first of his, to place one of the small wooden cubes in its place, and to try his luck once more. If he fails, the game is lost; if he succeeds, his opponents follow in due turn, and, if they are unsuccessful, their captain acts exactly as the first has done, and this shot of his decides who are the winners. It is, however, only the single nearest stick that counts.*

In artificial courts, a certain variety is lent to the game by the fact that there are sides and a back, so that in playing from one end it is impossible for the stick to go far beyond the mark, and in any case it is possible to calculate the rebound and thus sometimes to get behind the enemy. It will be clear that in both forms of the game heavy sticks in strong hands are a great advantage, as they can scatter all the lighter ones before them; but it is not every one who has the muscular strength to use them with certainty of aim.

Such are the chief outdoor winter pastimes of the higher Alps; they may easily be learned by a stranger, and most of them will afford him some amusement.

THE ABBOTSFORD CATALOGUE.

We have before us a very little pamphlet, "to be sold only at Abbotsford," but dated 1888, "edited by the Honble. Mrs. Maxwell Scott," and calling itself "A Catalogue of the Armour and Antiquities" which form so notable a part of the decorations of the "romance in stone and lime." Mrs. Maxwell Scott has done very well indeed to print this record, as she calls it, in a brief preface, of the "gabions" of Sir Walter, referring thereby to a term and an incident which all readers of her grandfather's admirable *Life* will recognize. And we can only suggest that she might have done still better to make the little book accessible at some London and some Edinburgh publishers as well as at Abbotsford itself. There are many collections of "curios" more extensive, more costly, more attractive to the virtuoso and the critic than this; there is none in England or in the world which has the same peculiar blending of divers sorts of interests. For it was formed, not out of the superfluity of a merely rich man, who finds dilettantism fashionable and directs into that channel a part, greater or smaller, of his superfluous riches; not out of the half-professional skill which buys that it may sell again; not out of the mere idle curiosity which buys anything that is, or that is labelled, curious. It represents the life's thought and the brain's expense of the greatest man of letters of this century, and of the one man of letters whom, in presence of unusually abundant details as to his personality, it is possible to love as much as one admires him. Every piece here, if not a tribute from some admirer of Scott's, is something that Scott planned or coveted, and that he got by means of the means that his genius obtained for him. And yet more than this, in the great majority of the items there is an actual connexion with some part of that vast structure of romance, which exhibits at once the kindest heart, the most fertile imagination, the most noble political sentiment, the richest humour, and (within a little) the sincerest pathos that have ever found themselves together in one human being since Shakspeare was buried at Stratford. In any other case the act chronicled here, which substituted on the day of Scott's funeral his own bust for Shakspeare's in a particular niche, would have been one of egregious folly. In this case only there might be said to be some excuse for it.

The main threads of interest, as one turns over the Catalogue, are two—the one connecting the objects with Scott's life, and the other connecting them with his works; but naturally these two "twist and twine." Those devotees of the Napoleonic legend who in France used to be so wroth with Scott's *Napoleon* might be indignant with his collection of blotting-book, pen-tray, and bee-clasps from that most inexhaustible source of curios in the world, the carriage looted after Waterloo. We do not know how far the getters-up of the forthcoming Stuart Exhibition will prevail over the guardians of the Abbotsford heirlooms; but few single collections can be richer in memorials of that family. Would a rigid critic admit "a silver-gilt ornament bearing the letters M R and the Lion of Scotland" as "Queen Mary's seal"? Perhaps; perhaps also not. And a "Piece of Queen Mary's Dress"? She had so many dresses; why should it not be? "Prince Charlie's Quaigh" with the glass bottom ("to guard against surprise," says the Catalogue, which does not seem to us certain) has a pedigree which the sternest frequenter of Christie's would hardly challenge; and there are many others of these agreeable drinking vessels with which, it may be remembered, Sir Walter used to astonish his Southern guests by sending round drams in them after dinner—an astonishment which would hardly come upon an Englishman now. Perhaps the Chinese paper of the drawing-room (respecting which minute directions, if we remember rightly, are given to Terry in the Letters) may be ranked as a curiosity. But this is not the kind of curiosity that one associates most with Abbotsford. The tortoiseshell cabinet of Montrose, which may once have held "He either fears his fate too much" itself in MS.; the mother-of-pearl cross, again assigned to the Mary of Maries; the sword, like the cabinet, the property of the Great Marquess—a sword which once belonged to Graham of Gartmore, these are the most characteristic items. Then there is Rob Roy's Sporran (this came through the somewhat well-known Mr. Train, which perhaps is for thoughts); the keys of Lochleven Castle, which may have been those that Roland Graeme threw into the lake; Rob Roy's gun (same which his son shot McLaren of Invernethy, with awkward consequences); the thumbikins which may have terrified Cuddie Headrigg, and the branks which are said to have incommoded the dying Patrick Hamilton. The two-handed swords which were the fruit of *Anne of Geierstein*, the keys of Selkirk Gaol and of the Heart of Midlothian itself; these, with those just mentioned, are only a few of the numbers. Many of them are familiar even to those who have not seen Abbotsford, by engravings in the later editions of the works, and by references in the notes. Almost every one may be said to refer in one way or another to some part of the genius that produced *Waverley*, and turned all the writing fellows of Europe for seventy years to this day, and for Heaven knows how much longer, into the writing of novels.

Then there are the curiosities which have interest less as having been collected by Sir Walter than as having been used by him; the double-barrelled gun (with the second barrel not juxtaposed, but superposed, after a fashion common enough in pistols but rarer in the longer weapon), the chairs, and desks, and writing-tables, so carefully planned; the toadstone amulet (sovereign against the malign, but certainly not in its possessor's case against the beneficent, influence of fairies), the silver-handled "tail" with which Scott, who had not some bookish persons' disgusting contempt of the book as a book, used, as Lockhart tells us, always to dust a volume after taking it down and before opening it (think of Wordsworth, ye Wordsworthians, and blush!); the belt and accoutrements in which he figured as a yeoman at those remarkable engagements which, on the spur of the moment and with doubtful veracity but true courtesy, he invented when the Czar asked him "where he had served."

And then, lastly, there are the pictures—none of them perhaps of the first interest as works of art, but scarcely in need of that interest. Here are the fancy sketches of Kirkpatr.. k Sharpe, of which Queen Elizabeth "dancing high and disposedly" is the best known, but which ought to be reproduced whenever somebody has the good taste to collect the works in pen and pencil of that very Rabelaisian or Lucianic person; the contemporary portrait of Claverhouse, which is so interesting to compare with the wonderful word-sketch in "Wandering Willie's Tale"; the supposed "after death" likeness of Mary. But there are one or two things that we miss, either because we have overlooked them or because they have been removed. Where is the silver vase which Byron sent to Sir Walter "full of dead men's bones" [from Marathon] and an autograph letter, and which the said Sir Walter was young enough to leave as it came, in his public rooms, with the result that some of his uninvited visitors, considerately leaving the dead men's bones, abstracted Byron's autograph? And where is the silver standish that he bought with his first fees, gave to his mother, and used after her death? But among things actually here, and in addition to what we have already mentioned, there is the Wallace chair (we own we don't care greatly about the Wallace chair), and a lock of Prince Charlie's hair, and Helen Macgregor's brooch (but Helen was not a nice person; we would rather have had something of Miss Die's), and a Burmese horoscope (let us hope it foretold the annexation which would have pleased Sir Walter), and Lely's Dryden, and Dryden's own Florimel—that is, being interpreted, Nell Gwynne—also by Lely, and the picture of Hinse of Hinsefeldt, not least memorable of cats, and broadswords and suits of armour innumerable, including one of the earliest crops ("very old landed," as the wine merchants say) from the ever-fruitful field of Waterloo.

We have said that the publication of this volume is a good deed; but there is a better, which Mrs. Maxwell Scott might do. It is now fifty years since Lockhart, with judgment which has never been surpassed, arranged her great-grandfather's biography. It is known, or at least confidently asserted, that there is at Abbotsford store of manuscripts and documents which in that arrangement were excluded, either out of proper deference to the feelings of persons then living, or simply because Lockhart's experience and critical acumen warned him against overloading a book already of very great length. We do not for one moment wish for the publication of such matter as that of which in one case Lockhart himself solemnly deprecated the publication; nor do we desire that anything should be added to which there can be the slightest objection. But there must be not a little which the lapse of time has rendered unobjectionable, and much which, superfluous then, would not be superfluous now. Whether this should be given in an independent form or in the form of a new edition of the *Life*, with additions, is of course a question for those immediately concerned. But we have ourselves long thought that such a new edition was called for. If there were no other reason, numerous books containing matter bearing more or less on the life

of Scott have appeared since, and though Lockhart's work was so patient and thorough that no biographical fact of any importance escaped him, it was naturally impossible for him to foresee such later illustrations as have been given since his death. His "Scott" is at least as much a classic as Boswell's Johnson, and more time has passed since it was issued than passed between the first appearance of Boswell and Croker's edition thereof; while, with all respect to Johnson, it is impossible to put him on the same level with Scott. Filial reverence is sometimes accounted a Pagan virtue, but this we venture to think a corrupt opinion.

THE POMPADOUR.

FEW personages in the world's history have occupied writers so much as the humbly-born Jeanne Antoinette Poisson, wife of M. Le Normant d'Etioles, better known as Mme. de Pompadour. She wrote her autobiography, and, besides histories of her by Campardon, Mme. du Hausset (who occupied a position in her household), and others, she filled a considerable space in the books of what was to a great extent an age of memoir-writing. The name of Voltaire is connected with that of the Pompadour, about whom he composed a set of verses declaring that in her were united "Tous les arts, tous les goûts, tous les talents de plaire," to whom he dedicated *Tancrède*, and whose praise he sang under the name of Téone. (Afterwards in an edition of *Pucelle* he spoke of her differently, but that is by the way.) The Mémoires of the Duc de Richelieu, the Duc de Luynes, of the Marquis d'Argenson, of the President Hénault, the Comte de Maurepas, numerous Mémoires "Inédits" and "Secrets," the *Vie Privée de Louis XV.*, and innumerable other volumes, of which the highly imaginative *Chroniques de l'Œil de Bœuf* is a specimen, deal with the Pompadour, and a full and succinct summary of her career is given by MM. Edmond and Jules de Goncourt. It was a perilous undertaking on the part of Brachvogel to write a play on the subject of the Pompadour, even if he borrowed his suggestions from Diderot, and, as is said, followed on lines which Goethe had planned; and, from one point of view, it is still more perilous in these days, when the facts of history are more generally known than they were in the days of Goethe, for English authors to adapt a work which deals with personages whose lives have been to a great extent laid bare. Many passages in the life of the Pompadour will never be known; but, if there had been any real foundation for the legend in which Narcisse Rameau figures (and it seems advisable to point this out; for, in spite of the evidence to the effect that Diderot invented the plot on which Brachvogel's play is founded, some writers have endeavoured to show that there was something in the story of "Le Neveu de Rameau"), Mme. du Hausset would have known, and would have written what she knew; for, though she contradicted the rumours as to the *liaison* between the Duc de Choiseul and her mistress, she was perfectly frank in stating what she knew, or believed, to be true.

In considering the play which Mr. W. G. Wills and Mr. Sydney Grundy have written we must forget French history apart from the broad facts that Mme. de Pompadour exercised supreme sway over the King, and was, as Macaulay remarks, "really the head of the French Government"; that the Duc de Choiseul was Prime Minister by favour of the King's mistress, and that Voltaire, with the humbler Diderot and Grimm, were to some extent courtiers as well as philosophers. An ignorance of anything more accurate than this is essential to a perfect enjoyment of *The Pompadour.* A recollection of facts and dates will show that what is represented as having taken place never occurred, and the legend of Eugène Lambert, the son of the poor mad player Rameau and his wife, subsequently the Pompadour, is the veriest fiction. We have our doubts about the wisdom of presenting any historical drama of a period about which authentic accounts exist, unless the rule be observed of dealing only with purely private matters which might reasonably have been supposed to escape even the memoir-writer. Thus we do not include such works as *Mlle. de Belle Isle* or *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, though we should have interdicted the writing of a drama which represents Louis XV. as absolutely subservient to the Pompadour up to the day before her death, and shows her dying suddenly of a broken heart during a fête in the gardens at Versailles. But these are considerations with which the great majority of playgoers will not concern themselves. They will want to know if the piece is impressive or entertaining; and if in some important particulars it falls short of that merit, it is a pleasure to admit that the authors have to a considerable extent justified their choice of a difficult subject. That previous works which have dealt with the period have been for the most part in the vein of comedy is no reason why graver pictures should not be placed on the stage—other, of course, than the reason aforesaid, that the events narrated never occurred, and that, therefore, the characters are represented in positions they could never have occupied; a circumstance which, again, detracts from the possibility of accurate portraiture. The first two of the four acts of *The Pompadour* are the best, for here the action is fresher and moves more naturally. Voltaire's introduction into the audience chamber at Versailles of the strange vagrant he has come across is in several ways striking from a purely theatrical point of view. Narcisse Rameau, as the distraught strolling player, mad for love of his lost wife, is called, presents an effective contrast, in his rags, to the dwellers in palaces, and the lines he has to speak are pointed and incisive.
as unduly restless in the part of Narcisse,
warrant for this in the circumstance of the n.
though repose might be useful for stage purposes.
the Pompadour is also a well-contrived stage incident.
so effectually dominated the Court of King Louis m.
been thoroughly realized by Mrs. Tree; but the charm o
ing is undeniable, and there is sufficient dignity in the Pompa
demeanour. The feebleness of the incident arises from the circu
stance that all this scene, in which the Pompadour produces the Pope's dispensation, annulling the marriage of the King and Queen, is not only totally unwarranted, but altogether absurd, and it must be understood that it is only from the most theatrical standpoint that we can commend it. "The dream of my life is accomplished. There is now nothing between me and the throne!" is her cry as she proceeds to take her seat, but she recoils in horror, and falls to the ground with an exclamation of terror; for, as the hesitating courtiers step aside, Narcisse Rameau is seen sitting on the steps of the throne, a smile half vacant, half significant on his face. We note that this is described by one of the critics as "the worst of all possible situations," but to us it appears finely conceived if only we can forget the impossibility of such an occurrence in the formally ordered Court of Louis XV., and there is force in the dramatist's idea of utilizing Eugène Lambert in it for a double purpose—creating sympathy for him in his proper person as the lover of a devoted young girl, both being such staunch adherents of the Queen that he is ready to sacrifice his life in denouncing the favourite, and also, by causing the Pompadour to condemn him to death, making him the instrument of vengeance on his mother; for it is the knowledge that she has so condemned him which breaks her heart, after a scene borrowed from *Hamlet.* The introduction of Voltaire is justified for a dramatic reason, for it is he who has Rameau to play something like the flight of the false wife before the Pompadour, and, like the Queen in *Hamlet,* she proclaims her malefaction. The love scenes, however, entirely miss their point by the inadequate acting of those concerned.

The character of Narcisse is one which severely taxes the actor for the reason that there is a danger of monotony in the representation of a personage who is never in command of his wits. Throughout three acts—the play is in four, but in the second of these Narcisse does not appear—the vagrant harps much on one string. That Mr. Tree manages to sustain attention and interest, even through a very long address to a nodding China mandarin which is not pertinent to any issue, is no doubt a proof of his growing power in serious drama. His experience as Gringoire afforded him very serviceable training for the part of Narcisse. As for the Pompadour, Mrs. Tree's first difficulty arises from the fact that it is not the Pompadour that she has to play. The suggestion that the veritable Pompadour ever entertained a true and lasting affection for any human being is opposed to all that is known of her, and thus the scene in which, having caused her husband to be conveyed to his apartments, she dresses in the garb of long ago, and promises to return with him to the old life, conveys a totally false idea of the woman as she was. This is a shallow stage trick quite unworthy of what is best in the play. Again, her character, even as here presented, is contradictory. Lambert denounces and insults her, never dreaming that it is his mother to whom he is speaking; she causes his immediate arrest and orders his execution—natural enough for a furiously indignant woman with supreme power in her hands. But Mathilde visits her, and pleads for Eugène's life. She seems to relent, and indeed the apparent object of the third act is to show her in a sympathetic light; yet, when presently she is asked whether the death sentence is to be carried out, with the most cold-blooded indifference she replies in the affirmative. It seems to us that the actress is sacrificed by the authors to the exigencies of construction. Throughout this act the Pompadour has been presented as a woman with a heart; but interest must be carried on, and for this reason the fate of Eugène Lambert must be left in doubt; so her last words in the scene destroy the impression she has been carefully creating. Mrs. Tree rarely commits errors of judgment; but the act of kneeling to the Duc de Choiseul during the fête in his grounds on a spot which the moment before had been thronged by his guests is perhaps a little unreasonable.

Mr. Charles Brookfield has transformed his head into an exact resemblance of a well-known bust of Voltaire with remarkable skill, and all else he can do to suggest the *philosophe* he does. If Messrs. Grundy and Wills had been able to put into his mouth such keen satire and biting sarcasm as might have been spoken by the author of the Diatribe of Doctor Akakia they would be themselves Voltaires. They have written some telling lines, and these Mr. Brookfield delivers with all possible point; but all this smartness is not suggestive of Voltaire, and the authors are quite astray in making him jeer at Diderot's Encyclopædia, of which we know that Voltaire entertained a high opinion. Diderot, too, perfectly recognized Voltaire's superiority, and the admittedly greater man would never have derided one whose studies and objects he had encouraged. There were subjects on which the two differed, but an authority writes, "Voltaire néanmoins encourageait Diderot à poursuivre son rôle philosophique." Miss Rose Leclercq's representation of the Queen was distinguished by suitable dignity and evidence of deep sensibility, expressed with power and restraint; but the remaining characters we cannot commend. "An endeavour has been made," the playbill informs us, "to place upon the stage a faithful picture of the manners of a period of French history when the luxury of the eighteenth century had reached its highest point

...deavour has not succeeded. We cannot ...at Mr. Royce Carleton presents a faithful ... de Choiseul, still less that the Maupeau, the ... the Marquis de Silhouet, and the Abbé Terray ... most distant resemblance to the personages they are ... represent. The King Louis of Mr. Ashley is merely ...ure of comic opera. Of what is called the "mounting" of ... play, the dresses and stage pictures, we can speak without re-...ervation in the highest terms. The Audience Chamber in the Palace, and the Grounds of the Duc de Choiseul's Château, are masterpieces of theatrical decoration.

COW-KILLING IN INDIA.

RECENT advices from India show that what is called the "cow-killing question" is forcing itself to the front with disagreeable emphasis, and that the Government may be obliged to reconsider the Gallio-like attitude which it has hitherto very wisely observed in such matters. The sanctity attaching to the cow in Hindoo sentiment was originally due, no doubt, to the religious character with which primitive feeling invested an animal which was at once the indispensable agent of agriculture and the chief food-giver of the settlers. An unconscious sanitary instinct probably also attached religious penalties to the eating of a flesh peculiarly ill adapted for hot climates. But whatever the origin of the religious veneration, it survives, even where the religious feelings themselves are weakened, in a peculiar tenderness and sympathy for a creature so essential to human life. Neglect of such a sentiment has before now provoked serious consequences in India; while the present agitation, at any rate, promises to deepen race-hatreds and religious antagonisms. It appears to be more sustained than the spasmodic protests which have been made in the same direction by the Hindoos all through the period of British administration. For the most part ignored, these protests have died out, while fanatical demonstrations have met with prompt and effectual police repression. Now, however, Hindoo exasperation is being organized in certain localities into a regular propaganda. The movement is certainly one which deserves analysis, and the inquiry may shed light on some of the tendencies at work in modern India. It may be premised that the agitation is by no means this time a superstitious panic amongst the backward masses of the population. Many of the educated and some of the weightiest leaders of Hindoo opinion are engaged in it, and it has the countenance of several non-official Europeans of high character. Amongst the Hindoos themselves the growing conviction of their numerical supremacy, and of the advantages which they may gain from numbers, no doubt plays a considerable part. The "cow-killing" question affords them an opportunity of testing their strength. The memories of the Mogul Empire and of Mahommedan supremacy are losing their hold every day; and, under the authority of the British Government, and by a dexterous use of British theories of representation and majorities, they hope to redress the balance. Their demand to have their prejudices respected is stimulated by the spectacle of certain native Hindoo States. In the exercise of the powers secured them by the British Government some of the native Hindoo rulers have already legislated against cow-killing within their dominions. It appears, indeed, that several Hindoo chiefs who crossed the black water to Her Majesty's Jubilee have, to use a colloquialism, "made it all right" with their subjects by such legislation.

Here, then, is an incitement to the Hindoos to clamour for the same privileges from the British Government which are secured to them by native rulers. Another considerable impetus to the demand has been given by two decisions of the Allahabad High Court, which, however sound in law, are attended by political inconveniences. The High Court has excited Hindoo indignation by reversing the judgment of an inferior magistrate, who had convicted certain Mahommedan butchers under the Penal Code "of the offence of destroying an object held sacred by the Hindoos," in the sight of passers-by. But the judges refused to consider this conduct as amounting to the destroying of an object held sacred. Cows, indeed, can hardly be held to be inviolate in the sense of a temple or of an idol whose destruction or defilement is strictly prohibited. Nevertheless, the Hindoos complain that this ruling will encourage low-class Mahommedans in wantonly outraging their sentiments. A second judgment of the same Court is even more attacked, which laid down that Brahmini bulls released for ceremonial purposes (their owners thereby divesting themselves of proprietary rights) cannot, legally speaking, be the object of theft. Hindoo argument is trying to reduce these two decisions into a dilemma for British justice. An animal, it is contended, is not considered sacred until devoted to ceremonial purposes, and when constituted sacred may be stolen or killed with impunity. Meetings in the North-Western Provinces and elsewhere have given vent to the popular indignation, and the Government has been memorialised to prohibit the killing of all animals held sacred by the Hindoos. Such a petition, of course, has an impossible scope, and would include prohibitions to kill sacred monkeys, peacocks, and alligators, as well as cattle. But the Hindoos would, no doubt, be quite prepared to limit their real demand to the prohibition of "cow-killing." They are also endeavouring to move Government by economical considerations which are taken up by their European sympathizers. It is urged that the resources of India are being impoverished by the slaughter of cows, and that the Government, as universal landlord, is bound to look after its stock. There is possibly something in this plea, although the statistics with which native speakers try to support it are absolutely wild and incapable of verification. One orator calculates that India loses by cow-killing the sum of 1⅛ crore of rupees per annum, and estimates that "a cow with six bullocks, her offspring, is capable of feeding at least 141,600 men during the whole course of her life, by her milk and the produce of the labour of her offspring, six bullocks." But, in spite of these formidable figures, it is not probable that the Indian authorities will depart from their usual attitude of neutrality. On the other hand, they may be able to solve the difficulty by relegating the whole question to the municipal bodies. In this way, where a strong and active Hindoo sentiment existed, it would be able to enforce its own sentiments. At the same time the rights of the minorities would be jeopardized, very much indeed as they will be jeopardized by any system of Local Option in England. And the danger of provoking religious antagonisms, which is the awkward feature in the whole situation, will be only partially removed.

GAMEKEEPERS.

BUTLERS, cooks, and stud-grooms certainly have many opportunities of making their masters' lives well nigh unendurable; but we doubt whether any servant can give an employer a more exasperating day than can a gamekeeper under certain favourable, or rather, we should say, unfavourable, circumstances. You may have many acres of woodlands which have been stocked and preserved at great expense; an efficient staff of beaters may have been ordered for the morning of the great shoot of the year; your house may contain a party of the best shots in England; the weather, and indeed everything else, may promise well, and yet you reflect as you toss restlessly during the anxious night, that it is far from impossible that everything may be spoilt by your new head-keeper. Nor does it necessarily follow that a new keeper who would ruin your day need be a very bad one. In his last place he may have had the management of a number of small belts and spinnies, while your coverts are large wild woods, or *vice versâ*. It may be, again, that he has been accustomed to deal with a very different stamp of beaters; or that in his former situation there may have been one head-beater of great experience who took a considerable part of the responsibility in this department from off his shoulders. There is yet another way in which a great day's pheasant-shooting may easily be marred when the head-keeper is a fresh one. He may have an excellent plan of campaign, and so may his master; but these plans may be different, and through both master and man following their own systems, and giving their own orders, neither scheme may be thoroughly carried out, confusion being the result. Then the keeper's last master may have liked to manage everything himself, or he may have been in the habit of leaving everything to his head-keeper; and when the man finds his new master the exact converse of his last, mess, muddle, and recrimination are likely to follow.

Generally speaking, the best keepers are sons of keepers. They have been brought up among all the usual surroundings of a gamekeeper's lodge—guns, dogs, ferrets, hen-coops, vermin-traps, &c. One of their earliest treats was to be allowed to go into the coverts with their fathers, and their highest ambition to be, one day, like them, head-keepers. As boys, they were employed in watching young pheasants, in trapping, following the beaters, and in various minor duties connected with shooting and keepering. To vermin, especially, their attention was turned very early in life. In short, it is of the utmost importance that a head-keeper should have imbibed a good tradition of his duties during his youth; and, in addition to this, he ought to have a natural love and aptitude for his work. It is better, too, that he should be a strong, powerful man; that he should be healthy is essential, and he should have excellent eyes and ears. It is needless to say that he must be sober. A drunken, or even an occasionally intemperate, keeper is at the mercy of poachers. It is, of course, necessary for a keeper to know the features, voices, and names of the poachers in the neighbourhood, in order to be able to watch and identify them, and it might appear that for this purpose he would have an excuse for frequenting public-houses. As a matter of fact, however, nothing could be more fatal; and, if he should ever offer such an excuse, it ought on no account to be accepted. He should be active, firm, and decisive, but he must be neither fussy nor noisy. A man who is always shouting and bawling to his beaters is intolerable.

Rearing is one of a keeper's important duties. Up to a certain point it is straightforward work enough; yet it affords ample opportunities for skill and requires great care. A man who has little taste for it is apt to leave too much to his under-keeper, watcher, or even boy. There are many little details connected with rearing which require much attention. Keeping up the stock of healthy hens for foster-mothers, seeing that the coops are clean and sound, the question of the pheasant's eggs that are to be collected—when, where, and how many—the tame pheasants and their inclosure, the choice of ground for rearing the young birds, egg-testing, egg-setting, moving the hens off their nests every day, feeding the hens and the young pheasants, the "maggot-

factory," the treatment of delicate birds, the making of feeding-stacks in coverts for the young pheasants when turned out, and many other little matters must be thoroughly attended to if success is to be attained.

Vermin-killing is a most essential part of a keeper's work. It is well that master and man should come to a definite understanding at starting as to what is and what is not to be considered vermin. On Scotch moors some masters will have no hawks killed, and even on ordinary English manors many will not allow kestrels or owls to be interfered with. Jays, again, are birds which some people forbid their men to kill, partly on account of their rarity, and partly because they are useful in giving the alarm when a wood is invaded by poachers. Jackdaws, too, are sometimes a matter of controversy, so are hedgehogs, and (where there are any) ravens and peregrine falcons. The greatest bone of contention between masters and keepers is the fox. As every hunting-man knows, it does not suffice merely to tell a keeper not to shoot foxes, or to preserve foxes; he ought to be told that in his coverts there must always be foxes, and that if they are drawn blank a certain number of times, consecutively, he will be dismissed. There should be no kind of compromise about this in a hunting country. In places where there are no hounds, it is quite another matter. Whether a master himself hunts or not, he ought to take care that his man should see that he has a keen interest in foxes being found in his coverts, from the earliest day of cubhunting to the last day of the season. When there is a good show of foxes, the keeper should be made to understand that it is a matter for pride and thanksgiving, and when the coverts are drawn blank that it is a day of humiliation and disgrace to man, master, and the very name by which the coverts are known.

A gamekeeper cannot be too careful in killing rats. They are inveterate enemies to eggs and young birds, and they often eat more of the corn stacked in the coverts than do the pheasants themselves. Where there are many old-fashioned farm-buildings on a manor, it is difficult to keep them down, do what you may. Stoats and weasels are still deadlier enemies of game, especially the former, and the only thing to be said for the latter is that they kill a great many rats. It cannot be impressed too strongly upon gamekeepers that those terrible egg-stealers, carrion and greybacked crows, as well as magpies, should be killed in the early part of the year. Where a fixed sum is paid for every head of vermin, the keeper is tempted to allow these birds to nest and hatch, and then kill both the young and old birds together after all the mischief has been done. Sparrow-hawks should also be killed as early as possible, for it is when feeding their young that they poach most. With regard to the various methods of killing vermin, it is usually the best plan to leave them to the keeper. We should, however, advise all masters to consider whether the use of poison ought not to be forbidden, and, at the very least, to put a limit on steel traps. The latter are a very cruel means of catching vermin, and they are apt to injure foxes so badly as to render them useless for sport. Dogs often do great mischief in coverts (and out of them too, when they disturb and spoil partridges' nests), and cats must be classed among the worst of poachers; at the same time it should be remembered that, while we make such a point of our legal rights in prosecuting trespassers after game, we ourselves often break the law by killing, or rather by allowing to be killed, the dogs and cats of others. A keeper ought to be told what the law is upon those points, and under what circumstances he may, or may not, kill cats and dogs. To kill a cat that may happen to be in a field near a covert, looking perhaps for field-mice, is not only illegal, but, in many cases, a very cruel action, as it may be the cherished favourite and sole companion of some poor cottager. Yet, when a cat has once taken to poaching, it becomes of little use as a mouser, and will be seldom at home. Indeed, we never desire a keeper to spare a cat of our own if he catches it in the act of poaching. As to the agony of spirit which may result from the loss of a favourite dog it is needless for us to say anything, and we fear that keepers, often necessarily, but sometimes unnecessarily, have inflicted many a pang upon the owners of pets of this sort. We have a keen recollection of a certain gamekeeper shooting, with a right and left, two charming and idolized Skye terriers (husband and wife), the property of a dear friend and neighbour of his master's. That master would rather have lost a thousand pounds than that this should have happened.

We have dealt so lately with the subject of poachers, that we need not say much about them on this occasion, although they are intimately connected with keepering. It is a question whether it is best that keepers should carry firearms when going out against them; whether, if they do carry firearms, they should be guns or revolvers is another. There is a good deal to be said on both sides in each case. Many people recommend life-preservers; but, in our opinion, a long and heavy oak-staff is a better weapon. Dark lanterns and police-whistles are very useful implements for night-watching; and field-glasses have done good service by daylight.

It is too much to expect a gamekeeper to be good at everything; and he may be a valuable man without being a good dog-trainer, although the breaking of dogs may, in some cases, be said to be included among his duties. But, at the very least, every keeper ought to be kind to dogs. A fellow who is always flogging his dogs and rating and swearing at them is a positive nuisance. If he cannot train dogs, there is no reason for his rendering them useless. It is very desirable that keepers should understand the diseases and accidents of treating them. It seldom takes long are fond of the man who manages them or latter is the case, a change of man rather tha is desirable.

It is not so absolutely essential that a keeper sho shot as might be supposed. To shoot well enough to k and to supply the house with game is all that is nec Whether an under-keeper should have a gun at all depends a g deal upon the manor on which he is placed and the system upon which it is managed. If he is entrusted with one, he ought clearly to understand that it is not intended to save him the trouble of trapping.

Gamekeepers' tips have been a source of much grumbling. It seems very hard, and most improper, that the man who gives a keeper a munificent bribe should be able to secure the best place in covert-shooting. Masters, however, may have the remedy to some extent in their own hands by placing their guns themselves. There is another alternative, which is sometimes resorted to—namely, making a common fund and giving it in a lump to the keeper. The objection to this plan is that it furnishes rich men with an excuse for being stingy. Worse still, we have known a fellow of great wealth, after preaching a homily upon the evils and unfairness of tipping, "buying places," &c., propose that each shooter, himself included, should contribute the same sum—a more nothing to himself, but a large one to some of the party—to a general fund, electing himself as paymaster to the gamekeeper. Allowing a keeper to give a day's rabbit-shooting to a limited number of people, at so much a head, as part of his wages, is a practice to which, it seems to us, there are many objections. Nevertheless, it may perhaps answer under certain circumstances. But, whatever may be a master's rules or systems, there can be no doubt of one thing—that he who secures a thoroughly good gamekeeper obtains an untold treasure!

BUSINESS AND POLITICS.

ONE of the most remarkable features in our Parliamentary history has been the singular divorce which it has exhibited between business—in the sense in which the City understands the term—and politics. At the time when Napoleon described England as a nation of shopkeepers it was governed by lords. The first Cabinet of the younger Pitt contained only one member of the House of Commons, that member being himself, and no representative of commerce. This state of things was of old standing; but it did not interfere with enlightened commercial legislation long anterior to his accession to office. Lord Beaconsfield described Lord Shelburne as opening the era of economic statesmanship in which we still live. He strangely forgot Sir Robert Walpole, in whose commercial and fiscal policy were the germs of the system developed later by Shelburne and Pitt, by Huskisson, Peel, and Mr. Gladstone. It is curious that what are now conceived to be the doctrines of sound trade had their original expositors, not in men engaged in trade, but in professors and theorists; in Adam Smith and Tucker, or rather in Tucker and Adam Smith—for the less distinguished writer preceded the author of the *Wealth of Nations* in the doctrines which have made that work a kind of economic gospel. The mercantile and manufacturing classes towards the close of the eighteenth century were the strongest advocates of restriction and monopoly, and were shut up in bondage to the mercantile theory; so little is it true that acquaintance with the details of business implies a clear perception of the principles of commerce. Politics, as Mr. Gladstone himself recognized many years ago, is a distinct profession, and ordinarily the training which qualifies for its successful pursuit can be found only in political life. The counting-house and the factory have seldom been the cradle of statesmanship. The doctrine of Ecclesiasticus, that the man whose talk is of bullocks shall not be sought for in public council, has hitherto been as true of the man whose talk is of three-fourths and seven-eighths, of contango and backwardation. The fact is curious that a great commercial nation has not found its interest in placing the conduct of its affairs in the hands of men engaged in commerce. The only conspicuous instance of the association of high statesmanlike qualities with the business of the City during the eighteenth century was found in Sir John Barnard, whose mastery of all questions relating to trade and whose general sagacity Speaker Onslow described as unique, and who might, if his ambition and health had tempted or allowed him, have anticipated Mr. Goschen in bringing into statesmanship qualities disciplined in business.

In recent times the aristocratic and territorial classes have been constrained to admit into minor partnership the representatives of commerce and industry. Mr. Poulett Thomson, of the firm of Thomson, Bonar, & Co., was borrowed by Lord Melbourne from the City; and Mr. Henry Labouchere—not the colleague of Mr. Bradlaugh—and Sir Francis Baring are other instances of the alliance, which is of very old date, between the great Whig and the great City houses. But commerce has always been, and it still is, the Co. in the political firm. The inclusion of Mr. Bright, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Stansfeld in Mr. Gladstone's first Administration was the largest recognition which up to that time had been given of the claims of the middle and trading classes to a share in the work of government. More recently the names of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Mundella have to be added to this

... Mr. W. H. Smith, Lord Cross, and ...udous. These are all respectable names, ... represent any approach to the high-water ...ship. Mr. Bright, though a man in business, is ... to have been a man of business, and his official ... to have been that the art of governing consists in ... ngs take their own course, and that whate'er is least ...ered is best. Mr. Smith, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Chamberlain, ... Mr. Forster are the only men among those we have mentioned who have shown administrative qualities of the highest order and can claim a position in the front ranks of Parliamentary life. They prove the desirableness of qualifying the too exclusively aristocratic and territorial character which has belonged to successive English Governments by capacities otherwise trained; but they do not invalidate the fact that the work of administration in the present and future, as in the past, will, in the main, be best left in the hands of men of leisure and of cultivation, who are familiarized from boyhood, by the conversation which they hear at the dinner-table and in the drawing-room, with political ideas and social interests. That is the atmosphere which they breathe, the environment by which they are surrounded, as the young tradesman is surrounded by an atmosphere and environment of sugar and molasses, of tallow and of calico. They learn insensibly and imbibe through their mental pores the knowledge which it takes others much pain and trouble to endeavour, not always successfully, to acquire in later life.

These considerations have a close bearing upon the extension of the representative system which is sketched out in Mr. Ritchie's Local Government Bill, and which will probably pass from the stage of project to that of fact during the present year. The government of the counties has hitherto been squirearchical, as the government of England has hitherto in the main been aristocratic. The men in whose hands it still is have been trained to their business; and the disinterestedness or efficiency with which they have conducted it have not been questioned. It would be a great misfortune if it were in any considerable degree to pass away from them; but if they are to retain it, the tenure by which they hold it will not be the same in the future as it has been in the past. For natural selection, deliberate election will be substituted; for nomination by the Crown and its representatives, choice by the popular vote. It is to be hoped that the country gentlemen of the various counties of England will not shrink from taking their part in the new order of things, and from directly challenging the popular approval which has hitherto been tacitly given them. The extension of the representative principle to the counties was inevitable; and there is no reason at present to suppose that the system which has worked fairly well in the great municipal boroughs will not work equally well in the rural districts. But the elaborate mechanism which is provided of County Councils and District Councils, coupled with the maintenance of the Boards of Guardians, and for certain purposes of the Quarter Sessions, will make a call upon administrative capacity and public spirit as to which it is not possible to feel entire confidence that the supply will equal the demand. A too incessant requisition on the time of persons who are necessarily engaged in private business, in their farms and offices and shops, and who prefer to give their leisure to domestic life and personal pursuits, may produce a state of things of which France and the United States offer warning examples. The commune, the arrondissement, and the department in France, the parish or township, the county, and the state in America, require for their efficient administration a degree of attention which men whose own affairs necessarily and naturally occupy them are unable to give. The result is that local government in both countries has fallen to a most undesirable extent into the hands of idlers and adventurers—men who, being indisposed to regular industry, seek in mismanaging the affairs of others the profit and advantage which they decline to look for in the management of their own. If country gentlemen by abstinence from local business, by a disdainful reluctance to court the sweet voices of the electorate, leave the places vacant which they ought to fill, a stream of demagogues will flow into them. The work of local government must be in the hands of people who have leisure for it; and, if the leisure is not that of wealth and easy circumstances, it will be that of idleness and self-seeking. The mischief will not stop here, for the local politician and carpet-bagger will find the County Council probably a stepping-stone to the House of Commons; and a measure the aim of which is to improve county administration may become an instrument of national misrule. The corruption which prevails in the local Governments of the United States and the recklessness which characterizes them in France are due to the fact that men of wealth and leisure, of capacity and integrity, have pusillanimously allowed themselves to be thrust aside, or have indolently stood aloof from the tasks which naturally devolve upon them. No greater danger besets the wealth and culture of a country than its conspicuous divorce from the direct service of the public. In their own interest, not less than in that of the community, the country gentlemen of England are bound to enter frankly and energetically into the new condition of things. Whether the experiment in county government which is about to be tried shall be successful, or shall ignominiously and dangerously fail, depends mainly upon them. Greater issues as regards the future of England are at stake than those which are directly involved in the provisions of the new measure.

THE GERMAN REED ENTERTAINMENT.

MR. and Mrs. German Reed retired so long ago from active co-operation in what is still known as their Entertainment that Mr. Reed's death will only affect his many personal friends. After early appearances as a juvenile musical prodigy, he settled down in life as a leader of orchestras, and did good service in this capacity. The "Entertainment" was a happy idea, which Mr. Reed was able to carry out effectively by the aid of his wife, who had won deserved reputation as Miss Horton, and of his friend John Parry, a mimic and pianist of altogether exceptional power. That the German Reeds had the perception and ability to carry out successfully the scheme they had devised was shown by the cleverness with which they chose their authors, and partly chose and partly made their stage associates. Mr. Arthur Cecil's training was under this management; and Mr. Corney Grain, the successor of John Parry, first developed his capacity under Mr. Reed's guidance. The Entertainment not only survives, but flourishes. A new piece—we are always in doubt how to describe these productions, but "piece" is safe—has just been given at St. George's Hall. It is called *Wanted—an Heir*, and is written by Mr. Malcolm Watson, who does well in the absence of an author who could strike out a fresher line, though let it be added that the *habitués* show no desire for anything other than that which is provided for them. The trifle is simple and amusing in its humble way, though the dialogue given to one of the characters is unpleasantly tinged by vulgarity, which the taste of the management should have avoided. The plot would be scarcely sufficient for an average magazine story; but aided by music and the efforts of the players it serves its turn. The heir to a peerage is missing, and is sought by the heir's nephew. He believes that the adopted daughter of a farmer is the lost child, being driven to the belief by a ring she wears; but the ring has been placed on her finger by her lover, the village schoolmaster, and it follows that he is the heir. This is all, but it is enough. Mr. Alfred German Reed shows a remarkable aptitude for the performance of such characters as that of the bluff and genial farmer, John Bigg. Miss Fanny Holland plays the farmer's wife—a part, however, in which it is not possible for the actress to distinguish herself, for the author has made a futile attempt to invest Mrs. Bigg with marked characteristics which have no bearing on the story, and are therefore out of place. Mr. Walter Browne as the peer's nephew and Miss Kate Tully as the heroine fill their parts very successfully. Mr. Alfred Caldicott has composed suitable and sufficiently tuneful music. Mr. Corney Grain's new sketch, "Mossoo in London," is perhaps not quite so good as his usual efforts from a musical point of view. We do not think any of the songs introduced will win the popularity which many of his previous songs have gained; but the mild satire directed at contemporary social crazes amuses the audience, and the sketch is received with a great deal of laughter and applause.

THE EASTER CYCLIST MANŒUVRES.

WHEN the first serious effort was made last year at the Easter manœuvres to test the capabilities of cycles as means of moving infantry rapidly over long distances, we expressed an opinion that the experiment had shown that cyclists might under many circumstances undertake some of the most important duties at present assigned to cavalry. The experiment has been repeated this year in a more searching manner, and, while it has removed perhaps some illusions, has placed us in a much better position than we formerly held to judge with fair accuracy of the merits and defects of cycles as military machines. And it has further enabled those responsible for the development of this arm to consider practically the kind of training which will be necessary before cyclists can take their place as soldiers side by side with men of other branches of the service. The actual details of the scheme, and of the incidents which occurred during the efforts to carry it out, have been so fully dealt with in most of the daily papers that it is scarcely necessary to repeat them here. It is more important to note all the weak places and comparative failures, and to see how they can be strengthened and avoided; and also to note the strong points and the successes, and to see how they can be improved and further utilized.

The first point to observe is the fact that the force was not able to move over the distance originally intended in the time required. The reason of this was—firstly, the extreme unfavourableness of the conditions of the roads and wind; and, secondly, the untrained state of many of the men present. The roads were very heavy and often in that sticky state which is peculiarly trying to cyclists, and in some parts they were so covered with flints as to have made it desirable to push the cycles along the grass on the roadside. The wind was blowing hard, but opposite to the direction in which the cyclists had to advance, and at times the rain came down heavily. Thus everything was against rapid movement. But here we have a useful bit of experience. It is not to be expected that cyclists will always have the wind in their backs, or that the roads will always have that firm consistency which reduces the labour of the rider to the level of that required for descending a toboggan-slide. Military cycling must be a winter as well as a summer pursuit if it is to be of any practical value whatever. If we are to depend on cyclists for reconnoitring or for covering the advance of an army, we must be able to depend

on them equally when the ground is deep in snow as when it is hard and dry. In the present instance, although the conditions were so unfavourable, the actual road distances covered were greater than could have been covered by cavalry. We may, therefore, say that it has been proved that a body of infantry can be transported, in a condition to fight, along distances at least as great as could be traversed in the same time by any other mounted arm. And we may further point out that they can utilize railway transport (where available), with a power of intraining and detraining with only little more difficulty than is experienced by infantry. This fact was of great advantage during the manœuvres this year.

The next point of importance which was brought out was the tendency of the cyclist columns to tail out. The cyclist has a natural desire to race. But the indulgence of this desire is fatal to military discipline, in whatever arm it may occur. In the present instance it became clear that only those of the riders who were in good training could accomplish even the curtailed distance. Thus, on one occasion, it was necessary not only not to check, but actually to encourage, a complete disorganization of the force, and to allow them to divide themselves by a process of natural selection, not into their original units, but into new units dependent only on speed. But even thus the officer commanding was able to deploy the rapid riders for attack in well-defined sections as they came up, and this in a very short time. For the future, each man of each section must clearly understand that his place is in his section, and nowhere else. The speed of that section must be the speed of the slowest man in it, and the speed of the column must be the speed of the slowest section. Of course there will have to be a limit of slowness in cycling, as in marching. But there is no reason why this limit should be out of the reach of any man of ordinary physique. Nor is there any reason why picked men should not be employed at a higher rate of speed for specially arduous duties. A body like the new Cyclist Volunteer Corps (the 26th Middlesex) ought to be able, for instance, to furnish a set of men who could do some startling feats of this kind. But in every case, fast or slow, there must be neither rivalry nor racing; and each section and each column must move along as steadily, and in as clearly defined formations, as bodies of infantry. The acquiring of this habit will be one of the great objects to be attained during the coming drill season. The only difficulty in the way of this is the eradication of all spirit of competition for speed, and the substitution of a spirit of competition for order. The power of bringing up at a fair speed compact bodies, well in hand, and ready for orderly and organized attack or defence, is the great thing to aim at.

A considerable portion of the time on Saturday was devoted to a series of small advanced and rear guard engagements, which have brought several very important points into prominence with respect to the power of cyclists in attack and defence. Cyclists, of course, only differ from infantry in having cycles. But, while their machines are in some cases a help, they are in other cases a hindrance to their mobility—as in the relation of cavalry to their horses. When a body of cyclists is advancing along a road, and the head and point are fired at by an opposing body of troops, the experience of Saturday shows that the first thing to do is to push on the advanced guard on their cycles to the nearest point to the enemy under cover, to dismount, deploy, and to open fire. If this fire is sufficient to drive the enemy out of the position, the advance can at once be resumed on the cycles. If not, as the successive bodies in rear come up they must be dismounted under cover and deployed for attack in the same manner, until their fire overwhelms the enemy. But it may happen that the mere firing from cover at the enemy's position is not sufficient to dislodge him, in which case he must be either turned or attacked in front. If a road exists suitable for the purpose, the turning movement may perhaps be carried out by mounted men. But probably the turning movement, and certainly any direct attack, would be performed on foot. An attempt was made on Saturday in one case by a section of cyclists to rush a position on their cycles. They were ruled out of action. Thus, in every case of successful attack the attackers will find themselves in possession of the enemy's position, not only, however, without means of following him rapidly at the moment, but under the necessity of going back to the point at which the attack began to fetch their cycles. The defenders, on the other hand, can hold on to the last moment, with their cycles close behind them, and, mounting by successive sections, retire rapidly to a fresh position in rear which they can place in a state of defence while the attackers are toiling back on foot for their cycles. One of the weak points of a cyclist attack has thus been most instructively brought to light by Saturday's work; and the important thing is to discover how the delay, which is apparently to some extent necessary, can best be diminished. Two methods suggest themselves. The first is that, while the dismounted fighting line of the attack is slowly making head, the reserve should push the machines of the whole party with them along the road. There are many cases in which this would be practicable. A second method would be by leaving the reserve throughout the engagement with their cycles at the point where the first halt was made, with orders that, as soon as the attack was successful, they were to mount and push on on their cycles, and so in their turn become the advanced force, the previous advanced force remaining in rear as reserve. It seems probable that these two methods, or a combination of them, would, if properly developed by actual trial, lead to an avoidance of the delay caused by the system tried on Saturday.

We cannot but think that Lieutenant-Colonel Savile ought to be satisfied with the results of his experiment. He did not, it is true, do exactly what he originally hoped to accomplish. But under the most adverse conditions, and with many untrained men in the force, he covered amply sufficient distance to prove all that he could wish to prove. And the details of the attack and defence were repeatedly worked out in such a manner as to place him in a position to lay down the tactical principles on which such engagements should be fought. Any one who is acquainted with Volunteers will know that it will be a long time before the whole cyclist system at present inaugurated will be in anything like perfect working order. But they will also know that, if slow, the progress will be sure. And that if the authorities will continue to support, as they have done, Lieutenant-Colonel Savile's efforts, he may look forward with confidence to a time when he will be able to cover the advance of an army corps with a "cyclist screen," well drilled and handy to manœuvre, and fully equipped in all respects for the work they may have to do.

FRENCH PLAYS.

M. COQUELIN *cadet* appeared for a few nights at the end of last week in conjunction with his brother and nephew, and thereby gave weight to a revival of Molière's *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, in which, to use the words of the programme, "*les trois Coquelins*" figured together. The part of Argante in the comedy is not a very important one; and the play itself, although containing several fine scenes, is not one of its great writer's best, and is, after all, only an adaptation of the *Phormio* of Terence, the plot of which it follows with slight variations. The interest, not very strong in the Latin original, loses a good deal of its directness in Molière's version by being elaborated with the introduction of a scene from Cyrano de Bergerac's *Le Pedant* and another from *La Sœur* of Rotrou. It is a piece for reading rather than acting, albeit the character of Scapin himself is admirably drawn. Argante is an old man, and Molière's old men are all more or less conventional. M. Coquelin *cadet* made the best of the *rôle*, and was very amusing throughout. He has excellent speeches to deliver, full of philosophical truths and clever similes; but, like his colleague Géronte, he is dragged through so much boisterous pantomime, after the fashion of the period in which the play was written, that he ends by impressing an average English audience as being a sort of pantaloon in a harlequinade. M. Coquelin *cadet* is too fine an actor to throw away his great experience and talent on such a part as this, when he is only to be seen three times. We acknowledge willingly its classical importance and fame, and also the modesty of the actor, who serves so valiantly the literature of his country by thus effacing himself in order to increase the reputation of a famous comedy. We confess, however, that we should have preferred seeing so capable an artist in something more important. He played Argante perfectly, and with great skill lifted the part into prominence by the exceeding delicacy of his method and the admirable manner with which he gave each word and phrase its proper value. Scapin, on the other hand, is one of the best drawn and most highly finished of all Molière's inimitable valets, and as a representative of these M. Coquelin *aîné* is unsurpassed. He gives us a complete picture of that curious product of the seventeenth century, the gentleman's gentleman, half slave and half equal, quick-witted, audacious, faithful, and generous, but likewise the incarnation of fun and frolic. Nothing could be droller, to recall an instance of admirable acting out of many, than M. Coquelin's play when, at the end of the comedy, in order to provoke sympathy from his masters, and thus obtain forgiveness for his escapades, he pretends to be mortally wounded. Funnier expressions of mingled feigned pain, fear, and mock humility can scarcely be imagined than those M. Coquelin assumes when brought in on a chair, with his head bound up and life apparently ebbing from him. When, however, his masters, moved by what they believe to be his approaching end, forgive him, and he hops off his chair, a hale man, with the most quizzical air in the world, he provokes hearty laughter. M. Jean Coquelin is too young a man and too inexperienced an actor to be placed on a level yet with his father and uncle. One cannot help thinking, when seeing him act the parts of old men, that he is merely a marvellously well-trained collegian. The young voice betrays him, and the wigs and neatly arranged beards cannot conceal, fortunately for him, his enviable youth. Silvestre, however, Scapin's companion in mischief, is a boy, and M. Jean Coquelin was in his element this time and played delightfully. Mme. Kalb, "of the Comédie Française," appeared only in *Les Fourberies de Scapin*, and made everybody regret they were unlikely to see more of so sprightly an actress. Zerbinette, who is a rather Bohemian young person, has very little to do in the piece except in the last act, when she has to laugh through an entire scene, whilst between one outburst of merriment and another she relates to Géronte the tricks his son has played upon him. This she did so sympathetically, and with such a silvery and contagious laugh, that the house joined in her mirth; and the pretty scene, as difficult to act as is the laughing song in *Manon Lescaut* to sing, passed off brilliantly. A one-act piece for two preceded *Les Fourberies de Scapin*. It has been seen often on the stage and in the drawing-room under various titles—*Le Bibelot* and *La Soupière*; its actual name is *La Céramique*. M. Coquelin *cadet* was Hector and

Mlle. Barety Une Veuve. It was capitally played, both M. Ernest Coquelin and Mlle. Barety acting with infinite vivacity and charm. The Coquelins are said to be the inventors of the "monologue" recitations, which are admirable in drawing-rooms, but apt to be rather tedious when transferred to the stage. M. Eugène Vivier's *Protecteur et Protégé* is essentially Parisian, and seems to be an excerpt from some longer play, for it has neither beginning nor end. The two MM. Coquelin were, however, very funny, the younger as the pompous Protecteur, who gets thanked for doing nothing at all, and the other as the Protégé, who has a nervous trick of repeating the last words of every speech addressed to him. M. Touchatout's *Habit ou Redingote* is more amusing, and M. Coquelin *cadet* gave a truthful picture of the embarrassments of a gentleman who cannot determine whether he ought to wear evening or morning costume at a party to which he is invited.

Oscar, ou le Mari qui trompe sa Femme, one of Scribe's merriest vaudevilles—without couplets, however—was given for the first time in London in many years on Monday evening last. It was originally produced at the Français as far back as 1842, with M. Regnier as Oscar. The plot is of a kind which is best not emphasized in relating, since it turns upon a subject frequently used by the Elizabethan dramatists, and by Shakspeare himself twice—in *All's Well that Ends Well* and *Measure for Measure*—in which the wife, under peculiar circumstances, replaces the mistress, and her husband is none the wiser, until matters are satisfactorily explained, his misdemeanour being a sin of intention and not of deed. M. Coquelin is at his best in this kind of play; for, like our own Mr. Toole—the one actor we possess to whom he can be pretty closely likened—he is an unrivalled theatrical representative of middle-class husbands—*les maris de la bonne bourgeoisie*. His appearance, manner, and voice all help him to this end; and his art, as displayed therein, is infinitely subtle and unobtrusive. Mlle. Kerwich was very coquettish as Manette, the adroit chambermaid who has obtained a hold, through the suggestions of her mistress, over her master, which she is quite unable to explain, but which she certainly turns to her own pecuniary advantage. A monologue followed entitled "Le Sous-Préfet aux Champs"—a species of semi-satirical idyl, showing the official in question forgetting his duties under the influence of sunshine and flowers. It would bear translation, and is exceedingly well written. "Barbarson" is a piece of extravagance in the style of the adventures of Munchausen, which M. Coquelin delivers with a strong Marseilles accent.

The next novelty at this theatre, with the present company, is reserved for the last week, when *Les Surprises du Divorce* will be represented for the first time in London.

EXHIBITIONS.

MR. MACLEAN'S exhibition possesses unusual attractions this season in about a dozen good, really interesting, pictures. The remaining forty or fifty canvases belong to the ordinary class of work which generally constitutes the bulk of this Gallery. Whether they are better or worse than usual becomes a matter of supreme indifference when there is something else to be looked at. First of all we shall mention one or two examples of the great French school of the century and its immediate following in the Low Countries. Perhaps the best and most characteristic of these is a Diaz, "In the Woods: Evening" (21 A), evidently taken from the Forest of Fontainebleau. A mysterious windy play of light throws a dancing illumination over rocks, ferns, open country, distance, the tangle of shrubs and the branches of oaks. The general tone is deep and full coloured, the foreground swims in a rich sombre shadow, while the splendid colouring does justice to the local tints, expresses the atmospheric conditions, and salutes our first glance with a noble and harmonious scheme of decoration. The well-known and admirable style of handling suggests much, but never intrudes itself as a mechanism. In the works of Heffner and others who seem to have studied the mere method for its own sake, the workmanship, by its hardness and its obviousness of plan, tends to destroy air and the natural charm of the scene. Of two Corots, one, "The Fisherman" (21), is but half started and not so well arranged in its groups of sky and trees as might be expected; the other and better, "Sunset" (60), well shows the great landscapist's magical trees rustling against the sky and wrapped below in soft, dark, and impalpable air. We have seen works by James Maris fuller and fatter in colour than "A Dutch Village on the Banks of the Scheldt" (36), and others, again, still drier and dustier looking. This may be called a good average example of a fine and dignified artist. Much the same may be said of "Going to Market" (23), by Josef Israels; good in colour, especially in the sky, it is neither his best picture nor his worst. E. Van Marcke's "Cattle in Holland" (17), by its simple workmanship and concentrated arrangement pleases the eye better than many of his larger pictures. It also recalls more directly than some the composition and style of the greatest modern master of the genre, Constant Troyon. On turning to the English work we are met at once with a remarkable work, Sir J. E. Millais's latest landscape, "Christmas Eve (Murtly Castle, Perthshire)" (33). The high power of intelligence and earnestness that this artist can bring to bear on his art is here made manifest, since at his age, and after doing so much careless commercial claptrap, he can still sit down and produce a thoroughly interesting landscape. In some ways it seems to us his most successful effort in that direction. It has certainly a stronger sentiment in it than "Chill October" and its other predecessors. The sentiment, too, is of a high and really artistic order and so elevates the general aspect of the work that one is not tempted to look for faults. This is a tribute to the power of feeling in art, as upon examination some defects are to be found. The realism is not perfect; the tree hardly relieves properly from the building; there is a tendency to undue muddiness of colour under the trees; and the birds and the little stick in the foreground seem false, feeble, and cold. In the artistic treatment some defects are mingled with decided beauties of style. There is perhaps too much foreground, and without doubt the workmanship of the trees is small, mean, and ineffective. The other faults count for little; but this last defect, as it would be apt to grow on one, and as it contradicts the noble idea of the picture, cannot be altogether overlooked. On the other hand, the building rises against the sky in really imposing fashion. Both the castle and the wall are handled in splendid style, and something in their aspect reminds one of Millet's church in the Luxembourg Gallery. Two fine marine pictures remain to be noticed. Mr. H. Moore's "Sunset in the Channel" (14) is quite up to the level of his best work. Indeed, there is a robust naturalness in this sky which he has perhaps never before attained. What an improvement may be seen here on his somewhat tortured "Sunset after Storm" in the Grosvenor of 1886! Mr. Edwin Ellis's "Fishing Bay on the Cornish Coast" (50) arrests one at once by the grandeur of its aspect and by a bold, powerful use of the brush; yet a little more finesse in the values would hardly be amiss. Upon looking longer one feels scarcely convinced as to the distance of parts of the cliff.

At the exhibition of the Society of Lady Artists there is a slight improvement, at any rate in the water-colours. Miss Mildred Butler has a gift of observation which enables her to take in the general tone of an effect to good purpose while she has acquired some sense of style and some feeling for beauty. "Following the Plough" (93), with its grey, vaporous sky and broad foreground, and "Winter" (144), an aerial picture with fine finish, are good examples of her work. Amongst the best things are Miss K. Macaulay's sketches, of which the strongest and most natural is perhaps A Bit of Battersea" (14); Miss F. Currey's "At the Top of the Tideway" (161), with a rarely true middle distance, and an elaborate but not hard foreground; Miss Annette Elias's "River Oise, France" (135), a bright, strong picture, painted with a clean, smart touch; and Miss D. Martyn's very careful and sincerely rendered interior, "A Boat-builder at Work" (554). Mesdames Emma Cooper, Forbes Robertson, Gertrude Peel, M. Barnard, and one or two others, send good work. Miss Clara Montalba sends an oil, "A Sketch; Dortrecht" (530), but it looks poor and hot, and quite unworthy of her known talent. The largest oil is the "Holy Street Mill" (251), by Miss Mawson, a spotty, uncomfortable canvas. Perhaps the best of the oils are Miss Heckstall Smith's realistic and workmanlike "Staple Inn before Restoration" (238); Miss N. L. Rumboldt's shadowy and mysterious "Forest Glade" (244); Miss M. A. Sheffield's clever sketch, "Village of Ladywell, Kent" (546), and Miss H. Montalba's "Tending the Rialto Shrine" (243). Other fair landscapes come from Miss E. Gibson, Miss N. Erichsen, Miss Jane Inglis, and a few more. Modelling is not a quality much attended to in the figure-work; but we must speak with praise of one or two, such as "Chapeau Noir" (550), by Miss W. M. Fallon; "Amy" (539), by Mrs. Perugini; "Sandy Macfarlane" (222), by Miss Sara Fallon; "The Gardener's Daughter" (221), by Miss Bywater, and "Noonday" (65), by Miss Dora Noyes, the chief fault of which lies in a slavish resemblance to the work of Mr. Clausen. Resemblances of the sort are common enough; 535, 534, 234, and 278 are imitated from Mr. David Murray, and 529 is much too like Mr. Ludovici.

CONGRESS AND THE MONEY MARKET.

THE United States Congress has been now in session four months, and it has yet done little or nothing towards relieving the money markets of the world from the apprehensions which they suffer in consequence of the magnitude of the American surplus. The House of Representatives, indeed, has passed a Bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to employ in the redemption of debt all surplus monies now in the Treasury, or hereafter accumulating there; but the Senate has so amended it that it must go back to the House. Many Senators argue that the Secretary of the Treasury already has the powers which the Bill proposes to confer upon him, and that, therefore, fresh legislation is unnecessary; but the Secretary argues that the power referred to was given by a rider to an Appropriation Act, and that properly it can be regarded only as given for the year in which the Appropriation Act was passed. Consequently, he is unwilling to use the power. A Committee of the House of Representatives has also prepared a Bill for the reduction of taxation; but the Republican members of the Committee are strongly opposed to the chief proposals of the Bill. It seems very doubtful whether a majority of the House of Representatives is not also opposed to them; and even if the Bill passes the House, it is hardly likely to pass the Senate. The apathy of Congress is the

more remarkable because it will be in the recollection of our readers that last year a crisis in the money market was very nearly brought about by the accumulation of money in the Treasury. Up to the end of June last the Secretary of the Treasury was able to dispose of his surplus in the redemption of Debt. There then existed a considerable amount of Debt which could be redeemed without notice, and therefore the Secretary was able to pay out of the Treasury surplus monies as they accumulated. Unfortunately the relief so afforded was only partial. The national banks are obliged to hold United States bonds as security for their notes, issuing only 90 per cent. of the nominal value of the bonds in bank-notes. When, therefore, bonds are redeemed, the banks are obliged to cancel the notes against which the bonds are held as security; but there is no legal machinery in the United States by which notes once issued can be called in and cancelled; and, when the banks are unable to cancel their notes, they are obliged by law to lodge in the Treasury, as security for the redemption of the notes, an equivalent amount of lawful money of the United States. Up to the present time there are about 20 millions sterling of national bank-notes circulating throughout the United States which ought to be cancelled, but which cannot be got in, and the Treasury holds an equivalent amount of legal-tender money. The accumulation of money for the redemption of notes would even before July last have had a serious influence upon the money market were it not that a large coinage of both gold and silver is going on annually. Even so, however, the addition to the currency by means of coinage was not sufficient to prevent some inconvenience through the accumu'ation of the bank-note redemption fund. On the 1st of July last year the whole of the Debt which can be redeemed without notice was paid off, and then there remained only bonds which stood at a high premium. The Secretary of the Treasury naturally was unwilling to buy bonds at a high premium, and consequently the surplus accumulated rapidly. Capitalists got alarmed lest the money market should thereby be seriously disturbed, and they began to hoard as a precaution against contingencies. In both ways so great a stringency in the money market was caused that the rates of interest and discount rose even in New York to 6, and sometimes even to 8, per cent.; in the North-West they rose to 8 and 10 per cent. and higher; while in the South-West they went to 12 per cent. and over. To avoid a panic, the Secretary of the Treasury offered to buy bonds at a price specified; but few bonds were sold, and then the Secretary of the Treasury was compelled to lodge money on deposit with bankers to avoid a catastrophe. The United States Government employs no bank in the collection of its revenue; but it is permitted by law to place upon deposit, under certain conditions, the portion of the revenue derived from internal taxes. By using this power relief was given to the money market, apprehension gradually died away, and since then ease has prevailed.

It was naturally hoped that, after the experience of last year, Congress would hasten to reduce taxation. In the current year, which our readers will bear in mind ends with June next, the surplus of revenue over expenditure, including in the latter the Sinking-fund requirements, is estimated at about 30 millions sterling. President Cleveland recommended last December a very sweeping reduction in the tariff; but his party has not supported him, and it has taken four months for the Committee of Ways and Means to agree upon a Bill making very moderate reductions. Under such circumstances it does not seem likely that in the remainder of the Session the Bill will become law. Next month the candidates for the Presidency will be selected by the National Conventions, and in November the new President will be chosen. The Democrats are afraid of offending the working-men by pushing forward too sweeping a reduction of the tariff, and, on the other hand, the Republicans would gladly see the Administration discredited by financial pressure. It can, however, not really be for the interest of either party that a financial crisis should occur in the midst of a Presidential election; and it is possible, therefore, that Congress may do something to avert a catastrophe before it separates. If it should not, a panic seems almost inevitable. At present the situation is this:—The Treasury holds in gold, silver, greenbacks, and bank-notes very nearly 120 millions sterling; but there are certificates outstanding amounting to nearly 50 millions sterling, so that the nett accumulation of money in the Treasury is 70 millions sterling. Of this amount about 20 millions sterling are held as a reserve against greenbacks—that is, the Treasury notes which circulate as legal tender-money. Another 20 millions sterling, or nearly, are held in the Treasury for the redemption of bank-notes when presented, and about 30 millions sterling are the accumulation of surplus revenue over expenditure. In addition to this vast sum, about 12 millions sterling have been lodged with the Secretary of the Treasury in depository banks. This latter sum, of course, can be employed by the banks in lending and discounting, and, therefore, we have not included it in the accumulation in the Treasury. Owing to the fear of a crisis last year speculation was brought to a stop, and even legitimate business was very seriously checked. All through the winter, in consequence, the money market has been quiet, and at present it is found impossible by the Secretary of the Treasury to lodge more money in the banks. The banks, in fact, find that they cannot employ the money profitably, and are unwilling, therefore, to take it. Of course, if the value of money was to rise, the banks would be as eager to get the money as they are now unwilling to receive it; but, under any circumstances, the plan of depositing money with the banks is a merely temporary one, and cannot afford adequate relief; for that there must be a permanent and a very large reduction in taxation. Unless this reduction is effected, we are likely to see a revival of the fears that had such serious consequences twelve months ago. In the ordinary course of things Congress will sit only about three months longer. As the Session draws to a close its members may feel that it would be dangerous to the best interests of the country to put off legislation any longer, and may carry a moderate reduction in the tariff; but, if the public begins to fear that taxation will not be adequately reduced, there will certainly be a revival of last year's fears. Bankers will be unwilling to lend, capitalists of all kinds will accumulate money as a precaution against contingencies; the money market will be laid bare of supplies; borrowers will be unable to obtain the accommodation they require, and very serious consequences may ensue.

Renewed disturbance in the American money market would be likely to affect the European money markets. Just now the balance of trade is against the United States. Owing to the heavy fall in American securities of all kinds, there has undoubtedly been an immense quantity of such securities sold by European holders and bought by American holders. In consequence, there is a debt due by America to Europe. Further, the imports into the United States have of late been very large. The probability would seem to be, therefore, at present that exports of gold from the United States are more likely than imports; but the whole situation would rapidly change if the value of money were to rise considerably. Then it would be profitable to send gold from Europe for employment in the United States, and doubtless gold would be sent in considerable quantities. If there were any good reason to expect that the crisis would be short and sharp, and that an effectual remedy would be speedily applied, of course the shipments of gold would not take place; but if Congress were once to separate, and the country were to be engaged in a Presidential contest, it would be hardly possible to apply a speedy remedy. Therefore the value of money in the United States would be likely to continue high for a considerable time, and exporters of gold from Europe would anticipate a considerable profit. In any case, if a monetary crisis in the United States seemed likely, the money markets of Europe would begin to fear large shipments of gold to New York. In consequence there would be a tendency to raise rates here; and, if the shipments really began on a considerable scale, the rise in rates might be very considerable. It is always to be recollected that the stock of gold held by the Bank of England is exceedingly small, that therefore the Bank cannot afford to lose very much of the metal, and that anything which made it probable that considerable shipments would take place would have a disproportionately great effect. The United States Treasury at the present moment holds about 62 millions sterling in gold, while the Bank of England holds less than 22 millions; and, owing to the desire of all the great European banks to keep the large stocks of the metal which they now hold, it would be difficult for the Bank of England to obtain elsewhere the gold withdrawn from it for export to New York. The beginning, then, of gold shipments to New York would, as we have just been saying, have a disproportionately great effect upon the London money market; and even the probability that shipments would take place would have a considerable effect. The policy pursued by Congress during the next few months, then, will have an important effect, not alone upon the American money market, but upon the money markets throughout all Europe, and through the money markets it will influence very considerably the course of trade and the prices of Stock Exchange securities.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

COME what may after them, a concert which begins with two of Beethoven's grandest works must of necessity run down hill. It is putting the good wine first—an unobjectionable proceeding if you are not going to drink the bad afterwards. One is chiefly concerned, it is true, to hear the finest music with a fresh ear, and from the hands of untried executants; but in a concert the second course must come, and it is likely to meet with undeserved misapprehension if the first is all strong meat. Spohr, Liszt, Rossini, fall flat on ears attuned to the heroic pitch of Beethoven in the Overture to *Leonora* (No. 3), and the Concerto for Piano (No. 5). It was unfortunate that Spohr's *Die Weihe der Töne* should have been thus prefaced. It is not too often heard; it is interesting as an early example of programme music; it is a splendid piece of musical construction and orchestration; but it is long, and, in all its length, it never reaches that loftiness of tone and impressive directness of effect without which nothing can hold the attention after a full meal of Beethoven.

The performance of the Overture to *Leonora* was good, though we have heard better. Though broadly and intelligently rendered, with a full sonorousness of tone, it seemed at moments to lack point. A more subtle shading of force would not have been amiss in parts, and, in the second half especially, a more lightning-like emphasis on certain accents and a less general pounding was wanted. Miss Martha Remmert attacked the Concerto in E Flat with a bold bravery which her effective strength of touch enabled her to carry on consistently. If we said that she might perhaps be a more refined player, we should not in any way refer to her technique, which permits of great flexibility and delicacy, but rather to her reading and her feeling for phrasing.

She is apt to be fanciful and to read more effect into details than is compatible with the broad unity and long-winded flight of this sort of music. She showed a charming delicacy and vivacity of touch, however, in many passages, and was never lacking in the power necessary for executing a great work. The orchestra seemed thoroughly up to their task, and the wind instruments, especially the horns and trumpets, which play a prominent part, were used with great sureness and delicacy. Spohr's Symphony, *The Power of Sound*, as it is generally called, met with an interpretation no less excellently artistic than that of the Concerto. An occasional feeling of tediousness arose, probably entirely from its following music in which there is nothing half-hearted and nothing superfluous. It would be difficult to deny the length and tameness, at least, of Spohr's third movement, "Tempo di Marcia." The march itself has not enough dignity or intensity to induce one to patiently await its return during the wearisome monotony of the Trio. It is not the least part of a composer's art to arrange his masses in quantities according to their interests. The first and second movements are perhaps the best, and they were very well done. The imitations of birds in the "Allegro" were by no means injudiciously forced, nor was the natural flow of the movement interrupted. In the second movement, a lovely cradle song on the clarinet is delightfully broken in upon by the soft tumult of the violins, entering with a piquant Dance Allegro, and this is followed by a charming Serenade on the violoncello. These graceful melodies were interpreted with taste and feeling by all the instruments concerned. A single violoncello plays as important a part in the Serenade as it would in a Concerto, and the excellent artist who leads these instruments handled it with a beauty of tone worthy of a good soloist. In the place of the usual pianoforte solos, Miss Martha Remmert gave us Liszt's *Hungarian Fantasia* for pianoforte and orchestra. The capriciousness of this music suited her talent perhaps better than the Concerto. She played it, if not with quite enough certainty, at least with spirit and with a due regard for its character. Unlike many good performers she avoided exaggerating the accents of that peculiar melody the "Vivace assai," and she entered thoroughly into the feeling of the piquant and difficult "Allegretto alla Zingarese."

The singer of the afternoon, Miss Alice Gomez, has a voice of the purest quality in all its notes. Her intonation is perfect, her method refined, and her idea of the sentiment of what she sings just and intelligent, and yet there is something slightly mechanical in the tranquil perfection of her style. She sang Weber's "O Fatima" (*Abu Hassan*), Mendelssohn's "Die Liebende schreibt," and Franz's "Er ist gekommen."

The concert came to an end with Rossini's Overture, *William Tell*. It is interesting occasionally to hear works which are a little out of the ordinary path of these concerts. The Overture is stirring, melodious, full of ideas, deservedly popular, and suitable to the theatre. Here, however, one cannot help thinking of names more familiar at the Crystal Palace than Rossini, and so wishing that Mendelssohn, Berlioz, or Wagner had had a word to say in the instrumentation of much of this Overture.

REVIEWS.

THROUGH THE YANGTSE GORGES.*

"WHAT I should like to know," said Sir Isaac Coffin, when seconding in the House of Commons the rejection of the original Liverpool and Manchester Railway Bill, "is to be done with all those who have advanced money in making and repairing turnpike roads? What is to become of coachmakers and harness-makers, coachmasters and coachmen, innkeepers, horsebreeders and horsedealers? Is the House aware of the smoke and the noise, the hiss and the whirl which locomotive engines passing at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour would occasion? . . . Iron would be raised in price 100 per cent., or probably exhausted altogether. It would be the greatest nuisance, the most complete disturbance of quiet and comfort in all parts of the kingdom that the ingenuity of man could invent." This is precisely the kind of argument which the Chinese Government is now advancing in opposition to Mr. Little's scheme, as set forth in the present work, for opening up the upper waters of the Yangtsze kiang to steamer traffic. What, ask the Peking authorities, would become of all the boatowners and boatmen, the trackers and coolies, if "fire-wheel ships" were admitted into the reaches above Ichang, which have hitherto been traversed only by the harmless junk? What would become of the Fêngshui of the district? and what would be the effect on the riverside populations of such a new element in their existences?

It is not necessary to accept these arguments as the expression of the *bonâ fide* views of the Mandarins on the subject, any more than it is to imagine that when Li Hung-chang memorializes the Emperor to confer honours on a river dragon for assuaging a flood he believes in the existence of such a monster. But it is incumbent on the Mandarins so far to acquiesce in the opinions of the people as to be able to pose as their champions; more especially as they are urged from another and a more influential quarter to oppose tooth and nail the proposed innovation. The provincial authorities see in the advance of foreigners into the interior the ruin of their revenues, and they have in the fate of the Kweichow Customs duties a standing warning of what may be still further expected if the insidious "foreign devil" is allowed to push his way inland. Until lately the receipts from the Kweichow Custom-house were, next to those of Canton, the largest in the Empire, and these were, as a matter of course, paid into the Szech'uen provincial treasury. Two thousand taels—a sum equal to about 700*l*.—was the average amount collected each day at this barrier. Under the genial influence of these collections, the little market town of Kweichow expanded into a large and opulent city. Work-people crowded into it, and the more wealthy inhabitants built for themselves country mansions in the neighbourhood, which became houses of luxury and ease. Suddenly the order went forth that, in accordance with treaty, the foreigner should be allowed, by paying a transit duty of two and a half per cent. at the foreign Custom-house at Hankow, to send his goods from that port to Chungking in Szech'uen free of all further charge. The result of this was that the officials at Kweichow found their occupation gone, and the revenue has since been gradually reduced to nil.

With such an example before their eyes it need not surprise us to find the provincial authorities fighting shoulder to shoulder with the junkmen and coolies against Mr. Little's scheme. Mr. Little, on the other hand, is consumed with a zeal to open up the rich markets of Szech'uen to foreign enterprise, and to give the people of that province an easy means of transporting their products to the busy cities of Eastern China. The Chefoo Convention gives support to Mr. Little's proposal, and on the faith of that instrument he has had a steel steamer built, which is especially adapted for the navigation of the upper waters of the Yangtsze kiang, and which is now at Ichang, waiting only for the sanction of the authorities to start on the voyage westward. It would be paying a poor compliment to Oriental diplomacy to suppose that the Chinese Ministers could not make out of the materials at hand a case sufficiently strong to withstand the pressure which has been brought to bear upon them in this matter. So far they have certainly succeeded in doing so, and it remains to be seen how long they will be able to hold their own against the importunity of the British merchants.

Of the ultimate advantages of opening the river to steamer traffic both to the Imperial exchequer and to people of the Western provinces there can be no reasonable doubt. Szech'uen, the immediate object of Mr. Little's enterprise, is a province as large as France; "it has an even superior climate; a far larger population, equally industrious and thrifty; a land delightfully *accidentée*, and cultivated to its highest slopes." Cereals of every kind yield rich and abundant crops; while sugar, tobacco, opium, and medicinal herbs are grown with little trouble and to great profit. As matters stand at present, the people of this favoured region, who are the richest in the Empire, and who in point of numbers represent thirty per cent. of the total population of China, absorb only nine per cent. of the foreign imports into China. This disproportion between the number of inhabitants and the consumption of foreign goods is the more noticeable because, though the soil of Szech'uen produces every other necessary of Chinese life, it does not produce cotton; and there can be no doubt that, if once a ready means of access were established, the quantity of Manchester goods imported would go up by leaps and bounds. Hitherto the merchants of Szech'uen have been deterred from making any large ventures by the difficulties of the two routes by which alone they have been able to reach the outer world. We know what are the dangers and delays which are inseparable from the passage through the gorges of the Yangtsze—have we not the evidence of Blakiston, Gill, Little, and others on the subject?—and when we are told that these are as nothing compared with those which beset travellers on the mountain road over the Tsingling shan, we can form some idea of what the perils of that route must be.

No one acquainted with the subject will, then, deny that, if Mr. Little succeeds in establishing a steamer traffic between Ichang and Chungking, he will confer an immense benefit on many millions of people besides English merchants. But we could have wished that he had been rather more explicit as to the manner in which he hopes to overcome the physical difficulties in his way. We wish he had told us how the rapids which beset the four hundred miles which separate those two cities are to be passed by steamers. Junks can now only make the voyage in from five to six weeks, which is a longer time than it takes to go from London to Shanghai. This at first sight seems preposterous; but when one reads the accounts travellers give of the rapids, whirlpools, eddies, and currents which have to be encountered, one only wonders that any vessels ever survive to drop their anchors off the wharves of Chungking. The following is Mr. Little's description of his first attempt to ascend the Yen rapid, which is by no means the worst on this dangerous piece of water:—

> A gigantic whirlpool immediately below the rapid has hollowed out a bay in the rocks on the south bank, and where the eddy meets the downward rush a sharp point projects, which is a terribly ticklish place for a boat in the hands of trackers to round in safety. Our Laota (captain) having decided to take this course, we crossed the river, paddled up the eddy, which was running with unusual force, landed our trackers, and drove the boat's nose into the broken torrent while the eddy was still acting on her stern. The rudder ceased to act; our boat, on entering the down current, suddenly shot out towards the middle of the stream—the trackers were thrown down, and two badly hurt by being dragged over the rocks, while the boat heeled over, threatening to capsize on the instant; fortunately our trackers promptly cast off the tow-line in the nick of time,

* *Through the Yangtse Gorges; or, Trade and Travel in Western China.* By Archibald John Little. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1888.

and we incurred no other danger than being swept violently down stream in the eight-knot current. Fortunately the up-river breeze still held, and the two men left on board were able to set the sail in time to get steerage way upon the boat before she drifted on the rocks below, and the Laota succeeded in steering her into the eddy on the safer left bank, with nothing lost but the result of the morning's toil.

Fortune in this case was more favourable to Mr. Little than she is often wont to be in such emergencies. A short time before he made this voyage Mr. Consul Gardner attempted to ascend the Shin rapid, and, his tow-line snapping, the boat was capsized, and his life was only saved by the exertions of the crew of the lifeboat, which is permanently stationed below the rapids to render assistance to voyagers who may be immersed *in gurgite vasto*. When Captain Gill went up the river, it was as much as a hundred coolies could do to drag his boat up this same rapid. Of course when, in the early summer, the level of the river rises in the gorges, as it almost invariably does, several tens of feet, the rapids become mere rushes, and there is abundance of water for a steamer of a considerable size. There is, however, another danger which was pointed out some years ago by Baron Richthofen, but which is not mentioned by Mr. Little. By the constant flow of the winter current the stream has in some parts scooped out for itself a narrow course in the middle of the wider summer bed of the river. As the water rises in the spring it conceals the limits of the narrower channel, with the result that junks are constantly stranded and wrecked on the shallow sides of the central stream.

The Yangtsze-kiang is a river about which most people know no more than about the Salween or the Orinoco. The geography books tell us that it is one of the largest rivers in the world; but, if it were not for the adventurous voyages of the few travellers who have lately faced its perils, we should know nothing of its beauties, and should be ignorant of the stranger sights which are to be witnessed on its banks. For depth and majestic beauty the gorges of the Yangtsze are probably unsurpassed anywhere. But for the full enjoyment of all scenery a certain amount of ease is necessary. It is quite impossible to appreciate even these masterpieces of nature when one is conscious that one's life is dependent on a tow-line which, under the fraying influence of a sharp rock, is threatening to snap in two every moment. Nor is the situation improved by landing on the banks, for there the foothold is so precarious that travellers unaccustomed to mountain-climbing are constantly reduced to scrambling on their hands and knees along the narrow ledges which serve as paths. Mr. Little tells us that in one of the gorges he attempted to follow the trackers.

> At length [he writes] the towing-path rounded a smooth, almost precipitous rock, about 100 feet above the river level, until at last the narrow footway came to an end, and the elbow of the slope was rounded by some ten or twenty single footsteps, cut in the face of the smooth limestone, just large enough for the small feet of a Chinaman. I was stuck. I could not go forward, and dare not turn round to go back; the trackers were far ahead, and the short twilight was fast merging into night. I was almost in despair, when fortunately one of the trackers came back to look for me. Carefully divesting myself of my boots, avoiding a glance at the foaming water below, and holding the man's hand, I soon got over; but what a path for men harnessed to a tow-line to risk their necks on!

No wonder he fails to give us an adequate description of the scenery which surrounded him at that trying moment. But speaking generally his book, as a record of travel, is decidedly interesting. His knowledge of the Chinese language has enabled him to gather information which was inaccessible to most of his predecessors, and his long acquaintance with the East has made him a discriminating observer of the features of the country and of the habits of the people. His knowledge of Chinese history is not, however, on a par with his capabilities for travel. His assertion that, "since the last change of dynasty (A.D. 1644) the Chinese have enjoyed the blessings of peace and prosperity uninterruptedly, with the exception of the petty wars of this century with ourselves and the French," is as true as it would be to say that Europe has been undisturbed by hostilities during the same period; and is in keeping with his statement that the Taeping leader, Hung Siuchuen, whose name he spells thus on p. 137, and Hong-hsio-choen on p. 2, "was one of the very few genuine Christian converts ever made in China." In the first place, Hung was never received into any Christian body, and was no more a Christian than Mahomet was, his religion being based on a study of some few chapters of the Bible and on the grotesque fancies of himself and his brother brigands. The implication, also, that missionary work in China has been absolutely barren is equally opposed to the fact. In 1886 421 Chinamen and women were baptized by the members of the China Inland Mission alone, and we must either accept the work of this Society as genuine, or we must believe that such men as Mr. C. T. Studd and the Polhill-Turners have allied themselves with a band of impostors.

THE CITY OF DREAM.*

In a prose note, hidden at the end of his book, Mr. Buchanan explains its scope and purpose. It is the "epic of modern Revolt and Reconciliation." The author means it to be "for the inquiring modern spirit, what the lovely vision of Bunyan is for those who still exist in the fairyland of dogmatic Christianity . . . the sympathetic modern will find here the record of his own heart-burnings, doubts, and experiences, though . . . he may not have passed through the Valley of Dead Gods at all, or looked with wondering eyes on the Spectre of the Inconceivable; though he may never have realized to the full, as I have done, the existence of the City without God, or have come at the last, footsore and despairing, to find solace and certainty on the brink of the Celestial Ocean."

The City of God is in Heaven, said Philammon, when the Goths asked him whether their sacred city of Asgard lay up the Nile; and the result of the Quest described in *The City of Dream* may be summed up in the same words. The entire poem is more or less modelled upon *The Pilgrim's Progress*; but the reader will not appreciate *The City of Dream* as it deserves if he continually compares the two. Bunyan knew scarcely any book save the Bible, and this fact limited both his style and his ideas to those of the Scriptures, while Mr. Buchanan ranges over all subjects in Heaven and earth. Bunyan's personifications are as clear as noonday; but Mr. Buchanan's are not unfrequently obscure, and we forget the music of his verse while endeavouring to trace his allusions. We miss, too, the strong human interest and the shrewd humorous touches which enliven Bunyan's mighty allegory; and are inclined to become sated and dazed as we follow Mr. Buchanan's vague central figure through endless mazes of fruitless wandering, told in the same sweet, sad, monotonously melodious verse. Having said thus much, however, we must now express our genuine admiration for the poem as a very excellent piece of work when judged upon its merits. Its versification is rather that of *The Earthly Paradise* than that of *Paradise Lost*; but this is no mean praise; while the lyric songs scattered through the work are perfect of their kind. Many phrases will win for themselves a permanent place in the memory, as, for example:—

> Like wicked music heard at dead of night
> Within some fairy circle by the sea—

or,

> When he spoke, his voice
> Was like a fountain in a shady place.

The machinery of the poem may be briefly sketched as follows:—The Pilgrim passes from his home to Christopolis, which we conceive to be Rome. On his way he meets one Iconoclast, whom we believe we are right in identifying with Voltaire, on the authority of the line,

> Iconoclast hath built this church to God,

which seems to be an echo of the inscription "Deo erexit Voltaire." Chased as a heretic from Christopolis, he takes refuge beyond "a great gate dividing the city into two parts"—the meaning of which is not so difficult to guess—and, after meeting "the outcasts of all the creeds" at the Wayside Inn, he arrives at the Groves of Faun—perhaps the most beautiful part of the poem—rich with gorgeous imagery, and the Amphitheatre, wherein "an effort is made to adumbrate the entire spirit of Greek poetry and theology." All creeds and all mythologies sweep in stately pageant through the Valley of Dead Gods; and then the pilgrim finds himself in the City Without God. Here he is seized and cast into prison; but, "forewarned and cunning to escape," he declares to the Inquisitors that "when the body of man is dust" nought survives—Shade of Bunyan!—save "those thoughts which are the heirloom of us all," and that the believers imprisoned with him are mad.

> Because they see a Shadow on the world,
> Namely, the Shadow of Death, and call it God.

Upon this the Inquisitors say, "This man is harmless, let him go," and as, sick at heart and shamed, he creeps away amid the rebukes of his fellow-prisoners, he seeks "some place wherein a soul worn out with pilgrimage may rest and pray." He finds a stately temple with rich painted windows, wherein, "instead of Saints, were wise men of the earth," and an unseen choir sings the Darwinian theory. Driven thence, he finds a vast hall, where a lecturer practises vivisection. We must leave our readers to follow him to the shore of the Celestial Ocean, where he listens to the music of the spheres, finds "the dream of generations justified," learns to look on Death as a friend rather than a foe, and is taught by the vision of the "Ship of Souls" to look for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come.

Mr. Buchanan is too fond of sonorous meaningless words:—

> Through all the *architraves* of that blue vault
> Above us bent . . . . .
> . . . . a waste
> With never wood nor gentle *cynosure*.
> . . . . .
> The *euphrasy of pain*.

Does Mr. Buchanan know that *cynosure* means a dog's tail?

ΕΡΟΣ (*sic*) ΑΝΑΓΚΗ, and Eleokles we must charitably suppose to be printers' errors, but what are we to say of "Microcos" or "Kratos and dark Bias"? Christ, moreover, is repeatedly called "the Paraclete"; and many pious readers will be justly shocked at the words from the Cross being put into the mouth of the dying Cheiron, as it appears, and with the vision on the vivisector's table. But let us take leave of Mr. Buchanan *con la bocca dolce* by quoting one of the finest similes of *The City of Dream*:—

> Hast thou stood
> Within some vast cathedral's organ-loft
> While the great organ throbs, the stone walls stir,

* *The City of Dream: an Epic Poem.* By Robert Buchanan. London: Chatto & Windus.

The thunder of the deep ecstatic bass
Trembles like earthquake underfoot, the flame
Of the bright silvern flutes shoots heavenward,
And music like a darkness and a flame
Gathers and kindles, wrapping in its cloud
The great cathedral to its upmost spire?
Ev'n so, but more immeasurably strange,
Throbb'd solemn music through Christopolis;
And all my soul grew sick with rapturous awe
As slowly to the sound I mov'd along.
Amid the shining temples, silver shrines,
Solemn cathedrals, shadowy cloister walls,
Under the golden roofs, beneath the spires
With fiery finger pointing up to Heaven.
Far over head, from glittering dome to dome
Flew doves, so high in air they seemed as small
As winged butterflies, and 'mid the courts
Paven with bright mosaic and with pearl,
Walk'd, wrapped in saintly robes of amethyst,
Processions of the holy, singing psalms,
While smoke of incense swung in censers bright,
Blew round them, rosy as a sunset cloud.

FLEEMING JENKIN.*

PROBABLY few distinguished men have ever left the world after doing much to help it on who so thoroughly required notice after their death as Professor Fleeming Jenkin. The curious absence of all self-seeking, even of the most legitimate kind, which distinguished him in his professorial and scientific work, together with his worship for and absorption in his distinguished colleague, leader, and teacher, Sir William Thomson, has caused his name to be almost entirely unknown to the general public. Even in the scientific world perhaps he never held as high a reputation as he deserved. For in the great advance in pure science which has been of so much importance to applied science—the fixing and standardizing of absolute measurement of electrical phenomena—his part was principally that of the man who forced the thing into prominence and had it done. But although, besides this, he gave much help to his colleagues on the Committee of the British Association by his clear grasp of the subject and his ready and fertile inventive powers, and although he drew up the report of the Committee, yet the names of his colleagues are better known than his. Apart from professorial life he was, if not known to the public, well known and much loved by a very large number of personal friends. To them he was known not only as a man always full of life and spirit, but as one of so ready a mind, so clear an intellect, that any man who would listen could extract from him many a valuable hint and many a fruitful saying on the subject nearest his own heart, however remote it might be from those subjects—and they were many—which Fleeming Jenkin was known to have studied and made his own. The present book gives more or less a record of his professorial and scientific life, and shows how much the world owes to him in the matter of electrical measurement, deep-sea telegraph cable-laying, and sanitary inspection, whilst the Papers will show how many different subjects were always kept at a high state of polish in his mind.

One thing will be clearly seen from these Papers, that Professor Fleeming Jenkin had the critical faculty in a very high degree, felt his power, and upheld the dignity of criticism by honesty and thoroughness. However much any reader may disagree with any opinions expressed in these Papers, yet, no matter what the subject may be, he will feel that these are the opinions of a man who knows his subject, who has thought deeply, and who is always ready with his reasons for forming those opinions. If the reader do not feel this at once, let him reflect that the criticism on Darwin's *Origin of Species* influenced the author, although much of the able and clever argument against evolution in any form would now be answerable by any earnest student of the subject, perhaps the more easily because the opinions of physicists and mathematicians as to the age of the habitable world have undergone great changes since this paper was written, and if any further proof of his clear grasp of new subjects were required, we might point to the fact that a review of a work on Gynecology, written by Mr. Fleeming Jenkin in his early years, was embodied by the author in the next editions of the work as an additional chapter. Both editors and biographer have had a difficult task, and, on the whole, it has been carried out well. Perhaps one or two of the literary and artistic articles could have been spared to make room for more of the scientific papers; certainly, in our opinion, those on Mrs. Siddons as Lady Macbeth, and Mrs. Siddons as Queen Catharine, might have been omitted, or at all events compressed, as there is but little Fleeming Jenkin and very much Professor Bell and Shakspeare, which occupies many pages which might have been devoted to the thoughts of Fleeming Jenkin.

However, such as the Papers are, they fully show the character of the man. Modest he was, yet never shirking the expression of his own convictions; courteous, yet always attacking fiercely what he considered to be wrong; many-sided, and versatile, yet never shallow, and, above all, thoroughly knowing his own mind and expressing his thoughts with a rare clearness and brightness of style. The short note by Sir William Thomson will show how Professor Fleeming Jenkin's professorial and personal qualities affected his great leader; and one passage should be quoted here in support of our statement that Professor Fleeming Jenkin's work is practically unknown:—

> He was the very first to introduce systematically into practice the grand system of absolute (electrical) measurement founded in Germany by Gauss and Weber. The immense value of this step, if only in respect to the electric telegraph, is amply appreciated by all who remember or who have read something of the history of submarine telegraphy; but it can scarcely be known generally how much is due to Jenkin.

To attempt to criticize Mr. Stevenson's memoir is by no means an easy task. There is much to admire in it, but, in our opinion, much to condemn, and still more which is inexplicable. In the first place, Mr. Stevenson, from necessarily imperfect materials, has succeeded with much skill in making a fairly consecutive narrative of Professor Fleeming Jenkin's life, and though debarred by ill-health from mixing personally with many of Jenkin's old friends, has brought together many characteristic anecdotes and records of conversations; but we very much question the good taste of raking up the carelessnesses and headstrong follies of families in whom the public takes no interest, the more so as we fail to see how Mr. Stevenson connects their vagaries with the character of their descendant, as he seems to think he has done, if we may judge from his reference to Mr. Francis Galton. But the point which is to us perfectly inexplicable is the apparent tone of depreciation and patronage in which Mr. Stevenson speaks of the subject of his memoir. It may be that, writing of a dear friend, he has feared to write in a tone of adulation, and writing of a friend old enough to be his father, he has feared to write in too submissive a strain, and thus has fallen into the opposite extreme; but even then we fail to understand by what mistakes or by what excess of caution Mr. Stevenson could have conveyed the extremely unpleasant impression of Professor Fleeming Jenkin's character which would be left on the mind of any stranger by reading the memoir alone, without correcting his judgment by reading the bright original letters or studying the collected papers. How this tone has crept in is perhaps no matter; to our mind it exists, but in spite of it the memoir is interesting. The story Mr. Stevenson has to tell is one of very great interest; for not only is it necessarily connected with the advance of science, and, above all, with the early struggles with the difficulties of deep-sea telegraph cable-laying, but it is also the record of a life of indomitable energy and cheerfulness—a life that no difficulties checked in its progress and no misfortunes could permanently cloud, emphatically a useful and happy life, and, further, a life passed amongst many stirring scenes of modern history, Fleeming Jenkin having been present in Paris at the Revolution of 1848, and having heard the celebrated shot fired which started that outbreak. His impressions of these troubled times are set out in letters written by him on the spot to a boy friend. Later on he was present at the siege of Genoa, and all who read the account of his behaviour during these abnormal experiences can see that in the boy as in the man there was that remarkable blending of poetic and generous feeling with sound practical common sense that made him in later years so delightful a companion and so trustworthy an adviser—qualities that enabled him to live up to his favourite maxim, "Work at your play and play at your work." He truly put as much energy and thought into his play as would set up most hardworking professional men, and got as much enjoyment or play out of the hardest work as would satisfy the most ardent pleasure-seeker. In conclusion, we may say that we hope that all who read these volumes will form their own opinion of Professor Fleeming Jenkin's character, manners, and abilities from the materials to be found in his own letters and papers rather than accept what appears to be Mr. Stevenson's view of them.

* *Papers, Literary, Scientific, &c.* By the late Fleeming Jenkin, F.R.S., LL.D., Professor of Engineering in the University of Edinburgh. Edited by Sidney Colvin, M.A., and J. A. Ewing, F.R.S. With a Memoir by Robert Louis Stevenson. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

JEBB'S *ANTIGONE*.*

PROFESSOR JEBB'S edition of Sophocles is already so fully established, and has received such appreciation in these columns and elsewhere, that we have judged this third volume (*The Antigone*) when we have said that it is of a piece with the others. The whole edition so far exhibits perhaps the most complete and elaborate editorial work which has ever appeared. It seems scarcely possible that anything material to Sophocles can have escaped such diligence as these pages show. Indeed, the desire of the editor to present everything is only too impartial; and we are sometimes disposed, when we consider the extent of the subject and the condensed argument of the commentary and appendices, to recall him from refutation or examination to the task excellently described by himself as that of setting forth "his own mind in relation to Sophocles." But to the class of readers chiefly interested in a work of this scope the argumentative parts of it are so valuable that we can wish nothing away. And it is certainly a remarkable achievement, of which the worst that could be said is that it is too perfect.

In this volume the Introduction (to which in the space at our command we shall mainly confine our remarks) is very interesting and satisfactory. The most important question presented by the play is whether we are intended by the poet to view the conduct

* *Sophocles—The Plays and Fragments.* With Commentary and Translation by R. C. Jebb, Litt.D., Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow, &c. Part III. *The Antigone.* Cambridge: University Press. 1888.

of the heroine with an unqualified sympathy? whether Antigone, in giving burial to her brother, though her king forbids the act, is to be regarded as simply maintaining the just rights of the private conscience against tyranny, or as urging with exaggeration one just principle incompatible for the moment with another also just, the principle of constitutional authority. Should her punishment be regarded as in some sense just? On this question Professor Jebb takes what we hold to be the right view—Antigone is intended by Sophocles to be wholly right, Creon wholly wrong. On the one hand, Creon is not truly representative of constitutional authority. "When the unanimous opinion of the community was ignored, the Athenians of the poet's day would feel that, as Hæmon says, there was no 'city' at all." On the other hand, Antigone is fulfilling the most absolutely sacred of Hellenic obligations. In all that the editor says on the force of Hellenic feeling in favour of burial we fully agree; what he says as to the great antiquity of this feeling is not necessary to his argument and not indisputable. In Homer we find at the most the rudiments of such a sanction; and when "the antiquity of the maxim that after a battle the conquerors were bound to allow the vanquished to bury their dead is proved by the fact that it was ascribed either to Theseus or to Heracles," it must be remembered that to claim a fictitious antiquity is a common defence of innovation. Sophocles himself, we think, might supply arguments to show that, even in the fifth century, the concession of burial under all circumstances, though doubtless safe from dispute among more civilized people, had not yet passed altogether beyond the region of contest. If it had, we should scarcely find it so prominent a subject of dramatic interest as it is in the *Ajax* and *Antigone*. However, this is, for the editor's purpose, merely an *obiter dictum*; on the main argument we entirely agree with him. Of the history of Sophocles's plot he has said what can be said. Unfortunately the indispensable documents are wanting. The epics of the Theban cycle, which must have been for the history of tragedy at least as important as those of the Trojan, are almost entirely lost; and we can only guess in what shape the story came to Æschylus. When we come to Sophocles the difficulty is complicated by our imperfect knowledge of Æschylus. The *Seven against Thebes* breaks off in the very middle of Antigone's story, and is obviously written "to be continued." The situation which it leaves is indeed, as Professor Jebb explains, essentially different from that of Sophocles. The Antigone of Æschylus is openly supported by some of her countrywomen; the Antigone of Sophocles stands alone. But for the literary history of the plot it is all-important to know whether Æschylus continued the story, and how. And just this is unknown to us. The "council" who are defied by Æschylus's Antigone could hardly have put her to death; if they did, they must have been much embarrassed by the case of her "maidens." Professor Jebb indeed regards these attendants as representing one side of average civic opinion, which, we think, goes beyond, if it does not contradict, the language which Æschylus puts in their mouths. But the sequel is not easy to figure, and for us at least remains untold. To return to Sophocles; we are rejoiced that the editor adds his weighty vote against the genuineness of the passage (904-920) which quibbles away the very essence of Antigone's justification for a miserable quirk upon the comparative value of brothers and other relations. His opinion, if not rigorously demonstrable, is probable and pious, and we shall continue to believe it. We should call it demonstrable if only we could guess the interpolator's motive. In connexion with the *Antigone* the editor of course discusses the alleged election of the poet to the office of *strategus*. He shows that the fact is by no means so surprising as it may seem at first to a modern conception, and in fact offers no internal difficulties to balance its respectable testimony.

Among the emendations, commendably few, proposed in this volume we notice, as to us quite satisfactory, *παρὰ δὲ Κυανεᾶν πελάγει διδύμας ἁλὸς* "by the waters of the Dark Rocks, the waters of the two-fold sea" (for *κυανέων πελάγεων* [*sic*] 966), and *καὶ ταῦτ' ἐπαινεῖς, καὶ δοκεῖ παρεικαθεῖν*; "And this is thy counsel? Thou would'st have me yield?" (for *δοκεῖς*, which gives the irrelevant question, "Art thou minded to yield?" 1102). In 23 *σὺν δίκης χρήσει δικαίᾳ καὶ νόμου* (proposed concurrently by the editor and G. H. Müller, for *δίκῃ χρησθεὶς δικαίᾳ καὶ νόμῳ*) is acceptable; equally so, and simpler *ἀντιπάλῳ δυσχείρωμα δράκοντος* (for *δράκοντι*, 126), "a thing too hard for him to conquer as he wrestled with his dragon foe." The note here might well be disembarrassed of the reference to "Æsch. *Theb.* 1022, *τυμβοχόα χειρώματα* . . . works of the hand in mound-making," a use of *χείρωμα* utterly different from the others cited and from any that is likely to be cited. The passage of Æschylus would not admit the meaning given, even if the use of *χείρωμα* did: it must be erroneous and is of no authority. To suggestions not his own Professor Jebb seems occasionally too indulgent; in 466 *ἠισχόμην νέκυν* is changed (after Semitelos) into *ἤσχυναν κύνες*, a restoration possible certainly, but so speculative that we should prefer an "obelus." In the passages, unusually numerous in this play, where our MSS. differ from ancient quotations, he reinforces the common-sense view that an ancient editor deliberately engaged in reproducing a poet's text was far less likely to blunder than a writer who perhaps had no copy before him at all, and might well be careless about a variation which did not affect his purpose. Quotations may supplement MSS. evidence, if defective, but are of little or no weight as against it.

Of the three Theban plays of Sophocles, now completed, Professor Jebb truly remarks that, even when arranged (as they were not produced) in order of plot, they do not make a "trilogy"; they are not parts of one literary whole. We gladly note a restriction on the abuse of this word, which, if only for clearness, might well be reserved to one sense—"Three tragedies produced (with a satyric drama) at the same time." The three plays of Æschylus's *Orestes* formed a "trilogy" because they were produced together, not because they make a complete whole; the *Laius*, *Œdipus*, and *Septem* of Æschylus formed a "trilogy" because they were produced together, and although they did not make a whole artistically complete. The union of the three contemporary tragedies by plot is described by Professor Jebb as "the practice of Æschylus," and is extended to include the "satyric drama." The practice was of course not universal with Æschylus, nor is it easy on the present evidence to say how far it obtained. The ascertained examples are not very many. But this subject is beyond the present occasion. We should rather turn, if we had space, to the editor's excellent translation and commentary, which we have hardly touched. But it is quite impossible here to do justice to the subject, and we would rather excuse our default by the frequency of the editor's diligence in demanding a commendation which he does not require. This volume is full of enjoyment both for students and simple readers, and we anticipate with confidence the continuation and completion of Professor Jebb's most honourable task.

OUR RIVER.*

THOUGH *Our River* is only a new edition of a favourite work, we fear it may have been neglected, if not forgotten, and it is a book that loses nothing by keeping. Moreover, there is a multiplication of the charming illustrations, and there are many alterations and additions. The Thames has been often described with pen and pencil, in prose and verse; but nevertheless lovers of the river seem never to be weary of hearing of it. They are under the spell of its bright associations, and are pleasantly haunted by the memories of merry boating parties or solitary musings in the sunshine of soft summer days. Those fervent admirers of Father Thames must be in strong sympathy with Mr. Leslie, who has taken the river to his heart and studied it in all its moods and caprices. He has brought out this new edition of his book in nipping winds and biting frosts, and so far it is tantalizing; yet it comes to us like a balmy breath of spring, and we almost forget to shiver for a time, as we lie basking in the glow of the summer we long for. Mr. Leslie writes of the Thames in all its aspects, but chiefly and naturally from the artistic point of view. He seems to have taken to the water like a young duck, and escaped by a series of miracles from his dangerous boyish adventures in crank or unseaworthy craft in Battersea Reach and below the London bridges. The gifted son of a distinguished painter, he was brought up in a society of artists, and his own artistic instincts were rapidly developed when the elder Mr. Leslie took a cottage at Hampton. It was then he first fell in love with the Thames, and his love has since grown into a passion. Summer after summer, since he began to handle a brush, he has gone to seek inspiration on its banks. The artists, like the fraternity of beggars and tramps, make it a point of honour to communicate their experiences. They are attracted, of course, by the fascination of the scenery that suggests their favourite subjects; and they combine considerations of economy with appreciation of the comfortable and an admiration for all that is picturesque and effective. For the most part they shun the fashionable hotels and the inns where apartments are generally bespoken in advance by the families of City men and couples who have gone honeymooning. They have their favourite houses of call in old-fashioned hostelries and in snug cottages with lozenged windows, where the rooms are clean, where the spotless bed-linen is scented with lavender, and where the mistress makes herself the mother of her guests, and takes a pride in her simple cookery. Mr. Leslie has much to say of some of these comfortable, though unpretentious, places of sojourn. Season after season in his bachelor days he used to go to the cottage of a certain Mrs. Copeland at Taplow, and he pays a tribute of gratitude to his good old friend in the shape of the portrait of a lady in spectacles, which must be a striking likeness. There, in a little spare bedroom, he entertained many an eminent or rising artist. There was a strip of garden running down to the little landing-place, at which he kept his boat; and there he laboriously initiated himself in the science of punting, and became the proud possessor of a punt of his own. That marked an epoch in his artistic existence. Thenceforth he was independent, and the punt became a floating studio, in which he set up his easel, and painted the otherwise inaccessible pieces of scenery that chanced to strike his fancy. He explored romantic backwaters, brought himself to an anchor under moss-grown eel-bucks between a couple of rypecks, and kept himself besides in first-rate condition by bringing all the muscles into active service. Through all the chapters of his fascinating volume he sings the praises of the punt. There is no painting to be done in outriggers, or even in tubs; steam-launches he holds in abhorrence and contempt; and he talks slightingly of the voluptuous

* *Personal Reminiscences of an Artist's Life on the River Thames.* By George D. Leslie, R.A. With upwards of Fifty Illustrations. London: Bradbury, Agnew, & Co. 1888.

indolence inseparable from the commodious house-boat. But the punt he considers the perfection of a water-carriage for the painter, and especially for the painter who is a family man. The companion of his pleasures and his cares may establish herself comfortably among the cushions at the stern, and a child or two may tumble about without any danger of upsetting the craft. Nor is the management so difficult as a novice might suppose. If you invite unsuspecting friends to an outing, you can often press them into hauling at the tow-rope; and Mr. Leslie has found in practice that they usually submit uncomplainingly. When you are reduced to do the heavy pulling against stream yourself, experience teaches you how to dodge the drudgery; and Mr. Leslie waxes actually eloquent as to the dexterity with which the adept can direct his craft. His punt seemed at last almost to anticipate his will, and yield docilely to the slightest turn of the wrist. That there are certain drawbacks he candidly confesses. The pace is slow; the number of passengers is limited; and, above all, the exigencies of punting bring the punter in for a good deal of abuse. The master of a steam-launch is freely cursed, of course; but he can laugh at the enemies he quickly leaves behind him. Whereas the punter may have to work up in the shallows beneath the bank, where a row of eager fishermen entered for a competition are jealously watching their floats. Naturally they resent the troubling of the waters, which scares the fish and makes them haul in their baits.

Mr. Leslie enlivens his book with many and miscellaneous reminiscences, and he relates them with a good deal of humour. Take, for example, some personal recollections of his hens, for he makes pets of his poultry, and cherishes a famous game breed. Two old hens have an embarrassing habit of "getting broody" late, when he no longer wishes for chickens. "They sit together, forming a sort of 'company limited' for hatching china eggs. It is astonishing how the other hens testify their faith in their company by investing eggs in it every day, which of course are removed. These hens go on in this queer partnership for three months, time being no object." Again, as a close and loving observer, he dashes off with his pen a series of delightful vignettes of the wild life on the Thames that may be met with even now; of the hanging gardens of wild flowers clothing steep cliffs of chalk and clay, and of the beds of blooming sedges and aquatic plants in which the punter may easily lose his bearings. The graceful swans are the great ornament of the river; there is a charming picture of three of them, done with the brush, as they float in the swirls and among the leaves of the lilies, between a stormy sky and the surface that mirrors it. The moorhens, although persecuted by the poaching roughs with their guns and dogs, of whom Mr. Leslie complains bitterly, are still to be seen frequently swimming below the banks. It is the more surprising that so many have survived since persecution has not taught them to conceal their nests. They build in the most simple and artless fashion, trusting, apparently, to the colours of the surrounding sedges to conceal them. The kingfishers get scarcer year by year, though they are still to be seen in the more secluded backwaters. Generally you may get a glimpse of a bright flash of colour shooting up or down the stream in the shadow of the bank or the bushes. But once Mr. Leslie had an opportunity of leisurely admiring one when it perched within a few feet of the spot where he was sketching, and remained motionless on the branch for several minutes. Herons are still common; and Mr. Leslie attributes it to the wariness which makes it almost impossible to approach them. That may be the case on a broad and bustling river, but we may say that on back-of-the-world streams and nooks in the far north we have found the heron anything but shy. At least he will imprudently tuck up a leg and settle himself for his fishing where the banks make it an easy business to stalk him. "There be land-rats and water-rats" in great abundance. Mr. Leslie detests the former, who come with a savour of the sewers to what should be the sweet-smelling Thames; but he has rather a liking for the latter. Listening as you go punting past, you may hear them chumping in the reeds; but when the punt comes to an anchor, and the punter keeps quiet, he is sure to see one or two come swimming out of the cover, and going in for their gambols on the boughs of the willows. Those clay-cliffs which are so brightly tapestried with flowers are honeycombed towards the bottom by the burrows of the water-rats; and the unlucky beasts are sometimes sorely put to it when floated out of their homes by the winter inundations. Mr. Leslie gives enchanting descriptions of the water-plants, and of the bank flowers in their summer bloom. With a painter's eye for colours and contrasts, he sketches the purple blossoms of the loose-strife blending with the pinks of the bushy willow-herb. And the St. John's wort may always be seen in close proximity to these, "the rich yellow flowers in exquisite harmony with the purple stalks and heads of the loose-strife." The river has gay gardens of its own; the islets of sand and gravel cast up by the changes in the currents are quickly covered with grasses and sedges, and even with the bright blue forget-me-nots. Yet, strangely enough, some of our most familiar wild plants are conspicuously absent, and ferns and primroses are rarely to be seen, though the soil may seem suited to the one and the other. But what has struck Mr. Leslie most forcibly, in his fond admiration of nature, is the marvellous and invariable harmony of design. "Where man has not dared to meddle there is nothing to jar on the senses. And where Nature is not atrociously outraged she is ever ready to forgive and repair. You cannot expect her to tolerate a cast-iron bridge or to throw her draperies over some staring factory building. But "very rapidly a new weir or lock becomes picturesque and beautiful; it is true the agents at work are powerful — large flowing bushes, tall grass and mosses, aided by the rushing waters, with their spray and a few weeks' hot sun." The river banks, being left to themselves, "are most charming studies of true arrangement, the most beautiful being always those that have been left undisturbed the longest. In the growth of trees and bushes what a wonderful thing it is that almost every leaf takes its line, and has reference to the lines and composition of every other leaf on the plant! . . . My favourite willow is a beautiful example in this respect," in the harmonious colouring of the foliage, and even in its self-adjustment to the setting of the landscape.

We have glanced at Mr. Leslie's volume chiefly in its picturesque aspects, because his æsthetic susceptibilities and his educated eye give a special interest and value to these. But as a handbook and a boating guide it is greatly to be commended; it indicates all the most attractive stretches of scenery; it directs attention to ruined cloisters and ancient manor-houses, to quaint farmhouses and cottages, to old-world hamlets clustered out of sight among their trees in the shadows of their grey old church-towers. It recalls the legends and historical memories of the past, as it is full of interesting reminiscences of the author's artist friends. And among the contributors to the fifty illustrations which enrich it are Mr. Marks, Mr. Briton Riviere, and the late Frederick Walker, who lies buried in the quiet churchyard of Cookham, and lulled by the murmur of the river he loved so well in life.

THE LAWYER, THE STATESMAN, AND THE SOLDIER.*

THE Lawyer, the Statesman, and the Soldier is the somewhat large title which Mr. Boutwell has chosen for a little collection of magazine articles or addresses devoted to Rufus Choate, Daniel Webster, Lincoln, and Grant. All four are good subjects for critical and biographical essays. Much has been written on them; but that is no reason why we should not have more. Even if there is nothing new and true to say about them, the essayist always has the resource of resaying the said better than it has been said already. Mr. Boutwell had his literary chance; and, as he was personally acquainted with all four men, it was a good one. He has so far availed himself of it as to have placed on record his own very ardent admiration for his four countrymen. This, in its way, is a matter of some importance. In future times, when the American historian sums up the period beginning with the youth of Webster and ending with the death of Grant, he will have Mr. Boutwell's word for it that these men appeared to him, and doubtless to many others, to be in the very first rank of greatness. Surveying all history, with that large sweep peculiar to Americans, Mr. Boutwell finds that these four eminent citizens rank with Pitt, Burke, Julius Cæsar, and generally with the foremost men of all the world. What reflections this estimate will give rise to in the mind of the American historian of the twenty-first century we shall not undertake to predict. Perhaps in the course of the ages the adjective "great" will come to be used with more discrimination in the United States. Perhaps it will slide further down the slope. By the twenty-first century it may have run the whole course which has reduced "naughty" from the King's Bench to the nursery. In the meantime Mr. Boutwell supplies an example of the prevailing American use.

Beyond that, he cannot be said to have contributed much to the sum of knowledge about "the lawyer, the statesman, and the soldier." On the types he has not much to say which strikes one as of universal application, though general reflections are not wanting. Take, for instance, this oracular saying, "The great things of life are the products of truly great men." How true! Neither is novelty a feature of Mr. Boutwell's estimate of his four particular examples. We have heard better and more characteristic things of Rufus Choate than are given by him; and as for the other three, Mr. Boutwell judges them as a good party man should. As for the truth of his judgments, that also is to seek. Not that we accuse our author either of suppressing the true, except in one case, or knowingly stating the false. Beyond all doubt he has put nothing down in which he did not conscientiously believe—but, then, he believes like a party man. Again, he has a way of making large statements on matters of history and politics, and of stringing names together which howl at finding themselves in company. The practice is American, but uncritical, and indicates a want of the judicial faculty. In the essay on Rufus Choate, Mr. Boutwell makes the reasonably safe statement, that great orators cannot be said with confidence to have been "eminently successful in the practical affairs of government," and then he goes on, "Cicero may have been an exception, but even his career is open to question in that respect. [Well, it is.] Certainly the elder Pitt, Burke, Lamartine, Kossuth, and Castelar are instances of failure, and some of them are conspicuous examples." Here are five oarsmen one wonders to see pulling in the same whaler. We did use to think, too, that the statesman who helped England out of the Walpolian slough of despond, the meanest mire she ever lay in, and who among other things settled the fight between us and the French in America, was not without practical faculty. This trick of rattling off strings of historical names is about the surest mark of the sciolist. In the essay on Daniel

* *The Lawyer, the Statesman, and the Soldier.* By George S. Boutwell. New York and London: Appleton & Co.

Webster Mr. Boutwell contrives to combine partizanship and bad criticism in a parallel between him and Calhoun. The South Carolina leader, he says, cannot be fairly called a statesman, because he "identified himself with the institution of slavery"; which means that nobody can be a statesman who was not on Mr. Boutwell's side. "Webster," he says, "was known as the defender of the Constitution; and that he was, for he well knew that the Union would stand as long as the Constitution was observed"; while "Calhoun's teaching tended to the destruction of the Union." But both men claimed to be devoted to the Union, and both believed that its continuance depended on the correct interpretation of the Constitution. The question between them just was as to the correct interpretation. Because the Union was preserved in one way, which for the rest was not Webster's, it does not follow that it might not have been saved in the other, which would have been Calhoun's. Mr. Boutwell skips very gingerly over the, for him, awkward fact that Webster also, in the end, "identified himself with the institution of slavery."

The four papers on Lincoln and Grant are full, as might be expected, of exaggerated praise. What is to be said about the criticism of a writer who asks for a judgment on Lincoln, "not as a competitor with Mr. Douglas for a seat in the Senate of the United States, but as a competitor for fame with the first orators of this and other countries, of this and other ages"? Of course he can have his judgment if he insists on it, but there are some comparisons which one does not make. We also have an answer ready to the question whether Grant's career can "fail to place him with the small number of great generals since Julius Cæsar"? No, we do not think that he will mess in heaven with Hannibal, Julius Cæsar, Gustavus Adolphus, Turenne, Marlborough, and the Great Napoleon. Still, when a heavy discount has been taken off for inflated rhetoric, there is a residue of solid truth in Mr. Boutwell's praise. As time goes on, and as the actors in the Civil War write or are written about, the President and his General look taller, and not smaller, among their competitors. The great names Mr. Boutwell lavishes so freely may be left aside, but Lincoln and Grant are certainly the least inconsiderable figures in their surroundings, with the exception of the two foremost soldiers of the Confederacy. The President had at least some of the qualities of a statesman. He knew his own mind, he had a definite object before him, and a good notion how to attain it. His intellectual honesty was respectable. He could estimate any fact he had to deal with, and he never thought that a thing must be so and so because it would suit his convenience that it should be. These are at least the qualities of a resolute, sagacious man; and, as compared with the professional politicians of Washington, or the vapouring logic-choppers of the South, they make Lincoln respectable and even dignified. It is all a question of comparison, and one need not take the standard least favourable to the President. Of Grant, too, it may fairly be said that he also knew what he had to do. One of the small number of great generals since Julius Cæsar would have seen that pegging away in Northern Virginia was a stupid, wasteful, and therefore wicked fashion of attacking the South. But the country wanted a big show, and Grant gave it, as became a workmanlike showman. At the mess-table spoken of already he will at least be entitled to a seat next to Suwarrow. He ought to get on very well with the Russian. The blessed ghost of the great King of Sweden could give either of them the king's bishop and checkmate them in ten moves.

THE NORFOLK BROADS.*

AMONG the water-ways of East Norfolk there is abundance of picturesque material of the kind that needs not to be sought with diligence nor demands the ingenuities of selection and arrangement. The maker of pictures has little to do but to record his impressions by more or less frank transcript. The landscape is highly favourable to the reproductive process employed by Mr. P. H. Emerson in the twelve proof prints from copper plates after negatives which he has entitled "Idyls of the Norfolk Broads." About the working of this process Mr. Emerson is discreetly silent. His confidences do not extend beyond the statement that no re-touching of the original plates has been permitted. Being obtained direct from nature, they may be supposed to represent nature, and should naturally please. The prints vary in tone from a lively and warm brown to a cool and well-tempered grey; some are remarkably successful, others show imperfect co-relation of foreground and distances, with dry and harsh accents of detail, and a distance that is diaphanous yet unatmospheric. On the whole, the series is representative of the district of which Mr. Emerson writes with the knowledge that comes of enthusiastic study. No. 12, "The Mill," the "Haysel," the marshy pasture in No. 3, are charming pictures. "A Grey Day Pastoral" is a pleasing example of the cool, moist, and luminous effect of mild diffused light under a thinly-veiled sky. Among the remaining prints are some that have all the baldness and want of interest of ordinary photography. Mr. Emerson's text is pleasant reading, if at times a little redundant in adjectives. The enthusiast is too obviously rampant in the statement that Wordsworth "would have failed to do justice" to the Norfolk scenery. Even Byron, who lamented the "narrowness" of the Lake poet, would have hesitated to say that the Broads must needs prove too much for him. Mr. Emerson, however, thinks that the old Lake poet would never have become an old Broad poet.

* *Idyls of the Norfolk Broads.* By P. H. Emerson, B.A., M.B. London: The Autotype Company.

PAINTERS AND THEIR WORKS.*

THERE is not much to be said about a book of this kind. It is an attempt to reproduce, in one volume and in a popular form, the chief subject-matter of such works as those of Kugler and Woermann on Mediæval Painters, and also includes a sketch of modern and even living artists. There is no trace of any original work in the book, and the author has seemingly not taken the trouble to read any of the great mass of information that has been published within recent years, mostly derived from existing documents, which in many cases have largely modified the long-prevailing beliefs on many points of the highest artistic interest. All the old-established blunders about painters and their works are reproduced by Mr. Radcliffe in a way that would have been excusable ten or fifteen years ago, but is quite unnecessary in a book published at the present date. Thus, for example, the great fresco of the "Doom" in the Pisan Campo Santo is attributed to Orcagna; Timoteo della Vite is called a pupil of Raphael; the tapestries which Raphael designed for the Sistine Chapel are said to have been woven at Arras; Melozzo da Forli is said to "have painted only in Rome"; and countless errors of the same obvious kind are scattered through Mr. Radcliffe's pages. The description given at pp. 252-3 about the so-called invention of oil-painting is very misleading—the whole essence of the Van Eycks' discovery being the use of litharge and similar driers, and not at all, as Mr. Radcliffe states, the invention of better sorts of varnish.

In his chapter on English painters of the nineteenth century the author shows but little appreciation of what is most excellent in art. The old exaggerated estimate of Landseer's ability is given in such language as could hardly have been used even during the height of his not altogether fortunate popularity; and very insufficient justice is done to the brilliant abilities of Rossetti and some other contemporary artists, whose seriousness of purpose and exalted aims entitle them to a large measure of respect from all those to whom true art is something more than the production of pretty toys. Without much knowledge of art, a little care in revision would have enabled the author to avoid a large number of curious misspellings of proper names, as, for example, Parmogianino, Zuccara, Vallumbrosa, Scalzo, Omphales, Nausicaa, and many others. With regard to the illustrations, one can only say that they are not very strikingly inferior to the text. They are mostly cheap reproductions of very spiritless engravings, executed in the dull mechanical style of half a century ago.

CAIRD'S SPINOZA.†

PRINCIPAL CAIRD'S little book on Spinoza has most of the respectable virtues that a book treating of a great philosopher within the limits of a "series" can be expected to have. It is conscientious in diligence, edifying and moderate in tone, and legitimate, according to the writer's highly respectable school, in its final judgment. Yet we cannot assert with truth that we have learnt anything from it, or express with sincerity an expectation that students of philosophy will learn much. We can only hope that others may find it more readable and stimulating than we do. Perhaps we are disqualified from appreciating its merits by an unfortunate habit which we formed a good many years ago, and have never been able to shake off, of thinking Spinoza more intelligible than his expounders. And as a matter of literary taste we prefer Spinoza's Latin to the neo-Hegelian dialect of North British. The conjectural history of Spinoza's relations to his Jewish and Gentile precursors has been pretty well worked out, and seventy-five pages out of three hundred and fifteen seems an excessive proportion to give to it when one has absolutely nothing new to say. The topic—certainly not less important—of the relation of Spinoza to modern ways of thinking does not appear to get any assignable number of pages at all. Also the ethical part of Spinoza's system hardly receives attention enough. It is a rather easy feat of nineteenth-century dialectic to glide lightly over the matters of permanent value, and make a parade of criticizing Spinoza's "theory of knowledge." Our own opinion is that Spinoza had not any "theory of knowledge" at all in the modern sense; and for our part we do not see how he could be expected to have one. We are conscious, indeed, that our objections go only to what Dr. Caird could get said under his conditions; they might be removed if we had before us the whole of what he intended or wished to say. Dr. Caird would doubtless have ordered many things otherwise if he had had elbow-room. But, after all, he was not compelled to write in a "series." Dr.

* *Schools and Masters of Painting.* By A. G. Radcliffe. New York: Appleton.

† *Spinoza.* By John Caird, LL.D. (In Philosophical Classics Series.) Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1888.

Martineau, wise betimes, burst all such bonds, and produced a really excellent work. As we do not precisely agree with either commentator, we are at least impartial when we confess ourselves unable to put Dr. Caird's results on anything like the same level.

MR. FREEMAN'S WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.*

It can scarcely have been a hope of dazzling the public with novelty which induced Mr. Morley to begin his series of "English Statesmen" by Mr. Freeman's *William the Conqueror*. He must rather have wished to show the scientific nature of his undertaking when he began a survey of the results of English statesmanship so far back as eight hundred years ago, and allowed Mr. Freeman to tell over again a tale which he has already told in many forms. We hope that this is a guarantee that Mr. Morley himself intends to deal with the eighteenth century, which we notice that he has reserved entirely for himself, in the spirit of a historian and not of a political pamphleteer. He begins his series, at all events, with a little book, of which the learning and solidity are beyond dispute.

More than this, though Mr. Freeman's views are already known to those who have read his previous writings, he has given in this volume a vigorous sketch, which is more than a summary of what he has said before. Though the main lines of the story are the same, though the general arrangement is unchanged, yet this book has a definiteness of its own, because Mr. Freeman has honestly endeavoured to set William in his place as the chief among the makers of England. He has given an admirable account of William's training, William's character, and William's work—an account which could not be amended within its own limits. But the chief interest which will attach to the series of "English Statesmen" will probably be, not so much the manner in which the historical side of the work is done as in the conception of statesmanship which exists in the minds of the various writers.

Now the central point in Mr. Freeman's view is given in the following passage:—"It was the fatal temptation of princes, the temptation of territorial aggrandizement, which enabled him fully to show the powers which were in him, but which at the same time led to his moral degradation. . . . Each step in his career as conqueror was a step downwards." We cannot gainsay this judgment; but it leads to many contradictory reflections. If William had remained Duke of Normandy, he might or might not have been a better man, but he certainly would not have merited the name of a great statesman. The Norman conquest of England undoubtedly caused bloodshed, was founded on oppression, and was maintained by violence; but it made the England of which Mr. Freeman is so proud. The institutions of early days might be excellent; the Witanagemot might have a procedure which contrasted favourably with that of our Parliament even as amended by the new Rules; but without the organizing capacity which the Normans introduced these institutions would probably have fallen into premature decay. Mr. Freeman admits this fully; but he cannot help falling back upon a modern formula about "the temptation of territorial aggrandizement" leading to "moral degradation."

It is, no doubt, very desirable that history should be written in a moral spirit; but its morality need not be that of current saws applied to a period when those saws had not been discovered. The phrase "territorial aggrandizement" would scarcely have had much meaning in William's ear. So far as it denoted what we mean by it, William would have repudiated it as indignantly as would Mr. Bright. William most likely took possession of England with as clear a conscience as Sir Bartle Frere asserted the rights of civilization against the Sultan of Zanzibar. Mr. Freeman is too good an Englishman to be able to look at the English even of the days of Ethelred and Edward the Confessor as they were looked upon by the public opinion of Europe. Indeed, that public opinion had very vague ideas about territorial rights; and William might be excused for thinking that a country which had been for some years overrun and then annexed by the Danes was scarcely capable of taking care of itself and sorely needed a competent ruler to manage its affairs. Mr. Freeman writes as though the right of the English to possess England and live there in any condition of confusion which they thought fit was a right immutably established in the nature of things, and that it was a crime to challenge it. Really Europe had gone through a period of incessant change since the fall of the Roman Empire. The *Völkerwanderungen* had continued till a sort of level of civilization had been established on the Continent. In the middle of the eleventh century the best men on the Continent thought that England had fallen below that level. They might be right or wrong, but they certainly thought so. They did not wish to see England exposed to invasions from the North and so threatening the peace of Europe. They desired to have England an orderly and useful member of the European Commonwealth. This was the reason why William's undertaking against England was regarded as a crusade. It was not only William's acuteness in extracting an oath from Harold, or a promise from Edward; it was not Lanfranc's cleverness in making the worse case appear the better. The Pope expressed the best opinion of Europe when he gave William his blessing, because William's enterprise was one of European importance.

The result showed that this opinion was justified. England received no further infusion of population from abroad after the Norman Conquest, and it entered into the current of European civilization so decidedly that attempts to direct England's policy by purely insular considerations have never succeeded for any time. Moreover, the Norman conquest of England was the last of the *Völkerwanderungen*; it marked the close of a period of European history. The statesmen of the eleventh century were probably right, after all, in having no formula condemning territorial aggrandizement. Their formula was a positive one; it was, the recognition of a duty to maintain the level of European civilization within the limits which had been at any previous period marked out for it.

Mr. Freeman truly remarks that William won England and ruled England in the same way, by strictly observing formal legality and by working through legal fictions. Perhaps in so doing he bequeathed to English statesmen a temper or attitude of mind which has always distinguished them. They have not been distinguished for great conceptions, or far-reaching designs, or high endeavours after an ideal end; but they have shown a cautious regard for formal legality, they have been expert in the art of putting things, they have been skilful in making the worse side appear the better. Those who have sat in the seat of William the Great have amply repaid the statesmen of the Continent for the liberty which they took in sanctioning William's conquest of England; for they have learned the trick of pursuing English interests and justifying that pursuit by high-sounding phrases about the good of Europe and the progress of civilization.

* *William the Conqueror.* By E. A. Freeman, D.C.L. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

CETYWAYO.*

When Mr. Rider Haggard first published *Cetywayo and his White Neighbours* six years ago he was quite unknown as a novelist, and it was not difficult to see that he had not had much experience as a writer. But it was also obvious that his knowledge of the facts was very considerable, and that his brains and his heart were in the right places for the heart and the brains of an Englishman. The book now appears with an Introduction of nearly seventy pages, sketching the sequel of events which followed those recorded in the original volume. This Introduction (which, it may be observed, shows many signs of Mr. Haggard's literary practice in the interval, and is a remarkably lucid and forcible paper of its kind) is not much pleasanter reading than the body of the book, but it is not quite so unpleasant. Mr. Haggard traces the fortunes of the unlucky Wolseley settlement, and of the still more unlucky restoration of Cetywayo; details the efforts of the Usutu party against Usibepu, the calling in of the Boers, the reduction of Zululand to a mere shadow of itself by the rapacious invaders; the final interference (after long and useless prayers by all the best authorities on the subject), which first tore a certain part of their prey from the Dutchmen, and then safeguarded it with the unannexed portions by making Zululand British territory, as it ought to have been made years before. He gives at length some account of the Transvaal after the conclusion of the most infamous convention in all English history, and of the dealings of the Boers with their Western neighbours, and the interference, as before tardy and partial, which at last put some check to their filibustering. And he has a short, but very interesting, section devoted to the more recent and now far more important questions of Delagoa Bay and Amatongaland, in which he deals with the future in what we hope is not too sanguine a spirit. No one who knows Mr. Haggard's writings and views on the subject will need to be told that he anticipates much more trouble from the Dutch inhabitants both of the Transvaal and of such territory as it did not please Mr. Gladstone to give away; but he seems to see in the probably increasing productiveness of gold and other mines, and the consequent influx of English and miscellaneous diggers and immigrants, a *via salutis*. The Introduction is very well worth reading by any one whether he knows the book or not, and the book by any one who wishes to be acquainted with one of the most ghastly stories of injustice and imbecility combined that recent times have seen.

THE HISTORY OF PORTUGAL.†

Mr. McMURDO would seem to be a very confiding person of no great familiarity with the literary code of honour. At least, that is the only decently civil explanation we can give of this curious venture of his. He has published a book, professing on its title-page to be a "History of Portugal from the commencement of the Monarchy to the reign of Alfonso III. (Compiled from Portuguese histories.) By Edward McMurdo." This sounds well, but unfortunately the work compiled by Mr. McMurdo is, in truth, a translation by "the accomplished Miss

* *Cetywayo and his White Neighbours* By H. Rider Haggard. Second edition, with a new Introduction. London: Trübner.

† *The History of Portugal from the commencement of the Monarchy to the reign of Alfonso III.* (Compiled from Portuguese histories.) By Edward McMurdo. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1888.

Mariana Monteiro" of Dom A. Herculano's *Historia de Portugal desde o começo da Monarchia até o fim do reinado de Affonso III.* On the face of it, this looks like a very curious proceeding; but Mr. McMurdo is so innocent that we cannot use strong words about him. Only a person of great inexperience could have thought that any profit was to be gained out of a "conveyed" translation of a Portuguese history which ends in 1279, centuries before the country began to be of any interest to foreigners. Then Mr. McMurdo is so confiding. He honestly confesses that he knows no Portuguese, and found his ignorance stand in the way of his commendable desire to learn something of the history of Portugal. The effort he felt was incumbent on him because he had a concession to make the Delagoa Bay railway. We have such a respect for the pursuit of knowledge that after this our heart warms to Mr. McMurdo. Then, too, except on his unfortunate title-page, he is quite the gentleman. He politely attributes all the merit of the present volume to his translator—the accomplished Miss Mariana Monteiro. If this lady told him that she had compiled the volume from the "anonymous of Sahagun," the records in the "Torre do Tombo," and other recondite places, she probably said it with that air of confiding frankness sister woman generally assumes when she is telling a particularly monstrous fib; and Mr. McMurdo only fell a victim like the rest of his stupid sex. We hope that was the real story, and that Portugal deserves the credit of the practical joke. Perhaps the gentleman only thought that Dom A. Herculano (than whom a better-meaning historian, though a trifle dull) was unknown out of Portugal, and need not be named. If so he underrated the sagacity and extensive information of the British critic. As regards Miss Mariana's translation, we are prejudiced in her favour; but it seems to us, in the main, creditable. It is always stiff, sometimes confused, and here and there ungrammatical; but it is not so easy to write a foreign language, and the lady has used her dictionary honestly. She is quite entitled to an interpreter's certificate, and a place of dignity and emolument in the Portuguese Foreign Office, or at least in the Board of Trade, if there is one at Lisbon.

BOOKS ON DIVINITY.*

MR. TROTTER tells us that his five lectures on the history and claims of *The Church of England* were put together at short notice and at a busy time for delivery in Newcastle Cathedral, and of course he makes no pretence to originality. They may have served their immediate purpose, but were not worth publishing. And the strange omission of any paging in the table of contents goes far to destroy the only possible use of the publication, as an elementary handbook.

In lumping together under the title of *Three Friends of God* Tauler, Henry Suso, and Nicholas of Basle, and identifying all three alike as "persecuted Christians" with the Lollards, John Huss, and Jerome of Prague, Miss Bevan only reproduces the exploded blunder of Mr. Vaughan, and to a certain extent even of Dean Milman. Tauler and Henry Suso, who was afterwards "beatified" by Rome, were mystics but devout and obedient Catholics, and were not "persecuted." There is no proof that Nicholas of Basle, who was burnt as a heretic for teaching very different from theirs long after their death, had ever known them, and if he was, as some suppose, "the layman" who was once Tauler's friend—which the dates render very doubtful—there is clear evidence that his opinions had entirely changed in the interim. Miss Bevan falls into the vulgar error of confusing Mysticism with Protestantism, whereas in fact nine-tenths at least of the Mystics were Roman Catholics.

* *The Church of England, her Early History, Property, and Mission.* By the Rev. E. B. Trotter, M.A. London: Longmans & Co.

Three Friends of God. By Frances Bevan. London: Nisbet & Co.

The Lighthouse on the Rock. A Series of Short Sermons to Children. By H. J. Wilmot-Buxton, M.A. London: Skeffington & Son.

The Parson's Perplexity. By the Rev. W. Hardman, M.A. London: Skeffington & Son.

St. Paul in Athens; the City and the Discourse. By J. R. Macduff, D.D. London: Nisbet & Co.

Thoughts for Heart and Life. By Rev. John Ker, D.D. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1888.

Present Day Tracts on the Non-Christian Religions of the World. London: Religious Tract Society.

Every Day Christian Life; or, Sermons by the Way. By F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. London: W. White, Limited.

A Manual of Church History. By the Rev. A. C. Jennings, M.A. 2 vols. Vol. I. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

The Story of Salvation. By Mrs. Jerome Mercier. London: Rivingtons.

Lessons on the Work of Our Lord. II. *Claims of Our Lord.* By Flavel S. Cook, D.D. London: Nisbet & Co.

A Treatise of Prayer by the Blessed John Fisher, Bishop and Martyr. A Reprint of an Old Translation. London: Burns & Oates.

Athanasius on the Incarnation. Translated, with Introduction, Analysis, Synopsis, and Notes, by T. H. Bindley, M.A. London: Religious Tract Society.

Preces Veterum. Collegit et edidit Joannes F. France. London: Rivingtons.

Family Prayers for Four Weeks from the Book of Common Prayer. By the Rev. J. Fleming, B.D. London: Skeffington & Sons.

Eucharistica. A new edition revised. London and Oxford: Parker & Co.

Mr. Wilmot-Buxton appears to have made it his speciality to cater for the spiritual needs of children, and judging from his *Lighthouse on the Rock* he succeeds well in his task.

Mr. Hardman informs us on the title-page of his *Parson's Perplexity*, which is not a tale but a collection of sixty short sermons "for the hardworked and hurried," that they are "suggestive" as well as short. We should ourselves rather have called them simple and suitable for the class addressed. Meanwhile his references to "the late Bishop Thirlwell" is suggestive of carelessness in correcting the press.

Dr. Macduff's *St. Paul in Athens* is a little volume full of pious but rather discursive reflections on the great Apostle's speech on the Areopagus, prefaced by descriptive and topographical notices of the city, put together apparently on the spot. If the language were simpler it would not make a bad Sunday reading book for children who have passed beyond the nursery stage.

Dr. Ker appears to have been a popular preacher in Scotland, and two volumes of his Sermons have been published. The present volume is a posthumous collection of fragmentary *Thoughts*, something after the manner of Coleridge's *Table Talk*, on various topics secular and sacred. They manifest a devout spirit, a good deal of miscellaneous reading, a breadth of judgment and of sympathy, a certain Scotch humour, and strong common sense; and the style is clear and natural, which cannot be said of the preface contributed by his Editor, Dr. Simpson. He quotes from some unnamed source a happy saying about Carlyle, that "he had a large capital of faith not yet invested." This may really be called a "suggestive" book.

The six Tracts by different writers on the great non-Christian Religions of the World, scattered over the series of *Present Day Tracts*, have been collected into a single volume, which will be found very convenient for reference. They deal with Islam, Confucianism, Parseeism, Brahmanism, Buddhism, and ancient Paganism.

In the preface to his last volume of Sermons, on *Every Day Christian Life*, Archdeacon Farrar lays down the obviously true principle that doctrine and morality can never be divorced from one another. The present course of Sermons deals mainly with practice, but claims to rest on a doctrinal basis. It exhibits to the full the characteristic merits, and less than usual of the characteristic faults, familiar to Dr. Farrar's numerous readers. He always indeed appears to us to be at his best in preaching, which gives free scope for his unquestionable Christian earnestness and more legitimate scope than some kinds of literature for the rhetoric and word-painting in which he is apt to exceed due bounds. It may at least be said of all these discourses that they possess one indispensable note of a good sermon, which is unfortunately too often conspicuously absent—they are interesting, even to read, and must have been still more interesting to hear. There are several misprints left uncorrected, *e.g.* in one place "a besetting God."

Mr. Jennings has inevitably failed in essaying the impossible. The very "terse" record of facts in his *Manual of Church History* is indeed, so far as we have observed, accurate and impartial, though the writer shows incontestably what he calls his "theological proclivity"—which is Protestant—in his comments *e.g.* on Eucharistic Liturgies and on the early cessation of miracles. But the real objection to his "historical method" is, not that it is "of very small educational value," as he himself admits, but that it is a direct hindrance to education. To pack ten centuries of Church history into a little over 100 small pages—the last eight being reserved for similar treatment in a second volume—is to make for those who trust to this manual all real knowledge of the period impossible, while for those who know something of it already the book is useless.

A still heavier indictment lies against Jerome Mercier's *Story of Salvation*, which she tells us in the preface is designed to encourage not the devotional but the critical study of the Bible, while yet "it cannot pretend to learning, and may be found too often incorrect." It is therefore worse than useless for its professed purpose, and, in spite of the goody-goody element which pervades it, is also very dull.

Some years ago the Rev. Flavel Cook showed that he had the courage of his opinions by refusing communion to a parishioner whose views he considered heterodox, and who prosecuted him for libel in consequence. These *Fifty-two Lessons* on the Works and Claims of Christ are intended for the guidance of teachers in Sunday Schools and Bible Classes. They seem to be very carefully compiled, and well adapted for their purpose.

Whatever may be thought by some of the recent "Beatifications of English Martyrs," no Englishman of any creed need grudge More and "the Blessed John Fisher" their new honours. This little *Treatise of Prayer* was written, in Latin, by the good Bishop about fifteen years before his death, and translated a century later by a priest trained at Douai. The translation is reprinted here without change of language or even orthography, which last is certainly a mistake, if it is meant for practical use. It concerns mental rather than vocal prayer, or what is commonly termed meditation. The tone is most scriptural and devout, and there is hardly a word any religious Anglican, or indeed any Protestant, would find fault with.

Mr. Bindley of Merton College has translated and annotated for the Christian Classical Series St. Athanasius's well-known treatise *De Incarnatione Verbi*, which is one of his earliest writings composed before the outbreak of Arianism. The editor has done his work well and thoroughly, and the little volume will be very acceptable to theological students.

Mr. France has compiled for the use of Anglicans under the title *Preces Veterum* a series of Latin prayers and hymns from the writings of St. Jerome, St. Augustine, St. Anselm, St. Bernard, and others, omitting *and altering* in them whatever he finds "opposed to his convictions," which he calls by an ingenious euphemism "pruning occasional redundancy." Thus *e.g.* a marvellous muddle is made of the beautiful *Stabat Mater*—which is transformed into a kind of *Stabat Pater*—and with still less plausible excuse the last line of the *Dies Iræ* is most absurdly changed into "Dona *nobis* requiem." We do not hesitate to call this sort of arbitrary manipulation both an historical and literary crime. It is at once an outrage on the writers whom it travesties and on the readers whom it misleads. It was quite open to Mr. France to exclude any compositions he considered doctrinally objectionable, as Archbishop Trench did in his volume of *Sacred Latin Poetry* published some forty years ago; it was not open to him to mutilate them. And as to his "practical aim," men sufficiently educated to prefer saying their prayers in Latin might, one would have supposed, be trusted to use their own discretion, instead of Mr. France's, in the matter. He has unwittingly emulated one of the worst tricks of ultramontane controversialists in cooking the Fathers. "Corrigendus sanctus pater," is their phrase; he is bolder, and calmly declares that the passages he has tampered with "are alien to the real intent of the writers themselves," which it was left for Mr. John F. France, some thousand years or more after their death, to discover.

Canon Fleming has thought it necessary to add yet another to the countless manuals of *Family Prayer* already existing. It is fair to say that, being made up entirely of collects from the Prayer Book, it is very preferable to most of them.

Mr. Clayton, of Magdalen College, Oxford, has issued a reprint of the Manual of Devotions for Communion, derived from the works of standard Anglican divines, originally brought out by the late Bishop Wilberforce half a century ago under the title of *Eucharistica*. In doing so he has revised carefully the text of the extracts which he found very faulty, but which he considers to testify in their authentic form to the continual maintenance in the Church of England of the doctrine of the Real Presence and Eucharistic Sacrifice. The little volume is very prettily got up.

SUPERNATURAL STORIES.*

THERE is in this and other countries a person of the male sex and of uncertain nationality, upwards of one hundred and forty-seven years old, able to appear and vanish as he pleases, and to a very limited extent, and subject to a great many restrictions, to raise the dead for purposes of cross-examination. Considering these advantages, he is a person of extraordinary fatuity, and though it is by no means clear what he wants to do there is every reason to believe that, whatever it is, he cannot do it. Mr. Fitzgerald Molloy styles him Benoni, and "To him who in these pages [the pages of *A Modern Magician*] is styled Benoni" Mr. Molloy's story "is dedicated in sign of service." The service thus designed does not appear to be one which untheosophisticated persons would enthusiastically appreciate, but there is no accounting for tastes. The dry bones of the story in which Benoni is made to play an abject part are in substance as follows. Mrs. Netley was a vulgar parvenue, with designs on "Society" (and she eventually married the imbecile brother of a duke; but that has nothing to do with the plot). She had a weak-minded but well-meaning niece, called Miriam, who married Philip Amerton, an author and a prig, of credit and renown. Colonel Tarbert was a villain. With the aid of another villain, generally called Jacob Glender, the Colonel committed forgery. (With the aid of his father's bankers, who were innocent of the knowledge that a cheque is invalidated if the drawer dies before it is presented, he got the cheque cashed; but that has nothing to do with the plot either.) Amerton neglected his wife, and Colonel Tarbert ran away with her, but after a short time they separated, and she went back to Philip. Jacob Glender then strangled the Colonel. Philip was arrested for the murder, but Glender committed suicide, and confessed his guilt while dying, so Philip was set free—or rather let alone, for a magistrate, who knew his business as little as the bankers mentioned above knew theirs, had released him on bail in defiance of the criminal law—and lived happily ever after with his sincerely repentant wife. By the murder of Colonel Tarbert, his virtuous cousin, Ulic Tarbert, became heir presumptive to a moribund earl, and by the suicide of Glender he was enabled to marry a lady who had been, but had not been known to be, Glender's wife. She was an author by trade, and wrote under the astonishing name of Gal Alex. The story having been sketched in outline, it remains to indicate the part played in it by Benoni the dedicatee. This impostor was called by his acquaintances the modern magician. In order to support the title he went about in a purple velvet robe, and "on his breast burned a precious stone of unusual size and exceeding brilliancy." From time to time he flirted paternally with Gal Alex. He had met Amerton at Bouzarea, on the southern shore of the Mediterranean, and had given him to understand that he, Benoni, had been in the service of the Thibetan spookmongers for "a period numbering seven times seven years thrice told" ($7 \times 7 \times 3 = 147$), and that he perceived in Amerton unusual latent spookic capacity. In return for this compliment, when Benoni came to London Amerton introduced him to society. The poor man's occult powers were of singularly little use to him, for he had to have a house just like any one else, and could not, or did not, use his power of appearing and vanishing except for momentary trick effects, at long intervals. He did, however, it seems, once break through the theosophistical rule, and do a trick for the general edification. On his first introduction to fashionable circles in London, "for a while he became a lion." No details are given, but provided that, as the context seems to indicate, the scene of his exploit was a polite drawing-room, and not a den at the Zoological Gardens, it must have been an interesting spectacle. It was he who made Amerton neglect his wife, which he did by introducing him, with much mummery, and for a few minutes only, to the astral principle of his "master," one Amuni, of Thibet. This person talked a little very commonplace twaddle out of the works of Paracelsus, Blavatsky, Olcott, and Co., and Mr. Maskelyne would have done the thing quite as well. When Amuni was gone Benoni told Amerton that if he would study hard and mortify the flesh the power of detaching his astral principle would be given to him. The wretched man thought of nothing else for a long time, but determined to devote himself to the occult life. At the end of the book Benoni told him that he was plucked, so that the net result of Amerton's searchings after the higher life was the escapade of Mrs. Amerton, who left him solely because he preferred his chelaship to her. Benoni gave only one other performance, and that was when Amerton was unlawfully at large on bail after being remanded on the charge of murdering Colonel Tarbert. They repaired to Wimbledon Common, where the murder had taken place, and with divers commonplace incantations they raised the spook of Colonel Tarbert. It was very reluctant to come away from the pleasant occupation of haunting the murderer, and all but escaped without telling them who he was. Benoni, however, by frantic exertions, just persuaded it to mention that Glender was the man. It may be mentioned that when Mrs. Amerton ran away Benoni was not of the least use to Amerton in his pursuit of the errant pair. He had to rely on the mundane assistance of Inspector Collins, who found out that they had gone abroad. Amerton said he would follow them to Paris. "In that case," said the inspector, "you cannot do better than consult Monsieur Tango. He is a man of genius, with the eye of a hawk and the instinct of a bloodhound." This passage is introduced only to show that Mr. Molloy is not less at home in describing the speech and manners of everyday policemen than in the exposition of occult mysteries.

The immediate causes of the Indian Mutiny have been much discussed. They remain to some extent obscure, but Mr. Arthur Lillie has now explained satisfactorily how it was that Lucknow was not stormed just before Havelock's arrival. He tells the story in *An Indian Wizard*. Adèle de Noirmoutier was "brought up in the frivolous Court of Louis XV., and taught to worship tinsel and glitter." While still young and beautiful she went to India, and married a heroic Englishman called George Pickering, who had "studied the Indian Yoga," and wore a salagrama. There was in the neighbourhood a wicked kinsman of hers, also called Noirmoutier, who by sinful practices had collected enormous quantities of priceless jewels and gewgaws. With the help of these he seduced Mrs. Pickering. Mr. Pickering was killed in the massacre at Patna, but just before going to his doom he had an interview with his wife. She warned him to escape, but he refused, and said:—"Amongst the tinsel trinkets for which you have bartered your honour you are destined to remain until you can find a human being as true as the one you have betrayed, and can conjure up in him a love as pure as the love you have outraged. Till then YOUR KISS WILL MEAN MASSACRE AS IT DOES TO-DAY." So he was massacred, and she became a vampire. Also she got hold of his skeleton, and set it up in a secret grotto among the gewgaws, and made poojahs at it on every anniversary of his death. On the first anniversary he appeared, and explained that the meaning of his curse was that she would continue to live and be a vampire, her kiss meaning massacre, and the salagrama enabling her to do what she pleased, until somebody loved her purely enough to give her a kiss with full knowledge of her story, and then she would be allowed to die. So things went on. "There was a strange and mysterious being walking through the [eighteenth and nineteenth] centuries." She loved, and presumably kissed, Stephen Lascelles, and there was a massacre at Vellore. She loved, and presumably kissed, Major Ashburnham, and there was a massacre in the Khyber Pass. Finally, in 1857, she loved and kissed Frank Lascelles, a kinsman of Stephen, and the Mutiny immediately broke out. He was at the siege of Lucknow. She told him all, and, further, that he could save the garrison only by treachery. He loved her with a love as pure as the one she had outraged, kissed her, and bolted. A sentry shot him in the knee. Mrs. Pickering, who had just appeared, and was in his arms at the moment, was shot through the heart by the same bullet, and died in the ordinary way. He thought he was sold,

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* *A Modern Magician.* A Romance. By J. Fitzgerald Molloy, Author of "Court Life Below Stairs," "Royalty Restored," &c. London: Ward & Downey.

An Indian Wizard. By Arthur Lillie, Author of "Out of the Meshes" &c. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.

Dreamland and Ghostland: an Original Collection of Tales and Warnings from the Borderland of Substance and Shadow. London: George Redway.

Can It Be True? By Francis Henry Cliffe. London: Remington & Co.

but he was not. He observed that an unforeseen attack was being executed by the mutineers, and that Lucknow would be taken in five minutes. He called out, and gave the alarm to the garrison. The attack was consequently repelled, and Havelock, with his army, came round the corner. As he did so Frank Lascelles fell asleep, and dreamt that he dwelt in marble halls, "and by his side was a gentle being with a beauty not of the earth." Pickering's place in the tableau is not mentioned, but "From this dream Frank never woke up." That is the story of *An Indian Wizard*, so far as it explains history. There is a vast deal more concerning Yoga, which is the same thing as what Mr. Sinnett and his friends call occultism. Ghosts and mysterious personages pervade the romance, some being Mrs. Pickering and some not. Among the latter is a particularly horrible old Hindoo priest, whom Lascelles puts to death for being about to immolate Mrs. Pickering at the shrine of Kali. This he would, apparently, have been able to do because he had somehow got the salagrama away from her, and it is not clear what would then have become of the curse. It is a pity Lascelles interfered, because if the lady really had been killed the Mutiny, then in an early stage, would probably have collapsed. After the priest was killed he haunted Lascelles in the most unpleasant, Cheshire-cat fashion. He would come and say "Ha! Ha!" in the dark, the ghost of his white waistcloth glimmering weirdly at a suitable height above the ground, though nothing else was visible. The least comprehensible thing in the story is why Mrs. Pickering chose to die. She must have had a very pleasant time as a beautiful lady captivating hearts, sucking blood, and wielding a salagrama; and, if she had not relented, she might have walked through many more centuries.

Any person wishing to realize what a dull thing a ghost story is in itself, and apart from the extrinsic attractions it may derive from qualities common to all fiction, can do so by giving an hour to the perusal of any part of any one of the three substantial red volumes published under the title of *Dreamland and Ghostland*. An anonymous editor has collected no less than thirty-five stories having some claim to be considered ghostly or dreamish. There is a good deal of monotony about them. We should guess that they do not contain less than thirty old-fashioned "four-poster" beds, with hangings. Some of the stories lack this article of furniture, but no other sort of bed is permitted to occur. *The Ghosts of Cottenal Court* may be described as an example. Some people take a fine old-fashioned country-house, and invite a party of friends to visit them. They are very much annoyed at night by a number of obtrusive spectres. Some are made up as nuns, and one as a walking corpse with a face "*in the last stage of decomposition*" (the italics are in the book). A peculiarly offensive smell is from time to time observed in particular bedrooms. The visitors leave in disgust, and after a few weeks the lessees give up the house, which no one else takes. All this is told in detail, and that's all. Perhaps the freshest story is that there was once a mysterious lady who used to ask her acquaintances what sort of mark they supposed the brand of Cain was, and to express a guarded sympathy with the first murderer. It turned out that whenever she was photographed the photograph came out all over spots, and each spot, on examination, was discovered to be a little picture of the face of a dead man. One would have been inclined to advise her not to be photographed. Some of the stories are asserted in head-notes to be true, and others are not. No reason appears for the distinction.

Can It Be True? is the story of a young man who was poor, came into a fortune of half a million, spent some of it, lost the rest by the discovery of a later will, and eventually married his only love, who had in the course of the story married and survived a peevish but wealthy ruffian. The people talk like this:—"A few tears will relieve you, Flora. You need not restrain yourself in my presence. I wish you to look upon me as your true and attached friend, and not to withhold your feelings." (This is called "a soothing strain.") The author talks—and he talks a great deal—like this:—"We shall enumerate one by one the wounds inflicted upon his heart, until at last, pierced through and through with the arrows of treachery, it will be a marvel that he arises and lives." The whole of each of the two volumes is dull as anything real could possibly be, and as unlike reality as anything profoundly dull can possibly be.

THE UNEMPLOYED PROBLEM.*

MR. HAKE has undertaken a bold and difficult task, that of reviving interest in some of the points settled for nearly half a century by Sir Robert Peel's banking legislation of 1844 and 1845. Economists generally are now agreed that that legislation was to a large extent based upon misconception. Sir Robert Peel adopted the opinion, then very prevalent amongst English economists, that over-issue of bank-notes was the main cause of financial crises. Experience has since abundantly proved that inflation of credit is the real cause, and that crises may occur with or without over-issue of notes. The question, however, has for nearly half a century been regarded as dead and buried, and public interest in it has ceased. It will require all Mr. Hake's philanthropic zeal to revive that interest; for, though Mr. Hake uses economic arguments, his real motive is philanthropic. Rightly he holds that the cause of the scarcity of employment, now unfortunately so general, is under-consumption, and not over-production. General over-production, indeed, is a contradiction in terms; and, though it is quite true that under-consumption implies over-production, since there cannot be under-consumption without an excess of production, yet that over-production is an effect, and not a cause. It should be pointed out, however, that, though general over-production is impossible, there may be, and there probably is, over-production in particular cases. At all events, there is undoubtedly misdirection of capital and labour. As examples we may cite the fostering of the iron industry in the United States and on the Continent, and also the development of the beetroot-sugar industry in most Continental countries by means of protective tariffs. Had industry and labour been left to themselves they certainly would not have gone into those industries. Iron could have been obtained in sufficient quantities from this country, and much more cheaply, and sugar in the same way could have been obtained from the cane-sugar producing countries. Legislation stepped in to divert from their natural channels capital and labour. There is thus a misdirection of industry and consequent waste and loss. For his immediate purpose it was not necessary that Mr. Hake (who, it should be stated, acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. O. E. Wesslau) should point out all this, and it is undoubtedly true that, speaking broadly, under-consumption is the cause of trade depression. We are particular in dwelling upon this point, for the right statement of the proposition is of great practical importance. If we say that over-production is the cause of depression, it seems to follow that the true remedy is restriction of production. If, on the contrary, we recognize clearly that it is under-consumption which lies at the root of our difficulties, then we perceive that the true course is to stimulate production. Under-consumption is the result of poverty, and poverty can be removed only by such an increase of production as will enable the poor to pay for the commodities which they want. There is only one legitimate and effectual way, as Mr. Hake truly observes, of increasing the purchasing power of the poor—and that is by increasing the employment of labour. Again, apart from new inventions which man cannot command, there is only one way of increasing the employment of labour, and that is by affording a means to the poor man of character and ability of getting the capital which he requires in order to give employment to the labouring poor around him. Here it is that Mr. Hake's interest in the banking legislation of Sir Robert Peel arises. He holds that the only way in which poor men of character and ability can be provided with capital is by facilitating credit—in other words, by giving to the banks the right of issuing notes without restriction and without Government regulation; and he points in proof of his proposition to the experience of Scotland before 1845.

It is unquestionable that Scotland advanced relatively more rapidly even than this country between the Revolution of 1688 and the middle of the present century; but her relatively more rapid progress was due to a variety of causes. In the first place, previous to the Revolution Scotland was much more backward than England. The Highlands had not yet emerged from the clan system; feudalism reigned supreme in the Lowlands; the Government was out of accord with the great body of the people, and anarchy prevailed almost everywhere. The Revolution gave Scotland a Government according to her desire; order was gradually established, and industry consequently progressed. Further, the Act of Union opened to Scotchmen a new and very profitable field of enterprise. And, lastly, popular education was much more widely diffused, much better endowed, and much more efficiently organized in Scotland than perhaps in any other European country. The great majority of Scotchmen, by their superior education, were, therefore, better qualified to take advantage of the new opportunities afforded them than were ordinary Englishmen. But, while all this is true, it cannot reasonably be denied that the Scotch banking system did contribute very powerfully to the development of material wealth; and the reason is not far to seek. The Scotch banks were free to issue notes without keeping against them an equivalent amount of either coin or bullion, and it was their interest to issue and keep in circulation the greatest possible amount of notes. Suppose, for example, that a bank manager found that 10 per cent. of his note-circulation in coin was sufficient to secure the exchangeability of his notes, he kept no more than that 10 per cent. in coin, and the remaining 90 per cent. of his note circulation cost him only the paper upon which the notes were printed and the expense of printing; but for this almost costless money he obtained as good rates of interest as he did for coin itself. The notes were accepted freely in all commercial transactions, and it was, therefore, indifferent to the borrower whether he received notes or coin. The great object of a Scotch bank manager, then, was to get the greatest possible number of his notes into circulation, and to keep them there; and no one was so likely to increase the circulation as the poor man of character and ability. He had little or no capital but what he obtained from the banks, and he was watchful to seize every opportunity of profit that offered itself; and his industry and enterprise were consequently untiring. Therefore, the Scotch banks adopted the plan of cash accounts; the whole country was covered with branch banks, and the currency became almost entirely a paper currency. There is obviously, however, not the same inducement to push notes into circulation when the amount of the circulation is restricted, and when beyond the authorized issue an equivalent amount of gold

* *The Unemployed Problem Solved.* By A. Egmont Hake. London: Hatchards.

must be kept. If gold has to be kept against the notes, it is as profitable to the banker to lend the gold itself as to lend the notes, though it is much more wasteful, of course, to the community. Under our present system, in fact, all the note-circulation beyond the authorized issue is valueless to a bank manager, except in so far as it serves as an advertisement. There can be no doubt, then, that a banking system which gives to the banks the right of issuing notes without restriction and without Government regulation does supply a motive to the banker to supply poor men of ability and character with capital which is not afforded under our present system.

Nor does there appear any countervailing disadvantage in the system of free note-issue. A rash manager may, of course, try to force into circulation more notes than the country requires; but, on the other hand, under a deposit system a rash bank manager may lend the deposits of customers recklessly, as indeed we have seen in various recent instances. Rashness will always result in evil; but there is nothing to show that it would be more mischievous under a system of free note-issue than under the deposit system. And, so far as the general public who accept the notes in commercial transactions are concerned, there is no greater probability that they would lose than there is under our present system. Indeed, the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank, the greatest disaster of quite recent times, shows that both depositors and note-holders suffer little or nothing; it was upon the shareholders that the whole loss fell. If we had a good Joint-stock Company law, and if precaution were taken that a sufficient capital paid-up or callable was provided, there seems no reason to anticipate more loss under a system of free note-issue than under our present system. Yet, as we have observed above, it will be extremely difficult to revive interest in this question. Currency questions under all circumstances are distasteful to the general public, and their interest in them can only be aroused if it can be very clearly shown that a great advantage will follow; but we cannot truly say that Mr. Hake succeeds in showing that a great advantage would follow if free banking, as he calls it, were adopted. Of course, as we have been admitting, poor men of character and ability would find it more easy to obtain accommodation under such a system than they do at present, and that would be undoubtedly an advantage; but it would not be such an advantage as would lead to a very great and sudden increase in the amount of employment to be given. The effect would be slight and gradual, and to inflame the popular imagination it is necessary to show that the advantage would be greater than this. It is to be recollected, too, that all vested interests are against such a change. Since Sir Robert Peel's legislation our banking system has grown to a magnitude never witnessed in any other country, and most people will be satisfied that the legislation has been proved successful when such a result has followed it. Further, the banks themselves would probably not welcome the change. They have attained their present prosperity without free note-issue; and that, as matters stand at present, they do not greatly care for the right of issuing notes is proved by the fact that some of the greatest English country banks have given up the right of issue for the sake of obtaining admittance to London. Moreover, country banks with the right of issue are gradually dying out; and, indeed, even in Scotland and Ireland some of the banks do not keep in circulation even their authorized amount of notes. Mr. Hake, then, will find the banks either apathetic or opposed to his plan, while the public will regard it with indifference. His zeal may succeed in arousing interest, but he will have a very uphill fight.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE best criticism we can give of M. Lockroy's *Ahmed le boucher* (1) is that we took it up, intending to give it a merely sufficient examination, and read every word of it. It is not quite faultless. It ought to have been longer (that is not a common fault, certainly); it ought to have had references to authorities, of which there is not a single one of any precise kind in the book; and its chronology is of the vaguest possible kind. So seldom is a date mentioned, that M. Lockroy has been misled by his own looseness in this respect into saying on one page that his hero was "about fifteen years old in 1750," and on another that he was "nearly eighty" in 1799—things which agree not together, and which yet are among the very few chronological statements in the book. On the other hand, it is, though with no attempt at fine writing, very lucidly and agreeably written; there are no faults of taste, except some quite unnecessary Biblical comparisons, while the subject is extraordinarily interesting, and, we should think, must to many readers be, except in its later parts, almost entirely novel. "Ahmed the Butcher" is, as the second rather than the first name will make some readers guess beforehand, the famous Djezzar Pasha who shared with Sir Sidney Smith and Phélippeaux the glory of the great siege of Acre, and who enjoys quite to himself the credit of having deserved the name of Djezzar, or butcher, better probably than any man who ever lived, while he was in the main an excellent fellow. M. Lockroy has not exaggerated or much dwelt upon the horrible side of the story, except in one instance, which is horrible enough for anything—the hideous vengeance which Djezzar took (of course not on the really guilty party) for the violation of his harem. But the book in general is much more like a romance of chivalry than like a butcher's bill. Since the middle ages there has probably been nothing like the state of Syria during the last quarter of the eighteenth century, at any rate so near Europe. The Pashas of Damascus, Tripoli, and Cairo, with their Mameluke and Maugrabin mercenaries, the Emirs of the Druses, the great Bedouin Sheikhs, of whom the most powerful was the nonagenarian Dahers of Deir Hanna, the chiefs of the Metualis, and for a great part of the time the Russian fleet of Orloff (which, under guise of carrying on war with the Porte, simply buccaneered at large and let out its services, under Levantine adventurers, to the highest bidder), fought among themselves incessantly. It was in this welter of constantly dissolving and reuniting alliances, raids, sieges, routs, that Djezzar raised himself from being a private Mameluke and the executioner of the Pasha of Cairo to the position of almost absolute ruler of Syria. This he held for years, subject only to the necessity of looking out carefully for the bearer of the bowstring, and, before that functionary could read his firman, taking him off and sending his head in an ebony box to the Sultan, who, according to the laws of the game, was bound to accept this as satisfactory. If the firman was once read, the Pasha was done. In the course of his rise two episodes hardly less miraculous and even more romantic than his defeat of Bonaparte happened—his early defence of Beyrout against the Russian fleet and the combined land forces of the Druses and the Bedouins, and the almost unbelievable exploit (very well told here) of his overthrowing by night, under the walls of deserted Acre, with three hundred desperadoes and two guns only, the great army with which his revolted favourite Selim was advancing to take his government and his life.

The plot of M. Theuriet's latest novel (2) is exceedingly simple. It has always been recognized, even in France, as one of the chief prudential arguments (putting religion and morality aside) against making free with your neighbour's wife that your neighbour's wife seldom has the good taste to retire gracefully when you are tired of her and wish to range yourself with a young woman of adorable candour. That is the situation of Philippe Desgranges, Camille Archambault, and Mariannette Diosaz—a situation complicated only, as the title indicates, by the fact that the hero is elderly. But M. Theuriet's hand is so admirable, both in drawing scenery and in drawing character, and his picture, in particular, of Mariannette (who is a much more masterful young lady than most French unmarried heroines) is so fresh and spirited, that he has made the old theme new. M. Rabusson is also clever, as he always is; but his new study in the Feuillet manner (3) will not please all readers. Far be it from us to palliate the practice of pledging securities with which you are entrusted and gambling with the proceeds. It is highly wrong in every way, and the laws of civilized countries provide extremely unpleasant penalties for it. But we do not think that it is one of the faults which, if a woman really loved a man, would destroy her love for him when she found it out. However, these things depend on taste. Of *Une Ève nouvelle* (4) we can only observe that the characteristics of the new Eve appear to be priggishness and frigidity. Long live the old! The tales in Mme. Calmon's *Cœurs droits* (5) are estimable, but not particularly interesting. As to Prince Lubomirski's book (6) (which appears with two sub-titles, "Tatiana" and "Schelm," for its two volumes) he explains that it is only in part a new one. The Prince is, we think, better as a traveller than as a novelist.

(1) *Ahmed le boucher.* Par Edouard Lockroy. Paris: Ollendorff.

(2) *Amour d'automne.* Par A. Theuriet. Paris: Lemerre.

(3) *Le mari de Madame d'Orgevaut.* Par H. Rabusson. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(4) *Une Ève nouvelle.* Par Jean Herrère. Paris: Ollendorff.

(5) *Cœurs droits.* Par Mme. Calmon. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(6) *Fonctionnaires et Boyards.* Par le Prince J. Lubomirski. 2 tomes. Nouvelle édition. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IT is the hard fate of Professor Freeman to be perpetually putting himself right with the public. Never was writer so misapprehended. Thus it happens that two of the *Four Oxford Lectures*, 1887 (Macmillan & Co.)—those on "Teutonic Conquest in Gaul and Britain"—are largely occupied with what is known in Parliamentary circles as personal explanation. There is a tentative air about them. They are preparative in aim, the scaffolding of a structure that is as yet only to be dimly discovered by the speculative eye. It is not Mr. Freeman's fault, as he is eager to show, that he has to lecture of himself, to quote his own writings, till progress is stayed for a while by the perverse influences of current controversy. When Mr. Huxley writes to the *Times* and declares the doctrine that "the English nation is almost wholly Teutonic" is a "baseless notion," no other course is open to a Professor of History generally credited with the invention of the "Teutonic theory." Mr. Freeman and the "eminent man of science" regard the matter from wholly different points of view; and, if people would only be at the pains to understand Mr. Freeman, "there would be found little or no difference as to facts" between them. In the same agreeable spirit Mr. Freeman deals with Mr. Sayce's British Association address at Manchester, and with the theories of Mr. Seebohm and that "wrong-headed scholar" Mr. Coote. It was a misfortune perhaps that he should be driven to discuss the evidence of anthropologists as to the

considerable survival of the Celtic element in Britain, despite the victorious Teutons, though even here Mr. Freeman is convinced he has been seriously misread by the theorists who deal in types and skulls. When he wrote of the Britons as exterminated by Angles and Saxons, it was in a Pickwickian sense only. Moreover, one of the few branches of knowledge in which Mr. Freeman's equipment is deficient is this same application of physiology to history. "I am not, I must confess, good at what are called types," he ingenuously insists, and presumably he is also not good at skulls. Perhaps, after all, Mr. Sayce will return from foreign parts and, moved by this touching confession, will protest he never meant to reflect on the teaching of his historical brother. To adopt the logical and picturesque language of Mr. Freeman, it is absurd to suppose that the extermination of the Briton throughout the whole of England should have been set forth by "one whose house is on the slope of *Ben* Knoll, who looks on *Pen*hill and *Pen*nard, on *Creech* Hill and *Crook's* Peak, to whom the Cetic *combe* is as familiar a word as the Teutonic *dale* is to a Yorkshireman."

Various attempts have been made to solve *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, but no solution has appeared in print at once so ingenious and convincing, and so satisfactory in the inductive treatment of the existing material, as Mr. Richard A. Proctor's *Watched by the Dead* (Allen & Co.) Mr. Proctor is perhaps inclined to underestimate the number of those who endorse Longfellow's opinion of Dickens's unfinished story, and there must have been many readers besides himself who detected Edwin Drood under the disguise of Datchery. The distinctive merit of Mr. Proctor's clever study of the problem lies in the cumulative reasoning by which he shows that Datchery must needs be Drood. His argument is advanced step by step in the analytical examination of the book with remarkable skill, and is attended by an anticipation of objections that is quite as remarkable and quite as favourable to his theory.

Mr. F. R. Stockton's delightful extravaganza, *The Dusantes* (Sampson Low & Co.) is a continuation of the unparalleled adventures of those estimable widows, Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine, and unlike most sequels in being more than equal to the original conception. Indeed, we are disposed to award it the first place in Stocktonian humour. Its quality of humour is far more generic, and yet far less American, than that of *Rudder Grange*, and as a work of art it is incomparably superior. No reader of the *Casting Away* will have forgotten the desert island and its well-provisioned house, in which the ex-missionary and his shipwrecked companion were involuntary boarders for a season. The return of the owners and the discovery of the money deposited by the scrupulous Mrs. Lecks in payment of board and lodging lead to a wild and whimsical series of events that fairly surpass the story of the wreck and the island.

The Miss Crusoes, by Colonel Colomb (Allen & Co.), though a book for children, contains sly allusions and not a little facetiousness of the kind that children cannot be expected to enjoy. The effort to be amusing is at times only too evident in the sustained jocularity of tone that characterizes this story of the casting away of two small girls on a desert island. The prattle of these ingenuous babies is, however, amusing and natural for the most part, though it is surprising that Emma Jane should perpetrate that forlorn joke about the "dessert" island. Their adventures are brought to a dramatic conclusion by a droll device, possibly suggested by *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, in which certain "forgetful mushrooms" play an important part. The book is illustrated in a diverting style by Mr. Hitchcock and Miss Emily Lees.

Messrs. Lindley and J. P. Widney are the compilers of an illustrated guide-book entitled *California of the South* (New York: Appleton), which ought to become popular, as it is very readable and methodical in arrangement. In his excellent introduction on the climate of California Dr. Widney insists upon a distinction not recognized by geographers, but readily appreciable by agriculturists and persons in search of health resorts. He points out that there are two Californias. The district of which Los Angeles is the central point of interest, extending from Point Conception to the Mexican frontier, is that of which the present volume treats. This portion of California, the California of the South, possesses a climate that offers a marvellous contrast with that of the northern coast, if statistics of rainfall and temperature are not altogether worthless. Much useful information is given on the natural resources of the country, especially with regard to fruit culture.

How to play Solo Whist, by Messrs. A. S. Wilks and C. S. Pardon (Chatto & Windus), is a practical handbook, with useful illustrative diagrams, to a game which the authors declare has obtained unprecedented favour. The name is somewhat misleading, for the game requires a full pack, four players, and is based on whist.

Messrs. Field & Tuer's series of "Illustrated Gleanings from the Classics" has come to an end—which cannot be regarded as untimely—in Nos. 3 and 4—Thomson's *Seasons*, with four copper-plate engravings of 1792, and *Tristram Shandy*, with six aquatints engraved in 1820. The latter are Rowlandsonian in style, and not without character. The former are extremely feeble designs, and quite unworthy of revival.

The annotation of classics for school use is variously exemplified by certain examples before us. We have seen class-books of the kind praised for mere paucity of notes, as if the question were not one of quality rather than of quantity of exposition. In his preface to an annotated edition of Molière's *L'Ecole des Femmes* (Cambridge: University Press), Mr. Saintsbury says, with obvious truth, that Molière demands more copious annotation than Corneille or Racine. The notes in this edition, which is one of the excellent Pitt Press Series, comprise not a few examples of the copiousness that is of the right description. Such is that upon the "Maximes du Mariage" which Arnolphe recommends Agnès to study (Act iii. sc. 2), with its citation of literary parallels prior to Molière. In other directions Mr. Saintsbury's clear and scholarly notes are rich in illustration of the valuable kind that vivifies textual comment and criticism.

Mr. A. M. Williams, in his notes to Milton's *Comus* (Longmans & Co.) is chiefly concerned with the explanation of grammatical points, obsolete words, etymology, and allied matters. His introduction is brief and explicit; but his examination of Milton's verse is not altogether satisfactory. His illustrations of the *cesura* would never lead the young to the secret of the poet's marvellous modulations, and as much must be said of his remarks on what he calls the "order of words" in *Comus* (p. 14).

Mr. Benjamin Dawson's edition of *King John* (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.) is an unhappy attempt "to remove those difficulties which arrest and discourage the student on the threshold of his subject." The text is disfigured by needless contractions, and syllables that should be silent, in the wisdom of the editor, are printed in italics. Thus we have (p. 21):—

Now shame upon you, whether she does or no.
Ay, with these crystal beads heaven shall be brib'd.

Surely we have the "dullest most unbored ears for verse" in our New Shakespeare Society when its members edit Shakspeare in this fashion, and under the title of a "University edition."

The Rev. W. H. Hutton has made a capital little collection of extracts from Matthew Paris, Robert of Gloucester, and other chroniclers—*Simon de Montfort and his Times*, 1251-1266 (David Nutt)—as a contribution to the series entitled "English History from Contemporary Writers."

We have among recent educational publications Mr. Joseph Wright's *Middle High German Primer* in the "Clarendon Press Series"; *Geometrical Drawing*, an excellent text-book for examination candidates, by Mr. W. N. Wilson (Rivingtons); Ellis's *Irish Educational Directory for* 1888 (Dublin: Ponsonby); *The Schoolmaster's Calendar for* 1888, the second annual issue of an admirable manual (Bell & Sons); *Dates Made Easy*, by John Hugh Rawley (Relfe Brothers); and *Practical Lessons in the Use of English*, by Mary F. Hyde (Boston: Heath).

We have also received a new edition of *The Enemies of Books*, revised and enlarged, by Mr. William Blades (Elliot Stock); M. Hector Malot's *Zyte*, translated by J. E. Simpson (Warne & Co.); *Christian Socialism*, by the Rev. M. Kaufmann (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.); *Five Little Peppers*, by Margaret Sidney (Hodder & Stoughton); *At Evening Time*, by Lewis Lauriston (London Literary Society); *Life of the Emperor William of Germany*, edited by H. W. Dulcken (Ward, Lock, & Co.); the *Synopsis of the Tariffs and Trade of the British Empire*, issued by the Imperial Federation League; and the *Report of the Public Debt, Banking Institutions, and Mint of the Argentine Republic*. Book IV. Translated from the Spanish by L. B. Trant (Buenos Ayres: Stiller & Laass).

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Printed by SPOTTISWOODE & CO., at No. 5 New-street Square, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London; and Published by WILLIAM BOYCE, at the Office, No. 38 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of Middlesex.—Saturday, April 7, 1888.

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,694, Vol. 65. April 14, 1888. [Registered for Transmission abroad.] Price 6*d*.



LORD SALISBURY AT CARNARVON.

IT was, perhaps, not absolutely necessary for Lord SALISBURY, in his speech at Carnarvon on Tuesday, to refer to the absurd reproaches of community or even identity between his foreign policy and that of Lord GRANVILLE; yet it can hardly be said that he was ill advised in doing so. The unfortunate efficacy of what has been more bluntly than politely called "hard lying" in reference to this matter has been demonstrated over and over again during the last ten years, and Lord GRANVILLE brought down a certain amount of castigation on his own head by his utterances the night before. If resistance to the advance of Russia in Asia is the same thing as neglect and almost courting of that advance; if the consolidation and fortification of the North-West frontier of India is the same thing as the disarrangement and the denuding of that frontier; if the upholding and extension of the sovereignty of the QUEEN in South Africa as a protection against the filibustering of a handful of Dutchmen is the same thing as the Majuba convention; and if the countenance given to the League of Peace, of which Austria is the most deeply interested member, is the same thing as hints, or rather open declarations, that Austria is the greatest foe of freedom in Europe, then Lord SALISBURY'S foreign policy is the same as the GLADSTONE-GRANVILLE policy. And if not, not; as the schoolbooks say. But the assertion of the identity of scuttle and stand has become such a commonplace with Gladstonians that it is perhaps worth while to contradict it now and then, lest those who say the thing should come honestly to believe it. After all, as no man who knows anything about foreign policy is ever likely to defend Lord GRANVILLE'S, it may well be that honest ignorance is at the back of the defence. It requires a surgical operation of a kind not yet invented to get understanding of foreign policy into the heads of genuine admirers of Mr. GLADSTONE, and the effect even of such an operation could only be that they would cease to be Mr. GLADSTONE'S admirers.

A newer, and therefore a more noteworthy, form of the same tactics perhaps not merely invited, but positively required, the similar treatment which Lord SALISBURY gave it. He might have compared, though it does not seem that he did compare, the declarations, to which he referred, that the last Reform Bill killed the Conservative party with the new declarations that Mr. RITCHIE'S Bill will kill it again. To judge by the assertions of its enemies, Toryism must have even more than the vitality which is popularly attributed to other low and evil organizations in the natural world. We all know how sorely it surprised those who had proclaimed its death by the extension of the county franchise a few months after the execution; and it is at least possible that the wicked squires (who are in a large number, if not a majority, of cases also merchants, lawyers, and practitioners of every profession and most of the higher trades) will also repeat the provoking performance of JOHN BARLEYCORN. Meanwhile it is perfectly certain that, as Lord SALISBURY pointed out, and as all intelligent commentators had pointed out before him, the omnipotence which is supposed to be passing away from the owners of land is an omnipotence about as unlimited as, let us say, the powers of a constitutional monarch or the tyrannical effects of the "Law of Primogeniture." Between the powers of the central departments of Government, on the one hand, and the powers of elected Boards of Guardians, on the other, the margin of positive authority left to justices as justices—though it is apparently thought by some Gladstonians that a squire, merely as a squire, has some strange and feudal privilege—suggests bridges in even another sense than that of Lord SALISBURY'S jest. It is about as wide as the celebrated and uncomfortable Brigg of Dread which the devout Moslem traverses at the Day of Judgment. But here again the assertion is the obvious policy of a party at its wits' end how to accomplish that change of Government which, as Mr. BRIGHT neatly observes, "the disappointed "and the hungry are anxiously looking for."

It must further have annoyed certain Gladstonians to find that Lord SALISBURY took up very cordially Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S suggestion—no new or surprising one, of course—that the policy of repression in Ireland is not exhaustive of the Government plans in reference to that country. No rational person believes that it is; but, as in the other cases, a considerable number of people, into whose rationality it is perhaps charitable not to inquire too narrowly lest their reason be established at the expense of their honesty, assert the fact. And, indeed, it is extremely curious and instructive to note how large a part of the time of every Unionist speaker nowadays has to be taken up in simply refuting or contradicting different varieties of those things which no one but Mr. BRIGHT is permitted to describe by their simplest name. No one expects that the people of Ireland can be redeemed from the miserable state in which they have been placed by the instigations of agitators to crime and the continual bribes of the English Government through the agency of coercive methods simply. No one doubts that great part of the discontent in Ireland is due to the unfortunate confinement of the country to one kind of employment only or mainly. It is necessary, in the first place, to establish order, and to see that peaceable and law-abiding citizens shall, at any rate, not incur the risk of the fate of FITZMAURICE or QUIRKE without a considerable and very uncomfortable risk on the other side; that seditious citizens shall not assemble to cheer sedition without a reasonable chance of getting their heads broken if they go too far. But it is undoubtedly necessary to provide good employment as well as to discourage bad. And it may be added that some day or other Government will have to take up the question of Irish local government very seriously indeed. At present the Nationalist corporations which, in some instances, control it are applying the lessons they have learnt in American municipalities to the task of misgovernment and malversation with very remarkable success. They are useful in a way, because they show in comparatively vile bodies what a Parnellite Parliament would do for the whole island; but that experimental usefulness can hardly excuse the long continuance of a gross scandal.

The last part of Lord SALISBURY'S remarks which invites comment is the part about Wales itself. Such a meeting as Tuesday's in the most Gladstonian part of the country is of good augury, if it be taken as an augury merely. There is no sort of reason why the Principality should continue to belong to the stupid party of present politics; except that that party, which tempers its stupidity with some practical cunning, has contrived assiduously to court, flatter, and play upon the weakest side of Welsh character and feeling. The heavy vote cast the other day for Mr. LLEWELLYN in the Gower division shows that it is perfectly possible for Welsh Tories who go the right way to work to recover the position which they never need have lost. It is exceedingly unfortunate, no doubt, that the tithe question should have presented itself as a handle, which unscrupulous agitators could work, despite their own knowledge that the grievance is an entirely imaginary one; and it is also unlucky that the extremely modern and, had it been wisely managed, quite manageable Nonconformity of Wales should have been permitted to foster the political Dissenter. The neglect of years, and indeed of centuries, cannot be repaired in a day; but there is nothing, or at least very little, that is irreparable in politics if the repairing of it be set about with due trust in Sir HENRY JAMES'S three gods—energy, faith,

[illegible] Whatever faults they may have, Welshmen are [illegible]ute of intelligence, and it is perfectly easy to make [illegible] understand that Particularism of the kind which their seeming flatterers and real ill-wishers press on them must, in the long run, do them far more harm than it can do them good. It is not long since an amiable but unwise Gladstonian, in the fulness of his heart, protested that he wanted "Home Rule for England" as well as for Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. Let any Welshman think out what this means, and then ask himself if he likes the prospect.

THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BILL.

AT the Quarter Sessions which were held last week almost all the Chairmen abstained, with the approval of their colleagues, from threatening opposition to the Local Government Bill. The consideration of the details of the measure has been generally referred to Committees of Justices, and their Reports will probably contain useful suggestions. The great majority of those who decline to oppose the Bill entirely disapprove of its principles; but men of business accustomed to regard practical results seldom waste their energies in protesting against what they know to be inevitable. It is from a different quarter that the most formidable opposition is to be apprehended. The borough Corporations resent, as might be expected, their novel subordination to the authority of their respective counties. Mr. Ritchie has prudently consented to extend the list of large towns which are to be erected into counties; and it is almost certain that he will have to make further concessions in the same direction. A population of 100,000 may reasonably be thought to be entitled to municipal independence; but reference to the Census of 1881 seems to furnish but an arbitrary ground of distinction. If Sir E. J. Reed is correctly informed, the borough of Cardiff, which is excluded from the list of privileged towns, has now a population of more than 120,000; and for local reasons, it is likely to grow more rapidly than any other town in the kingdom. The inhabitants may reasonably object to be governed in municipal affairs by possible majorities of Welsh-speaking miners from the mountain valleys of Glamorganshire. The same county contains the important town of Swansea, which will advance similar claims to municipal independence. Many other boroughs of the second or third magnitude will be dissatisfied with their proposed position, and their objections will not be discountenanced by their official advisers. The paid staff of a Corporation will not be disposed to allow either ceremonial or practical precedence to the officers of the county in which their borough happens to be situated. Malcontent bodies of townsmen will be more difficult to deal with than disestablished justices, especially as the Courts of Quarter Sessions are but indirectly represented in the House of Commons. It has not been explained whether there is to be any interference with the jurisdiction of borough magistrates.

Some Quarter Sessions Chairmen advised their colleagues to retain, if possible, in another capacity some part of the authority which has hitherto been exercised by their class. Lord Spencer, at the Northamptonshire Quarter Sessions, appealed more especially to the younger justices, who may with less inconvenience than their elders become candidates for seats in the Local Councils. It is rather desirable than probable that his advice will be generally followed. Perhaps it may be found expedient to allow, in the first instance, another class of competitors to assert their claims. Aspirants to local influence and notoriety will be naturally disappointed if they find that the new governing body consists, in great part, of the same persons who have been superseded by the provisions of the Act. A series of contests in which the gentry might be opposed to candidates of the middle class is, on every account, to be deprecated. The more numerous section of the community would be almost everywhere successful, and political and social divisions would tend to coincide. Mr. Morley's speech at Newcastle shows that no exertion will be spared to embitter local feeling by incessant agitation. He objects to the retention by the justices of any part of their present functions, and he proposes to make good municipal government impossible by the institution of parochial Councils. It is not impossible that a short experience may discourage municipal ambition. The inconvenience of attending meetings at the county town will be severely felt by persons engaged in business. It is also probable that the almost certain increase of local taxation may suggest to the ratepayers a contrast between the new representatives and the frugal administrators of the past. The country gentlemen will not hesitate to respond to the call, if their services are required. In other departments of local administration members of the bench of justices have, by the choice of elected colleagues, taken a considerable part. Many Chairmen and Vice-Chairmen of Unions are *ex officio* Guardians. In all cases they must have been selected for their posts on the ground of their experience and ability, and perhaps to some extent on account of their comparatively greater leisure. The same result will not necessarily follow in the election of County and District Councillors. The voting power of the constituencies of Boards of Guardians and of Local Boards is more equitably distributed than under the Municipal Corporations Acts, which were necessarily copied in the Local Government Bill.

The absorption of the existing Local Board districts under the provisions of the Bill by the counties or the new districts is, in those parts of the country to which it will apply, a more serious blow to property than the disestablishment of Quarter Sessions. It is in the highest degree reasonable and just that the larger ratepayers should have a larger number of votes than their poorer neighbours. The county vote, like the present borough vote, will be uniform and nominally equal; and consequently it may happen in extreme cases that the local revenue will be raised and spent by the nominees of a majority which pays no direct rate. The Courts of Quarter Sessions, if they had not preferred a dignified reticence, might have defended their privilege of administering the local revenue on the ground that, as landowners, they ultimately bear the main burden of the rates. They have nevertheless judiciously abstained from resisting the divorce of taxation from representation. There can be little doubt that, sooner or later, Mr. Morley's proposals will be adopted by the transference of the administration of the Poor Law to the District Councils. The democratic sense of equality is offended by the franchise which at present furnishes a security against extravagance. There is, as Mr. Morley shows, an obvious absence of symmetry in the present arrangement; yet perhaps it is better that areas of administration should overlap than that the money of the ratepayers should be intentionally or carelessly squandered. When these points are better understood, there may perhaps be some reaction of feeling, though not of policy, in favour of the squires and their invidious privileges. Any such current of opinion will be more likely to display itself because the justices have offered neither opposition nor remonstrance. They know that their administrative functions would not be enlarged, and that the rural district would be itself entitled to the powers which have long been possessed by the towns. They consequently neither blame nor oppose the Government because it has arrived at the same conclusion. They will have some reason for dissatisfaction if Mr. Ritchie yields to clamour by depriving the justices of a share in the control of the police and of the appointment of chief constables.

It is nearly certain that under the new system local taxation will be largely increased; but expenditure prudently undertaken for public objects is not necessarily an evil. Courts of Quarter Sessions could not, if they had wished, have emulated the expenditure which has resulted in the accumulation of vast municipal debts. The urban Corporations have much to show for their outlay in the form of local improvements; but some of them have been too sanguine; and facility of borrowing has sometimes encouraged injudicious enterprise. There is a defect in institutions which prevent the application of public funds to useful or remunerative purposes; and the approval of the contributors is, when such questions arise, perhaps the only practicable test of expediency. The consent of the Local Government Board will be, as in the case of Corporations, required before a new loan can be contracted by a County Council. It is assuredly not superfluous to provide some external check on the power of numerical majorities to impose burdens on the larger ratepayers. In some places large additions to local taxation have been found not unpopular where it has been expected that part of the amount would be expended on labour. The opponents of the Preston Docks and of the Manchester Ship Canal assert that both undertakings have been recommended to municipal constituencies in the supposed interest of the working classes. The charge, whether it is well founded or erroneous, indicates a danger which is not imaginary. The deputation which lately waited

on Mr. PLUNKET for the purpose of remonstrating against the low rate of Government contracts openly avowed the principle which the Corporation of Preston is, with or without reason, accused of applying in practice. Mr. BROADHURST with surprising candour denounced the habit which he attributed to the Government of letting contracts on terms which, as he alleged, prevented the engagement of workmen at the highest rate of wages. He openly condemned the economical grounds on which the public departments discharge their obvious duty to the taxpayer. It is not improbable that a democratic Parliament will ultimately concur with the representatives of the workmen, not in consideration of the justice or plausibility of their demand, but as a recognition of their electoral power. The logical consequence of the concession of Mr. BROADHURST'S demand will be the establishment of national workshops in accordance with the French precedent of 1848. When the Government undertakes public works, or overpays the workmen whom it employs, County Councils and borough Corporations will almost necessarily follow its example. The ratepayers will then look back with regret to the thrifty and modest administration of the Justices in Quarter Sessions. Perhaps at some remoter period taxation and representation will be once more brought into connexion.

POLICE MAGISTRATES AND POLICE CONSTABLES.

MR. BRIDGE seems to appreciate more clearly than Mr. PARTRIDGE the fact that Sir CHARLES WARREN'S myrmidons are also Queen VICTORIA'S subjects, and as such entitled to the protection of the criminal law; but it is to be feared that he is not absolutely free—as every magistrate should be—from the taint of the gutter opinion that the evidence of policemen is always to be regarded with distrust, and hardly to be believed when uncontradicted and inherently probable. A man who was charged before him the other day with assaulting a constable in the execution of his duty by kicking him, apparently with considerable roughness, was convicted, which is satisfactory, as the offence seems to have been clearly proved, but was suffered to depart on the easy terms of inducing two persons to become sureties for his keeping the peace in the modest sum of 5l. The reason for this leniency was that Mr. BRIDGE thought the policeman might have erroneously supposed the defendant to have been more deeply implicated than he really was in a street disturbance which had been occurring at the time, and might have "moved him on" in consequence of that mistake. It is a curious doctrine that a man in the neighbourhood of, but not in, a row may resent the natural suspicions of the policeman by kicking him in the face. Howbeit, the defendant was convicted, which indicates a healthier condition of the magisterial mind than that which afflicted Mr. PARTRIDGE in the matter of the lawless rescuer of the arrested African recorded a fortnight ago.

The affair of Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS and the Wandsworth police is very much more serious. It is imperatively necessary that, in some way or other, this matter should be as far as possible elucidated. Mr. WILLIAMS has expressed himself satisfied that a constable, having made a mistaken charge of assault, supported it by perjury, in which he was backed up by his comrades and by the inspector on duty at the police station, by whom, or some of whom, the prisoner was further assaulted while in custody. The accused policemen have been suspended from duty, and their conduct is now engaging the attention of Sir AUGUSTUS STEPHENSON. In justice to them the whole matter must of course be thoroughly investigated. A large part of the public will await the final result of this investigation with much interest, and, it is to be hoped, without making up their minds about it beforehand too confidently. In the first place, the question would present itself to the student of HUME in the guise of the following somewhat delicate problem—namely, to determine whether it is more probable that an inspector of police and three constables conspired together to oppress the innocent by means of perjury, in order to conceal the fact that one of the constables had made a mistake, or that Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS expressed himself with a degree of haste, want of judgment, and prejudice against the police which render him unfit for the post he holds.

This, of course, is a question of real importance for the people of the Wandsworth and Hammersmith districts, and it will have to be decided one way or the other. If Mr. WILLIAMS was right, the police ought to be, and probably will be, punished with the utmost severity. If he was wrong, he ought to be relieved of his present functions, which every one would greatly regret for various reasons. The relations between a police magistrate and the police of his district are so close and so constant that, unless they can work together with a considerable degree of mutual confidence, the existing arrangement must be changed, and the only possible way of changing it is the substitution of a different magistrate. If the police of Wandsworth think, rightly or wrongly, that they will not get justice from Mr. WILLIAMS, they will simply refrain from arresting and charging people whom it is their duty to arrest and charge. It is not difficult to imagine the most serious consequences following rapidly from such a state of things. The affair is the more to be regretted because Mr. WILLIAMS'S relations with the police in the Greenwich district were not by any means satisfactory.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AT BIRMINGHAM.

THE Government ought to feel itself flattered, and the Conservative party to be gratified, by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S unqualified approval of the conduct of affairs during the Session. The House of Commons has, he says, under the new Procedure, reverted to its best precedents; and even the Nationalist members have, according to the statement of their unexpected eulogist, observed strict conformity with Parliamentary rules. Having resumed its control of its proceedings, the House has proved its competence for the work of legislation. The routine business is in an unusually forward state, and many important measures are in progress, with every prospect of ultimate success. The conversion of Three per Cent. Stock, the Local Government Bill, and the Budget were in turn enumerated to the admiring Conservatives of Birmingham. A criticism on one of the proposed new taxes showed that Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has not lost the faculty of sarcasm; and perhaps his just comment on the bottled-wine duty may have pleased any Free-trader who may have been present at the meeting. There were perhaps also a few Conservatives who wondered why so eminent an optimist should have separated himself from an almost faultless Administration. A year ago Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S secession seemed to be partially explained by the tone and tendency of his public speeches; but since that time either the Government has made good all its shortcomings, or its habitual critic has become more tolerant, if less severely just. His version of past events and his anticipations of the future could not be more cheerful if his party had just emerged in triumph from a general election. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN would scarcely agree with Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL in his claim on behalf of the Conservatives to the allegiance of the Unionists who perhaps form a majority of the Birmingham constituencies. The opposition of the Liberal Caucus was passed over with silent contempt. It is natural and right that a professed Tory should recognize the merit and the resources of his own party, especially as the Liberal-Unionists are able and willing to expatiate on their own services to the common cause. Lord RANDOLPH allows them only the modest function of checking excessive confidence which might tempt the Government into neglect or indolence. They may congratulate themselves on having risen in the estimation of their lively critic. No long time has passed since Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL treated the Liberal contingent as a mere incumbrance on the Unionist alliance. When his political position is more fully consolidated, he will probably be less ready to disclose rapid changes of opinion. His consistency has hitherto been confined to uniformity of method and of temper in dealing with different sides of great questions.

Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL still adheres to the creed which is vaguely described as a belief in Tory democracy. The notion, if not the name, was invented by Mr. DISRAELI, who perhaps sincerely thought that he had made a valuable political discovery. At the date of the Reform Bill of 1867 he had persuaded himself that there was a stratum of Conservative feeling below the shopkeeping constituencies of 1832. It is certain that he was surprised and disappointed by the result of the experiment at the first election held under the new franchise. The great body of ratepayers proved itself in 1868 more Radical than the ten-pound householders; but when the accumulated blunders of Mr.

Mr. Gladstone's first Administration produced the reaction of 1874, sanguine Conservatives began to think that their leader's judgment had been sounder than their own. Tory democracy was supposed to have come to an ignominious end when Mr. Gladstone returned to power with an overwhelming majority; but Lord Randolph Churchill, who was then beginning a political career of his own, picked up the discarded title, and he may perhaps succeed better with it than its original author. The phrase may apply to democratic measures proposed or supported by the Tory party, and Lord Randolph Churchill has some reason to represent the Local Government Bill as an acceptance of his own political doctrine. If he could induce the democracy to support Tory principles he would accomplish a more difficult task. He has scarcely an equal or a rival in the art of conciliating a popular assembly. His indifference to consistency may probably have been aggravated by his knowledge that multitudes have short memories. Lord Randolph Churchill's eloquence and energy, and the sincerity of his convictions at the moment, are not the less appreciated by his numerous admirers because he may not yet have settled down into some regular course of political action. It is satisfactory to find that he at present gives a hearty support to the Conservative Government, and it is to his credit that he abstained for once from denouncing the expenditure of the War Office and the Admiralty. It would, perhaps, be unfair to inquire whether he at last shares the general conclusion that he made a mistake in resigning office. When he next enters a Cabinet he will probably have learned the necessity of deference to the judgment of his colleagues. Devotion to Tory democracy need not stand in his way. The words will admit of a convenient variety of interpretations.

The wide difference between abstract theories and legislative or administrative measures is well illustrated by some of the consequences of Lord Randolph Churchill's retirement. His appointment as Chancellor of the Exchequer was generally and rightly regarded as a paradoxical selection. It was not a sufficient reason for placing the finances of the country in the hands of a novice that his immediate predecessor had been as notoriously deficient as himself in special knowledge. He had the advantage of being younger than Sir William Harcourt, who is equally clever, and perhaps, therefore, he might have learned his business more quickly. There could be no doubt of his general intelligence or of his aptitude; but it is impossible to believe that he could have conducted such an operation as the conversion of the Three per Cents. Lord Salisbury took occasion in his speech at Bangor to pay compliments both to his present and his late colleague; but it would have been absurd to compare them in fitness for the place of Chancellor of the Exchequer. The only reference which Lord Randolph Churchill made to economical considerations consisted in a judicious warning against the concession to the County Councils of undue facilities for contracting debt. He suggested that it might be advisable to submit to a Select Committee of the House of Commons every proposal on the part of a municipal authority to raise a loan. The Bill, as it is drawn, provides a security against the risk of undue burdens on the local finances. Before it can contract a loan the Council must obtain the sanction of the Local Government Board. This department will probably prescribe the general conditions on which the Councils will be allowed to borrow, and it will also exercise a discretion in each particular case. As Lord Salisbury said, there is little risk of extravagance in the employment of annual income. An efficient check on the exercise of borrowing powers will be sufficient for the purpose of enforcing economy. At the same time, it must be remembered that the professed object of the Local Government Bill was to transfer to municipal bodies the greater part of the powers and duties which have been hitherto reserved by Parliament. A minute and stringent interference with their discretion would create not unreasonable disappointment. If the Councils are to engage in large undertakings, their rating powers will not be sufficient for the purpose. It may be necessary to require in all cases of borrowing the sanction of the Board; but when the amount of proposed loans is small, and when the proposed outlay is obviously useful or necessary, no vexatious opposition would be expedient.

It was not unnatural that the prophet of Tory democracy should claim for himself or his creed the merit of having obtained a large concession in the municipal franchise which has been proposed by the Government. As it happens, the question was virtually decided before Tory democracy had been born or christened. There could be no sufficient reason for rejecting, in the case of counties, the suffrage which had for fifty years been established in boroughs. Lord Salisbury explained the grounds on which he disapproved of the introduction of *ex officio* members. They could scarcely propose themselves as candidates for election when they had already seats in the Council. As associates of elected members they would have occupied an invidious position, and probably they would have found themselves in a permanent minority. If those justices who have really managed county business become successful candidates for seats in the Council, Lord Salisbury's Government will in a certain sense have made a concession to Tory democracy. The other kind of democracy now represented by Mr. Illingworth and his associates will in the present instance not be formidable. Mr. Chaplin as the spokesman of the country gentlemen, who are none of them democrats, will accept the Bill, though some of his friends may not really like its provisions. The attempt which Lord Salisbury described of the ultra-Radicals to discredit the measure by their adhesion appears to have been abandoned. It is now to be opposed, though scarcely by the leaders of the Liberal party, on the ground that it is not sufficiently democratic. The protest of a faction will perhaps reconcile any malcontent Conservatives who may dissent from the general opinion of their party to a measure which is at least not so obnoxious as Mr. Illingworth's demands. The Tory democracy in the person of its chief or only representative has already adhered to the policy of the Government. Lord Randolph Churchill has on this and on other occasions cleared himself from the suspicion which was raised by his unwise retirement from office. It is now known that his expressed reasons, however insufficient, were the same which really determined his conduct. He has not indicated any purpose of deserting his party; and, indeed, he is able, in his detached position, to give it independent support. It may be hoped that in due time he will become tired of wasting his considerable powers by separating himself from his natural allies and possible colleagues. Events have proved that he is not indispensable to his party; and the co-operation of an organized party is indispensable to every candidate for political success.

SI VIS ME FLERE——

The author of *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*, unbosoming himself concerning the secrets of his art to the austere young readers of *Atalanta*, was rash enough, after quoting the example of George Eliot (who, it is currently reported, "actually wept over her own creations"), to inquire if anybody exists who supposes that "a moving "situation was ever yet depicted the writing of which did "not cost the writer anguish and tears?" By this time, we should say, the iron has entered into his soul, and he must incline to wish that he had kept his curiosity to himself. 'Tis an age of *plébiscites*, and it presently occurred to the Editor of the New York *Critic* to put the question to America's greatest novelists all round, and in this way collect a set of data which should settle the matter once and for evermore. The result is curious and instructive.

Mark Twain, who can hardly have done much weeping over his published works, replies to the Editor of *The Critic* with a "simple 'Yes'"; Dr. Eggleston "cannot imagine "that any author capable of creating a work of art ever "shed tears over his own inventions—that is, if he were "not in his cups"; a third writer "privately proclaims "Mr. Besant's contention 'bosh'"; Mr. T. B. Aldrich will "take Horace's word for a thousand pounds"; Mr. Charles Barnard has not only "been moved to not un-"manly tears over the imaginary trials of an imaginary "girl," but also has "seen many an audience furtively wipe "its collective eye" at the end of the third act.

Perhaps the most learned and eloquent of the Besantine-Horatian faction is Miss (or Mrs.) Baylor (Frances Courtenay), who writes at some length and with a certain parade of other tongues than her own. "I am very glad," says this accomplished L.L., "to be able to say that I agree "with Mr, Walter Besant, who agrees with Horace, and "so" (she adds with a solemnity that is none the less imposing for being a trifle obscure) "by another remove to place "myself as far as possible from all conflict with august autho-"rities of unknown powers, besides shifting the responsibility "where it belongs, has been assumed, and can well be sup-"ported, and preventing"—here the lady unexpectedly grows

prudent—"all complications with another, powerful shade," "DIDEROT." She is sure that "HOMER wept over the "Iliad"; she "*knows*" that when THACKERAY killed THOMAS NEWCOME he had, if anybody were in the room with him, "to invent a most terrible fib to account for the tears "that dimmed his honest eyes"; she supports her case with an anecdote about DICKENS, a reference to "all the "humourists from ARISTOPHANES to LAMB," and a quotation (in the original) from ESPRONCEDA. Mrs. BURNETT agrees with HORACE, too, but she does so quite simply and in five lines of type. Another Horatian is Mr. CABLE, who opines that, though "writing is one thing; playing—acting—is "another," DIDEROT and Mr. BESANT are both right, and neither actor nor author can draw tears down the iron cheek of his public, till themselves have wept on their own account. Miss WOOLSON "agrees with HORACE "with all my heart," and instances THACKERAY, GEORGE ELIOT and TURGUENEFF—"in my estimation the greatest "of modern novelists"—as cases in point. "I am pleased "to say," writes Mr. TROWBRIDGE, "that I agree entirely "with HORACE"; and he proceeds, by way of justification, to relate that "HAWTHORNE wrote *The Scarlet Letter* with "perfect self-control," but that when he came to read it to his wife "even his granite nature was broken up and melted "by it." This is also the experience of Mr. NOAH BROOKS, whose "work has not been largely directed to the depicting "of moving situations," and to whom "the emotion has come "afterwards," when, says he, with as it were an austere confusedness, "with the critical coolness of a disinterested "reader, I have scanned my own lines." Mr. ROBERT GRANT, while admitting that "authors should undoubtedly "have broad sympathies," is yet prepared to believe that "not "many become either lachrymose or hilarious over their own "creations." Mr. R. M. JOHNSTON gives quite a learned little lecture on the *Epistle to the Pisos*, and "suspects that "Mr. BESANT may have interpreted HORACE's meaning too "literally." Mr. SIDNEY LUSKA thinks that "HORACE told "just one half the truth," inasmuch as—"practically"—he "has to chop himself into two" Mr. SIDNEY LUSKAS, one to feel and the other to write; Mr. STIMSON, bringing down HORACE and DIDEROT at a single shot, opines that "the "Maker and the Mummer do not work alike"; while Mr. JULIAN HAWTHORNE, greatly daring, admits that while he "knows nothing of these esoteric matters," he can so far put himself in the position of his own public as to surmise "that the evolution of tragic principles would be attended "by a distinctly pleasurable emotion—and *vice versâ*."

GOSSIP IN EXCELSIS.

THE foreign correspondence columns of most European journals during the end of last week and the whole of this have presented a spectacle peculiarly tempting to any one who plies, or wishes to ply, the dreadful and disgusting trade of the cynic. *La haute politique* often condescends to curious occupations; but she has not often condescended lower than to the gossip which during all the time just mentioned has been concocted and discussed about the "CHANCELLOR crisis." The first announcement, that Prince BISMARCK was going to resign because the German EMPEROR proposed to allow his daughter to marry somebody whom she is supposed to regard with affection, might have been thought piquant enough even for a generation which has invented Society papers. But this plain matter of fact, or of something not wholly different from fact, only stirred the activity of the gossips to new efforts. We have been told exactly how many folio sheets of paper were required by Prince BISMARCK to state his objections to the marriage of Princess VICTORIA of Prussia to Prince ALEXANDER of Battenberg. One industrious purveyor of tittle-tattle has gone so far as to set himself (it is true without any apparent prospect of coming to any answer) the really interesting sum in Rule of Three or Rule of Four, If it takes a hale old diplomatist thirty pages to write to an Emperor with a tube in his larynx, how many days may reasonably be expected to elapse before the Emperor replies to the diplomatist? Nay, this comparatively harmless, if somewhat disgusting, chatter has been outdone by the impertinent fibbing which has represented a German Empress and an English Princess Royal as a kind of Mrs. PROUDIE, requested to "leave the room" while her Imperial husband talked to Prince BISMARCK. And somebody seems to have thought the contemptible babble worthy, not only of a formal contradiction, but of an elaborate explanation of the circumstances, with the aid of which the Mrs. CANDOUR or the BACKBITE in question fabricated his or her slander. Such things are, of course, to be expected from the caterers for vulgar appetite, who alternate between the abuse of monarchy as an institution and the painful collection and retailing of the smallest trifles that may gratify snobbish curiosity as to Royal persons; but the conductors of respectable and important newspapers might have been expected to show a little more discretion. All the more might this have been expected as, after all, the amount of certain knowledge communicated is extremely small; and the tattlers confess themselves unable to say whether, in their own language, the EMPRESS or the CHANCELLOR has prevailed.

It would be pleasant if all this chatter could be dismissed as being not less unimportant and unsubstantial than it is undignified and uncertain. That, however, can unluckily not be done. There is enough practically confessed in the matter to make a certain amount of certainty possible. Nor can it be said that any one comes well out of the affair except the two persons whose happiness (as the phrase goes) is principally concerned, and who are, of course, to be condoled with *simpliciter*, and the Royal and Imperial ladies whose names have been dragged into the affair. For the gossips and scandal-mongers who have magnified it and gloated over it no language is too strong. They are among the not very numerous orders of creature which give some faint colour to the Manichæan heresy. But, unless Prince BISMARCK has been suffering evil to be imputed to him with extraordinary patience, he has himself behaved by no means well. Nor yet is it possible for any tolerably fair-minded critic, however little he may love Russia, to think that the project of the alleged marriage at the alleged time was judicious or statesmanlike. The conduct of the CZAR to the sometime Prince of Bulgaria is one of the basest and most disgraceful chapters of recent history, and the black of it was not made white by Prince ALEXANDER's pusillanimous apologies and his more pusillanimous abdication. The motives which prompted the CZAR to act as he did act were baser, though not more criminal, than the action which resulted from them. That is agreed by every one except Russian enthusiasts and Russian hirelings. But whether the CZAR is a bad man for hating and persecuting Prince ALEXANDER or not, it is certain that he does hate and persecute Prince ALEXANDER. And, this being so, that a Prussian Princess should be given to Prince ALEXANDER immediately after the death of her grandfather, and as almost the first act of the new reign in Germany, would, as matters are understood between Continental sovereigns, be a distinctly disobliging act to the CZAR, if it did not signify direct defiance of him. It is all very well to desire and applaud the annihilation of diplomatic and dynastic space, time, and etiquette in order to make two lovers happy. But Prince BISMARCK might very well say, "If that is the way your Majesty "carries out the sentiments of my famous speech on the "Army Bill, all I can say is that my duty as a gentleman "makes it impossible for me any longer to direct the foreign "policy of the Empire. I cannot hold out an elaborate "olive-branch to Russia one moment and flick her in the "face with it the next." And, however glad any one might be to see the necessary and inevitable antagonism between Germany and Russia express itself, he ought to see that such an expression must have consequences.

At the same time the way in which the PRINCE has at least allowed it to be supposed that he has acted shows him at his worst in every respect except cleverness; while it does not require even very much cleverness to get the better in a fight when you have any amount of fighting weight to spare and are utterly careless whether you hit below the belt or not. Prince BISMARCK's admirers as well as his enemies have been saying, in accents of admiration or disgust as the case may be, that he was determined to force on a match with another person whose influence with the present EMPEROR was popularly believed to rival his own, and that he has selected this particular question for the purpose. And so much is certain that, whether the occasion was of his seeking or not, the *esclandre* at least could hardly have taken place without a certain amount of what can only be called connivance on his part. Nobody else had any interest in making the thing public; and, if some singular indiscretion on the other side had let it out, it would have been easy for the PRINCE to guide the incident into a very different course, if either his good feeling or his good taste had equalled his great abilities and his dauntless courage. But neither good taste nor good feeling is largely present as an element in what somebody calls the German

paste, and Prince BISMARCK, great man as he is in many ways, has about as little of them as any man living.

As usual, in these cases of personal politics, the really political consequences are likely to be smaller than is expected, or at least than some persons affect to expect. Supposing the tale to be in the main true, no one can suppose that, though Russia has apparently scored a point by the renewed intervention of her "Fourth Plenipotentiary," she has gained any real advantage by it. She has served the CHANCELLOR as a stick to beat somebody else with; but in such cases a man is not particularly grateful to the stick, nor should the stick be particularly grateful to him. Such public feeling as has been aroused on the same side in Germany has been aroused, not in the least on behalf of Russia, but by quite different and well-understood motives. If any august personages have had their desires frustrated in this matter, and have been compelled to yield to Russian sensibilities because of Prince BISMARCK's threats, they may owe Prince BISMARCK no very great grudge, but their affection for the Power which the PRINCE ostensibly champions is not likely to be kindled. The PRINCE himself, after making this effort for Russia, will expect repayment of some kind—of course to Germany, not to himself—and may very well say at the next pinch that he cannot be always fighting Russian battles. And last, but not least, the German people, according to historical experience and anthropological probability, are not likely, in the long run, whatever sentiments or prejudices may have been skilfully played on in such an affair, to relish the idea of Russian susceptibilities playing the first part in the settlement and decision of German matters.

JETTISON JUSTICE.

THE administration of the criminal law ought before all things to be speedy and certain. The case which Mr. FENWICK brought under the notice of the House of Commons on Tuesday deserved attention and fully justified the course which he took in moving the adjournment of the House. The HOME SECRETARY, as Mr. FENWICK admitted, was not to blame, and had no responsibility whatever in the matter. But the magistrates and police at Alnwick must have committed between them a rather stupid and very unfortunate blunder. Two men, named JOHN DOUGLASS and JOSEPH WOLFENDALE, were convicted at Alnwick on the last day of the year 1886 for having in their possession without sufficient excuse some timber recovered from a shipwreck on the coast. They were fined two pounds each, with the alternative of a month's imprisonment. They could not pay, but they were not at that time sent to gaol. Last month, considerably more than a year after the sentence had been passed, they were suddenly arrested, and are now in prison. The time allowed them to pay the fine was a month, but fourteen months elapsed before the alternative penalty was enforced. There was then a strike in operation, and of course the Northumbrian miners are saying—very likely without foundation, but naturally enough—that they were finally apprehended at the instigation of their employers. The facts, as set forth by Mr. FENWICK, and not substantially disputed by Mr. MATTHEWS, scarcely seem to have called for more than a caution and a reprimand. On the 31st of December, 1886, a vessel was stranded on the coast of Northumberland. The miners and fishermen came down to assist in saving the crew. The timber with which the ship had been loaded was jettisoned or thrown into the sea for the purpose of lightening her and getting her off more easily. Then the fishermen and the miners parted company, and it must be admitted that the fishermen followed the more prudent course of the two. They stacked their timber on the Ratcliff links. The miners took theirs home and there left it in full view of the public eye. It might naturally be supposed that if an individual miner wanted to steal some of this timber he would have privately removed what he could get to his house, and disposed of his spoil in a quiet way at the first convenient opportunity. The open and concerted action of the whole body seems to show either that they appropriated the cargo in ignorance, or that they had no intention of appropriating it at all, though it is fair to say that there was a suggestion that the miners had helped themselves from the fishermen's stacks. The magistrates were probably bound to convict, but they might well have contented themselves with ordering the restoration of the wood and the payment of costs. To fine a working-man more than a pound is practically a sentence of imprisonment. Mrs. WOLFENDALE did, indeed, offer an instalment of twenty shillings, which she afterwards increased to thirty-five, but it was not accepted, and suddenly, on a warrant dated the 1st of March, the two culprits were seized in their own homes at an early hour of the morning. There must be very little serious crime in Northumberland.

Mr. FENWICK's own Parliamentary position is so insecure that it would not be altogether surprising if he created opportunities of pushing himself to the front. The recent vote of the miners to continue his salary and Mr. BURT's was passed by a very small majority, and is directly in the teeth of a previous decision. Threatened men not only live long, but are apt to live fast. In this case, however, Mr. FENWICK cannot be accused of obstruction, and no such charge was ever made against Mr. BURT during the many years he has sat in Parliament. The very brief space of time occupied by the discussion of Mr. FENWICK's motion was by no means in excess of what the subject fairly required, and, as Tuesday belonged entirely to private members, the Government had no interest in the order of business. The HOME SECRETARY made what defence he could for the magistrates and the police, who are not under his control, and of whom he need not have made himself the advocate. Mr. MATTHEWS did, in fact, read a statement drawn up by the magistrates' clerk, which explained nothing except what did not require explanation. The men were, it appears from this document, prosecuted by the Receiver of Wrecks, under the proper section of the Criminal Law Consolidation Act of 1861, for having illegal possession of "articles "belonging to a ship or vessel in distress, wrecked or "stranded." They might have been fined twenty pounds each; they were only fined two pounds. The Summary Jurisdiction Act of 1879 gives the justices power to extend the time for payment, and this course was taken by the justices of Alnwick in favour of the defendants. "One of the oldest and most experienced of the Metro-"politan police magistrates" told Mr. MATTHEWS that the same thing was often done in London, and certainly the public have long ceased to be surprised at anything which a London magistrate does. In this case the two prisoners told a police-sergeant that they would rather go to gaol at once than remain for an indefinite period in suspense; but this communication the worthy sergeant did not give himself the trouble to forward. The result is that more than a year from the commission of their offence, and just as they are getting employment after a strike of seventeen weeks, WOLFENDALE and DOUGLASS find themselves put under lock and key. It is a cruel thing to administer the law in this arbitrary and capricious manner. The Receiver of Wrecks was quite right to prosecute, especially as notices had been published in the neighbourhood to warn people against carrying off the cargoes of stranded vessels. The fault lies with the magistrates and police for making an unreasonable use of reasonable powers. Although Mr. FENWICK withdrew his motion at the suggestion of Mr. JOHN MORLEY, Mr. MATTHEWS will, if he is wise, order the immediate release of the men.

IRELAND.

IT is not for the despised Saxon to teach the Irish agitator his business, and the sentiments therefore which his later tactics are calculated to inspire on this side of St. George's Channel ought no doubt to find only diffident expression. But thought is free, as a profound thinker has remarked, and we cannot doubt but that the Parnellite performances of Sunday last in Ireland have excited in most English bosoms a feeling of profound if respectful wonder. It has been usual among the more thorough-going Gladstonian patrons of Irish anarchy to swagger about the immense numerical superiority of the forces of disorder over those of order in Ireland, and to boast that it was only through the admirable forbearance of an injured but self-controlled people that the "coercion "policy" was possible at all. The LORD-LIEUTENANT proclaims a meeting in this or that part of Ireland; but, say our Gladstonians, it is only by bringing large forces of police and soldiery to the spot that he is able to make his proclamation respected. What would he do if Nationalist meetings were to be announced and to get themselves proclaimed in a number of different places at once? If this operation were carried out on a sufficiently large scale he

would find himself at the end of his constabulary, if not of his military resources, and what would he do then? This has appeared a very telling inquiry to a certain portion of the English Parnellite press; and hitherto we had always admired the wisdom of the Irish Parnellites themselves in being content to echo the question with a "What indeed?" without making any attempt to put the Irish Executive upon their answer. This, however, is exactly the attempt which they seem now to have made in a mild way on Sunday last. It could only have been due to concerted action on the part of the leading agitators that so many meetings at so many different places were all fixed for the same day. At Kanturk, at Macroom, at Ennis, at Scariff, at Kilrush, at Miltown-Malbay, and at Loughrea, advertisements had been put forth inviting the attendance of the people on Sunday at the performance of various London "stars." Mr. HEALY and Mr. FLYNN were announced to appear at the first of these places, and Dr. TANNER at the second; DAVITT was "billed" for the third, and Mr. COX for the fourth; the fifth and sixth were to be respectively signalized by the presence of Mr. JOHN REDMOND (not the melodramatic brother) and Mr. ABRAHAM; while at the last-mentioned place the celebrated Mr. O'BRIEN was to tread the boards. All these entertainments were forbidden by proclamation; energetic attempts were in every case made to hold them; but not in a single instance did any of them come off. Mr. HEALY was easily caught and suppressed at Kanturk; Dr. TANNER, who "is stated to have held a meeting in a field at "4 A.M.," was unable to repeat even this ridiculous feat two hours later, and was conveyed to his hotel by two policemen when he attempted to hold a real meeting at two in the afternoon; DAVITT'S performance at Ennis was stopped, though here the breaking of a head or two supplied the plot for a later theatrical performance at Westminster, and Mr. REDMOND'S at Kilrush was disposed of on the same terms. At Scariff Mr. COX'S was quietly snuffed out; the assemblage got together at Miltown-Malbay by Mr. ABRAHAM and Mr. JEREMIAH JORDAN had three minutes given them to disperse, and did it in the time, perhaps beating the record; and though at Loughrea Mr. O'BRIEN spoke "for fully ten minutes," it was to a meeting who throughout that space of time were being actively dispersed. We can only repeat that, were it not for our conviction that the Irish agitator knows his business, we should have thought it the height of folly on his part to show his countrymen with what perfect ease, in this matter of suppressing meetings, the Irish Constabulary can carry out the orders of the Executive in seven different districts at once.

To turn to more important matters than these, we have to record a continuance of the successes of justice in the battle with Irish agrarian crime. Two of the perpetrators of another of those cruel and cowardly murders which have disgraced County Kerry have been convicted at the Wicklow Assizes. The crime of which JAMES KIRBY and PATRICK COURNANE have been guilty is now five months old, and the recollection of its circumstances may have in many minds become indistinct. It was the murder of an old man named PATRICK QUIRKE, of Liscahane, near Tralee. His house was entered early one morning last November by Moonlighters, who dragged him from his bed and shot him in the leg. QUIRKE lingered for a few hours in agony and then died. His offence, if we recollect rightly, was that of having been caretaker on a farm upon which there had been an eviction. The man KIRBY who was tried for this crime last Saturday was, after three hours' deliberation on the part of the jury—a time less likely to have been spent, perhaps, in weighing the merits of the prisoner's case than in considering the safety or otherwise of convicting him—found guilty. PATRICK COURNANE'S trial was concluded last Wednesday, the jury in this case arriving at their verdict after a retirement of only forty minutes, and recommending the prisoner to mercy on account of his youth and position. Both were sentenced to death; and we can see no reason why the sentence should not be carried out in the one case as in the other. The age of the victim may well be set against the youth of the murderer. English juries, however, are often not less weak in their recommendations to mercy, and the fact that Irish juries no longer shrink from giving the verdicts which their oaths dictate on the main question of guilt or innocence is of itself gratifying enough to excuse any minor hesitations. What remains to be done, now that the juries have recovered courage, is to support those other servants of justice who always run the greater danger of the two—the witnesses for the prosecution. We expressed a hope the other day that the girl NORAH FITZMAURICE, whose evidence brought her father's murderers to justice, would be protected from the treatment inflicted upon the CURTIN family; and it seems that the warning was not unneeded. It has been found necessary to make an "appeal to the justice and benevolence of the loyalists of "Great Britain and Ireland" on behalf of this girl and of her mother and sister. The lives of FITZMAURICE'S widow and daughters are, it appears, in so much danger that they are continually guarded by police. They find it impossible to get a labourer to work for them, and have not funds to employ men from a distance. Subscriptions are accordingly solicited, and will, we trust, be liberally forthcoming for this unfortunate family. But this case is not one to be dealt with by private benevolence alone; it is a matter of concern to public justice also, and as such demands the instant attention of the Government. By proper action on the part of the police with the view to the procuring of evidence it has been found possible to apply the boycotting clauses of the Crimes Act with very salutary effect in other parts of Ireland. Why is no effort made to put them in operation in the neighbourhood of Listowel?

And while on this subject we may add that examples of this offence appear to be cropping up in parts of Ireland which certainly ought to be kept free from it. The case of JOHN CROWE, of Blacklion, in the county of Fermanagh, is almost as bad in its way as the worst which occurred at Woodford at the time when Mr. MORLEY admitted guardedly that "a bad state of feeling" prevailed there. CROWE, who has long been boycotted by the League, and whose house was the object some time ago of an attempt at arson, has recently lost his daughter, for whom he could obtain no nurse during her illness, and whose funeral he only succeeded in carrying out after the usual difficulties. His persecution having lasted for two years he has at last given way. He had been in possession of a little farm from which the tenant had been evicted, but a fortnight ago he gave up the land and informed the local branch of the League to that effect. He was, however, actually told that he would not be pardoned by them unless he relinquished all claim to a sum of 40*l.* awarded him by the Fermanagh Grand Jury for the malicious burning of his dwelling. The unfortunate man was allowed a fortnight to choose between his 40*l.* and a League ticket, and by this time probably has, no doubt, submitted to his tyrants' terms. It is a serious matter to meet with such a state of things as this in a northern county; and it seems to suggest that the powers of the Crimes Act are enforced with less vigour in that part of Ireland where surely it is for obvious reasons desirable that the Act should be administered as energetically as possible—namely, in the province of Ulster. We confess, too, that we should like to see more prosecutions instituted generally throughout Ireland for the offence of boycotting. The Radical predictions of the failure of these provisions have been absolutely falsified in every case, so far as we are aware, in which proceedings have been taken under them; and we find it difficult to understand why operations so successful thus far have not been more systematically pursued.

THE CASE OF MAJOR TEMPLER.

THE acquittal of Major TEMPLER was to have been foreseen even before the case for the Treasury had been completely stated. It was already obvious that the only evidence on which a charge of the most dishonourable kind was brought against this officer was the unsupported word of two witnesses of the most dubious character. The Court doubtless wished to give Major TEMPLER an opportunity of describing the absurdity of the charge brought against him in adequate terms, or else it might well have declined to hear any more when the case for the prosecution was ended. Nothing had been produced against him except the statement of the ACKLANDS, unless, indeed, the extraordinary mental process which seems to have gone on in the head of Major ELSDALE is to be called evidence. This officer appears to have argued that, because a certain thing had been discovered, it must have been betrayed by a fellow-soldier and old friend who had every motive for keeping it secret. Military gentlemen reason in an extraordinary way. It is little more than a year ago since another distinguished officer lavished charges of corruption on what turned out to be no better evidence than his own private conviction that corruption must exist to account for various things of which he disapproved. After the example made

of these accusations and the officer who brought them by Sir JAMES STEPHEN, it is a scandal to find the same sort of thing being done again, and this time with the support of the Treasury. Now that the whole story has been told, it appears almost incredible that the War Office, which ought to be able to obtain competent legal advice, should have allowed the court-martial to be held. It must have known that the so-called evidence against Major TEMPLER had only been obtained by offering pecuniary aid to very shady witnesses. We have no desire to quarrel with the Court for adding a rider to acquit Major ELSDALE of ignoble motives. Justice to one officer can be done without attacking another; but if the public is inclined to reason in what seems to be the military way, it has some justification for suspecting the existence of a mess-room feud and service jealousy at the back of this accusation.

Personal questions may, however, be left out of the matter altogether. There is quite enough in it without them to supply a subject for comment. It is absolutely certain that if the Italians have discovered the secret of making balloons on what our War Office thought was its own peculiar system, the very simple explanation is that the War Office showed them how to do it. During the Soudan expedition Italian officers were attached to the staff, "but instructions "were given that they were to be shown everything and "have all information given them they required." After that the War Office is surprised that they knew all about it! At home, too, Major ELSDALE shows Italians round, and "fences" when they ask undesirable questions. The art of fencing is a delicate one, and requires great skill, long experience, and a good natural faculty. It is at least conceivable that the Italians fenced also, and found the Major's doubles and disengages highly instructive. In mechanics, too, as in the sister art of conjuring, the difficulty is not so much to know how to do a thing as to know what to do. When a machine or a trick has been invented, a clever workman can generally reproduce it. He reasons back from the thing done to the process; and, if it were not so, we might dispense with laws to protect patents, to the not inconsiderable relief of the press of work in the High Court of Justice. Therefore it is wiser not even to say what you are doing. Of course, when the possible imitator is allowed to see nine parts out of ten of the patented machine, it is all the easier for him to pirate it. If the War Office had reflected on these rather obvious truths, it would have long ago seen the folly of allowing the carefully chosen experts of a foreign Government to see its machines. The secret could not remain long hidden after their inspection. It may be a liberal and courteous thing to permit everything to be shown and explained to foreigners; but it is a course which is quite incompatible with secrecy. The War Office may perhaps be of opinion that a foreign Government which is well served by good mechanics can always make a machine to rival ours, and that it is useless to attempt to hide our inventions. In that case, however, the whole effort to maintain secresy is absurd. Certainly it is ridiculous to throw the doors of our workshops wide open to the foreigner and to close them to our own people, and it is imbecile to jump to the conclusion that our mysteries have been discovered by the treason of our officers when they have been shown to any foreigner who asked to look at them. The matter cannot rest here. The War Office has practically been convicted of betraying its own secrets, and it ought now to be called upon to alter its whole method of dealing with foreign visitors.

THE CRUEL GREY GREENYARD ROAN PONY.

A REMARKABLE set of artistic, biological, physiological, legal, historical, and geographical problems have arisen in quadrupedal shape in the City of London. Their existence is announced with official brevity and compression of style in the following advertisement, which has appeared this week in the "agony column" of a daily contemporary:—"A GREY ROAN PONY GELDING, taken by the "City Police for cruelty. If the owner does not claim it, it "will be destroyed to defray the City Greenyard expenses." It is rare to meet with three lines of print suggesting so many and such diverse topics of human inquiry as are here provided for the benefit of the moderately thoughtful.

What is a grey roan pony? Two sorts of roans are generally recognized—blue roans and red roans. What they have in common is that they are equally grey, and equally different from greys that are not roans. Answer, then, artists and veterinary surgeons! Explain what a grey roan is; we shall be one step on the long road towards the complete understanding of this short but singular announcement.

Next comes a more difficult subject. "Taken by the "City Police for cruelty." The questions which arise here are of somewhat diverse character. First, can a pony—apart from its colour—be cruel? Secondly, what right have the City Police to arrest or "take" it if it is cruel? Cruelty is a moral quality which men sometimes have, which is generally attributed to children in their relations to the lowest animals, and of which some writers have professed to observe traces in women. But how can a pony be cruel? And how did this pony testify to its cruelty? Did it bite and worry the passers-by with its teeth, and pound them with its hoofs? And, if so, how do the City Police know that its remarkable conduct was not the result rather of mania, or some temporary alarm or irritation, than of cruelty? And why have its onslaughts failed to attract the attention of the energetic reporter? But perhaps the pony was cruel to its own kind. Perhaps it ungratefully deserted its parents. It seems less probable that, by unfriendly or inconstant behaviour, it broke the heart of some other pony. Nevertheless, one would like to know what sort of cruelty on the part of a pony induces the City Police to capture it and submit it to the horrible danger presently to be observed upon. And on this point it is to be noticed that no part of the common law justifies the City Police in taking the cruellest pony living. Under what statute or what bye-law, or—which is more *vraisemblable*—by what obscure custom of the City of London, do the City Police exercise this vague and surprising jurisdiction? There is certainly no public Act for the Prevention of Cruelty by Animals. It seems almost fantastic to suggest that "taken for cruelty" means that the City Police mistook the grey roan for the personification of cruelty in the abstract.

"If the owner does not claim it, it will be destroyed to "defray the City Greenyard expenses." Where and what and wherefore and by whom and how managed is the City Greenyard? What or who is a Greenyard? Are there many in the City? What are its or his or her expenses? And how, in the name of all that is bewildering, can they possibly be defrayed by the destruction of a grey roan pony gelding taken for cruelty by the City Police? If the creature were to be sold, it would be more intelligible, because a beast of such an odd colour, remarkable disposition, and surprising history would probably, if properly advertised and put up for sale by a competent auctioneer, fetch a sum sufficiently considerable to defray for a long time all the expenses that could reasonably be incurred by even the most extravagant Greenyard. But destroyed! Suppose the black-hearted and grey-roan-coated animal is burnt to cinders or cut up by machinery into a billion pieces and spread out in the sun to dry, in what degree can the claims of the City Greenyard's creditors possibly be thereby appeased? It is impossible to say that any one of these stupendous mysteries is more insoluble than any other. The whole advertisement is so difficult to make out, that the task is rather facilitated than otherwise by the suggestion that perhaps pony, cruelty, and Greenyard may have no objective existence, and that the whole thing may be merely a more than usually ingenious amatory cryptogram.

A FAMILY PARTY.

IT is pleasant to see brothers dining together in unity at all times, and particularly when they happen to have a serious family quarrel which must not be referred to without the most careful management. Some dexterity is required on such an occasion to avoid stirring the traditional hot ashes, and, as the history of some Liberal Clubs has shown of late, it has not always been forthcoming when wanted. The Devonshire has set an example to the younger and more ardent institutions of the party. Last Monday it gave an illustration of how the thing ought to be done. When in future a Gladstonian Liberal has to propose the health of a Unionist-Liberal he will do well to take Lord GRANVILLE'S speech as a model. The gentleman whose health is drunk cannot do better than follow the lead of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. On neither side was there any attempt to burke the existence of that "gulf which divides the Liberal "party," or ignore the "difference which attempts to "destroy have rather accentuated." So did Lord GRANVILLE put it, skirting very dangerous matters in the neatest

way. Mr. CHILDERS, with whom we deal at greater length elsewhere, again spoke of quarrels among Tories and even Whigs in ancient days, which had been made up, as an encouraging reminiscence. Nobody spoke of the surrenders which had soldered up those old-world disputes. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN said enough for the other side. He made his profession of faith in good general terms. When the Colonies are one's ostensible subject, it is safe to say that one "will never willingly admit of any policy that will tend to "weaken the ties between the different branches of the "Anglo-Saxon race which form the British Empire, the "vast dominion of the QUEEN." His hearers may have instantly bethought them of the threatened weakening of the tie between the British Empire and a branch of the Anglo-Saxon race nearer home than Canada; but they said nought of that matter. It was indeed a dignified scene.

It was found safer to talk about America. There was nothing but what was agreeable to be said about that, and Lord GRANVILLE produced his share of the niceness which befitted the occasion with his accustomed finish of style. He was well justified in his comments on the change which has come over the tone of English remarks about things American. It was appropriate that he should couple his remarks with the name of Mr. LOWELL, who had something to say in his time about the protecting tone some Englishmen thought fit to assume "in writing "about our great rivals across the sea." We are glad there is less of that, and even that what "protecting tone" there is in our mutual comments is apt rather to be heard from the other side. There seems to abide with us some memory of remarks made by Mr. LOWELL on the burning question tabooed at the Devonshire Club, not altogether unlike those comments which set his pen to work in other days. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's praise of America was in another key, and one which, on the whole, we like better. There was so much between the lines of it capable of direct application to the "burning question of domestic politics." It was truly pleasant to hear devotion to the Constitution and unquestioning obedience to the law praised so heartily in that company. The illustrations chosen were American—and so much the better for America—but, after all, it was the praise of the thing which was the essential. And it was particularly good to hear it from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, whose great merit in this, as in most things he has done for two years past, precisely is that he is a Radical. If one "of ours" had introduced that reference to the draft riots, and their summary treatment in New York, or the praise of order and law, it would have been a matter of course, but from the member for Birmingham it is rather more. Would Mr. CHAMBERLAIN have praised the use of the militia and of grape-shot to support "the "authority of Government" ten years ago? Hardly. If he does it now, that is a sign among others of the reaction against the once popular, though only half-avowed, creed of the Liberal that every violent mob is "the people," and ought to be allowed to have its way. There were other excellent things in Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's speech, and particularly his counterblast to Mr. BRIGHT's last pronouncement on Imperial Federation. Contradiction and revolt have brought some good out of the evil of Gladstonian supremacy. Notably a decided revival of old habits of respect for law and of patriotism in quarters where they were not wont to be conspicuous. If his visit to America has strengthened Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's faith in them, it is not the least good it has done. He was to be envied the pleasure of praising them across the table to Lord GRANVILLE.

MR. GLADSTONE ON THE SITUATION.

WE do not know whether Mr. GLADSTONE's followers are satisfied with the result of Sir BALTHAZAR FOSTER's well-meant attempt to "draw" their chief on the political situation and prospect; but, if so, even the most indulgent of opponents will find some difficulty, we should think, in understanding their satisfaction. Of the banquet itself it will surely not be denied, even by Gladstonians themselves, that it was rather a dreary function. One point of difference—we do not say that there are not others—between Mr. GLADSTONE and the husband of JULIET's nurse is that the former is not naturally a "merry man." He does not shine on convivial occasions, and he is on no occasion a particularly good hand at cheering the spirits of the depressed. He has not the invaluable art of making light of political misfortunes with a good grace. He is nothing if not argumentative; and, if he cannot successfully explain away disaster, he has not the knack of skilfully trifling with it or of coolly passing it by. His heroic habit is to grapple with it, and to attempt, however hopeless may be the task, to destroy its significance by reasoning, or, if that fails, by assertion; and, of course, when, as at present, the attempt in question *is* hopeless, his efforts must necessarily have a dispiriting effect upon his hearers. What colder comfort, for instance, could be offered to a party than the allegation that, "maimed and mutilated as they were supposed to be and as "in some sense they have been, yet that, as decided by "results, their elections in the main during the last fifteen "months have been more successful, and they have com-"manded more victories, or more advance at the polls in the "country, than any party in a minority," so far as Mr. GLADSTONE's recollection goes, "have ever done previously"? And what can an opponent reply to this extraordinary allegation except that, if Mr. GLADSTONE is satisfied, so most undoubtedly is he; that he asks nothing better than that the elections of the next fifteen months should be as "successful" for the Gladstonian party as those of the last fifteen, and that, in respect of "victories" and "advances" (especially of the Doncaster and Deptford description), this party is welcome not only to maintain but to increase the lead it has taken over any previous party in a minority within Mr. GLADSTONE's recollection?

It is just possible that a ray of hope may have dawned upon his followers when, from discussing the situation of the party, he went on to examine the Parliamentary prospect. Yet those who have considered, by the light of the morrow's reflection, the line of tactics which he appeared to be foreshadowing will not, we think, be likely to find it a very hopeful one. Mr. GLADSTONE has apparently persuaded himself that Mr. SMITH's answer to the "wobbling" Sir EDWARD WATKIN the other night has given him and his party an opening, and that it contained an unintentional disclosure of Ministerial policy in Ireland out of which the Opposition may make capital in the country. For not only did Mr. SMITH say that it was not the intention of the Government to proceed with a Local Government Bill for Ireland this Session, but he actually added that "there will "be no indisposition to extend to Ireland an Imperial "system of local government, suited to its wants, when "it is made clear that her people are prepared to receive "and work it in a spirit of loyalty to the Crown and "Constitution." This, says Mr. GLADSTONE, with his characteristic want of humour, is a deliberate declaration of policy of the broadest, most menacing, and most formidable kind. Prodigious! The Irish are actually threatened with the possibility of being refused an improved system of local government, until they are prepared to receive and work it in a spirit of loyalty to the Crown and Constitution. Or, to put it the other way, the Government have put forward the "menacing and for-"midable declaration" that, if the Irish demand an improved system of local government for this purpose, "working it in a spirit of disloyalty to the Crown and "Constitution," they won't get it. And Mr. GLADSTONE actually believes that a protest against this unconscionable refusal on the part of the Government will make a good cry to go to the country with! He seems to think that, if the Conservative party had promised a system of local government to Ireland as unconditionally, in fact, as he groundlessly alleges them to have done, they would be sternly called to account by the nation for having subsequently limited their promise by the dishonourable condition that its fulfilment must be consistent with the national welfare. Of course if this is so, and if the English are really more bent upon setting up County Councils in Ireland than of preserving the Crown and the Constitution of the realm, Mr. GLADSTONE has really discovered a Parliamentary and electioneering policy, and his followers ought to be greatly cheered by his speech at Sir BALTHAZAR's dinner. But, on the whole, we should not be surprised if the bulk of his followers misdoubted the policy and were not much enlivened by the speech.

THE PROGRESS OF GENERAL BOULANGER.

FOR the present, and for some time to come, French politics are likely to consist of the doings of General—or, as some of his more pedantic critics persist in calling him, M.—BOULANGER. In this last week there have been three

events in the history of Boulangism. A constituency has returned the General at the head of the poll with a crushing majority; another attempt has been made to ruin him by the publication of documents which prove his limited regard for truth; and a Moderate Republican opponent of character and ability has endeavoured with some spirit to organize a general opposition to his triumphant career. The election in the Dordogne completes the proof of his great and general popularity in France. It is taken on all hands as a sign that he is sure of his return in the Nord. In whatever form it comes to him, he may be now considered safe to obtain power. If anything is wanted to complete the certainty, it will assuredly be supplied by his opponents. The publication of the telegrams sent by him to electioneering agents while in command at Clermont Ferrand, which was meant to ruin him, will unquestionably serve his interests. They prove, indeed, most superfluously that he is singularly lax in his statements on matters of fact; but so much was tolerably well known already, and has done him no harm. But their appearance proves something else, and it is that his opponents, who find him deficient in honesty, are capable of violating one of the strongest laws of the accepted French code of honour. Next to strict probity in money matters, there is nothing considered so sacred as the "professional secret." That a doctor should not talk about the affairs of his patients, or a notary about the business of his client, even in a court of law and when called as a witness, are matters of faith with all Frenchmen. It is equally taken for granted that a public office will not publish documents dealing with private affairs. General BOULANGER's telegrams can only have been made public with the participation of somebody in the Ministry of the Interior. Their appearance will be simply taken to prove that the politicians who sneer at the General's honour are themselves capable of committing what every Frenchman regards as a particularly mean offence. At the best they have put themselves on his level. It may be a confused and foolish theory that a Government is entitled to "tap the wires" for information, and to act on it when got, but is not entitled to publish it. Still, that is the general feeling, and the disregard shown for it is one proof among fifty of the stupidity with which the fight against General BOULANGER is being conducted.

M. RIBOT has taken a more honourable line in his opposition to the General. His appeal to "respectable "people" all over France to join in opposing Cæsarism and the dominion of the mob is at least a clean and honourable kind of warfare. It will, nevertheless, be as futile as the less creditable methods have been. M. RIBOT is a politician of unquestioned honour and considerable ability. He has always been a Moderate Republican, and has never intrigued to gain office or upset others. Such a man ought to be a formidable opponent; but there is probably no public man whom General BOULANGER can afford to hold cheaper. M. RIBOT, in truth, belongs to the party which in French politics is destined to be always beaten—the sober men who dislike extremes. If there were a general respect for the Constitution in France, and a disposition to hold all things as of less importance than good government; if there were few parties, and politicians could sink minor differences in order to carry out a common policy, then M. RIBOT would be listened to; but—it is almost absurd to go on. If that were the state of things in France there would be no need for his appeal. General BOULANGER would still be a zealous cavalry officer, and the Republic would be in no danger either from the sabre or the street. M. RIBOT is asking the Orleanist to join with the Opportunist, who exiled the Princes and has allowed the attacks on the Church, and the Bonapartist to help his worst enemies against a man who he believes is serving the good cause though unwittingly. Only one answer can be given to such a request. As for the mass of Frenchmen who belong to no party and only desire a strong Government, why should they help the Chamber to escape the punishment it has brought upon itself by its divisions, its wrangling, and its chattering incompetence?

THURSDAY NIGHT IN THE HOUSE.

THURSDAY night's proceedings in the House of Commons supplied a curiously apt illustration of the twofold character of the tactics which circumstances have forced upon the Opposition. Mr. GLADSTONE's after-dinner speech of last Wednesday at the National Liberal Club may not be possessed perhaps of quite such militant significance as is ascribed to it in some quarters; but there is no doubt that it was to some extent designed on the part of the distinguished guest of the evening as an assurance to his followers that as a Parliamentary leader he had not quite forgotten his swashing blow. No doubt Mr. GLADSTONE's elaborate attack on the Ministerial statement with respect to the extension of local government in Ireland was intended to encourage his dispirited party by exhibiting to them their leader in a fighting mood. Nor, further, is there any reason to question the sincerity of Mr. GLADSTONE's desire to come to blows with the Government, if only he could discover a plausible or even a decent *casus belli*. But this is exactly the difficulty. He does not see his way to organizing a grand attack upon the Budget; while as to the Local Government Bill the strategic outlook appears more hopeless still. Nothing, of course, would be, in one sense, easier to him than to get up a magnificent pitched battle, either on the second reading of the Bill itself, or by way of substantive motion on the question whether it should or should not be accompanied by similar, or at any rate the foreshadowing of similar, measures for Scotland and Ireland; but Mr. GLADSTONE, as a good general, has no taste for magnificent pitched battles, which are beforehand certain not only to end in disastrous Parliamentary defeat, but to leave him in a worse position in the country than before he fought them. Hence, though Mr. GLADSTONE thinks it worth while to fill three parts of his speech, last Wednesday, with hyperbolical denunciations of the enormity of withholding local government reform from Ireland until the country is fit for it, he has thus far given no sign of any readiness to maintain that proposition from his place in the House of Commons. Failing such readiness, and in the absence of any serious ground of objection to the great Ministerial measure now before Parliament, Mr. GLADSTONE has been thrown back for fighting purposes on such questions as that raised by Mr. PARNELL with respect to the scuffle of last Sunday in the courtyard at Ennis. Never have the terms of the rule which confines these impromptu debates to definite matters of "urgent public importance" been more severely strained. Even the Parnellites themselves were hard put to it to make any more out of their complaint than that cavalry were employed to do work which would have been better entrusted to infantry; and out of this minute grievance, enforced by Mr. PARNELL's thoroughly conventional declamation and the windy rant of Mr. O'BRIEN, who now seems to regard every subject on which he speaks as a part to scratch a kitten in, Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. MORLEY, and Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN were forced to provide themselves with material for a two hours' prolongation of the debate. Of the two lieutenants Mr. MORLEY does not perhaps need our compassion; for, misled by the experience of a Chief Secretary who, from the nature of his position, never had or could have had to dragoon anybody but a Belfast Protestant, he was probably supported in his criticisms by a sincere belief that disorderly Nationalist mobs might easily be dispersed by a few graceful allusions to the "union of hearts." But Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, who has served in Ireland under totally different conditions, knows well that, in STRAFFORD's words, the work of keeping order there "needs warmer water than so"; and his eager advocacy of the Parnellite contentions can, therefore, be only regarded as marking with painful precision another downward step in his career.

It is interesting, though not perhaps very edifying, to turn from a debate of this kind to the discussion which followed on the second reading of the Local Government Bill. There, where opposition however violent, and indeed however malicious, might easily mask itself under a disguise of legitimacy, there is plainly no opening for opposition at all. Mr. STANSFELD, who, as a former chief of the department over which Mr. RITCHIE presides, would have been eminently well fitted to head an attack on the measure, if any opportunity could have been found, was obliged to make what was not really a second-reading speech at all. It was merely a speech appropriate to the motion for going into Committee, confined, as it was, to a mere expression of the speaker's regrets that the Bill should be defective in this or that detail, or should stop short of this or the other point of innovation. Mr. STANSFELD, indeed, frankly admitted that he could find no objection serious enough to warrant a motion for amendment on the second reading; and that the

Opposition are forced, by the very character of the measure, to reserve themselves for the Committee stage. Sir William Harcourt again, in his speech at York, could only jibe at the Bill for having, as he contends, appropriated his London Municipality scheme—a part of the measure which undoubtedly "accuses its origin" by being quite the most questionable feature of the proposed legislation. And this is all that the Opposition can do, either at Westminster or elsewhere. It is certainly a remarkable tribute both to the legislative and administrative policy of Ministers that the Gladstonians cannot discuss the former without finding themselves in substantial accord with their opponents, or attack the latter without finding themselves arrayed also against the first principles of good citizenship and good government.

CORRUPT LITERATURE.

Among the matters to which the attention of Parliament is to be called we notice that corrupt literature is one. Mr. Samuel Smith has announced his intention of asking Parliament to look into that province of things, and presumably do something. Now of course, before undertaking to give Mr. Samuel Smith general support, it will be well to find out exactly what he means by corrupting literature. So much depends on the definition in a case of this kind. There are persons of sentiment who find the rather butcherly pugnacity of Mr. Rider Haggard's stories corrupting; and Sir Wilfrid Lawson would doubtless apply the adjective to much cheerful verse. But Mr. Samuel Smith has probably no wish to establish a censorship of an extensive kind, and if his object is what we take it to be, it is entitled to the favourable consideration of the House and the support of the decent part of the community. The *Saturday Review* has already directed the attention of the police to the fact that books which no shop dare expose in Paris, or even in Brussels, are to be seen in windows in London. Books which have only escaped suppression in France through the astounding laxity which has allowed some parts of Paris to become nearly impassable to decent people—on the showing of Parisian papers themselves—are translated and openly advertised. They are bowdlerized to some extent, no doubt (it cannot be very thoroughly, or else there would be nothing of them left); but that is not said in the advertisements. What the publishers of such things appeal to is the taste for obscene scribbling. We would rather not profane the name of literature by applying it to such nauseous rubbish. If this is what Mr. Samuel Smith wants to put a stop to he has our entire sympathy. It is not easy in these lax days to persuade our rulers to do anything effective in the cause of public decency. We have allowed a disgraceful liberty to native manufacturers of the stuff, but even a public protest which has no immediate practical effect is something. It will help to fix a brand, to have nastiness properly described as nastiness, and reduce the purveyors of it to their proper position. The surest of all ways of securing immunity for the abuse is to sit still and allow it to go on under the cowardly pretext that nothing effectual can be done. We have seen of late what a little tardy resolution can do to secure the liberty of the streets from mob tyranny, and a similar display of firmness would be equally beneficial in other matters.

PROFESSIONALS IN ENGLISH SPORTS.

In spite of the prophets, West Bromwich Albion—heavens, what a name!—are the holders of the Football Association Challenge Cup for the year, and the confidently expected victory has been snatched from Preston North End by the nimble fingers of the opposing goal-keeper. The result does not affect us with any feeling more lively than one of mild satisfaction that the North-country team—to the making of which both sides of the Tweed seem to have contributed—has not materially profited by its rather shabbily won victory over Aston Villa in January. The triumph of one eleven consisting largely of professional players over another similarly composed is a matter of small moment as compared with the present position of professionals in various departments of sport, among which football is conspicuous.

The professional question is complicated by the presence of a sort of amphibious animal, who must, for want of a better name, be called a "semi-professional"—a kind of amateur hireling unhappily familiar to all who have taken much part in either of the two great English games. He is a player of greater or less skill, who gradually gives to his favourite pursuit time and attention which are withdrawn from his profession, or business, or trade—for he occurs in all ranks of society—until he finds a natural difficulty in making both ends meet. Instead of frankly facing the situation, and either giving up his pastime with a sigh or joining the number of professional players, he steers a middle course. When asked to play in such and such a match, he hints a doubt whether he can afford it; he is not a rich man, and the expenses of going about the country are heavy. So he comes to receive, under the convenient euphemism of "expenses," a sum which not only defrays the cost of travelling, but leaves him with a substantial recompense for his services, while the receipt of it, by a tacit convention, is not allowed to deprive him of his position as an amateur. There is nothing apparently to prevent him from pursuing his undignified career under shelter of false pretences until failing powers make him no longer worth his fee. Avowed professionals regard him with envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness; amateurs of the better sort fight shy of him; but an unworthy desire for victory at any price ensures his employment by many clubs which partly depend for their prosperity on the support of the outside public.

When the Association Challenge Cup was first offered for competition in 1871 the professional question had not arisen, and no one thought of it arising. Examples of the semi-professional, though they no doubt occurred, were not so common as in the cricket-field. Football, as a game for grown men, was in its infancy, even the rules were in a rather provisional state, and the best teams were composed mainly of players who had learned to play at the Public Schools. The Royal Engineers, Oxford University, the Old Etonians, and, above all, that redoubtable club the Wanderers, who were the winners in five years out of seven, had matters pretty much to themselves. Then the game spread; tradesmen's and artisans' clubs were founded, and so football reached the classes from which the professional element in any sport is naturally drawn. The game, as a game, cannot be said to have improved in extending from boys to men. The rules, and still more the style of play, have been modified to suit older players. Men do not play like this. One gets possession of the ball, and straightway kicks it—or in the Rugby game flings it—to another, conveniently posted for its reception; he, when beset by the foe, kicks it on to some one else who is prowling about in the neighbourhood. It will, no doubt, be urged in reply that this method of play requires great skill, and is also more successful than the other in the important object of getting goals. In the same way it may be said that a couple of wily old greyhounds running wide, and driving the game to each other, will kill more hares in a day's coursing than the winner and runner-up at Altcar; but just as the sportsman looks at the quality of the sport, not at the fulness of the bag, and prefers the style of Master Magrath to that of the farmer's brood-bitch, even so do we hold that the modern style of football is not to be compared with the game of boys; and this is the style which the existence of professional teams is likely to perpetuate, because it depends for success less on brilliancy and dash than on skilful combination and dexterous "passing."

The outcry for the recognition of professionals came loudest from the manufacturing districts of the North. Lancashire, home of manufactures and cradle of Free-trade, has been conspicuous for her success not less in importing than in producing professionals. Many of the players who have been most prominent in gaining for Lancashire its high position in county cricket are natives of other parts of Great Britain: and we have noticed that, when Manchester plays Liverpool, each team generally includes three or four ground-bowlers, though one would have thought that the rivalry between the two towns would have induced them to rely on their own resources in this match, if in no other. Still, much as the prominence now given to the professional element in cricket is to be regretted, the game is one in which amateurs cannot altogether do without it. Grounds must be kept in order, umpires and practice bowlers are needed, and the time taken up by an important match renders it inevitable that in first-class cricket much of the burden of the game should rest on men who have no other occupation—that is, on the professionals and on a comparatively small number of well-to-do amateurs. In football there is no such necessity. Professionals do not teach the game; they are not needed in that capacity, or indeed in any other, by amateurs. This is surely a sufficient condemnation of their existence. The professional in any branch of sport is, in the first place, the servant of the amateur who practises it for his own amusement. When there is no room for such service, professionals should be rigidly excluded by amateurs from sharing in their sport. Something will have to be done soon, or amateurs will, in football at any rate, find no place left for them. One is constantly hearing complaints of rough, and even of foul, play on the part of professional teams, and every year fewer and fewer of the best clubs enter for the Cup competition. It is sometimes said that they may, if they choose, establish an Amateur Cup; but why should they? The Association was, in the beginning, an amateur association, the competition was a competition of amateur players, and there is no reason why the clubs which were its original supporters should retire from the field, when strong combined action on their part would, in all probability, gain the point.

It does not require much foresight to perceive what must inevitably come of the present state of things; if, indeed, it has not to some extent come already. Enterprising speculators will hire a team of professionals, paying wages which will secure the best talent, so as to attract large crowds of spectators, and

bring in profitable returns by way of gate-money. There will be eager competition among rival troupes in snapping up promising players; a brilliant half-back, or a goal-keeper of unusual manual dexterity, will be tempted from one team to another by the offer of a higher salary; and the link—often a slight one—which now exists between the player and the locality which he nominally represents will be broken.

In fact, professional football is a show, not a game; it is played for the pleasure of the spectators, not of the actors. If proof of this is needed it may be found in the circumstances of the match between Aston Villa and Preston North End to which we have already referred. On that occasion, it will be remembered that the spectators crowded on to the ground and made a fair game, in the opinion of the players, impossible. But the spectators had paid for admission, and the players did not dare to baulk them of their spectacle; so they were forced to adopt the ignominious expedient of playing on for the benefit of the crowd, with the reservation that the game should not count as a cup tie—an agreement which was, as we all know, afterwards upset by the Council of the Association. When such a state of things as this prevails the players are to all intents and purposes the servants of the spectators. Of course this is exactly what professional givers of an entertainment must be, and as such they are in most branches of sport excluded from amateur competitions, while amateurs who take part in their performances share their disqualification. So it should be in football. If the show pays there is no reason why it should not take place; but there is every reason why amateurs, who play for love of the game, for the sake of healthy exercise and the joy of battle, should refuse to take part in it. The winner of the University quarter-mile does not enter for the Easter Monday handicap held in the grounds of some pot-house; the amateur gymnast does not appear in a troupe of trapeze artists; and it ought to be recognized that the professional football-player is on exactly the same footing as the professional pedestrian and acrobat.

MR. BALFOUR SPEAKS.

MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR must have felt himself a fortunate man on Wednesday night. He had an excellent case, a favourable audience, an incomparable butt ready in Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, and if such a combination of good fortune might have seemed likely to provoke Nemesis, he had the consciousness that a sacrifice to that goddess was ready in the fact that his health was going to be proposed by Mr. Ashmead Bartlett. If the sometime member for Eye were not undoubtedly incorruptible, one really might think that Mr. Balfour had bribed him to make that Curtian reference; and we present the suggestion to the Nationalist organs. However, even Mr. Ashmead Bartlett did nothing worse than provide a comic note, and as that note did not throw Mr. Balfour out, no harm of any kind was done, and yet Nemesis, unless in her most ill-tempered mood, must have been propitiated. Mr. Wilfrid Blunt has at last got his answer from Mr. Balfour, and the best test of the success of that answer is that some Gladstonian critics of Mr. Balfour's speech have wisely left it alone altogether. It comes, of course, to nothing more than what every sensible person foresaw long ago, and what was made certain by Mr. Blunt's almost inconceivable letters on the subject in the *Times*. Between the intrinsic improbability of the "first version," the discrepancies between that and the others, the unimaginable farce of Mr. Blunt's posing as a "serious Liberal politician" sent from Heaven to Clouds for the purpose of making officious arrangements with the Chief Secretary, the contemptible residuum of matter which his own latest and most elaborate account left to the story, and the state of mind which interpreted Mr. Balfour's charitable and kindly declaration that, as the original statement was a lie, he did not believe Mr. Blunt made it, into the exactly contrary imputation of falsehood to Mr. Blunt himself—the whole thing had become a sheer absurdity. There was nothing more to be done with it than to point out, as Mr. Balfour pointed out with cruel amiability, that Mr. Blunt is only a feather-headed person of no importance, who is quite unaware of what he really is, thinks himself all sorts of things which he is not, and, for the most part, does not know what he is saying, much less what other people have said. And Mr. Blunt, with somewhat unusual good sense, practically "comes down" in such answer as he has given, and retires grumbling about Mr. Balfour's "lugubrious and menacing" arguments. So now we have not even got to wait for the further revelations which Mr. Blunt promised, and need only repeat the obvious moral that it is well to be very careful in talking with Home Rulers. If any blame is to be attached to Mr. Balfour in the matter, it is that he seems to have come to this useful conclusion himself rather late. It is perfectly permissible for a private person to fool fools to the top of their bent; but a Cabinet Minister is under somewhat different obligations.

It is a little surprising to find Gladstonians accusing Mr. Balfour of not being serious enough in the speech as a whole. To begin with, the great classical learning of Mr. Ashmead Bartlett would be ready, and justly ready, with a retort about *ridentem dicere verum*. If any one looks a little below the surface, he will find no lack of seriousness in Mr. Balfour's speech, though the seriousness may be clothed with something like that jesting air which made the nincompoops of another day so furiously angry with Canning. Certainly Mr. Balfour did not give himself the tragedy airs of Mr. Gladstone. He did not say that in serving his country he was prepared for even worse sufferings, &c.; that his career might be short, but he trusted, &c.; or that he hoped a good Providence would forgive the wicked men who, not knowing what they did, called him names. In other words, there was nothing of Pecksniff, and nothing of Chadband, about Mr. Balfour's manner; and there are, no doubt, some people who are unable to recognize seriousness unless it wraps itself in some of the familiar formulæ consecrated by these great men. A sarcastic horticulturist, ironically defending the practice of tight-lacing in the vegetable world, once remarked that, if market gardeners sent lettuces to market without strings round them, the sapient British public would say "That is not a lettuce"; and apparently there are people who, missing the familiar cant, say "That is not serious." There is seriousness enough, in all conscience, in that part of Mr. Balfour's speech which deals with the attempts of Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt to evade responsibility for their conduct before the great volte-face of Christmas 1885, and in his dealing with the newest cant—cant indulged in even by such a person as Mr. John Morley—about the union of English and Irish hearts. And how very serious both references are may be best shown by comparing with what Mr. Balfour says a short paragraph in the same number of the *Times* which contains the report of his speech. Every one knows that, in consequence chiefly of the bravery and devotion of Norah Fitzmaurice, the murderers of her father have been convicted and sentenced to death. According to some Gladstonians, who must enjoy the possession either of the greatest ignorance or the greatest effrontery, this trial had nothing to do with the League or the Parnellites at all. It was a case of ordinary crime in which everybody must rejoice at the punishment of the criminal. And now we hear the usual story that the lives of Norah Fitzmaurice, of her sister, and of her mother are being made intolerable because this girl helped the law and avenged her father upon the scoundrel emissaries of a scoundrel association. That is the kind of thing that Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Morley, Sir William Harcourt are fighting and striving to help, protect, enforce, make general in Ireland. And that is the kind of thing that Mr. Balfour, and the Government of which Mr. Balfour is a member, are determined, at whatever cost, to put down with the help of the English people. Without such practices as those now being applied to the Fitzmaurices, the Parnellite terror could not be kept up for a month, and it is no wonder that the conviction in two cases of Parnellite murderers has alarmed the party. For five years (and all credit to them) Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt, if not Mr. Morley, saw these facts clearly enough. They have not yet answered Mr. Balfour's simple and quite serious question, Were they tyrannical and wicked oppressors when they saw, or not?

The chief interest, indeed, of Mr. Balfour's speech is the possibility it gives of submitting in a brief and intelligible form a criterion of the present state of Ireland to almost any intelligent person. Take it and set it side by side with Mr. Gladstone's delivered on the same night, with Mr. Morley's at Newcastle the other day, with any other recent or not-recent deliverance of a Separatist, and the difference must surely be obvious at once to any one who ever possessed, or who at least has retained, a faculty of cool judgment. Mr. Balfour is probably the last person who would thank Mr. Ashmead Bartlett or any one else for representing him as a Heaven-born politician. What he does, and by doing has eminently justified his selection for his present post, is to apply to its business the cool common sense of an educated Englishman. This is the quality which, appearing in the days of the first Cecil and those of his son, obscured during the civil wars and religious troubles of the seventeenth century, was shown again on each side of politics by Godolphin, by Harley, by Walpole, by the two Pitts, by Canning, by Lord Palmerston. Some Passionate Pilgrim of Gladstonianism has mournfully expostulated with Mr. Balfour for his indifference to "the passion and the pain of the Irish people"—that is to say, apparently, to the passionate desire which some Irishmen feel for inflicting on other Irishmen's daughters the pain of being fatherless. Mr. Balfour is not deaf, and snuff-taking has gone out of fashion, else the parody would be easy:—

> When they talked of their passion, their pain, and their stuff,
> He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff.

And that is the way to govern Ireland.

Meanwhile it is only necessary to commiserate that unhappy country on the kind of champions which she prefers to Mr. Balfour. Mr. Parnell, with his contracts for supplying Dublin with stone and his forty thousand pounds of testimonial; Mr. Gladstone, with his eighty-six votes bought at the price of pronouncing the whole of his own fifty years of public life to have been an unprotesting acquiescence in brutal injustice; Mr. Blunt, with his solemn mountebankeries; Mr. O'Brien, abiding by, if not in, his breeches—these are the major prophets that Ireland prefers, and the minor prophets are like unto them. One passage in Mr. Balfour's speech about the inconveniences of Irish patronage might be illustrated by an incident which has had little notice in the English papers, but which is filling the Irish Nationalist organs every day. Not long ago the managing director of one of the Irish banks died, and Mr. Childers is the official candidate for his place. It cannot be denied that Mr. Childers, whatever we may think of his statesmanship, is a practical and skilful man of business; he has, we believe, had experience of banking; he has

(at what price his conscience knows best) obediently followed his leader and become a Home Ruler. But all this is nothing. The people who used to make loudest outcry against the phrase "No Irish need apply" are now shouting "No English need apply," just as they shouted "No Welsh need apply" when the Welsh quarry owners competed with Mr. Parnell. We need hardly say that we have no desire to see Mr. Childers (who is a politician for whom we have uncommonly little respect) put into any good thing merely as being Mr. Childers. But it is clear that the outcry is made against him, not because he is Mr. Childers, but because he is not an Irishman. This is Home Rule in a nutshell—that is to say, a Childers—and together with the Fitzmaurice business it supplies matter which cannot be too well meditated by everybody. Mr. Morley may be especially requested to meditate on it in reference to the "union of hearts," which is clearly not to include a union of purses, except on peculiar terms. Ireland shall dip into England's purse when she likes; but *gare à Childers qui touche* the sacred *crumena* of Hibernia!

THE WIFE'S SECRET.

THERE is an archaic air, an atmosphere of insincerity, about *The Wife's Secret* that it is perhaps impossible to disguise, but that certainly is not disguised with success at the St. James's Theatre. The plot is too slight for expansion into four acts. Lady Eveline Amyott, wife of a Roundhead, gives shelter to her Royalist brother, Lord Arden, who is flying from Cromwell's troops; Sir Walter is convinced by his steward, Jabez Sneed, that a man is hiding in the house, and suspects that the secret visitor must be a lover, while Lady Eveline cannot tell the truth because Arden has sworn her to secresy. That is the whole plot, and it has to be attenuated sadly to do duty throughout four acts and six scenes. The tendency of the day is to produce plays the plots of which are complicated and involved; and if critics can make them out and piece them together at all, there is a disposition to praise the works for their ingenuity. We hesitate, therefore, to condemn this old play for its simplicity, because that is infinitely better than complication; but *The Wife's Secret* is spun out not only tediously but foolishly. Anything more fatuous than the proceedings of Lady Eveline is not to be imagined. She knows that her husband's suspicions have been aroused as to the reason why she keeps a certain "bower-chamber" locked up; she knows that the vigilant and malignant Jabez Sneed suspects and watches her; and yet, notwithstanding this, she goes in the evening to the mysterious room, permits it to be brilliantly illuminated, meets her brother close to the window, and embraces him with the utmost warmth. Could anything be madder? Of course she did not know that her husband and his steward were watching, but the chances of some one noticing that the locked chamber was lighted up, and furthermore seeing what passed within, were so great that discovery was, in truth, inevitable. It seems that when the play was first acted by Charles Kean, only the shadows of brother and sister were seen on a blind by the jealous husband. This was sufficient to show that Lord Arden and his sister were an extremely incautious couple, but the embrace at the St. James's Theatre is more reckless still.

It is in the last act, however, that the artificiality of the plot is chiefly exhibited. Lady Eveline knows—she cannot help knowing—the grounds and nature of her husband's suspicions; but the pair of them are both equally determined on being indefinite, and they remorselessly carry out their determination. She cannot speak; her oath prevents her; but she might, could, and inevitably would beg her husband to trust her, and assure him that an explanation would be forthcoming in time. Neither of them will come to the point, and the tedious ingenuity with which they avoid it is exasperating. A great deal of the blame certainly belongs to the author; but some, no doubt, should be apportioned to the players. Whatever seemed likely to be for the moment theatrically effective with an unreasoning audience was quite enough for Mr. George Lovell, the author of the play. Thus, in the last scene of reconciliation, it is generally accepted as a fact that Jabez Sneed has behaved villanously; but if his conduct is analysed it will be seen that, on the contrary, he had the most excellent reasons for the doubts of Lady Eveline's honour which he had expressed, and deserved great credit for his wariness. Sir Walter's treatment of the Roundhead officer who comes to search the house is equally ridiculous. In the first place he encourages the soldier to insult Lady Eveline, and then suddenly turns round on the unfortunate man and abuses him for doing his duty. A better actor than Mr. Kendal might have done these things with an air of something approaching to plausibility; but he is ill suited with the character of Amyott. Mr. Kendal's delivery of blank verse is astoundingly bad for a player who fills a leading part at a leading theatre. He pauses at the ends of his lines, irrespective of the meaning of sentences, committing the very first fault that youthful actors are taught to avoid. His grief is totally without manliness or dignity, though here, again, it must be confessed, in justice to a representative of Sir Amyott, that the author is very feeble. The inconsistency of Amyott's behaviour to Sneed would try an actor of far greater resource. The Lady Eveline of Mrs. Kendal, though somewhat more successful, is far from convincing. The actress does not seem to know to what extent she may venture to try to be natural, and so there is neither a hearty plunge into the conventional with all its tricks and devices, nor a careful endeavour to interpret and realize character. A mannerism which Mrs. Kendal has permitted to grow upon her is more conspicuous than it was formerly, and should be checked before it further increases. This is a curious habit of twinkling the eyelids in emotional passages. The twinkles are graduated according to the depth of the emotion to be expressed, and when Amyott, speaking of the hidden man, mentions the word "paramour," the rapidity of the twinkling becomes ludicrously extreme. Perhaps the funniest thing in the drama is Amyott's proceeding when, after energetically exclaiming to his wife "Now we part for ever!" he goes to the door of the room and placidly waits there till the cue comes for his return; but this admission is without detriment to Miss Fanny Brough, whose vivacious and genuinely humorous performance of Maud, Lady Eveline's attendant, is altogether excellent. Full point and effect are neatly and quietly given to every line. Mr. Mackintosh as Sneed, Mr. Lewis Waller as Arden, Mr. Hendrie as Baroque (a French smuggler charged to aid Arden's escape), and Mr. C. Burleigh as Keppel, a page of traditional pertness, all acquit themselves ably, and the scenes, designed and painted by Mr. Harford, deserve the most unqualified praise. The interior and exterior of Sir Walter Amyott's house are models of picturesqueness. We remember nothing of the sort better done, and only regret that so admirable a setting is wasted on so poor a performance.

A FORGOTTEN CRUSADE.

VISITORS to Lisbon always remark upon the Oriental appearance of the people, and upon the number of purely Arabic words in the local nomenclature. It may be a question whether there is any connexion between Morocco and Mogharb, but there can be none as to the meaning of Algarve, "the West," the name of the south-western corner of Portugal. Alcantara is a suburb of Lisbon and a station on the Suez Canal. The Alcaçarias of Lisbon may be compared with Al Ahzar in Cairo. There are numberless common words of pure Arabic still in use, and the wonder is that the whole character of the Portuguese language was not changed by the Moorish occupation of three centuries. Even after Northern Portugal had been rescued from the Moslems, they held on to Lisbon and Algarve. It was not until 1147 that the city was taken from them, and more than forty years elapsed before Sancho I. could add "King of Algarve" to his other titles. It is curious in the East to hear oranges cried in the streets under the name of Bordowan or Bordugan, indicating an Arab tradition that they were first brought from Portugal. The Moors left Portugal reluctantly, and even as late as 1190 the Londoners were concerned in a crusade against them; but the taking of Lisbon in 1147 was, as Bishop Stubbs remarks, the only real success of the second crusade, and it was accomplished, according to Henry of Huntingdon, not by nobles, but by men of middle rank. Fortunately, though the later expedition has been but little noticed, there are ample details of the earlier one. The crusaders consisted of Flemings, Germans, and Englishmen, and set sail from Dartmouth on the 23rd of May, in one hundred and sixty-four vessels. There were contingents from Norfolk and Suffolk under Hervey Glanville, from Kent under Simon of Dover, and from London under a certain Andrew, who may perhaps be identified as an alderman in an early but undated document at St. Paul's. Bishop Stubbs seems to think he was the same as Andrew Bucquinte, or Bocuinte, a merchant of Italian origin living as early as 1115. They sailed across the Bay of Biscay, which did not exhibit its usual aspect, for the fleet was becalmed for two days; nevertheless, they reached the mouth of the Tagus just in time. They had delayed a few days at Oporto; but the Bishop hastened their departure owing to a letter from King Alphonso, when he had preached them a long sermon, which the chronicler, Osbern, gives in full. They attacked Lisbon as soon as they landed, built engines, saw portents, dug mines, and otherwise went through the regular routine of a mediæval siege. Osbern's account is printed in the first volume of Bishop Stubbs's *Memorials of Richard I.* The Moors capitulated on the 22nd of October. There is an odd episode about the Alcalde's mare, which the German leader coveted; and there are various moral observations as to the greediness of our foreign allies. The Moors were permitted to depart. Gilbert of Hastings, one of the crusaders, was elected Bishop of Lisbon, and everything ended happily, though Osbern does not tell us how the ships got home again. The history of the siege of Lisbon is described also in a letter to Miles, Bishop of Terouanne, written by a crusader named Arnulf; and in another letter by a priest named Duodechin, whose account is nearly the same as Arnulf's. From this it appears that Alphonso gave lands in the neighbourhood to as many as chose to settle in Portugal, and the rest embarked for Palestine. Among the few names of individuals we have those of a certain "Willelmus Vitulus." Bishop Stubbs calls him William Calf; and Mr. Hunt, in his *Historic Bristol*, says that the Calf family flourished in Bristol in the fourteenth century, so that we may suppose William and Ralf, his brother, or one of them, got safe home. Mr. Hunt prudently abstains from mentioning a priest of Bristol who figures discreditably in the narrative; but he does not disguise the fact that William Calf was neither more nor less than what we should call a filibuster or buccaneer.

If Andrew of London can hardly be identified, there is no doubt

as to the leaders of the second of these curious expeditions. In the newly issued volume of the Rolls Series, *Chronica Rogeri de Wendover*, edited by Mr. Henry G. Hewlett, there is a very full account of the crusade against the Moors in the Algarve province by William FitzOsbert and Geoffrey the Goldsmith in 1190. They suffered much from a storm in the Bay of Biscay, in the same month, apparently, in which their predecessors, half a century before, had been becalmed. But an apparition of St. Thomas of London, "beatus martyr, Thomas Cantuariensis archiepiscopus," comforted them thrice, and when he had vanished the tempest ceased. This expedition passed by Lisbon, "et caput sancti Vincentii," and made for Silves, which Roger describes as an outpost of Christianity in Spain, as it had only been taken from the hands of the pagans in the previous year. The Londoners do not seem to have done much, though they strengthened the forces of Portugal against the emperor "de Maroch"; and, as Bishop Stubbs observes, "saved the infant kingdom." Very soon after we find both William and Geoffrey back in London. The vision of St. Thomas in the Bay of Biscay shed a halo of sanctity about them, and especially about William, who is best known in history by his nickname of "Long Beard." His father, Osbert, had an even more ridiculous name, "Drinkpin," but he was an alderman and became a canon of Aldgate in 1125. William is also sometimes described as an alderman. His subsequent rising and "martyrdom" in 1196 have been too often described to be worth repeating again, though there are some variations in the version given in Mr. Hewlett's volume, such as that William was hanged in chains at Tyburn.

RACING.

THE Great Northamptonshire Stakes did not bring out a very brilliant field, although no horse could be better bred than the winner—Sir W. Throckmorton's Oliver Twist, by Isonomy out of Célérité by Breadalbane. He had not, however, been at all a successful racehorse, and so much was he distrusted that Abu Klea, whom he had run to a head on many pounds worse terms last season, was made the first favourite. Oliver Twist carried the heaviest weight in the handicap and won by half a length from Decision, a four-year-old colt, that had been purchased by Lord Penrhyn for 2,500 guineas last December. The Althorp Park Stakes for two-year-olds produced a dead-heat between Mr. L. de Rothschild's Eros and Mr. W. Burton's Decoit, both of whom had run unsuccessfully at Lincoln. Eros won the deciding heat by half a length, after a severe race.

The Portland Stakes at the Leicester Meeting was the most important two-year-old race that had taken place in the history of the turf. To give some idea of the truth of this, we may observe that the Middle Park Plate, which used to be looked upon as a sort of two-year-old Derby, even in its best days was never worth more than 4,840*l.* (it was only worth 2,235*l.* last year), whereas the Portland Stakes was worth 7,000*l.*, of which 6,000*l.* was given to the winner, 750*l.* to the second, and 250*l.* to the third. Twenty-five horses started, a number which has only once been beaten, or equalled, by a field that has run for any of the twenty-two Middle Park Plates. The race produced a great deal of betting, and the first favourite was Mr. C. Perkins's Chitabob, a splendid-looking chestnut colt, by Robert the Devil out of the Oaks winner, Jenny Howlet. He was reported to have been very highly tried, and only 10 to 3 was laid against him, whereas 8 to 1 was laid against Donovan as well as Spoleta, both of whom had already won races. After a long delay, caused by the fretfulness at the post of some of the party, the favourite jumped off in front of his opponents. When he had run a quarter of a mile, the good-looking Gay Hampton, a colt that had cost 3,000 guineas last year, was beaten, it is said, however, that he got a very bad start. Chitabob held the lead almost as far as the distance, where he was passed by the Duke of Portland's Donovan, the winner of the Brocklesby Stakes at Lincoln. Mr. D. Baird's El Dorado, a remarkably good-looking colt by Sterling that had not done very well in the early part of the race; Mr. A. W. Merry's Your Grace, a promising filly by Galliard that had started at the extreme outside price of 50 to 1; and Baron de Rothschild's Crinière, by Robert the Devil, also passed the favourite inside the distance. Donovan kept in front to the finish without difficulty, and won in grand style by three lengths; El Dorado, Your Grace, and Crinière finishing close together in the above order. The question is, whether Donovan is the sort of colt that is likely to train on and to continue to improve. Some people say not, as they consider him too straight on his forelegs. Be this as it may, he has already won 7,034*l.* in stakes alone in two races, and if he should never win another race he could not be called a failure. It is, of course, extremely doubtful how far any two-year-old form shown so early in the season is to be trusted with regard to future events. Before the day of the Portland Stakes, much was made of the fact that fifteen of the horses entered for it had cost 18,400*l.* as yearlings. It was still more remarkable that of these expensive and presumably super-excellent youngsters only one went to the post, and that he did not finish among the first dozen. It may be worth adding that the first four horses in the race had been bred by their owners.

On any other occasion the Excelsior Breeder's Foal Stakes of 1,000*l.*, that was run for an hour after the Portland Stakes, would have been considered a two-year-old race of high importance. The favourite, "Mr. Abington's" Maynooth, a grand-looking chestnut with a good deal of white about him, in the opinion of some critics was scarcely fit; but odds of 6 to 5 were laid upon him. He seemed to become tired at the finish, and he was beaten a neck by Lord Zetland's colt by Springfield out of Pinta by Adventurer. As Maynooth was giving the winner 3 lbs. there was not very much to choose between the performances of the pair. Most people preferred the appearance of Maynooth; but it was doubted whether he did not show a want of gameness in the final struggle. On the Saturday, the Leicestershire Spring Handicap of 1,000*l.* brought out a field of a dozen, and gave rise to a great deal of gambling. "Mr. Wardour's" Oberon, who had been for some time a strong favourite for the Lincolnshire Handicap, was again made first favourite here; but, as at Lincoln, he went back a little in the betting just at the last, and at the start Lisbon was fractionally the best favourite, while King Monmouth, Bessie, and Tib were all backed at within a point and a half of the odds laid against Oberon. The Duke of Portland's three-year-old colt, Johnny Morgan, got a good start, and kept in the front rank throughout. A quarter of a mile from home he was leading, with Tib and King Monmouth in his wake. As Tib was only giving him 1 lb., instead of the regulation allowance of 23 lbs., for two years, it looked as if he might overhaul him, and King Monmouth had a 10 lbs. advantage over him at weight-for-age. Oberon also held a good place, and so did Kinsky, who was giving a great deal of weight to everything in the handicap, including 12 lbs. more than weight-for-age to Johnny Morgan. Tib was beaten before reaching the stand, and the next to give way was Oberon. There was a gallant struggle for a few yards between Johnny Morgan, King Monmouth, and Kinsky; but the three-year-old had the best of it, and the trio finished in the above order, Johnny Morgan winning by a length from King Monmouth, who was only a head in front of Kinsky, with whom, considering the weight he carried (9 st. 6 lbs.), rested the honours of the race. It will be remembered that he won this handicap a year ago, as well as the Leicestershire Jubilee Cup, of 1,875*l.*, over the same course in July. Excellent, however, as was the form now shown by Kinsky, Johnny Morgan's victory was a highly creditable one, even allowing 12 lbs. for the beating by a length which he gave to Kinsky. Last year he won three races, worth more than 1,200*l.*; but he was then very inferior to Crowberry, Orbit, Ossory, Sandal, Senanus, Acme, and Cardinal Mai; so, unless he has improved immensely on his two-year-old form, which is neither impossible nor improbable, the three-year-olds just mentioned ought to be flyers of exceptional merit. It was the general opinion that he had grown a great deal since the autumn, and it may be that he has a great career before him, for he is by Springfield out of a mare by Scottish Chief, out of Lady Morgan by Thormanby, while his great granddam was descended from Bay Middleton on one side and from Venison on the other. Without wishing to depreciate the merits of his performance in the Leicestershire Handicap, it may be judicious to keep in mind that King Monmouth was unusually fretful and nervous before the race, kicking and sweating in a manner that made it doubtful whether his form on that day could be safely trusted in making calculations for the future.

Three days after Leicester came Epsom. Some of the interest of the Metropolitan Stakes was taken away by the scratching of Humewood, the winner of the Cesarewitch, and several other good horses were put out of court through want of condition. The severe weather of this spring has affected some training grounds far more than others, and at two very large stables the horses are exceedingly backward. Chippeway had lost all the twelve races for which he had ever started, yet on some of his form, such as his second for the Epsom Grand Prize, it looked as if he might some day win a good handicap under a light weight. The Cob was said to be short of condition, but he had won this race last year, and Tissaphernes obtained support on the strength of his easy victory over a field of eighteen at Manchester in November. The horses merely cantered for the first mile and a half, and, when they began to race in earnest in the straight, the Duke of Beaufort's The Cob and Mr. H. T. Barclay's Tissaphernes came away together, the latter winning by three lengths. Like his owner's other Irish horse, Bendigo, Tissaphernes did not run as a two-year-old.

Merry Hampton was made an early favourite for the City and Suburban Handicap. Second, or even third-rate as he might be as a winner of the Derby, it was thought that he was leniently treated at 8 st. 10 lbs., especially on a course which had been proved to be to his liking. Eiridspord was another horse that had won a great race at Epsom, so he also was expected to run well over that course again, although the 11 lbs. which he was now to receive from Merry Hampton would scarcely have put the pair on an equality on either their Derby or St. Leger form. Sir Frederick Johnstone's Candlemas was another competitor that had been successful at Epsom, having, like Eiridspord, won the Grand Prize. Then there was Sir George Chetwynd's Fullerton, in alluding to whom we will merely say that there are some horses which persist in running inconsistently, in defiance of the most strenuous efforts of their owners and trainers. A City and Suburban would be incomplete without the presence of a smart three-year-old, and on this occasion there were one or two which had the reputation of being at least as smart as usual. One of these was the Duke of St. Albans' Galore, a bay colt by Galopin, who could not only boast of having won two good races in grand form

last season, but also of a very high private reputation. Another was "Mr. E. Wardour's" Mon Droit, a chestnut filly by Isonomy, that had cost 2,900 guineas, and won five races, worth 2,657*l.* as a two-year-old. Mr. D. Baird's Woodland had won the Electric Stakes of 1,843*l.* last year at Sandown, on which occasion he beat Rêve d'Or. Martley had been third for the Derby, six lengths behind Merry Hampton, and only 7 lbs. were now allowed to bring the pair together, although Martley had never won a race since he was a two-year-old, and had run badly this spring for the Lincolnshire Handicap. He had, however, given Gloriation, the winner of the Cambridgeshire, 7 lbs. and run him to a head in his last race of 1887; and, if he had returned to that form, he might, it was thought, be capable of winning the City and Suburban even under 8 st. 3 lbs. A handicap field that included a winner of a Derby and two winners of the Epsom Grand Prize could not be considered a very poor one, and the fact that these successful horses were now to meet on the scene of their former victories added greatly to the interest of the race.

Merry Hampton's old rival, The Baron, got the best of the start, but the lead was soon taken by Oliver Twist, the winner of the first race noticed in this article, and he held it for the first mile. Then Woodland went up to him, and the pair appeared to be fighting out the race between them at the distance, when Fullerton dashed up, gave them the go-by, and won by a couple of lengths. Abu Klea, who was meeting Oliver Twist on 7 lbs. better terms than at Northampton, made a rush at the finish and got to within half a length of Oliver Twist's head. Merry Hampton, who started first favourite at less than 4 to 1, was never prominent in the race from start to finish.

HISTORY AT THE DEVONSHIRE CLUB.

THE dinner of reconciliation which was given to Mr. Chamberlain at the Devonshire Club on Monday testified to the bitterness of an unhealed quarrel. The speeches of the representatives of the two sections of the Liberal party were marked by extreme civility and an abundant lack of cordiality. The orators on both sides seemed conscious that, if they were not elaborately polite, they would be frankly acrimonious. As an example of the art of skating upon thin ice and of picking one's way between pitfalls on the one side and snares on the other, the speeches were highly ingenious and interesting. Apparently, Mr. Chamberlain's diplomatic success in America, and the contribution which he has made to a good understanding between this country and the United States, have suggested to Lord Granville, or probably have suggested to Mr. Gladstone, of whom politically Lord Granville is the shadow and instrument, the desirability of claiming a share in that success through such share as they may have in Mr. Chamberlain. The member for West Birmingham is alternately denounced and embraced, as suits the tactics of the Separatist leaders. It may be doubted whether the dinner and the speeches which followed it made any real contribution to the union of the two fractions of the Liberal party.

Mr. Childers encouraged himself by falling back upon precedents. "Towards the close of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth, he informed his fellow-banqueters, the Liberal party had been divided upon a question as vital as that which now disintegrates it. But permanent reunion speedily followed temporary separation. Mr. Childers's historic views are original, and exhibit a generous independence of facts. He did not base his consolatory conclusion as to the speedy healing of existing differences merely upon Whig precedents. He found grounds for hopefulness in the history of Toryism. Mr. Pitt, as he informed his wondering or credulous listeners, "was separated from his party and connexion for more than three years, between 1801 and 1804, and yet that great breach was healed." Mr. Childers did not inform the Devonians of St. James's Street that Mr. Pitt came into office in 1804, not because the split in the Conservative party was healed, but because the divergence between its different sections had become wider than ever. The letter which he wrote to the King, saying that he could no longer support the Government of Mr. Addington, brought about the fall of that Minister. Mr. Pitt's wish and aim were not to reunite the divided sections of the Tory party, but to form a coalition with the Whigs. He desired to include Fox, Grenville, and their friends in the Cabinet. In the autograph list of his proposed Administration, of which Lord Stanhope has printed a facsimile, the Foreign Office is assigned to Fox. The King's rejection of Mr. Fox's name and the refusal of the other Whig leaders to enter the Government without him defeated this project. At a later period of his second Administration Mr. Pitt made another overture to Fox. Its failure alone led him reluctantly to have recourse to Mr. Addington (now created Lord Sidmouth), whose Parliamentary contingent, in default of the Whig support, which he would have preferred, became indispensable.

The other instance which Mr. Childers has taken of the tendency of the divided sections of political parties speedily to reunite is not more to the point. "In our political party," he says, "you will remember that in 1794, under the advice and influence of Mr. Burke, a large portion of the Whig party separated from Mr. Fox, and carried over the heads of many of the great families, including four or five great statesmen of the time, and adding greatly to the strength of Mr. Pitt's Government. And yet not many years after every one of those great statesmen, with one exception, were members of the Government headed by Mr. Fox, and remained good Liberals to the end." Mr. Childers forgot to remember that the Grenville-Fox Administration was not a duumvirate, but a triumvirate. It was a Grenville-Fox-Sidmouth Administration. Lord Sidmouth and Lord Ellenborough, Tories of the Tories, had seats in the Cabinet. The Government depended for its existence on the forty or fifty votes which Lord Sidmouth commanded in the House of Commons, and when he withdrew from it it fell to pieces. The Fox-Grenville Administration of 1806-1807 was not a purely Liberal Administration. It was essentially a Coalition Government. Even if it had been exclusively Whig, it would not have borne out Mr. Childers's contention that the divisions of the Liberal party which he dates from 1794 were speedily healed. Between 1794 and 1806, as Mr. Childers is arithmetician enough to be able to compute, there were twelve years of Whig separation and exclusion from office. We fear that, if the existing divisions last as long, very few members of the Gladstonian party will live to see the reconciliation to which they look forward.

The fact is that the Whig divisions, which Mr. Childers dates from 1794, had their origin twelve years earlier. They began in 1782, when the Fox Whigs broke off from the Shelburne Whigs; and the disunion of the Liberal party which was then effected, instead of being as shortlived as Mr. Childers alleges, was not healed for nearly half a century, during which time the Whigs remained, with two partial and little more than momentary exceptions, permanently excluded from office. If events had followed their natural course the coalition with Fox, which Pitt made repeated efforts to bring about, would have been accomplished. It was prevented only by an influence which is not now exercised in politics—by the personal intervention of the King. The tendency of opinion and events was not to the reconstruction of the old parties on their original basis, but to a coalition between them, a coalition which was more than once essayed by Lord Wellesley and Lord Moira, and which, after many years, was realized under Mr. Canning. The moral to be drawn from the facts of the case is precisely the opposite of that which Mr. Childers derives from his imperfect and erroneous recital of them. Mr. Fox, as even Mr. Childers, we suppose, must be aware, was by no means the party Puritan which some persons suppose him to be. He was ready to coalesce with anybody for the sake of the Parliamentary strength which an alliance would give him. The seventy or eighty votes which Lord North commanded were the motive of his union with that statesman in 1783, as the forty or fifty votes which Lord Sidmouth disposed of led to his admission into the Cabinet of 1806, of which Fox was the real, though not the ostensible, chief. Possibly if Fox lived now, he would have found the eighty-five Irish votes, which have proved too much for the political virtue of Mr. Gladstone, a temptation too powerful for him to resist. We admit that parallelism, though Mr. Childers does not insist on it. Lord Granville assumed at the Devonshire Club on Monday that the Liberals who follow Lord Hartington and the Liberals who follow Mr. Gladstone are divided only upon one question. If this were so, this one question, involving the unity and integrity of the Empire, would be enough. But the fact is not as Lord Granville represents it to himself. The Parliamentary disunion of Ireland and England, involving, as it does, ultimately the total separation of the two countries, is not the only nor even the main point at issue in what was once the Liberal party. The authority of law and the first principles of morality are in controversy. By open statement or clear implication, or by disingenuous silence, or by timid deprecation which practically grants under the form of weak protest what it ostensibly affects to withhold, Mr. Gladstone and his followers have made themselves parties to the extremest doctrines of French Jacobinism. The condition of things in Ireland now exhibits upon a smaller scale the precise counterpart of the disorder which characterized France nearly a hundred years ago. Rebellious Ireland is revolutionary France looked at through the minifying end of the telescope. Mr. Childers would do well to remember that Fox did not succeed in obtaining in 1806 a few months' tenure of office until he had disavowed the sympathy with French principles and methods which so long excluded him from place; and that the Liberal party gained firm hold of power only when it once more recognized the supremacy of law, and re-adopted constitutional maxims of conduct. When Mr. Gladstone makes a similar retractation, and not until then, may the Liberal split be healed.

DRAMATIC RECORD.

AT the "National" theatre Mr. Augustus Harris, disappointed in his arrangements by the sudden illness of Miss Sophie Eyre, whereby neither *She* nor *Nitocris* could be produced, fell back for the holiday season at the last moment on an old success—Messrs. Pettitt and Harris's stirring drama *A Run of Luck*, which was originally produced in the autumn of 1886. It is perhaps the best constructed and most interesting of the long series of plays of its class which have been represented at Drury Lane of late years. The characters are sketched with vigour, and are less exaggerated than usual. Then it is excellently placed upon the stage. Horses and hounds—and not a few of them, but many—enter largely into its spectacular scheme. Mr. Harris has given us nothing better than the Goodwood scene—the ball-room, the paddock, and the "meets"—in this play. A few changes in the cast call for remark. Miss May Fortescue now plays the heroine,

originally created by Miss Alma Murray; and displays, in the stronger scenes especially, a remarkable improvement in her style of acting and in her sincerity of histrionic purpose.

Mr. George Giddens and Mr. T. G. Warren have taken the management of that rather capricious house, the Novelty, in hand, and with apparently a chance of making fortune smile at last upon one of the prettiest and really most commodious theatres in London. They selected, by way of opening novelty, a fair but by no means remarkable translation of François Coppée's charming little piece *Le Luthier de Crémone*. Mr. Jerome K. Jerome is the adapter, and he has succeeded well enough in rendering into English the graceful and quaint lines of Coppée, but he has failed to catch the true spirit of the piece, and frequently startles us by commonplace expressions. Mr. Giddens has done so much excellent work that one feels loth to condemn him in an ambitious undertaking; but frankly, his Filippo is not interesting. Mr. Dawson is delightfully genial as Ferrari, and contrives with much ability to subdue the over-exuberance of the character as expressed in the translation into harmony with its refined surroundings. Miss Measor as Giannetta was charmingly modest and refined. *Nita's First* is a lively farce by Mr. Warren, which was produced successfully some years ago at this theatre. It turns mainly upon the adventures of an unhappy baby, who tumbles throughout from pillar to post in an amusing manner, and provokes incessant laughter; for there is nothing that so greatly delights an average audience as a baby which cries or a stray cat upon the stage. *Nita's First*, however, has other merits, and it is very well acted, notably by Mr. Giddens, Mr. Stewart Dawson, and Miss Kingston.

A little farce, a sort of old-fashioned French vaudeville, with "couplets" and other incidental musical pieces introduced, marked the "opening" night for the holidays at the Prince of Wales' Theatre. It is entitled *Warranted Burglar Proof*, words by Mr. B. C. Stephenson, and music by Mr. Ivan Caryll and Mr. H. J. Leslie. The plot—which is borrowed from M. Remo's *Le Pays des Brouillards*, if we mistake not—is not strikingly original, but affords much amusement from the complications which arise from the purchase by a certain nervous gentleman named Beeswing of a famous apparatus warranted to keep out burglars. This trifle is remarkably well acted by Mr. Peachey, Mr. King, Mr. Le Hay, and by the Misses Chapuy, Angarde, and Rayner. The music is pretty and tuneful, but not remarkably original. It is, however, "catchy"—some of the numbers will probably be ground to death ere long on Signor Verdi's mortal enemies, "gli organi di Barbaria"—the street organs.

Mr. Burnand has done nothing better for a long time than his burlesque upon Mrs. Campbell Praed's extraordinary melodrama, *Ariane*. He has entitled his travestie *Airey Annie*; and has mercilessly boiled down to one short act the entire intrigue of the Opera Comique's "latest success." That piece, however, is none the less remarkably well satirized in all its details, and not a "point" is missed. The ludicrously improbable plot is satirized with almost malicious adroitness. The strange ethical code in vogue among its *dramatis personæ* is quizzed with unflagging spirit. The dialogue is bright, although, of course, ephemeral, catching the idiosyncrasies of "the passing show" perfectly with good taste and kindliness, so that the author of the play should be the first to laugh at this graceful *exposé* of her own absurdities. The acting does full justice to the parody. Miss Alice Atherton's make-up as Chevalier Marius de Valence is uncanny in its realism. She looks so exactly like M. Marius that until she begins to sing the illusion is quite amazing. Equally clever is Miss Margaret Ayrton's capacity for imitating Mrs. Bernard Beere. Her study of this distinguished actress's dress, voice, and gesture is so extraordinary, that in scenes in which she acts with apparent earnestness Mrs. Beere herself seems to be before the spectator. Mr. Willie Edouin is almost as happy in his imitation of Mr. Henry Neville Lomax of "boozing proclivities." Miss Grace Huntley is a double of Miss Laura Linden as Babette; and the "society characters" are quite as diverting, though they have very little to do.

The Alhambra has been entirely redecorated, and was formally reopened on Saturday last, although the elaborate works were conducted so skilfully that the house was not shut for a single night. Mr. Campbell Smith has produced nothing more tasteful yet than the embellishments of this fine theatre. Without interfering at all with its Oriental character, he has introduced a scheme of colour which, even if it is not particularly Asiatic, is, all the same, very fairy-like and elegant. The colour-key is pale blue, shaded to indigo, and relieved with dead gold. The electric light has been effectively arranged everywhere, even in lanterns fitted with prismatical-hued glass. The whole theatre, although it glitters with gold, has an air of repose which is simply charming.

There have been several matinées at various theatres during the past week, but none of merit. Mr. J. F. Nesbitt's play, *Dorothy Gray*, was a singular instance of incompetence, possessing neither dramatic interest nor literary worth. Its vulgarity was not redeemed even by the conscientious work of the artists who endeavoured to interpret it, and who, from Miss Hawthorne herself to the telegraph boy who had but a line to speak, did their best for the piece, only to be pitied for their pains. Miss Ward, too, appeared in a matinée performance of a play called *The Loadstone*. We think this really clever actress must wish by this time she had never heard of it. It was only a trifle superior to *Dorothy Gray*.

THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB.

THE exhibition of the New English Art Club at the Dudley Gallery looks more varied in appearance this year. It began as an exposition of the views of a clique; it now tends to express tolerably fully the revival of art in England amongst the younger men. Still it cannot yet be taken to cover the whole field of progress; we miss the names of one or two men who can see justly and paint elegantly or effectively. Whatever eccentricities may surround a movement, it must be judged a healthy one if it causes artists both to pay attention to what they personally see and feel in nature, and to seek to render it on the principles of the broadest and most thorough technique. Some exception may be taken to certain of the subjects and styles of composition in favour here, but no one who knows anything of drawing, modelling, style in brushwork, and atmospheric unity of effect, will deny that a very high level of knowledge and skill is reached by this group of artists. When we think of the false values, feeble niggling, and childish modelling which meet the eye in most galleries, we feel inclined to say that there are no bad pictures at the New English Art Club. It is true, at any rate, that there is no picture which does not show that its author has been trained in that large part of his art which can be learnt as a craft. Most of the canvases show, in addition, some quality or other carried up to the level of really good spontaneous art. Hardly one of these painters, if he caught an inspiration of genius, need feel himself tongue-tied by lack of the means of expression. A cultivated realism is the most common basis of their art. Among its chief principles are fidelity to the large impression of tone made by a whole scene, definition of objects according to their real importance in the ensemble, and the use of technique to enforce the sentiment and complete the unity of feeling. But personal feeling and a gift of original vision are not to be had at command; and this has given rise to certain hypocrisies which hide themselves under the badge of the sincere. One or two pictures in the gallery cover a certain want of sincerity, more or less gracefully, with the technique of a school as with a uniform. It should be said that in most cases this dress is sufficiently elegant to admit of their appearing in good society. In a gallery so good as this one it becomes invidious to pick out a few pictures for special remark. Generally speaking one is glad to pass over the bulk of a show, but here it is with regret that one feels obliged to leave unnoticed many canvases as good as those that are mentioned. We must, therefore, speak only of those which happened to strike us most at a first visit. A quiet style of portraiture, not without breadth and dignity, obtains here. Mr. H. S. Tuke's "Mrs. Fox" (81), by its perfect modelling and its beautiful reserve and sobriety, impresses one gradually, it is true, but in the end more strongly than more showy work. Mr. Walton's "Portrait" (43), also a likeness of a lady, is painted in quiet tone, but with a harmonious dignity of style that reminds one of an old master. Mr. Francis Bate's "Gaslight and Matchlight—Portrait of G. Léon Little, Esq." (11) is less reserved and unaffected; well as it has been rendered, we are not certain that such an out-of-the-way effect of light does not tend to disturb the repose of a portrait. Open-air subjects with figures seem very favourite compositions, and for the most part they are composed naturally and without much ostentation of art. Such are Mr. H. S. Tuke's picture of a boy and girl under an apple-tree, "The Promise" (39); Mr. Fred Brown's "When the setting sun is low" (41); Mr. Alexander Harrison's "Nude Studies" (108 and 113); Mr. Francis Bate's delicate arrangement of light creamy tones, "Idle Gossip" (13); and Mr. J. E. Christie's less realistic but fanciful and charming group, "A Sunny Shower" (57). Mr. Tuke's picture pleases one by the complete absence of parade with which he has conveyed both deep feeling and a wonderful truth of tone and colour. Mr. Fred Brown's effect of light has been sincerely studied, and it is painted without any wish to startle or surprise; as a matter of composition, perhaps the isolated figure on the right might be removed with an advantageous effect of concentration. Mr. Harrison's "Nudes" are very interesting on their own merits of observation and handling, and as showing his method of study for his large "Arcadia" of a previous year. To our mind the oppositions of the masses of colour tell better on this small scale than in the big canvas. Of several interiors with figures none seems to give the shock of fresh truth so vividly as Mr. Norman Garstin's "Iron Master" (103), though the multiplication of stiff objects belonging to the blacksmith's forge interferes with the suavity of the composition. Works from a more eccentric point of view abound, and they are not, as a rule, without discrepancies of style or fact. For instance, Mr. Steer's "Summer's Evening" (74), a coast scene with nude figures, seems to us a much too large and somewhat unintelligent essay in the "impressionisme" of Claude Monet. The sky and the distance are not truthfully enveloped in air, and the colours in these large quantities fail to produce the illusion of light. Mr. Raven-Hill, in "Combat with the Bear, Ancient Britain" (32), goes no further in the way of imagination than placing well-drawn figures in a clever, realistic, ordinary landscape. He has even felt no pangs of conscience in introducing a pollarded tree. Mr. Whistler's "White Note" (98) cannot with justice be called eccentric. He has attained so admirable a style and so ravishing a quality of paint that one cannot help regretting that any careless touches should anywhere suggest false drawing or modelling in what would otherwise have been a complete work of the highest art. The landscapes are numerous, and most of them excellent. Careful attention is due to Mr. Walton's

really noble study in water-colour of a tree against the sky, "Landscape" (49), a work eminently original, and yet treated with all the grandeur of the fine schools of France and Holland; to the rolling sky and truly aerial envelopment of Mr. James Paterson's "Happy Valley" (30); to the low, luminous tone, soft, wavy, well-massed reeds, and exquisite sentiment of Mr. W. J. Laidlay's "Duck-shooting on the Broads" (102); to the rich, velvety, yet perfectly true colouring of Mr. Charles's freely painted and unaffected canvas, "The Lost Cap" (34), and to the conscientious but somewhat grim realism of Mr. A. Mann's carefully finished "By the Findhorn" (121). Mr. Aubrey Hunt's "Evening on the Marne" (69) is a charming effect daintily handled, and Mr. G. D. Curtis's "November Day" (78), a little gem of grey colour and suggestive workmanship. Mr. Peppercorn gets a refined and decorative quality of colour in "Afternoon" (71), and Mr. T. F. Goodall's "Return of Spring" would admirably recall the sad tranquillity of nature but for the foreground, lily-pads, reeds, water, which hardly equal the rest of the picture. Messrs. Percy Belgrave, G. Clausen, H. Simpson, F. W. Jackson, and others send good open-air work. Amongst contributors of figure-work of various sorts, whose merits or whose reputations entitle them to consideration, are Messrs. Degas, Hubert Vos, Stanhope Forbes, T. Roussel, J. E. Blanche, and F. Bramley.

THE DISCUSSION ON THE BUDGET.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Gladstone on Monday evening reserved his freedom of judgment respecting the new taxes, he expressed approval of several parts of the Budget, and his approval is more significant than his reservation. The other speeches, with the exception of Mr. Goschen's two replies, are hardly deserving of notice. There were, of course, the inevitable grumblings in regard to the new taxes; but members generally felt with Mr. Gladstone that it is premature to criticize these until the Bill imposing them is before the House. There were also the usual taunts that the Budget is a rich man's Budget, favouring property at the expense of labour. But to this taunt the Chancellor of the Exchequer's answer was complete. It is true, of course, that the Income-tax is not paid by the great bulk of the working classes; but it falls heavily upon the lower middle class, and very heavily indeed upon the professional class. A reduction of a penny in the pound in the Income-tax is, therefore, a very material advantage to classes quite as deserving of consideration as any in the community. And the relief given to ratepayers is also a relief given to struggling classes. It was argued by some, indeed, that the relief would go entirely to the owners of property; but, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer pointed out, if the relief will go entirely to the owners of property, then it follows that the owners of property pay the whole of the enormous amount of the rates, and it can hardly be contended that upon one small class, the owners of property, the whole burden of the rates should fall. But we return to Mr. Gladstone's speech, the only one really deserving of consideration. Apart from the new taxes, as to which he reserved his freedom of judgment, there were three points, respecting which much interest was felt as to the views Mr. Gladstone would take; the transference of half the Probate-duty to the local authorities, the reduction of the Income-tax without a corresponding relief to the general consumer, and the raising of the Succession-duty. By all his antecedents Mr. Gladstone was bound to approve of the getting rid of grants in aid. They take away the one great check upon the extravagance of public bodies of all kinds—namely, the necessity of themselves finding the money which they spend, for the grants in aid have to be found by Parliament while they are spent by the local authorities. Moreover, the grants in aid appear twice in the national expenditure—first in the Imperial Budget, and secondly in the Local Budget, and thus seem to make the expenditure larger than it really is. This, of course, is a mere matter of bookkeeping; but good bookkeeping is of the essence of good finance. And, lastly, the grants in aid were admittedly made only as temporary arrangements pending the reform of our local administration. For all these reasons Mr. Gladstone was bound to approve of the withdrawal of the grants in aid. He was also bound to approve the relief to the rates by a contribution from personalty. Parliament after Parliament has affirmed that personal property ought to contribute to the rates, and in the face of such affirmations Mr. Gladstone had no option but to approve of the action of the Government. Still, it was open to him to object to the transference of half the Probate-duty; and, in truth, a very respectable argument could be advanced in support of the objection. For it might be urged that the transference continues in another form the grants in aid. The Probate-duty must continue to be imposed by Parliament, for it would never do to have one rate of duty in one part of the country and another rate in another. And the Probate-duty must also be collected by the Imperial authorities. Yet half the duty will be spent by the local authorities. Nevertheless, Mr. Gladstone emphatically approved of the transference; conclusive evidence of the difficulty of finding any other means of satisfying the demand for a contribution from personalty in aid of rates. Since the two greatest financial authorities in the House of Commons are thus at one upon the point we may assume that this portion of the Budget will be carried without serious opposition.

Mr. Gladstone, again, was bound by his antecedents to approve of the reduction of the Income-tax. In principle the tax itself has been strongly condemned by him; indeed, he proposed to get rid of it altogether. And it is admitted by all parties that the tax should in ordinary times be kept at a low rate. Recently, however, it has been at a very high rate; and, as we have just been pointing out, it falls with exceptional severity upon professional men. Although their incomes depend upon their lives, and in the majority of cases, indeed, upon their health, they have yet to pay the full rate of the tax upon their whole incomes, just as the owners of property do whose incomes live after them. It is manifestly unfair that a tax so anomalous in many respects, so severely felt by struggling tradesmen and the professional classes, and necessitating inquisitorial powers, should be maintained at a higher rate than is imperatively necessary. Therefore it could safely be predicted beforehand that Mr. Gladstone would not venture to oppose the reduction of the Income-tax. But hitherto he has argued that the relief to the Income-tax payers ought to be accompanied by a relief to the general consumer, and there was much curiosity felt as to whether he would oppose the Budget on the ground that the general consumer is not now benefited. He did not venture, however, to take up an actually hostile position, though he intimated some dissatisfaction that the interests of the general consumer have not been consulted. We venture to think, however, that in this matter the action of Mr. Goschen is to be preferred to the theory of Mr. Gladstone. The Income-tax was imposed by Sir Robert Peel for the express purpose of enabling him to reform our fiscal system. That reform has consisted in relieving the general consumer from burdens that were unduly oppressive, and in also relieving industry. The reform is practically now complete. There are, of course, many points that yet need adjustment; but, so far as the general consumer is concerned, he has exceedingly little to complain of. Duties have been taken off all but a very few articles of general consumption, and many even of these are luxuries rather than necessaries. On the necessaries of life taxation is light. There is really, therefore, no just claim on the part of the general consumer for relief; while, as we have just been pointing out above, the Income-tax payer has a very just and a very strong claim. He has borne the expense of all the relief that has been given to the general consumer for nearly half a century; and yet in too many instances he is as ill able to bear the burden as the general consumer himself. The Chancellor of the Exchequer retorted that the general consumer is, in fact, relieved by his Budget, since a very large measure of relief is given to the ratepayers, and the ratepayers comprise all householders. The answer is ingenious, but it is not quite satisfactory. Compound householders—that is to say, the very poorest classes of householders—do not pay rates, and neither do lodgers. The real defence for Mr. Goschen's Budget is that the time has come when Local Government reform must be attempted; that Local Government reform makes necessary a readjustment of Imperial and local taxation; that the surplus at Mr. Goschen's disposal does not permit a reduction of the Income-tax and a relief to ratepayers, together with a remission of taxation in favour of the general consumer, and that the Income-tax payer has a better claim to relief than the general consumer.

The greater part of Mr. Gladstone's speech, however, was devoted to the question of the equalization of the Succession and Probate duties. It will be in the recollection of our readers that the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposes to hand over half the Probate-duty to the local authorities. At present the Probate-duty amounts to 3 per cent. There will remain, therefore, only 1½ per cent. payable to the Imperial Exchequer. As half the Probate-duty is transferred to the local authorities so as to equalize the burden of the rates upon real and personal property, so the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposes to equalize the contributions from real and personal property to the Imperial Exchequer by raising the Succession-duty from 1 to 1½ per cent. Both the Probate-duty and the Succession-duty, so far as Imperial taxation is concerned, will, therefore, in future pay 1½ per cent. Mr. Gladstone, however, argues that the equalization thus attempted is not real. In the first place, he points out that the Probate-duty is levied on the full value of the legacy, whereas the Succession-duty is levied only upon the capitalized value of the life interest inherited—a very different thing, undoubtedly. If, for example, an old man inherits an estate his life interest is necessarily small, and yet it is only upon the capitalized value of that life interest that the Succession-duty is paid. Further, Mr. Goschen proposes, while raising the Succession-duty 50 per cent., to extend from four years to eight years the time within which the duty may be paid. On this Mr. Gladstone observes—firstly, that the Probate-duty has to be paid at once, and that an immediate payment is much more onerous than one extended over eight years, even if the total amounts in both cases were the same; and, secondly, he objects that, if the person liable to Succession-duty dies before the whole duty is paid, the balance unpaid is wiped out; that even during the four years which are now allowed for payment deaths of inheritors are frequent, and that they will be much more frequent when the period of grace is extended to eight years, and that consequently the loss to the Imperial Exchequer will be considerable. He gives notice, therefore, that, when the taxing Bill comes up for discussion, he will bring forward a counter proposal for really equalizing the Succession and the Probate duties. Mr. Goschen was cautious in his reply, allowing it to be seen that to a very large extent he agrees in

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principle with Mr. Gladstone, although just at present he is not prepared to carry out Mr. Gladstone's views. Those views have often been expressed before, and all parties have practically adopted them. The late Lord Iddesleigh, while Chancellor of the Exchequer, made a very considerable change in the Death-duties, and it is understood that Mr. Goschen is in favour of a much more sweeping change. But a Minister can do only a certain amount of work in a given time. This year the Chancellor of the Exchequer has had to prepare and carry through his Conversion scheme. He has not, therefore, been able to elaborate with the necessary care a plan for a satisfactory reform of the Death-duties. But doubtless the reform is only postponed. Meantime he argues that the equalization of the two duties is more complete than Mr. Gladstone admits, and he vouchsafed to the House the interesting piece of information that the average number of years for which Succession-duty is paid is 13½. This undoubtedly would seem to show that deaths do not take place so frequently as Mr. Gladstone seems to believe. And, further, the Chancellor of the Exchequer successfully defended the extension of time for paying Succession-duty by pointing out that land cannot be readily sold like personal property. He might have added that a part of an estate sometimes cannot be sold at all. It is evident, however, from Mr. Gladstone's speech that he intends to wage upon the Death-duties the main battle concerning the Budget. Respecting the new taxes he has not yet made up his mind. He is not quite sure whether the country generally is for or against them. But upon the Death-duties his views are distinct and strong. On them, therefore, he will take issue with the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

LAST Saturday at the Crystal Palace Weber's introduction to *Oberon* was beautifully played, especially the "Adagio sostenuto." The splendid orchestra of the Crystal Palace fully justified their reputation by a most delicate rendering of the instrumental colouring which throws an air of romantic mystery over this opening section of the Overture. One seldom hears horns sounded with this smooth evenness, this mellow quality of tone. Effective as was the general feeling of agitation impressed on the "Allegro con fuoco," an occasional indistinctness of detail and a want of nervous force here and there made it a less wonderful performance than the "Adagio." Mr. Dvorák's Symphony No. 3, in F Major, though lately published, was composed in 1875—that is to say, before the two we have already heard. It is said with truth in the programme that this work belongs to Dvorák's "transitional period from the natural and national to the classical," that "in the first two movements we find the Bohemian musician Germanized and working in classical forms," and that in the third he gives us "an extended Slavonic dance-movement," while in the "Finale" his "fancy" is "unrestrained" by the "trammels" of the classic. Still, the ordinary concert-goer, if not of the "advanced" creed in art, must expect to find in this Symphony none of the clearness and serene dignity of the real classic, and, it is fair to add, none of the formal and colourless dulness of an imitation. It is only by comparison that the first two movements seem classic, and then in the lines of their structure rather than in their spirit. Mr. Dvorák has used, perhaps at times abused, every resource of orchestration before the Symphony is finished. At the very outset, however, he deals in lively rhythms and original melody; the instrumentation of the second movement is an improvement upon that of the first in picturesqueness and unity of idea. The third movement is built on tunes of marked character, and is very direct and unmistakable in its aims and intentions. All ornamentation or development tells; and there is no waste of sentiment or effect. The last division may be a little long, but it teems with noise, strangeness, and riotous abandonment to orchestral colour. The performance, as far as one could judge of the interpretation on a first hearing, did full justice to the work.

Spohr's name again appeared on the programme; but his Concerto No. 7 for Violin in E Minor did not seem so dull as the "Power of Sound" last Saturday. Its solo interest, and the fact of its not being under the shadow of Beethoven, as that Symphony was, decidedly told in its favour. In itself, too, it is unquestionably light and graceful music, occasionally showy, but well suited to the instrument which, by the way, Herr Hans Wessely handled to excellent purpose. The sentimental sorts of melody which abound in the work the soloist played with feeling and good technique. In a few of the more jerky passages, had he played in broader style, he might have lessened the poverty of the effect. The second movement, an Adagio, is the most pathetic; the Final Rondo the most sparkling and brilliant. On the whole, however, Herr Wessely's best achievement was his beautiful rendering of Wieniawski's Fantasia for Violin and Orchestra on airs from *Faust*. Here he displayed to the full his tenderness of touch and his apt and pathetic turn of phrasing. The singer was Mme. Valleria, and she gave Wagner's air "Elsa's Dream" from *Lohengrin*, Mendelssohn's "Winterlied," and Schumann's "Widmung" in her usual style. The concert was brought to a close by a fine rendering of Wagner's Overture to *Tannhäuser*.

THE SUMMONS TO RISE.

O MEET me by moonlight alone,
Since our meetings by day are proclaimed,
And by day every movement is known,
And the place of our rendezvous named.
But what though the day we must yield
To our tyrants? The night is our own;
We are sure to be first in the field
If you meet me by moonlight alone.

Soft wrapped in embraces of sleep
When the Rile Irish Constable lies,
And the dews of forgetfulness steep
The removable magistrate's eyes;
O! 'tis then that contempt of the law
May with singular safety be shown,
For they can't say you hold it in awe
If you meet me by moonlight alone.

I have tried circumventing the foe
More than once when the sun was on high;
But I own I have found it no go,
And I think it is useless to try.
To go racing about in a car,
To be jolted, perhaps to be thrown,
Is absurd; it were better by far
That you met me by moonlight alone.

In the morn, at three-thirty or so,
See the patriot ready to start.
'Tis a frost; but his breast is aglow
With the warmth of his patriot heart.
There is rime on his whiskers and hair,
And his feet are as cold as a stone;
But no matter; he's bound to be there,
For a meeting by moonlight alone.

O! divine is the spirit that routs
Up a hero betimes from his bed;
And sublime the devotion that flouts
Such a risk of a cold in the head.
Sure, freedom must spring as the crop
Where the seeds of such valour are sown;
And no perils are likely to stop
One who meets you by moonlight alone.

It is true that your numbers are scant;
And it happens too often, I fear,
That I'm rather too sleepy to rant,
And that you are too drowsy to hear.
But, although you don't know what I say,
You can cheer and give B-lf-r a groan
In the dark just as well as by day,
If you meet me by moonlight alone.

Awake, then, ere daylight is here,
And the foes of our nation surprise,
Who are wont at the Irish to sneer
As a people unable to "rise."
We shall hear such derision no more,
They'll perhaps take a different tone
If you're ready to get up at four
And to meet me by moonlight alone.

REVIEWS.

LES HOMMES DE CHEVAL.*

THE first remark we wish to make about this book is that it is beautifully got up; the paper is excellent, the type is large and clear, and it is profusely, brilliantly, and amusingly illustrated. It is just the sort of thing to put into a friend's hands if one has to keep him waiting, and it is equally suited to a drawing-room and a smoking-room. Yet, with all its virtues, it is a difficult book for an Englishman to review fairly, as the style of horsemanship extolled by the author is not popular in this country. We may be wrong in our ideas on the subject, and the happy day may at length arrive when an Englishman will consider it a compliment to be told that he rides like a Frenchman; but it is not as yet. On the other hand, Baron de Vaux, while he thinks it all very well to recognize their qualities, is "bien loin d'accorder aux Anglais une supériorité qu'ils n'ont pas." He may be right; we may be wrong. In any case, we gladly record the fact that he has produced a very readable book.

M. de Vaux divides all horsemen worthy of the name into two classes—the followers of M. Baucher and the followers of Le Comte d'Aure. These illustrious founders of the rival schools of French horsemanship he calls "Les deux grands maîtres." Those who belong to the school of Baucher he calls Bauchéristes; Auristes is rather an awkward word, but he uses it at least once.

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* *Les Hommes de Cheval*, [illegible] siècle. Par Baron de Vaux. Paris: J. Rothschild. 1888.

Having divided the world—that is to say, the horsey world—into Baucherists and Aurists, he goes on to say that "C'est très curieux, mais chaque fois que je rencontre un homme de cheval de quelque valeur, je suis sûr que j'ai devant moi un baucheriste." Was Fred Archer a Baucherist? Surely, he was a horseman of some value! The question of the rival merits of the Comte d'Aure and M. Baucher recurs again and again, from one end of the book to the other. To an English reader this is a little wearisome, nor is he fitted to express a definite opinion on the subject, for neither of these great masters of equitation rode in a style that recommended itself to British tastes, although no one could have denied that both were fine horsemen in their own way. It would be irrelevant, in reviewing the Baron de Vaux's beautiful book, to point out the advantages of the English style of riding, difficult as it may be to resist the temptation. It is undoubtedly a fault in Englishmen to imagine that they can learn nothing about horses or horsemanship from foreigners, and while we cannot agree with Baron de Vaux in his excessive admiration of the style of Baucher, we candidly admit that there is a great deal of what may be described as "untidy riding" in Rotten Row, and that many of the riders might be none the worse for a little Baucherism. Indeed, we are inclined to think that the ordinary Englishman's pride at never having had a lesson from a riding-master is carried a little too far. It seems that there are not only Baucherists, but Baucherized horses. We infer from what the Baron de Vaux tells us that even a certain celebrated French horseman sneers at the latter, avowing, moreover, "que les chevaux baucherisés sont incapables de franchir le moindre obstacle." After all, it seems that one of the greatest living exponents of Baucherism is an Englishman—Mr. Mackenzie-Grieves. "Je suis certain," says Baron de Vaux, "que, s'il n'était Mackenzie, il voudrait être Baucher," and Baron d'Etreillis, in his book on horsemanship, speaks of him as "l'homme de cheval le plus remarquable de notre époque." Baron de Vaux, again, says, "Je l'ai vu faire exécuter à *Billy*, un cheval rouan, qui lui fut acheté par la duchesse de Fitz-James, une de nos *horsewomen* les plus célèbres, des figures de manège d'une et de deux pistes, en changeant de pied à chaque foulée de galop et où son immobilité était tellement grande qu'il se faisait presque oublier." Surely this is something to make every John Bull glow with pride! Yet it is possible even for a French horseman to exist and to be esteemed without being a Baucherist. Le Duc d'Aumale, "qui occupe une des premières places dans le monde équestre," is not a "partisan de la méthode Baucher." Indeed, it is even hinted that, in his heart of hearts, he looks upon that hero of heroes as a "saltimbanque." Nevertheless, "par respect pour le talent de ce maître des maîtres, le duc d'Aumale, lorsqu'on l'interroge sur cette méthode, vous répond qu'il ne se trouve pas assez compétent pour en juger." It is awe-inspiring to read of the Duke's hunting "dans le Worcestershire," "une contrée difficile, hérissée d'obstacles sérieux," in which "pour 'rester aux chiens' il fallait de rudes sauteurs." "Il y chassait, avec les princes ses frères et ses neveux, tous les deux ou trois jours, tantôt le lièvre, tantôt le renard."

Les Hommes de Cheval is, to all intents and purposes, a portrait gallery of horsemen. We have not time to take our readers through it, nor would many of the celebrities therein portrayed be known to the average Englishman. "Ce serait difficile," says the author, "du reste de handicaper des hommes de cheval comme ceux dont je vais parler." But he does his best, and his little biographies are bright, clear, concise, and entertaining. All kinds of riders are described, from a perfect Baucherist who used fearlessly to entrust himself to a "cheval entier de Tarbes, méchant et mordant, n'était monté que muselé," to a horseman who "laissait flotter les rênes" in a manner that might well make Baucher rise from his grave. One of the characters depicted is a perfect sportsman. Here is the definition of a perfect sportsman:—"Un écuyer remarquable, il n'est pas moins brillant cocher. Il a fait des armes avec distinction. C'est en un mot un parfait sportsman." There is another who is "dans le monde un des sportsmen et des gentlemen les plus accomplis." The account of the Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia is quite alarming:—"Sa magnifique prestance, son allure dégagée et son grand air décèlent tout de suite un de ces hommes de race, devant lesquels on ne demande pas mieux que de s'incliner." In many of these personal descriptions there is a considerable quantity of what Englishmen are wont to call "butter," and about the most serious fault that is found with any of the characters is that they are not Baucherists. We are told that a certain French horseman of exceeding brilliancy was ordered, during the last years of the Empire, to study riding in all the schools of Europe. Accordingly he visited successively Wurtemberg, Austria, Prussia, Hanover, and Russia—but not England! We do not complain; we merely note the fact. One of the greatest virtues, again, of another famous rider is the following:—"L'équitation anglaise, quoique ayant sa raison d'être, ses principes et ses règles parfaitement définies, n'a jamais séduit le marquis de Talleyrand." In the section comprising *Les Steeplechasers*, we should like to have found a few more subjects; but, on the whole, the selection of names in each division is a good one. Not the least interesting portion of the work is the Introduction by Lieutenant-Colonel Guérin, every word of which is worth reading. He is in favour of carrying the system of riding-schools to an extreme point; but many of his suggestions are admirable. If he could have his way, France would indeed become a nation of horsemen.

It is time now that we looked at the pictures. Of portraits and illustrations of one kind or another there are no less than one hundred and sixty, by more than forty artists, from the Princess Terka Jablonowska downwards, and exceedingly clever many of them are. Before looking at any of the others, everybody will, of course, feast his eyes upon the portraits of the Comte d'Aure and M. Baucher. Our eye dwells with greater pleasure on the portrait of a nobleman who, we are told, fails to see the merits of Baucherism; if, however, we had been dressing him for his sitting, we should not have put him into a frock-coat and butcher-boots, as we own to an insular prejudice against that combination. There is a picture of another man, who looks a capital fellow—*un sportsman et gentleman*, in fact—in full hunting costume, topped by a white hat with a black band round it. We do not wear white hats with black bands round them out hunting in England, but that is no reason why people should not do so in France, and the sportsman in question looks very happy as he gallops among the branches of a fallen tree after a pug-faced hound. There is another edifying hunting picture, which represents a number of red-coated men, with great horns, mobbing a stag to death in a cover. This, of course, is quite right, according to French ideas; and, if it is worth mobbing at all, it is worth mobbing well, as these gentlemen are evidently doing. A lady in a scarlet body, a white skirt, and a white hat, riding a grey horse, adds lustre to the scene. A small sketch of a battery of Horse Artillery coming at a gallop towards the spectator, although rather indistinct, is, in our opinion, one of the most spirited illustrations in the book. Let not the reader fail to notice the red and yellow horse, jumping a low rail, on the illustrated title-page. His fireworklike tail is a thing, once seen, not to be forgotten. Several of the smaller illustrations represent a French manner of horse-breaking which is repugnant to our notions. The horse is placed between two strong upright posts, which are sometimes padded. From the upper parts of these posts hang a pair of pillar-reins, which are fastened to the horse's bridle on either side, so that he is obliged to hold his head high. The horse-breaker then approaches him on the near side, with a straight cutting-whip in his left hand and a long driving-whip in his right. With the long whip he drives him up to his bridle so as to make him arch his neck and gather his haunches under him, while with the short whip he teases his fore-legs, until he raises them as high as French taste requires—a considerable elevation. Sometimes the horse-breaker mounts the horse when he is on the pillar-rein, and pursues the same teasing tactics. Very possibly the horse may begin to kick; but he soon becomes tired of that, and then there is nothing left for him to do, but to squat with his quarters, arch his neck, and begin the eternal dancing up and down with his fore-legs. One of the most engaging pictures in the book, to our mind, is that of an officer in uniform, without a sword, but with a hunting-crop, making a *promenade à cheval* on a high-stepping grey pony, a short pipe in his mouth and his lap-dog by his side. We think that most of our fellow-countrymen will agree with us in considering the horses represented in the portraits, as a rule, a coarse, underbred lot. The shoulders of many of them are deplorable, and the loins and quarters of others are even worse. The pasterns, again, of not a few are absolutely shocking. But let the merits and demerits of English and French horses and horsemanship be what they may, there can be no doubt that the two styles exist, and a good treatise on either deserves its due share of praise. One thing, we believe, we may safely say, which is, that the majority of Englishmen who read *Les Hommes de Cheval* will learn many things about French horsemen and horsemanship that they did not know before; and we may add that they will have these things brought to their knowledge in a pleasant way. It is interesting to observe that, while certain Englishmen would like to see our Royal Commissioners recommending the British Government to establish an Imperial *haras* in this country, a well-known French horseman opposes the system in France, on the ground that it has not been adopted in England, the country which produces the best horses in the world. Altogether *Les Hommes de Cheval* is a remarkable book, and one that can hardly fail to be popular both in France and in England.

NOVELS.*

THE thanks of all lovers of a good novel are due to Mrs. Hegan Kennard for introducing to them Herr Maurus Jokai, an author who has been too long practically unknown to us. If, among the many works which have given to this Hungarian writer his high reputation in his own country, there are others as picturesque and powerful as *Timar's Two Worlds*, let Mrs. Hegan Kennard lose no time in placing them in the hands of English readers; for it

* *Timar's Two Worlds.* By Maurus Jokai. Authorized Translation by Mrs. Hegan Kennard. 3 vols. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1888.

Loyalty George. By Mrs. Parr, Author of "Adam and Eve" &c. 3 vols. London: Bentley & Son. 1888.

They Twain. By Mary H. Pickersgill-Cunliffe. London: The London Literary Society.

The New Judgment of Paris. By Philip Lafargue. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

Philip Alwyne. By J. Knox Sherrard. 2 vols. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1888.

In Love and Honour: a Story of Scotch Country Life. By I. K. Ritchie. London: Elliot Stock. 1888.

Bernard and Marcia: a Story of Middle Age. By Elizabeth Glaister. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1888.

is long since we have met with a story so vigorous in its action, so full of human sympathy, of strength and pathos, as this romance of Central Europe. On an ownerless island in the Danube, formed by the force of the stream and increased by alluvial deposits, which is to be traced on no map and belongs to no country, the widowed Therese and her daughter Noémi have found refuge from a ruined home and grasping creditors. Their life is one of primeval simplicity; their fruits, herbs, honey, and flocks they barter with the few who land on their shores. To this retreat Timar, the captain of a vessel laden with grain which has narrowly escaped the dangers of the Iron Gate and the pursuit of a Turkish gunboat, brings his two passengers, Ali Tschorbadschi the owner of the cargo, and his daughter Timéa. Here too comes Theodor Krisstyan, who holds in his hand the fortunes both of the widow and of Tschorbadschi; for he is a spy of the Turkish Government, who at a word from him will claim the ownerless isle as the territory of the Sultan, and will demand the extradition of the fugitives on the charge of robbing the treasury. Sooner than fall into his enemies' hands the wretched Ali commits suicide; the cargo, his property, sunk in the river by the wreck of the ship, is sold to Timar as damaged grain, and proves to contain immense treasure in jewels and specie. Timar employs his wealth boldly, skilfully, successfully; all he touches turns to gold; he is beloved by the poor for his munificent charities, ennobled by the Government; but his conscience will not let him rest. Pity for her forlorn condition (a dependent among strangers, who treat her vilely) and a desire to repair the wrong he has done her prompt him to marry Timéa; but no happiness attends their union. Timéa accepts his hand from gratitude, not from love; for her heart is given to another, and Timar finds too late that he is wedded to "a marble statue." Maddened by his loveless home, he flies to the ownerless island and to Noémi; and thenceforth Timar has two worlds "his spirit lived in two places, was torn in two parts; there his money, his honour, his position in the world; here his love held him fast."

And so, while to Timéa his wife, to Noémi the mother of his child, and to all the world he is the great patriot, the true Christian, the exemplary husband, the father of the poor, guardian of the orphan, supporter of schools, a pillar of the Church, what is he to himself?

Timar had succeeded in robbing every one. From Timea he stole first her father's million, then the manly ideal of her heart, and kept for himself her wifely troth. From Noémi he stole her loving heart, her womanly tenderness, her whole being. Therese he robbed of her trust, the last belief of her misanthropic mind in the possible goodness of a man. . . The respect shown to him by the world, the tears of the poor, the thanks of the orphan, the decorations bestowed by his King, were they not all thefts? . . . And everything succeeded with him. How long would he go unpunished? He could deceive every one but himself. He was always sad, even when he outwardly smiled. He knew what he ought to be called, and would gladly have shown himself in his true character. But that was impossible. The boundless, universal respect—the rapturous love—if only one of these were due to his true self! Honour, humanity, self-sacrifice were the original principles of his character, the atmosphere of his being. Unheard-of temptations had drawn him in the opposite direction; and now he was a man whom every one loved, honoured, and respected, and who was only hated and despised by himself.

Such, in the author's words, is the powerfully drawn character around whom centres the interest of this remarkable story. It would be unfair to mar the pleasure of those who will read it by revealing its conclusion. The perilous adventures of the ship in the passage of the Iron Gate, the Arcadian simplicity of the peaceful life on the ownerless island, the touching and beautiful episode of the baby "Dodi," are among the pleasant memories with which we regretfully close this delightful book, in the hope that we may soon meet again both with author and translator.

Mrs. Parr has done well to lay the scene of *Loyalty George* in the neighbourhood of Plymouth, for she evidently knows the local country thoroughly; her descriptions of its scenery are excellently done, and her reproduction of its dialect in the mouths of her characters is accurate and humorous, without becoming tedious. Besides she has a good story to tell, and she tells it well. We may take exception to the unnecessarily mournful nature of the conclusion of this book, and to the conventionality both of the details of the catastrophe and of the events which lead up to it; but, that said, the task of fault-finding is over; and, on the other hand, there is much in Mrs. Parr's work which demands the warmest praise. The characters are firmly and distinctly drawn, the action fairly lively, and the interest well sustained. Loyalty herself (with her natural nobility of heart—which she owes to the strain of gentle blood in her veins—fighting against and eventually, under the refining influence of her love, triumphing over the roughness of her surroundings and the squalor of her home) is a very charming heroine, and her sailor lover is a particularly lifelike creation in whom good and bad are admirably and most naturally blended. Of the minor characters, Dunchy the deaf boatman, Loyalty's steadfast ally, is perhaps the best drawn, and certainly is the most amusing, but we have also pleasant recollections of Mrs. Coode the worshipper of respectability, of the [illegible] old Rowe and his daughter, of those terrible old women "[illegible]" and "Aunt Tishy," and others who people the pages of Mrs. Parr's pleasant tale.

[illegible] is a story of country life, in which the duties of a wife and mother are expounded in a quiet, inoffensive, if unnecessarily didactic, style. Whatever may be the faults of the bride whose fortunes it narrates, she is at any rate not unduly inquisitive; for, instead of asking her husband, either before marriage or during the honeymoon any questions as to his house, establishment, or manner of life, she has, we are told, "indulged in various imaginary accounts of her new home and surroundings, till, by constant repetition, she had come to believe them." By thus evolving her husband's circumstances out of her own inner consciousness, instead of making a few not unnatural inquiries, she subjects herself on reaching home to a good deal of disappointment. There is "no pretty pony-carriage driven by a liveried servant" at the station, no "handsome brass bedstead" or "Queen Anne tables" in her bedroom. Then her husband shocks her susceptibilities by getting up very early, dining in the middle of the day, selling his mutton to his neighbours, and wearing "an old suit of dittos, concluded by brown leather gaiters and big hob-nailed boots." As he is a farmer, it is not easy to see what else his wife could have expected. She is however deeply distressed at these evidences of barbarism, and endeavours (though with no success) to introduce beneath her roof the manners and customs of what she is pleased to call "gentlefolks." Moreover she makes undesirable friendships, neglects her housekeeping, and later on her baby. In the end of course this is all changed. Her husband and his godmother, an elderly lady of exemplary but somewhat self-complacent piety, are ever at hand to advise and to reprove, and we part from the ignorant bride a pattern and model of all that wife and mother should be. The story is little more than a means of conveying the author's views on the great question "how to be happy though married," but it is pleasantly told, its characters are clearly and consistently drawn, and it should not lack readers among those who do not object to a work of fiction combining instruction and amusement in the proportion of nine parts of the former to one of the latter.

It is to be hoped that the characters Mr. Paul Lafargue depicts in *The New Judgment of Paris* are drawn from imagination, not from experience. His hero is an irritating prig, an artist with "clear, amber-coloured eyes" and "a well-pruned moustache." His pictures are of course works of transcendent genius, but he will neither exhibit nor sell them. He objects to exhibiting on sentimental grounds. "For one reason," he says, "I am too lazy; for another, I dread the critics, especially the modern numskull. But my ground-motive, as the Germans say, is that I loathe anything that smacks of advertising." His objection to selling his pictures is more practical, and consists of a deference to the prejudices of an aunt on whom he is dependent, and who (considering that she is the Mother Superior of a sisterhood of nurses) holds singular views regarding the dignity of labour. "I would sooner," she says, "Ambrose never painted again than see him haggling with people like a shopman. I say nothing of the dignity of the artist. Ambrose will tell you about that. All I am anxious to preserve is the dignity of the gentleman." Nor is Mr. Lafargue any happier in his choice of a heroine—a selfish, worldly young woman who engages herself to our friend the painter solely because she regards him as a good investment socially and financially, and who jilts him without hesitation or remorse when his aunt cuts off the supplies—in doing which, by the way, the Mother Superior deliberately breaks a promise most solemnly given to her father on his death-bed. Mr. Lafargue's style matches his matter. A telegram is transformed by this master of the dictionary into "one of those orange-coloured missives which are as mosquito-trumpetings to dreamy life"; and when one of his characters unexpectedly receives good news, we read that "there was a bar of silence, and then the baton waved, and his whole nerve-orchestra broke forth into a jubilant Tutti." For such as consider this sort of stuff fine writing there is plenty to be found in *The New Judgment of Paris*.

Philip Alwyne says and does many foolish things in the course of the tale which bears his name, but on one occasion at least he is inspired with words of wisdom; when he advises his cousin Christine, who has written a novel which no one will publish, to write "another book, an everyday sort of book, that people would understand and buy . . . A book about ordinary men and women." It is much to be regretted that Miss Knox Sherrard has contented herself with laying down these excellent dogmas of authorship; had she practised what she preached—or what her hero preached for her, which comes to much the same—these volumes would never have been written. Is it possible that any one can believe the characters in *Philip Alwyne* to be "ordinary men and women"? Philip himself is one of those immaculate persons, bearing a strong family resemblance to the hero of the *Heir of Redclyffe*, of whom lady-novelists are so fond. When we first meet him he is a small boy, not yet at school, examining the picture of one of his ancestors.

"I wonder," said Phil, "why he has got a different motto from all the others. They have the same as we have got written up over the fireplace; but not one other has got *Semper fidelis*. I think *Semper fidelis* is much nicer than our own motto; I am sure 'Always faithful' is better than 'Willing, but unable.' I don't see if any one is willing how they can be unable. When I grow up I shall have *Volo non valeo* taken down, and *Semper fidelis* put up in its place. I am sure Sir Geoffrey will be pleased; I *do* wonder why he has got a different motto from all the others."

And having, with the assistance of a catalogue, cleared up this point—

"I knew it, I knew it," said Phil triumphantly; "I knew you were upright and honourable, Sir Jeff, or I shouldn't have loved you as I did. I am sure you were *Semper fidelis*, though you did die so young. I hope, dear Sir Jeff, when I grow up, I may be just like you; my motto shall be *Semper fidelis*."

Are these the natural thoughts and words of a boy not yet in

his teens? Do lads of that age weigh critically the comparative merits of Latin mottos, or kneel before a family portrait, vowing to shape their future lives according to their ideal of its original? Not they—they would make a target of the picture; and would as soon think of proposing a visit to the dentist as of discussing Latin out of school hours. Then Philip goes to Eton, and there makes a friendship with a boy, who seems nearly as great a prig as himself. By this time our precocious hero is in love:—

George Fergusson [we are told] was the only boy Philip ever made a confidant of, and to him alone he confided his love for Muriel. Many a half-hour the boys would spend together, talking about the little girl, Philip relating, George listening; and, though the latter would often laugh and call him a mooney, he, as he declared afterwards, had quite learnt to love Philip's friend by hearsay.

Poor Eton! Lovers' confidences! "Mooney!" In this author's hands "Thou art translated" with a vengeance. It is unnecessary for us to follow in detail the fortunes of Philip Alwyne and Muriel Arlington. How they are engaged while still in their 'teens; how the lady changes her mind, but allows her lover to go with his regiment to India in blissful ignorance of her altered sentiments; how she falls in love with Phil's old school friend, Fergusson, and what comes of it all, is crudely and tediously set forth in Miss Knox Sherrard's pages. "A book about ordinary men and women" *Philip Alwyne* certainly is not; a book "that people would understand and buy"? Well, yes, perhaps. Who can tell?

Surely never was anything simpler and slighter than Miss I. K. Ritchie's *In Love and Honour: a Story of Scotch Country Life.* Two young cousins, brought up together from childhood—boy and girl lovers, it is true, but with nothing precocious or unhealthy in their sentiments—Alec and Jeanie Crerar are a sufficiently interesting couple to enlist the sympathies of any reader who does not consider a story the worse for being quiet and gentle in its tone, and almost entirely devoid of action. The lovers are parted, for the girl goes to Glasgow, where her mother has taken a lodging-house; and the lad is jealous of one of the lodgers, on very insufficient grounds; the mother promotes misunderstandings, intercepts letters, and otherwise endeavours, ineffectually of course, to interfere with the course of true love. Such a plot is as simple and as old as that of a fairy story; but the author possesses a homely, unpretentious style admirably suited to her subject, her characters think and talk naturally and to the purpose, her command of the Scotch dialect is excellent, and her work in a word if unexciting, is at any rate always inoffensive.

The only fault we feel disposed to find with *Bernard and Marcia* is that the action of the story is an unconscionable time in beginning. Introduced at the outset to several families, each consisting of many members, the reader becomes bewildered among the numerous characters, and failing to grasp the various relationships of uncles, aunts, and cousins, feels like a playgoer without a playbill, or a visitor to a picture-gallery without a catalogue. But when Miss Glaister once gets her story well set in motion, the action becomes clear and intelligible; the characters are interesting and sharply defined, and we follow them to the end with none the less interest because we see pretty clearly some way ahead what that end will be. Bernard is one of those unhappy favourites of misfortune who, with the best of intentions, can do nothing right. With Marcia, the niece and adopted child of his father's second wife, he might make the best of marriages, but the attraction of a pretty face makes him wed a girl of shady parentage, whose innate vulgarity and hereditary fondness for drink blight his life. Eventually, as the reader can easily anticipate, this objectionable personage conveniently dies, and the happiness of hero and heroine is assured in their middle age. Miss Glaister possesses the power, unfortunately not too common, of drawing ladies and gentlemen naturally and without exaggeration; the unpleasant characters of the dipsomaniac wife and her family are lifelike without being repulsive, and welcome touches of humour are forthcoming to relieve the darkest passages of this clever and promising story.

THE GREAT SEALS OF ENGLAND.*

MR. ALLAN WYON relates, in his preface, how, upon a day in July 1877, he and his late brother received a visit from a distinguished American lawyer, the Hon. Theodore Runyon, Chancellor of New Jersey—a State which our readers may remember was founded about two hundred years ago as a British colony. It appeared that litigation had sprung up between the State of New Jersey and the adjoining State of Delaware respecting certain riparian rights, and each produced in support of their respective claims a charter of Charles II., in which, by some singular oversight, identical but exclusive privileges were secured. It only remained to show which charter bore the earlier date; but, unfortunately, in the one case the date in the attestation clause had become obliterated, and only an expert could decide by an examination of the seals which charter was first executed. Whatever the decision, the incident in itself sufficiently proved the advantage of a knowledge of these Seals; but, even where it might not lead to such practical result, a familiarity with their character, their design, and distinctive features, with the circumstances attending their creation, their periods of use, and their formal defacement, is knowledge to be desired by every student of history. For the production of this work on the Great Seals Mr. Wyon possesses peculiar qualifications—the son of one of the chief engravers of Her Majesty's seals and the grandson of another, himself now holding the appointment in succession to his late elder brother, inheriting not only the casts and careful drawings, but the valuable memoranda, of his immediate predecessors, having access, as he gratefully acknowledges in his preface, to every muniment-room and deed-chest where a Great Seal is likely to be preserved, he would seem to be of all persons the fittest to undertake this descriptive and historical catalogue. The result is a handsome, finely illustrated, and exceedingly interesting volume in royal-quarto form, the letterpress as complete and explicit as we could desire, with full-sized autotype representations of every seal and counterseal, taken from casts by Mr. Robert Ready, so well known to numismatists for his exquisite reproductions in metal of early coins.

The earliest example of English royal seals which has yet been discovered is preserved in the Archives Nationales at Paris. It is attached to the deed of confirmation of a grant of lands in Sussex to the Abbey of St. Denys, and is dated at Tamworth in the thirty-third year of Offa, King of Mercia, A.D. 790. It cannot be supposed that this is the first instance of the use of a royal seal for important documents; its occurrence, together with that of the original leaden *bulla* of the seal of Coenwulf, King of Mercia, *circ.* 800-810, now in the British Museum, and the seal of Eadgar, King of England, 959-975, preserved at Paris, are evidence sufficient that the seal was used in the times of the Anglo-Saxon kings; though, with these exceptions, no other evidences are forthcoming. It is not until the reign of Eadward the Confessor—1043-1066—that the long unbroken series of the great seals commences, ranging from the date A.D. 1053, upon a charter preserved in the British Museum, to the year 1878, when the great seal now in use was laid before Her Majesty and formally approved.

A very interesting question arises in our examination of these seals; and that is, to what extent we may regard the effigies of the king upon the face of the seal as a portrait. It is well known that distinct portraiture was not attempted upon the English coinage until the reign of Henry VII. In the year 1504 the portrait of the King, in profile, was stamped upon all the larger silver pieces issued from the Mint, instead of the conventional bust, facing, which previously appeared, or the equally conventional profiles upon coins of Stephen; but there is good reason to believe that, from the very first, the likeness of the sovereign was, with more or less accuracy, introduced upon the great seal. Thus, the face of the King, a profile to the left, upon the seal of Offa, has the unmistakable character of a portrait. As Mr. Wyon writes:—

Although the execution is rude, the features are of a noble if of a somewhat pensive and melancholy cast, not unworthy of the sovereign who did so much to consolidate the Heptarchy into a Monarchy; and who was widely respected on the Continent as the friend of Charlemagne and Alcuin. As the late Sir Frederick Madden remarked, the expression of the features might fairly bear out the description of his anonymous biographer—*elegans corpore, eloquens sermone, acie perspicax oculorum.*

It is clearly Mr. Wyon's opinion, as it is our own, that the face of the King upon the seal of Eadward the Confessor is also intended for a portrait; the large nose, the pointed beard, and the long moustache are too distinctive to be "conventional," especially when we find that upon the Bayeux Tapestry Eadward, in marked contrast with almost every other figure, both English and Norman, is represented with hair both on chin and upper lip. Ruding describes and pictures thirty-eight coins of this King; the face is bearded in seventeen; one—No. 25 of Ruding—seen full face has moustache and, as upon the great seal, "a picked beard." As above remarked, until the time of Henry VII., the bust of the sovereign upon the coins was treated conventionally; and in very few instances, except in those we have mentioned, is there any indication of a beard. We may add that the biographer of Eadward, quoted by William of Malmesbury, and referred to by Freeman, describes the Confessor as *capillis et barbâ canitie insignis lacteâ.* It is characteristic of Eadward that he should have caused himself to be represented on both sides of his seal, enthroned, in the same peaceful guise. After his time, with certain noticeable exceptions, the sovereign appears upon one side of the seal enthroned, and upon the other is seen on horseback, generally armed as chief of the military or naval forces of the kingdom; the only departures from this design appear on the second seal of Queen Anne, which bears on the counterseal the figure of Britannia; and the two absurd great seals engraved during the Commonwealth, which, with extraordinary minuteness of detail, represent on the one side the House of Commons in session, and on the other a map of England, Wales, and Ireland. Differences, to which we will refer, are seen on the seals of the Protector Cromwell; but his mounted figure on the counterseal is intended as a portrait, and it is evidence of the care and accuracy with which each successive engraver endeavoured to execute his task, that on the seals of the Conqueror, although the impressions are partially obliterated, the figure still presents that peculiarity of form which, as historians gravely inform us, while William was at war for the recovery of the Vezin, gave occasion for an unseemly jest on the part of Philip of France. Angered by the insult, the English King devastated the country, and captured the stronghold of Mantes, where his horse, treading among burning

* *The Great Seals of England, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time.* Commenced and the greater part written by the late Alfred Benjamin Wyon. Completed and carried through the press by Allan Wyon. London: Elliot Stock.

umbers, plunged and threw him with fatal force against the pummel of his saddle; the Chronicle of Florence of Worcester confirms the painful nature of his death and the locality of the injury, but does not mention the proximate cause. We might here remark that on the second seal of William the legend commences on the side on which is the mounted figure, which, therefore, is the *obverse*, while the sovereign enthroned is on the *reverse*; it would, therefore, be more convenient always to employ the terms *seal* and *counterseal*, instead of terms properly applicable to the coinage.

Appended to a charter of 1141 is the very rare impression of the seal of the Empress Matilda, daughter and heir of Henry I. It is of German type without counterseal. Mr. Wyon suggests that during her brief reign "she had probably no leisure to direct the preparation of a seal befitting the Queen of England." But here Mr. Wyon is in error; though elected "Lady of England" at Winchester, Matilda was never crowned, or able to make good her title to the throne. An interesting seal, but without counterseal, is that of Henry, eldest son of Henry II., who during his father's lifetime and in furtherance of his policy was crowned king at Westminster, July 1170; the ceremony was performed by Roger, Archbishop of York, an intrusion upon his rights bitterly resented by Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury. The coronation was repeated three years afterwards at Winchester, when his Queen, the Princess of France, was also crowned. The legend upon his seal reads HENRICUS REX ANGLOR ET DUX NORMANNOR ET COMES ANDEGAVOR. We may notice the omission of the words DEI GRATIA, words which appear upon every other great seal from that of William II. to Victoria, the idea being preserved even upon the seals of the Commonwealth. The title DOMINUS HIBERNIE is first seen upon the great seal of John, and is repeated in the legend until the third great seal of Henry VIII., used 1542–1547, who changed the title to HIBERNIE REX. The second seal of Henry III., in use 1259–1272, is peculiar, in that the mounted figure is without the crown, the engraver, no doubt, acting under the direction of the Committee of twenty-four barons, appointed by the so-called "Mad Parliament," "to reforme the Government of the Kingdom." No fewer than eight seals were executed in the reign of Edward III. The third seal, known as "the 1st Seal of Absence," was committed to the keeping of Edward, Duke of Cornwall and Chester, while the King was abroad prosecuting his claim to the throne of France; on his return, 1340, a new great seal, "the 3rd Seal of Presence," was engraved, on which for the first time the words REX FRANCIE were added to the legend, to remain part of the Royal superscription until 1801, the fourth seal of George III. An additional interest attaches itself to this third "Seal of Presence" since in it the architectural canopy above the throne was first introduced. We may here remark that although, as we have said above, the silver coinage of England was, until the time of Henry VII., treated in a conventional manner, the great seals of the period continued to bear striking evidence of progress in the engraver's art. The throne at first, as in the seal of the Confessor, a cushioned but rudely-fashioned framework or bench, becomes by degrees more or less ornamental; in the second seal of Henry III. it has an elaborately designed back—this in the second seal of Edward III. is still further raised, and forms an ogival pointed arch above the head of the King. In the third "Seal of Presence," as we have just observed, the arch becomes a prominent canopy; in the second "Seal of Absence" the throne has lancet-shaped panels with Gothic tracery, and on either side an arched panel or niche, in which appear, dependent, the arms of France and England, quarterly; while what Mr. Wyon describes as "the culminating point of excellence" is attained in the fifth "Seal of Presence," known as "the Brétigny Seal," used 1360–1369. The type of this beautiful seal was preserved, with the necessary alterations, for a century after its first appearance, the first seal of Henry IV., 1399, being almost identical; the second seal of Henry IV. shows still further development, both in point of artistic design and in execution.

> As the Brétigny Seal [says Mr. Wyon] may be considered to reflect the late decorated style of architecture, so this 2nd Seal of Henry IV. may be considered to reflect in its general framework the perpendicular style, which had been introduced by William of Wykeham in the reign of Edward III., while in the vigour and variety of its details it is worthy of the best periods of Gothic art. There are no fewer than twenty-one figures and animals introduced into its principal face, without counting those on the shields and banners. Yet these are all so harmoniously balanced and arranged that there is no sense of crowding or confusion. In the counterseal the delicate scroll pattern of the field, added to the decorated cusps which have been adapted after the Brétigny Seal, has a peculiarly happy effect.

The second seal of Edward IV., in use 1461–1470, is again a modification of the Brétigny Seal. Rymer tells us that it was made of gold; the field on the counterseal, hitherto clear, is now diapered with a pattern of quatrefoils enclosing roses, the intervening spaces being filled with "the sun in his splendour." This badge was adopted, we are told, to commemorate the victory at Mortimer's Cross, where, according to Hollingshead,

> he met with his enimies in a faire plaine neere to Mortimer's Crosse not far from Hereford East on Candlemasse daie in the morning. At which time the sunne (as some write) appeared to the earle of Marche like three sunnes and suddenlie joined altogether in one. Upon which sight he tooke such courage that he, fiercelie setting on his enimies put them to flight; and for this cause men imagined that he gave the sunne in his full brightnesse for his badge or cognisance.

The incident is dramatized in Third Part *Henry VI.*, Act. ii. sc. i.:—

> *Edward.* Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?
>
> * * * * *
>
> 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard of.
> I think it cites us, brother, to the field;
> That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
> Each one already blazing by our meeds,
> Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together
> And overshine the earth, as this the world.
> Whate'er it bodes, henceforward I will bear
> Upon my target three fair-shining suns.

Upon the second seal of Henry VIII., described by Mr. Wyon as "the last Gothic seal" (in use 1532–1542), the words FIDEI DEFENSOR, a title conferred 1521 by Leo X., are added to the legend, and have since remained part of the title of our English sovereigns. Another change in the legend was the introduction of the numeral after the royal name; until this date there had not been anything upon the great seal to show under which William, Edward, or Henry it had been engraved. Still more important variations distinguish the third seal; not only is the transition from the Gothic character complete, and the portrait more realistic, but the legend announces a change which had long been pending in the relationship between Church and State; the King is now, by the Grace of God, King of England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, ET IN TERRA ECCLESIE ANGLICANE ET HIBERNICE SVPREMVM CAPVT. The legend was repeated on the seal of Edward VI.—a seal which, notwithstanding its objectionable ascription, was used for some months by Mary after her accession, when it was superseded by a seal in which this part of the title was omitted, to be once again resumed on the fifth seal of George III. (in use 1815–1821), and then finally to disappear. With the first seal of Elizabeth "the artistic merit of the seals," as Mr. Wyon expresses it, "touches its lowest depths." The Queen, a squat, ungainly figure, is seated beneath a canopy, with pendant curtains drawn to either side, a design somewhat resembling a four-post bed or a modern draped mantelpiece; the mounted figure on the counterseal is equally ungraceful. The seal of James I. (in use 1603–1605) records a new departure; in the seal of Elizabeth had been engraved in the field "the harp ensigned with a crown," now the arms of England, Scotland, and Ireland are quartered, signifying the completion of the Union. Two years later this seal was superseded by a second seal, for no cause of State, but for a reason, eminently characteristic, expressed in the royal warrant—"Forasmuch as in our Great Seale lately made for the Realm of England the canope over the picture of our face is so low embossed that thereby the same Seale in that place thereof doth easily bruise and take disgrace"; the warrant is dated 8th day of May, 1603, and addressed "to our trustie and well-beloved Servant Charles Anthony, gravor of our mynt and seales." The King's instructions were attended to, and a projection was given to the "canope" above the "picture of our face," which in the impression no longer "takes disgrace." The debates in Parliament as to the use and keeping of the third great seal of Charles I. form part of the tragic history of that unhappy King's reign; by order of the Commons the seal, after much discussion and in the presence of the House, was solemnly defaced and broken. The new seal, the fourth, resembled the last, with the exception of the date, which is altered to 1643. This seal was never "touched" by the King, but was retained "to attend the Parliament," careful arrangements being made for its "ordering and disposing." It, in turn, was defaced and broken, and replaced by the seal of the Commonwealth (in use 1649–1651) above described, with the map of England, Wales, and Ireland, but not Scotland, on the one side, and on the counterseal the view of the House of Commons with the Speaker in the chair, and with the pious inscription IN THE FIRST YEARE OF FREEDOME BY GOD'S BLESSING RESTORED 1648. No doubt executed in haste, it was in 1651 superseded by the second seal of the Commonwealth, which, however it may be contemned for its design, deserves the highest praise for excellence of engraving. The artist was *Thomas Simon*, or *Symonds*, the famous medallist, who a few years later, February 1654–5, was appointed by Parliament "Sole Chiefe Ingraver." It was he who made the beautiful coins with the effigy of the Protector, and the famous "Petition Crown" for Charles II., with which the "Victoria crown piece" of the late William Wyon will bear favourable comparison. Simon engraved the great seal of the Protector, in use 1655–7, and the seal of Richard. In May 1659 an Order passed the House that "a new great seal should be with all speed prepared"; but there seems to us some doubt whether this Order was actually complied with, or whether the great seal of the Parliament of 1651 was not, as Mr. Wyon contends, again brought into use. If a new seal was engraved, it was without any alteration in the design; and when the "Long Parliament" was dissolved and the new Parliament, six days after their assembling, May 1, 1660, received letters from Charles II. announcing a free and general pardon to all who should within forty days return to their allegiance, and declaring his readiness to pass a proclamation to that effect under the great seal, there arose no little perplexity as to the fitness of appending to such proclamation a seal which bore upon its face a devout expression of thankfulness that the kingly office had been abolished. The difficulty was apparently solved by delay. On the 28th of May the great seal was solemnly defaced, and on the next day, the 29th, Charles himself appeared, bringing with him the great seal which he had caused to be engraved in 1653 during his exile abroad, and which, as Mr. Wyon happily reminds

us, bore in the legend the inscription REX FRANCIÆ, although Charles at the time owed his safety to the French king's protection. This seal was used on the passing of the "Act of Uniformity" in 1662; when the Prayer-book of the Church of England, forbidden since 1645 under heavy penalties rigidly enforced, was revised and restored to use; a copy of what is known as the "Sealed Prayer-book" being sent to every cathedral chapter throughout the Kingdom, to the great though inevitable discomfiture of a large number of beneficed ministers who declined to accept the doctrine and rule of the Church in their ministrations. James II. when he left Whitehall as a fugitive on the night of the 10th of December

accompanied only by Sir Edward Hales and carrying the great seal with him, stole out of the palace in disguise and proceeded to the Horseferry at Westminster. Here the two got into a boat and told the waterman to pull them across to Lambeth. On their passage the King silently slipped the seal into the river, thinking, perhaps, as Lord Campbell says, that he had sunk with it for ever the fortunes of the Prince of Orange.

It need hardly be added that the temporary loss of the seal did not imperil the Revolution; a few days afterwards a fisherman drew up the seal in his nets, and it was soon restored to its proper keeping. The seal of William and Mary is noticeable in that it bears no reference to Scotland. The first seal of Anne has on its counterseal the Queen on horseback, on the counterseal of the second seal in use 1707-1715 is the figure of Britannia, the left hand resting on an oval shield with the arms of England and Scotland impaled. Upon both seal and counterseal of George I. appear the arms of Hanover; on the first seal of George III. the throned figure of the sovereign, for the first time in the whole series, is represented in profile. But the seal is chiefly memorable for its misfortunes; it was stolen from the house of the Lord Chancellor Thurlow, who lived in Great Ormond Street, then a pleasant district in the outskirts of London. Various political motives were suggested for its abstraction, but in all probability it was nothing more than an impudent act of burglary, and the seal, which was never heard of again, was no doubt consigned to the melting pot. The fourth seal of George III., in use 1801-1815, marks, as we have said above, the cessation of the title King of France, which had been the style of English sovereigns since the time of Edward III. One seal only marks the reign of George IV.; as on the first seal of George III. he is represented in profile, surrounded by the usual and appropriate allegorical figures of Wisdom, Justice, and Piety, &c. Of the more recent seals there is much that might be said; they are admirably engraved, the work sharply and clearly defined, but naturally they have not the historical interest of earlier seals.

We might prolong this paper, for the subject is both intensely fascinating and has been exhaustively treated. Mr. Wyon's volume in its present form is a costly one; we will venture to hope that it may be reproduced in some simpler and cheaper form, so as to be more widely accessible.

TWO STATESMEN.*

IT is possible that, had it not been for the inexplicable delay of Mr. John Morley's series of "English Statesmen," which has been announced for years, and of which the first volumes have been but just issued, the recent new provocation to those who are impatient with "little books" would never have been devised. That provocation, we confess, does not act as a red rag to us; for the smaller a book is the less of a nuisance it is, and the more easily it can either be "dissolved into literary humus," or ranked, as some very little books have been, in the ten-foot square bookcase which, as the late Mr. Mark Pattison thought, would contain all the books really worth reading. Mr. Sanders's series, moreover, has this differentiation and justification as compared with Mr. Morley's—that its subjects, as now announced, seem all to belong to recent times, and not to possess any very close connexion with each other.

The first volume of the series is, if we may say so without disrespect to the author, a better book than we should have expected; but it is not a satisfactory book altogether. Mr. Kebbel had the advantage of knowing his subject long, if not, it would seem, very intimately; he is thoroughly in sympathy with him, and yet this sympathy does not make him either blind to Mr. Disraeli's defects or preternaturally savage towards his enemies. These are undoubted merits, and the book has others as well. All necessary things in Lord Beaconsfield's not very well known or (politics apart) very eventful life are told; and a sketch, evidently written with knowledge, of the political movements in which he was engaged is given. It may be said, indeed, that Mr. Kebbel is a great deal too fond, not merely of speculating, but of pronouncing positively on might-have-beens. He is thus quite sure that, if Lord Derby had persevered in taking office when the Aberdeen Government broke up, all the benefits of the actual pseudo-Conservative reaction under Palmerston would have been obtained, with the advantage of turning them to the profit of a genuine and not a mongrel Conservatism. This particular vaticination is rash, because it overlooks, among other things, the well-known fact that at that time the Conservative party was, partly by accident and partly by the defection of the Peelites, a party more destitute of officers, an army more justly to be described as consisting of men with muskets, than any party of any period in English history. And, besides, these might-have-beens are always rather futile. When a thing has happened, it is, as a rule, not mere fatalism, but the strictest common sense, to recognize it as the thing which by the general complexion and tendencies of the universe had to happen. Yet even this is not what constitutes, to our mind, the defect of the book, nor are one or two minor shortcomings (such as the shirking or fencing of some common charges against Mr. Disraeli, or as the assumption, against rather good authority, that he had to do with the Young England movement from the beginning, instead of "coming in afterwards") very difficult to pardon. A more definite and a much worse fault is that Mr. Kebbel lays very little stress upon, and does not attempt to explain or exemplify in the very least, that extraordinary knowledge and control of the House of Commons in which, by consent of friends and foes alike, Mr. Disraeli had not more than three or four rivals in all our English history. Yet even this defect is not our chief cause of quarrel. It is that Mr. Kebbel has altogether failed—to us, at least; to others he may seem more successful—in giving a *live* portrait of Lord Beaconsfield. He seems, after some twenty or thirty years' personal acquaintance and a lifelong acquiescence in general political opinion, to have stayed quite outside of his hero's mind. Disraeli is still to him an Asian mystery, though one which he heartily admires. He holds up his life in so many words as a "wondrous tale," and the only explanation he has to offer of some singular blunders and failures (such as the ever lamentable, and by Mr. Kebbel justly lamented, Public Worship Regulation Act) is contained in the following passage:—

The fact is that Lord Beaconsfield in his library, giving the rein to his imagination, and tracing all kinds of analogies between the past and present state of politics, and Lord Beaconsfield in the House of Commons, dealing with actual circumstances and educating his party upon questions calling for immediate settlement, were two distinct men, leading two lives almost as different from each other as were the two lives led, according to Lockhart, by Sir Walter Scott. In the one he was a Wyndham, a Shippen, or a Bromley fighting for the Church, the landed interest, and the poor, against the Whigs, the Dissenters, the moneyed interest, and the mob, deploring the degradation of the Crown and the predominance of a crafty oligarchy. In the other he was the keen and ready-witted leader of the modern Tory Party, including in its ranks the greater part of that very oligarchy, which history taught him to be the natural enemy of Toryism, engaged in the defence of principles never called in question by our ancestors, and responding to watchwords which, to them, would have been wholly unintelligible.

Now this, we take leave to say, is an explanation which does not explain. The "two Scotts" of Lockhart's words were really two, and seemingly incompatible; but there is no reason why the two Lord Beaconsfields of Mr. Kebbel should have tripped each other up at all. Every man of the world has ideals to which he has "to add and to eke," or of which he is forced to surrender and compromise something when he puts them into practice. The question is why Lord Beaconsfield, in some respects a perfect master of adjustment, failed, as he sometimes did, to adjust his ideas and his practice. Nor is, at least, an approach to an answer very difficult, inasmuch as it may be easily found in the facts of his birth, followed by his education, and of his education followed by the history of his actual Parliamentary career. It is not our business to follow the clue out here; but it was Mr. Kebbel's business to find and follow it, and we do not see that he has done so. The secret of a thoroughly lifelike exposition of Lord Beaconsfield's career is to be found in a slight alteration of a famous antithesis of the last century. Nothing but his birth, his education, and his half-accidental, half-wilful estrangement from the majority of the pursuits, amusements, and even beliefs of Englishmen could so long have kept back such transcendent political talents; and nothing but such talents could have got the better at last of the disadvantages enumerated. Failing to follow out this easy clue, Mr. Kebbel has fallen short of what he might have done; but his book contains useful information, well arranged, and a defence or apology which, though a little too persistent for the rules of art, is moderate, honest, and intelligent.

The editor of the series had a much easier task; but it cannot be denied that he has done it better. As a plain, popular, but very fairly spirited, account of the subject we have hardly a fault to find with his book except one. He has taken not merely unnecessary, but positively unwise, trouble to give a kind of succinct history of every one of the numerous European quarrels in which Lord Palmerston was mixed up, and we cannot help thinking that this attempt at embracing too much will have its usual effect. Well-informed people will not need the summaries, and ill-informed ones will hardly find them informing. When you have in a very brief space to give a critical account of a man's dealings with a large number of complicated matters, it is certainly the best plan to suppose or insist upon a certain knowledge of the details of these matters on the part of your readers. However, it is possible that Mr. Sanders may find partisans for his method of tackling the question. By something of an oddity he has given what general account he has to give of Palmerston's character and behaviour as Foreign Secretary at the beginning instead of the end of the book, and we should like this part somewhat enlarged. But, on the whole, readers will find here a very clear, well-informed, and orderly account of the life of the last English statesman whose career can be regarded with almost entire satisfaction by all good Englishmen. Even at the present

* *The Statesmen Series.* Edited by Lloyd C. Sanders. *Beaconsfield.* By T. W. Kebbel. *Palmerston.* By the Editor. London: Allen & Co. 1888.

day it is a joy to read again the famous passage, duly given by Mr. Sanders, in which Palmerston wrote:—

> If Thiers [was Palmerston's reply] should again hold out to you the language of menace, however indistinctly and vaguely shadowed out, pray retort upon him to the full extent of what he may say to you, and, with that skill of language which I know you to be a master of, convey to him in the most friendly and unoffensive manner possible, that if France throws down the gauntlet of war, we shall not refuse to pick it up; and that if she begins a war, she will to a certainty lose her ships, colonies, and commerce before she sees the end of it; that her army of Algiers will cease to give her anxiety, and that Mehemet Ali will just be chucked into the Nile.

Perhaps Mr. Sanders might have made clearer, what we are sure he would acknowledge to be the fact, that the result of Palmerston's nearly forty years of hectoring, and swaggering, and bullying, and any other "ing" that the Manchester School and its successors has charged or can charge against him, was as far as possible from being the engagement of England in war. On the contrary, his calm insolence kept her out of it, instead of dragging her in; and his foreign policy can never be said to have become disastrous until, in his extreme old age, he at last adopted a backward line. The Italian affairs of thirty years ago are matters which admit of considerable diversity of opinion; but we cannot help saying that Mr. Sanders shows something less than political acuteness when he defends the irresolution of the Palmerston Government in the matter of recognizing the Southern Confederacy, and in the matter of avenging the oppression of Denmark. The first matter had, of course, no direct effect on European politics; but it had, as is now well known, much to do with the second; and that second, by awakening in the minds of Continental statesmen the notion that England was a *puissance finie*, as well as by its direct consequences, was the cause of all the evils of the last five-and-twenty years.

Still, on the whole, a true and well-intentioned book about Palmerston must, it may be repeated, always be among the most delightful of political biographies for an Englishman, who is an Englishman, to read. The hero was, of course, not a perfect charactêr; and he had some of the defects of a typical John Bull (as Mr. Sanders points out, to talk of him as an Irishman is ludicrous) in an exceedingly well-developed form. He was an uncommonly keen partisan, and on one or two occasions he played the party and political game in a fashion likely to give some colour to the calumnies of those who say that a politician who is also a racing man will "do anything to win." He was a dreadful Philistine. His query on looking at the Soulages majolicas—"What good that rubbish would do to our manufacturers?"—must make every right-minded person groan, and it is to be feared that he was nearly as indifferent to poetry as to pottery. If he was by no means a bully, he was undoubtedly headstrong and overbearing to a degree which sometimes came near bullying in his dealings with weaker powers, and, though he seems to have borne no actual malice, his forgiveness of even personal injuries was not quite up to the Christian standard. He was terribly insubordinate to dignities and not always too considerate to inferiors. But he was an Englishman through and through, not merely in his character, but in his sympathies; and when one compares the position of the country during his thirty years and more of direction of foreign policy with its position since, it is impossible not to groan with quite different energy from that of the afflicted amateur of majolica. Except that his cool, cynical way of expressing himself and of looking at things makes dithyrambics seem inapplicable to him, he merited every word of Macaulay's magnificent eulogy on Chatham's love for his country; and no higher praise, no praise that is half so high, can be accorded to an English statesman.

TATTERSALL'S RULES ON BETTING.*

THERE can be no question that Mr. Stutfield's little book gives a very valuable, intelligible, and compendious analysis of the laws of betting as recently revised by the Committee of Tattersall's, and he may fairly claim to have attained his modest desire "that he has succeeded in elucidating the meaning and principle of the rules, thus rendering their application to future cases more easy," though it is to be feared that he will fail to realize his further expressed hope "that he has rendered the labours of Sporting Editors lighter, by providing a work of reference for the most ordinary cases." He must, indeed, be sanguine if he imagines that the persons for whose benefit the sporting papers address such "Answers to Correspondents" as "You require to win more than one event out of three to win a treble event; think over it a little"—or, "You cannot expect to be paid if your horse did not win," will read this book, or understand if they do read it, or will in fact do anything but just what they do at present—namely, bet on an imaginary win, tie, or wrangle system of their own devising, and refer their ridiculous disputes to long-suffering editors, in hopes of some day getting an award contrary to justice. An impartial critic, Mr. Stutfield has been struck, as have many other people, with the inconsistency of the decisions from time to time given by the Committee of Tattersall's; but, as he acknowledges his indebtedness to the courtesy of that body in allowing him access to their minute-book, he gratefully does his best to make such excuses as are possible. This is especially apparent when he is dealing with Rule II., which states that "In all bets there must be a possibility to win when the bet is made; you cannot win when you cannot lose," and which, he most truly observes, is expressed in language showing far superior draughtsmanship to that of the majority of these rules. Yet, their apparent simplicity notwithstanding, the words "possibility to win" have afforded constant openings for dispute and arbitration. We cannot but think the author strains a point in favour of Tattersall's when he says their decision was "clearly right" as to "Mr. King" at the Brighton Autumn Meeting of 1887. This horse was disqualified on the ground that the jockey who rode him was not qualified according to the conditions of the race, and the bets went with the stakes to the second horse; the backers of Mr. King having to pay, since they had a possibility of winning, because *non constat* but that a qualified jockey might have ridden at the last moment. Considering that for a race of this description, an immense proportion of the bets are made after the horses leave the paddock, it practically *constat* that there was no chance whatever of the jockey being changed, and that Mr. King's backers had no possibility of winning. Take again another case, that of Ringlet for the Grand National Steeplechase of 1887. The mare was disqualified from starting because her owner was in the Forfeit List at the time of her entry, but it was ruled by the Committee that her backers (and she had many) must pay. These unfortunates, however, were, to use a racing phrase, "never in it," their chance was absolutely nil, and nothing can well be feebler than a defence of this decision on the hypothesis that the mare *might* have won, and the fatal flaw *might* have escaped the notice of the lynx-eyed army of seekers after ground of objection till the seven days had elapsed, after which, under Rule IV., this objection would not have been valid.

Rule III. as to P.P. races is admirably well discussed, though the author seems to have missed the absurdity of making all races p.p. *because* the bookmakers, for their own advantage, had established a custom which was at variance with the previous law. The true nature of the agreement between backer and layer has never, to our knowledge, been so clearly set forth as in this chapter. So good and valuable is the definition that it must be given *in extenso*:—

> The backer of a horse bets that his horse will win, and the layer of the odds against that horse does not so much bet that that horse will not win as that one of the other horses in the race will win; in other words, he backs the field. Until, therefore, the race is run the layer cannot say that he has won his bet, even though it may be impossible for the backer to win his.
>
> The aspect of the question—namely, that the person who is said to lay against a horse in reality backs the field—cannot be too clearly grasped.

The case of Kaleidoscope at Ayr, 1879, is too long to enter into here; but Mr. Stutfield is we think wrong in supposing that even as late as 1885, there was any rule whereby bets could be declared off in the event of an alteration in the conditions of an *open* race. This omission has been supplied in the present revised code.

The comparatively new system of starting price (S.P.) betting is ably dealt with, and at some length. The burning question as to what paper regulates starting-price is here disposed of by quietly assigning the post of honour to the *Sporting Life*. We fancy that, if this book happens to be reviewed in the *Sportsman*, that journal will have a word or two to say on the subject.

Speaking of Rules VI. and VII. Mr. Stutfield does not fail to notice a very curious oversight on the part of the revising Committee, inasmuch as they have omitted to make any provision for the ordinary case of a dead heat, and were apparently satisfied with ruling what was to happen "If odds are laid in running or immediately after the horses pass the post, and a dead heat is the result"; though, as he justly remarks, it is impossible to see why the clause should be so limited. He is, however, wrong in saying that there is no rule of racing which provides that matches which result in a dead-heat are void, as he can see for himself if he will turn to the Appendix of his own book and read Rule XXXVI., sec. v.

On Rule IX., which enacts that "Bets made after a race that the winner will be disqualified stand, even if no objection be raised," the opening sentence of comment is thus singularly worded:—"A lie of this kind is often resorted to as a sort of hedge to enable a backer whose horse has won to protect himself from loss should he have reason to suppose that his horse will be disqualified." One can hardly imagine but that the word "lie" must be a misprint; for, if a man has taken 500 to 100 about a horse, and in the course of the race sees, or thinks he sees, a cross or jostle which may cause the horse to be disqualified (this is the very instance given in the book), and therefore takes on the spot 200 to 100 that the horse is so disqualified, how can he be said to tell, act, or suggest a lie? Surely he would not be such a fool as to spoil his book unless he had good reason for thinking there was real danger of disqualification. It does not appear that on the whole Mr. Stutfield considers the old Rules of Betting to have been greatly improved by their recent revision; it will certainly be the opinion of most readers that the handiwork of the Committee of Tattersall's would have benefited had they called Mr. Stutfield into council.

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* *Tattersall's Rules on Betting; with Explanatory Notes and Comments.* By G. Herbert Stutfield. London: Horace Cox.

THE FIRST NINE YEARS OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.*

NOT unfrequently have we had to break a lance with Mr. Thorold Rogers, not seldom to comment on public utterances of his which, no doubt in his view, breathed righteous indignation, but which to our apprehension were only unmeasured and angry words. With all the more pleasure, therefore, do we welcome this book, which, in language as well chosen as it is judicial and temperate, sets before its readers a history not only of the infancy of that great institution, the Bank of England, but of the stormy and critical years of the Revolution, with the fortunes of which it was so closely bound up, and which it did so much to support.

The part most interesting to the general reader is the summary (p. 102, and onwards) of events leading to the Spanish War of Succession, and of the arguments—chiefly, but not wholly, Tory arguments—against England's joining in the war. "Philip of Anjou, once he becomes King of Spain, must become a Spaniard, and must, *bon gré mal gré*, defend Spanish interests, especially against France; if not, his throne will soon be vacant. What care we whether a Philip or a Charles reigns in Spain? If the Spanish Empire falls to pieces, how does it interest us who appropriates the fragments? If Louis burns to emulate his predecessors, and help himself to the Italian provinces, will he do it the easier for having to pretend that it is in the interest of his grandson, and that he is securing his inheritance in Spain? If it is Holland that he covets, what need we care? Holland, indeed, has given us a king; but he's more than half a Dutchman, fills our best places with his countrymen, and makes Holland a sink of English silver. He hates the Church and loves our Puritan tyrants. Let Holland go!" The monied Whigs, too, founders and fautors of the Bank of England, followed on the same side, but with different arguments. They had no distaste to Dutchmen; they had welcomed the Dutch King, and willingly obeyed and supported him, and a dash of Puritanism was rather to their taste than otherwise; but they feared war, feared the destruction of their maritime commerce, and were willing to let Louis have his way, while they nursed the trade which they had created.

On the other side Mr. Rogers tells us of the opposite feelings of the men of Kent, who judged, with deeper insight, stimulated by their own nearness to France and their consequent liability to be the first to be devoured by a successful invader, the real dangers to be apprehended at the hands of Louis if allowed to consolidate his power by the conquest of Holland.

The difficulties of the King and nation are drawn in clear and graphic words. Louis, well aware of those difficulties, knew, as Mr. Rogers writes,

that the Emperor was poor, that Spain was helpless, that Holland alone, however resolute, was no match for him, and that England had deliberately disarmed herself. At one time England could have taken the field with an efficient army, and could have paralysed France at sea. To be sure, it was still important that England and Holland were the only two European States which could maintain armies. On the other hand, the resources of Louis were abundant, his army in a high state of efficiency, his ascendency unquestioned, and his maxim, that the last pistole wins, was likely to be illustrated by his own success. The prize he sought for himself was the Low Countries, and it was for this region, as far as Louis and the allies were concerned, that the War of the Spanish Succession was actually fought.

The King of France was, besides, well seconded in all his wishes by the dissensions between the two Houses of Parliament, each without discipline, each led by evil and self-seeking counsellors. Mr. Rogers tells us of the "Legion Letter," and of the petition of the Men of Kent, both of them setting forth the discontent of a portion of the nation with those evil counsellors. He touches on the impeachment of the four Lords, but only to note where and how Marlborough's influence came in:—

It is noteworthy [he says] that he was among the peers who were willing to condemn Sommers. I cannot but think that this astute personage saw clearly enough that war was inevitable, and that his services would certainly be needed as soon as war was declared. But he was not willing to quarrel with a party which was, for the time being at least, in the ascendancy. . . . And, on the other hand, Marlborough knew perfectly well that if the English nation felt that their liberties were in danger, and even if their pride were affronted, they would effectually resent an insult. He therefore trimmed cautiously. . . . As he must have foreseen that war was inevitable, so he was perfectly alive to his own military abilities, and quite aware, whether the King lived or died, that he must be employed in high command.

In the early part of 1701 the King was practically left alone:—

Portland and Sommers had resigned their appointments. . . . Halifax, whose schemes had restored credit when it seemed almost destroyed, who had founded the Bank, restored the currency, invented a new and successful instrument of finance . . . was out of office, while Orford, the victor of La Hogue, and the instrument by which the naval power of France was effectually broken, and English commerce was relieved from swarms of privateers, was in retirement.

The reaction, indeed, came in that year, but too late for the King, broken in health as he was, to find pleasure in it. The death of James II., and the recognition by Louis of the Pretender as King of England, excited the anger and touched the pride of the great majority of the nation, whether they held or did not hold by the new settlement; and the opponents of the war were silenced.

Mr. Rogers dwells, in a few interesting pages, on all these events, on the power of France, and on her domestic and foreign policy,

because—owing to the early death of the great historian who undertook to narrate the reign of William, and performed his task, so far as he was able to complete it, with such exhaustive fairness—about fifteen months of the story, between the prorogation of the Parliament in June 1700 and the death of James in September 1701, are left untold.

For ourselves, we must say that while, with all Macaulay's readers, we must admit and admire the brilliancy of his narrative, we cannot but express our great surprise to find him, of all historians, credited with the virtues of "exhaustive fairness" and "scrupulous accuracy"; and we must continue to rank ourselves with those "dull persons" (p. xi.) who do not agree with Mr. Rogers on this point.

The historical portion of his book, interesting as it is in itself, finds a place in it chiefly because of the effect which events, domestic and foreign, had on the fortunes of the Bank of England.

The Bank was born amid political turmoil, and its infancy was beset by malignant political influences, and had, besides, to contend (as most reforms, good as well as evil, have to do) with prejudices, not only political, but religious, and against the cries of self-interest. All alike cried out upon the "Tonnage Bank," as they called it (from its first appearance in a Ways and Means Bill, 5 William & Mary, 1694). The Whigs feared that it would neutralize the Parliamentary control over the public purse which the Revolution had established; the Tories feared the success of the moneyed interest, of the Dissenting, semi-Republican interest, and dreaded a revival of "the reign of the Saints." The Goldsmiths hated it, alleging that it would absorb all the money of the country, and affecting to be "alarmed at the risks which honest merchants would run if they got into the clutches of the party of Grocers' Hall." The promoters of the Bank, on the other hand, prophesied, and prophesied truly, that the action of the Bank would infallibly tend to lower the rates of discount and interest, because it would utilize to the utmost both capital and credit. They might have added that the only truth in the charge that the Bank would absorb all the money of the country lay in its providing a great and central heart through which all the circulation of the country should flow and reflow, to the great economy of capital and furtherance of credit, and to the advantage of all traders, and especially of the successors of its quondam enemies the Goldsmith Bankers of Lombard Street.

Mr. Rogers compares the jealousies which then beset the Bank with those which in our day impede the issue of small notes. We think he treats too lightly a very difficult problem, and is, besides, in error in attributing the impediment to jealousy or prejudice. The convenience of such an issue is unquestionable; but that convenience may be bought too dear, especially by the poorer classes, who would be the chief sufferers by forgery. We doubt whether Mr. Rogers has fully computed the cost of making and maintaining such an issue or taken into account the political disadvantage which a large addition to the fiduciary issue might occasion in the diminution of the reserve of gold held in the pockets of the people.

Here, also, we must touch upon another point, where Mr. Rogers, a master of precise language, has allowed himself to fall into a confusion of terms. He speaks of *discounting* bills on Amsterdam, where he evidently means *negotiating*. Of course, where the money of two countries is of the same metal, bills may be negotiated at a discount or at a premium; but to discount a bill is, in mercantile language, to receive, less a certain deduction, at an earlier time than the due date, the sum which the acceptor has promised to pay. Such discount deals mainly with time; negotiation with time, also, but mainly with change of place, avoiding the transmission of specie from one country to another.

To return to the Bank; prejudice and self-interest did not content themselves with molesting. Their protests assumed the concrete form of a formidable rival; but our space forbids us to do more than call attention to Mr. Rogers's very interesting chapter on Hugh Chamberlain's abortive Land Bank, in the course of which he quotes largely from two pamphlets in defence of the Bank of England, one of which, written in 1696, urges the extension of the Charter, and the employment of the Bank as receiver of the revenue and banker of the State. The writer, while describing the conditions which go to secure the prosperity of a private banker, says:—

Now precisely the same conditions induce the credit or discredit of a public or national institution. Its fund must be inviolable, and neither king nor Parliament should tamper with it. Its management must be in the hands of men whose reputation is good, whose estate is ample, and whose prudence is assured. The security of the Bank must be as complete as the security of a mortgage, and should be as sacred.

Showing the same just appreciation of the sources of credit of a national institution as the other writer (probably Paterson) had shown in 1694 of the true principles of banking credit, namely:—

1. That all money or credit, not having an intrinsic value to answer the contents or denomination thereof, is false and counterfeit, and the loss must fall one where or other.
2. That the species of gold and silver being accepted and chosen by the commercial world for the standard and measure of other effects, everything else is only counted valuable as compared with them.
3. Wherefore all credit not founded on the universal specie of gold and silver is impracticable, and can never subsist neither safely nor long, at least till some other species of credit be found out and chosen by the trading part of mankind over and above or in lieu thereof.

The condition of the coinage and the mischief caused by its

* *The First Nine Years of the Bank of England: an Inquiry into a Weekly Record of the Price of Bank Stock from August 17, 1694, to September 17, 1703.* By James E. Thorold Rogers, M.A. London: Henry Frowde.

deterioration, the difficulties and hardships attendant on the slow process of recoinage, are all most clearly set forth, as well as the effect of these circumstances on the struggling infancy of the central Bank. One cause of its prosperity was that its directors, customers, and shareholders were for the most part monied men, dwelling close to it; and Mr. Rogers incidentally gives a curious record of the low rents of the houses and shops which they occupied—a cheapness which must not, we think, be attributed to the difference in the value of money, but to the low rate of profit which, on the whole, was at that time produced by trade.

We take leave of Mr. Rogers with thanks for his gift of so much trustworthy information so agreeably given. He has done justice, but, we believe, no more than justice, to the great skill and perseverance with which the promoters and Directors of the Bank of England piloted the ship through the many storms which threatened it, succeeding in their endeavours because, with not a few shortcomings, they held in the main sound principles of banking. Their successors profited alike by their mistakes and by their good example; and, in the result, the traditions of the Bank are, as they ought to be, a storehouse of good experience in the management of that great institution and of its relations with the Government.

The five tables, by Houghton, Justin, and others, which are appended to the book show the fluctuations of Bank stock, of the Amsterdam Exchanges, of the price of guineas, and of the discount on bank-notes. They are interesting in part as indexes of the varying fortunes of the country, in part as barometers of the storms through which the Bank was passing in its early years. It passed, indeed, through many dangers in those nine years, and has known some hard times since then. If other troubles are in store for it, we think we may safely predict that Mr. Thorold Rogers's motto will still be applicable:—

Merses profundo, pulchrior evenit.

NOVELS.*

MR. JOHN DALBY rather strains a point in calling his story *Mayroyd of Mytholm*, a "Romance" of the Fells; at least, if we are expected to accept the word romance in anything like its old-fashioned meaning. Nothing of the passion, joy, and woe, the daring adventure or high-souled enterprise, that we look for in romantic imaginings is here. As well might one take the baldest photograph of the bleakest side of a stony moor, and, placing it beside one of Turner's poetic visions of a northern hill, call it, too, a "landscape." In a sense it is a landscape, and neither valueless nor uninteresting; but it would not be a picture, any more than Mr. Dalby's grim version of a phase of life in the Fell country is a romance. Scarcely, indeed, can anything be conceived more removed from the glow, the fire, the fancy of romance than the sort of life the author has drawn in this story; and truthfully drawn, it is evident, as far as the limit of his composition goes. It is a life not devoid of a rough sensual element of enjoyment, and it has the one great advantage over city life the peasantry always command, free and constant exercise in fresh air; but almost every other source of pleasure above the sensual is absent. The shepherds and farm-labourers, and even the better class of small farmers, of those wild regions of Cumbrian hill and moor, as Mr. Dalby draws them, have little in their lives but hard work, drinking, and the immorality which follows hard on drunkenness. The drinking is stupendous. They "all did it, and did it fearfully hard, drinking enough in a month to kill twenty men in a city in that time." The whisky is kept handy on the sideboard in "decanters" in the better-off houses, and the object of callers seems to be its consumption neat, in wineglass after wineglass, until the "decanters" have to be sent down to the cellar to be replenished. When whisky is not at hand, ale, strongly peppered, forms an inadequate substitute. As a rule, the spirit prevails against the bracing air and active life, and "at last nature herself was forced, with all her allies, to break down before the repeated poison." No Arcadian shepherds, these, and little heroism, to say nothing of refinement, in their lives. They know nothing of what goes on in the world outside their sheep-parks and homesteads, and care nothing. When they have their annual "clip," or great sheep-shearing party, it resolves itself when the hard work of the day is done into a dance, which soon becomes an orgie, in which the manners of the fair sex have to be looked after as well as those of the youths, in the interests of decency. If a couple of men stand up for a wrestling match, the fine old English sport soon degenerates into "brutal battery," and the combatants, ignoring science, sprawl ignobly on the ground, punching each other blindly. The cock-fights are more worthy sporting incidents. The birds fight fair. The social gatherings in the pothouses end generally in bloody noses, not always exchanged in enmity, but rather as tokens of friendly interest. Darker stories of worse vice are, of course, behind. Surely these shades are laid on too heavily, or the author has confined himself too strictly to certain limited fields of observation. He has not presented us with one domestic interior in which love and gentleness reign, and such there must be. Mayroyd of Mytholm, the respectable, who drinks amazingly, but is an honest man, has so little home tenderness that he seems scarcely to know the names of his children. Mr. Dalby writes English that is far from classical, but he writes it with spirit and vigour. We have said nothing about his story. There is a story, but it is not much—not at least much more than serves as an excuse for descriptions of local character, customs, and ways, and the introduction of sundry rustic stories, anecdotes, and experiences.

The enterprising reader who may carry off from the circulating library Mr. Gissing's novel *Joy Cometh in the Morning* under the impression that he is going to be startled by a sceptical, socialistic, sensational romance, will find out his error in the first page. Mr. Algernon Gissing is a writer entirely differing from Mr. George Gissing, and taking quite a different view of life. *Joy Cometh in the Morning* is a story of the good old fashion; struggling with no vexed social problem; concerned with no political or religious difficulty; accepting Church and State as they are (or as they were sixty years ago) as permanent arrangements under the panoply of which human beings work out their little lives, but with which they would as soon think of meddling as of interfering with the solar system. It begins delightfully with a stage-coach (His Majesty's mail-coach) drive from London to Worcester, with the regulation accident and overturn on the road to end it. Out of the beautiful rural region lying among the Cotswold and Malvern Hills into which the mail-coach has driven the hero, Mr. Roland Westgarth, neither he nor the reader is brought till the end of the tale. The country is graphically and charmingly described. The lanes and hedgerows and softly swelling hills; the quiet village streets and scattered cottage rows; the woods and grey church towers are all pleasantly sketched in as a background to the story—a perfectly fitted background, too. Nothing can be more simple and natural than the love-story of the two sweet sisters, plain English country maids, who both worship the hero and both come to so sad a conclusion of their dream. Mary Bransford is a heroine over whose portrait one cannot but smile in its amusing and charming contrast to the "realistic" heroine of the present. Mary is all blushes, smiles, and tears; she faints on the smallest provocation, and is overcome by confusion on trifling occasions. Self-will and self-consciousness are unknown to her, and the simple rule of her life is to do her duty and make other people happy. It is an old type, a little thrown into the background by the present mode, but likely to come into fashion again, and perhaps to endure. Mary is a pleasant creature to read about. So is the chivalrous and sentimental clergyman, Mr. Edward Copeland, who seems to have no views on theology to speak of, but is possessed of uncontrollable impulses to help the weak and oppressed. Mr. Algernon Gissing writes with subdued humour, knows how to touch a situation with restrained pathos, and keeps his pastoral romance strictly within the limit of his knowledge and sympathy. The result is a most agreeable story of English country life.

Miss Kathleen O'Meara's Russian story, *Narka*, has some very good points about it. It has a high moral tone, inculcates excellent principles, and it is, with the exception of a few trifling blemishes, correctly written. Besides all these, and what is perhaps more to the purpose, the story is readable. Probably every one who begins it will finish it. The weak part is the inadequacy of the author's dramatic gift. There is a disturbing sense of failure to present scenes which ought to excite in an exciting way. There are murders, and the murders do not thrill or terrify. There are Russian scenes in which there is no Russian atmosphere, effect, colour, or accent. There are passages of Parisian revolution in which we hear no street rows, see no barricades, are conscious of no red terror. It is not enough to import a couple of murders into your story and believe it sensational. Your murderer may be an utter bore, like any other man. Some murders make as poor reading as a law report in a morning paper. *Narka* begins with an assassination in a wood, which sounds well, but, in point of fact, is not well at all. We have not been made personally acquainted with either the murdered Russian gentleman or the supposed assassin. We have no interest in them, and, beyond a faint feeling of surprise that rational beings could suppose it likely that a pious old Roman Catholic priest should roam about a wood shooting Russian gentlemen, we have little interest in the transaction. The second homicide (one falls involuntarily into the reporter's style) takes place in Paris, in the quarter of revolutionary *émeute*, and is even more prosaic in its details. "Ivan clenched his hand, and hit out at him; but Schenk stepping aside in time avoided the blow. . . . Schenk drew his cane-sword and ran him through the body. Ivan staggered and then fell heavily to the ground." It then appears in a legally attested dying confession that it was Ivan, and not the good old priest, who shot the Russian gentleman in the wood. Incidents of this kind are mentioned in a casual kind of way which deprives them of intensity. Miss O'Meara may possess gifts of dramatic composition, but they have not been displayed in *Narka*. What is shown is a certain insight into shades of difference in feminine character and a power of natural delineation of such. The three young women, Sybil, the Russian princess, Marguerite de Beaucrillon, the French sister of charity, and Narka, the Jewess, stand out with distinct characteristics, though they are characteristics of feminine nature, not of race. They are, however, at least definite

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* *Mayroyd of Mytholm: a Romance of the Fells.* By John Dalby. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1888.

Joy Cometh in the Morning: a Country Tale. By Algernon Gissing. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1888.

Narka. By Kathleen O'Meara. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1888.

creatures. The author is not so successful with the men. The only man in the story whose outline has been sketched with nervous energy is Schenk, the hero of the cane-sword. He is a doctor who practises vivisection, and Miss O'Meara objects strongly to vivisectionists. Nihilist agitators, revolutionary leaders, secret murderers, and such fearful wild-fowl would seem to be rather beyond the range of Miss O'Meara's talent, and they show awkwardly in the setting of her graceful and womanly writing.

LAMB'S LETTERS.*

WITH these two volumes Canon Ainger concludes his labours in Lamb literature. We have only one regret in connexion with the series—a regret that their casual character has prevented him from styling them definitely vols. i. ii. iii. &c. of Lamb's *Works*. Even now it might be worth while to issue title-pages for the benefit of those who care to bind up their sets; or, failing this, it would be some consolation if the "Life" written for the "Men of Letters" could be reprinted in similar form. Of Canon Ainger's equipments as an editor we have already spoken in noticing the volume of Lamb's *Poems, Plays, and Miscellaneous Essays* he published in 1884, and there is no reason to repeat or to modify that opinion now. Nothing, in one way, is more characteristic of his wise quality of restraint than the passages of his "Introduction" in which he speaks of his predecessors—an almost infallible test of literary *savoir-vivre*. Where an editor falls furiously upon those who have gone before him, it is generally to be observed that he himself leaves a good deal which is open to the censure of those that follow. Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt, for example, in the edition of Lamb's Letters which he put forth about two years ago with Messrs. Bell, dwelt virtuously upon the "slovenliness," the "inaccuracy," the ignorance of English, and so forth, which (he said) had characterized Lamb's first biographer, Talfourd. Having done this, he proceeded (as it was our pleasing duty to demonstrate abundantly) to exemplify most of these undesirable features in his own person. No good end is served by gibbeting a predecessor, even if he deserves it; and the last speaker for the moment has manifestly so much advantage on his side that leniency of language should be easy. It is needless to say that, both with regard to Talfourd and Mr. Carew Hazlitt, Canon Ainger expresses himself becomingly; and he brings out very forcibly one at least of the causes which have to answer for the shortcomings of Talfourd's two memorials—the fact that the large suppressions and omissions in the first volume were rendered unavoidable by the circumstance that Mary Lamb, whose tragic story was intricately interwoven with her brother's career, was still surviving when that volume was published. After her death Talfourd issued the supplementary *Final Memorials*. In doing this he obviously did not take the best course, nor did he do the work in the best and most workmanlike way. But there is, nevertheless, some force in his contention (and it may have also been his publisher's contention) that an entirely new edition would have been unfair to the buyers of his earlier book, although it is a plea not often put forward; and it must be admitted that the difficulties in the way of his undertaking were considerable. His softening down of some of Lamb's skittish expletives is less defensible; but even this Mr. Ainger shows to have been exaggerated; and, at all events, it was partly justified by the larger editorial license of his day.

But it is unnecessary to linger longer with Talfourd, whose labours, for all practical purposes, are superseded by the present collection. It comprises most of the additions which have been made to the correspondence by successive editors, as well as some letters not hitherto published, and, as far as it has been possible to ascertain the dates, a chronological sequence has been attempted. Where Mr. Ainger has been able to consult the descendants of Lamb's correspondents he has done so. Bernard Barton's daughter, Mrs. Edward Fitzgerald, has aided him in throwing a light upon her father's communications, and the late Mrs. Procter entrusted him with the originals of those to "Barry Cornwall." Other contributions have been supplied by Mrs. Cowden Clarke (Lamb's Mary Victoria Novello), and a fresh group has come from Mr. Robert W. Dibdin, being some dozen epistles addressed by Lamb to his uncle, John Bates Dibdin, a grandson, and apparently a rhyming grandson, of the author of "Tom Bowling." Another series of autographs, the originals of the letters to Thomas Manning, the Orientalist and traveller, have been lent to the editor by the Rev. C. R. Manning, Rector of Diss, and the examination of these has revealed the existence of some further specimens hitherto unprinted, to one of which we shall presently refer. Finally, the portrait in the first volume is now for the first time engraved, and thereby hangs a tale. In a letter from Lamb to Cottle—"Joseph, of Bristol, the brother of Amos," as the *Anti-Jacobin* has it—reference was made to an unidentified set of "Likenesses of Living Bards," among which Cottle's portrait was to appear. It had been stated confidently that the collection intended was a book called *Effigies Poeticæ*, issued in 1824, but it was discovered upon inspection of this that Cottle's portrait did not form part of it. Then, by odd chance, the actual volume came to light. It proved to be simply a copy of Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, which its first possessor, one of Lamb's colleagues in the India House, had amused himself by "extra-illustrating," as the catalogues say, with portraits and engravings of the poets and *littérateurs* praised or pilloried in that youthful satire. "Bœotian Cottle, rich Bristowa's boast," here naturally found his place, although Lamb in asking for his likeness does not seem to have thought it necessary to enlighten him as to its destination. But the volume disclosed another secret. Lamb himself, who figured with Charles Lloyd in a contemptuous couplet as a follower of Southey and Wordsworth, was also included in the gallery. The solitary water-colour drawing in the book was a hitherto unknown portrait of him by G. F. Joseph, A.R.A., and an engraving of this forms Mr. Ainger's frontispiece. It gives us the Lamb of three or four and thirty, with dark, penetrating eyes, grave face, and black hair still untouched with white.

It would be superfluous to dwell once more upon the charm, intangible and indefinable, of Lamb's letters—a charm which eludes analysis as it defies imitation. You may mimic the intonations, but you cannot produce the voice. Perhaps this is the reason why the clever author of *Letters to Dead Authors* has no epistle to "Elia." But, in the absence of successful *pastiches*, Mr. Ainger is able to give us some additional samples of the original for which every Lamb-lover should be duly grateful. Several of the letters to Dibdin are in the best and most genuine Lambesque, and certainly do not need the slightly apologetic tone with which they are introduced. Who but Lamb, writing a first letter to a correspondent whose full name, hitherto sheltered "under the pease-cod of initiality," he has but just learned, would tell him that "his slender anatomy—his skeletonian D—was now fleshed and sinewed out to the plump expansion of six characters," or would endeavour to conceive his unknown manner of face as "a careworn, mortified, economical, commercio-political countenance"! But the gems of this group are the two letters written to amuse his friend at Hastings, where he is in seclusion for his health. What could be more engagingly fantastic than his outburst over the tiny church at Hollington, "which is a very Protestant Loretto, and seems dropt by some angel for the use of a hermit who was at once parishioner and a whole parish"—which he is to "bring away in his portmanteau"—which "seven people would crowd like a Caledonian Chapel"? And then he flings the bridle from his fancy. "It reminds me of the grain of mustard seed. If the glebe-land is proportionate it may yield two potatoes. Tithes out of it could be no more split than a hair. Its First fruits must be its Last, for it would never produce a couple. . . . The still small voice is surely to be found there, if anywhere. A sounding board is merely there for ceremony. It is secure from earthquakes, not more from sanctity than size, for 'twould feel a mountain thrown upon it no more than a taper-worm would. *Go and see, but not without your spectacles* (the italics are Lamb's)." Swift, one imagines, who wrote not dissimilarly on the little house by the churchyard of Castlenock, must surely have cried *Vive la bagatelle*! to this kindly and frolicsome fooling.

But an even better specimen of the Lamb manner is to be found in a new letter to Manning, which untoward chance has remanded to the half-light of a note. In January 1801 Lamb had already borrowed and read the second volume of Wordsworth's recently-published *Lyrical Ballads*, when he received a copy from the poet himself. This he acknowledged in a letter printed by Mr. Ainger, which he was so unfortunate as to wind up by saying that he did not "feel any one poem in it [the second volume] so forcibly as the *Ancient Marinere*, and the 'Mad Mother,' and the 'Lines at Tintern Abbey' in the first." To be sure, he had praised "The Song of Lucy" ("She dwelt among the untrodden ways"); had said that another piece "made him cry"; had described a character in a third poem as Shakspearian, and delivered himself, as usual, of some fine and discriminating criticism. But, then, he had concluded with that unhappy tailpiece! He tells the result to Manning. "All the North of England (he says) are in a turmoil. Cumberland and Westmoreland have already declared a state of war." Wordsworth, who, when the acknowledgment of other poets' works was in question, confessed to an "almost insurmountable aversion from Letter-writing," replied "almost instantaneously" in "a long letter of four sweating pages," expressing sorrow that his second volume had not given more pleasure, and adding that "he was compelled to wish that Lamb's range of sensibility was more extended, being obliged to believe that he would receive large influxes of happiness and happy Thoughts." He then went on to dilate upon the union of Tenderness and Imagination which "he was most proud to aspire to"; and afterwards underscoring, in illustration, certain quoted lines of his own, added:—"This Passage, as combining in an extraordinary degree that Union of Imagination and Tenderness which I am speaking of, I consider one of the Best I ever wrote." Surely there is no comment on this but *risum teneatis!* What is the more singular is that Coleridge also took up the cudgels, and wrote four other pages, "equally sweaty and more tedious," assuring Lamb that, "when the works of a man of true genius, such as W. undoubtedly was, did not please him at first sight, he should suspect the fault to lie in himself, and not in them, &c. &c." "What am I to do with such people?" says Lamb to his correspondent; "I certainly shall write them a very merry Letter." And no doubt he did, though Mr. Ainger does not print it.

Truth to tell, his criticism on this occasion, as always, seems to have been excellent, and his selection of "She dwelt among the

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* *The Letters of Charles Lamb.* Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Alfred Ainger. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

untrodden ways" has been confirmed by two generations of readers. And who shall gainsay his later words to Manning? "It [the second volume of the *Lyrical Ballads*] is full of original thinking and an observing mind, but it does not often make you laugh or cry. It too artfully aims at simplicity of expression. And you sometimes doubt if Simplicity be not a cover for Poverty." If this was too strong for Wordsworth, it was certainly true, and is still true, of Wordsworth's school. But it is easy to understand how, to the slow-motioned egotism of the seer of Grasmere, dragging its lengthening "chain of *valooable* thoughts," Lamb's light-armed manner must have seemed little short of profanity. And yet, as his latest editor observes, Lamb's finest and first-developed faculty is his critical insight, a faculty nowhere more freely and freshly exhibited than in the running comments of his correspondence. It is delightful to see his unerring pounce of appreciation upon a vivid descriptive line such as Coleridge's—

This dark, frieze-coated, hoarse, teeth-chattering month;

or a graphic felicity such as Wordsworth's—

The stone-chat and the glancing sand-piper;

to note his eager intolerance of the trite, the trivial, or the pretentious, his intuitive sympathy with true poetry, however hidden or obscured. Canon Ainger is right in laying stress upon this aspect of Lamb's genius, and, in doing so, he is only adding one more to the many services he has so conscientiously rendered to Lamb's memory and work.

MEDICAL BOOKS.*

DR. NORMAN KERR is an apostle of total abstinence, and his status as a doctor of medicine gives greater weight to his opinion than attaches to that of the ordinary teetotaler. In company with others of his way of thinking he would call the cause which he has espoused that of *temperance*, thereby indulging in what is, in our estimation, a misapplication of terms. Another method of begging the question adopted by enthusiasts of this class is to call all beverages containing alcohol "intoxicants," thus insinuating that the main (if not the only) purpose for which they are consumed is the production of drunkenness. As reasonably might we speak of tea and coffee as sleep destroyers, because, when taken too largely, they produce insomnia; or of tobacco as an emetic, because its injudicious use commonly produces sickness. We must also take exception to the author's assertion that "all the alcohols are poisonous—are irritant, narcotic, anæsthetic poisons." Had he told us that *in excess* they are so, his statement would undoubtedly have been correct; but, in the opinion of the majority of competent persons who have impartially investigated the question, ethylic alcohol, in quantities not exceeding an ounce or an ounce and a half daily, has no deleterious effect. We entirely sympathise, however, with Dr. Norman Kerr in viewing inebriety as a *disease*, and are well assured that, unless we regard it as such, we shall have but little chance of affording succour to the unhappy subjects of it. We think that he scarcely lays sufficient stress on the fact that, although intemperance is frequently a matter of heredity, or induced by definite physical disease, yet chronic or periodic inebriety is often acquired by otherwise healthy individuals from undue indulgence in the pleasure derived from the imbibition of alcoholic drinks. The author's great experience in the treatment of inebriates enables him to give us much sound advice on this subject. He rightly places the entire withdrawal of all beverages containing alcohol as the first and most essential measure, without which all other treatment will be almost useless.

It has seldom been our misfortune to meet with, in so small a compass, such an amount of false logic, ignorance, and credulity as is displayed in Mr. Godfrey's pamphlet. He starts with the entirely baseless assumption that the human body is a *highly organized cell*, and finishes his first paragraph by the astounding assertion that, "literally and physically, the nervous system is the human being." It is, of course, true that our body originates in a single embryonic cell; but, until this has developed into countless numbers of cells, variously modified in form and function, there is no human frame.

The author's ignorance of diseased conditions and the means by which many of them may be removed is evidenced by his disbelief in the existence of what are commonly, but perhaps not very happily, called *specifics*. It is beyond dispute that syphilis can almost always be cured by mercury, ague by quinine, and rheumatic fever by salicylate of soda.

The author apparently expects the credulity of his readers to equal his own when he asks them to believe in the cures which he relates as having been effected by "dry food" and physical exercise. In some cases he does not even think it necessary to state the nature of the disease by which the patients were affected. We fear that the number of ills to which flesh is heir is not likely to be reduced by the light which Mr. Godfrey throws on the subject.

* *Inebriety: its Etiology, Pathology, Treatment, and Jurisprudence.* By Norman Kerr, M.D., F.L.S. London: H. K. Lewis. 1888.

Disease: its Prevention and Cure by Simple Natural Means. In special relation to the ailment of His Majesty the Emperor Frederick of Germany. By Charles G. Godfrey. London: Grevel & Co. 1888.

TWO ENCYCLOPÆDIAS.*

THE ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is now almost complete, having reached Vol. XXIII. and the word Upsala. There cannot remain much more to do than is contained in the whole of T and the greater part of U which fill this volume. The new edition has been what the translator from the French would probably call a long-winded work, and has steadily kept on the very respectable level of excellence at which it started. The letter and half-letter composing this volume include several subjects requiring treatment at considerable length, and they have not been grudged their due space. One hundred pages have been given to the United States, whereof the History is written by Professor Alex. Johnston, and the Geography and Statistics are treated by Professor J. D. Whitney and General F. A. Walker. These hundred pages, or two hundred columns, amount in bulk to a volume as large as or larger than an ordinary text-book in a series. They very properly have an index to themselves, which adds materially to their usefulness for purposes of reference. It would be out of place to notice what is, in fact, an independent work at any length here. He who is in search of facts, figures, and available knowledge may refer to it with reasonable certainty of finding his material. The States are fortunate in this volume; for, in addition to the general sketch, Tennessee and Texas have special articles. They also have the majority of the maps at the end, of which, without undertaking to guarantee their precise accuracy, we are prepared to assert that they are singularly clear and neatly executed. The accuracy of maps is a dangerous thing to guarantee. We have known map-makers of great and deserved reputation who, in a moment of human weakness, have put Brixham far on the wrong side of Berry Head; and they were English, too—more shame to them! Generally speaking, this volume is rich in geographical articles. Prince Kropotkine continues his series of Asiatic papers, and contributes Turkestan. Turkey also comes in (History and Literature, E. J. W. Gibb and C. A. Fyffe; Geography and Statistics, Professor A. Keane); Thibet, Tunis, Tasmania (James Bonwick), and others. For its length's sake we name the article Typography here, the authors being Messrs. T. H. Hessels and John Southwadel. It is thirty pages long, full of facts, and illustrations. If we have any fault to find with it, it is on the ground that the historical portion is too much broken up, and is a thought confused. But, then, it is not easy to attain to a flowing elegance when a large and complicated subject has to be crowded into a short space.

The literary articles are a great resource when one has to turn over these stout red volumes; and in this there are several, and good. Mr. W. H. Pollock's Thackeray will be "an original authority" for that life and full critical estimate which ought some day to be written of the wisest, the wittiest, and the most literary of the English novelists of these two generations, and the undoubted equal of the greatest in our literature. Mr. Pollock's article, though moderate in length, is a complete survey of the master's work, and of as much of his life as it is possible, not to say becoming, to touch on as yet. Theocritus very properly is written of by Mr. Lang, to whom he belongs. Mr. Lang has also taken Tales, which are another part of his extensive literary property. That Professor Jebb should do Thucydides was as it should be, and it was equally correct to assign Tieck to Dr. Garnett. Mr. Swinburne is at home in descanting on the merits of what came out of the capacious tragic mouth of Cyril Tourneur. He is brief (a bare column), but very opulent in adjectives of the noblest kind. Thiers falls to Mr. Saintsbury, who likes the "go" of that distinguished man, is to his faults, we will not say a little blind, but handsomely considerate, and kind to his merits. For the rest, there is sound criticism (as is usual with Mr. Saintsbury) and shrewd knowledge of human nature in his estimate of Thiers's alleged dishonesty. From literature it is only a step to Theology, on which there are sixteen pages here from the pen of Professor Flint—no excessive space for so great a subject. Professor Middleton, who is a valued friend to such as use the cyclopædia, comes to their help here with articles on Terra Cotta and Textiles, which should be a guide to the doubter who would like to be artistic and does not quite know how. He is also part-author with Mr. J. Williams of an article on the Theatre. The legal part of the subject falls to Mr. Williams, who also discourses of Treason and of Torture. Torture seems to lead quite naturally to Tort, a thing of mystery, concerning which Mr. F. Pollock will instruct the student. Of the purely historical articles, that on the Templars, by Mr. F. A. Archer, will be generally thought the most interesting. There are few more wonderful things in all history than the story of the Order which played so great a part and ended in such a dreadful catastrophe. Besides, a great writer adds to the importance of whatever he touches, and no one can forget Michelet's trial of the Templars. Mr. Archer, in common with other authorities, comes to the conclusion that there was a basis of truth to the horrible charges brought against the Order. Some of their practices were distorted and misinterpreted, but there was a party among them which was guilty of the blasphemy and indecency for which all suffered. Major-General Sir F.

* *The Encyclopædia Britannica: a Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and General Literature.* Ninth edition. Vol. XXIII. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. 1888.

Chambers's Encyclopædia: a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge. New edition. Vol. I.—A to Beaufort. London and Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers; Philadelphia, U.S.: Lippincott Company. 1888.

Goldsmid has a longish article on Timur, which we like none the less because he takes note of the Tartar's part in English literature. Of miscellaneous articles there is of course a copious supply. It will be enough to name Targum (Dr. S. M. Schiller-Szinessey), if indeed this ought not to be counted as literary and historical; Tennis (Julian Marshall), Tonnage (W. Moore), Treaties (Professor T. E. Holland, D.C.L.), and Tricycle (C. V. Boys). This last should have a large and interested class of readers in these days.

The Editor of *Chambers's Encyclopædia* must have difficulty in managing to pack all he wishes to have said into the narrow limits imposed by the form and size of his publication. On the whole, the work appears to be well done. Facts stated as compactly as may be, with an abundance of dates, references, and names of authorities, are what are required from an encyclopædia of this class. It is not easy under these conditions to secure either literary excellence or fulness of treatment, but these are not what are primarily looked for in a book of reference. For the rest there is nothing scrappy or meagre in *Chambers*. It professes only to give the bones and sinews of a subject, but it gives them. How careful the editors have been in making their list of articles exhaustive may be seen from the fact that they have included "Æstheticism," the modern "movement," so called, among them. The notice is brief, but sensible and fair. There is little or no trace of that partisan spirit which is a gross fault in a book for common use. One trace of it we do find in the article on Lord Beaconsfield, which would seem to be the work either of a Radical who is trying desperately to be fair, or of a very high-and-dry Tory of the Scotch stamp who had to hold himself in with both hands so as not to be rabid. Turning over this volume in search of subjects which had been omitted we have been disappointed. Everything seems to be there which should be between A and "Beaufort." It may be observed that, although the letters are so wide apart, this first volume of *Chambers* has one article in common with the twenty-third of the *Britannica*. It is the "Arabian Nights," which appears in the larger work under the heading of "Thousand and One Nights." Their length varies; but they do not contradict one another. It is no small recommendation to *Chambers* that it is much more handy than its big rival. The volume can be held in the hand for a reasonable space without pain. The type is clear and the numerous illustrations are well printed. One fault only is to be found with its get-up. The headpiece is the offending spot. It presents to the eye of the reader the scraggiest of Minervas, hollow-cheeked and pallid, with a weighty owl on her forefinger, turning a bony back on a very limp Industry. Perhaps the starved appearance of the goddess is designed as a satire on the insufficient endowments of the Scotch Universities.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

FEW, if any, of the recent publications ranking midway between the costly magnificence of copper or steel engraving of the old kind and the merely cheap and popular handbook have been more interesting and welcome than Vicomte H. Delaborde's *Marcantonio* (1). Black-and-white naturally lends itself to reproduction in black-and-white (even with media of inferior precision and artistic beauty) better than colour; and the rich illustrations of this handsome volume exhibit in very large variety the masterly style of the great Bolognese. The author has divided his book into two parts, a short biography—for the life of Marcantonio is but little known—and an exhaustive catalogue. In both, of course, the famous, if risky, subject of the *Modi* comes in—that notorious collection which has been the subject of mysterious allusion and constant mistake, and the oddest thing about which is, after its wide dispersion, its complete disappearance, except (and even this exception is not quite certain) a single plate at Vienna and nine mere fragments in London. M. Delaborde has handled this difficult matter with good sense and good taste, and it is a distinct gain that the spuriousness of certain forgeries, prompted by motives as obvious as discreditable, should be pointed out. Another common mistake here rectified is that Aretino was the originator of the series, instead of its commentator afterwards. In less ticklish matter M. Delaborde's observations on Marcantonio's imitations (piracies, the harsh might them call) of Dürer are interesting, though perhaps he does not impress on the reader quite clearly enough the enormous advantage which this imitation gave to the Italian, who was certain to discard the German harshness and ugliness, but might hardly have dispensed with the German science and strength.

The second part of "Lucien Perey's" History of Hélène Massalska (2) is biographically more interesting than the first. In the former part we merely had the picture of a girl who enjoyed the privileges of a Continental young married woman rather well than wisely. The second has both poetic justice and dramatic interest. Hélène's passion for her second husband, the exceedingly married Count Vincent Potocki (hero of the story, with some truth in it apparently, how a husband once found himself in the same room with three wives of his, two divorced and one actual), lasted till her death, and it was in a way returned. But there were endless money difficulties; the pair had got themselves married in such a hurry that for two years at least they can only be regarded as having been married at all by a kind of courtesy; successive children died, and, worst of all, the amiable Potocki, though quite content to love Hélène, was not equally content to love nothing but her. Detestable waiting women ("La Karwoska"), Court ladies at different Courts, and the discarded Countess Anna herself, inflicted dreadful woes on Prince Charles de Ligne's not wholly guiltless widow. But the story is lively. And through it all the Prince de Ligne himself shows occasionally—easy-going, tolerant, kindly, witty, judicious, a model of an eighteenth-century gentleman. If only for establishing, instead of overturning, models, we should bless "Lucien Perey."

Count d'Hérisson is, or has been, a sometimes amusing writer; but his perpetual finding fault is rather wearisome, and we fear that he is becoming something like a book-maker. His book on Metz (3), though professedly an apology for Marshal Bazaine, is much more an attack on other people, and it is spun out with all manner of elaborate and ill-digested material, which sometimes has next to no bearing on the question, and sometimes should have been not given in full, but summarized and dismissed with the utmost brevity. Thus the Count takes a whole page to give us in full three formal notes from Marshals Lebœuf, Canrobert, and McMahon, very properly refusing to say anything about the matter, translates Mr. Archibald Forbes for a whole chapter, and so forth. This, we repeat, is not book-writing; it is book-making.

M. Janet in these essays reprinted from the *Revue des Deux Mondes* (4) is careful to impress on us the fact that he is not in the least attempting literary criticism, but merely studying his subject from the professional psychologist's point of view. Similar things have, of course, been done in English and with English writers; but we own that we do not think the results have been interesting, except with the same kind of interest which attaches to silver fiddles and castles made of wine corks. Literature is not life, though the connexion between them is close; and literary criticism is different from criticism of life.

Among reprints or prints of previously uncollected or unpublished matter we have the ninth volume of the "Grands Écrivains" *Retz*, which M. Chantelauze unluckily has not lived to carry to its end.

(1) *Marc-Antoine Raimondi*. Par le Vicomte H. Delaborde. Paris: Librairie de l'Art.

(2) *Histoire d'une grande dame*. Par Lucien Perey. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(3) *La légende de Metz*. Par le Comte d'Hérisson. Paris: Ollendorff.

(4) *Les passions et les caractères dans la littérature du XVII^me siècle*. Par Paul Janet. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IN *William of Germany*, by Archibald Forbes (Cassell & Co.), we have a concise and animated sketch of the life of the late German Emperor. Direct and simple in style, it is a skilful summary of history, and a good specimen of popular biography, such as meets the demand of the hour. Both in relating the stirring incidents of memorable wars and in tracing the development of the policy that resulted in the consolidation of the German Empire Mr. Forbes's narrative has a clear and agreeable fluency. The chapter on the eventful annals of 1870-71, for instance, in which the progress of the victorious army from the Rhine to Sedan is set forth, is a capital example of the art of epitome. Books intended for popular consumption seldom possess the vigorous grasp which is shown by Mr. Forbes's treatment of an imposing subject. Compression has not resulted in congestion, and what is necessarily but a rapid survey of a great and impressive career is as attractive as a story from an expert hand.

Some Hobby-Horses, by C. A. Montresor (Allen & Co.), is a discursive volume about some of the multifarious objects dear to collectors. Some of them are of perennial interest, and others are the sport of caprice or fashion. Postage stamps have had their day, which, if ever to be revived, may be stirred to a real awakening by Mr. Montresor's interesting chapter on one of the oddest fancies of collectors. Crests, seals, shells, and the almost infinite variety of scrapbook treasures, are treated in a liberal and sympathetic spirit in this book of hobby-horses. Everybody who owns a scrapbook ought to read the instructive and gossipy essay "How to keep a Scrapbook." Altogether, as the Scotchman said of Shakspeare's historical plays, there is a mass of information in this book, and the information is pleasantly conveyed.

Literature (Sampson Low & Co.) is the vague and immense title of certain essays on books and men of letters by Herman Grimm, the son of one of the brothers Grimm, translated by Sarah H. Adams, an American lady. The author was attracted betimes to the writings of Emerson, and produced two essays on the philosopher of Concord which, though slighter than others in this volume, are worth perusal. Dante, Dürer, the brothers Grimm, and Voltaire are the subjects of the remaining essays. Those on Voltaire and his age are the most notable in the series.

Border Ballads, edited by Graham R. Tomson (Walter Scott), is a small but fairly representative selection from Scott, Percy, Motherwell, and other collectors of popular song. Despite the title, the editor wanders somewhat ineffectually into certain observations derogatory to the poetic excellence of English ballads. This is so common a fallacy that it is hardly surprising to find it represented also in the notes in this little book, which are written by another hand. Thus the Robin Hood ballads are said to be "exceedingly English, long and dull." Absurd as this criticism is, it shows less insensibility or ignorance than

the editor's remarks on the "phlegmatic" and "unimaginative" English peasantry. If, as seems probable, this collection was made in the interests of science and archæology and not of pure poetry, the fact should have been set forth on a very different title-page.

Mr. James D. B. Gribble's translations from German poets—*Borrowed Plumes* (Trübner & Co.)—comprise a varied assortment of lyrics, romantic, didactic, satirical, the versions of which are given side by side with the originals. The advantages of this plan are obvious. The translator is courageous enough to address English and German readers, as his book is published here and in Germany. Mr. Gribble has a good deal to say on Heine's poetry and the right method of rendering that most elusive of poets into a foreign tongue. Those who can read Heine may well wonder why any one should attempt a task which good poets have found to be hopeless. Those who cannot perceive how far Heine is beyond translation cannot decide the delicate question as to the precise value of Mr. Gribble's essays. We have seen better versions, and worse.

A curious and interesting story is lucidly told in Mr. James Irvine Lupton's pamphlet on the *Recent Outbreak of Rabies among the Deer in Richmond Park* (Richmond: Lloyd). The question discussed by Mr. Lupton is of considerable public interest. Outbreaks of rabies among deer, such as that first suspected and finally proved to exist by Mr. Lupton, may easily recur; nor is there any doubt that the disease has long existed, though never before recognized. Mr. George Fleming, indeed, in a recent letter in the *Lancet*, cites an acknowledged instance that occurred in 1856 at Stainborough, near Barnsley; but the credit of awakening public and official attention is due to Mr. Lupton. His pamphlet ought to be widely circulated, being well written and temperate in tone.

The ironical tone adopted by Mr. John Davidson in his play, *Smith: a Tragedy* (Glasgow: F. W. Wilson & Brother), is suggestive of the pleasant way of the late Professor Aytoun when dealing with the Spasmodists. Certain poetic plays of the day appear to have inspired this little drama of an unconventional heroine and a super-idealized prig. Brown, Jones, and Robinson seriously discuss the hero Smith, who is a youth of unbounded assurance and a madman. He is variously estimated as "a baby," and as "uncultured," yet is the object of envy. He gains the love of Matilda, who is engaged to Brown, at first sight, or rather at first speech. He carries her off to a steep mountain, and the pair spurn the dull world by leaping down a precipice one lovely moonlit night, to the exceeding rage of Brown and the laughter of the villagers. There are plenty of girls like Matilda, but they are rare in Scotland.

Mr. Pocock's *Tales of Western Life* (Ottawa: Mitchell) is a volume of sketches of Canadian life reprinted from the local press, not without descriptive power, and interesting to readers who know nothing of Canadian half-breeds, whisky smugglers, and the life of the mounted police of the North-West. "The Whisky Runners" is a lively account of smuggling operations among railway navvies.

Men and Women of the Day (Bentley & Son) fully sustains the promise of its opening number. Excellent portraits of Mr. John Bright, Mr. Ruskin, and Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in *Clancarty* appear in the February number. Miss Ellen Terry—a delightful portrait—appears in the March issue, with Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Herbert Spencer. The photograph of Mr. Chamberlain is by far the best we have seen. But all are deserving of a place on the wall rather than the obscurity of a portfolio.

Among our new editions are Professor A. W. Ward's *Chaucer* "English Men of Letters" (Macmillan & Co.); a selection from *Emerson* in the "Camelot Classics" (Walter Scott); *Maud* and *The Princess*, Vol. IV. of Lord Tennyson's Works (Macmillan & Co.); *A Treatise on Government*, translated from Aristotle by William Ellis (1771), in "Morley's Universal Library" (Routledge); *Godolphin* and *Calderon, the Courtier*, "pocket-volume edition" of Lord Lytton's novels (Routledge); the eighth edition of *The Pleasures of Life*, by Sir John Lubbock (Macmillan & Co.); the second edition of the Rev. J. J. Halcombe's *Gospel Difficulties due to a Displaced Section of St. Luke* (Kegan Paul & Co.); *A Family Affair* and *Living or Dead*, by Hugh Conway (Macmillan & Co.); *Tales from Pickwick*, in which we find also tales from *Nicholas Nickleby* (Routledge); the twelfth edition of Dr. David Page's *Introductory Text-Book of Geology*, revised by Charles Lapworth, LL.D. (Blackwood & Co.); Dr. Robson Roose's *Gout* (H. K. Lewis); the fourth edition of *London of To-day*, an illustrated handbook for the season; and *Old Boston*, an American historical romance, by A. de Grasse Stevens (Orpington: Allen).

We have also received a *Manual of the Andamanese Language*, by M. V. Portman (Allen & Co.); the *Articles of the International Copyright Union* (Longmans & Co.); *Indian Fibres and Fibrous Substances*, a report on the Colonial and Indian Exhibition (E. & F. N. Spon); *Soldiers' Shooting*, by Lieutenant H. de B. Hovell (Chatham: Gale & Polden); *Housekeeping Trials*, by "Lena" (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.); *Gems, Talismans, and Guardians*, a nativity book, by Ten. Alcott (New York: Wiley); *Italia*, a monthly magazine, No. 3, for March (Trübner & Co.); *The Book Fund and its Work*, by Mrs. C. H. Spurgeon (Passmore & Alabaster); *Which Sovereign—Queen Victoria or the Pope?* by Rev. J. A. Wylie, LL.D. (Morgan & Scott); *Down with England*, a translation of *Fins d'Angleterre* (Chapman & Hall); and *Both Sides of the Question*, being the speeches of Mr. John Morley and Lord Randolph Churchill at the Oxford Union (Oxford: Blackwell).

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,695, Vol. 65. April 21, 1888. [Registered for Transmission abroad.] Price 6d.

THE EMPEROR FREDERICK.

THE painful interest with which the world, only a few weeks ago, regarded the sick bed of a German Emperor has been once more concentrated upon that of his son and successor. There has been so much uncertainty throughout, not merely in the words, but evidently also in the thoughts, of the learned on the questions of the nature, extent, and probable course of the malady from which the Emperor FREDERICK is suffering, that, even after the serious news of the past week, it is unnecessary to despond altogether, though even with improving news it would be difficult to be sanguine. The sympathy which was felt for the Emperor WILLIAM must necessarily be increased in the present case. The father died full of years and honours, having thoroughly done his work, having put all his enemies under his feet, having accomplished perhaps the greatest achievement of any sovereign of the century, with a competent and well-tried successor ready, and with hardly a grief except the ill-health of that successor. It is unnecessary to particularize the contrasted details which make the case of the Emperor FREDERICK more painful to himself; but these differences, also, beyond doubt in part intensify the extreme flutter and disturbance into which his regretted relapse has thrown, not merely the Stock Exchanges of Europe, but the political world generally. This disturbance reminds us unpleasantly enough in any case, and most unpleasantly, no doubt, in the case of those who have allowed themselves to forget it, that the equilibrium of European peace is as unstable as ever, and that it perhaps has even increased in instability during the last month or two. How far the domestic annoyances of the last few weeks have contributed to bring on the renewal of the Emperor FREDERICK's disorder, medical authority and Prince BISMARCK's conscience—a tough disputant—must be left to settle between them. It is, at any rate, not generally thought that mental worry is conducive to the maintenance of bodily health. But this matter is far less important than another aspect of the case. For the moment the EMPEROR is once more reported as improving, and his magnificent constitution may still get the better, for a time, of the insidious ailment or ailments which assail him. But there is no mistaking the meaning of the facts. They are, first, that the present EMPEROR's accession to the throne ushered Europe into a sort of fool's paradise of forgetfulness of the danger in which she stands. Secondly, that this paradise was soon overshadowed by the cloud of the CHANCELLOR Crisis, in the shadow of which what had been fondly thought to be the most united and resolved combination of Sovereign, Minister, and country in the world turned out to be the scene of distinct and very indecorous faction. Thirdly, that hard upon this followed the reminder that this unsettlement of the position of Germany might—how soon no man knows—be still further unsettled, and might pass into a general overturn, of which no man can see the probable end. Of the two concomitant symptoms of which much has been made, the Roumanian disturbances and the outbreak of Boulangism, the latter is less germane to the present subject than the former, but both undoubtedly complicate the situation and attract more attention than ever to the EMPEROR's health.

There can be no doubt that the CHANCELLOR Crisis has been a [illegible] blow to the prestige of Germany, and it does not seem to have been sufficiently noted that this, far more than [illegible] domestic chagrin, may have been the mental cause, if any such cause there were, of the EMPEROR's relapse. [illegible] to the average political sight, so prone is it to take [illegible] probably few people since Germany [illegible] The unity which [illegible] strength is scarcely twenty years old, and it has been effected, more than by anything else, by a singular and almost accidental coincidence of the will of the Sovereign, the governing faculty of the Minister, and the consent and acquiescence of the people. For a long time it seemed as if nothing would break this triple bond, and party after party that opposed it either disappeared or dwindled into impotence. Particularism, as such, went into abeyance; the National Liberals almost died of atrophy; the Socialists threatened but effected nothing; the Clericals, though they gained some concessions, gained them at the price of becoming merely, as it is happily enough called in an English cant phrase, "His Majesty's Opposition." The CHANCELLOR Crisis has shown, if not that the concord is broken, at any rate that it might be broken at any moment by a very slight cause; and with the concord goes the strength of Germany. No people possessing, as the German people possess, considerable, if not complete, popular control of affairs would for a moment tolerate the crushing burden of that military service, of that subjection of other States to Prussia, of that unceasing attitude of sword in one hand and trowel in another, which the unity and the commanding position of Germany require for their maintenance, unless from a complete belief in the wisdom and concord of its rulers and a complete acquiescence in their will. We have seen in the last few days how easy it is for such belief and acquiescence to be exchanged for angry and jealous suspicion of one part or of the other, and for factious division between them.

It has been suggested that the CHANCELLOR's singular conduct of late has been prompted by a desire to make real terms with Russia, and to substitute a thoroughgoing Russo-German alliance for the League of Peace. The explanation is of course obvious enough—indeed it is the most obvious explanation of all—but, like other obvious explanations, it does not take into consideration all the facts of the case. It may, of course, be that Prince BISMARCK's intellect is failing; but few signs of this have been observable. It may be that he is falling into a mere "Après moi le déluge" state of mind, and does not mind ensuring that deluge after him, provided he can stave it off meanwhile. On no other supposition is the notion of a serious Russo-German *rapprochement* possible or intelligible. For, in order to secure it, Prince BISMARCK must, in the first place, risk the dismemberment of Austria, with the certainty that, as a result of that dismemberment, the outlet of Germany towards the South, together with provinces which, if not German, have for centuries been practically under German rule, will be handed over for the building up of a huge Slav Empire threatening and half surrounding the German border. He must, in the second place, face the possibility (improbable, no doubt, but still possible) of a combination of the whole of the rest of Europe, including Austria, against such a common danger as a defensive and aggressive Russo-German alliance, if it is to give any satisfaction to Russia, must be. He must, in short, instead of playing for safety, play the most desperate game that any political gambler with a good hand ever undertook. Whereas, if his object be merely to keep Russia in good humour, his conduct is intelligible enough, and, granting his known dislike of war, intelligent enough; while he may think it not so very difficult to achieve his end while pursuing his hitherto unvarying plan of a solid mid-European coalition with such exterior buttresses as he can build up against attempts to disturb the situation, made either from the extreme East or from the extreme West, or from both.

But it cannot be denied that the immediate prospect is exceedingly serious. That any new danger threatens England need not be believed; and in any case, when the day comes that England's hands cannot keep England's head without alliances and balancings of power, then the other day of *plus d'Angleterre* will not be far off. But the political sky in the direction of foreign affairs, dark as it was

[illegible] hs ago, has been perceptibly darkened further [illegible] of the last few weeks in Germany, and may [illegible] ry black indeed at any moment. Not perhaps in our time has there been a greater need for keeping powder dry, as well as for the other process which no doubt should accompany it.

LORD DUNRAVEN AND THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

LORD DUNRAVEN'S indignant disclaimer of an absurd plan for the reconstitution of the House of Lords is fully justified by the production of his genuine Bill. He is one of the most ingenious projectors who have undertaken to deal with an insoluble problem. Every new attempt contributes to the demonstration that the ancient fabric will not admit of more than fragmentary repair. By an exhaustive process it will appear that alternative contrivances always fail to satisfy some indispensable condition of practical success. One insurmountable difficulty has been pointed out by Lord SALISBURY and by other competent critics. Any scheme which could be devised to make the House of Lords more efficient would increase the objection which is urged against it by its inveterate assailants. Those who have persuaded themselves that the House impedes sound policy and useful legislation will oppose any measure which can be proposed for adding to its power. In the meantime its friends are content with the existing constitution, though some of them may be willing to conciliate adverse prejudices by ostensible or even real alterations. The truth is that it is now impossible to construct an aristocratic branch of the Legislature which will not habitually incline to a Conservative policy. It is true that in the earlier years of Liberal supremacy the House of Lords was not unfrequently divided in opinion. From the date of the first Reform Bill to the death of Lord PALMERSTON, the Whig peers exercised considerable influence. In the earlier part of the period the Duke of WELLINGTON guided the policy of the peers with prudence and moderation; and his more impetuous successor, Lord DERBY, was not at all times able to command a majority. On the important question of the Disestablishment of the Irish Church he was so effectually overruled by Lord CAIRNS, acting in concert with Mr. DISRAELI, that a measure which the whole party regarded as obnoxious passed both Houses of Parliament without a division on its principle. The disclosure on many successive occasions of Mr. GLADSTONE'S policy, and especially of his revolutionary temper, has alienated from his cause, as he often states with a mixture of complacency and regret, the sympathies of almost all members of the classes which are interested in the maintenance of order and the protection of property. Consequently, although he has excusably created a large number of peers, the hostile majority of the House of Lords constantly becomes stronger. In 1880, at the beginning of his agrarian legislation for Ireland, the adverse votes of the Liberal peers, even if the Conservatives had held aloof, would have been sufficient to defeat the Disturbance Bill. No introduction of life-peers would now suffice to redress the balance. Lord GREY'S plan of creating a sufficient number of peers to pass the Reform Bill would, in a similar crisis, now be impracticable or useless.

Lord DUNRAVEN'S scheme would, if it were accepted without alteration, leave the votes of the House of Lords as it found them, and it is by no means certain that the authority of the House would be increased by the change of constitution. He proposes that the whole body of peers should elect a hundred and eighty representatives among themselves, who are eventually to exercise the powers which now belong to the House. For the present it would seem that the three hundred peers who may not be elected are to retain their privileges for life, unless they forfeit them by becoming candidates for the House of Commons. Until the several holders of hereditary peerages die out or become [illegible], the House of Lords is expected voluntarily to [illegible] its authority to the selected representatives [illegible] to the analogy of Grand Committees of the House [illegible]. The Crown is to add to the House a limited [illegible] of life-peers; and the Bishops, with the exception of the two Primates and the Bishops of London, [illegible] Winchester, are to lose their seats. The [illegible] of the scheme is a provision for the [illegible] [illegible] dation of a certain number of [illegible] Councils. The qualities which [illegible] a peer might not always be [illegible] same which would raise the character of the House of Lords. The non-representative peers will be eligible to the House of Commons; but no person will, during the same Parliament, be capable of sitting in both Houses in succession. A limit of age, not at present specified, is to be imposed on candidates for a seat in the House of Lords; and there are probably some supplemental provisions. Lord DUNRAVEN boldly refers to the precedent of the Scotch and Irish representative peers, who are now elected by their colleagues. He is apparently aware that no article of either the Scotch or the Irish Union has worked so little satisfactorily as the representation of the respective peerages. He accordingly proposes to introduce some kind of proportional election. Both classes of representative peers now swell with invidious and unnecessary uniformity the ranks of a majority which is already more than ample. The same result would, as Lord DUNRAVEN perceives, follow from simple election of the main body of peers. It is more than doubtful whether the defect could be corrected by any of the artificial schemes which have been devised for the protection of the rights of minorities. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK and Mr. COURTNEY have failed to convince the House of Commons that any measure of the kind is expedient or practicable. It would be still less applicable to so constant and certain an inequality as that which would be found in any imaginable House of Lords. No political theorist proposes to put the weaker party on an absolute equality with the stronger. The Conservative party would consequently control the House of Lords under a system of proportional representation as inevitably as if the acting peers were elected in the ordinary course. The minority might probably be more numerous and the majority smaller than under the ancient system; but the same measures would be adopted or rejected as if the House of Lords retained its present constitution.

Enthusiasts for symmetry are apparently shocked by the occasional intervention in political and legislative business of large numbers of peers who vote as a matter of course at the dictation of their leaders. They forget or fail to discern that the same course would be followed if, according to Lord DUNRAVEN'S plan, two-thirds of the House of Lords were disestablished. In some games only the Court cards count, though the whole of the pack is dealt out. The peers who support Lord SALISBURY on great occasions discharge the function of the ordinary card. If both parties were by consent to dispense with the use of all but the honours, the winner would be the same as at present. As the working of the plan may easily be calculated beforehand, Lord DUNRAVEN will certainly fail to remove the objections of those who denounce the present House of Peers. He will, without any equivalent advantage, have created the anomaly of a sinecure nobility with nothing more solid than title and precedence to justify its existence. The advantage of ancient custom and tradition will have been gratuitously sacrificed. It is perhaps natural that clever professors of legislation should overlook the main distinction between the actual world and Utopia. As the holy hermit of Prague who never saw pen and ink very wisely said to the niece of King GORBODUC, "That which is is." It is true that the House of Lords is exposed to menace, and perhaps to danger; but it has a strong position as long as it stands on the defensive. Threatened institutions live long because they have adapted themselves by their mere existence to circumstances and to the general feeling. Newfangled substitutes will be equally open to criticism and to cavil, and their power of resistance will be infinitely smaller. If hereditary powers and rights were anomalies indefensible by argument, they must nevertheless have originated in natural causes. Pedantic antiquarians are in the habit of explaining that the House of Lords is itself an innovation, because there was a time, several centuries ago, when its functions were not transmitted by hereditary succession, if they could be said to exist. The prescription is long enough for practical purposes; but there is no precedent for an artificial admixture of inheritance and election.

The constitution and fundamental laws of a nation are independent of verbal logic and much more of rhetorical apology. The House of Lords would not be invented in the present day, but it possesses, among other qualities, great vitality. Its members, though most of them have little pretension to regard themselves as [illegible] or independent legislators, possess among them more personal influence than [illegible] of their countrymen. In their own [illegible] part of the demand for [illegible] authority, as local

leaders in popular movements, and as chairmen or presidents of half the institutions in the kingdom. In their Parliamentary capacity they properly follow the guidance of party chiefs in whom they and their equals have confidence. It may be wrong that a body of well-born landowners should possess greater influence than as many men of science, journalists, and poets; but they are, in fact, better known and better liked as leaders than any other class of the community. They have an intelligible claim to the continuance of their present rights and duties; but it would be difficult to defend the novel privileges of a separate class of noble idlers. It has been justly remarked that it would under Lord DUNRAVEN's scheme be out of the power of the Crown to give a deserving Minister a seat in the representative section of the House of Lords. The adoption of the Continental system of allowing a Minister to speak, but not to vote, in one or both Houses, would not remedy the defect. On the whole, the objections to Lord DUNRAVEN's project are sufficient to condemn it, and, if nothing could be said against it, it deserves to be rejected as the invention of an amateur. The abolition of the House of Lords might be still more objectionable than the crudest attempt to reform it; but the more modest experiment would soon lead to the more revolutionary change.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD.

IT would be difficult to mention any one of what may be called the elder middle-aged section of men of letters of the present day who, as a man of letters, would be regretted by a greater number of competent judges than the late Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD. Himself very fond of society, he was generally known in it, and also generally liked. The strong mannerism which has in some notices of him been called egotism seems in his early life to have taken a somewhat more forbidding form, if one may judge by the story of CRABB ROBINSON describing him as "that young man of so "much ability with whom I should never *presume* to be "intimate." But the acquisition of a considerable reputation mellowed this peculiarity, if it ever existed, and, though Mr. ARNOLD doubtless, in life as in literature, provoked some persons, and only did not provoke others because he amused them so much, he was one of the most affable and likeable of men. Yet, though he was very far from indifferent to social reputation, it is undoubtedly as a man of letters that he would have desired to be regarded. No good judge is likely to doubt in what department his highest claim to this reputation is to be found. It has been said of a French poet, whom Mr. ARNOLD could not understand at all, that critics thought of him as a poet, while vulgar readers hardly knew that he wrote poetry. Some increase of Mr. ARNOLD's poetic fame has recently been made since his verse was both selected and collected; but from the time when the "general reader" first heard of him (about twenty or five-and-twenty years ago) till the other day, he was undoubtedly popular, if he was popular at all, as a prose-writer.

Yet he never did anything in prose at all approaching the excellence of his best verse. That verse is not great in bulk; he ceased to produce it almost wholly many years ago; nothing of late date save a stanza or two of the piece on the legend of the Isle of Thorney is worth much, and a great deal even of what there is is marred by that tendency, on the one side to moralize and preach, on the other to talk rather with *simplesse* than simplicity, which Mr. ARNOLD strengthened no doubt by his following of WORDSWORTH, but which was also inherent in his own nature. That the greatest poetry of all may deal, and does deal, with the mysteries of life and conduct is undoubtedly true; but it deals with them as SHAKSPEARE does in flashes or brief digressions, not as WORDSWORTH and Mr. ARNOLD do in long-drawn substantive poems. But the best parts even of this meditative verse are not only beautiful, but beautiful with a beauty quite distinct and proper to themselves. It would suffice for any man to have written the "Forsaken Merman," unequal though parts of it are to its quite perfect close, to take high rank as a poet, even in the country and century of SHELLEY and COLERIDGE, and the famous close of "Sohrab and Rustum," the opening of "Cadmus and Harmonia," the whole of the "Scholar Gipsy," with other passages impossible to catalogue, rise to the same level. Even in the more Wordsworthian poems, where Mr. ARNOLD's rather indistinct philosophy combined with his very distinct self-consciousness, the same poetic touch is found—the touch (as he would himself have said) of style, quite independent (as he would himself not have said) of subject. That he will ever be a more popular poet than he has been is exceedingly improbable. But it is at least equally improbable that at any time persons who unite a love of poetry with a love of the finished and refined in literature will read him without assigning to him a particular place in their poetical pantheon —a place higher or lower, no doubt, according to individual tastes and judgments, but never low in the case of any one who has either judgment or taste.

With the prose-writer the case is very different. Many persons probably who do not even know where "She left "lonely for ever The kings of the sea" comes from, have a vague, or even a decided, idea of Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD as a great critic, a perhaps unorthodox but powerful discourser on theological subjects, and a prose-writer in general of extraordinary accomplishment. Here, it is to be feared, he will hold his position with much more difficulty. Except for the sometimes gracious fooling of "Friendship's "Garland," and for a very few passages of other works, his theological, political, and miscellaneous work is not likely to last long. His politics were the politics of Colonel NEWCOME, educated at Rugby and Balliol, and become a person of culture; and if friends and foes alike had not agreed that they were not to be taken seriously, they would have been the subject of amused or irritated despair to both foes and friends. Of his bulky theological or antitheological work it is at this moment difficult to speak at once truthfully and becomingly, but perhaps something not dissimilar to what has been said of his politics may do for the present. It has been claimed for him that many of his favourite phrases on these and other subjects established themselves in the public vocabulary. But it must be remembered that his habit of ringing the changes on them, and repeating them in and out of season, made this probable, if not certain; and it may be doubted whether any of them except Philistine, which was before his time familiar to well-read persons, is of very great or permanent value. As a literary critic he will, no doubt, last longer, though even here considerable deductions must be made. His general theories were too often either logically untenable, as in the case of "All depends on the subject," or nearly unmeaning, as in the case of the "criticism of life." He entered the critical lists bearing high a banner inscribed with the words "The eternal enemy, Caprice," and he lived to sneer at MACAULAY's Lays, while extolling the poetry of MAURICE DE GUÉRIN, and to declare that SHELLEY would live, in the long run, as a prose-writer, not as a poet. He discoursed much of provinciality, and yet had to avow that certainly not the greatest, but one of the great, metres of the world—the Alexandrine of VICTOR HUGO—made to his ear little or no poetical music. And, however bright, glancing, and fascinating his style might be at its best, it cannot be denied that its glitter was often artificial, often teasing, sometimes positively Corinthian.

Yet with all his defects he undoubtedly did a great work; and there is no doubt that the historical critics of literature will do justice to him here also. Although his judgments on particular literary points were often strangely capricious and lacking in sanity, no man of any time has brought so many English readers—first, to consider literature seriously; and, secondly, to consider it as something like a whole. It is doubtful whether he himself quite understood what he meant by his praise of Academies; but, in so far as that praise implied a recommendation to raise the study of literature—the critical, thorough, almost professional, study of literature—to the rank of a national distinction, he undoubtedly pointed out something which was much wanted in England, and did more to supply it than any other man. In doing this he followed out the humbler, but not less useful, work which he did in his actual professional capacity as an Inspector of Schools—work in which, again, his admiration of foreign customs was not always entirely sane or well ordered, but which was much wanted by the people and the time in which he began to work. Much of the half-contempt which has been sometimes shown towards Mr. ARNOLD really concerned not himself but his maladroit imitators and exaggerators. For himself he loved literature thoroughly well, if not always wisely, and in one department of literature at least he was an admirable artist, in others a not contemptible one. He has a high place in that not numerous band who, whether great thinkers themselves or not, have been great stimulators of the thought of others. He has pleased, amused, irritated, provoked more people than any man of

[illegible] of his day and class. And his worst faults, harmless [illegible] in themselves, have been more than sufficiently [illegible] by the deposition on his tomb of a sonnet in which he is called "brother" and "rival" by the author of *The Light of Asia.*

THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BILL.

THE present Ministers are not likely to accept the friendly advice of their enemies by following the precedent of Mr. DISRAELI's conduct of his Reform Bill in 1867. As candid Liberals truly say, the Bill was laid on the table of the House to be manipulated and amended by hostile critics at their pleasure. Mr. GLADSTONE, who had been in the previous Session bitterly disappointed by the failure of his own more unambitious measure, excusably rejoiced in the opportunity of retaliating on his opponents, and more especially on his mutinous followers. If the House of Commons had expressed the sincere opinions of an overwhelming majority of all parties, any attempt to tamper with the existing Constitution would have been summarily rejected. The comparatively moderate proposals of Lord RUSSELL and Mr. GLADSTONE were rejected at the instance of the occupants of the so called Cave of Adullam, with Lord GROSVENOR as their nominal chief, and under the real leadership of Mr. LOWE. The change of Ministry which ensued gave Mr. DISRAELI the opportunity of trying an experiment which could not fail to be disastrous. When Mr. GLADSTONE had proposed a 7*l.* franchise Mr. LOWE accused him of trying to get to the back of the North wind. Mr. DISRAELI went further in search of a genial climate; but he guarded against the risks of household suffrage by decorating it with a number of fancy franchises, and more especially by making direct payment of rates the condition of acquiring a vote. Lord CRANBORNE, now Marquess of SALISBURY, Lord CARNARVON, and General PEEL retired from office as soon as the measure was introduced. Mr. DISRAELI found that, in conceding the principle of household suffrage, he had made it impossible to obtain the consent of the House to restrictions on its consistent application. One after the other the proposed securities fell before Mr. GLADSTONE's vigorous assaults, and eventually the compound householder was admitted to the privileges which in the original Bill had been confined to the ratepayers. At no period of their long-continued struggle had Mr. GLADSTONE obtained so complete a triumph over his life-long adversary. It is not surprising that his adherents should desire to repeat the victory by persuading the Government to copy the blunder of their former leader. They affected in the first instance a generous readiness to facilitate the progress of a Bill which they could not openly condemn; but Mr. GLADSTONE found that his unwonted disregard of party considerations gave serious offence to the advanced section of his followers. He has accordingly reconsidered his tactics, and, although he cannot oppose the second reading, he is prepared either to destroy the Bill by introducing a series of amendments, or to render the Government ridiculous by extorting from it ruinous concessions.

Although there is a superficial resemblance between the present crisis and the political conditions of 1867, Parliamentary history has no present tendency to repeat itself. Mr. DISRAELI, when he thought it expedient to outbid Mr. GLADSTONE, had so long postponed the preparation of his measure that the first version submitted to the House was called the Ten-minutes Bill, from the extemporaneous form in which it had been communicated to the Cabinet. The Local Government Bill was prepared and settled eighteen months before it was introduced into the House of Commons. The scheme is so comprehensive that, if the debates are conducted with ordinary skill and resolution, it will scarcely be liable to destruction, either by overloading it with additions or by the process of whittling it away. When Mr. [illegible] undertook to give the Bill a fair hearing, he [illegible] hoped that his approval would alarm the county [illegible], who, as it was hoped, might resent the re[illegible] of their present functions. As Lord SALISBURY [illegible] Carnarvon with some humorous exaggeration, the [illegible] thought that they would throw discredit on the [illegible] policy by attaching to it a portion of their own [illegible]. As the country gentlemen have disappointed [illegible], they will probably now fall back on the [illegible] there will be some difficulty in raising [illegible] which, if they were valid, ought to [illegible] second reading. Mr. [illegible] the defect of being too [illegible]

only it had been well founded. A measure which provides for the municipal incorporation of the county can scarcely be amended so as to convert the parish into the unit of local administration. Mr. MORLEY in his late speech at Newcastle took little pains to disguise the bitter party feeling with which he regards all the measures of the Government. He virtually demands the production of a measure which must be not only faultless, but secure against hostile criticism. It is certain that any definite scheme of local government must be in some respects really or apparently defective. The demand of perfection, or rather of invulnerability, is, in truth, a protest against all legislation of the kind. The strongest objection to the Bill is that it was unnecessary, as there was and is no popular demand for any measure of the kind; but the Opposition is still more deeply pledged than the Government to the supposed expediency of local government by elected bodies.

The severest disappointment which the Liberal party has received was caused by the announcement that the members of the County Councils were to be elected by household suffrage. Any attempt to introduce a more restricted franchise would have furnished an opportunity for hostile agitation. The addition of a contingent of selected members is justified by the precedent of the Municipal Corporations Act. There is some difference of opinion as to the practical working of the system of co-optation; but judicious persons will not accept without inquiry the assertion of Liberal orators that the experiment has failed. It is not impossible that the objection to the appointment of aldermen may be founded on their independence and general competence for their duties. If the practice is really objectionable, it can be modified or abolished by future legislation. It may be taken for granted that Mr. MORLEY objects to aldermen on strictly democratic grounds. It is no great matter if a sop is administered to the Liberal CERBERUS in the form of a withdrawal of the clause which requires a County Chairman to possess the qualification which is required of justices of the peace. It is possible that no elected member of the County Council may own 100*l.* a year in land; and the anomaly which might result would not be balanced by any countervailing advantage. In questions of secondary importance the Government ought to temper conciliation with firmness, and, on the whole, it would be better to incur the reproach of obstinacy than to justify the more damaging charge of weakness. When Mr. DISRAELI had to surrender one provision after another to the vigorous attacks of Mr. GLADSTONE, he had no majority at his back. Mr. RITCHIE may confidently reckon on the unanimous support of his own party, and he will receive valuable assistance from some at least of the Liberal-Unionists. He has already established a provisional claim to the good opinion of the House of Commons and to the confidence of his own party. He has a troublesome task to perform, and he will probably know that the first requisite of a legislator is uncompromising resolution.

The Government has little to fear from the censors of the Local Government Bill who complain of the exclusion of the administration of the Poor-law from the catalogue of duties imposed on the Councils. It is possible and probable that in some parts of the country the Poor-law may be the most important of administrative departments. It by no means follows that the difficult duties which it involves should be added to the novel functions of the rural municipalities. The evil of overlapping and non-coincident areas of administration has been greatly exaggerated. Much graver mischief might result from the inability of the Councils to discharge too onerous functions. It is difficult to understand how the advocates of parochial independence or activity can also wish to disestablish the Boards of Guardians which represent the parishes. It may be added that an excessive enlargement of Poor-law districts would greatly diminish the motive for vigilant economy. It has, indeed, been found expedient to substitute the Union for the parish in the administration of the Poor-law, but the county would generally be found to be too extensive for effective management. It may be added that Boards of Guardians have never yet degenerated, like too many Corporations, into political clubs. The substitution of simple household suffrage for the graduated franchise under which Guardians are elected would be an unmixed evil. The paymasters have under the present system a control over the expenditure of the rates. The [illegible] of compound householders [illegible] and wasteful, but [illegible] extravagant. [illegible]

contests will relate to the expediency of maintaining the present system of Poor-law representation. Sir EDWARD WATKIN will perhaps have redeemed his former shortcomings as a partisan by his monstrous proposal to incorporate the branches of the Land League as County or District Councils in Ireland. His debt is, in banking language, paid "short," or in a compendious form. An unsteady Liberal will have once for all gone into the most outrageous extreme of Radicalism. Mr. GLADSTONE perhaps congratulated himself on the foresight with which he bid for Sir EDWARD WATKIN'S support by pledging himself to the Channel Tunnel. His motives for the separation of Ireland and for the material union of England with France are not so much similar as identical. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN would scarcely have proposed to place the Irish police under the control of local bodies if he had not been encumbered by former pledges. He was fortunately enabled to guard himself against the immediate adoption of a suicidal policy by making the transfer of power over the Irish police contingent on the grant of Local Government, which he is not at present prepared to concede.

HIGH JINKS AT YORK.

LONDON journalists, busy with the concerns of their own little village, which is doubtless, if the truth were known, as "provincial" as any other place, are apt to neglect the affairs of our county towns. It has been profanely said that, if GOD made the country, and man made the town, country towns were made by the Devil. But York has peculiar claims to veneration and respect. It has a Minster, it has ancient walls, it has a history, it has a Latin name, it has an Archbishop, it has a Lord Mayor. Last, but not least, it is the birthplace of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, and therefore not remotely connected with the Royal Family of England. No other city can say more. Very few can say so much. As the capital of an ecclesiastical Province, and the site of a Metropolitan See, York is annually honoured by the sittings of the Northern Convocation. Too little notice is taken of this ancient and honourable body. Even the Convocation of Canterbury, which meets in the heart of London and under the shadow of the Abbey, scarcely rivets as much as it should the attention of a frivolous public. There are many learned men in Convocation, and their discussions have often thrown valuable light on the part played by the Church in the development of English politics and society. Yet most newspapers give them less space than they can afford to some East-End or West-End Vestry, where one vestryman has threatened to pull another vestryman's nose. They have not got to that yet in Convocation. But the holy calm of the clerical Parliament at York has been ruffled by indications of a possible tempest. "His Grace the LORD ARCHBISHOP of "YORK," to use the title which was once found written in the Visitors' Book of a foreign hotel, is a man of many gifts and accomplishments. But it would be indiscriminate flattery to call him especially a man of peace. He is, if not at ease in Zion, thoroughly at home in the Church militant. When the late Bishop of Winchester attended the consecration of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, he made in his diary the pleasing and elegant entry "York "visibly chagrined." The interesting phenomenon thus agreeably catalogued was displayed, if we may trust the reporter of the *Daily News, apud Eboracum*, xiv ante Kal. Mai. MDCCCLXXXVIII. and it happened in this wise. The Archbishop of YORK, like Lord TENNYSON and the first Mrs. SHELLEY, seems to be fond of reading aloud. He began by reading "a long paper on difficulties raised by "the HOME SECRETARY and the Law Officers of the Crown "as to their previous proceedings." It seems that the ARCHBISHOP wanted new canons with regard to marriage, because people may now be married after twelve and before three o'clock without a special licence. Mr. MATTHEWS objected to new canons, and said that altered canons would do quite as well. There was a sharp engagement, but the Church ultimately triumphed over the State. Whatever may be said of Convocation, they do not seem to be overburdened with work at the Home Office.

As the ARCHBISHOP is to have his new canons, it might be rashly inferred that everything was settled, and that His Grace was as happy as a lady who has persuaded her husband that a new tea-gown is absolutely necessary to her welfare. Nothing could be further from the fact. The President informed Convocation that he had successfully resisted the interference of the Queen's Bench, where, it may be remembered, he appeared in person, and made mincemeat of the unlucky counsel opposed to him. Still, the ARCHBISHOP is not happy, although he "read a long "statement as to his action" in this respect. The two Houses of the York Convocation are, to employ a very inadequate expression, at loggerheads. Their "relations," in the beautiful jargon of the day, are "strained," and, as the Archbishop of YORK says, with perfect, if somewhat obvious, truth, "every cord has a breaking point." At the beginning of the eighteenth century Convocation was closed altogether by the Crown, and was not reopened till the middle of the nineteenth. Such is the terrible catastrophe which the ARCHBISHOP already sees in the distance, and it makes him very sad. "Can the Bishops be expected to attend if the "two Houses do not co-operate?" he plaintively asks. "Can the Lower House sit alone? Would the Archbishop "be justified in issuing his writ if no business is done, as "was the case practically last year?" The third question is one which the ARCHBISHOP can best answer himself. It seems to imply that he contemplates following the example of CROMWELL, or of GEORGE I., and shutting up his own Convocation for himself. There are, we believe, about half a dozen members of the Upper House at York, and they may perhaps find, if they have to sit together without the company of the inferior clergy, other "relations" become "strained" besides those of the two Houses. While the Primate was delivering this impressive allocution in the Upper House, painful and distressing scenes were being enacted in the Lower. "Owing to a thunderstorm, it was very difficult to "hear anything" (thunder itself fails to drown the Archiepiscopal tones). While little could be heard, what happened was this:—"A Resolution giving the Prolocutor power "to prevent notices appearing on the agenda paper was "carried, *it being aimed at one put down by Dr. Hayman,* "*condemning Canon Fleming, of St. Michael's, Chester* "*Square, London, for plagiarism in the pulpit.*" This is very sad, and by no means the sort of thing upon which pious laymen would desire Convocation to be occupied. Whether Canon FLEMING has plagiarized in the pulpit we do not know, though we have heard the accusation before. There are those who think that plagiarism in the pulpit might advantageously be more common than it is. Dr. HAYMAN, late of Rugby, evidently prefers being an amateur schoolmaster to not being a schoolmaster at all. When Lord BEACONSFIELD presented Mr. FLEMING with his Canonry, the Dean and Chapter protested against the new Canon's right to vote, and were menaced, if we remember rightly, with the terrors of a *præmunire*. Now the Prolocutor, the Dean of YORK, finds it necessary to resign his office, because he is a *persona ingrata* to the ARCHBISHOP. Moral thunderstorms appear to be even more frequent than physical in the good old city of York.

THE BIRCHLESS SCHOOLMASTER.

MR. GEORGE GIRLING, "ex-President National "Union of Elementary Teachers," writes to the *Standard* to call attention to a melancholy state of things. It was not wholly unknown, but was not so fully realized, that Mr. GIRLING'S letter is superfluous. The position is this. Our benevolent Government sweeps up all and sundry the young scamps it can find in a parish, and sends them to the Board school, under penalties inflicted on the parents, of course, in case of their non-appearance. Among them there is naturally a good sprinkling of very bad boys. The masters have no option in the matter. They must take the boys and keep them; for how are you to expel them when the law makes it obligatory on them to be there? Many of them give a great deal of trouble. The obvious course of the Board-school teacher is to inflict that punishment from which only a cherub used to be thought safe. But here the law, in the form of the magistrate, comes in again. According to Mr. GIRLING, their worships are only too commonly inclined to treat a Board-school teacher no better than a policeman. They have decided that the English schoolboy, like the English wife, though at a later period, has acquired a right to his action for assault. So they fine the teacher, even when he has acted with the approval of the parents—as, for example, when the poor victim has been playing truant, which in town means that he has been disporting himself in the gutter, to the destruction of his clothes and his morals. The boys know it, and [illegible]

legal proceedings—a fact which indicates a quite awful state of social disintegration. What would have been the feelings of that head-master, a successor to the chair and principles of BUSBY, who threatened, with a yell a boatswain might have envied, to flog any boy who in future made a confusion between the first and the second aorist. But then he was talking to young gentlemen who accepted the birch as part of the divinely ordered scheme of things, and not to the pets from the slums. Nor do the sufferings of the School-board master—a creature hunted like the flying fish—end here. On one side of him is the naughty boy, and on the other the Education Department. The first disgraces the establishment. The second stops the merit grant because it is disgraced. This identical case happened in Mr. GIRLING's experience. A master was fined for caning a boy who had scribbled obscene words in the school books. Later on the Education Department mulcted the school because the school books were defiled by obscene words. Of course all the bad boys in the school had been encouraged by the mishap of the master to cover every margin they could get at with nastiness.

Mr. GIRLING draws from all this the moral that the infliction of moderate corporal punishment should be allowed in Board schools, not to say encouraged. Everybody who knows the nature of boys, and is not incurably sick with sentimentality, will agree with him. We are not sure that we approve of the cane as an instrument of punishment. It is a little apt to break and bruise, thereby causing lasting hurt, which ought not to be the object of the judicious schoolmaster, whose desire is rather to inflict smart but temporary inconvenience. On this subject most judicious observations have been made by a Russian ecclesiastic (he was chaplain to IVAN the Terrible, a great and maligned sovereign) in the course of a treatise on domestic economy. Do not, he said to fathers of families, punish by blows on the head with the fist or blows anywhere with a cudgel. These instruments may cripple or cause deafness or blindness, which is wrong. No; use a whip. It is terrible, but good for the health. Our own birch is an almost ideal weapon in the hand of the former of youth; but it has this defect, that it is used up very quickly, and might, if employed in Board schools, increase the rates. Perhaps as wise a course as another would be to import the Scotch taws—a thing cheap, enduring, and, as IVAN's chaplain would have agreed, terrible, but good for the health. The prosperity of the Scotch people is a monument to its efficiency. Birch, taws, or even cane, are all good, however, when properly used—that is, to punish transgression, and not well-meaning stupidity, which is an act of GOD, and the QUEEN's enemies. Also let them be administered without anger (the good Russian is strong on this point), and accompanied by temperate verbal reprehension. Our philosopher did not object to preachee and flogee, holding wisely that the first is never so carefully harkened to as before, during, or even after the latter. That both should be inflicted on dirty little boys who write obscene words in copy-books we are sure, and we shall hold the sense of that man or woman who talks about "cruelty" or "degradation" in this connexion very cheap.

IRELAND.

A SIGNIFICANT intimation appeared the other day in the leading Gladstonian organ to the effect that Mr. PARNELL does not propose to raise any question in the House of Commons with reference to Mr. O'BRIEN's second arrest, but will leave the whole matter "to the judgment of the English people." Now nobody, that we are aware [illegible] said, or indeed had had time to say, that Mr. [illegible] did propose to raise any question on this subject, [illegible] announcement we have quoted seems therefore to [illegible] intended to anticipate any inconvenient suggestion [illegible] Even if it is to be so regarded, we confess [illegible] no surprise whatever. There is nothing, [illegible] was anything, to show that the leader of [illegible] any sympathy with the policy of combat [illegible] three—but only two or three—of his [illegible] have identified themselves [illegible] a Parnellite in the sense in [illegible] the Plan of Campaign [illegible] has never [illegible]

even in the House of Commons he has been more cautious in his defences of it than some of his allies on the front Opposition bench. He has taken no part, we will not say merely as an active combatant, but as a directing and organizing authority, in the resistance to the Crimes Act, and it is not unworthy of notice that almost his only Parliamentary action in support of the recent operations of the agitators was taken singularly late. Everything that is unofficially known about the skirmish of the police with the Ennis rioters last Sunday week was in the hands of the Irish Parliamentary party by the following day. Indeed, the case ultimately set up by Mr. PARNELL was entirely based upon reports published in the *Times* and in Irish newspapers of that date; yet it was not till the following Thursday that he made up his mind, or was prevailed upon, to bring the matter before the House of Commons. It may be said, no doubt, that Mr. PARNELL's inaction is due to the present state of his health; and for one aspect of it—his withdrawal from the work of active agitation in Ireland, with the possibilities of imprisonment now attaching to it—the explanation may serve well enough. But it does not account for Mr. PARNELL's attitude in the House of Commons, where he has for a long time past left the defence of Irish anarchy almost entirely to the late Ministers of the QUEEN. His health is hardly so bad as to necessitate that, and we must look for some other, or, at any rate, some further, reason for his systematic discouragement of the "party of "combat" among his followers. We do not think it is far to seek. Mr. PARNELL has, after all, little or no interest in encouraging a kind of agitation in which he does not desire to take part himself. It is no longer necessary to him, now that he has captured Mr. GLADSTONE and a majority in "number" but not in "value"—to borrow an expression from bankruptcy law—of the Liberal party; and, if it is not necessary to him for Parliamentary purposes, he can certainly have no other motive for abetting proceedings which have raised the name of at least one of his followers almost to the level of his own in Ireland.

On this and other competitors with him for popularity, the last-mentioned consideration, of course, operates with equal force in the opposite direction. The more persistently Mr. PARNELL abstains from agitation, the more Mr. O'BRIEN has to gain from persevering with it; and we ought now apparently to add that the more industriously Mr. O'BRIEN perseveres in agitation, the more uneasy become those other lieutenants of Mr. PARNELL who have hitherto, to some extent, imitated his tactics. No doubt Mr. O'BRIEN may have also cherished the hope of being able at one and the same time to keep himself in evidence before the Irish people and to "score one" against the Irish Executive. The same foolish people in England who have been persuading the Irish agitators that, if only a sufficient number of them defy the law at the same time, the law will allow itself to be defied, have also at other times hazarded the statement that the continued repetition of such acts of defiance by the same offenders would produce the same effect as their simultaneous multiplication by a number of different persons. Possibly Mr. O'BRIEN may have been desirous of putting this opinion to the test. He may even have thought that the trouble which at some expense to his own dignity he succeeded in giving to the authorities during his last imprisonment might secure him immunity for the future. In this, however, he has been mistaken, and it would have been a matter of great regret if he had not. The promptitude with which the Government have responded to his challenge deserves hearty approval. It was of the first importance to show Mr. O'BRIEN that it is just as easy for them to prosecute him twice as once, as long as he continues to defy the law, and that, given his persistence in the same course of conduct, a third prosecution will come just as easily and naturally to them as a second. Mr. DILLON's case is peculiar. A warrant was issued against him several months ago, and up till last Sunday week he has preferred to remain in England, where for some unknown reason a species of [illegible] not admitted in the case of the [illegible] of the party, has in his behoof been [illegible] him to join in the Sunday [illegible] to cross the Channel at the [illegible] to say; but [illegible]

should just at this moment have been moved to take part in the efforts of those who are striving to galvanize the corpse of the League into a momentary semblance of life. A self-restraint which has been so admirably maintained for months past, and which then suddenly and under no fresh access of provocation gives way, is a mysterious quality, and we find the suspicion irresistible that Mr. Dillon's sudden resumption of activity is due, not to sentiment, but to policy. Mr. O'Brien has been forcing the pace for some time past, and there are limits to the operation of "saving oneself" which cannot be exceeded save at the risk of being thrown out of the race altogether. The ridiculous scene at the Amiens Street Station may not have been got up by Mr. Dillon, and even his absurd namesake the Alderman may have played the fool without premeditation; but the incident fits in well enough with the theory that Mr. Dillon has felt obliged to compete more actively with his rival patriot, and that it is thought desirable among his friends and supporters to give as much *éclat* to his arrest as possible.

Meanwhile, and although the efforts of the agitators to prove the continued existence of the National League as an organization deserving the adjective attached to it may be futile enough, there is no lack of evidence that the system of terrorism implanted by it is still flourishing in a few districts of Ireland. Thus there is no longer any doubt that the persecution of the Curtins is reproducing itself, as it promised to do, in the case of the Fitzmaurice family. Latest reports from the neighbourhood state that the widow and daughter of the murdered man have been subjected to boycotting of the most relentless description. They are guarded night and day by six policemen—a precaution absolutely necessary, it is believed, to protect them from violence. Norah Fitzmaurice, whose evidence at the trial was the means of securing the conviction of Moriarty and Hayes, made an attempt the other day, for the first time for six weeks, to go to Mass. She was escorted by policemen, and upon entering the chapel the secretary of the local branch of the League—a man named Dorling—stood up and signalled to the congregation to leave, whereupon about fifty persons quitted the chapel in a body, causing an unseemly disturbance. They were followed by the officiating priest, who tried to bring them back, but was unsuccessful. Demonstrations of this kind are, no doubt, among the most difficult matters to deal with; but, as the persons who take part in them are pretty sure to be also guilty of other acts more clearly coming within the boycotting provisions of the Crimes Act, they could surely be reached in this way. Certainly this is true of the persecutors of the unhappy Mrs. Quirke, who is expiating, in the usual way, the offence of having had her husband murdered near Tralee. Her grandchildren, it is said, are suffering from measles, but she can't get no neighbour to assist, or even to sell the necessaries of life. Surely an application made by her to one of these neighbourly neighbours in the presence of one of her police protectors, and refused, would be sufficient to lay the foundation for proceedings which might have a very salutary effect upon the rest.

CAT-POISONERS.

It appears that the crime of poisoning cats has been prevalent of late in certain parts of London. It is therefore as well to remind both the owners of poisoned cats and the criminals who may be disposed to continue their malpractices how the law stands. The Prevention of Cruelty to Animals Act, 1849, makes it an offence punishable with a 5l. penalty to "torture" any "animal," and the interpretation clause of the statute enacts that for this purpose a cat is an animal. But, lest it should be suggested that poisoning is not torturing, an Act passed in 1876 (39 Vict. c. 13) enacts that whoever "wilfully "and unlawfully administers to, or causes to be adminis-"tered to, or taken by any horse, cattle, or domestic "animal, any poisonous or injurious drug or substance," may be fined 5l., or imprisoned, with or without hard labour, for a month in the case of a first offence, and for [illegible] in the case of a second or subsequent offence. [illegible] of the law ought to be [illegible] of the few [illegible] enough to enjoy killing their neighbours' pet animals in the most painful way possible, a larger proportion are also stupid enough to imagine that, if the animals come on their land, they have some kind of right to put poison in their way. Not only have they no such right, but they are committing a crime when they do it as well as a shameful and cruel action. In many parts of the country a somewhat similar superstition exists as to a supposed right to shoot other people's dogs. Owners of dogs are civilly liable for all the damage their dogs do, and therefore there can be no pretence for the suggestion that any one aggrieved, or choosing to consider himself aggrieved, by a dog has a right to take the law into his own hands. A conviction or two for either of these offences would be extremely useful in spreading a knowledge of the law on the subject.

ABOUT BOULANGISM.

The great General has obtained his swingeing majority and has walked triumphantly into the Chamber. Hannibal, to use a phrase whereof the value has been proved by much use, is at the gates. He is even inside them. It remains to be seen what he will do with the city; whether he will sack it at once, or spend some little time first in going out and coming in again, just to show that he can and to rub it well into the citizens. All the geese of the Capitol (to keep up our novel allegorical vein) are cackling together—some in great flurry, consternation, and wrath, some in much cynical joy at the terror of their fellow birds, and some in loud exultation. These last two parties are in no fear that their necks will be wrung, or have even hopes of increased allowance of provend. For the moment what is said about the General is of more immediate interest than his own proceedings, and fortunately comment abounds there and here also. As regards our own instructors of public opinion, they would seem for the more part to be dreadfully puzzled by *ce brav' général*—which is, we are afraid, a sign that many things have happened in France for a century to very little purpose as far as they are concerned. They want to know what he has done to be so loved. Well, he has attained to that affection, and did anybody ever understand what the charming girl could see in that fellow? She likes him, and so much the better for him. Sometimes they are funny about the black charger in their dreary way. To be sure, the possession of a black charger is no proof that you can ride him to victory, or even ride him at all, but the horse is a noble beast, and considered as a pedestal from which to display yourself to your countrymen he seems to us decidedly superior in point of dignity, picturesqueness, and everything but price to a café chair or a stump. Again, we hear of "disintegration" and instability, as if they were astonishing novelties in France. There can really be nothing said to any purpose about French politics except by people who understand that the Government of the country is by the nature of things disintegrated and unstable. When France parted with the Lord's anointed, she said to disintegration and instability, Be ye my brother and sister. As Carlyle, who talked more wisdom about politics than all his generation put together, might have said, France has got down to the indestructable basis of all human society, the natural tendency of men to believe in some man. Nothing has been done in that country for long except by this influence. It was Thiers's popularity which founded the Republic, and Gambetta's (not a whit better justified than Boulanger's) defeated the half-hearted *coup d'état* of the 16th of May. They are dead; and, after an interval of squalid confusion, the General has come forward, and been accepted at once. He may be the false Cæsar, most probably he is; and we, for our part, see no reason to believe that he is the son of Venus. But France has to believe at intervals in some Cæsar, and the true one appears but rarely. General Boulanger has presented himself at the psychological moment. The rational course for observers of politics, we take it, is to look at things as they are, not to wag their heads in addled surprise and wonder why they cannot be otherwise.

M. Ferry's vehement attack on the General at Epinal is in some ways a respectable performance. It has the pluck which he seldom fails to show, and it has a hearty ring of hatred and contempt which is sincere and pleasant to listen to. When, however, it is examined for reasons why General Boulanger should not become master of France it is found to be less satisfactory. M. Ferry [illegible]

"plagiarist of the 2nd of December," and predicts that he will be defeated; for the President is elected for seven years, and the Chamber is there, with a War Minister of its own. This belief in the security of M. Carnot's tenure of office is a respectable stratagem if assumed to encourage his friends; but, if it is genuine, it greatly wrongs M. Ferry's sagacity. Marshal MacMahon was elected for seven years, and had to go. M. Grévy was re-elected, and the Chamber packed him about his business, because it did not like his son-in-law and he himself was close with his money. Why should M. Carnot's period of office be sacred? When M. Ferry stood as candidate for M. Grévy's vacant place he helped to destroy what little solidity the position of President ever had. As for the Chamber, it has already committed itself to the revision of the Constitution. There is no prospect that it will undo its decision, though it has given a formal vote of confidence to M. Floquet, who, after taking office on a pledge to revise, says that he is so afraid of General Boulanger, that he would rather postpone the task for the present. In the confusion of a constituent assembly the General is eminently likely to make his way. M. Ferry's apologies for the Chamber and the Constitution strike us as rather unhappy. The Chamber, he says, may be bad, but it is the best the country could elect, and ought not to be punished for the unwisdom of its maker. To the truth of M. Ferry's premiss we have nothing to object; but if the country chooses to elect General Boulanger, what then? The consent of the country constitutes the legitimacy of the Government on M. Ferry's own principles. Against this objection he guards himself by observing that universal suffrage is liable to make mistakes, and ought to be kept under control for its own good. We quite agree with M. Ferry and admire his courage; but how does he propose to control universal suffrage? What is the good of constitutional guarantees and checks for which nobody has the slightest respect? They are mere *chinoiseries*. Through all M. Ferry's speech there runs an assumption which is common enough in all remarks on French and other politics—the assumption, namely, that a Legislative Chamber is "taboo," too sacred to be touched. He never appears to have thought for a moment that a legislative body is a means to the end, which is good government. If it fails it may, and ought, to be abolished. The country which elected it is not bound by any principle of morals we know of to tolerate an unprofitable servant. M. Ferry seems to think, and others with him, that a Legislative Chamber must be allowed to go on, whatever its conduct has been. It may be hopelessly divided, destitute of men of real ability, extravagant, profligate, incapable of governing or of allowing others to govern, but it is sacrosanct. There it ought to be allowed to stay in its welter, drawing its twenty-five francs a day, taxing the country to supply itself with cheap dinners, and voting itself holidays in Algeria. Argument is useless against such a pretension, and ridicule not much more effective. Force is the only resource; and the whole pack of briefless barristers, *fruits secs*, and prating shopkeepers must be sent about their business. If France was wrong to put them there, it is time she cast about for better servants. For the rest, if she must have a master—which is about the case—it is better to have one vulture, with one stomach to fill, who can at least use his claws, than five hundred magpies which can only chatter and do other things natural to the tribe.

The best sign for General Boulanger is the hopeless division amongst his enemies. They hate one another as badly as they do him. M. Ferry, indeed, is prepared to support M. Floquet—which in practice would mean that the Opportunists will become entirely Radical, in order to dish "le général plébiscitaire." To this course the Moderate Republicans will certainly object. Their view is that M. Floquet should be got rid of first, and then all "respectable people" should be rallied for a stand against [illegible] form of Radicalism. To come back to the historical [illegible], it is the position of Bothwell Brig. Balfour-[illegible] Morton-Ribot, with a faithful handful, are [illegible]ately on the bridge. Behind them on the hill [illegible] of their army, dismally quavering what was [illegible] of defiance. One half is disputing with [illegible] terms ought to be offered to an enemy who [illegible] unconditional surrender. They are [illegible]. On the other [illegible] full of confidence and fight. [illegible] the attack, and Dalzell-Rochefort (we do not see Claverhouse on the staff of *ce brav' général*)—Dalzell-Rochefort is hounding on the van, thirsting for blood. It will be strange if Morton-Ribot is not soon appealing in vain for gunpowder and reinforcements; if the bridge is not carried, and Balfour-Ferry himself flying in the universal rout.

MR. BRADLAUGH'S MARE'S-NEST.

For about two years, off and on, Mr. Bradlaugh has been charging the Conservative party generally, and Lord Salisbury in particular, with having paid considerable sums to the organizers of meetings of "the unemployed" and of Fair-traders, for the purpose of organizing those meetings, and with surreptitiously promoting, among other meetings, that one in Trafalgar Square the summoning of which was made the pretext of the riot of February 1886. In December last he published a letter in the *Times* reiterating this statement, and alleging that a Mr. Peters, the secretary of an association for agitating against foreign bounties on sugar, was the recipient of money applied in this way. Mr. Peters accordingly sued Mr. Bradlaugh for libel, and proved in the most conclusive manner possible that, as far as he was concerned, there was no kind of foundation for the statement. Baron Huddleston and Mr. Lockwood rivalled each other in their kindness to Mr. Bradlaugh in explaining to him that what gentlemen do when they are proved to have brought a groundless accusation is to say they are sorry for it and withdraw the charge; and that, if Mr. Bradlaugh would consent to behave like a gentleman, he would save his pocket. Mr. Bradlaugh, however, fell back on the astonishing and almost Gladstonian plea that he had never made any such charge at all, and that his letter was fairly susceptible of a meaning not defamatory of Mr. Peters. The jury were, therefore, obliged to give Mr. Peters a substantial verdict.

Even Mr. Bradlaugh was not audacious enough to persevere in his charge against Lord Salisbury, which now appears to have been as wanton as it was absurd. Its only importance is this, that it was a charge which Mr. Bradlaugh had made a great many times with transpontine solemnity, and which it is clear that he was silly enough to believe in. We now know on what sort of evidence Mr. Bradlaugh satisfies himself that his political opponents are guilty of corrupt and mendacious behaviour. When he asks for a Select Committee to investigate his charge of bribery against the Corporation of London, the House of Commons will do well to remember that he also wanted a Select Committee to investigate the charge against Lord Salisbury which broke down so ludicrously on Wednesday.

THE POLICE COURTS.

The opening of a new police court at Dalston, where "the inadequacy of accommodation was at once recognized by all having business at the court," with the consequent appointment of two additional magistrates—Mr. Horace Smith and Mr. Bros—only carries out the recommendation of Lord Rosebery's Committee, which sat about seven years ago. The change is doubtless a desirable, and even a necessary, one. But most Londoners would be better pleased by an improvement in the quality than by an increase in the number of police magistrates. Some of them are very old men, and only a few are really equal to the difficult duties which they have to discharge. Mr. Montagu Williams, who is perhaps the shrewdest of them all, though he cultivates an unfortunate taste for playing to the gallery, has brought himself into a position from which, if he does not emerge with honour, he cannot escape without ignominy. That question remains to be decided. In the meantime we may take, as we have so often taken before, a comprehensive survey of recent cases in the magisterial courts. The critical eye ought to be periodically turned upon tribunals which have far more influence upon the daily lives of Her Majesty's subjects than the High Court of Justice, or, for that matter, the High Court of Parliament. It is unnecessary for us to disclaim sympathy with [illegible] upon a police force which Mr. Gladstone has [illegible] as "admirable," [illegible] of Bow Street, [illegible] re-[illegible] upon the [illegible] ought to be punished [illegible] by precept and

example, to a ruffian named JOHN CREED, who kicked and bit a constable in Battersea, policemen who commit assaults themselves ought not to escape with a nominal penalty. The offence of P.C. DAVID HOWELLS, 80 A, does not seem to us to have been adequately treated by Mr. D'EYNCOURT with a fine of one pound. HOWELLS made a wanton attack upon a chimney-sweep in Grosvenor Gardens at an early hour of the morning on the 5th of April. The principle of "I'll larn ye to be a twoad" must not be applied to chimney-sweeps, who pursue a highly respectable calling, and prevent more destruction of property by fire than many brigades. According to the evidence, HOWELLS first anathematized the sweep, then struck him, and then took him into custody on a charge of assault. Of course the sweep defended himself when assailed; but it is no disgrace for an Englishman in any walk of life to know what to do with his fists. Mr. D'EYNCOURT considered that "some allowance might be "made for the irritation of the moment," which, so far as the sweep's conduct is concerned, is perfectly true. But why should a constable, even of the superior A Division, be irritated at the sight of a chimney-sweep walking down Grosvenor Gardens between three and four o'clock in the morning?

Mr. SLADE had before him at Southwark on Tuesday a case which he accurately described as "extraordinary." When POPE said that a little knowledge was a dangerous thing, he was referring to literature, and not to law. A little knowledge of law would certainly have been beneficial to Mr. and Mrs. JAMES LANG, one of whom has done six months "hard" for bigamy, while the other has been committed for trial on a similar charge. As Mrs. LANG has not yet been convicted, it will be proper to maintain a decent degree of reticence and reserve. But, unless the evidence of GEORGE DAWSON, which was given "very un-"willingly," be a reluctant fabrication, marriage does not seem to be quite understood in the Borough, either as a divine institution or a legal status. GEORGE had been an admirer of ROSINA'S for some years, when he suddenly heard that she was LANG'S wife. The information came to him on the best authority, for he had it from LANG himself, with the addition that the happy bridegroom did not care how soon he was off his bargain. For two pounds, he said, "he would burn their marriage "certificate, and thus put an end to their matrimonial "engagement." It may be surmised that neither LANG nor DAWSON expressed himself with the elegance of the reporter. But the treaty was concluded, and ROSINA, less difficult than the American Senate, ratified it on Whit Sunday at Trinity Church, Newington. When, however, LANG afterwards tried to extort another ten pounds by threatening a prosecution, her frugal mind revolted, and the trio went to Stones End Police Station, where the Inspector rather ungallantly selected the lady for arrest. In the meantime LANG had "gone through the form of "marriage" with somebody else, and served six months for her after the event, instead of seven years before it. Of course, if LANG misled the second lady, he deserved what he got. Otherwise his punishment was a rather severe interlude in a comedy of irregular relations. WILLIAM JENKINS, on the other hand, who attacked a respectable woman in Regent Street, struck her in the face, knocked her down, and, to save himself from the consequences of his brutality, falsely charged her with solicitation, received from Mr. NEWTON a sentence of only six weeks' hard labour. A worse outrage it would be difficult to imagine, or one which more imperatively called for the highest penalty in the power of the magistrate to inflict. Nor do we agree with Mr. D'EYNCOURT in thinking that a fine of forty shillings is sufficient punishment for deliberately chipping bits of stone off the ancient credence table in the St. Erasmus Chapel of Westminster Abbey with the end of an umbrella. The Reverend WATKIN DAVIES, who did this, said that he was only collecting relics. Mr. DAVIES is presumptively a man of education, and his offence was aggravated by his cloth. It will be impossible to protect ancient fabrics if magistrates are not sterner than Mr. D'EYNCOURT with those who wilfully mutilate them.

THOSE WICKED TORIES.

AMID the crowd of political speeches which were delivered last Wednesday there were none more instructive than, in their several ways, were those of Mr. GOSCHEN and Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN. The criticisms of the former and their quite unconscious justification by the latter set before us as lively a picture of the English party system in its degradation as it would be possible to give within so comparatively small a compass. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER is a shrewd and close observer of the tactics of his adversaries, and the account given by him of the various phases through which the party attitude of the Opposition has passed was distinguished by an amount of veracity as well as by a point and force which must impress it even upon the most incurious student of contemporary politics. Nothing could be more eloquent of the miserable moral plight to which the Opposition are reduced than the history of their dealings hitherto with the Budget and the Local Government Bill. The followers of Mr. GLADSTONE are factious; but they are human. They are capable of being surprised into approval of the legislation of their adversaries when it really is legislation to which they can take no serious objection; and it was just this sort of incautious commendation which was won from them by the two measures in question. Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE was so young a Parliamentary hand as to describe the Budget as a "Liberal" one, and Mr. STANSFELD, allowing for a moment the administrative reformer to get the better of the partisan, declared that the Local Government Bill was good enough—the highest praise he could think of—to have been introduced by himself. But what has happened since then? The Budget has ceased to be a "Liberal" Budget, and has become a "rich man's "Budget." The Local Government Bill has changed from "a fairly Radical measure" into a "gross Tory measure, "with a democratic veneer"; and Mr. STANSFELD himself has come to the conclusion that "a careful examination of "its details has led to a considerable modification of the "favourable view with which it had been regarded by the "bulk of the Liberal party."

Of course, the particular process by which this change has taken place is in the case of the "bulk of the Liberal "party" contemptibly intelligible. The "bulk of the "Liberal party" have never committed themselves at all—and never do, on this question or any other. No well-conducted "item" would think of doing so until he was sure of his leader's intended line; and in the meantime he leaves the impulsive STANSFELDS of the party to commit themselves as deeply as they please. The opposition of the "bulk of the party" means no more than that they have got, or think they have got, their cue. Where the working of the venom of factiousness is really worth studying—and the only quarter in which it is—is in the mind of a man who, like Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, has a reason for the faith that is in him, and brings intelligence and conscience to the task of deciding upon and defending his line of political action. And Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN has obligingly laid open his mind to us on this subject in an address to his constituents at Glasgow. He has let us into the whole secret of the manner in which a Liberal qualifies himself for opposing measures based by a Conservative Government on principles which have been consistently—or, at least, with a consistency measured by their terms of office—upheld by himself and his party. Sir GEORGE'S justification is that the astute and wicked Conservatives, when they perceive that any of our institutions are in danger, are wont to arrive at the criminal conclusion that they will be more defensible if "put into a new shape"; and then they proceed, do these MACHIAVELLIS, to put them into a new shape accordingly. But how? Observe their diabolical cunning. They do so "in such a manner as to "preserve abuses which could not be preserved by any "other method; and, what was even worse, to give these "abuses a sort of varnish of popularity by including them "in what professed to be a measure of reform." The shape is to be a "new shape." Yet it is to contain the old abuses; and the institution which these abuses presumably made it difficult to defend is to be made "more "defensible" by a process which involves their careful preservation—wonderful! And all this is done within the four corners of the Local Government Bill; a measure which, one would think therefore, must be such a masterpiece of fraud and guile that the first duty of any honest Liberal would be to offer it his uncompromising opposition. But no, says Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, that is not to be the course adopted. The Liberal party "must not oppose the Local "Government Bill; on the contrary, they must help it "forward all they could." It established "a freely and "rationally elected Council in every county," and must therefore be accepted, but only in the sort of way in which we should accept a gift from the hand of a malicious genie

who was watching his opportunity to destroy us. Such is the sort of stuff which, when once you have got the party spirit "in your bones," as Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN has, can find lodgment in an able and cultivated mind. It is a state as melancholy as a belief in witchcraft.

TAYLOR v. MILLS.

THE end of the case of TAYLOR v. MILLS may perhaps serve as a warning to amateur public prosecutors. It ought to convince them that some art is required to discharge the duties of the place. If the trial also causes them to reflect on the dangers, not only to their purse but to their morals, incurred by the weaker kind of virtuous persons who will rush into the difficult sport of criminal hunting, it may prove to possess an extended usefulness. When the mere details and fringes of the case are neglected, as they well can be, it presents a very simple story. Mr. MILLS, Secretary of the Paddington Vigilance Committee, was obviously anxious to justify his existence, and prove that he did not hold his office in vain; so he cast about him for somebody to make an example of. No doubt Mr. MILLS was unconscious of the fact that he was more anxious to find crime than to prevent it; and not being, manifestly, in the habit of analysing his own motives, he did not see what a terrible risk there was that he would suddenly find himself inventing the offence he could not discover. But that is precisely what makes Mr. MILLS's case so tragic and instructive. Being inflamed with zeal for social purity, he saw something which caused him to suspect that Mrs. TAYLOR kept a disorderly house. The suspicion matured rapidly in the hothouse of Mr. MILLS's imagination on a soil copiously manured by the nasty people who are always raking the gutter in the name of purity. It became a certainty, and very soon Mr. MILLS began to give expression to it in public places. Then he broke into Mrs. TAYLOR's house, with the help of a policeman and two other men, and behaved with the insolent violence natural to the unco guid. When Mrs. TAYLOR took legal proceedings, the excellence of Mr. MILLS's motives unfortunately led him into further errors. Being, after the manner of the pious, sure that he was right, he took measures to prove it, which Mr. Justice DAY described in terms of some severity. "Then," said the Judge, "there is "the letter written by the defendant to CHARMAN to "suggest that he should come and forswear himself. Can "you imagine anything more wicked? That you may take "into consideration when you consider whether or not "the charge was made maliciously." The jury did; and Mr. MILLS at the end of his exertions in the cause of virtue found himself fined 180*l.*, besides his costs, which will be something; he had the unpleasant experience of cutting a rather contemptible figure in court, and, as we hope, at least for his soul's sake, the bitterness of reflecting that he had made a most extraordinary fool of himself. In the public interest the thing could hardly have ended better. A snub has been given to the rather nauseous pack of gushers who are always prowling in search of offensive things, and the nature of their proceeding has been excellently shown. We see them swallowing lies, sneaking, bullying, encouraging witnesses to forswear themselves, and finally making an abject display of themselves in court. This is as it should be, for it is not enough that this kind of thing should be punished. It ought also to be made ridiculous. Mr. MILLS has managed to go through both experiences.

STRANGERS IN THE HOUSE.

WE do not wish to anticipate the conclusions of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the [illegible] of strangers; but enough has been disclosed [illegible] the evidence to reveal a very unsatisfactory con[illegible] things. The system which prevails, and which has [illegible] with additional, though we think misdirected, [illegible] during the last few years, is manifestly obnoxious [illegible] complaint that it excludes those strangers [illegible] be admitted and admits those whom it is [illegible] exclude. The complaint of the foreign [illegible] has recently made itself heard [illegible] undoubtedly a reasonable one. [illegible] those which it would be at once easiest and safest for a dynamiter to assume; and that the question, therefore, of allowing the complainant free access to the precincts of the House is one by no means free from difficulty. Still, systems exist to overcome difficulties, and it ought to be possible to devise such regulations as, without unduly restricting, as at present, the facilities of the foreign Correspondent and others whose business takes them to Westminster on a similar errand, might effectually provide for the security of the House. It cannot be said, at any rate, that that security is so complete at present as to make it hazardous to meddle with existing regulations. The public, indeed, were aware already that this is far from being the case. How far they have probably had no adequate conception until enlightened by the testimony of police and other experts before the Select Committee. The whole of the evidence of Mr. MONRO, the Assistant-Commissioner of Police, is most uncomfortable reading; and his account of the ease with which MELVILLE and his companion, two men known to, and at that very moment under the surveillance of, the police, obtained admission to the House is particularly calculated to give a shock to the mind of many a member not justly chargeable with undue nervousness of temperament.

As to the "Strange Case of Mr. JOSEPH NOLAN and "General MILLEN," it would be obviously proper for the present to reserve our comments. Mr. NOLAN has had an opportunity of making one statement before the Select Committee, but he has not yet received a copy of Mr. MONRO's evidence, and he may wish, after having seen it, to add something to the former statement. As matters stand at present, we have only to record the fact that his allegations are in direct conflict with those of the official in question. Mr. MONRO has distinctly stated, apparently as matter within his professional knowledge, that "General MILLEN was in communication with "Mr. JOSEPH NOLAN by means of letters conveyed by "MILLEN's daughters, who were then in London and "under observation," and that one of those letters was an introduction of the dynamite conspirator MELVILLE, who, with HARKINS—the man since convicted at the Central Criminal Court—obtained admission through Mr. NOLAN to the House of Commons. Mr. NOLAN, however, emphatically denies that he was in correspondence with General MILLEN through his daughters. He admits to knowing the General, "though he had never heard that he "had any connexion with the dynamite party"; and he does not deny an acquaintance with the ladies "under ob-"servation," though he protests, strangely enough, that he was unaware of their being the General's daughters. He knew the General "only by repute" as an officer in the Mexican army and as "Correspondent of the *New York* "*Herald*"—here, by the way, is an incidental illustration of one of our remarks above on the subject of foreign Correspondents—but had only once seen him, on the occasion of the General's calling upon him at his own house. We cannot pretend to think that Mr. NOLAN's explanations thus far are as informing as could be wished; but the more complete he may succeed in making them hereafter the greater, as it seems to us, is the risk to which the present lax system of admission exposes the House of Commons. For, if Mr. NOLAN can admit dynamiters to the House without knowing them, surely the very elect may be deceived.

A TORPEDO SCHOOL.

MODERN warfare is nothing if not scientific. The days are past when a British officer outside the scientific branches could think it a point of professional honour not to know one end of a gun from the other; somewhat as in the same days the judges of the Courts at Westminster still ostentatiously disclaimed all knowledge of the principles and practice of Courts of Equity. Meanwhile the scientific branches themselves have had enough to do to keep pace with what is required of them. Not only they have repeatedly changed their material within the [illegible] but they have evolved new varieties of work which [illegible] to become species. Not the least remarkable of these [illegible] submarine mining, on whose neutral or amphibious [illegible] a kind of foreshore, the land and sea services [illegible] civilian's first view are inextricably mixed up. [illegible] over, it is true, that the Royal Navy and the [illegible] not sacrifice their [illegible] be noted. [illegible]

natural man is introduced to a station where submarine mining and torpedo instruction are going on, his notions are towards questionings of a perplexed and even Ollendorffian kind. "Did you say that the captain in the red coat commanded the men in the blue guernseys and sea-boots? Yes, but the friend of the lieutenant does not think that the spurs of the adjutant were given him to ride a sea-horse. Will you stay in the lecture-ship of the navy or take soundings in the steam launch of the army? Is it the Army Regulation Act or the Naval Discipline Act that makes them go to sea in their best patrol jackets? Was it not the midshipman who left the strictly confidential torpedo manual in the guard-room? No, it was the orderly corporal who left the gunnery instructions in the countermine launch."

Red jackets and gold lace among sea-boots redolent of tallow, spurs tripping up among wire cables, company parade and marching off in fours to practise loading mine-cases; it would have been shocking and bewildering to the old school of military smartness, and in some ways it does seem odd to civilian ignorance. However, there is plenty of method in it, as we shall discover if we can give ourselves up to a competent guide for a day or two. The military part of the business consists in defending the approaches to the harbour or strong place in question by means of a "mine-field." But what is a mine-field? Our easiest way of understanding this will be to adjourn to the roomy old line-of-battle ship which has been converted into a school of torpedo work, and is thus indirectly a more potent engine of war than she ever was in her active days. As we step up, there is another boat alongside, her gunwales loaded with odd pumpkin-shaped red cases, like a nightmare of something between slung boats and stowed hammocks. We shall presently learn what they mean. Our guide conducts us through spotless decks adorned with instantaneous photographs of many submarine explosions, including the great blowing up of Hell Gate in New York harbour, and we find ourselves in a place too neatly kept to belong to anything but a Queen's ship, and yet strangely remote from the traditions of naval literature. It is a spacious lecture-room, with plenty of air and light, where a thoughtful Admiralty has provided the sailor studious of torpedoes with softly-cushioned benches, ἵνα μὴ τρίβῃ τὴν ἐν Σαλαμῖνι. The decoration consists of what appear to be festoons of small fireworks. A good-sized aquarium-tank is the first thing that catches our attention at the level of the eye; but for fish there are miniature specimens of those red cases floating about in it, and, when we look more closely, they are not floating freely, but moored by sinkers, and further attached to cords which converge to smaller and differently shaped cases resting upon the bottom. This is the model of a mine-field; it shows how the submarine mines are disposed in alternate order, line behind line, to close a channel; how each mine is kept floating at the depth at which it will touch the bottom of a ship passing over it (a depth which has to be fixed by most careful soundings); and how every one is connected by its own branch cable with a main conducting cable laid out from the station on shore. There are various ways of firing submarine mines. Purely mechanical means were employed with the older types of "infernal machines," as they were then called; the impact of the vessel might start a weight which fell and fired a gun-lock, or it might break a chemical fuse in which the ingredients of an inflaming or exploding mixture were kept apart. Torpedoes of this kind may be still useful under special circumstances; but they have the drawbacks of not discerning friends from foes, and of being dangerous to remove when it is desired to reopen navigation, besides which experience has shown them to be uncertain in their action. In the modern school "electro-contact" apparatus is preferred; here the disturbance of the mine completes an electrical circuit, for which purpose there is a choice of ingenious devices; the land service has a rather complex and costly one, and gains by it the power of testing the electrical condition of the connexions after the mine is in position; the naval experts seem to prefer simplicity, which, however, does not prevent them from having one or two vastly pretty electro-mechanical conceits by way of precaution against the effects of countermines. The completion of this circuit may be made to fire the mine at once; but generally the better way is to make it signal the contact to the observer at the station on shore, who can then at will complete the firing circuit with an innocent-looking instrument called a firing-key. Every mine, of course, can be separately identified and controlled in the operating-room, or "test-room," as it is officially called. Besides these methods, there is an extremely neat system of bringing a submarine mine to full-cock (we have explained that one's land and sea metaphors get mixed) by telescopic observation of the vessel's course. Certain arrangements in connexion with the observer's telescope are so ordered that the circuit is automatically completed, all but the firing-key, as the vessel comes over a mine, unless, indeed, the operator, notified that an enemy's ship is under observation, has put down the firing-key already, in which case the mine will be exploded without any further specific motion. This method is useful where it is desired to keep a channel open for friendly vessels during hostilities.

As our guide explains these things, his exposition is enforced at appropriate moments by the detonation of the little fuses which adorn various parts of the room; they are in circuit with the [illegible] and models of [illegible], and form a [illegible] for lecture-[illegible]. But [illegible]. The British navy has had more to do with attack than with defence in active service, and we hope it may still be so. Submarine mines are, therefore, interesting to the naval officer chiefly as a subject of experiments with countermines. Given a channel guarded by a properly disposed mine-field, the channel is impassable until the mines are rendered harmless. This may be done either by acting against the connecting cables or by acting against the mines themselves. Cables may be fished for with specially constructed grapnels, armed with small charges of gun-cotton. When the cable is secured, the explosion of the charge will convert some feet of it into a shapeless tangle of cord and wire, and effectually destroy its conducting qualities. The operation of "creeping" for an enemy's cable has a general resemblance to seine fishing, or "drifting"; there is a more summary variety of it, which can be performed under fire, if necessary, with a grapnel of wider reach. The other, and greater, operation is to attack the enemy's mines bodily, and destroy them by the explosion of countermines. A "countermine launch"—such a boat as we have seen alongside—is towed by a steam pinnace across the mined region. The mine-cases which she carries are automatically dropped at regular intervals, paying out their connecting wires as they go. When this is done; the whole are simultaneously exploded, and the concussion explodes the enemy's mines, or destroys their connexions, thus leaving a clear passage for the attacking fleet. Hence the need for the defending engineer of not leaving his mine-field to take care of itself. He must protect it with quick-firing and machine guns against the counterminer no less than a ship of war must protect herself against the torpedo-boat. The sailor will on his side watch his advantage in thick nights and any other favourable accident. He has, moreover, a trump card—if he can play it—in the steam-pinnace which a ship can send out on a little countermining expedition without a soul on board, her direction and speed being controlled from the ship by electro-magnetic mechanism. Do you doubt the fact? See here the working model of the gear, and be convinced.

With all this electricity at hand, the hospitality of the British navy could not omit to provide the usual electrical toys for the benefit of casual visitors. Accordingly we have a smaller open tank over which lowers a cotton wool thunder-cloud, and the improvident ship which has gone to sea without a lightning conductor is wrecked with the proper sulphurous odour noted by Homer—ἐν δὲ θεείου πλῆτο—and the additional terror of her magazine, a detonator chosen for loudness, blowing up. Vacuum discharge-tubes, electro-magnets, and so forth will amply relieve the mind of any one who feels overstrained by serious attention to torpedoes.

It seems, however, that the sailor reserves a special affection for his Whitehead torpedo—a delight and a secret in which the miners of the land service have no part. He expatiates on recent improvements in its fish-like lines; he conducts you with special pride to the lecture-room appropriated to it; he shows you a beautiful working model of the latest invention for launching it from a boat. Other moving torpedoes have been invented and praised, but the British sailor's heart is true to his Whitehead. One could suspect him of addressing sentimental songs to it when the marines are out of hearing. His affection for gun-cotton does not rise to the same height of enthusiasm, but takes rank with the steady conservative instincts of our service. Dynamite has no charms for the nautical mind; it is unpleasant to handle, and less safe and convenient than gun-cotton. By the way, you need not have given such a wide berth to those sappers who were practising the operation of loading mines; an innocent dummy composition is used for drill purposes instead of the compressed slabs of the real explosive.

If we choose to moralize on the cost and the unknown perils of modern war we are quite free to do so; but our guide will be even with us. He will point out that torpedoes are really much more humane than broadsides. The old-fashioned cannonading at close quarters between fully-manned ships was inevitably murderous. A ship disabled by a submarine mine would be very unlikely to sink instantly, and her crew would have a fair chance of escape. The torpedo, formerly denounced as treacherous, comes nearer to fulfilling the ideal law of war than the gun; it strikes at the enemy's means of offence, not at his life. Perhaps we should like to come out and take soundings in the mine-field to-morrow. It is a fair offer; and the gentle stranger may do well to accept it if he is of those who enjoy sea-fishing in a calm.

MR. GLADSTONE'S NINE POINTS.

THE past week has been a week of satisfactions of different kinds. The deceased wife's sister may have been satisfied with her oft-obtained, oft-delusive majority; and Mr. Bradlaugh certainly ought to be satisfied with his damages, which are perhaps the least ever imposed for a set of proceedings including, as Mr. Bradlaugh himself very handsomely acknowledges now, an absolutely unfounded charge against the Prime Minister of England of conduct than which in a Prime Minister nothing could be more disgraceful. If the speech-thirsty British public was not satisfied with at least five platform speeches on one evening from Cabinet Ministers or ex-Ministers of Cabinet rank, it ought to have been. Finally, the Midlothian Liberal-Unionists have certainly reason to be satisfied with the results of their correspondence with Mr. Gladstone; and [illegible]

stonians profess to be satisfied likewise with the result of that "impertinence," as it is called in Gladstonian lingo, it may almost be concluded that everybody is happy.

It is particularly fortunate that we have published declarations of the satisfaction of Mr. Gladstone and the Gladstonians with the Midlothian documents; because, without them, a body might have arrived at a rather different conclusion. To begin with, except to persons of the calmness of the immortal Mr. Gregsbury, the communication received from Midlothian by Midlothian's representative would have seemed a rather unpleasant one. The signers are none of your pestilent Tories, but all faithful Liberals of the purest water, and some of them, if we mistake not, are persons who were very influential in procuring for Mr. Gladstone the last of his very singular series of seats. They are almost extravagantly polite and 'umble to the very using of that word in suggesting to their distinguished representative that them, at any rate, he most decidedly does not represent—no, nor himself as he was at a remarkably recent period. They make the finest of congees as they accuse him of tergiversation—that political vice which Canning, when it was charged on him in Parliament, resented by rising, "pale as death," and saying, "That is a Lie!" unchecked by the Speaker and unchallenged by his opponent in those days of challenges. And the things that they say are dreadfully true things. They respectfully remind their great member that, "owing to his many onerous duties, they have not enjoyed the opportunities usual to electors, of meeting their representative from time to time, and hearing from him an explanation of the course pursued by him." Now this is particularly unkind, because, as is well known, Mr. Gladstone has had remarkably few calls on his time for very many months past—has been, indeed, relieved by a grateful nation, pitying his age, of the toils of government, and might have afforded opportunities to the electors of Midlothian as often as ever he and they liked. And his omission to afford these really is, when one comes to think of it, a little for thoughts. But these bold, bad men go on to relieve Mr. Gladstone's mind. It is not of "his new policy of repealing the Union" that they want to talk. These guileless ones, though not pardoning, accept the fact of the "new policy." But they did expect, "they entertained the confident expectation," that the country, having said "No; we do not like the new policy," Mr. Gladstone would "use his influence to promote law and order." Alas! alas! unblessed are they who expect such things from Mr. Gladstone, for they shall be, and have been, disappointed. "A Crimes Act has been passed much milder" than Mr. Gladstone's for the purpose of "suppressing anarchy." Again, they "expected" (ah! rustic men of Lothian, that river never *defluet*!) that he would "recommend obedience to it"—to an Act that was not his, that was opposed by him! They have, "with the deepest regret," noticed him pursuing a different course. They "cannot believe that it is his intention to defend the Plan of Campaign, or boycotting, or mutinous defiance and resistance to the law"; but they candidly tell him (ὦ μιαρὲ καὶ παμμίαρε καὶ μιαρώτατε Association!) "this is the impression universally produced." And as they "hold it to be the duty of every patriotic statesman to denounce such forms of crime," they "respectfully ask him to let it be known that boycotting, &c. are as hateful in his eyes now as when he introduced his Bills of 1881 and 1882." And they wind up thus:—

It humbly appears to us that freedom and justice to all classes and individuals have always hitherto been the watchwords of the Liberal party, and that lawless attacks on life and limb, on personal freedom to act and contract, and on private property are not excusable forms of political agitation, and cannot be encouraged or condoned by any section of the Liberal party without just forfeiture of public confidence.

Now we should not like it to go forth to the world that we approve or excuse the intolerable conduct of anybody who suggests that Mr. Gladstone has ever done what he should not do. The mildest terms we can think of as applicable to such a proceeding are those of the ingenious and ingenuous Mr. John Buncle, after telling how, when the illustrious Harriot Noel had finished her discourse on the Hebrew Bible, he snatched this beauty to his arms, and, without thinking what he did, imprinted on her balmy mouth half a dozen kisses. The action, indeed, was not like that of the Midlothian Association, but the stricture which follows fits exactly. "This was very wrong, and gave very great offence." It was very wrong, indeed, and it gave infinite offence; but Mr. Gladstone was more sorry than angry. He "perused with much pain" the wicked address. He is "afraid it would not contribute to mitigate the estrangement of feeling" if he were to answer in detail; and, to do him justice, he doesn't. He never "proposed to repeal the legislative Union," but only, it would seem, though he does not say so, to antiquate it. He has "made his sentiments known" authentically on all the points, which is indeed what the Association complains of. He is quite certain that to cry "Remember Mitchelstown" is to be "the mainstay of order in Ireland," while order is "threatened and endangered" by [illegible] Government has done. And he, too, winds up:—

[illegible] you hold out to me of appearing in the public journals, [illegible] correspondence, in controversy with a portion of my constituents [illegible] I have at an earlier date received valuable support is one [illegible] not have invited; but the act is theirs, and I am not [illegible] to it.

Nearly all [illegible]stone's correspondences please the soul, but [illegible] "Prisoner at the bar, what have you [illegible] my lord, that it would not [illegible] of feeling of which I am sorry, my lord, to see evidence in your lordship's conduct and the conduct of the witnesses and counsel for the Crown, if I were to answer." And, indeed, we don't think it would. Mr. Gladstone can take no share in repealing the Union, every line of his Home Rule Bill and of any possible Home Rule Bill being, in fact or in form, or in both, a repeal of some line in the Act establishing that legislative Union, while in its actual form Mr. Gladstone's Bill repealed the legislative Union *simpliciter* by excluding the Irish members from Imperial legislation. But even this, which Mr. Gladstone says, is not nearly so instructive and important as what he refuses to say. He refuses—more than refuses, by his reference to the very speeches of which his memorialists complain—to do and to say every one of those things which the petitioners ask him to say and to do. And, therefore, we have a perfect right to accept his refusal to affirm as a declaration of denial. Thus he (1) refuses to use his power and influence to promote order and submission to the law. He (2) refuses to recommend obedience to an Act of Parliament as long as it is the law. He (3) will not promise to cease from encouraging law-breaking and illegality. He (4) will not deny that it is his intention to defend the Plan of Campaign, boycotting, and mutinous resistance. He (5) does not think it the duty of a statesman to denounce such forms of dishonesty and crime. He (6) will not make it known in unmistakable terms that boycotting and all forms of intimidation, &c., are as hateful in his eyes as they were in 1881 and 1882. He (7) will not aid in protecting from a cruel tyranny those who are the subjects of agrarian and political oppression. He (8) refuses to endorse as watchwords of Liberalism freedom and justice to all classes and individuals; and he (9) declines to assent to the damnable doctrine and position that lawless attacks on life, on personal freedom to act and contract, and on private property, are not excusable forms of political agitation.

These nine points Mr. Gladstone was asked, *totidem verbis*, to pronounce upon, and he has distinctly pronounced by refusing pronouncement. Observe that if he accepts them, there was not the slightest reason why such an agile logician should not proclaim his acceptance, and still, and side by side with it, maintain his doctrine about legislative separation not being a repeal of legislative Union, his doctrine about Mitchelstown, and so forth. The propositions of the Liberal-Unionists of Midlothian had no party or particular colour, and did not mention Mitchelstown, Mr. O'Brien, or anything else. They are perfectly general, and a sufficiently convinced or sufficiently impudent person might take them all on book, or teacup, or anything else, and still maintain that in the particular cases Mr. Balfour is a sanguinary lawbreaker and the slayers of Fitzmaurice amiable victims. If, therefore, Mr. Gladstone does not do this, if he will not take the test even with this qualification, it must be because the test *per se* revolts his stomach. And we have seen what that test is, and what its refusal implies. If what Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. John Morley, Sir George Trevelyan, and the rest constantly declare is true, it could be taken by any one of them; if what we and other Unionists say is true, it could not, we frankly own, be taken by any one of them honestly. Mr. Gladstone has now publicly declined to take it, and has referred to the very statements from which doubts of his orthodoxy were inferred as clearing him from heterodoxy; while, but a day or two later, he has publicly condoled with an Irish magistrate who was very properly suspended from the Commission for the insolent folly of "counter-proclaiming" a proclaimed meeting. We cannot presume to say whether the "expectation" of the Midlothian Unionists was as childlike and bland as their letter declares. But they must have been very sanguine, indeed, if they expected a greater triumph than this over one of the slipperiest, if not one of the strongest, of controversialists. "Will you advise obedience to the law, denounce anarchy and tyranny, proclaim personal freedom, and so forth?" say they. "No; I will not," says Mr. Gladstone.

LAST TERM AT CAMBRIDGE.

It is always rash to say of a given event that nothing like it has ever taken place; but for once we feel safe from all charge of exaggeration when we affirm that the University of Cambridge has never had such a scare as was caused by the late female invasion. For the present the capital is safe; Princess Ida and her bevy of fair aspirants to academic degrees, who were crying out a few weeks since, like Hannibal of old,

> actum nihil est, nisi Pœno milite portas
> Frangimus, et mediâ vexillum pono Suburrâ,

are contenting themselves with less ancient, but more elastic, Universities; and the conscript fathers can still pace their gardens and their cloisters in comparative seclusion. Not that things are as they were of old. Married Fellows; married tutors living in the precincts of the colleges, in one college actually in rooms which only a few months ago were inhabited by bachelors, and now have been ingeniously converted into a house; young ladies sitting in lecture-rooms side by side with young gentlemen, and conning Plato or dissecting snails in sweet communion [illegible] souls, are signs of the times which only the wilfully [illegible] to read. Still, the danger of danger—a [illegible] for the moment passed away. But [illegible] imagination. At one time it looked [illegible] be, as usual, on the side of the [illegible] centre, [illegible]

proper on a field argent—mustered some two thousand strong, and was supported, to right and left, by a thousand knights, valiant and distinguished, some of whom had gone over to the enemy, some hailed from other centres. To this formidable army the Senate could oppose at most about 2,000 men; but when they came to be examined it appeared that they were veterans of approved valour, who might be sent into the field without fear of the result. Thanks to diplomacy a contest was avoided, and some years will probably elapse before the attack is renewed. To be serious—the Council of the Senate received no fewer than eight memorials from women and their supporters, inquiring "whether the time has not now come for a further important step in the work of aiding and directing the higher education of women, in which your University has taken so important a part"; and, after further preamble, praying that Cambridge would grant "her degrees to those women who pass her Honour examinations." Our quotation is from the first memorial; but, whichever document be selected, the thing asked for is the same. These prayers were met by two counter-petitions. One was a clear uncompromising *No*. It expressed "an earnest hope that no steps will be taken by the University towards the admission of women to membership and degrees." The other, more courteous, but also more insidious, affected an interest in the progress of woman to perfection, and committed itself to the two following statements:—

I. That to tie permanently the Higher Education of Women to the Higher Education of Men by granting the Membership and Degrees of the University of Cambridge to Women would be detrimental to the interests of the Education of Women.

II. That if Degrees are granted to Women in connexion with the Examinations of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, they should be conferred by some independent authority, in a position to consider the various educational problems which would arise from the point of view of Women's education especially.

The Council gave much time and thought to the matter before making any communication to the Senate. Not only did they feel the gravity of the situation, but they were not unanimous in their views of resistance. Their Report (dated March 5) is a very able document, perhaps the best that could, under the circumstances, have been issued. After a cordial recognition of the success which had attended the admission of women to examinations, they point out that the prayers of the memorialists cannot be granted without obtaining new powers, and changing the constitution of the University. In the next place, they show that the memorials against female admission to degrees contain the names of more members of the Senate than those in favour of them; and that many of these are persons "who have shown in various ways their sympathy with the efforts which have been made to improve education in general, and the education of women in particular." Under these circumstances they decline to recommend the appointment of a Syndicate to consider the changes, &c., that would be necessary; and then, passing to the second paragraph of the memorial above quoted, they draw attention to the support the scheme there suggested had already received, and the hearty co-operation it would probably meet with in the future, but conclude that such object could not be "forwarded by any present action on their part." So all is over for the present, and we are glad that the matter has terminated with but little irritation on either side. If severe logic were a safe guide to follow in such matters, women who pass Honour examinations with distinction ought of course to receive their reward in the same way as men do; but the practical difficulties are insuperable. If the degree be granted, where are we to stop? If we have spinsters in Arts—we cannot call them bachelors—why not mistresses in the same faculty? Those would in due course become members of the Senate and have a share in the government of the University. A lady might in these days share the delicate labours of the Proctorial Syndicate—perhaps even be Proctor—with success; but we are afraid that such promotion would be the signal for inextinguishable discord, and destroy what little peace is left to the University amid the many movements that harass it.

Speaking of movements, the promoters of the organization against the contribution paid by the colleges to the University, to which we drew attention a year ago (see *Saturday Review* for April 2, 1877), have now formulated their views. At a meeting of Heads and Bursars held at Peterhouse Lodge, November 24, 1887, the following resolutions were adopted:—

I. That, in the opinion of this Meeting, the diminution which has taken place in the aggregate income of the Colleges is sufficient to justify an application to the Chancellor in accordance with the provisions of Statute B, chapter I. section 2, with the view of securing a reduction for the years 1888–1890 of the contribution to the Common University Fund required from the Colleges under that Statute, so far as the charges to which the University is at present pledged, and which necessarily fall upon that Fund, will admit.

II. That, in the opinion of this Meeting, it is desirable that steps be taken to obtain an Amendment of Statute B, whereby the augmentation of the Contribution of the Colleges to the Common University Fund prescribed by Statute B, chapter I. section 2, may be suspended for ten years after 1890.

These resolutions were subscribed by 181 members of the Governing Bodies of the colleges, of whom 170 approved both resolutions, and 11 the first resolution only. On the other hand, those who are content with the existing state of things have adopted the following opinion. It received 67 signatures:—

That, inasmuch as (1) the remedy provided by Statute to meet depression, and (2) remedies which lie within the sphere of action of Colleges, have not been tried and found inadequate, it is not justifiable to alter recent Statutes regulating the contribution of the Colleges to the University.

These statements, with the signatures, having been forwarded to the Vice-Chancellor, are published in the *University Reporter*, and it is understood that the malcontents, as they may conveniently be termed, propose to take action at no distant date. Their mode of procedure has not yet transpired. Had they been content with their first resolution, the remedy sanctioned by the Statutes would suffice. It is therein provided:—

That, in case it appears at any time hereafter to the Financial Board that the aggregate income of the Colleges has fallen so low that the contribution required under this chapter would be an excessive burden upon the Colleges, the Chancellor may, upon the application of the Financial Board, inquire into the matter; and, if he be satisfied that the fact is so, he may, at his discretion, direct that the amount to be levied under this chapter be diminished for any period not exceeding five years by any sum not exceeding one-fifth part of the minimum amount named in this chapter for each year of such period.

This, however, would clearly not satisfy the 170 who signed both resolutions; and it is an open secret that many—perhaps a majority—of them would gladly see a change even more radical than that suggested in their second resolution. We presume that they have carefully considered what the consequences would be if such a result were attained, and that, therefore, they wish the University not to take up the last moiety of the loan lately effected, not to build the Sedgwick Memorial Museum, nor the new buildings required for the Medical School, nor, what is perhaps still more important, to pay the full salaries of certain officials who, on the faith of the new Statutes, have accepted posts in the University. That many colleges have suffered severely from agricultural depression is well known; but, as the counter-resolution states, there are remedies which have not yet been tried, and it is to be hoped that the patriotism, even of non-resident Fellows, will not shrink, if necessary, from further sacrifices. It would be, indeed, a mournful spectacle if the University which took the lead in modern extension were to be the first to return to the old lines.

Meanwhile, it is pleasant to note that the new Chemical Laboratory is completed, and will shortly, in part at least, be occupied by students; and that Mr. Pearson's new west wing of the Library is rising rapidly. It promises to be a singularly beautiful and commodious building.

IGNATIUS SHACON.

If the ardent Shaconians who went to welcome their high priest, Mr. Donnelly, on the occasion of his first appearance here in public, were under the impression that the event would be celebrated by the final overthrow of their hated foes the Bakespearians, they must have been very much disappointed. The Hon. Ignatius Donnelly is not only the author of certain geological works and a distinguished statesman—the latter may be accepted on the authority of Mr. A. Watts, the President of the Bacon Society—but also a very prudent man. He is not going to "dethrone Shakspeare" merely for the love of the thing—very far from it. The world is warned that "the key to the cipher, and the text of the secret narrative disclosed by it, will be made public only in The Great Cryptogram," which will contain upwards of one thousand pages—whether quarto, or octavo, or "folio" is not stated—and Mr. Donnelly goes on to explain that "premature publication of the key would deprive both author and publisher of the protection of the copyright laws." This may or may not be the case; but an exceeding care about copyright is not an uncommon trait of those authors who are least likely to suffer from the piracy of their works; and Mr. Donnelly's bulky volume is not in such imminent danger as he seems to suppose. At all events, the hurling of the thunderbolt is postponed, and if the complete key to the cryptogram should prove as unintelligible as the specimen of it which Mr. Donnelly endeavoured to explain the other evening, every one will have cause to regret that the postponement is not indefinite. Mr. Donnelly's lecture was merely a reproduction of the material with which the students of Mrs. Henry Pott are already familiar. But if the matter was old the manner was sufficiently amusing. In the course of an introduction, lasting some three-quarters of an hour, Mr. Donnelly said that "he knew he was talking against a broad blank wall of national superstition." If, however, any one supposes that this distinguished statesman is appalled by the difficulty of his undertaking, he is very much mistaken. After a manner peculiarly transatlantic, Mr. Donnelly boldly compares himself—to the founder of Christianity and Galileo. Then comes the ponderous platitude that "the progress of mankind consisted in one generation undoing the mistakes and errors of the preceding generation." Poor Mr. Donnelly! Does he really believe that a generation will arise which will expend its energies in exposing his errors and mistakes? It is to be feared that the "self-sufficient gentlemen," the Shakspeare scholars (Mr. Donnelly with fine irony calls them microscopic men), are likely to keep "their noses turned up" for a long time. They will be slow to believe the theory "that William Shakspeare did not write the plays credited to him." At least, the glory of their conversion will belong to some one mightier than Mr. Donnelly. For the biographical and historical arguments—if, indeed, they deserve to be so called—amount in effect to this. The author of the plays hitherto attributed to William Shakspeare exhibits a wonderful knowledge

of law. Shakspeare was not a lawyer, and his avocations were of a nature to prevent his having an opportunity of acquiring any knowledge of law. Therefore (a very loud and big *therefore*, for here at least Mr. Donnelly seemed conscious of a flaw in the argument), Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, wrote the plays; he was a lawyer, and the only man of the age who could have done so. As to the Cryptogram, every one who has allowed himself to be amused by Mr. Donnelly's mathematical vagaries has already had the principles on which the cipher is worked explained in the pages of this *Review* and elsewhere. Those persons who have short memories, however, may be confidently referred to the *fifth fit* of Mr. Lewis Carroll's *Hunting of the Snark*, where the Butcher —no doubt unconsciously—describes the chief features of Mr. Donnelly's system to the Beaver with supreme felicity:—

> Taking Three as the subject to reason about—
> A convenient number to state—
> We add Seven and Ten, and then multiply out
> By One Thousand diminished by Eight.
>
> The result we proceed to divide as you see
> By Nine Hundred and Ninety and Two
> Then subtract Seventeen and the answer must be
> Exactly and perfectly true.

Mr. Donnelly, it is true, does not take such a convenient number as three, nor does he, like the Butcher, explain

> all the while, in a popular style,
> Which the Beaver could well understand.

In spite of his diagrams, he is not by any means so clear as could be desired. It may be admitted that he exhibits a perverse ingenuity in the manipulation of figures; but this talent, however diverting it may be to its possessor, is unfortunately all too common. Has Mr. Donnelly never heard of the cipher which proves that the Pope bears the mark of the beast indelibly stamped on him? If he has not, he will find any number of persons of Evangelical proclivities who will be ready to explain it in two minutes. The way in which Mr. Donnelly collects evidence is somewhat after this fashion. Any one can do it for himself. Take, for instance, the magic name Francis Bacon. The number of letters in the name is 12. Now Mr. Donnelly bases his system on the peculiarities of the Folio of 1623. If you add the digits of this number together, the result is also 12. Can anything be more convincing than that? We make Mr. Donnelly a present of the fact with much pleasure. Having collected a number of trivial coincidences of this kind, Mr. Donnelly has the amazing impudence to proclaim that his wretched theory is proved like a proposition of Euclid; and after that, if any one be bold enough to believe in Shakspeare, that person is, according to Mr. Donnelly, capable of believing in anything, even that "the universe came together by a fortuitous combination of atoms." There, the murder is out. The penalty of the obstinate sceptic who clings to his belief in Shakspeare is to be branded as an Atheist by Mr. Donnelly, the apostle of the new Shaconian religion and a distinguished statesman.

FRENCH PLAYS.

AS was to be imagined, the recently promulgated laws concerning divorce in France were soon seized upon by the Parisian playwriters, who are ever eager to avail themselves of important current events for the display of their peculiar talents. Already whilst the divorce laws were merely at their earliest stage of discussion, in 1880, that clever play *Divorçons* was produced, and in 1884 *Un Divorce* was acted with some success at the Vaudeville. But none of these plays—not to mention several by Augier and Dumas *fils*—*La Femme de Claude* and *La Princesse Georges*, for instance—have approached in brilliance and originality the unique work by MM. Bisson and Mars which was first acted at the Vaudeville, Paris, on the night of March 2, and in London at the Royalty on Monday evening. There is perhaps no event in human life which is so difficult to treat dramatically as divorce. It has to be handled very delicately; for in serious drama it is so apt to become ridiculous precisely where the author intends it to be most tragic, and *vice versâ* in comedy. MM. Bisson and Mars have treated this perilous subject, in *Les Surprises du Divorce*, with so much tact and good taste that not even the prudish can find cause for complaint. The piece, however, contains to our mind one glaring defect. The authors ask us from the start to believe that it is possible for a man, whose daughter has married with his consent a gentleman of some position, to himself become the husband of this son-in-law's recently divorced first wife without her knowing that she lately bore his name. If we can admit that so extraordinary a case can occur in real life, the rest is plain sailing. Victor Hugo, however, once said that if there was any particularly improbable situation in a drama the way to make it pass unobserved was to mask, as it were, [illegible]hood with minute and well-considered details. This [illegible] what MM. Bisson and Mars have not done. They [illegible] take a little too much for granted. Briefly rel[illegible] their charming comedy turns upon the ad[illegible]happy musical composer who has married the only [illegible]seuse. This mother-in-law is something wo[illegible]ional *mère d'actrice*; she is [illegible] [illegible] difference which is easily understood soon [illegible] on the stage when once her harsh, vulgar voice is heard boasting of her past triumphs, when as a disciple of Terpsichore she pirouetted before "the Khedive of Egypt and all the other Courts of Europe." It is still more forcibly made evident when, under the belief that she is providing her sensitive son-in-law's guests with a never-to-be-forgotten treat, she rushes in among them dressed in the scanty costume she wore when her form was less "massive," in her great character of the Sylphide. Mme. Bonivard—for so is this terrible personage called—is a remarkably well-drawn character. Duval can endure her no longer, and, exasperated beyond control by her antics, he proceeds to box her ears. Unfortunately his aim misses and he strikes his wife instead. A divorce ensues, and in due time M. Duval marries a charming girl named Gabrielle, who has no mother and only a father who is away on a prolonged journey in foreign parts. Peace dwells with the composer of serious operas, until in an evil hour his father-in-law returns and, to the surprise of all, a married man—married to no less a personage than the divorced wife, and bringing with him into the domestic circle once more that dreadful old lady the ex-Sylphide. The complications which ensue after this wonderfully droll situation is reached are contrived with an ingenuity which borders on genius, and the *dénouement* is reached amid continuous laughter. Needless to repeat the rest of the story or relate the circumstances which arise and enable the formidable Mme. Bonivard to bring about a second divorce and make up a third, and, let us hope, final marriage for her daughter with a young gentleman who is courageous enough to be not only *son troisième*, but also to embark for America with the mother-in-law. This amusing piece creates incessant laughter from the rise to the fall of the curtain. Its power of provoking merriment is supreme. The dialogue is singularly crisp and brilliant, and contains much unforced epigram and wit. The leading critics of Paris declare that M. Joly, who created the part in Paris, was "sublime" as Henri Duval. If M. Coquelin is not *sublime*, he 's superb. No character we have yet seen him act suits him so perfectly as this one, and possibly no actor—unless indeed it be Mr. Toole, when he chooses to do his best—now in England could approach M. Coquelin as this most distressed of sons-in-law. He plays with an earnest seriousness which is immeasurably comical. Words fail to describe his expression of abject horror when he beholds his old enemy return home. His hair seems actually to stand on end and his cheeks to bleach as with a loud cry he collapses upon the sofa, glaring with the astonished gaze of an Orestes at one of the Eumenides at the triumphant ex-ballerina and her comely daughter, his previous wife. It would be impossible to act better. Possibly the versatile Mme. Patry has not the unctuous style of that inimitable actress Mme. Grassot, but she played Mme. Bonivard with capital effect, and was especially droll in the well-contrived scene in which the ex-ballerina appears in the costume of *La Sylphide*. She has mastered all the smirks and smiles of the type she was representing to the life, and created unbounded amusement. Diane is a part which does not demand much acting, but Mlle. Barety made the most of it, and Mlle. Kerwich did the same by Gabrielle, another not particularly well-drawn character. M. Jean Coquelin was delightfully fresh and pleasant as the bold youth to whom love gives sufficient courage to enable him to become the third husband of the fair Diane. With *Les Surprises du Divorce* M. Meyer brings his season of French plays to a close. It has been unusually successful and entertaining.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

THE expectation of a great revival in trade, which was general five or six months ago, has not so far been realized. In the autumn, freights rose rapidly; a demand for new shipping sprang up; the exports of coal increased, and there was a considerable advance in prices, the rise in some of the metals, notably copper and tin, being quite extraordinary. It was hoped that the improvement thus made would continue, and that the new year would be one of the most prosperous that had been seen for a long time past. Scarcely, however, had the new year opened when political apprehensions were revived by the massing of Russian troops upon the German and Austrian frontiers and the scare that followed both in Germany and in Austria-Hungary. The death of the Emperor William, the grievous illness of the Emperor Frederick, and the Boulangist agitation in France, have all aided in increasing apprehension and uncertainty. The result is shown in the slackening of business in many quarters, and in a decline in the prices of several commodities. Taken altogether, prices, indeed, have been exceedingly well maintained during the first quarter of the year, but yet there is a fall not only in metals, but in coffee, cotton, and sugar. The fall in copper and tin, it is quite true, is very slight, when we consider the extraordinary rise that occurred a few months ago, and it is much that the general level of prices has been maintained; but the decline that has taken place shows that confidence is by no means as strong as it was a little while ago, and that many speculators who had bought largely towards the close of last year have lately been selling. And there is no [illegible] that market reports and trade circulars are much [illegible] than they lately were. But, if we turn from the [illegible] and trade circulars to the actual [illegible] situation will be seen not to be [illegible] months of the year the [illegible] those of the first quarter of [illegible]

and the value of the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures shows an increase of about 4¾ per cent. It is true that there was a heavy falling off in the re-exports of foreign and colonial produce, which brings down the percentage of increase in value, in the case of the whole of the exports, to about 3½ per cent.; but even that increase is not unsatisfactory, especially when we bear in mind that the month of March was so severe all over Europe and America that a great check was given to business. In the United States, indeed, for a whole week locomotion was practically stopped; and the stoppage of business transactions for a week in so great a commercial country as the United States had a very important effect upon business all over the world. Further, it is to be recollected that Good Friday fell in March this year, while last year it was in April, and that, therefore, there was a slackening of business towards the end of the month. Even more satisfactory, perhaps, than the Board of Trade Returns are the railway traffic returns for the three months. The returns of seventeen of the principal British and Irish railways show an increase in goods traffic of no less than 102,000*l.*; in passengers there is a decrease of 27,000*l.*; but the nett increase amounts to 75,000*l.*, and it is noteworthy that all the increase is from the carriage of goods. Lastly, we find that the Bankers' Clearing House Returns show for the last fifteen weeks an increase over the corresponding period of last year of 177,617,000*l.* This is largely due no doubt to the shifting of securities that resulted from the Conversion proposals, but there does appear to have been a decided increase in commercial business also.

A fortnight ago, when discussing the influence upon the money markets of the world of the accumulation of money in the United States Treasury, we referred to the apprehension that was excited throughout the United States last year, and the consequent rise in the rates of interest and discount until new railway construction was practically brought to an end. That, of course, caused a depression in the coal and iron trades at home, and it diminished greatly the American demand for European steel rails and for iron generally. The effect, therefore, of the monetary crisis of last year is making itself felt upon our trade at present. More important still, perhaps, is the influence of the bad harvests of last year both in America and in India. It was known at the time that the Indian corn-crop in the United States was a very bad one, and, in fact, there is a great falling off in the imports of maize from the United States into this country this year; but it would appear that the wheat-crop must also have been more deficient than the estimates framed at the time led the world to suppose. At any rate, there is a most remarkable decrease in the imports of wheat from the United States, as well as from India, while there is a most remarkable increase in the imports from Russia. The Indian wheat harvest was acknowledged to be short by the Government returns, but it would seem that the deficiency was increased by a failure of other crops in the wheat-growing districts and some neighbouring parts of the Empire, and the consumption of wheat has, therefore, been larger at home than in ordinary years; while it would seem that the low price of wheat in Europe has checked exports both from India and from the United States, where, owing to the deficiency, higher prices were demanded. For the first three months of the current year we find that the imports of wheat from the United States amounted to no more than 3,758,000 cwts., while in the corresponding quarter of last year they were as much as 9,355,000 cwts. There is thus a falling off of 5,697,000 cwts., or about 61 per cent. In other words, during the past three months we imported from the United States very little more than one-third of what we imported in the first three months of last year. The falling off is still more remarkable in the case of India. From India we imported in the first three months of last year 2,317,000 cwts. of wheat, while in the first three months of the current year we imported only 565,000 cwts. There has thus been a falling off of 1,752,000 cwts., or nearly 76 per cent. We barely imported, that is, one quarter as much this year as we did last year. On the other hand, we imported from Russia in the first quarter of last year barely 900,000 cwts., while in the first quarter of this year we imported as much as 3,464,000 cwts. We obtained from Russia, therefore, nearly four times as much in the past three months as in the corresponding three months of last year. The Russian harvest was exceedingly good last year, and the great fall in the Russian rouble during the autumn and winter doubtless greatly stimulated imports. It is obvious, when the United States and India have had so much less corn to sell us than in ordinary years, that their people are able to buy from us a correspondingly less amount of our goods, and to this no doubt is due some part of the disappointment of the high hopes entertained five or six months ago. On the other hand, it is not a little remarkable that the fall in the Indian exchanges, which is so very marked, has not had the effect of checking the exports of cotton piece-goods to India. In fact, we have been selling to the whole of the remote East more cotton goods than in the first quarter of last year; and although we sold to India during the quarter less than during the first quarter of last year, we sold more in March last than in the previous March. In spite, that is, of the fall in the rupee, more cotton goods are going to India at present than we sent there twelve months ago.

The prospects for the future would be fairly satisfactory, taking all things into account, if we could only reckon upon the maintenance of peace. Money is cheap and abundant, and is likely to continue so for some months to come; in spite of political apprehensions we see that the improvement which set in two years ago has gone on, very gradually and slowly it is true, but still certainly, and in many quarters there are evidences of increasing purchasing power on the part of the vast majority of the world's population. The check to trade in the United States is due to the artificial accumulation of money in the Treasury, as we explained a fortnight ago, and it seems incredible that measures will not be adopted to prevent a crisis such as would disorganize the whole industrial system of the Union. If remedial measures are adopted improvement will immediately set in, and a great improvement in the United States would have a powerful effect upon Europe also. It is known that vast plans are ready for adding very considerable mileage to the railway system of the Union. The beginning of construction would immediately increase the demand for iron, not only in the United States, but in Europe, and any stimulus to the iron trade would be felt throughout the whole industrial organization. Besides, manufacturers generally, though less confidently than before, are still hopeful that the improvement will continue for a considerable time yet, and any signs of decided improvement would immediately give rise to speculative transactions on a large scale. There seems no reason to doubt, then, that the hopes entertained five or six months ago would be realized if we could count with any confidence upon peace. Mere apprehension, such as has existed for the last three months, would not check the improvement that is going on; it would prevent a great revival, but it would not prevent a slow improvement. A very considerable increase of apprehension, however, would make the improvement even more gradual than at present. But the experience of the past two years seems to show that nothing short of actual war would completely stop improvement. Even war itself might not stop the improvement, for while it would injuriously affect some trades it would greatly stimulate other trades, and the immediate result might therefore be greater activity than now exists. Apart from politics, however, the signs are that the improvement now going on will be greatly accelerated if the United States Congress adopts such measures as will not only prevent the accumulation in the Treasury for the future, but will also enable the Secretary of the Treasury to pay out the vast surplus now locked up. If, on the other hand, Congress should separate without adopting remedial measures, there might be a continuance of apprehension in the United States which, for a time at least, would unfavourably affect trade, since it might disturb the European money markets.

BERLIOZ'S *FAUST* AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE Directors of the Crystal Palace concerts have been both timely and assiduous in bringing out Berlioz's least known and most important works. Certain compositions have been played here for the first time in England, and played well too, notably the gigantic *Te Deum*, for three choirs, orchestra, and organ. *La Damnation de Faust*, perhaps the best known and most widely esteemed of all, has never been heard here until last Saturday. The event caused considerable expectation, and drew together as large an audience as we have seen this season. The performance, though an adequate one, and in some points even of very high excellence, was not, on the whole, the best that has been given in England. The chorus was not steady enough or spirited enough in many places, and indeed every vocal part of the work has received at different times a better interpretation. The illness of Mr. Edward Lloyd, who gets such fine effect from the tenor part, contributed no little to this result. It is, however, a question whether the orchestral parts could have been rendered more finely. Certainly here and there a different reading might have done no harm; but a finer quality of tone is impossible to imagine. Happily, this is one of the most important conditions of success in rendering the works of the most delicately picturesque of modern musicians. The fulness of the Crystal Palace strings, and their perfect unanimity in shading and accenting when at their best, would not have been sufficient if all the instruments which emphasize colour or give relief to certain phrases had not been handled with admirable delicacy and sureness.

Mme. Nordica took the part of Margaret, Mr. Banks replaced Mr. Lloyd in that of Faust, Mr. Barrington Foote undertook Mephistopheles, and Mr. Hilton, Brander. There can be no doubt of Mme. Nordica's technique and of the beauty of her voice, though one may question, in places, her reading of the part. She was scarcely simple and pathetic enough; and no trace of her good operatic style in the love duet should have, been visible, we think, in her rendering of the two beautiful songs, "The King of Thule" and "Ah me, my heart is heavy." The first should be given as an old familiar tune, sung almost unconsciously, and as if under the domination of a strong absorbing sentiment. Mme. Nordica read in the meaning of the words with too much spirit. According to our view of the air, Miss Mary Davies's performance of it, under Mr. Hallé, was an inspiration of poetic feeling. The other song admits of more dramatic treatment, and the singer gave it with wonderful passion, and yet not with quite enough of the dominating sentiment of sadness and desolation. Mr. Banks with a refined manner of singing has hardly sufficient fire or power in his voice for the part he played. At times it was impossible to hear him, more especially in the early scenes before the audience fairly settled into their seats. Later on, however, as in the majestic "Invocation to Nature," he was scarcely more audible.

As Mephistopheles, Mr. Foote's clear incisive enunciation stood him in good stead in the general, although, in such rare passages of soft beauty as "Mid' banks of roses" his voice somewhat lacked sweetness. Neither he nor Mr. Hilton (as Brander) quite rose to the conception of devil-may-care sarcasm in certain songs, such as "The Flea," "The Rat," and "The Serenade." Perhaps many of the audience remembered the wonderful snapping suddenness and energy of Mr. Santley's singing of "The Flea." Mr. Foote succeeded best in the less pronouncedly comic passages, and in particular he declaimed the evocation "Ye Spirits of inconstant flame" with an excellent boldness and power. The chief honours of the vocal performance certainly belong to him and to Mme. Nordica.

The early choruses of peasants and the "Easter Hymn" were perhaps the weakest and the most wanting in finish, but the choir seemed to improve as they went on. Yet the drinking choruses in Auerbach's cellar were pumped out too mechanically, and the singers seemed to forget that the "Amen" is meant to be comic, that the entries of the fugue should be forced and emphasized into burlesque, and that, generally speaking, a staccato delivery would be more appropriate than their serious solemnity. The choruses of soldiers and students might have been more incisively phrased. The spirit of the sort of whooping hunting call which occurs was almost entirely missed. Much of the marked character of these scenes, however, was saved by the skill and enthusiasm with which the orchestra brought out Berlioz's superb instrumentation. The drums and trumpets sounded the retreat with an exquisite delicacy, which indeed characterized all the instrumental portions of the work, whether the full "tutti" or special instruments bore the burden of performance. The players accompanied the songs, interpreted the colour of the various scenes, and shaded the passage of feeling from one to the other with beautiful intelligence and sentiment. We can remember no faults on oboe, horn, or bassoon, instruments that have difficult and at times prominent parts, and if we could it would count for little in the recollection of the pure and exquisite quality of their tone. In the Rákóczy March we missed the usual increase of speed and the full force of the great crescendo at the "reprise," but the number was grandly done, and we never remember the trombone effects more startling. The whole scene of Faust's Dream, ending with the "Ballet des Sylphes," seemed somewhat too broadly uniform in effect, and scarcely piquant enough in character. On the other hand, the "Dance of the Will o' the Wisps," and, in fact, the whole scene in front of Margaret's house, one of the most striking of all, was unexceptionably rendered. The "Invocation to Nature," in the Fourth Part, reaches a level of grandeur and nobility not often surpassed by any musician. It is on a higher platform of style than the rest of the work. The grandly designed and yet delicately expressive orchestral accompaniment seems to paint a Poussin landscape with Constable's broadest brush. This combination of the voice in noble declamation with the full comment of picturesque symphony remains an unsurpassed model of the art which Wagner and the moderns have adopted as theirs. Whether it is clearer and more sympathetic to musicians than Wagner's music, or more allied to the spirit of older art, for some reason or other "The Invocation" was interpreted by the Crystal Palace orchestra with more judgment and feeling than they show in Wagner's work.

EXHIBITIONS.

Mr. MENPES has come back from Japan with more ideas of his own and fewer of other people's. Before he went his eye and his taste, stall-fed, as it were, in Mr. Whistler's studio, had not browsed abroad in fresh fields of nature. While the study of the style of a curious and great personality stands for the bulk of a man's experience his work cannot altogether escape an appearance of affectation. To regard nature as a pretext for re-stating the formula by which another man expresses his sentiments leads to insincerity, dulness, or that dreadful mixture, mechanical eccentricity, according to the natures of the model and the copyist. We understand eccentricity in art to mean a use of the strongest constituents and last resources of style unmotived by necessity—by a wish to convey some new observation, some real and personal impression of things. In the past Mr. Menpes was Whistlerian, sometimes rather *mal à propos*; in fact, he loved Mr. Whistler not wisely but too well. He has cured himself by the strong tonic of a single-handed wrestle with fresh phases of Nature. A man with an eye in his head gets good after all rather than harm in the long run from putting on the spectacles of a master, if it is only in catching a glimpse of some of the relations that exist between [illegible] and truth. In his preface to his Exhibition of Paintings, [illegible] and Etchings of Japan, on view at Messrs. Dowdeswell's, [illegible] Menpes acknowledges his obligations to Mr. [illegible] we are disposed to agree with him that they are [illegible] Art is art and nature something quite different, [illegible] whether consciously or not, has learnt from Mr. [illegible] is an art of picture-making not to be confounded [illegible] labours of the scientific realist. He [illegible] his impressions of Japan with an air of [illegible] that he has done so with taste [illegible] training. Very few of his sketches [illegible] obvious or undue extent; and most [illegible] in aim or price, [illegible] fulfil the first duty of an ordinary picture—to hang in a sitting-room and co-operate in household decoration. This is a worthy aim when so many men occupy large spaces with a very dull excuse for a window. Mr. Menpes, it is true, gives you a peep, as it were, out of his own window at Japan; but he secures in most cases a decorative ensemble, and he avoids the mistake of attempting realistic illusion on a large scale. Modern practice of painting convinces us more and more that, in landscape at least, between the large decorative conventions of the Old Masters and the equally large but circumstantially assisted illusion of the modern panorama, there is no half-way course. To speak generally, Mr. Menpes has contributed something to ideas of decoration and to the place of a picture in a room. New and neat designs in frames well suited to the style of work assist in this result. The room, hung with a silvery sort of pink, however it may suit frames and the white mounts of etchings, picks out one or two colours unpleasantly—as, for instance, the orange scarf in "Miss Almond Blossom" (104). As a permanent condition of a room or studio it would never do, and must be regarded as an occasional debauchery of the eye. Though Mr. Menpes has left off mannerism and affectation, he retains at times a curious taste for discords. We must hasten to say that the colour of almost all the sketches is both lovely and amusing in the ordinary human sense, whether we look at decorative ensembles, such as the bold yet exquisite "Lemon Bridge" (114), or more realistic schemes, such as "A By-Canal" (86), and innumerable street scenes and effects of sunlight. "Our Lord the Buddha" (119) and "A Religious Procession" (118) are bold and romantic views of open-air illumination. Most of the etchings are excellent, and manifest a true feeling for line. "A Baby" (7), showing a girl shading her eyes, seems to us the best, as it produces the best pattern, if one looks at the scrabble of lines without thinking of the meaning, and yet it lacks neither truth nor sentiment.

Mr. W. L. Wyllie at Mr. Dunthorne's Gallery exhibits sixty-two water-colours, illustrating a voyage in his own yacht through the Netherlands. He has taken the title of "The Water-ways of the Netherlands," and the catalogue is prefaced by a gay account of the trip. His work is very delicate, and intimately illustrative rather than strikingly broad or convincingly true. His neat and beautiful manipulation gives the pleasure of pen or pencil work rather than of painting, but in the best specimens, empty masses prevent an unpleasant feeling of overcrowded detail and interest. In these small things Mr. Wyllie yields less than in large pictures to the temptation to supplement effect by vivid and false prettiness of colour. He has taken a somewhat new departure also in making a tremendous rush at bright spring greens and a generally shining brilliancy of tone. He produces a sense of fresh effort and courageous vision thereby, even if he is not always true to fact. "Banks of the Ship Canal, Vlissingen" (21), is one of the best examples of this sort of style. It is a little neat and delicate surprise, very pretty, bright, and amusing to look at. Some of the faults of Mr. Wyllie's usual work are still to be seen, as in the spotty "Mouth of the Stour" (3), the flimsy "Stour at Low Water" (2), as well as in several hard and wiry treatments of water. He draws long lines of coast and mud, banks of canals, boats, houses, posts, and other rare objects, with delicacy and fidelity, as may be seen in "The Medway from Hoo Ness" (1), "Cadzand" (10), "Vlissingen from the Canal" (9), and many others. Perhaps best of all are those conceived in a larger and more robust style. "The Meeting of the Old and New Merwede" (22), a fine sunset, is the largest and most suggestive in manner, the truest in value, and the most full of motion and air.

At the Fine Art Society's Galleries Messrs. Alfred East, T. C. Gotch, and W. Ayrest Ingram exhibit a set of oils and water-colours illustrating the Duchy of Cornwall. They have chosen the sea and the coast as the scenes of their labours, and, in treating the coast, they have avoided high cliffs, storms, and extreme force of colour. This gives an unexpectedly quiet aspect to their exhibition, considering its title. Probably in making these sketches they had no very definite idea of combining them into a formal illustration of the country. Of the three Mr. Gotch perhaps maintains the most equal level of technique and performance; while Mr. East, falling below the mark at times, at others has succeeded in producing some charming little compositions full of life, air, and freedom. Mr. Ingram deals almost exclusively with the sea and boats. He is at times fanciful and rather flimsy; amongst the most notable exceptions we note his true, quiet, and broad water-colour, "Falmouth Harbour" (5), and the soft silvery grey "St. Mawes Bay" (15). Mr. Gotch's larger oil-paintings of figures, cleverly as they are handled, leave one somewhat cold; he, however, contributes some very sincere little sketches, such as "Porth-Towan Beach" (66) and "Sand Hills" (69). "The Little Nurse" (68) is a striking effect of light; but the tone is cold, and the wall on the left would certainly be better in shadow as a matter of composition. Mr. East sends some good things, both large and small, both in oil and in water. "A Glimpse of Tren-Com" (90) is one of the freshest, most lively, and best arranged of his compositions. "A Glimpse of St. Ives [illegible] Blue Day" (92), "Neon, St. Phillack" (45), [illegible] St. Ives Pier" (16), "Evening Glow" (56), [illegible] Cathedral" (86), are also good specimens. [illegible] pictures make a very pretty little show [illegible] Yet there is nothing [illegible] that it is simply of the [illegible] light upon [illegible] emerging in England [illegible]

an exceptional mark in exhibitions during the past four or five years.

There is very little difference in the Continental Gallery in New Bond Street since we last spoke of it. Many of the pictures are the same, and any additions differ little in character. It, however, remains a far from dull lounging-place, where, for the most part, gay pictures with a story or amazing efforts of "chic" abound. In the midst of these it seems strange to come upon a few serious, deeply-felt, emotional works, such as J. F. Millet's pastel, "The Nut-Gatherers" (203). It is as if one came upon John Bunyan in the Bullier. There are also several works by "l'honnête manufacturier Van Beers," as a writer in the *Courrier de l'Art* calls him. "The Rendezvous in the Bois de Boulogne" (187), a lady lying on the grass in a black riding-habit, would seem too large and important to have come from the now celebrated manufactory; but who knows? Among the good landscapes are Th. Verstraete's "In the Woods" (199), a clever representation of the veil of fresh leaves that make the lower vistas of the woods hazy in the springtime; several conscientious studies by Van Luppen of Antwerp; "Landscape at Baune" (158), by G. L. Pelouse; and a quiet little picture, "Wood Landscape" (98), by J. Lamorinière. "May" (64), by A. Nozal, is a perfect dazzle of blossoms, a little hard and cold. Regarded simply as a coloured print, nothing could be more amusing than E. J. Boks's "En l'absence des maitres" (87). It shows a gayer dinner-party than the masters ever enjoyed—at least in their own house.

Messrs. Bellman and Ivey have opened another exhibition of reproductions, in bronze and marble, of works by well-known sculptors, and a few terra-cottas. In some cases they have been executed by the artists themselves. Mr. T. Nelson Maclean's work is largely represented. Some of the work, for instance "Art" (9), shows little of this sculptor's fine chiselling and his lively and vigorous touch in drapery. "Comedy" (30) is better in this respect, and has much of the charm of the large statue exhibited in the Grosvenor. The original of "Tragedy" (29) we thought one of the finest things in the last Academy. This small reproduction hardly does it justice unless viewed from the back. Amongst good busts are Mr. W. Couper's delicately and quietly finished "Evangeline" (1), Mr. Maclean's beautifully worked "After the Ball" (34), and, more robust in its modelling, and full of a splendid pride in the pose of the head, Falguière's *cire perdue*, "Diane" (17). Mr. Waldo Story's "Dancing Girl" (12); Mr. Maclean's "Fleur des Champs" (7), and "Fleur de la Ville" (8); Mrs. Edwards's "Marsyas" (38), copied from a bronze in the British Museum; and Mr. Michel's "Hebe" (3), are some amongst the good statuettes.

REVIEWS.

MR. AND MRS. BANCROFT.*

Mr. and MRS. BANCROFT have gratified a taste which is keenly prevalent among playgoers, if indeed it be limited to that class. It would be difficult to explain why so much interest and curiosity are felt about the private lives of actors and actresses; but that such feelings exist there can be no doubt, and in this book two of the most popular and successful players of the generation narrate the history of their doings not only on, but also off, the stage, taking their readers behind the scenes and telling them all about the inception and preparation of pieces which are now famous in the annals of the drama. It is no wonder that the first edition of the work was exhausted, as it is said to have been, on the day of publication. That was the result of general inquisitiveness; but the book has merits of its own which will ensure its popularity. The vein of humour which is so delightful a feature in Mrs. Bancroft's dramatic performances is happily exhibited also in her narrative. She writes brightly and pleasantly of her days of success, and tells the story of her early struggles and anxieties in a way which cannot fail to gain the sympathies of her readers. As for theatrical anecdotes, it is long since a book has been published which contained so many, and we are not acquainted with any book in which they are so neatly told. Knowing, and having been concerned in, so many good stories, it would have been a sad thing indeed if Mrs. Bancroft had omitted to give them to the world; but thanks for having done so are none the less due to her. We are speaking only of one of the authors, however, and this is to do scant justice to the other, for Mr. Bancroft's share of the book is interesting and important. Before proceeding to consider the work in close detail we must justify our position as critic by advising the omission from future editions of some few matters which, in point of fact, it would have been far better to leave out. Why should a letter from Sir Algernon Borthwick be published? Why, again, should it be recorded that the writers made the acquaintance on a certain occasion of Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice? Nothing turns upon or arises from the circumstance. Another incident which it is extremely injudicious of the author to include is the very discreditable behaviour of a late editor of the *Times* in putting aside his own dramatic critic on the occasion of Mrs. Langtry's *début*, and entrusting the task of noticing her appearance to a friend of the lady—the late Mr. Abraham Hayward. "Dear Mr. Bancroft," Mr. Hayward writes, "I have agreed with Chenery (editor of the *Times*) to write the notice. I know nothing of Mr. ——"—was Mr. ——, we wonder, the critic of the paper?—"but I have a stall given me by a lady." So readers looked to the *Times* for an honest account of Mrs. Langtry's promise or capacity, as the case might be, and found instead the abominably nauseous gush of a personal friend. Surely the less said about such an occurrence the better, and it is a serious mistake on the part of the writers to expose the incident.

Let us turn to the pleasanter task of briefly tracing the career of the authors, beginning naturally with the lady. Miss Marie Wilton was the child of an actor by inclination who had been destined for the Church; and that she inherited a genuinely artistic temperament, and was gifted with true dramatic perception, the following anecdote will show:—

> It was during my stay at Bristol that Mr. Charles Dillon came to play Belphegor, and I was chosen to act the part of the boy Henri, his son; when I rehearsed it, I did so as my mother had taught me, in a natural manner; but Mr. Dillon disapproved, and said, "This won't do, my dear; you'll kill the piece and destroy *me*! When I find that my wife, your mother, whom we both adore, has deserted us in our poverty to go away with some one who can give her wealth and luxury, I call upon you to curse her; then my conscience rebukes me, my love overpowers me, and I say to you, 'No, no, pray for her—pray for your mother, Henri; pray for her, my boy!' you are overwhelmed with grief, you fall on your knees, look up, and clasp your hands in prayer. Imagine you are saying, 'God bless my dear mother, and bring her back to me.'" I replied, "Yes, Mr. Dillon, that is what I was doing; only I can't *imagine* my tears and prayer—I must mean it and cry in earnest." He answered, "Yes; but you interrupt *me*. I have to look dazed, stagger to the door, look into the empty room, and faintly mutter, 'Madeline! my wife—my wife!' as the curtain falls. All this is very important, so you must be careful, and not say things audibly that take away the attention of the audience; you can mean your grief, but keep it to yourself." I said, "Well, but you are going to say things audibly, and beautifully you do it, for you make me cry; surely if my sobs and prayers are faintly heard through your speech it must help you, and it will be natural. I feel the scene so real that it *makes* me cry. Let me try it again to-morrow at rehearsal: we will ask Mr. Chute to be present, and if he says it is not effective, I will act it as you wish." He looked wonderingly at me, and then, with a smile, said, "You are a strange little creature; but it shall be so; the manager shall decide." So we had our rehearsal, and the scene affected Mr. Chute to tears. He said that if acted in that way it would cause a sensation. When the night came the applause was tremendous, and the success assured.

How many children are there who, placed in the position here occupied by the little Marie, would have exhibited the originality recorded? To such a child success was sure to come; but it came somewhat slowly, and there is quite a pathetic story of how the young actress, having obtained a London engagement, wandered about the streets searching for a benevolent shoemaker who would let her have a pair of pink silk boots on credit. Amongst her early memories is one of a brutal stage manager, who was under obligations to her mother which he repaid by making the daughter's lot as uncomfortable as he could; but she found a friend in the musical director of the theatre, Mr. W. H. Montgomery, and a kindly hand was extended to her by Mr. Toole, whose support in these eventful days Mrs. Bancroft gratefully remembers and gracefully acknowledges. Once in London Miss Wilton's talent soon brought her to the front, and the salary of 3*l.* a week grew to one of 15*l.*—a very exceptional amount at the time. Many readers will remember the days when laughing and admiring audiences nightly filled the Strand Theatre, Miss Marie Wilton being the chief attraction; and of these days—how little then did visitors to the theatre guess that they would ever read their idol's autobiography!—Mrs. Bancroft has many entertaining stories to tell, stories which introduce the names of her old companions, amongst others, H. J. Byron, James Rogers, John Clarke, and George Honey—all now, unhappily, passed away.

Mr. Bancroft's narrative breaks in upon his wife's at a period when she was the favourite burlesque actress. He was stage-struck, and while still in his teens made an undistinguished appearance at Birmingham as a masked courtier in a pantomime. A deep impression was made upon the young enthusiast by the acting of Robson, and we may digress for a moment from Mr. Bancroft's narrative to say a word on the subject of this extraordinary artist, for we have lately come upon the following graphic description of Robson in an unpublished memoir, which, however, it is to be hoped may in time be given to the world:—"Nov. 14, 1853, saw the new actor, Robson. He has an original genius which fits him peculiarly for the grotesque line of character, with a strong inward heat that enables him to express the fury of passion without rant, and to run into the utmost extravagance without offence, the vehemence of his own speech forcing the spirits of his spectators. His dance round the tragic Muse, he being in his own person the embodiment of burlesque, and performing the dance in an exulting and insulting humour, was so irresistible, that not only all the actors on the stage, but even the old prompter, were carried off their feet by the enthusiasm of this fiery little fiend. He would make a first-rate Quasimodo, Quilp, or Caliban, and he will always be at his best in characters where there is some touch of the diabolical. In passages of intense and wicked passion he appears natural, but he is abrupt in his transition and violent in all his effects. His appearance is mean, but his eyes have a piercing expression, and his features follow the working of his thoughts. A distinct articulation comes to the aid of his weak voice, and in certain passages makes it impressive. His acting is exaggerated, but not in the common way, rather as the writing of Dickens is sometimes exaggerated, because he

* Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft on and off the Stage. Written by Themselves. 2 vols. with Portraits. London: Bentley & Son. 1888.

cannot rein himself in. He is worth seeing and worth remembering."

To resume, however, our examination of the book before us, it may be imagined that these reminiscences would never have been written but for the chapter of accidents which led to Miss Wilton's lesseeship of the Prince of Wales' Theatre in 1865 (her partner being Mr. H. J. Byron) and to the production of Mr. T. W. Robertson's *Society*, which, as it were, decided the fate of the house, and led by degrees to a general reform in the method of presenting comedy. It is for their efforts in this latter direction that lovers of the stage are indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, who broke through and finally overcame many conventionalities which would now be regarded as absurdities, though no one seems to have considered them absurd, apart from a little mild satire on the subject of "Adelphi guests," till a new state of things arose at the Prince of Wales' Theatre. The manager paid a regard to life and reality which was new to the comedy stage. "Perhaps I should say here," Mrs. Bancroft writes in commenting on the production of *Society* in November 1865, "how the elaborate and careful dressing of our plays astonished theatre-goers, and was admitted by the critics to be a revelation; for the reader should be reminded this was the era of much stage slovenliness—Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Hare should be justly remembered as the first reformers." Mrs. Bancroft, it will be seen, modestly disclaims any share of the praise; but there is every reason to suppose that her own good taste and feeling for artistic propriety had much to do with the new development. From this date to the 20th of July, 1885, when Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft retired from the management of the Haymarket Theatre (which they opened in January 1880), their course had been one of almost uninterrupted good fortune, their prosperity having been only mitigated by the failure of Mr. Edmund Yates's *Tame Cats*, of Mr. H. J. Byron's *Wrinkles*, and of Mr. Boucicault's *How She Loves Him*, of *The Merchant of Venice*, and *Duty*; and with regard to the first of these the author, in a letter to Mr. Bancroft here quoted, confessed the righteousness of its condemnation. "My dear B., it's poor stuff, and well deserved its fate," was Mr. Yates's admission on reading over the MS. some years afterwards. Mr. Boucicault was less frank. "The public pretend they want pure comedy; this is not so. What they want is domestic drama, treated with broad comic character," he wrote; but this is not an accurate diagnosis of the public taste. Any and every kind of play is wanted; but it must be good of its kind, though that is not asserting that bad plays never succeed.

We have so far reached in our discussion of the book only to the middle of the first volume, and it will be understood how impossible it is to do full justice to the work within the limits of a review. No new Robertson was forthcoming after the death of the author of *Caste*—and who will not be interested to read the account of that delightful comedy as related by Polly Eccles!—and at length, for lack of suitable work of English growth, the managers were driven to adapt plays from the French, though they also endeavoured to raise the traditions of their company by giving performances of Shakspeare and Sheridan. It used to be thought that there were plenty of good pieces written if managers would only let them be acted; but the introduction of matinées has effectually exploded this idea, for it seems that no one need any longer remain unacted, and an enormous balance of that which is presented at these morning performances is the most unmitigated rubbish. Incidentally we may express regret that the authors lend their countenance to the barbarous phrase "rendition"; they speak of the "rendition" of a character in *Masks and Faces*, and the dictionary does not warrant the use of the term in the sense in which they employ it—a comment we should not have made had not the general style of the book been so good that a high standard of criticism must be applied to it. We must not think of quoting any of the capital stories which enliven every chapter. Let the reader procure the book and find them there. Nor is this the place to perform the agreeable task of considering the artistic methods of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft with a view to explaining the secret of their well-deserved popularity as actor and actress. It is chiefly as the managers, first of the Prince of Wales', and then of the Haymarket, Theatres, that the authors present themselves to us, and it is not hard to understand why they thus distinguished themselves. They were not content to follow in the old familiar groove. They thought for themselves. Possibly they attach too much importance to the "dressing" of their plays, as remarked upon in the passage quoted. They recognized that two chairs, a table, a shapeless sofa, and a cheap French clock are not the customary furniture for a lady's drawing-room, and there was a great deal in the discovering what was new to the stage; but it was rather the intellectual dressing of the plays that won for them their reputation. Their view of this work was at once broad and comprehensive and accurate in detail. In short, they took pains. Perhaps their success might be summarized by the remark that [illegible] nothing without a reason, and that the reason was almost [illegible] a good one. There is only one thing in the career of [illegible] Bancroft which we find it hard to forgive, and that is their [illegible] withdrawal from the scene they adorned. [illegible], there is reason to hope that they may yet be [illegible] from their retirement.

NOVELS AND TALES.*

A TEACHER of the Violin; and other Tales is a reprint in a collected form of five short stories by the author of *John Inglesant*. They possess all the well-known characteristics of that writer's style; pretty pictures of woodland and mountain scenery, a delight in the stately grace of the *ancien régime*, and an undercurrent of mysticism, sadness, and self-renunciation. The subject which furnished Scott with the episode of Sir Everard Waverley's love affair is here wrought into a most piteous tragedy; the other stories—of the dreamy Otto, of the noble-minded Princess Helena and her wasted life; of the boy who never found out his love for Little Ellie until it was too late, and even the Elia-like Apologue of the Cards—all are alike composed in a minor key.

The author of *An American Marquis* asks, "What can be more ridiculous and more deserving the lash of satire than for citizens of a Republic—and of such a Republic as the United States of America—to renounce this citizenship and this Republic, and to ape the mummeries of the Old World—mummeries of which even our most tinselled buffoons are tiring?" It was in order, then, to inculcate the foregoing high moral lesson that this book was written. By holding up to ridicule a bankrupt American dentist who poses as a French marquis he proposes to disgust Americans with the passion for old-world titles which he assures us is "their foible, and a recantation of the glorious creed of Democracy." Perhaps the book fulfils these functions; upon us it makes the same impression that a transcendental saga did upon the Amal in *Hypatia*—"Like one's dreams when one has been drunk." Nor is it a pleasant dream.

In *The Cliff Mystery* Mr. Hamilton Aïdé has produced a good specimen of the *Called Back* type of novel. We do not think that the experienced novel-reader will have much difficulty about divining the "mystery"—indeed, within the conventional eight chapters there is no room for dragging a red herring across his path, and where there are less than half a dozen characters in all the selection of the culprit becomes materially simplified. We must be permitted to doubt whether curiosity, or even the certainty that one's best friend is being murdered, would prevail upon most men to drop from a bedroom window with a savage mastiff waiting open-mouthed below; but, whatever may be thought of the probability of this incident, we must admit that the bite inflicted by the dog is cleverly made use of in the development of the story by confining the hero to the sofa at Muirhead Chase at a most critical time. Château Margot is probably a printer's error; but surely no woman's name was ever spelt "Hanah," and the word is repeated too often not to be meant.

A Lombard Street Mystery is an English version of the *roman policier* familiar to readers of the lamented Gaboriau. We recognize our old friends, Lecoq of the varied wardrobe, Toto Chupin, and the rest of them. It seems rather odd that "an able medical man who, on a second-floor in King William Street, had elected the victims of commerce for his special study"—whatever that may mean—should be able not only to "step on board the Ostend boat and go with his friend the Captain for a blow to the Belgic port and back," but even to undertake a voyage to the Cape and back, "partly for health's sake, partly to gratify a whim for acting as ship's surgeon, and chiefly because it was necessary that some one should pay a visit to Cape Town in connexion with the mystery in which Alice Bowering and Tom Rowles were involved"; moreover, "no sooner had he arrived at the dock than he departed on a flying visit to Paris," in search of the chief villain. He also obtains a situation for the heroine as nurse at St. Martin's Hospital, and makes himself generally useful to the persecuted couple, "his connexion with whom, and the interest which their troubles aroused in his mind, formed a transition period in his character. His frigid and prosaic disposition"—how ungrateful thus to talk about a man who had taken so much trouble!—"had become transformed by making use of the opportunity for the exercise of generosity and self-forgetfulness in aiding the cause of Alice and Tom. From the chrysalis of stolid reserve and self-complacency, these had developed a creature of benevolent impulses and humanitarian aspirations." The author's style, of which the above specimen may suffice, and his passion for making all his leading characters speak like books, somewhat interferes with one's pleasure in tracing out a really good plot of its kind. There are several villains, one of whom, while he believes himself to be unsuspected, is cleverly made use of by the detective to entrap another; there is a terrific struggle between the two on the top of Shakspeare's Cliff at Dover, down which one of them falls; there are the usual "clues," half-burned scraps of paper which when pieced together become photographs, cheques for 300*l.*, &c.; the title-deeds of houses are found in the lining of a dead woman's shabby skirt, and so on, quite in the old sweet way. *Apropos* of the hero's sentence, we have always understood that eighteen months' imprisonment with hard labour is regarded as being equivalent to seven years' penal servitude, and would hardly, therefore, be described by a judge as "a lenient sentence, owing to the prisoner's previous unblemished character."

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* *A Teacher of the Violin; and other Tales.* London: [illegible].
An American Marquis. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.
The Cliff Mystery. By Hamilton Aïdé. Bristol: [illegible].
A Lombard Street Mystery. By [illegible] W. Bartholomew.
A Perfect [illegible]. London: [illegible] Company.

A Perfect Demon will enable the lovers of transpontine melodrama to enjoy themselves to their heart's content. The Perfect Demon consists of two persons, male and female, exactly alike, and with a bewildering habit of wearing one another's clothes. The female demon, learning from the newspapers that a certain Mr. Debney, to whom she had once been married, needs a governess for his child by his second wife, offers herself for the situation, and obtains it by the aid of testimonials forged by the male demon. Here, then, we have the situation of East Lynne; but it is complicated by the appearance of a half-crazed scarecrow who, it seems, was once married to the female demon. He combines the professions of actor at a penny gaff and clerk to a village attorney, and has also adopted a waif who becomes the heroine of the story. After the governess's installation at Oak House, a building "representing most of the styles in vogue during the last seven hundred years," she proceeds to business at once, and, with the attorney's assistance, terrifies Mr. Debney into making a will, leaving all his property to her. Next morning Mr. Debney is found dead. An old family lawyer appears and talks about "unmasking villains"; the attorney "differs with" him. The scarecrow calls upon the female demon, now in triumphant possession of the house. She shoots him, and departs for the Continent. The attorney, fancying that a second will may have been made by Mr. Debney, searches the house and grounds for it, and contrives, "with the yell of a lost soul," to burn himself to death in an old tree. After this the story becomes a mere weltering chaos of shots and stabs, midnight scuffles with chivalrous burglars, and forcible abductions of women. The heroine—now a leading London actress—is decoyed into a "pavilion" by the side of a river. The hero, while trying to rescue her, is drawn into a mill-wheel. The unfortunate scarecrow is kept during many chapters in a subterranean dungeon, into which the hero, after escaping from the mill-wheel, accidentally falls. The female demon escapes from a *petite-maison*, which seems to be French for a lunatic asylum. The male demon chokes her. Virtue, we need scarcely say, is triumphant in the end. In his preface the author "begs that the imperfections inseparable from the disadvantageous circumstances under which this book was written will be regarded with leniency." What these circumstances were he does not inform us, nor can we conceive any circumstances which would extenuate the crime of writing such unredeemed balderdash.

THE SINCLAIRS OF ENGLAND.*

GENEALOGISTS are familiar with the fact that the blood of the old English kings runs in the veins of a large number of people of no great distinction now. It has been observed also that few persons of distinction are without a strain of the Plantagenet, just as every well-bred greyhound has a dash of the bull-dog. The rule holds good with all great statesmen, except those of pure Hebrew descent; Archbishop Tait and Dean Stanley shared with George Canning, Lord Derby, Lord John Russell, and many more in claiming Henry III. as their common ancestor. Indeed, it has been ascertained as an unquestionable fact, that all the Prime Ministers, except Lord Beaconsfield, have been descended from Edward I., not only such aristocrats as Portland and Wellington and Russell, but even such comparative plebeians, heraldically speaking, as Pitt and Peel and the late Premier. This is, of course, a mere coincidence, but it is probable that very few English gentlemen of four or five generations' standing are without a cross, however remote, of the blue blood of Anjou. This being the case, books on royal descent are a weariness to the reader, and even to the genealogical reader. The writer of *The Sinclairs of England* has endeavoured to perform a different task. He would have us believe that almost every figure of any great importance in our history since the Norman Conquest has been connected with the Sinclairs, the descendants of the father, or the uncle, or the grandfather of the famous Eudo "Dapifer." "Jonathan Duncan B.A. paid particular attention in his *List of the Norman Barons who fought at Hastings*, to the localities in Normandy whence Sinclairs came." Saint-Clair, it seems, is an arrondissement of St. Lo. "Around St. Lo all the blood-related families of Thorigny, Granville, Rye, had their shares of land, as the Saint-Clairs increased, the lords of the arrondissement, whence the general name." This sentence, which is a typical example of the author's style, is rather clearer than most passages in the book, which the reader has to construe as he goes on into ordinary English. "The earl of Rye"—the author always puts "earl" for "count"—"and his family were offshoots from St. Lo." The "earls of Senlis," again, were Sinclairs. The Scotch branches of the family were, according to "Father Hay, who was son to the widow of the last Sinclair baron of Roslin, and who had full access to the charters in the castle," descended from Walderne, earl of St. Clare, by his wife, "daughter to Duke Richard of Normandy." Of this family the author says in his odd English, "accumulation of record and history puts the Sinclair family within the ducal circle, and for centuries." He does his best to include Strongbow and his family; but hardly succeeds. Their history, he says, "is suggestive to the effect that they were somehow a branch of the French house of St. Clare." The "somehow" is, unfortunately, but too characteristic of the whole book, and, indeed, of many other books on family history. "All this"—namely, the derivation of Clare from St. Clare—"is professedly imaginative. The return," the author remarks, "to somewhat steadier ground is agreeable." But it is difficult to see how the conjectures as to St. Maur and the Seymours in the next paragraphs are on "steadier ground." There is a certain "Seamer," or "Seymer," who figures in the annals of the City of London early in the reign of Henry VIII., and who is generally skipped in modern pedigrees. It was not until his descendants had entered what our author calls "the ducal circle" that "Seamer"—in English a sower—was found to be a corruption of St. Maur. But these are small matters. The writer does not hesitate to adopt or endorse far greater errors and heresies.

Historically, the volume is made up of about equal parts of conjecture, error, and trustworthy fact. We have given some examples of the guesses. As to pure errors, we cannot too strongly remark on the author's use of titles. It is simply absurd to call the great Essex baron, best known by his office of "Dapifer," Eudo Sinclair. So, too, it is absurd to use the modern English form "viscount" for the law-Latin "vicecomes," a sheriff. "Hamo de Sancto Claro," as he is called in the Pipe Rolls, should certainly not be described in the heading of a chapter as "the viscount and feefarmer of Colchester," nor yet as Hamo Sinclair. It is but just to add that on p. 207 the author explains the meaning of the word, which he uses also with respect to a certain Gereberd, who is described as "Viscount of Norfolk and Suffolk." His enthusiastic admiration for Rose, the widow of Eudo Dapifer, translated into common English would be something romantic and pardonable; but it is impossible, considering how little he or any one else can know of her real life, not to smile at such a judgment as this:—"Rose Claire and Eudo St. Claro were the living poem of their period." To which we may add, that they were just what Artemus Ward would have called an episode or two episodes. On p. 88 we read a very confused and difficult account of John Sinclair, who, "if no interruptions occurred," would have had "fifteen years of the hereditary dapiferships (*sic*) of England and Normandy." But there were interruptions, some of them serious. The author accepts the very questionable assertion that John was made Earl of Essex, and a still more doubtful relationship with a certain William Dapifer, who in 1095 was "crucified," according to Madox. But what becomes of the idyllic loves and lives of Eudo and Rose, if these were their children? There is inextricable confusion here; and the author can only, as usual, conjecture. He makes Rose the second wife, and gives Eudo a first wife, a daughter of Baldwin of Flanders. This is purely gratuitous, and is founded, of course, on the supposed necessity of making everybody possible into a Sinclair, and especially everybody who in the reign of William Rufus was described as, or bore the surname of, Dapifer or Seneschal. The printing of considerable quotations from Court rolls and other old documents with their contractions is extremely reprehensible, and has long been given up by historical writers with any pretence to authority. Of the historical part of this curious book, then, we may safely say that it contains a great deal of guesswork and of irrelevant matter, mixed up with the results of a large amount of research, arranged in a manner most confusing to the reader of what is ostensibly intended for popular use. The author says plainly in his preface that, if the purpose of his work had been merely genealogical, it would have been printed only for "the delight of collectors." But, he says, "the direct appeal is to the large public, who accept with appreciation any real contribution to the history of their country." It is to be feared that "the large public" will hardly care to be told in very odd language—we are coming to the style immediately—that every second person of eminence is a Sinclair or the son of a Sinclair. We all remember with James I. that Adam and Eve were not Lumleys, and may add for our own satisfaction that neither were they Sinclairs. But it would seem as if the author was afraid that his views should be weighed comparatively; and he not only omits a pedigree in tabular form—a pedigree which would have consisted mainly of dotted lines—but also an index, and even a table of contents. There is no guide to the reader in a closely printed volume of more than four hundred pages other than a list of the titles of the fifty-four chapters, in which we have, among others, the following entries:—"XI. The Dapifer's Latter Years. . . . XIV. John, Comes Essexiæ. . . . XXXIX. Vicecomes and Escheator," and the oddly made-up headings already mentioned.

With regard to the style of the writer, a great deal might be said. No doubt, in a book which deals with names and hard historical facts, it is difficult to escape either of two faults. It is scarcely possible not to be dry, and it is very easy to be obscure. Fleeing from dryness, you fall into the errors of Macaulay. Fleeing from obscurity, you attain the painful reiteration of Carlyle. Green perhaps succeeded best in being both vivid and accurate; but his brilliant style led him into many an error, and the false perspective in which his views sometimes appear is rather the result of over-colouring than of incorrect drawing. But in *The Sinclairs*, though the author starts with this proposition, "Novelty and originality are great aids to all narration," he forgets that an incomparable style like Macaulay's would hardly have sufficed to make the subject entertaining; while, though he has evidently taken some pains in the construction of his sentences, his style is of a kind impossible to describe except by isolated extracts which are hardly fair to a sincere author, who is probably the one person in the world who will be surprised if "the large public" to which he "directly

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* *The Sinclairs of England.* London: Trübner & Co.

appeals" cares little or nothing about Eudo and Hamo and "the Dapifership," or the all pervading influence of the Sinclairs. Some gems of thought and expression must not, however, be neglected. Thus, of the Norman the author says, "He had far more than his share of all that was being done greatest in the world then." Of William, Lord Camville, we read that the barony falling into abeyance at his death, "Nicolaia had ultimately heired the title for her husband, if he had not already had baronial rank." Again, "Lachrymosity has not been put to the account of the Normans by the most depreciatory of their virulent critics." Historically, the author has evidently never heard of Gundulf. Idiomatically, he does not seem entitled to criticize as he does Sir Francis Palgrave. But there are stranger things than these in the book. The romance of Eudo and Rose is founded on a wild assumption; "his admiration she returned with an enthusiasm told by the fact that they were married before she was fifteen." Most people will think "the fact" shows that she was married, like other ladies of the day, while still scarcely out of the nursery, and probably had no more voice in the choice of a husband than a Circassian in a Turkish hareem. Two more quotations we cannot refrain from adding. The first is grotesque in its serious historical severity. "Here the British King, Cool, from whom it" (Colchester!) "takes its present name, lived an actual historical personage, though some ribald rhymes give an unreal tone to his existence." And lastly, here is something for which to be thankful:—"Had fees not been partible even to kingdoms . . . . the monarch of England now would be of this" (the Sinclair) "lineage, as the legitimate heir to Henry the First."

A BOOK ABOUT BEES.*

THIS little work "is primarily intended for the young," and "as a Reading-book in Schools," yet any one who wishes to learn something about bees and beekeeping without much trouble could scarcely do better than read it, provided he skipped the poetry and the moralizings. Not that we wish to find fault with either the quotations or the sermonettes; many of both are excellent of their kind; we only wish to point out that they will teach the eager student nothing about bees. On the other hand, while the book contains a good deal of both preaching and verse, it will be found very readable by children. The first chapter, although it has nothing whatever to do with bees, contains an admirable lesson for the young. The author recounts the usual sights which arouse interest in a child on its first visit to London, and then he tells his young readers that "every day, and all around" them "in the country, are many things to be seen quite as beautiful and wonderful, if" they will "open their eyes to look for them." He adds, that they "must always remember that many of the greatest wonders are found in the smallest things;" but he tells them not to get it into their heads that they cannot learn about or appreciate little things unless they possess a microscope. "Only use your eyes as you walk about; and, when you see anything that attracts your attention, try and find out and answer the questions, 'What is this?' and 'Why is this?' and 'What is its use?'" We give this as a fair specimen of the author's style from an educational point of view.

In tracing the history of the study of bees, he tells us that from the first century until about a hundred and fifty years ago little was written on the subject. To a great extent this is true. We have, however, before us Swan's *Speculum Mundi*, a book published considerably more than two hundred years ago, which treats at considerable length of bees and their habits. "And loe," says the author, "me thinks I see the painful and industrious Bees fly flocking to their hives"; and then he proceeds to say that, of all workmen, they have the "preheminence." Mr. Jenyns says that, although Shakspeare wrote of bees that "They have a king," apparently mistaking the queen for a king, Dr. Butler, in the time of Shakespeare, was aware that the most important bee is the queen. Yet his idea seems to have been "that the queen only laid eggs producing queens, and that the workers—known to him as females—laid all the other eggs." Now Swan, who was probably a contemporary of Butler's, evidently shared Shakspeare's error. He writes of "the king" that "he is of body far bigger than the hony Bees, hath shorter wings, but a brighter and more goodly head than they." This, of course, would be the queen. Yet even Aristotle wrote that bees have "two kinds of rulers; the best of them is red, the other black; their size is double that of the working bees. By some they are called 'the mother bees,' as if they were the parents of the rest." Mr. Jenyns infers from this that Aristotle had identified the queen. This is possible. The question, however, remains whether by "the mother bees," whose size was double that of the workers, he meant the queens or the drones. Even Swan, in writing two thousand years later, says, "as for the drones, they are supposed by some to be the female Bees." Mr. Jenyns [illegible] the Biblical story of the "colony of bees which actually [illegible] in the carcase of the lion which Samson had killed [illegible] before." Once more we would refer him to Swan for [illegible] held on this point more than two centuries ago:—

"And sometimes there is a kind of Bee bred out of putrefaction, as Authors write. A rotten Horse breedeth Waspes; a dead calf Bees, if the West wind blow; from an Ass proceed Humblebees; of a Mule, Hornets, &c. And whether the Bees, in Samson's dead Lion, were bred anywhere else, no man knoweth." Obviously this intelligent naturalist did not believe that the bees were bred in the lion. On the contrary, he seems to have inclined to the opinion that they had been bred in a dead calf, when the west wind blew, and that they afterwards swarmed "in Samson's dead Lion." On one point it is possible that future writers on bees may consider Mr. Jenyns himself somewhat behind his times, although it is but fair to say that many, if not most, beekeepers still share his theory. He thinks that pollen "is the food of infant bees." It may be. We express no opinion. All we wish to observe is that so great an authority as Mr. Cheshire says that bee larvæ, on leaving the egg, are neither "fed on pollen, honey, and water, as constantly asserted, nor on regurgitated material, as was taught by Dufour, but on a secretion from a gland in the head of the nursing bees—a secretion which is truly a milk."

After describing the process of egg-hatching in birds, Mr. Jenyns says:—"But with the egg of the insect the process is very different. It hatches and produces, not an insect, but a grub or caterpillar." What, may we ask, is a grub or caterpillar, if it is not an insect? It is surely allowable here to propound the questions recommended to the observant young friend in the opening chapter—"'What is this?' and 'Why is this?'" On the next page Mr. Jenyns tells us something of the egg-laying habits of the common white butterfly. "You see it flying round some cabbage plants rather than the gay flowers. And why? It does not want the cabbage for itself; but it knows, taught by the marvellous instinct given to it, that the cabbage will afford the best possible kind of food for its young when hatched." Now is Mr. Jenyns so very sure of this? Has he any good grounds for saying that the common white butterfly either knows or cares what its young will feed upon? Is he certain that it is even aware that it is going to have any young? Will he guarantee that it knows for what purpose it lays its eggs? Such a knowledge has been greatly doubted in the case of birds. Is he sure that it would recognize its own child if it met it in the form of a caterpillar? The "marvellous instinct" we readily admit, nor do we absolutely deny the knowledge of the butterfly as to "the best possible food for its young"; but, with due reverence, we beg leave to consider it at best an open question.

The account of beehunting in America will interest many people, and it is a subject which is by no means universally noticed in books on bees. The hunter betakes himself to a likely spot, and catches a bee; then he gives it as much honey as it can carry, marks it with a little red paint and lets it go. After making a circle or two, the bee darts off in a particular direction. Marking the line of its flight, the hunter awaits its return, and then he again catches it, feeds it, and carries it for some distance in the direction of its flight, when he lets it go a second time. Again he observes its line, and then returns to wait for it at its feeding-ground. After repeating this process several times, he discovers a considerable part of its road home, and then he ventures on another device. Taking the bee some little distance to the right of its line, he lets it go, and very carefully observes the angle of its flight with the old line. The next time he catches it he takes it to an equal distance on the left of the original line, and again takes the angle as accurately as he can. He has now done with his bee. All he has to do further is to calculate the exact spot at which the two imaginary lines on either side of the original line would meet, and at that point, if he has made no error, he will find his hive. The corollary of this is, of course, that bees always fly home in a direct line. Mr. Jenyns suggests that his young friends should "try and find a wasp-nest some day much in the same way." If they follow this piece of advice, it is far from impossible that they may live to curse the day on which they read *A Book About Bees* by the Rev. F. G. Jenyns.

Bees have been painted for other purposes than bee-hunting. Sir John Lubbock used to make a bait of honey at some little distance from his hives and mark a few of the bees that came to it with small spots of different coloured paint. He then noted exactly how often each bee came back from the hive for more honey, within a given space of time, and how long it took in loading itself. Usually he found that a bee took about two minutes to load, and that it occupied about six minutes in flying to its hive, unloading, and returning for more honey. Bees have also been marked, for purposes of observation, by sprinkling them with flour. A certain bee-keeper "dusted with fine flour his bees as they emerged from a hive. Then, driving to a heath five miles distant, which he knew to be much frequented by the insects, he soon found many of those which he had sprinkled at home." Mr. Jenyns says that "cases have been known of bees actually going seven miles from home on the same errand." It is very true that bees will fly a long way to a favourite ground; but it is at the expense of considerable time and trouble, and it is unquestionably [illegible] for them to gather honey near home. In the [illegible] the best honey is made from white clover; but some [illegible] prefer that gathered from the heather to any other. Many [illegible] under the impression that a bee, when honey-[illegible] kind of flower to another until it has filled [illegible] states that this is not the case, [illegible] sticks to it, although it may go [illegible] same kind [illegible] He lays

* [illegible] their History, Habits, and Instincts; [illegible] of Modern Beekeeping for Young [illegible] of Knebworth, Member of the British [illegible] by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. [illegible]

great stress on the usefulness of bees in the fertilization of flowers and fruit-blossoms. In his chapter on the "Importance of Bee-keeping" he says:—"If more bees were kept, there would be yet greater crops of good fruit in many an orchard and garden. We see an orchard white with lovely blossoms, but a vast number of these fall to the ground, and never develop into fruit for want of the visit of a bee."

Mr. Jenyns estimates the life of a bee born in spring or summer at from six to eight weeks, and that of one born in September at as many months; but he thinks a queen usually lives from three to five years, and lays more than a million eggs. Other authorities calculate the average number of eggs laid by a queen at a million and a half; and the young readers of *A Book about Bees* might have been interested to learn that there is a small insect of the bee tribe which, according to Réaumur, lays about a quintillion of eggs in the course of her brief life of a month or six weeks. A good word is said in this little book for drones. It has long been the fashion to abuse these unpopular insects; but we are now told "that they serve one great purpose," which is "to keep the interior of the hive nice and warm at a time when most of the other bees are out at work," and that "we do not, as yet, fully know all the good the drone does." The number of drones in one colony is here estimated as perhaps "sometimes as many as 2,000 or 3,000." In the opinion of a lecturer on apiculture at South Kensington, from six thousand to eight thousand would be nearer the mark. Mr. Jenyns says that bees consume 20 lbs. of honey in making 1 lb. of wax. He might have added that 1 lb. of wax in the form of honeycomb will store 22 lbs. of honey. The chapter on "Superstitions with regard to Bees" will amuse many people. The idea that bees will all fly away if there is a death in the house of their owner, unless they are specially informed of it, is still common. So, also, is the custom of pinning a piece of crape to the hive under similar circumstances. The proper thing to do is to go to the hive at midnight, tap it, say "So-and-so is dead," and then pin on the crape.

The Baroness Burdett Coutts has written a graceful introduction to this little book; and the author, in dedicating his work to her, describes her as one who "has ever shown the warmest sympathy with those who seek to promote the more extensive knowlege of bees and the practice of intelligent beekeeping."

ENGLISH SCHOOL BOOKS.*

COMPOSITION Exercises adds another to the already existing shoal of little books intended to teach the art of original composition. It aims at fulfilling the double object of giving a set of exercises in composition and a key to composition tests, and thus being of service to both teachers and taught. It is a well-meaning little book, but its merits begin and end there. The good intentions are but indifferently worked out. The writer has lost sight of the two essential qualifications for writing on any subject—to wit, first to know something about it, and, secondly, to be sure that what you know is correct. Turning to the essay on Parliament, we find some very startling statements about that ancient institution. The important part played by the Crown, on which the very existence of Parliament hangs, is lost sight of, and Parliament is defined as consisting of the two Houses of Lords and Commons. Stranger still is the statement that the peers of the realm and the bishops have a seat, and that "seat is hereditary." We should be glad to know the titles by which the sons of bishops sit in the Upper House. We are also surprised to hear that there are only "two political parties in England." We half think the writer must be giving us a fancy sketch of what Parliament ought to be rather than an account of what it is. The tale of the work the members do runs thus. They "make the laws, and see that those already made are properly carried out." We had thought the latter part was the work of the police, and could only be taken up by private citizens when sworn in as specials. We find further on that they, these same M.P.s, have to keep the army and navy efficient, and the forts in good condition. Surely the author must mean this as a satire. Among other funny passages we find the writer bidding his young friends rejoice that England is an island; for the odd reason that, if it were not an island, it would "never have been more than a province of France." We cannot see the force of this reasoning. If it has anything to do with geographical position, surely France ought, on the same grounds, to have become a province of Spain. Both were independent provinces of the Roman Empire; and it is just as rational to suppose that, if the provinces were to be amalgamated, Gaul would become part of Spain as that Britain should be merged in Gaul. But he is a little hazy in his notions about Britain and England. Oddly enough, he feels most proud of being English when he reads of battles in which the British come off victorious against fearful odds. Full of patriotism as he is, he forgets that this implied the defeat of his own forefathers. He finds it hardly credible that his ancestors "dressed in the skins of animals," and ate the "flesh of animals killed in the chase, together with fruit and roots." Alas! we have not improved past these practices yet; for do not those of us who can afford it dress in fur and eat game still? and, not content with indigenous roots, we have naturalized the swede, and that popular tuber the potato.

Reviewing an arithmetic book is no easy task. One is hardly in a position to pronounce upon its merits unless one has worked out all the problems and tested the accuracy of the answers. This we confess we have not done; we can only judge it from a literary point of view. There is not much room for variety among manuals of arithmetic. The subject is one upon which the charms of style have no power. Two and two can only make four, whether few or many words are lavished upon it. Arithmetic is the one and only science which fashion touches not. No new theories affect its primary elements. Weights and measures remain the same from year to year. Alone in this world of changes the multiplication table changes not, but abides, like the Sphinx or the Pyramids, a monument to immutability. There is a striking sameness, too, about the problems in all these manuals. In short, there is no outlet for the ingenuity which in other departments finds vent in varying the dull ladder of learning by turning primers into playbooks. We wonder, however, that no one has yet thought of publishing a pictorial arithmetic. We believe that it would have an enormous sale. It would give new life to the old problems, whilst they would supply an endless variety of subjects for a clever pencil. There are the reapers who clear a field in so many hours against the slower lot, who take so much longer, though there are twice as many of them; the horses which are always sold at a prodigious loss per cent.; the flocks of sheep the profit of whose wool has to be reckoned; the horses and the oxen ploughing; the ships that sail round the world in marvellously short time, or else get into difficulties and have to summon tugs to their aid; the clocks and watches that show such discrepancy between the time they keep at the Equator and at the Poles; the public buildings and interiors; the railway-trains, which vary so often in speed. No lack of subjects for landscapes, seascapes, pastorals, and interiors of the true Flemish type. For what can be better fitted to fix the measures of capacity on the memory than a series of drinking boors? Thus for all styles of the limner's art an arithmetic book might supply an endless variety of topics. Although it has not got so far as illustrations, in some points the *Handbook of Preliminary Arithmetic* strikes out a new line among manuals of arithmetic. Hitherto these have been forbidding-looking little octavos, with the dullest and dingiest of bindings and the smallest of print and figures. In this handbook the quarto pages give space to make the figures a readable size. Thus the risk of spoiling the eyesight and making misprints is very much lessened. The handbook contains the papers set for candidates for all the open competitions of the Civil Service and the army entrance examinations at Sandhurst and Woolwich. It also states the time allowed for working them. The book will thus be found highly useful by giving candidates an opportunity of testing their powers before presenting themselves for examination, and so saving themselves the bitterness of rejection. It will also give the friends of rejected cadets an opportunity of sounding the depths of these youngsters' incapacity.

Exercises in English Word Formation and Derivation will be found useful as an assistant in teaching English spelling, failure in which too often comes from a want of knowledge of derivation. We must protest, however, against some of the phrases which the pupil is called on to explain as though they were classic English. Glancing down the list, we find such vulgarisms as "the upper ten," "to strike oil," and "a Mrs. Harris," side by side with time-honoured mottoes and quotations. French phrases follow on the next page, and among these we find, as we expect, the curious English-French "double entendre." This has literally no meaning; but it is in such common use that, we take it, many persons may be surprised to hear that it is not French at all.

A *Skeleton Outline of English History for Beginners* is a still further abridgment of the same authors' *Handbook in Outline of the Political History of England*. Long lines of sovereigns, tables of pedigrees and lists of events, with dates attached, form the contents, to which are added a few uncoloured maps. It is intended for the use of children, the authors believing that the failures in history arise from the want of a firm foundation of facts and dates. This is strangely at variance with the new school of historians, who scorn facts and dates as matters of little moment. Indeed, the most popular of modern histories omits most of the facts and dates altogether. The teachers of history have split into two camps. The one set, which includes all crammers, pin their faith on facts without philosophy; the other preach philosophy without facts, and say this and this alone is history. One thing is certain, that children cannot learn history or any other subject unless their interest is awakened, and that can only be done by means of stories simple in style and prolix in detail. Such a bald outline as this is worse than useless for young pupils, as it disgusts them with the very name of history for the whole term of their natural lives. We think, however, it will be found useful by men cramming for examinations as a guide to show them the points of knowledge that will be expected of them, and that they ought to read up to. In short, it contains the sort of notes which, if they were students in earnest, they ought to jot down

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* *Composition Exercises.* By T. Hudson. London: Griffith & Farran.

The Handbook of Preliminary Arithmetic. By W. J. Chetwode Crawley. London: Longmans & Co.

Exercises in English Word Formation and Derivation. By Frank Ritchie, M.A. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

Skeleton Outline of English History for Beginners. By Acland and Ransome. London: Rivingtons.

The Lady of the Lake; Marmion. Edited, with Notes, by W. J. Rolfe, A.M. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

Elementary Chapters in Comparative Philology. By G. Woosung Wade, M.A. London: Rivingtons.

themselves as refreshers to the memory by recalling the gist of lectures or the results of private reading.

An edition of *Marmion* and *The Lady of the Lake*, coming from the other side of the Atlantic, lays claim to being the very first correct edition of *Marmion* ever issued. The editor avers that this poem has never hitherto been printed correctly. In the case of *The Lady of the Lake* he asserts that this is the first correct edition published for more than fifty years. Scott, it seems, overlooked certain misprints and faults in punctuation in his proofs which have been perpetuated in every subsequent edition, and which Mr. Rolfe is the first to detect. He seems to have forgotten Scott's own words, "that corrections, however in themselves judicious, have a bad effect after publication." The alterations are for the most part very trifling, and only touch the placing of a period, the substitution of "nor" for "and" or "was" for "were," and have but little effect on the sense of the text. But Mr. Rolfe has so firm a belief in the superhuman intelligence of the average schoolboy that even practical experience as a schoolmaster has failed to shake it. He is strong in the conviction that this phenomenal boy will at once perceive that his, Mr. Rolfe's, reading is the only one that gives the true meaning of the poet. The American schoolboy must use his brain a vast deal more than the English one if he stops to investigate such delicate shades of meaning. His prototype on this side of the Atlantic seldom looks at Scott's poems at all, unless they are assigned him as a holiday task. Then he defers casting even a hasty glance at them till the last day of the holidays, and then gallops through them at express speed. The only corrections we can discover which do seriously affect the meaning are, first, in the lines from *The Lady of the Lake*, Canto XII.:—

> The primrose pale and violet flower
> Found in each cliff a narrow bower.

Thus the lines are printed in the ordinary editions. Mr. Rolfe has gone back to the reading of the first edition, which is "clift," and obviously the word intended. Of course, primroses and violets do not grow on the face of cliffs, but they do nestle in clifts or clefts, so that this correction bears its own justification on the face of it. Again, in the same Canto, when Roderick Dhu, in excusing his violent language, says in apology

> I meant not all my heart would say.

Mr. Rolfe restores the original reading "heat" for "heart." Mr. Rolfe retains Scott's notes, though abridging some of them. In these same notes he has found out a curious oversight of Lockhart's. In a long quotation from Froissart a whole page of manuscript has dropped out. The head and tail of two sentences that have no connexion with one another have been fitted together, thus making nonsense that by fifty years' repetition has come to pass for sense. To Scott's notes Mr. Rolfe has added a vast number of notes of his own, topographical and etymological. No doubt there are many expressions and allusions in Scott's poems which must require explanation to the English, and still more to the American, reader, though they seemed to himself so much a matter of course that he never thought of making notes about them. Mr. Rolfe's notes are rational, and fairly accurate. Here and there we find much room for improvement. For instance, he takes the "Links of Forth" to mean the windings of the Forth, instead of the meadows through which the river winds, though, if he has ever heard of the golf-playing on the links at St. Andrews, he might know better. Then, again, a foray in the Lennox is described as a raid in the lands of the Lennox family. This is taking the cart for the horse. A branch of the Stewarts took their title of Lennox from the district of Lennox, the strath of the river Leven. It was the earls who were called from the country, not the country from them. In the note on Maronnan's Cell he has nothing to add to Scott's dry comment that about the "saint's sanctity very little is now remembered." Yet on both sides of Scotland this saint's memory is embalmed in the local nomenclature. Inchmarnock, Kilmarnock, Kilmaronock, and many others, bear witness to the high place he held in popular estimation. Quaigh, too, we can tell Mr. Rolfe, is not invariably "a wooden cup composed of staves hooped together," as he defines it. It is quite as often made out of a single piece of horn. Again, in commenting on the passage "In Holyrood a knight he slew," he falls into the mistake of supposing that the turpitude of this act lay in its being homicide within the king's palace, and obviously does not see that it was the sacrilegious violation of the sanctuary that was the hideous part of the crime, Holyrood being originally an abbey, and only secondarily a royal palace. Despite these few blemishes, the notes will be found useful elucidations of the text by the majority of readers. The illustrations are good. They are copied from Osgood's illustrated edition.

Mr. Wade's *Elementary Chapters in Comparative Philology* fully carries out the promise of its title, and makes no pretensions beyond it. Such a very elementary book cannot, as the author [illegible], contain much original matter. Nor is it to be desired that it should. The aim of the compiler ought to be not to air his own views, but to put before his readers the latest [illegible] of the acknowledged masters of the science. To do this to any purpose he must first himself know who rank first as [illegible] the subject. This knowledge Mr. Wade possesses in no [illegible] degree. And he not only presents their views on philology as [illegible] from their works by himself, but gives a list of the [illegible] works to serve as a guide to [illegible] who may desire to follow up this slight sketch by going deeper into the subject. Mr. Wade divides his short treatise into six chapters. In the first of these he deals with the nature of language proper—that is, articulate sounds and their generally accepted symbols as the media for the interchange of thought as contrasted with the language of signs, whether expressed by gesticulation or hieroglyphics. The last chapter is devoted to the origin of spoken language. This is, of course, purely speculative, as no one has yet arrived at a satisfactory solution of the difficult question as to which is the original tongue in which the wants and emotions of primeval man first found utterance in a way intelligible to his fellows. Experiments in the isolated rearing of infants have been made by many philosophers. But from the time of gentle King James to our own day they have none of them produced a result definite enough to support any of the many theories extant; while the first unprompted gurglings of the most carefully nurtured infants have hitherto been too dissimilar to afford either confirmation or negation to the conflicting claims of contending savants eager for distinction in that interesting, though narrow, field of linguistical research. The gist of the book lies in the intervening chapters, in which the influences that have been at work to produce the countless variations in modern tongues are discussed under the headings "Dialects," "Change in Language," and "Morphology." Of these the chapter on "Change in Language" is, as might be expected, very much the longest and most important, and the explanation of the phonetic laws which regulate these changes is at once simple and forcible. The examples produced in illustration of the various processes of transmutation and contraction which words have suffered in the mill of time are apt and original. Mr. Wade has selected them for himself, instead of falling back on the well-worn stock which one meets over and over again in all the manuals on the subject. The section on the creation of new words takes in all such recent accessions as "Healtheries," with which the yearly colossal exhibitions have enriched the vocabulary. On the change of English from a purely Teutonic tongue by the admixture of the Romance element Mr. Wade is rather ambiguous. He writes that the "Battle of Hastings was followed by the introduction of numerous Norman-French" words into English; and, again, that the conquest of England by the Normans had the effect of substituting French terms for English ones in all higher relations of society. He forgets to point out the length of time that passed before this result of the Norman Conquest made any impression on the national speech, of the centuries that separated the Conquest from Chaucer. A happy illustration of the wide gulf which parts the ideas of the extremes of society is the different meaning connected with the phrase going to "the House" by the upper and lower classes. To the one it suggests, or rather once suggested, the highest dignity; to the other, the lowest depth of degradation.

A BOOK ABOUT BEER.*

MR. MARCHANT "would fain hope" that this book of his "may be one means of inducing the public to revert back to good, honest beer." The hope is laudable enough, but the wish is altogether vain. As well might he expect to convert society from the use of dress-clothes by exhibiting a rag-bag. The poor word "book" has covered multitudes of sins in its day, but it has covered none lustier or less abashed than this farrago *In Praise of Ale*. Mr. Marchant means well, no doubt, and is no doubt a fanatic in the worship of Gambrinus; also, he has read whatever he could lay hands upon in relation to his subject, and has been at the pains of making innumerable extracts. But there is really no more to be said for him than that. His work produces the effect of Mr. Boffin's mounds. There is more order in a howling wilderness, and less confusion in the "wild anarchy" of an Irish night at the House. True it is that the thing is divided into chapters; that these chapters have headings, and that with these the material collected under them will as often as not be found corresponding. But, on the other hand, Mr. Marchant is capable of the strangest excesses in the way of misquotation and improper arrangement; his ideas of dates and sources are as loose and inconstant as the reputation of the moon; he hops about among the ages with incredible agility; he skips from author to author and from book to book—from *Leviticus* to Pierce Egan, from the *Penny Magazine* to *Fletcher's Bloody Brother*, from *Othello* to the lyrists of the Catnach Press, from Diodorus Siculus to the *Morning Post*, from the poetical works of Milton to the poetical works of Mrs. Newton Crosland—with such a celerity of inconsequence that, to keep up with him, one had need to be a Japanese ogre. What he has produced, indeed, is only a kind of scrap-book. Viewed in that light, *In Praise of Ale* is neither useless nor unamusing, for it is crowded with prose and verse which is always curious and very often entertaining, and it may be read at random—beginning at the end, or in the middle, or at any page you like, and reading either back or forwards—almost as easily as the "Varieties" column in a popular weekly print.

Beer, it is true, has not been fortunate [illegible]. Its tendency is rather to [illegible] than to inspire. [illegible] sherris-sack in that it ascends us into the [illegible] it is

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* *In Praise of Ale.* [illegible] 1888.

that it does not fill the brain with delectable shapes, or make it quick, fiery, and apprehensive. Tom Warton himself when he came to sing the praises of Oxford ale did little more, as our author (in a moment of unwonted lucidity) is moved to remark, than produce an imitation of *The Splendid Shilling*; and Tom Warton was one of the aboriginals of Romanticism. Even Burns, though he had the right sentiment of the liquor, and wrote about it as no one else has done, was better, we take it, when he was objective and dramatic than when he was lyrical and subjective. As for the minor masters, the common herd of poetasters, they have found the Hippocrene of the ale-tub a mere provocative to vulgarity. The exception is, of course, the jovial bishop who wrote that hymn in praise of "Jolly brown ale and old," which will last as long as ale is drunk or English is spoken. But this lyric even—admirable as it is, in melody, in inspiration, in humanity alike—has had no successors. Fletcher knew something of what Mr. Meredith has called the Magnanimity of Beer (Mr. Meredith, by the way, as was to be expected, is not represented in our author's gathering), and so did some of his rivals and contemporaries. But, though Fletcher's example was good as far as it went, and though many a roisterer of to-day bawls out his enthusiasm in the very words of the poet of *The Faithful Shepherdess*, his influence has not proved the fertilizing agency it should. The work of this excellent drink has been rather Roman than Hellenic—has been rather practical than æsthetic. An element in British valour, an important component in the British constitution, it has gone, in conjunction with beef, the round of the battle-fields of the world. It is the potation, not of men who dream, but of men who do. As we have said, the Muse is no beer-drinker. For one good song of beer there are fifty better songs of wine. The poet who depends on ale writes only for harvest-homes and wakes or for music-halls and free-and-easies. At best his enthusiasm is merely prosaic; he misses the rapture, the ecstasy of contemplation, the inspired and heaven-scaling headiness that comes of the frequentation of wine. True it is that "wi' tippenny we fear na evil"; but also true it is that "wi' usquebaugh we face the devil." There is the root of the matter in a single couplet. Mr. Marchant—as we have said, a leal worshipper of Gambrinus, the Primeval Brewer—quotes rather more verse than prose in honour of his patron; but the verse is mean in style, in effect unliterary and disconcerting, in inspiration base, common, and popular. The effect conveyed is one either of fat-witted and vulgar joviality or of a dull and obtuse and unenthusiastic kind of craving for imbibition. In the one case the poet gets no higher than Burns in "We're a' noddin'"—that admirable yet deplorable picture of the minds and the morals of a company of beer-drinking ladies—or that other and scarce less admirable and deplorable report of Skelton's ("John Skelton," says our author, in a burst of erudition, "who wrote and compiled from Old Authors and Old Books") *The Tunnyng of Elinor Rummyng*; and in the other it is either the sturdy and uncompromising drunkenhead of the singers of that Song of the Barley-Mow who, beginning with the nipperkin, pass by way of the pint-pot, quart-pot, kilderkin, hogshead, tun, till they achieve the consumption of the ocean itself, or the "damnable iteration" of the tradesmen met to guzzle themselves drunk to the tune of "When Joan's Ale was New." Between these extremes is the sentimental beer-song, of which the only decent example out of Burns is "All Among the Barley," beloved of unaccomplished choral societies and those exulting in school feasts; is the local ditty by the local poet in praise of the local tap—Dorsetshire, Wiltshire, Yorkshire, Edinburgh, or what not; is the lyric of life and wit and fashion achieved by "Tom D'Urphey" (as our author calls him) and his descendants. The retrospect is disheartening enough; but the fact is more disheartening a thousandfold. Does any one remember Ross's canticle in praise of home-brewed? 'Tis one of the best of its class; Thackeray must have listened to it often, as to the tremendous chant of "Sam Hall"; it is only, when all is said, a picture of the Perfect Sot:—

> Ale, brown ale, thou art my darling,
> My consoler night and morning.

Thus it runs, and thus run scores besides. Mr. Marchant, with his habitual infelicity, omits this particular testimony to the effects of his favourite beverage; but he quotes a number more, and they all go to the same tune. In their company Richepin's "Pâle et blonde" would have been positively exhilarating by sheer force of contrast. A song of beer, it would seem, is inevitably a song of soaking. "Mighty drink of mighty men" (as somebody, ignored by Mr. Marchant, has said of it) as it is, its Anacreon is "mostly a brute." The poet who should arise and wipe away its reproach among drinks has, one would think, an easy and an honourable task. He has but to dissociate it from the tendency to mere fuddlement which appears to be, in the eyes of its laureates, its chief attraction, to produce, one cannot help thinking, something the world will not willingly let die.

Mr. Marchant's chapter-headings are probably the most encouraging—as they are certainly the most original—parts of his work. Here is a complete list of them:—"History," "Carols and Wassail Songs," "Church Ales and Observances," "Whitsun Ales," "Political" (a dreadful and grimy disappointment, this one!), "Harvest Songs," "General Songs," "Barley and Malt," "Hops," "Scotch Ale Songs," "Local and Dialect Songs," "Trade Songs," "[illegible] Songs," "Ale Wives," "Brewers," "Drinking Clubs and [illegible]," "Royal and Noble Drinkers," "Black Beer," "Drinking Vessels," "Warm Ales" (which contains some notable receipts for flips, purls, and other forms of drunkenness, that for dog's-nose not included), and "Facts, Scraps, and Ana." This last might well have sponsored the volume itself; but let that pass. We have dwelt at length on the quality of the inspiration of beer, because the fact of its coarseness and "fat-headedness" is, as Mr. Marchant is unfortunate enough to show, the fact which of all others "leaps to the eyes" most vigorously in the course of the most cursory study of the literature of the subject. It remains to add that Mr. Marchant, though he is continually being brought to grief by his inability to distinguish between the cause and the effect—between good beer and bad literature—has collected a vast amount of odd, amusing, and (to him that hath the sentiment of beer) suggestive and interesting matter. He is often inaccurate, as, unless the question is one to be resolved by physical force, your good beer-drinker is apt to be; and he is absolutely incapable of arriving, whatever his premisses, at any but a sentimental conclusion. But, for all that, his volume (we refuse to call it a book) is a volume to have. If only as a manual of quotations, if only as a collection of songs, it is a volume to have. We confess to having read in it, for the first time in our lives, the right and authentic text of "A Cobbler There Was" and "Why, Soldiers, Why;" and to have remarked, as regards the first, that our ancestors were very easily amused, and, as regards the second, that it has a curious *air de famille* with the triolet. These are very far from being Mr. Marchant's only finds; but that is all the more reason why we should linger upon them. In respect of the second (a good song in its way), the suggestion is really striking. It consists of a certain number of stanzas, and in each the formula of the first four lines—

> Why, soldiers, why
> Should we be melancholy, boys;
> Whose trade it is to die?
> Why, soldiers, why—

is invariable. Was the poet "privately French" without knowing it? To us it seems proved that he knew the triolet, and was influenced by it; even as it is demonstrated by one of the lyrics in *The Lady of the Lake* that Scott knew the ballade, and was influenced by it. Triolets and the drinking of beer do not often go together; and the coincidence—to say the least of it—is strange.

NOVELS AND STORIES.*

WHEN the ship containing the autobiographical gentleman who tells the story of *Marahuna* penetrates, after startling adventures, the barrier of ice separating the greater part of the Antarctic Circle from the explored seas, and goes ahead across comparatively open water in the direction of the South Pole, the experienced reader confidently assumes that he is about to emulate the heroes of Messrs. Haggard, Westall, and Company, and find a new but not surprising country. For once, however, the experienced reader is wrong. What Mr. Percy Grayhurst and his companions find is a furnace—they call it an island—of crimson fire, so big that they cannot get round it, and so hot that they cannot get near it. Just as they are giving it up in despair and coming away a boat comes out of the fire. It collides with the ship and sinks, but not before Grayhurst has pulled out of it a young woman, very oddly dressed, and of surpassing loveliness. As she comes on board she says "Marahuna." It is the only word of her language—if she had a language—that she ever speaks, so they give it her for a name. Having taken her on board they manage to escape from the Antarctic Circle, and never go back. The substance of the book is how Marahuna behaved when they brought her to England, and what were her relations with Grayhurst, who had received her when she came out of the fire, and with a young lady called Ethel, who was Grayhurst's promised wife. It turns out, first that Marahuna knows nothing about where she came from, and remembers nothing before coming on board the ship. Secondly, that she is a person of inhuman cleverness. Thirdly, that she is free from all, or nearly all, human passions. Fourthly, that she has no morals. She is, in fact, a far less commonplace and better conceived character than Frankenstein's celebrated monster, with whom, in her isolation from the human race, she has a good deal in common. If Miss Marriott Watson's powers of execution were equal to her felicity of design *Marahuna* would be an extremely remarkable book. As it is, it is a story of a good deal more than average ability. It need hardly be said that Marahuna makes mischief; whoever cares to know what mischief she makes must read the book. Her extraordinary quickness in learning the English language and the habits and slang of cultivated modern Englishmen is, of course, necessary to make the story interesting and to get on with it at a fair pace. It will be remembered that a similar

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* *Marahuna.* A Romance. By H. B. Marriott Watson. London: Longmans & Co. 1888.

Bigotry and Progress. London: R. D. Dickinson. 1888.

Herr Richter's Strange Experiment. By William H. Stacpoole. London: Routledge & Sons.

Queen Money. By the Author of "The Story of Margaret Kent." Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1888.

The Abbey Murder. By Joseph Hatton, Author of "Clytie" &c. London: Spencer Blackett.

A Flight to Florida, and All that Came of It. A New Novel. By Peregrinator. London: White & Co. 1888.

intellectual pre-eminence was characteristic of the Monster, but in *Marahuna* the topic is managed less clumsily, more being left to the reader's imagination. One feat of hers which is worthy of mention is that, having left the crimson fire at a time when her subsequent memory ran not to the contrary, she sailed straight to England, being arrayed all that time in a very peculiar crimson garment, apparently all in one piece. On arriving at Plymouth, Grayhurst, as well as he could, bought her the apparel of an English lady. She immediately put it on by the light of nature, in such a manner, if we may take her biographer's word for it, that other ladies did not notice anything particularly odd about it. Of course there may be nothing surprising in this; but how many men could do it? The catastrophe of the story is impressive, as, indeed, are some other passages, notably the drowning of a baronet who was in love with Marahuna, and the way she took it, and a scene between her and Grayhurst in a cave. (Has Miss Watson ever heard of Dido?) The conclusion is picturesque, not to say tragic, and the mystery of Marahuna's origin and nature is not solved any more than a reader of taste would wish it to be solved. The pugnacious love-making between Grayhurst and Ethel is rather tiresome, and that is perhaps the most serious fault in a very clever story, and one deserving to be read by the judicious.

It is not so widely known as it ought to be that a thoughtful person may get a great deal of amusement out of Dissenting novels. They are, therefore, somewhat rare. We are not speaking now of temperance novels, which occasionally rise to such heights of splendour as *My Milliner's Bill*, played by the two regular performers of it, occupies among farces, but of novels embracing the whole field of Dissent, in which teetotalism is only one feature. The best writer of these is Dr. Parker of the City Temple. One of the fascinations of *Bigotry and Progress* is that while reading it one is never quite sure that that eminent man is not the author of it. It concludes with a short extract from his works, with his name attached, but that circumstances throw no light on the problem, of which no solution is offered here. It is the story of a horrible youth called Henry Humboldt. He has a bigoted father, whom he defies (and who becomes an idiot), and he moves, with ever-increasing prosperity, amidst circles of profoundly sleek, odious, and vulgar friends. Of course he is a minister, and loses no opportunity of styling himself "Rev." Whenever he can he makes a speech, preaches a sermon, or delivers an address. Here is a characteristic extract from one of his letters:—"I have passed through my first experience of a death-bed scene. It was a happy transition . . . . . Another death, horrible to tell, was enacted near here yesterday by barbarous hanging. The poor fellow was a victim for many years to cruel tyranny inflicted by one who, in a moment of provoked exasperation, was assaulted by a deadly blow. Upon the one ground of the many shades of guilt involved in the crime of murder my belief is becoming stronger that the law of death is wrong and must soon be abolished. Martin Tupper has written with great force, and in terms which apply directly to the case." He then quotes sixteen lines of Mr. Tupper's terms. Who would not welcome such a correspondent? The author's own style is like this:—"With a pleasure begotten in this instance of no factitive propriety, but grown of habitude, yet super-lustred with the glory of gratulation, Helen Earle hastened to admit her now heart-linked guest before the hand had ceased the knocking." Once Henry was trying to persuade an elderly lady married to a fellow-minister to go to a garden-party. She hesitated. He said:—"There is no question about your being heartily received. The grounds are spacious and attractive, and will afford you pleasant privacy should you be disposed to court it." The book is less one to be read through than to be kept for years on the table and taken up at moments of depression. It contains many gems that we refrain from quoting only by the most heroic efforts. But we cannot part from it without observing that "Henry Humboldt is an abstainer from inebriants, from smoking, from inerrancy, and from egotheism." We will bet 10,000 to 1 that he admired Mr. Gladstone and is a convinced Home Ruler. What takers?

Herr Richter's Strange Experiment is a very good shilling's-worth, as shilling's-worths go. There is a murder in it which is only a little better than the murder in the *Mystery of a Hansom Cab*; but that is merely a necessary incident. The point is the experiment, which consists in making two men temporarily change souls. Their bodies sit still, and their souls travel along specially prepared cords in consequence of the ingenious manipulation of certain chemically adjusted fluids. The disembodied soul is somewhat arbitrarily alleged to be able to see and hear, but not to have the other three bodily senses. No reason for this difference is alleged. The end of the book, though a little obvious, is the proper one, and the mystery of how the transfer was managed is not explained.

Queen Money is rather a fraud. It is in one volume, and looks rather short than long. It is, in fact, rather long than short, and is exceedingly difficult to get through. It is an American novel, not of the analytical, but of the fluently eventful kind. The most pleasing thing in it is the name of one of the prominent ladies. She was called Arria. It was her name; and it was her name because she was a female 'Arry. All the people in the book are [illegible] or male 'Arries; but the others are not so honestly [illegible]. They all prose terribly, and either swindle each other or [illegible] flirtations with unattractive and more or less [illegible]. They all exhibit a pleasing lack of [illegible] manners, and everything which [illegible] of metropolitan from the [illegible]

ing sort of provincial individual. One of them was the greatest critic in America, and an astonishing wit. We have searched 513 deadly pages in vain for an example of his wit, but he does seem from one passage to have been a partly competent critic. His wife wanted to make some money, and asked him why she should not write articles like some which she specified. He replied "that, although it might seem an easy matter to write like the experts of the —— ——, he knew of but one man in this country who could do it—and that man, he remarked, with unobtrusive frankness, was himself." The newspaper here indicated (to prevent jealousy) by blanks is English.

Mr. Hatton has selected as the text of a shilling novel Southey's well-known ballad of "Mary, the Maid of the Inn." The murderous lover who there figures simply as "young Richard," who "was idle and worthless" is here transformed into Richard Parker, a bandit of noble birth, but of great fame on the road. The story is elaborated to a suitable length; a virtuous rival of Parker's is introduced; the trial occupies a chapter—and we are sorry to say it is not a bit better done than trials in shilling stories usually are—and the story is carried on some little way beyond the moment when "Where the old abbey stands on the common hard by, His gibbet is now to be seen." If the ballad had never been written the story would be exceptionally good, as it is told with much romantic feeling. Mr. Hatton would do well to change the title in future editions to *Mary, the Maid of the Inn*. Then the reader would know at once where he was, instead of finding it out by degrees in the first few pages.

"Peregrinator's" two volumes about Florida consist of a mixture of guide-book and novel which would be offensive if it were less ingenuous. As a guide-book writer the author has some merit, though if he could ever write English he has lost the art in the course of his peregrinations. As a novelist he does not deserve to be criticized in earnest. Here and there are episodes of extremely wild but tremendously heavy farce, which seem equally out of place in each category of his labours. There is nothing that can be called a plot, and the conclusion, arrived at only by the help of a crudely introduced family ghost, is feebleness itself. The information about the animals, vegetables, climate, and circumstances generally of Florida looks as if it were accurate, but is not made amusing. Perhaps the following should be excepted:—

> But they had many other pleasant things to do besides admiring scenery, during this delightful excursion. For example, whilst they were journeying through lacustrine Florida they had capital duck-shooting, and when they came to the banks of rivers they used to shoot alligators as well. This, therefore, imparted much fresh interest to the tour.

CHURCHES AND TITHES.*

LORD SELBORNE'S volume on Disestablishment may claim, with certainty of establishing its claim, to be the most successful volume on a somewhat dry and technical subject of recent times. Without the attraction of innovation, and with the undoubted disadvantage that the author was burning certain things that he has adored, if he adored nothing that he had burnt, it has gone through three editions in a few months, and that with the still greater feather in its cap of having simply frightened off all opponents from any serious attempt to reply to it. It would have been the height of diversion if Sir William Harcourt, who used to think himself an historical lawyer, and who is never tired of telling us how he was brought up near to the Church, had attempted the task of an answer; or Mr. Osborne Morgan, or Sir Charles Russell. They have more wit than to be there; they leave the reply to those who assure us that Lord Selborne cannot be a lawyer because he edited the *Book of Praise*. But there were some gaps in the *Defence of the Church of England against Disestablishment*, and Lord Selborne has set to work to fill them up. As a mere matter of method it might have been somewhat desirable that he should separate the tithes question, which is highly complicated and at the same time quite peculiar, from the general subject of Church sustentation funds, and the means of their formation. But he has chosen to treat the two together, and he was well entitled to choose his own mode of treatment.

The earlier chapters of the book are devoted mainly to the general enactments which, in early times, governed the allotment of funds, which were, from whatever sources, devoted to Church purposes. There may be said to be two main principles of division; the older, which gave quarter shares to the bishop, to the clergy, to the poor, and to the fabric and maintenance of churches, and the newer, which excluded (though the authorities on this vary greatly) not the bishops, but the poor, and gave the shares to the bishop, the clergy, and the material church. It is noteworthy—and the Liberationists are welcome to make the most of it—that the lay holding of tithes is undoubtedly discouraged by all good early authority, and was first brought in by the Church of Rome after it had assumed or usurped central authority. Equally early is the principle that the right of access is held secure to every Christian, for the addition *[illegible] vestiantur* is purely modern. The other addition [illegible] not so modern, but is equally [illegible]. It is, however, of great importance, and is well [illegible] by Lord Selborne, that the ancient divisions, the [illegible] partite division, and the much more [illegible]

* *Ancient Facts and Fictions* [illegible] By the Earl of Selborne. [illegible]

tripartite, were both practically antiquated by the introduction of the parochial system. This system may in a certain sense be said to be contemporary with the establishment of the tithe system. In other words, when tithes in the modern sense, as allocated to the Church and clergy of the place, became usual, the parochial endowment rested on them, and was sharply separated from the endowment from diocesan or general purposes. The allocation cannot be said to have carried with it any liability to the expenses which had been earlier charged on the general contributed Sustentation Fund, to use a modern but very appropriate term, in ways very imperfectly understood for the Church at large. It had definite purposes, a definite mode of collection, and, in particular, was the offering, not by any means of the people or the faithful at large, but of particular persons who for all time provided at no expense to others the source of the funds they gave.

The second branch of the subject with which Lord Selborne deals is the emergence of the parochial system—again a question separate from that of tithes proper, but closely connected with it, inasmuch as it was to the use of the parish that tithes, when not diverted, were especially dedicated. Our author shares the just scepticism of the best historians as to the institution of parishes in our sense by Honorius or even by Theodore, and, indeed, it is impossible to understand how any critical student could fail to see that at the very furthest nothing can be built on the use of such a *vox ambigua* as *parochia*, which was certainly at first identical with "diocese." But he agrees that it is pretty certain that, in our own country, parishes in the modern sense must have begun to exist soon after the end of the seventh century, while the general existence of them throughout Christendom and the dedication of tithes to their use (sometimes to the great wrath of the regular clergy) is a fact altogether beyond controversy. It is unquestionable, however, and this is one of the points which make us rather regret that Lord Selborne has not kept the subject of tithes to itself, that the mixing up of debatable points of this kind gives some advantage to controversialists so unscrupulous as our Liberationists. "See," they will say, "even Lord Selborne does not believe in the Honorian theory!" To be sure, most of them may be justly credited with a perfect ignorance of what the Honorian theory is, and of the fact that, whether the parochial system had been established by Honorius or by Archbishop Parker himself, it would make not the slightest difference either to the general question of the rights of the Church in its property or to the particular question whether John Jones, being trusted by his landlord to pay a certain sum out of the landlord's pocket to the Rev. Richard Richards, is entitled to put it in his own pocket because he calls himself a Particular Baptist.

It is by slow degrees, one of the most important of which as regards this country is, in the negative side, a very proper waiving of the supposed donation of Offa, and another an equally proper insistence on the recognition in the late eighth century of tithes as an acknowledged and universally incumbent duty, that Lord Selborne comes to the actual discussion of tithes themselves. As regards the Church at large, there is no certain indication of their existing as a legally recognized due before the end of the sixth century, if even then; as regards Britain, despite casual mentions of "the tenth," we may wait another two centuries for certainty. Indeed, Lord Selborne, here stricter than Selden, would hold that no lay acknowledgment by sanction of the duty of tithes existed previous to the agreement between Edward the Elder and Guthrum, where the omission to pay is enforced by penalties on English and Danes alike. Thenceforward there is no doubt about the matter. Athelstan's ordinance, call it a law or not, is certain even if we dismiss Ethelwulf's charters. This history is followed by an equally searching criticism of subsequent documents and Acts down to the undoubted establishment of parishes at the end of the tenth and the beginning of the eleventh centuries. We have, unfortunately, not space enough to go through this, and, besides, enough has been said to show how thoroughly Lord Selborne himself has gone into the matter, and how impossible it is to charge him with credulous reception either of theories based on documents or of documents themselves.

It is important, however, in reading the book, though we are not sure that it will be done by most of Lord Selborne's adversaries, to remember the purpose with which it is written. He speaks of it as dealing with "some historical questions which, though they have not any real bearing on the controversies of the day, are sometimes represented in a way which makes it desirable that the facts concerning them should be understood." In order to understand the full force of this remark it is further necessary to remember that the attack on Church establishments and on tithes is conducted with a wonderful unanimity from two entirely opposite points of view. The Liberationist is by turns a frank Erastian and a mystical touch-not-the-ark man. At one moment Church endowments are to him public taxes diverted by certain constituted authorities to special uses and resumable (we trust that the wonderful dunces who object to "presumable" will not have a fit at "resumable") by the representatives and successors of the same authorities. At another they are represented not only as the freewill offering of the piety of Christians, but as a freewill offering which must continue to recommend itself to the piety of these Christians, or else may be withheld as the Christian's conscience or his cupidity may dictate. Of course these two things cannot be true together, but that does not matter to Mr. Osborne Morgan and Sir William Harcourt. The opposite and the true theory which this book is designed to support is that the general religious or ecclesiastical obligation of Christians to devote a tenth of their substance to pious uses, ecclesiastical and eleemosynary, is, however closely it may be related, independent as a matter of law, politics, and history of the existing prædial tithes, and that these latter, entirely distinct from the former, are, in fact, endowments or gifts of a certain amount of property to certain persons and their successors for their personal use, though couched in the form of a perpetual rent-charge instead of a lump sum. In yet other words, it was open to any Josceline or Miles in the twelfth century to give one of every ten fields to the Church in fee-simple or to give the tenth of the produce of the ten fields. He gave the latter; and, for convenience more than anything else, his representative in the nineteenth century, instead of taking the ten parts and handing over one, takes nine from the farmer and tells him to hand the tenth straight on. He is not obeying Offa or Ethelwulf or anybody else; he is simply paying a private debt secured in a certain fashion.

That this is the true view of the case hardly any one as regards present circumstances denies, unless he simply speaks out of his inner consciousness. That it is the true view of the case as to the question of historical origins is more easily deniable, because the facts are more obscurely known. It would not really make the conduct of Welsh farmers one jot better if King Offa had made a donation as well as a dyke. As it happens, he did not, and so throughout the chapter. Of Lord Selborne's own contribution to the question it may justly be said that it increases one's regret that so few lawyers are historians and so few historians lawyers. To those who demand the picturesque, the picturesque, and always the picturesque, as the sole merit of a history, and who dismiss solid criticism as "wiredrawn argument," Lord Selborne will, of course, be unsatisfactory. We, on the other hand, only hope that he will continue this study, so as to make a complete history of this side of the English Church.

HILLINGDON HALL.*

MR. JORROCKS is one of those evergreens whom age cannot wither nor modern culture stale. *Handley Cross* certainly used to be, and probably is still, the delight of every well-constituted schoolboy; while the somewhat soberer *Hillingdon Hall* should have considerable interest for country folk at the present day, both as a picture of life in the early days of Queen Victoria, and as containing several eloquent dissertations by the hero and others on the effect of the abolition of the Corn-laws upon the agricultural interest. Pregnant aphorisms will be found scattered throughout the work—*e.g.* "Fools are always mysterious." "Women always smile at the mention of bride-cake." "No constitution, however strong, can long withstand the united effects of eating and drinking," &c. Of eating and drinking there is, indeed, an inordinate quantity. The degenerate modern cannot repress a shudder when, after the Agricultural Association dinner, Mr. Jorrocks, having even then well drunk, orders the waiter to bring "a dozen of your strongest military port." Equally interesting details will be found upon the subject of costume. Mrs. Jorrocks appeared at a harvest-home festival "in a dress of many-coloured muslin, done in tiers like house-slating; next her dumpy waist came a pea-green tier, immediately below it a bright yellow, followed by red; then a sky-blue and a white, fringed with broad lace at the bottom. Each tier was understood to be a separate affair . . . . she 'stood out,' looking like a rainbow dumpling." Since Mrs. Jorrocks's day ladies have learned how to "stand out" without wearing such multitudinous garments; indeed, we detect the germ of crinoline in the "horse-hair bustles" so frequently mentioned. Nor was male attire less elaborate. The Jorrockian jacket must always have been unique; but a young nobleman is described as appearing at a dinner party dressed in "a pink silk underwaistcoat and diamond studs, his waistcoat of cerulean blue satin, worked with heartsease, buttoned with buttons of enormous bloodstones, and pink silk stockings"—they are called pantaloons a few pages further. The same person appears in the morning "in the extreme of London fashion. A gold-laced, gold-tasselled blue foraging-cap, set jauntily on his well-waxed light brown ringlets; the ample tie of his rich blue and gold satin cravat, secured by enormous pearl pins, covered the wide opening made by a very broad roll-collared white waistcoat, loose down to the two bottom buttons, while the narrow hem of a collar to his blue coat barely came up to the nape of his neck, and the nippy waist began considerably higher up than nature had put his own. His trousers of lavender-coloured merino," &c. Such must have been the coat in which Colonel Newcome made such a sensation at Mrs. Hobson Newcome's conversazione. What a zest it must have added to life to feel that one might meet one of these superbly-attired beings any day in the street! Truly says Alfred de Musset, "Qu'on ne s'y trompe pas; ce vêtement noir que portent les hommes de notre temps est un symbole terrible; pour en venir là, il a fallu que les armures tombassent pièce à pièce, et les broderies fleur à fleur." There is very little hunting in *Hillingdon Hall*, and what little there is—a little trifling with beagles—is rendered pathetic by the fact of Mr. Jorrocks being too old and fat to keep up with them on foot, so that he sits down on a stone and weeps at the thought that his

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* *Hillingdon Hall; or, the Cockney Squire.* By R. S. Surtees, Author of "Handley Cross" &c. London: J. C. Nimmo.

hunting days are over; but his vitality directs itself into other channels, and when we take leave of him he is M.P. for the county, pledged to resist the Anti-Corn-law League and Free-trade to the utmost of his powers; stimulated thereunto by the pathetic appeal of one of his farmer constituents, "Let the Marquis"—*i.e.* the Repealers—"get a start, and it's all over with us. You may give your land away, if you can get anybody to take it, that's to say."

THE SPANISH WAR OF SUCCESSION.*

IT will be generally agreed, though for reasons other than those given by Colonel Parnell, that there is still room for a history of the War of the Succession in Spain. This part of the struggle against Lewis XIV. stood so entirely apart from the great war in Germany and Flanders that it can well be taken by itself. Then, it is interesting and picturesque, full of examples of "little war." Further, it has a real historical attraction for Englishmen, both because of our countrymen who figured there and because the war itself was a half-way house between the Spanish adventures of the Black Prince and John of Gaunt and the Peninsular War. Lord Stanhope's History—though still, as we propose to show, the best we possess—is mainly political, and is in the military parts somewhat superficial. A new writer who could add to Lord Stanhope's knowledge of the politics a sound understanding of war might make a valuable book. There is much which needs explaining in the strategy, in the organization of the armies, and we are not aware that anybody has yet shown what real share the guerrilleros of Castile had in establishing Philip V. on his throne. It would be interesting to have a good military estimate of the services of such a man as the guerrillero Zerezeda, of whom Berwick said that he never neglected his advice without having cause to be sorry for it.

This exhaustive history has, however, still to be written, for Colonel Parnell has not filled up the empty place. For one thing, he omits the politics of the war, though they had a most direct influence on the military movements. This might be pardonable in a soldier if he gave his reader intelligent professional criticism as a compensation. But of that there is next to none in Colonel Parnell's book. We expect more from a military gentleman than vague statements that Berwick's strategy in retreating and omitting to harass his enemy on a certain occasion is "open to grave criticism." We ask why? and should like to hear what other course he might and ought to have taken. Indeed, generally speaking, Colonel Parnell's accounts of military operations are not more soldierly than Lord Stanhope's, and are frequently less clear. To quote Napier's criticism on Sir William Hoste's letters, "His descriptions of actions are meagre, dull, and *borné*; he seems never to have taken a view of the causes of success or defeat." (This quotation is made without acknowledging the justice of the Whig soldier's estimate of the Tory sailor of Lord Nelson's "bad school." It is taken as a useful definition of a large class of writers about fighting.) Now it is just this "view of the causes" which we ask for from a soldier writing of war. Colonel Parnell does, however, flash up into some sort of sprightliness from time to time—and nobody will be surprised to hear that it is when he comes across Peterborough, who was not only lively himself, but the cause of liveliness in others. It must not be supposed, however, that Col nel Parnell is among the admirers of Mordaunto. Much the reverse, as will be seen from the following adjectives and phrases which we select at random. According to this historian, Peterborough was "a contemptible impostor," was "notorious for foul living, open Atheism, and boastful talking"; his "motives appear to have been a mixture of cowardice, disaffection, and jealousy of the Prince" (of Hesse); his conduct "was treacherous"; he was "a deserter," and "the Parolles of Queen Anne's reign," and so forth. The Colonel appears to have studied the oratory of the party which follows his distinguished namesake in the House. May we adapt George Fitzboodle and ask him "from what Irish member he learned his language"? But the O'Brien-Dillon style is common with him. Here, for instance, is a summing-up of St.-Simon:—"His membry [Vendôme's, to wit] has been greatly calumniated by the animosity of the Duc de St.-Simon, whose Memoirs, written, according to Lord Macaulay, 'for the delight and instruction of many lands and of many generations,' are a mass of malicious gossip, indecency, and falsehood." This would sound better from the Irish stump, where such transcendencies are more allowed. We notice with pleasure that the authority for this sort of thing is "original manuscript and contemporary records." The State Paper mania is producing fruit after its kind obviously. It is characteristic that a gentleman who blethers in this fashion should refer to all kinds of unpublished things which he never quotes, and should give references [illegible] at large, to "Burke 1872," whatever that may mean, and should accept Stephen Leake's Life of Sir John Leake as an [illegible] authority. Colonel Parnell's references to authorities [illegible] a string at the end of his chapters, and where we can [illegible] they have very commonly the air of being put in to [illegible]. His great reason for condemning Peterborough is [illegible] was not a trained soldier and could not have done the things attributed to him. To which it may be replied that military life produces the military pedant as well as the trained soldier. Colonel Parnell would probably maintain that Braddock could not possibly have been in the wrong and Washington in the right on a melancholy occasion, for the Englishman was a trained soldier and the Virginian was not.

Very naturally Colonel Parnell dismisses Carleton's as a "mendacious concoction," yet in an examination into the authenticity of the Memoirs he has to acknowledge that there was a Captain George Carleton present at the operations described in the book. The author, however, is sure that he could not have written it, because he could not, and there is an end on't. There is much in it which "could never have entered the mind of a trained officer" (smoke the military pedant, as Peterborough would have said), and then, too, "there is frequent mention of Irish persons (and especially Irish priests)," together "with impiety and indecency." Peterborough, says Colonel Parnell, wrote the Memoirs himself. They were a part of his Atheism and foul living. It will be seen that the Colonel is hardly sufficiently endowed with the critical faculty to say the last word on Peterborough's Life or Carleton's Memoirs. Of his general knowledge two specimens will be enough. He thinks that England retained possession of Minorca till she had acquired Malta. The second is from the history of his own profession. He says that Galway introduced a novelty by mixing infantry with cavalry on his wings at Almanza. It had been the habitual practice of Gustavus Adolphus, and was done by the Marquis of Pescara at Pavia, who again learned the trick from his master Gonsalvo de Córdova. 'Tis indeed delightful to find mistakes of this kind in a book professing to be based on original MSS. and to contain much which had never been published. Nothing so distinctly marks the State Paper historian as his ignorance of what is in print.

* [illegible] in Spain during the Reign of Queen Anne [illegible] Manuscripts and Contemporary Records [illegible] Arthur Parnell, R.E. [illegible]

MATHEMATICAL BOOKS.

NOW that the delegates of the Clarendon Press begin to issue elementary mathematical works, we may hope for some useful books in that department. *A Text-Book of Algebra*, by W. Steadman Aldis, of University College, New Zealand, is a well-written and comprehensive treatise, much less ambitious in its aim and scope than Professor Crystal's *Algebra*, which we noticed some time ago, but more suitable perhaps for some instructors and instructed. On points of theory, such as that extension of the meaning of symbols which raises algebra from the prosaic level of arithmetic, Mr. Aldis writes clearly and convincingly. Even in his second chapter (there are thirty in all) he introduces and fully illustrates that notion of transference or motion which is the basis of the science of "Quaternions," though carefully avoiding the use of so hard a word. We note his use of the term "scalar," also, and think it should in many applications supersede the awkward distinction of lengths as rational and irrational, or "incommensurable." Is the diagonal of a square not as rational as the side of it? The numbers representing both lines are scalar quantities. In this connexion we note that "surds" and "impossible quantities" are instructively treated, the latter under the much more presentable name of "operational quantities" or non-scalars, a term which at once recommends itself to the reader who is really desirous of interpreting. The treatment of factors now admits of interesting developments corresponding to the extension of meaning given to certain symbols. As a further application we find in Chapter XV. a short and simple solution of the general cubic equation. There are other interesting and suggestive passages—*e.g.* the chapters on the theory of numbers and probabilities, the generalization of the binomial expansion, and an excellent introduction of beginners to determinants, which Mr. Aldis utilizes for the solution of simultaneous equations.

Mr. Roberts's *Treatise on the Integral Calculus* (Dublin: Hodges & Co.) seems mainly characterized by its treatment of the functions which Legendre called elliptic. The opening chapters, it is true, set forth clearly the different methods of integration, with abundance of examples and exercises; but why is it that in introducing such a subject in elementary books our authors all begin from the modern standpoint? In dealing with any abstruse subject we believe the historic mode to be the best for inducing the student to think for himself; since the successive stages of development of the science naturally arouse his sympathy. In this special case there is no branch of mathematical learning more full of interest than that of integration, from the great names associated with the problem of summing up an infinite series of infinitely small quantities. A mere sketch of the subject as connected with the ancient Greek Geometers, with Galileo, Descartes, Gregory, Leibnitz, and Newton, as well as with Euler, Lagrange, and other famous names, must surely be full of human interest if duly set forth. We note in Mr. Roberts's work some skilful applications of the calculus to plane curves, and notices of the leading theorems relating to areas and rectification. The numerous [illegible] for practice are sufficient to make this a capital [illegible]

In an *Elementary Treatise on* [illegible] (Macmillan & Co.), by Professor Macgregor, of [illegible] Halifax, Canada, we have [illegible]

abstract Dynamics, the first half discussing the mathematical treatment of motion, or what is sometimes termed Kinematics, and the rest occupied with Dynamics, or that branch of physical science which investigates and explains the action of force. It seems somewhat forced, to some readers, to postpone Statics, with all its gear of levers and screws, tension and friction, moments and reactions, till long after the study of velocity and acceleration, the pendulum and harmonic motion. Such, however, is the new method, and our author defends it, "not only because it is more logical, but also because it has been found to be the better from an educational point of view." We doubt not that Professor Macgregor will own Professor Tait as his *magnus Apollo*. In another particular he agrees closely with the Edinburgh professor—namely, an intense antipathy to the term *centrifugal force*—and shows in a long note that the use of it has led to great confusion. We suspect, however, that the phrase will hold the field, all special pleading notwithstanding. Professor Macgregor has modified the definitions of *velocity, acceleration*, &c., "on account [he tells us] of the adoption of the distinction between velocity and speed." Under Kinematics there is some well-written matter under the heads "Rotation," "Motion of Rigid Systems," and "Strains." Under Dynamics we might also mention the chapters headed "Dynamics of a Particle," "Dynamics of Rigid Bodies," and "Elastic Solids and Fluids."

One of the "Students' Aids Series" (Baillière, Tindall, & Cox) is Mr. Heppel's *Conic Sections, with Solutions of Questions &c.* It is evidently written by one skilled in mathematical work; and, in fact, some of the demonstrations are too compressed or concise for beginners. The arrangement is good, with some excellent specimens of solution of questions, and the book should prove useful to B.A. candidates of the London University, for whom it is principally intended. In Chapter III., where the curves are treated as sections of an actual cone, his proofs are perhaps too algebraic; in any case, why is the parabola neglected in the first section of that chapter, and again (unless by implication) in section 47? In the appendix there is a chapter which many students will appreciate, as it consists of solutions of all the London B.A. papers from 1882 to 1886. Mr. Heppel occupies six pages with hints to students, some of which seem valuable—for example, that relating to the actual tracing of conics. Correct drawing of the higher curves is often left to hazard, and beginners thus deprived of an important aid to the study.

Mr. Bourne's *Solutions to Problems in Plane Coördinate Geometry* (Macmillan & Co.) will prove useful, we imagine, to many teachers and self-instructors. We have carefully examined the problems relating to the ellipse, parabola, and hyperbola, and can pronounce them, as a whole, models both for brevity and clearness. Mr. Bourne has taken such pleasure in his work of solving more than half a thousand problems, which is our estimate of the number in the original work, that in many instances he gives two independent solutions, and thus illustrates different modes of attacking the difficulty, as all skilled masters do. Rarely, indeed, can one find an opportunity of suggesting any change in his treatment of a problem. In Chapter X., Problem 24, however, the ellipse might have been referred to a different pair of conjugate axes—namely, where one passes through the point of contact—and a shorter solution obtained. In 25 also the work is simplified by making use of the eccentric angle; and 26 by using a simple result of the theory of equations—one of those indicated in Mr. Bourne's introduction to his work. A good *aliter* to his proof (7 of Chapter XI.) that an ellipse and hyperbola, when confocal, cut each other at right angles, would be its deduction, without construction, from the general theorem that a tangent to a conic is equally inclined to the focal radii. Positively the only fault we can detect in Mr. Bourne's book is that his introduction seems quite unnecessary, though so short.

First Steps in Geometry (Longmans & Co.) is written by Mr. Proctor to assist students in finding solutions of problems; but we doubt its utility in that direction. It seems too unsystematic for the practical ends of teaching, being mainly a sort of popular sketch of what is done in studying geometry and the various ways of doing it—such as the devices that the student gradually becomes familiar with in every regular course. Some of the notes and criticisms on Euclid may prove suggestive to beginners, though much of the matter written in the second book will naturally occur to them at a second or third reading of the text. With some clever remarks here and there we find much that is slipshod, if not trivial, which may be explained by the fact mentioned in the preface, that the book consists of papers written for the magazine called *Knowledge*. Another work of Mr. Proctor's which we have received had the same origin—*Easy Lessons in the Differential Calculus* (Longmans & Co.) It is one of the many attempts to define differential coefficient in a semi-popular way, and, like most of them, serves to show how a man's performances often come far short of his promises and sometimes of his intentions. Thus, Lesson III. is headed "Illustrations of the Use of the Calculus," and when we turn to see how Mr. Proctor applies this great engine, we find only two little problems, neither of which requires anything of the sort. The first is a question about a straight line. In this there is nothing wanted beyond the fifth proposition of Euclid's Book II. to do easily in two lines, or three, what Mr. Proctor occupies a printed page with. Need one have a telescope fetched, tripod and all, to look at the clock on a chimney-piece? The second problem, or "Illustration," is [illegible] simple and equally undeserving of having so great an [illegible] in fact, it is easily shown to depend on the same proposition of Euclid when a rectangle is interpreted algebraically, and can thus be done more quickly than by Mr. Proctor's mode. We think the geometrical illustrations of Chapter XII. should have come much sooner if the beginner is meant to acquire any clear notion of the subject under one important aspect at least. In the table of contents we were astonished to find the heading "Elliptic Integrals"; but on looking up the chapter found not a word about them, as ordinarily understood, but only a proposition about finding the area of an *ellipse* by integration. Must we conclude that the author did not know what the phrase meant, especially since he says in his preface, with reference to the present elementary work, "At Cambridge I took up for my degree rather less of the Differential Calculus than is presented here"?

The *Arithmetic for Children*, by A. E. A. Mair (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), appears to be due to some enthusiasm, combined with inexperience. The instructions to teachers are so multiplied, and in some cases almost hysterical, that the child's progress seems practically forgotten. One command, in bold type, is to "teach thoroughly the *component parts of every figure* up to 10"; and, again, we find on p. 17 that "the two *halves of the figure* to be added" must be perfectly known by the child undergoing this Procrustean process. To increase the mystery of those "figures," we are told that the above is "taught entirely by word of mouth," and the multiplication table will occupy about eight weeks in learning. If such knowledge is a fine thing, well do we find on the title-page the motto *Ardua quæ pulchra* put by the publishers—perhaps a translation of the ancient line ἐν μυρίοισι τὰ καλὰ γίγνεται πόνοις.

Mr. Layng's edition of *Euclid, Book II., with Notes, Examples, and Exercises* (Blackie & Son), is carefully and skilfully prepared, and so arrranged that each proposition opens a fresh page. The demonstrations are neatly and concisely put, with a line for each step of the argument, and we detect no violence done to the text. There are, however, spots on the sun; and we may ask the author why, after forbidding the use of algebraic symbols to students, he is tempted to use plus and minus. Personally we find the former of these indispensable in all geometric work, but rather object to the latter. From its excellent arrangement and the beauty of the type and diagrams we should think that Mr. Layng's *Euclid* when completed will become a favourite with many teachers.

Mr. Hamblin Smith's *Elementary Hydrostatics* (Rivingtons) seems a successful attempt to explain the mathematical theory of the science more clearly than has been done in the previous elementary works, besides giving some of the more obvious applications. The book is well adapted for teaching purposes, with abundance of suitable examples and exercises and carefully drawn diagrams. In discussing the few principles on which the science of the equilibrium of fluids is based, we find it strange not to be told of "Pascal's Law," which some writers termed *quaquaversus*, and "Boyle or Mariotte's Law." A serious omission under the properties of air is that of the application of the barometer to find the height of a place; the exact determination should be indicated with derivation of the formulæ used, and some actual results. We also note an omission under the head of specific gravity, and another under thermometer, where an equation should be given to show in one statement the relation between the three or four scales at present in use. Some purists in scientific terminology would condemn Mr. Smith's retention of the word suction, when discussing pumps, but it is no doubt convenient, if not accurate, like the term centrifugal force, and must long be retained technically.

Mr. Brabant's *Elements of Plane and Solid Mensuration* (Rivingtons) seems designed to improve on the treatment which this important subject has hitherto received. He employs geometry and trigonometry as well as arithmetic, and can thus construct a more comprehensive system of rules and formulæ. We observe some omissions, such as the mode of applying logarithms, since they are necessary in many of the problems set, and further practical details of measuring heights and fields. When it is remarked that the surface of a sphere is two-thirds that of the circumscribing cylinder, it should be first noted that it is equal to the curved surface of the cylinder; further, that the volume of the sphere is also two-thirds that of the cylinder; and, lastly, that a cone, sphere, and cylinder of the same height and base have their volumes as the numbers 1, 2, 3. The book evinces good, accurate workmanship throughout, and is illustrated with neatly-drawn woodcuts.

Mr. Crowther's *Elementary Text-Book of Projectional Solid Geometry* (John Heywood) consists mainly of about a hundred problems and examples, with neat and accurate diagrams, in simple projection and its application to lines, angles, plane figures, and solids. It has a thoroughly practical tone, every paragraph being terse and to the point, and therefore strangely contrasts with the language and sentiment of the preface, which tells us that the "domain of Solid Geometry demands the application of a faculty"—namely, "the imagination or power of mental picturing, and the value of the study arises exclusively from the exaltation of this attribute." Now the work is intended, among others, for artisans and mechanical draughtsmen, as we are told on the title-page; and what, then, becomes of the "exaltation of the attribute"? The latter half of the book is a separate treatise on Plane Geometry and Graphic Arithmetic, and seems also well adapted for instruction in the use of rulers, compasses, and protractors, and in the construction of angles of every size, figures of every shape, and plane scales of every dimension or degree.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

FRANCE has few more indefatigable rummagers of libraries and communicators to the public of the unpublished than M. Charles Henry (1, 2), and it must be said to his credit that he does this work in the best possible way. He is none of your book-makers who see in half a dozen unpublished letters the "bones" of a bulky volume spun out with infinite matter that is very much published indeed. He gives his discoveries by themselves, or with now and then a modest introduction, and despatches them for the use of whomsoever it may concern. His two volumes (one extracted from the Transactions of a learned Society, and containing chiefly mathematical matter, the other more miscellaneous) of as yet uncollected works of D'Alembert are not exactly light or engaging reading; but, then, D'Alembert, though he was the son of one great wit and beauty and the, as it were, left-handed or Platonic husband of another great wit, who, if not a beauty, was passionate enough for half a dozen beauties, was not exactly a light or engaging person. He was, however, given to the production of "extremely valooable thoughts" in the moderate *philosophe* manner on all sorts of subjects, and there are plenty of such here. The volumes, it need hardly be said, add, if anything could add, to one's amusement at that astonishing dream which Diderot, his fantastic friend, chose to father on him.

M. Jules Adeline, who is a practised artist and a worthy man of letters, has produced a very interesting and handsome volume on Water-Colour Drawing (3). It is a purely practical and technical treatise, and, as such, does not lend itself to detailed review in this particular place; but we may at least safely give it the praise of careful detail and of exceptionally excellent getting up.

M. Xavier Marmier's manner of dealing with folk-lore, travels, popular history, and other miscellaneous literary work is well known, and his *Contes populaires* (4) are a good example of it. He does not seem to have given himself any trouble to secure any extraordinary accuracy, in the folklore sense, for his versions or attributions of stories to different nations, and his mode of telling them has neither the quaint, authentic manner of Grimm, nor the elaborate literary form of Musäus, nor the inimitable grace of Perrault; but it is a good manner and worthy of an Academician.

The comparatively recent period at which foreign travel has become an at all usual thing with Frenchmen still shows itself in the books of their globe-trotters. We are not, heavens knows! free ourselves from the traveller who gravely prints as the result of his private discoveries accounts of the way in which the beds of a sleeping car are made up, of the different shape of an American and an English locomotive, and of the exact distances from Wimbledon to Wombledon. But it is not done with quite that air of a Columbus or a Magellan which comes naturally to a Frenchman. M. de Biancour (5) is by no means a bad specimen of his class, though he is too fond of typographical means, such as italics and capitals, for expressing his sentiments. He is very anxious that more Frenchmen should go into North-American business, especially mines. They have, indeed, gone further (to Panama), and will perhaps fare worse; but still the pleasing name of "Emma," softly resounding in the memory, may perhaps make cautious Gauls hesitate before following M. de Biancour's advice.

We have before us two books of the philosophico-scientific kind—a treatise on the Will (6), which of course begins with Schopenhauer, and which, to tell the truth, does not seem to us to advance any further a question which the greatest thinkers of the world have not advanced one inch; and a translation of Herr Piderit's book on Facial Expression (7). In turning over the latter we have been once more struck with the difficulty of getting together a sufficient body of acknowledged data on which to argue. For, in the first place, different persons express the actual emotions in a very different way; and, in the second, the emotion expressed by this or that arrangement of an actual, still more of a pictured, countenance by no means always seems the same to different observers.

M. Gabriel Ferry (8) has made a sufficiently interesting book, and by no means a scandalous one, about Balzac's friendships (of both kinds) with women:—his sister, his wife, Mme. de Berny, Mme. de Castries, Mme. de Girardin, and not a few others. A good deal of it is, and must necessarily be, gossip or founded on gossip; but more is known about Balzac than about many men of letters, and there is no reason to doubt that, as M. Ferry thinks, he reproduced his friendships and his loves freely in his novels.

Mme. de La Rochejaquelein's, or rather Mme. de Lescure's, charming account of the Vendean War (9) is well known, and Mr. Scudamore has done well in preparing it as a reading-book. But he should not have fallen in with the practice of loading his notes with etymology. What earthly business has the information that "genêt" comes from "genista" in a note on Mme. de La Rochejaquelein?

(1) *Œuvres et correspondance inédits de D'Alembert.* Par C. Henry. Paris: Perrin.
(2) *Correspondance de D'Alembert.* Par C. Henry. Paris: Gauthier-Villars.
(3) *La peinture à l'eau.* Par Jules Adeline. Paris: Quantin.
(4) *Contes populaires.* Par X. Marmier. Deuxième série. Paris: Hachette.
(5) *[illegible] aux États-Unis.* Par F. de Biancour. Paris: Ollendorff.
(6) *[illegible].* Par O. K. Notovitch. Paris: Alcan.
(7) *[illegible] physionomie.* Par le Dr. Piderit. Paris: Alcan.
(8) *[illegible].* Par Gabriel Ferry. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(9) *[illegible].* By Mme. de La Rochejaquelein. [illegible]

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE two volumes of *The Memoirs of Prince Adam Czartoryski* (London: Remington) are very well worth reading. The writer's father, Prince Adam Casimir of that ilk, was one of the most distinguished men of his time—he lived for some time in the house of Lord Mansfield; he was the correspondent of Joseph II., and the *protégé* (in some sort) of Frederick the Great; he commanded the Lithuanian Guard, and as the chief officer of the Corps of Cadets he had the honour of directing the beginnings of many famous men, among whom was Kosciuszko; he would, it is said, have been King of Poland had not the Empress Catherine, for reasons of her own, supported the candidature of his handsome cousin, Poniatowski. He married the Countess Fleming, "daughter of the celebrated Minister of Augustus II.," and their eldest son was Prince Adam George, whose *Memoirs*—published last year in French, with an introduction, &c., by M. de Mazade—are here presented to the English public, with notes and additions by M. Adam Gielgud, and a selection from the writer's correspondence and notes of conversation with Alexander I., Pitt, Fox, Brougham, Palmerston, Talleyrand, Bentham, and others of not less repute. He was born in 1770; in 1789 he visited London and Paris; in 1751 he went to St. Petersburg, where he resided during the last years of Catherine (of whose goings on with Zuboff he tells some quaint stories), all the reign of Paul, and a great part of that of Alexander I., whose Foreign Secretary he was, and with whom he went the Austerlitz campaign; he was for twenty years the Curator of Wilna University; in 1830, when the Grand Duke Constantine was driven out of Poland, he was elected President of the National Government; he fought in the ranks during the unhappy campaign of 1831; for many years he laboured in his country's cause in all the Courts of Europe; at eighty-three he is found advising Napoleon III. as to the conduct of the Crimean War; when he died, in 1861, at Montfermeil, he wanted but nine years of his century, yet was his mind as active, his patriotism as ardent, his hope as inextinguishable as ever. He was not a great writer, but his lot was cast in strange and troubled surroundings, his experiences were many and varied, and he may be read with interest always, and often with instruction.

Mr. Barrie's *Auld Licht Idylls* (London: Hodder & Stoughton) has been read "by inchmeal" in the *St. James's Gazette*, and dedicated, as so many similar things have been, to the editor under whose guidance it appeared. It is good enough reading; at all events, it is good enough reading to those who have some acquaintance with Scotland, and any liking for and interest in the Scots character. To the general, it may be, Mr. Barrie's sketch of Thrums—the stern and "awfu' dour-like kind o'" village in which the scene of his *Idylls* is laid—will prove a trifle disappointing. The saying that it takes a surgical operation to get a joke into a Scotchman is not more true than that other to the effect that all the surgical operations in the art are insufficient to enable an Englishman to appreciate a certain sort of Scots humour. Englishmen of this type may as well leave *Auld Licht Idylls* alone; they will get nothing out of it but disappointment and a tendency to yawn. To such as are better provided the book may be commended with a certain warmth. They will find it, not merely readable, but amusing and suggestive in no mean degree.

For those whose delight is in tales of sport and adventure there is good entertainment, of a kind, in Mr. Crawford's *Reminiscences of Foreign Travel* (London: Longmans). Mr. Crawford, well and favourably known as the author of *Across the Pampas and the Andes*, writes neatly, thinks clearly, is not afflicted with that excess of vain-gloriousness which has ruined so many travellers in the eyes of posterity, and has really a great deal to say of a great number of "foreign parts." To analyse his work—which is a kind of scrapbook, an *omnium gatherum* of anecdote and experience—is neither necessary nor desirable. "Sardinia," "To Egypt in a Hurry," "The Lake of the Thousand Islands," "Mustafa," "At Sea," "Intelligence of Animals," "Opposition to Railways," "Beasts and Birds of Algeria"—such are the titles of some of his chapters. To say that there are twenty-eight of them, and that, so far as we have seen, there is not one but is worth reading, is to say enough.

"An electric impulse actuated Mah Shway in the course she should pursue; and, as quick as thought, she placed her arms around his neck, and, overcome with the emotions that were swaying her heart, confidingly rested her head on his shoulder." This pleasing picture occurs on the last page but one of *A Burmese Maid: a Tale of Pathos and Incident* (London: Trübner), by the author of *Reginald Vernon*, a work with which we do profess ourselves completely unacquainted. Mah Shway has long loved the beautiful, the brave, the Anglo-Saxon Dick [illegible]; they are parted by fate and an early Burmese War, and the [illegible] of the aforesaid "electric impulse" is, like [illegible] and a brother, the unbought and undefeated [illegible]. There is all the "pathos" and most of the [illegible]. Of *The Poisoned Chalice* [illegible] the author is Mr. W. Pryce [illegible], B.A., and that

the only point about it which will interest the discerning reader is the question whether it is more offensive or more silly. The *Found yet Lost* (London: Ward, Lock, & Co.) of Mr. E. P. Roe—described somewhere about the volume as the "Most Popular of Living American Novelists"—sells at a shilling, as American novels go, it is well worth the money. Mr. Marion Crawford's *Marzio's Crucifix* (London: Macmillan) appears in a new edition. Mrs. Riddell, in *Idle Tales* (London: Ward & Downey), is not the Mrs. Riddell of *George Geith* and those other admirable stories of the City which we know, but she is good enough for all that, and may be read with pleasure for what she has still to give, as well as for auld lang syne.

The Henry Irving Dream of Eugene Aram, by F. D. Niblett (London: Leadenhall Press), is printed in red ink on black paper, and illustrated in the same harmony with sketches intended for Mr. Irving in "comic" positions. No further description can possibly be required.

We have also to acknowledge the receipt of a new edition of Mr. Morley's *Burke* (London: Macmillan) in the "English Men of Letters" series, a new edition of Thomson's *The City of Dreadful Night, and other Poems* (London: Reeves & Turner), among them some translations from Heine, which are scarce less depressing than the principal work, a new edition of *Rokeby* (London: Rivingtons), with an introduction, notes, and a glossary by Mr. R. W. Taylor, editor—for this same series of "English School Classics"—of *The Lady of the Lake*, of *Money and Common Sense* (London: Wyman), a pamphlet of ambitious intent, by "Ant. Ct. Cutkoff", of Mr. Baker's *Everyday Dictionary* (London: Griffith), which contains 35,000 words, and sells at two shillings, of a *Handbook of the Royal Naval and Military Bazaar*, 1888 (London: Woolmer), to be held some weeks hence in the Hotel Metropole, of the *Complete Press Directory* (London: Shelley) for the current year—an excellent piece of work, and of Sell's tremendous *Dictionary of the World's Press* (London: Sell), revised and brought down to date.

Miss Maxwell Scott writes to inform us that the Abbotsford Catalogue, noticed in the *Saturday Review* of April 7, can be obtained of Mr. Flynn, Abbotsford, at the price of one shilling.

NOTICE

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications, and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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And call the Q— a frow,

as PRAED writes in one of those pleasant political poems which have at last been adequately published. This being so, it behoves Englishmen not to be too virtuous in their condemnation of the certainly deplorable outbreaks of bad taste, bad feeling, and, considering all things, bad citizenship as well, which have occurred in Germany of late. It is, however, permissible to note with satisfaction that the actual arrival of HER MAJESTY at Berlin seems to have been received entirely as it should have been received, and that the attempt to twist into a semi-political intrigue an act of the most natural family affection is at last discouraged by all the respectable organs of public opinion in the German capital.

The cause already mentioned, the improvement in the health of the EMPEROR, does not, however, and cannot, affect to any great extent the operation of those general influences which are making for war or peace in Europe. One of the most important of these is undoubtedly the agrarian disturbance which is taking place in Roumania, and it is certainly not a mere natural disposition to cry "Wolf" which is disposed to see in this the hand of the usual disturber of peace in the Eastern part of the Continent. There can be little dispute among competent politicians as to the quarter to which not merely the famous Cassian argument but others as strong point in this instance. In the first place, Roumania is a serious obstacle to Russian operations and designs in the Balkan Peninsula so long as she continues either well disposed to Austria or even strictly independent. The Russians have not forgotten what the Roumanian army did for them ten years ago, and may naturally wish to have it not only with them, but with them on easier terms, and in less degrading circumstances. The famous enfranchisement of the Russian serfs, once so greatly lauded, represented now by many well-informed persons as an exceedingly dubious benefit to the country, is exactly the thing to hold up to the Roumanian cottiers and farm-labourers in their revolt against absentee landlords, tyrannical stewards, and niggardly farmers. It is not quite without bearing on the matter that part of the distress is apparently due, and that more can be represented as being due, to the act of the Austro-Hungarian Government in closing the markets of Hungary and Transylvania to Roumanian cattle. And last, but by no means least, Roumania has for some time enjoyed the presence in some authority of one of the most notorious and unscrupulous of Russian agents, who has had at his disposal in the Bulgarian and other refugees sub-agents less notorious, but more unscrupulous still. It is not necessary to think that the CZAR has personally filled Roumania with large blue flies; but it is certainly not over suspicious to suspect that Russia may not have been unwilling to profit by the rise of the quartern loaf and the peasantry.

For the present, however, these disturbances appear to have been checked by the vigorous action of the Roumanian Government; and, in any case, they must have been rather a remote and indirect than a direct and immediate occasion for the breach of European peace. The old difficulty or squabble about the concentration of troops on the Galician frontier seems to be more obstinate; and the latest Russian allegation is that the Austrian mobilizations (which, be it remembered, were the result of previous Russian movements) make it absolutely necessary to bring up more Russian troops. This game may, of course, go on indefinitely; and the result will shortly be, if it has not been reached already, that two complete armies will stand face to face on a frontier which is, to no small extent, an artificial one. This state of things is never conducive to peace and quietness. It will, however, be a good thing if, as must almost certainly happen, the scare of the last two months leads the Austrian Government to keep its Eastern frontiers in a somewhat better state of preparation than, by the testimony of most military authorities, they have been in since the Triple Alliance lulled Austria into that state of rather idle security which for centuries has been the bane of Viennese statesmen. It has now been demonstrated pretty clearly that an ill-garrisoned and ill-fortified Galicia is one of the most fertile sources of anxiety, not merely to Austria, but to Europe, and the good relations which fortunately exist, and which with good management need not soon be disturbed, between Austria and her only formidable neighbour in the West and South-west should enable her, without undue exertion or expense, to keep a good look-out and a full powder-magazine in the East and North-east. For there is, unfortunately, little or no chance that the present state of suspense can be put an end to by anything but war, or by a possible, but quite incalculable, combination of personal and national accidents.

Meanwhile the QUEEN has had more than enough of the purely domestic kind to occupy her at Berlin, and the sympathy of all Englishmen must be with her. Few persons know better, none can represent with more authority, if politics must be brought in, the mutual ties of a quite other than personal nature which bind, or ought to bind, Germany to England. And if—which is an "if" not necessary to determine in one sense or the other—the much talked of interview with Prince BISMARCK had any political purpose, HER MAJESTY could have been at no loss for weighty observations. Prince BISMARCK has not a certain English statesman's foible of infallibility, and he knows very well whether or no his assumption ten years ago of the famous "Fourth Plenipotentiaryship" to Russsia was a really profitable speculation for his country. For many years nothing but the sudden and rather intempestive German haste to be colonially rich has occurred to cause dissension between the two countries, and it is sometimes forgotten that, if Germany obtained some of her colonies at England's expense, her naval power is anything but large for their safe maintenance without England's aid. The French navy may or may not be that match for our own which gallant officers of the COURBET type believe or hope it to be; but it is quite certain that it ought to need no foreign assistance to be strong enough, if the fancy so took France during a war, to remove the German flag from every seaport in Atlantic and Pacific waters where Prince BISMARCK has established it. During the last war Germany was only vulnerable by sea at home, and the Baltic coasts are not hospitable to invaders. She has now given other hostages to fortune. This is only one consideration

which shows how important English good will still is to Germany. It is not mere coquettings with Russia that will lose that good will, so long, at least, as the coquettings do not become too compromising or pass into positive "helping the "Bear." And, this being so, it seems to be unnecessary to cumber ourselves about the bogies which were conjured up last week, or with gossip about marriages and givings in marriage, or with anything but the plain facts of the case. Those facts may really be reduced to two—on the one side, a well known and not in the least mysterious domestic trouble; on the other, the certainty that England is strong enough, if she chooses, to meet all dangers; and that, if she does not cultivate her own strength and look after her own interests, no one will look after her interests for her or supply the needs of her weakness.

THE SERVICES.

THE speech which Lord WOLSELEY made at the dinner given to Sir JOHN PENDER was hardly so considerable an event as some of his friends in the press, where he has many (for those whom the General would chasten love him), seem inclined to think. Its importance was revealed to them at a rather late date, and it is funny to compare the painfully brief report given the day after the dinner with the full text and comments of the day after that. Neither are the occasion and the form of the manifesto above criticism. Since Lord WOLSELEY desired to give his countrymen a solemn warning, we could wish that he had done it from his place in the House of Lords rather than after a complimentary dinner of no great importance. The great speech by which General ROBERTS profoundly influenced the administration of our army was, indeed, delivered after dinner; but, then, it was a military one, and the distinguished Indian officer had no other platform from which to speak. Then the speech itself compares unfavourably (and that we make the comparison is to Lord WOLSELEY's honour) with the Duke of WELLINGTON's famous letter to Sir JOHN BURGOYNE. His attack on "government "by party—that curse of modern England which is sapping "and undermining the foundations of our country, which is "depriving our statesmen of the manly honesty which was "once their characteristic," does to our taste a little smack of the style of another brave general over the water whom we value in his proper place, but not here. Leaving the form aside, this onslaught on party government is still a little out of place. England has been so governed for two hundred years of almost continuous expansion and triumph. If it is not so manfully governed now the fault probably lies with the men. Moreover, it is really time we gave up believing that good administration can be secured by machinery. Armies have been allowed to become weak and inefficient by military despotisms as well as by parties. Lord WOLSELEY must have seen that in 1854 and 1870. It was not a change of system, but a change of men, which brought the Prussian army up from its condition before the "humiliation of Olmütz" to its state in 1866.

It is, however, not much to the purpose to argue over the nature of government with Lord WOLSELEY, and particularly once he has done well in the spirit, whatever his mistakes have been in the letter. His speech is a warning —a necessary warning—and one which will be listened to. He has plainly said—and, we imagine, has taken some pains it should be known he has said—that the fighting forces of the country are below the level of necessary strength. This is the substance of his speech, and it deserves every attention. Since it is Lord WOLSELEY's conviction, he is thoroughly justified in holding that "it behoves public "men to speak the truth, and not only the truth, but "the whole truth." What they would tell us we can in a general way make out. There is no belief anywhere that either of the services is in a really satisfactory state. We have Lord GEORGE HAMILTON's own word for it that several of our battle ships are still waiting for their guns—which are being made in little batches very slowly and tentatively. This is, almost by the Admiralty's confession, a type of much else. Cruisers are found on trial to be inferior in coal-carrying capacity, in armour, and in speed to what they ought to be. It is extremely doubtful whether there are enough of them with all their faults. It is a notorious fact that Sir JAMES STEPHEN's Commission discovered that the stores of ammunition had been allowed to be drawn to the very dregs. This, of course, means shameless mismanagement in any case, and something practically as bad as treason if the *St. James's Gazette* is right in asserting that the powder needed for heavy ordnance is not made in the country and must be imported from abroad. The belief of military men as to the condition of the army may be taken to be very fairly represented by the Duke of CAMBRIDGE. In the course of his evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Army Estimates the Commander-in-Chief, though obviously speaking with studied moderation, gave what practically amounted to evidence that the army is eleven thousand below its proper strength, even for the current work of peace time. This is at the very lowest figure, for, as he expressed it, "all depends on what the cir- "cumstances of the world are," and "you might require a "very much larger increase." In other words, the army cannot get along without eleven thousand more men in peace, and in war—for which it is theoretically being prepared—would unquestionably need further strengthening, over and above the Reserves. The reinforcement is not to be given. Only 1,900 (why not 1,899½?) men are to be asked for from Parliament, and the rest are to be smuggled through whenever they can be run without shocking anybody's feelings. The DUKE gave indirectly some useful criticism of the new army administration scheme. It has not, to be sure, been properly applied yet. The present Estimates have been prepared in an experimental way, and mainly under the old system, which treated the army as existing purely for the Parliamentary convenience of the Cabinet. Still, the Commander-in-Chief gave the exact measure of the value of the new scheme when he said, that of course he would not be responsible for Estimates which had been cut down and rearranged by the SECRETARY for WAR, who is supreme, and could not well be otherwise. Under the new scheme, as under the old, everything will depend on the honest determination of the Cabinet to have a good army. By way of estimate of the wisdom of our recent administration there is considerable value in the DUKE's round declaration that the Horse Artillery should be restored to its former strength. Why, the reduction of the arm is the one undeniable and visible measure of Mr. STANHOPE's administration; and if that is a mistake what are we to think of the rest? The DUKE has since spoken more openly at the Fishmongers' dinner, and has assured his hosts with the utmost possible frankness, first, that the army is too weak, and secondly, that its efficiency is all a question of money. The first proposition is undeniable, and the second, if it is not all the truth, is at any rate nothing but the truth.

At the end of his evidence the Commander-in-Chief was asked "whether he was prepared to give an estimate of all "that was required to make the army in all its branches "thoroughly efficient," and HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS naturally answered that he was, when properly called upon to do it. Here, we believe, as we have frequently argued before, is an indication of the one way in which we can hope to put a stop to the miserable hand-to-mouth system on which our naval and military administration is conducted. It is the construction of a proper estimate of all that is required to make them really efficient, and then the establishment of a proper standard of strength. Of course these could only be obtained by inquiry, but the process need not be long. The work has been rough hewn already by the Intelligence Departments of the two Services, and all that is necessary now is the call from Government which would justify the publication of their opinions. The appointment of that Committee to inquire into the state of the national defences which was recommended by Sir JAMES STEPHEN's Commission, asked for in the House and refused with nervous terror by Mr. SMITH and his colleagues, would unquestionably result in the presentation of a sound estimate and good working scheme in a few weeks. The refusal was undoubtedly due to the "party system," if that is the name which it is decided to give to the moral cowardice of the generation. Perhaps a less compact but more accurate account would be that the public men of this generation were too exclusively brought up under the cheeseparing and shopkeeper Liberalism of the middle of the century to be able to understand what naval and military efficiency really mean, or to understand how to obtain them. From the mere party point of view a politician would probably gain who came forward honestly, told the truth, and boldly asked for large resources. But since politicians will not see their interests, they must be forced to attend to ours by pressure from without.

THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BILL.

THE Government had no reason to regret the concession of ample time for the debate on the second reading of the Local Government Bill. The prolonged discussion of details may have been irregular; but there was some convenience in the anticipation of objections which would have been urged at a later stage. It is something to have drawn the fire of the temperance fanatics, though Sir WILFRID LAWSON will probably repeat his speech when the licensing clauses are reached. It will be difficult to say anything new on the subject of compensation. The majority will not share the desire of the temperance philanthropists to be revenged on the licensed victuallers after driving them out of their lawful occupation. The SOLICITOR-GENERAL raised, perhaps unavoidably, a partially irrelevant issue when he undertook to prove that unoffending publicans had a strict legal right to the renewal of their licences. Even if his argument had failed to satisfy the House, the claims of the trade would scarcely have been weakened. By long-established custom licences have been annually renewed, and the holders or their predecessors in title have given valuable consideration for the privileges of which they will now be liable at any time to be dispossessed. The agitators assert that the right to renewal will be, for the first time, recognized by the Bill; but a business for which several thousand pounds may have been paid undoubtedly constitutes a vested interest. Chance, which almost amounts to a certainty, may well have a definite value. There will, of course, be one or more divisions on the subject; but the result is not doubtful. The cynical injustice of Sir WILFRID LAWSON'S proposals will deter impartial members from concurring in a measure of confiscation; and even the fanatics will be aware that, if they commanded a majority, their victory would on this occasion be barren. Mr. RITCHIE has given notice that, if the opponents of the Bill succeed in refusing compensation, all the licensing clauses will be withdrawn. The consequence will be that the present law and practice will remain unaltered, and that the boon of modified Local Option will be wantonly forfeited. The demand for a popular vote will certainly not be conceded by the House of Commons. If a representative government is worth anything for national or local purposes, it must exclude the crude form of direct legislation by the constituencies. Sufficient inconvenience will be caused by the confusion which may probably arise if county elections turn on the issue of granting or withholding licences. The brewers and publicans, though they dislike the Bill, have the good sense to confine their opposition to one or two provisions. They will be heavy losers if Sunday trading is generally prohibited; and for the most part they would, if they had a chance, deprecate any new legislation; but they are more ready than their implacable enemies to accept a reasonable compromise. They perhaps made a tactical mistake in reserving their defence for the Committee; but they probably reflected that Sir WILFRID LAWSON could say nothing new.

One powerful body or class which will be affected by the Bill has hitherto reserved any opposition which it may be disposed to offer. The largest towns, to the probable number of nineteen or twenty, will have no complaint to make. In their new character of counties their Corporations will retain their present powers, with some additions created by the Bill. The smaller incorporated towns will perhaps acquiesce in virtual disfranchisement. They will be represented on the governing bodies, and there will, therefore, be an additional field for municipal ambition. The towns of the third or fourth magnitude may be more formidable opponents. The line of division is, as in all such cases, arbitrarily drawn; but it seems strange that Mr. RITCHIE should be guided by the census of seven years ago. There is no difficulty in procuring an approximately correct estimation of the subsequent increase of population, and in some instances the inquiry might justify the removal of a borough into the higher class. Almost all large towns would probably prefer independence to the share which they might acquire in the government of the counties; and Mr. RITCHIE has not yet explained the reasons which prevent him from gratifying their probable wish. One considerable advantage of his scheme will consist in the amalgamation, if it is effected, of the county and borough police. Residents in suburban districts know by experience the amount of impunity which is allowed to crime on the frontiers of police districts. The borough and county constables, even when they have no jealousy of one another, are often unable to act efficiently in concert. Other questions will arise as to the respective scales of rates; but the Government will answer many objections by the statement, already often repeated, that the Bill is not final. The powers of the District and County Councils cannot be positively defined until some experience of their working has been gained. The relations of the counties to boroughs within and without their jurisdiction will probably be tentative or provisional.

The few speakers who discussed the principle of the Bill in the debate on the second reading to a certain extent wasted their energies, while they pursued the regular and constitutional course. Mr. AMBROSE'S suggestion that the powers of the Local Councils were for the most part to be withdrawn from the Local Government Board was an argument against the whole Government measure. As a large majority was pledged to support the Bill, and as no division was to be taken on the second reading, it was too late to object to unnecessary legislation. Both the great parties are committed to the principle of the Bill, though most of their members regard it with indifference or dislike. Mr. STANSFELD knew that the Government could not possibly accept his scheme of parochial government, and it was equally certain that the administration of the Poor-law could not be at this time transferred to the County Councils. If the question is again raised, Mr. RITCHIE will do well to remind the House that Boards of Guardians afford a security for the due control of the rates which will not be furnished by the Councils. The plural or graduated vote is far more equitable than complex and equal suffrage in the election of persons entrusted with the administration of the Poor-law. The same principle has been often advocated in the United States as applicable to local government, and the proposal has only been defeated by the inveterate prejudice in favour of universal suffrage. There is no reason to fear that any amendment will be carried on the present occasion for the transfer of Poor-law administration to the new Councils, but the Ministers ought to guard themselves against any admission of the future expediency of such a change. They have little to fear from any opposition which may be offered to some of the most questionable parts of the Bill. Mr. GOSCHEN'S financial boons will be eagerly accepted by the proposed recipients, and criticisms on a gift have an ungracious sound. The liberal contributions to local government which are to be given will probably within a few years be exceeded in amount by the additional rates which will be imposed by elected bodies of local rulers. The Councils will be elected by majorities consisting of non-ratepayers, and it is by no means certain that economy in expenditure will be popular; but all questions of the kind are superseded by the unopposed second reading of the Bill. Few of the Ministers spoke in its defence; and it must be admitted that their reticence was justifiable. They may have more to say when the clauses are examined in Committee.

One of the most important portions of the measure has hitherto attracted little notice. Mr. FIRTH was almost the only member who either supported or opposed the inclusion of London in the Bill; yet the proposal to legislate for a populous province which is at the same time the capital of the kingdom might have seemed to require some attention. A county is a well-understood area, though its extent may vary as widely as Yorkshire from Rutland; yet it is by no means certain that the existing divisions will be in all cases preserved. The counties which might otherwise be too large for simple and separate government will be largely reduced in population by the exclusion from the provisions of the Bill of large cities within their limits. Lancashire, which is the most populous county, will be relieved to a great extent by the separate organization of Liverpool and Manchester, and perhaps of two or three other great towns. Yorkshire, in the same manner, will be separated from Leeds and Bradford, if not from Huddersfield, Halifax, and Hull. Even in Kent a movement has begun for the separate incorporation, for municipal as for Parliamentary purposes, of the Eastern and Western divisions of the county. It is evident that at a certain point provincial unity is inconsistent with the doctrine of decentralization. The establishment of a single metropolitan municipality ought, if it were in any case desirable, to be the subject of a separate Bill. While the great manufacturing counties are unincumbered by the population of the great towns within their borders, a score of enormous and crowded cities in the district which is called London will be thrown together into a single community. It is true that Croydon, West Ham, and perhaps other suburban towns, have had the prudence and good fortune to establish

municipal governments of their own; but Paddington and Marylebone, Finsbury, Hackney, and the Tower Hamlets, are to be wards in the overgrown borough which will pretend to be a county. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. FIRTH may fairly congratulate themselves on the conversion of the Government to the project which found little favour when it was suggested by themselves. If the policy of applying the same forms to the most dissimilar materials is carried still further, the demand for the transfer of the control of the Metropolitan Police to an elected Council will perhaps be conceded, if not by the present Ministers, yet by more Radical successors. Mr. FIRTH has lost no time in insisting on a ruinous uniformity of procedure. As he truly remarked, the National Government now disposes of a force of 14,000 disciplined men in London; and he might have added that the same body under an elected Council might in certain contingencies form the nucleus of a revolution. M. FLOQUET, the most thoroughgoing of Democrats, has within a few days refused to place the Paris police under the control of the Municipal Council. English legislators may at some time be rasher and more short-sighted; and the Metropolitan clauses of the Local Government Bill do little credit to their caution. If the London clauses should not be reached in time to pass the Bill as it stands in the current Session, an opportunity for further consideration would not be a subject for regret. A late vote of the House certainly showed that the Metropolitan Board of Works is not at this moment in good odour; but an unwieldy Council elected by household suffrage would scarcely be more trustworthy.

SIR FREDERICK ROBERTS ON TEMPERANCE IN THE ARMY.

THE abbreviated reports in the newspapers of a speech which the Indian Commander in-Chief made at Meerut on the 3rd of last month seemed to show that, as is the wont of Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS'S speeches, it was a very sensible one; and the full text certainly does not lessen that impression. We are afraid, indeed, that all the pretty compliments which Sir FREDERICK pays to the admirable intentions and labours of the total abstinence party will not induce them to refrain from seeing in him that worst of all fiends, an apologist of moderate drinking; but it is just possible that this very fact will make other persons think all the better of his utterances. These utterances are also the more welcome inasmuch as—partly, no doubt, from a very well founded conviction that drunkenness had been one of the greatest curses of the British army; partly, we fear, from a certain desire to curry favour with popular fads—some military and naval authorities of late years have gone a long way in the total abstinence direction. A part of the speech is devoted to a different subject, and one which is sometimes tabooed to ears polite—to wit, the senseless, and for the most part perfectly unmeaning, foulness of language which is another of the British soldier's besetting sins, and which in the public places of garrison towns is often a very real and a very intolerable nuisance. Sir FREDERICK'S words on this subject also are worth attention; but, as there is not much possibility of difference of opinion here, they need discussion less.

The best part of the speech is to be found partly in the remarks on moderate drinking and partly in the description of the kind of substitute for, or rather supplement to, the old canteen which Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS would like to see everywhere, has seen at Rangoon, and seems to have persuaded the Indian Government to set up in all but the smallest stations. "If it were possible," says the General, he "would like to see every man in the army a total "abstainer. But it is not possible, nor perhaps in some "constitutions, and from some points of view, especially "in such an exhausting climate as that of India, is it "desirable. Moreover, the man who has sufficient control "over himself to take what is allowable, as St. PAUL says, "for his stomach's sake and no more is, in my opinion, "a finer character than he who takes the pledge because he "cannot trust himself to touch stimulants without taking "more than is good for him. It is the man of strong will "and self-control who makes the best soldier, and who is "required for the army." These last words would not be a bad inscription for every canteen on the one side and every "Temperance Room" on the other, though we do not know that the temperance people would like them. Fortunately, as we have said, it seems that they are not mere talk, and that their principle is going to be carried out by the provision all over India of garrison Institutes where men can drink or not drink as they choose. And we confess that some at least of the promoters of a certain People's Palace in a certain other East would do well to blush as they read the description of the refreshment-room "occupied by "men enjoying their evening meal, with which those who "wished for it could have beer, brought them from the "neighbouring canteen." In this plan there is nothing of the childish forbidding of things lawful and the childish keeping out of things forbidden which our good folk at home believe in. The canteen is to be reduced to an appendage to the Institute, so that the Indian soldier, like his betters, can have his beer or his diluted spirits with his meal, or his game, or his book, and not be forced to drink, and nothing but drink, if he wishes to drink at all. The English East ender is to be dealt with on a different principle, and must make up for lost time in the other "palace" as he goes home. We only ask every sensible person to consider which is likely to be the better and which is actually the more reasonable plan. But, then, perhaps our wise men do not think that "it is the man of "self-control and of strong will who makes the best" citizen and "is most required" in London. In that case the wisdom of the nearer East is scarcely equal to that of the further, and Mile End is a long way behind Meerut.

THE FISHERIES TREATY.

THE announcement that the proposed Fisheries Treaty has been virtually rejected by the United States has almost escaped notice in England. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has more than once reminded his countrymen that their congratulations on his success might perhaps prove to be premature; but his own apparent satisfaction with the result of the negotiation has diverted attention from his occasional warnings. He has good reason for thinking that the unanimous approval by the Commissioners on both sides of the draft of Convention may facilitate a future agreement. The assent of the Canadian Parliament has been assured, and it was well known that the English Government would accept any settlement which had satisfied the Imperial and Colonial representatives. It might have been thought that an arrangement on which all parties to the negotiation were agreed could hardly fail to terminate a long-standing controversy; but it is not easy to conclude a treaty with the United States, inasmuch as the ratification depends on the consent of three branches of the Government, and as some of them are affected by considerations which have nothing to do with the merits of the agreement. If the Convention were to pass the Senate, having already been recommended by the PRESIDENT, its provisions would render an Act of Congress necessary; but there is no doubt that the Democratic majority of the House of Representatives would support the decision of the PRESIDENT. Grave doubts were from the first entertained as to the course which the Senate might pursue. In that body the Republican party is the stronger, and the Committee of Foreign Relations has, of course, been nominated by the majority. It is now known that the Committee has advised the rejection of the treaty, and there is no doubt that the Senate will act accordingly. The Democrats in the Senate, accepting their defeat, propose not to pass the treaty, but to postpone the discussion till next winter. By that time the result of the Presidential election will be known, and the advocates of the treaty think that it would become more popular after some experience of its temporary and provisional operation. The Republicans are fully determined that the question shall be decided while they have still the control of the Senate. It may therefore be assumed that, except as far as their agreement may exercise an incidental or collateral influence, the conclusions of the Commissioners have been altogether nullified.

The Republican Senators and other members of the party will have no difficulty in devising excuses for a proceeding which certainly seems to need apology. The apparent objections to the treaty have been repeatedly urged by its opponents; but friends and enemies are perfectly aware that it was defeated neither on its defects nor on its merits, but with exclusive reference to the coming election. The Senate, unless it has changed its intention, was about to consider the treaty in secret session for the apparent purpose of securing a strict party vote. The hostility of the Repub-

licans is directed, not so much against England or Canada, as against Mr. CLEVELAND. His recent declaration in favour, not of Free trade, but of reduced protective duties, has raised the hopes of his adversaries. The managers could not allow him the credit of putting an end to a dispute which has lasted for seventy years. It is not a little remarkable that the names of the Republican candidates for the Presidential nomination have scarcely been as yet publicly mentioned. They will be required to pronounce themselves in favour of the most stringent system of Protection, both because it is necessary to secure the votes of the producers, and for the still stronger reason that a section of the Democratic party may perhaps on this point secede from its allegiance. Mr. CLEVELAND'S prospects are at present not altogether brilliant, though he enjoys more fully than any of his recent predecessors the confidence of the best class of American citizens. His chance of success depends on the strength of the organization which is known by the elegant name of "mugwumps," and which is more anxious to promote purity of administration than to support the interests of party. On the other side, the cause of commercial monopoly, of jobbery, and corruption is personified in Mr. BLAINE, though it is doubtful whether he will be selected as the Republican candidate. His formal undertaking not to seek nomination, though it may, perhaps, be sincere, is not believed by either his supporters or his opponents. His candidature would be the more formidable because he has exerted himself with some success to detach the Irish voters from their ancient connexion with the Democratic party. In the probable contingency of his yielding to the gentle violence of his friends, Mr. BLAINE will not fail to indicate his hostility to England, and he will almost certainly condemn the defunct Fisheries Treaty.

It is not clear whether the *modus vivendi*, as it was called, which was to last for two years, will be put in force during even a portion of that time; but it will probably be necessary at once to fall back on the existing relations of the American and Canadian fishermen. It is possible, but not certain, that the good temper and moderation of the Commissioners who negotiated the treaty may outlast their abortive agreement; but it is easy to see that the concessions which were made on behalf of Canada may be used as pretexts for encroachments. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has repeatedly explained that some of the strict legal rights of the Canadian fishermen were deliberately waived by their representative and his colleagues as part of a friendly compromise. There is no more unprofitable or more inconvenient possession than a valid legal pretension against a formidable adversary. The claim, like the man's hold on the wolf's ears, is difficult to maintain and dangerous to let go. The capture of American fishing-boats by Canadian cruisers may be regular and justifiable, but it is a hazardous practice. It is not certain that the Government of the Dominion will be able or willing to prevent the fishermen from insisting on the strict letter of their rights. It is also doubtful whether the Canadian Parliament will repeat concessions which have been summarily renounced by the American Senate. The Commissioners are in no way to be blamed for the failure of the experiment which they seemed to have tried with success. There is no reason to suppose that the Senate and its Foreign Relations Committee would have approved any compact unless it had amounted to an unqualified surrender. Some critics of the policy of the English Government have asserted that it chose an unseasonable time for negotiation. It is impossible to say whether any other date would have been more auspicious. It is true that a year hence the business would not have been complicated by the imminence of a Presidential election; but it was possible that a new President and a new Secretary of State might have been less pacific and less reasonable than Mr. CLEVELAND and Mr. BAYARD. As long as there was anything for the English Government to do the affair was transacted with skill and success. The untoward action of the Senate was wholly unconnected with the conduct of the Foreign Office. It must be assumed that the proceedings of the Conference were laid before the Foreign Relations Committee; but its decision had probably little or nothing to do with statistics or with argument. The fate of the treaty was known as soon as the matter passed into the hands of the Senate. If Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had been a second TALLEYRAND, he could have exercised no influence on the body which absolutely controlled the result.

This is not the first project of a treaty between England and the United States which has in modern times been rejected. Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON, once American Minister in England, negotiated with Lord DERBY, then Foreign Secretary, a settlement of the *Alabama* dispute which purported to be final. The ratification of the treaty was refused either by the American Government or by the Senate; and it is not surprising that the precedent should be followed by the Republican party. The failure of the arrangement left the question open till it was at last settled by the humiliating Treaty of Washington, followed by the iniquitous Geneva award. The great merits of the American Constitution are now more fully appreciated in England than at any former time; but there may be some difference of opinion as to the expediency of the diplomatic supremacy of the Senate. It is true that no other body in the United States commands equal confidence and respect; but among the functions which can be exercised by elected assemblies, the management of foreign relations is perhaps the more anomalous. The Senate includes many members of experience and ability; but no large deliberative body is an effective instrument for the transaction of administrative business. The power of holding secret sessions, though it may be in many respects convenient, necessarily diminishes individual responsibility. As in the present instance, the Senators are believed to act, even in international affairs, under the influence of political motives. An English Foreign Minister, though he may often be mistaken, is almost always independent of party influence in the negotiation of treaties or understandings with other Governments. No advantage can arise from expressions of resentment at a proceeding which was within the competence of the United States. It may be permitted to regret the continuance of a fertile cause of dissension. It is not impossible that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S anticipation of future benefit may sooner or later be realized. The rejection of the treaty by the Senate is a virtual intimation of unwillingness to improve the relations between the two Powers. If hereafter the feeling of the majority should change, the Commissioners will have provided a practicable scheme for effecting the object which is at present unattainable.

IRELAND.

BY far the most satisfactory piece of news from Ireland during the present week is the report of the action taken in the case of NORAH FITZMAURICE. In commenting the other day on the vile persecution to which this unfortunate girl is being subjected, we urged that the boycotting provisions of the Crimes Act might surely be put in force against the known instigators of these cowardly cruelties, and we are glad to see that the authorities in Ireland were of the same opinion. THOMAS DOWLING, Secretary of the suppressed branch of the National League at Lixnaw, the petty tyrant at whose signal the boycotters left the chapel in a body the Sunday before last on NORAH FITZMAURICE entering it, has been promptly summoned, in company with another man named GALVIN, before two resident magistrates, and both men were sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labour. They have, of course, appealed, and are at large for the present on bail; but we are disposed for once to accept that arrangement contentedly, and to reconcile ourselves to the delay of an appeal for the sake of insuring the infliction of an adequate and exemplary punishment. No one, we feel sure, who has not allowed the spirit of political faction to extinguish every honest and manly sympathy in his breast will think that this sentence, severe as it is, should be shortened by a single day. We are glad to record the fact that the conviction has already produced a most salutary effect. NORAH FITZMAURICE, it is reported, "attended Mass last Sunday "without being subjected to the least hostile demonstra- "tion." This is a conclusive answer to those who have pretended that the offence of boycotting is not to be brought under control by a sufficiently resolute application of the Crimes Act. Like every other form of concerted human action, it requires the continual intervention of organizers and leaders to keep it at work. We have only got to make this intervention a service of sufficient danger, and the system will soon fall to pieces from sheer lack of any one who cares to risk his liberty by assuming leadership. There is no man who has less of the martyr's spirit in his composition than the Irish boycotter.

Pending the appeal lodged by the man DOWLING and his companion, who have been convicted at Listowel, there are other parts of the country to which the authorities would do well to turn their attention. At Knocknagree, near Kanturk, for instance, there is work for them to do of

exactly the same kind as they have so successfully accomplished in Kerry. Mrs. KEEFE, whose husband has been severely boycotted for four years, went to hear Mass in her village chapel the Sunday before last, when, her attendance being unexpected, no demonstration occurred. On her attempting, however, to repeat the experiment last Sunday, the entire congregation of about 300 persons left the chapel when she entered it. It should not be impossible to find out who acted during the week as the principal contrivers of the very different reception given to Mrs. KEEFE on her repetition of the offence of going to chapel, and to bring them, as has been done at Listowel, to speedy justice. At Miltown-Malbay, again, the attention of the authorities is due to the case of HANNAH CARROLL—Mr. PARNELL's "hale old woman of about fifty," who, singularly enough, is the mother of a man about fifty-three. In this instance the sharp enforcement of the law is not at first producing the desired effect. The rector of the parish has written to an Irish newspaper stating that the punishment of six months' imprisonment inflicted by the County Court judge at Ennis on HANNAH CARROLL's boycotters, as the result of an appeal from a sentence of three months' imprisonment passed by the magistrates at petty sessions, has aroused against her in the neighbourhood a feeling so relentless that she and her son cannot possibly hope for any means of subsistence unless it comes to them from without. "They are now," he says, "entirely dependent "on the aid and sympathy of the Loyalists." This dependence, however, ought not, we think, to be, or at least ought not to continue to be, so entire as Dr. BONYNGE represents it. We should not allow the boycotters to suppose that we shall tire of vindicating the law before they tire of violating it. Let the authorities try the experiment of sending another batch of HANNAH CARROLL's boycotters to keep company with the men already in gaol, and we shall see if the behaviour of Miltown-Malbay does not improve as much as that of Lixnaw has improved under similar treatment.

We observe that Mr. JUSTIN M'CARTHY, who formally included the case above mentioned among those cited in support of his recent Parliamentary protest against the enhancement of sentences by County Court judges, was careful not to enlarge upon it. He dwelt eloquently on the wrongs of Father M'FADDEN, "a model parish priest and a "pure patriot whose acquaintance he was proud to possess"; and he referred in feeling terms to the hard case of his "hon. friend the member for South Armagh." Why, then, did he pass so lightly over these humbler friends of his whose sentence has been doubled by a harsh judicial functionary for the patriotic act of persecuting an old woman? If Mr. M'CARTHY is ashamed of these lowly allies and their conduct, he has no business to be; for they are implicitly obeying the instructions of Mr. M'CARTHY's leader. We can well understand, however, that examples of the kind may have been regarded as not the most suitable to the taste of the House of Commons, and that it was thought better to confine the complaint mainly to the case of the "model parish priest" and the interesting Mr. BLANE. For our own part, however, we shall take the liberty of drawing special attention to the circumstances of the appeal in the boycotting cases, inasmuch as it appears to us to dispose of the whole mass of calumnious insinuation with which Mr. GLADSTONE and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, to their deep disgrace, assailed the Irish judiciary. The judge before whom the appeal was brought went fully into the case, and came to the conclusion, on all the facts, that the offence was one deserving the full punishment which he had to inflict. We have no doubt that he was abundantly justified in so thinking, and, if so, he would have been neglecting his obvious duty if he had allowed the inadequate sentence to stand. The virulence displayed in the Gladstonian ranks in the extemporized debate of last Tuesday, and the indignant protests of that profound lawyer Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT against the "unconstitutional" character of the decision on these appeals, are intelligible enough. The Irish patriot is always, and always has been, filled with wrath and consternation at the discovery that he is not to be allowed to play the game of disorder "with the advantages." He has assumed, and his Gladstonian friends pretend to have assumed with him, that, in giving him the privilege of appeal, the Legislature were simply handicapping justice for his benefit, and that every attempt on his part to get off punishment by resort to a higher tribunal was, as between himself and the Crown, to be essentially a case of "Heads "I win, and tails you lose." What makes the assumption the more unreasonable in the present case is that it is in direct conflict with the demand put forward last year by the Parnellites themselves. It would have been quite possible for them to have contented themselves with a mere right to have cases "stated," on points of law alone, for the decision of the County Court judges; but they were not satisfied with this, and loudly maintained that it would be quite inadequate for their protection from gross injustice at the hands of a "removable" magistracy. They clamoured for an appeal which should be *eo nomine* a rehearing. Nothing less would serve them than that a County Court judge, whose independence of the Executive they delighted at that time to compare with the subservience of the resident magistrate, should be invested with complete cognizance of the whole case on the occasion of an appeal from Petty Sessions. It was in deference to these demands that the Government extended to the County Court judges in Ireland the jurisdiction exercised by the Quarter Sessions, and it thereupon became the duty of those judges, as the SOLICITOR-GENERAL for IRELAND pointed out, "upon "the evidence brought before them, to exercise their dis-"cretion, independently of the sentence which the Court "below might have pronounced." It is just possible that some of the more feather-headed of the Parnellite agitators might not last year have grasped the fact that a possibility of the aggravation of sentences is legally and logically involved in the notion of a "rehearing." But it must have been perfectly well known to men like Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. SHAW LEFEVRE, and their audacious affectation of surprise at the discovery deceives no one.

DISHING CE BRAV' GÉNÉRAL.

WHEN a thousand gentlemen or so are all striving together for the upper hand, it is likely that there will be a good deal of change in their relative positions from day to day. And yet nothing may have happened to alter the odds in favour of any particular one of them. Taking the two Chambers and the outsiders of various kinds together, it may be roughly calculated that the political battle in France is being carried on by the number of persons given above. As they are mostly pretty active and can all shout, it is not wonderful that this or the other handful of them should attract exclusive attention for a space. It would, however, be very rash to conclude that this temporary prominence will hide General BOULANGER for long. M. FLOQUET may persuade Senators or Deputies to vote the order of the day, the Count of PARIS may set the town talking by a manifesto, President CARNOT may go on his travels, and be applauded at his native place, Limoges, and yet the General be none the worse. His luck has been singularly persistent. Not once or twice, nor even twenty times, has he been hidden for a moment, and thereupon pronounced dead and buried, only to turn up again more vivacious than ever. It will be well to wait a little before deciding that M. FLOQUET has got him, or is likely to get him, under lock and key. Even the quarrels between his supporters in the press, the *Cocarde* and the *Lanterne*, ought not to encourage his enemies. It remains to be seen whether they were not arranged for one thing; and then they have this advantage, that whatever happens in the approaching elections, it will be competent to the General to say that he foresaw and arranged it. He has only to wait and choose his prophet after the event. In the meantime he can stand with a clove-pink in his button-hole—an elegant and poetic flower—and watch for his opening.

The reality of the General's power is proved by the fact that he is the cause of all the effervescence. Everything done in France now is done for him, or against him, or merely because of him. President CARNOT has gone on tour—not without doubts and fears—mainly to counteract his popularity. The politicians are equally busy in their way. So much of our language has been naturalized in France that it will not be wonderful if the verb "to dish" is also recruited before long. "Disher" will look quite as classic as "five-o'cloquer." The newspapers will easily make the exact force of the word understood. M. FLOQUET will supply one example of its proper use. He, having come into office pledged to revision, has discovered that the General would be the person most likely to profit by it; accordingly he would rather not revise for the moment. But, as an alternative, he offers abundant Radicalism—

separation of Church and State, after due legislation designed to keep the Church gagged and handcuffed; a democratic Army Bill; and autonomy for Paris—anything, in short, the Radicals please, if only they will keep down that abominable BOULANGER. As one half the General's popularity is due to the hatred and fear inspired by the Radicals, this does not seem the kind of policy likely to damage his chance. It is also doubtful whether the Moderates will long continue to behave as if it were better to support measures they dread and detest than to improve the General's position. For the rest, the Chamber, though it did vote the order of the day at M. FLOQUET'S request, also voted the urgency of revision. It may soon be impossible to postpone the experiment any longer, and then who knows what may happen? The Count's attempt to dish the General will be even less dangerous for him than M. FLOQUET'S. Revision and a plebiscite have the Count of PARIS'S entire approval. He foresaw that they must come, and urged the necessity of them long ago, only it is self-evident to him that the proper person to profit by them is the Count of PARIS. Therefore he tranquilly awaits the appearance of his name at the head of the poll. The Count does not present himself as the born King of France, but only as one candidate among others for the favour of the most sweet voices, and he expects to secure them. A more wonderful delusion never arose in the brain of any exile. With a rival on one side who has no resource but to intensify and extend the policy of social disturbance, which has already excited almost rabid hatred against the Republic, and on the other a Prince who will not use the only claim which entitles him to any attention whatever, General BOULANGER ought to have an easy game. He has hardly more to do for the present than hold his tongue, and that he has shown he can do with excellent effect.

CONVOCATION AND THE COURTS.

LAST week we had some remarks to make upon the lighter side of certain proceedings in the Convocation of York. The judgment of the Queen's Bench Division in the case of Canon TRISTRAM, which was delivered by the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE last Wednesday, has a grave historic interest of a very different sort. Canon TRISTRAM himself deserves much personal sympathy. He possesses a great reputation for learning, and he has for many years been one of the Proctors for the Archdeaconry of Durham in the clerical Parliament of the Northern Province. In the year 1886 he was suddenly declared to be disqualified by the Archbishop of YORK—a prelate who answers very well to the famous description given by a cabman of the late Mr. JOHN FORSTER. At the election of that year three candidates were nominated for two vacancies, and Canon TRISTRAM was second on the poll. But the ARCHBISHOP decided that the first and third candidates were duly elected, to the exclusion of the second, on the ground that Canon TRISTRAM did not hold a benefice in the constituency which he sought to represent. The Canon appealed to the High Court of Justice, but the judges held that Convocation was independent of the Court, and that the ruling of its President could not be controlled by any secular tribunal. It will be seen that Lord COLERIDGE, with whom Baron POLLOCK and Mr. Justice HAWKINS concurred, refused to consider the question whether the ARCHBISHOP was right or wrong, or whether, if he had declined to act altogether, he might have been compelled to do so. What they state is that, having acted, he cannot be ordered by mandamus to alter his determination, which must be regarded as final. The public are not, perhaps, greatly concerned with the ARCHBISHOP'S dictum that, whereas the diocese is the unit in the Convocation of Canterbury, in the Convocation of York the unit is the Archdeaconry. The Convocation of York has been prorogued since we last wrote, apparently without having done anything in particular. But Lord COLERIDGE'S cursory review of Convocation from the earliest times, sketchy and imperfect as it naturally is, throws some light on the relations between Church and State, and on the meaning, in this sense, of the word "Establishment." At the conclusion of the arguments some weeks ago, the Court intimated that Canon TRISTRAM'S application must be refused, mainly on the ground that no precedent could be discovered for it in the annals of the law. It was admittedly not authorized by any express statute, and the weight of unbroken custom, or rather the negative effect of no instance being producible, might in itself have prevailed.

Everybody, or almost everybody, knows that Convocation is a very ancient body, "probably in some shape older than "Parliament," and that before the reign of CHARLES II. it was charged with the duty of taxing the clergy. "Our "supposed jurisdiction," says Lord COLERIDGE, "rests on no "statute; if it exists at all, it exists at common law, and "existed, therefore, in days when Convocations were as "important as Parliaments, as independent, perhaps as "powerful. This writ, if the argument be correct, might "have been directed to CHICHELE or SUDBURY, to SCROPE or "WOLSEY, as well as to Archbishops BENSON or THOMSON." The present constitution of Convocation is at least as old as the Council of Northampton, which met, under EDWARD I., in 1283. The writ drawn up by Archbishop PECKHAM on that occasion directed that "each of the bishops, as was "provided in the said congregation, shall about the aforesaid "day cause the clergy of his diocese to be assembled in a "certain place, and shall there have carefully expounded to "them the propositions made on behalf of the King, so that "at the said time and place at London, from each diocese "two proctors in the name of the clergy; and from each "cathedral and collegiate chapter one proctor, shall be sent "with sufficient instructions, who shall have full and ex-"press power of treating with us and our brethren upon the "premisses, and of consenting to such measures as for "the honour of the Church, the comfort of the King, and "the peace of the realm, the community of the clergy shall "provide." There are probably not many people left who think that the Church of England was established by Act of Parliament or invented by Henry VIII. Lord COLERIDGE understates the case when he says "that the separation of "Convocation and Parliament has been complete since the "days of RICHARD II., if not of EDWARD III." The clergy, though now specially represented in Parliament only by a limited number of the bishops, were an estate of the realm, and Convocation was summoned directly by the writ of the Archbishop. Even now it is contended that Convocation, with the assent of the Crown, which means, of course, the Ministry of the day, may bind the clergy, though not the laity. The Bishop of CHESTER, whose authority on such points is second to no man's, declares that "the Convoca-"tions of the two Provinces, as the recognized constitutional "assemblies of the English clergy, have undergone, except "in the removal of the monastic members at the dissolu-"tion, no change of organization from the reign of "EDWARD I. down to the present day." These facts are not to be contemptuously dismissed as mere antiquarianism. They have an important bearing upon some secular as well as upon many ecclesiastical controversies of the time.

THE GREAT ATHENIAN RUMMAGE.

THE public is indebted to the Athens Correspondent of the *Daily News* for one of the most delightful stories (we really do not care in the least whether it is true or false) which have relieved the dulness of modern politics. M. TRICOUPIS, the Greek Minister, is known to many Englishmen as a clever person, but many clever persons there be whose cleverness has never been rewarded so much in the manner of the Land of Novels as his, always according to the *Daily News'* Correspondent. For it was so that M. TRICOUPIS, who has been called (it is a great shame) the "Greek GLADSTONE," arranged budgets which were to make the revenue of his glorious, but not wholly pecunious, country advance by leaps and bounds. The money came in, the seasons were favourable, it was Greece, and exceedingly living Greece once more; but somehow nobody could make out where the money went after coming. The more freely it poured in the less there was. Then M. TRICOUPIS, like the grey-eyed goddess of his country and city, thought of something else. He appeared at the Ministry of Finance at seven o'clock in the morning (a hideous act), got the necessary quorum of Ministers or heads of departments together, asked the Chief Cashier (what is cashier in Greek?) for his keys, and said, like the great hero of DICKENS, "Let's have a rummage."

So they had a rummage. And the first thing they came upon was a bundle of notes to the tune of two hundred thousand—francs only, but francs are not to be despised. And the second was another small bundle, and the third was like unto it, and the fourth was a bag of napoleons, and the fifth a ditto of dollars. And so they went on till they made up six millions of tenpences, to which a postscript adds three millions more, and, for all we know, they are

adding still. We do not know whether M. TRICOUPIS did what an eccentric London Bohemian of the last generation is reported to have done, determining for once to realize the actual sensation of "rolling in money," but, if he did, he had some excuse for it. The state of the Chief Cashier is not reported as equally gracious. He says he meant it as a surprise; but the sons of the Greeks, though an amiable race, do not appear quite to believe him. The charitable allege that he did not mean to convey the money himself, but only to hand it over to his Hellenic Majesty's Opposition, who have, oddly enough, been prophesying deficits. But these things lie in the lap of the gods and the law. The Public Prosecutor is said to be moving in the matter, and, as was once remarked in the Greek language, "the Courts are "open." Meanwhile, the millions lie in the lap of M. TRICOUPIS, and a joyful man we ween is he. He has had none of the uncomfortable experiences of the Heir of Lynne (for, after all, you can never be quite certain that the hook will come down and bring a key with it), and yet he has the chests of gold and eke of the white money. Except in the point of getting up at seven o'clock (which, we own, is not pleasant and makes one yawn horribly in the evening) his labours are nothing to those of him who had the Gold Bug. Yet nobody ever had a more pleasing taste of what picking up gold and silver means. As for the Cashier, there is much to be said for him. All mankind is akin, and the practice of hiding sums of money which you feel sure you shall spend if you do not hide them is not unheard of. Only it is so hard really to forget where they are, or else to remember when you have forgotten. In this case, however, the happy inspiration of M. TRICOUPIS prevented the Cashier's little plan from coming to nought, owing to a lack of resolution on the planner's part, and at the same time gave the Minister and his associates what, even though it happened in the neighbourhood of the Parthenon, we may be excused for calling a high old time. If the Greek Minister has inherited the historic pen of his father, this ought to give him a noble subject:—
ὁ δὲ Χαρίλαος, μυὸς ῥάττης ὀσφραινόμενος, πρωαίτατα ἐξ εὐνῆς ἀνέστη, κ.τ.λ.

It is doubtful whether any Greek chronicler since his time, who drew for us the picture of the gentleman with the large boots and the loose tunic all full of gold dust staggering out of the treasury, has had such a cheerful theme.

MUSICAL COPYRIGHT.

THE Musical Copyright Bill, which was read a second time in the House of Lords on Tuesday last, promises redress for a minor social grievance of a rather serious kind. The case of WARNE & Co. *v.* SEEBOHM, in which Mr. Justice STIRLING has reserved his judgment, presents a new shape of the old controversy between the novelist and the dramatic adapter. The nervous citizens who have persuaded themselves that legislation in this country is conducted with indecent haste may perhaps be comforted by reflection on the fact that the Bill of which Lord ONSLOW has charge in the Upper House embodies the recommendations of a Royal Commission which sat in 1878. To be sure, there is no political capital to be made out of traps laid for unwary singers at public entertainments, nor have performers at village concerts ever risen in their might to organize the intimidation of the House of Lords. The simple object of the Musical Copyright Bill, introduced into the House of Commons by a private member, but since amended at the instance of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL and taken up by the Government, is to provide that there shall in future be no *minimum* penalty for the unauthorized performance of copyright music. At present the damages recoverable in such cases cannot be less than forty shillings—a circumstance of which the "Authors' and Composers' Copyright "Dramatic Office" has not been slow to avail itself. According to Lord KNUTSFORD, a member of the Commission, who replied to Lord BRAMWELL's paradoxical caricature of the sacredness of property with great spirit and force, the Authors' and Composers' Dramatic Copyright Office consists of "a Mr. WALL," whose name must be familiar to all readers of legal reports. "This "gentleman," added Lord KNUTSFORD, "has three clients, "and his plan is to watch the occasions on which these "songs are sung, and then to pounce down upon the giver "of the entertainment, or proprietor of the hall, where the "song was sung." By means such as these damages have been recovered from a child of thirteen, and the whole proceeds of a charitable concert have been swallowed up in legal expenses. Under the Bill the sum to which the plaintiff is entitled will be fixed by the Court, and the judge will have, as in other cases, full control over the costs. It was estimated by Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, who gave evidence before the Royal Commission, that the real loss to the composer or owner of the copyright from the singing of a song seldom exceeded sixpence, and there can be no doubt that full justice will be done to all parties by the Bill. Lord BRAMWELL's argument that the measure involves confiscation, because copyright has been bought and sold under the existing system, may be very powerful in a court of law. But its recognition in Parliament would reduce the Legislature to impotence.

THE POPE AND IRELAND.

THE effect of the PERSICO mission on the POPE's mind, and the expression of that mind in set terms, are matters of so much importance to the future of Ireland that one cannot be too careful in anticipating what they may be. The ordinary rules of evidence, however, give some help in the present case. The Roman Correspondent of the *Times* (who has generally shown himself to be somewhat more trustworthy than some foreign Correspondents of that journal) says not only that the POPE "will publicly condemn "the Plan of Campaign and boycotting, reserving other "matters," but that Mgr. PERSICO's Report is "strongly "adverse to the Nationalists" in all ways. This, of course, is information from Unionist sources. But we turn to the only anti-Unionist source of information which retains a rag or shred of respectability among the newspapers of London, and we find there, not only no contradiction, but a *caveat* which amounts to the strongest confirmation. "The "reports," it says (such as those we have quoted), "must "not be accepted without correction." "The SALISBURY "Cabinet has no doubt obtained certain advantages." The POPE will make renewed efforts "in the sense of inducing "Irishmen to respect the law." But he will "take no steps "which might displease the Roman Catholics of Ireland."

Unless Unionist and Separatist authorities are alike deceived, the interpretation to be placed on this is unmistakable, and it may be added that any other interpretation or anticipation would be utterly irreconcilable with the character which LEO XIII. has won in all Christendom for statesmanship, honour, and Christianity. To hear an impartial, or even a moderately partial, account of the Nationalists and their methods, is for any person who (not being an English Gladstonian, which is a fourth species) belongs to either of the three classes just referred to quite enough. That the Plan of Campaign is a negation in terms of the Eighth Commandment, that boycotting is a happy and ingenious arrangement for contravening by a single operation every precept of the Sermon on the Mount, that Parnellism is crime in three syllables instead of one by the laws of all countries, are propositions which it may suit our Gladstonians to deny, but which both they and every one else know to be true. If LEO XIII. had come to any other conclusion, there could be choice between two comments only. Either Mgr. PERSICO must have borne elaborately false witness, or His Holiness the POPE must have been a very different person from the person for whom all reasonable Christendom has, since his elevation, taken him. Fortunately, it would seem that there is no need for either of these uncomfortable decisions, and it need hardly be added that there is no need for any "Roman Catholics," except criminals and the abettors of criminals, to be "displeased." There may be some good people who think that there is a natural friendship between the Roman branch of the Catholic Church and crime. We do not think so here.

A NEW SNUB FROM AFRICA.

THERE is always something new and disagreeable turning up in Africa. At the present moment it is the danger that a considerable English commercial and missionary establishment may be choked out of existence between Arabs, Portuguese, and Germans. The difficulty would seem to be this, for us not unusual one—namely, that we have assumed certain responsibilities, and British subjects have been allowed to invest their labour and

their capital in a region where they are not safe unless they can fight, and for the moment they cannot or are not allowed to fight. So they are being menaced on all sides and are calling for help from Government. The district in question is the valley of the Zambesi and its affluent the Shiré, together with the basin of Lake Nyassa. At a time when we were more enthusiastic about LIVINGSTONE, the suppression of the slave trade, the elevation of the black, and the extension of British influence than we seem to be to-day, missionaries were encouraged to follow the famous Scotch explorer into this country. The invitation, or perhaps it was only hint, of the British Government was taken with great spirit, particularly by the Mission Societies of the Established and Free Churches of Scotland. It will not be forgotten that the remarkable Mission establishment of Blantyre ran its curious career in this region. The errors of that venture, however, have been atoned for, and of late the Missions—notably and honourably the Scotch—have been creditably at work converting the heathen native to a purer faith, combating the Arab slave-hunters by more humane trade, and securing for the British merchant adventurer a moderate percentage on his invested capital.

Things were going on nicely in this way till Germany thought of extending its influence in a colonial way, and we simultaneously began to be less anxious to extend our own. Then the Germans stepped into the continental dominions of the Sultan of Zanzibar, and stopped our road one way. Stories began to float about of what had been happening further south in Africa, and the Arab man-hunters were spirited up to attack the intruding white men who interfered with their business. In the meantime, since in these days every puny whipster can have our sword, the Portuguese laid hands on the Zambesi. They have forbidden any flag but their own to navigate it, and have laid a heavy transit duty on all non-Portuguese goods. Consequently, the British missions in the Shiré and Nyassa country are entirely shut off from the world, and are at the mercy of their savage enemies, the slave-hunters. This is the state of things which a meeting of delegates from Missions, Scotch and English, and of members of Parliament, held at the Westminster Palace Hotel, on Tuesday, has asked the Government to consider and amend. It is not a creditable one, either to our sense or our dignity. The claim advanced by the missionaries, that they went in as the agents of Government, may be exaggerated. There can, however, be no doubt that they were tacitly encouraged to go. At a time when it was politically convenient to profess great zeal for the suppression of slavery, Foreign Secretaries were in the habit of pushing adventurers (honourable adventurers, of course) on into Africa. There was an understanding that they were to be supported more or less. This may not have constituted them agents of Government, but it is a valid reason why they should not be left in the lurch when trouble comes on them. The sudden activity of Portugal in the country is a provocation. Its vague claim on the Zambesi has never been enforced for centuries. Nor would it have been heard of now if our missionaries and traders had not shown that there was something to be got. It is a little too much that, when the Lake Company and the Missions have laid the eggs, the weasel Portuguese should come in and suck them. At least it is not for us to tell them that they are the mair sumphs to lay in such exposed places. What course ought to be taken is not so easily settled. Unfortunately we have allowed our relations with our neighbours of all colours and races in Africa to fall into such inextricable confusion, we have been so contradictory and unsteady, that we have made it difficult for ourselves to follow any plain course now. With Portugal in particular we have carried on all kinds of negotiations at cross purposes, and have left them in the air. Still, past mistakes supply no reason for neglect of our interest and dignity now, and we can at least insist on a free trade route to a district of recognized British influence which has been entirely opened up by ourselves.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

IT would be unjust to Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL to suppose that he intended, or even desired, to produce any such effect upon the position of the Government or the situation in Ireland as the delighted Gladstonians have ascribed to his speech of Wednesday last. To begin with, he no doubt knows very well that the exultation is absurdly exaggerated, and that his recent Parliamentary attack on his late colleagues is not "worth many elections," or worth any election, to the Separatist party. He is well aware that he does not possess anything like that power of mischief, even supposing him capable of exercising it of malice aforethought, if he possessed it. That, however, is a supposition which, as we have said, we entirely reject. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, to do him justice, is not the kind of politician who is capable of a deliberate attempt to wreck an Administration from which he has withdrawn. His performance of last Tuesday was, we fully believe, no outbreak of animosity against the Government. So far as it was not due to mere honest wrongheadedness—and we are afraid we cannot refer it wholly to that—it is to be regarded simply, we think, as the sally of a naturally uneasy vanity, rendered still more restless in Lord RANDOLPH's present position by the consciousness that a rival whom he once probably regarded as a disciple has unmistakably outstripped him in the race.

Nevertheless, while willing to adopt this comparatively indulgent view of his motives, we are bound to add that, if they had been all that the enemies of the Government assume them to have been, we doubt whether it would or could have affected the outward aspect of his conduct for the worse. If he had actually wished to embarrass his late colleagues as much as possible, and to retard to the utmost of his power the completion of their task in Ireland, he could hardly have gone a better way to work. If he thought it due to his own consistency—though it is strange that he should regard that creditor, who to every one else seems leniency itself, as so exacting—to protest against what appeared to him a too indefinite postponement of Irish claims to an extension of local government, we have not to look further than Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's speech for a specimen of the manner in which this might have been quite harmlessly and inoffensively done. But, as a matter of fact, it seems to us quite impossible, even for the most strictest interpreter of the Ministerial pledges given through Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL in 1886, to come to the conclusion that they need have compelled even the most sensitive of political consciences to a protest against the present attitude of the Government. Lord RANDOLPH's own account of these pledges—to say nothing of the timely and telling commentary on them which has been since supplied by Mr. CHAPLIN—sufficiently answers his speech of Tuesday last. The undertaking which he gave in behalf of the Government in 1886 was expressly cited by him as an undertaking to take up the question of Irish local government, "with "similarity, equality, and simultaneity" as between Ireland and England, "as far as the circumstances of the two "countries would permit." It ought now to be enough to ask him whether, in his present opinion, the circumstances of one of the two countries do admit of "simultaneity" in the treatment of this question. But, as Mr. CHAPLIN has since reminded him, his actual words in 1886 were considerably stronger and more definite than his latest summary of them. What he actually said was that it would be the ambition of the Government "to introduce into Ireland, if only peace "and order prevailed in that country and the same state of "law and general acceptance of obligations that prevails in "England, a local government as similar as possible to any "institutions of the kind introduced into this country." Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has no refuge from the conclusion—fatal to all valid excuse for his recent speech—which these words suggest. He has been, in fact, driven to the amazing proposition that there would be no "*bonâ* "*fide* carrying out of the policy" he announced two years ago if Ireland is not to have local government until the state of order in that country is satisfactory to the Executive Government. What other test, in the name of sanity, can be applied to the question whether the conditions of the pledge of 1886 have or have not been fulfilled than the judgment of the Executive Government of the day? Are they to admit that these conditions have been fulfilled, and that "peace and order and the general "acceptance of obligations" prevail in Ireland whenever they may be told so from below the gangway, or even from the front Opposition bench? Is Mr. O'BRIEN to define "peace and order" for them, and are they to take their conclusions as to the "general acceptance of obligation" from the author of the Plan of Campaign? And, if not, how can the pledges of 1886 be properly made good, with due regard to their proviso, until "the state of order in "Ireland is satisfactory to the Executive Government"?

THE NEW GALLERY LICENCE.

THE "New Gallery," under the management of Messrs. Comyns Carr and Hallé, is already in trouble about its drinks. A licence was granted by the local justices, but required to be confirmed by the Middlesex Licensing Committee. Nobody—for a wonder—was found sufficiently silly or disagreeable to oppose the licence, so the Middlesex magistrates resorted to an objection of their own. They inquired whether everybody would be allowed to come into the Gallery without paying. They were told certainly not, and thereupon they refused to confirm the licence; and, as there is no appeal from their decision, the public who go to look at the New Gallery pictures will not (unless Messrs. Carr and Hallé are ingenious enough to defeat the Licensing Committee) be able to get anything to drink there—in other words, will not be able to lunch comfortably on the premises.

There are several more or less curious points about this decision. In the first place, it appears that the local magistrates, who granted the licence in the first instance, have a rule of their own, which happens to be the converse of the Licensing Committee's rule. The local magistrates will not grant a licence unless they are assured in writing that nobody will be allowed to come in without paying. The Licensing Committee will not confirm a licence if anybody has to pay to go in. It is not for us to say that either of these admirably simple and intelligible rules is otherwise than excellent, though, if we had to choose one, the local magistrates' rule would seem suitable to apply to art galleries, and the Licensing Committee's to apply to public-houses. But the application of both to any case or all cases seems unlikely to suit the views of anybody with more sense than Sir Wilfrid Lawson. Naturally enough the barrister who appeared to support the application said that drink was allowed to be sold at the Royal Academy, the Aquarium, the South Kensington Exhibitions, Olympia, and the like, and that in no such case was anybody allowed to come in who had not paid. Only one of these cases did the Committee attempt to distinguish from the case before them, and that was the august instance of the Royal Academy. They distinguished it by saying that the Royal Academy had no licence, and that they did not know by what right liquor was sold there. Perhaps it is in the charter; perhaps the Academy has contrived to get hold of a Free Vintner; perhaps they sell drink in defiance of the law, secure in the conviction that nobody would be brutal enough to prosecute them for it. Perhaps they have a licence. As to the other notorious instances of the same thing the Committee said nothing, or, if they did, it was not reported.

The refusal of the licence by the Licensing Committee is absurd enough, and the fact that it was refused because the applicant had perforce fulfilled the condition imposed upon him by the local justices—namely, that of undertaking in writing that the public should not be admitted without payment—is exquisitely absurd; but the affair is not without its serious side. Whatever the law may be, and whatever discretion the Licensing Committee may or may not have, the fact that a place of the character of the Grosvenor Gallery or the Royal Academy is not to be allowed to supply its visitors with such luncheon as sober and respectable persons are accustomed to procure for themselves when sightseeing is preposterous, offensive, and grossly unjust. It is not suggested that the granting of a licence could, among even the most idiotic of human beings, give any cause of offence. The proprietors of the Gallery will want to sell drink and their customers will want to buy it; and, as long as there is not a Maine Law in London, it is impossible to imagine a good reason why a transaction profitable to one party and convenient to the other should not be allowed to be carried out. If the law has in this instance been rightly construed and administered, it ought to be changed, and that at once.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

LORD DUNRAVEN is to be congratulated on more grounds than one. His Bill for the reform of the House of Lords has afforded him an opportunity of delivering a carefully prepared, and on the whole very creditable, speech. It has elicited from the Prime Minister an announcement of some importance as to the intentions of the Government in the matter in question; and it has further enabled Lord Salisbury, in an admirably weighty and cogent speech, to demolish the unstable and imperfectly thought-out theories of reform which underlie all those ambitious proposals of which Lord Dunraven's is the latest, and perhaps the most pronounced, example. The chief value, to our thinking, of the Prime Minister's criticism on Lord Dunraven's Bill consists not so much in his exposure of its extravagances of detail—for in these respects the next amateur reformer might keep clear of his predecessor's errors—as in its vigorous combating of the main principle, to almost all amateur reformers the accepted principle, on which the measure is based. Differing in many points from one another, the inventors of new Second Chambers almost all agree in adopting the elective principle in some form or other. It is in accordance, they tell us, with "the spirit of the age"—not perhaps having sufficiently considered whether "the spirit of the age" as they interpret it, or as it will certainly be interpreted for them by those from whom they borrow the phrase, will be contented with an engraftment of the elective principle on anything so opposed to the spirit aforesaid, according to the interpretation of its interpreters aforesaid, as "hereditary privilege." Lord Dunraven and other well-meaning projectors of the same kind would do well to perpend a certain dissent attached to the declaration of peers' eldest sons in favour of reform of the House of Lords which appears in the current number of the *National Review.* "I cannot," says the writer, Mr. Bernard Coleridge, "agree with any of the contemplated reforms of the House of Lords, being in favour of Single Chamber Democracy." There you have it, your "spirit of the age," which men like Lord Dunraven appear to think they can conjure with as long as they like, and bottle up like the fisherman's genie whenever it is becoming troublesome. They may rely upon it that, if the House of Lords were to enter on the course to which Lord Dunraven and Lord Rosebery invite it, future events would not shape themselves according to the wishes of amiable Girondins like the two peers in question, and like most of the signataries whose names are appended to the declaration in the *National Review.* Rather will they take the direction desired by Bernard Égalité and the Jacobins with whom that advanced young politician consorts.

Lord Salisbury's declaration towards the close of his speech is the announcement of a policy which may or may not be adequate in its operation, but which is, at any rate, open to no objection in point of principle. The Government, he said, had been considering the question since the introduction of Lord Rosebery's motion on the subject just before Easter, and, while very anxious to avoid the idea that they would undertake any great reform, they think that a measure for facilitating the entrance of life peers into the House one which would be useful and which they ought to propose. Lord Salisbury is not prepared to go the heroic length of Lord Pembroke's proposal to create 150 or 200 life peers; but, though he intends to proceed in a more moderate manner, he is willing to make a beginning at once, and promises the early introduction of a Bill on the subject. He is also desirous of obtaining power by Act of Parliament to expel unfit members of the Upper House—with a view, of course, of getting rid of the ludicrously exaggerated scandal involved in the existence—we purposely abstain from saying "the presence"—in that body of an infinitesimally small number of "black sheep." No doubt, as a matter of order and authority, the House of Lords, like any other Assembly, should possess the power in question; but we venture to think that its exercise, at least under present conditions, will produce no practical effect whatever on the substantial efficiency and dignity of the House. A creation of life peers, if within moderate limits, can do little harm; but we see no reason to believe that the peers thus added to the House will be superior, if they are even equal, to the average of those by whom its business is at present conducted. That they will increase the number of working members may or may not be an advantage, according to circumstances.

BOBBY.

THE birds and animals indigenous to South Africa are nearly all delightful as pets. They have the quaintest and most amusing ways, and become at once affectionate and companionable. It is surprising to find how quickly a creature which only a few days before was torn suddenly from nest or burrow, and abruptly turned out from a Hottentot's pocket into a human

home, becomes an intimate friend, with clearly marked individual characteristics, most interesting to study, and quite different from those of all its companions, even of the same species. On one point, however, the whole menagerie is sure to be alike, and that is, in a strong feeling of rivalry and jealousy of one another, each striving to attract as much attention as possible. Of all the strange birds and beasts collected together on the ostrich farm, of which we spoke some time ago, Bobby the crow was perhaps, on the whole, the greatest favourite. He was a black imp of mischief, who destroyed the vegetables, stole the eggs, killed the chickens, and did his best to pull down the house; but, just as amongst the human race the characters we love best are not always those with fewest faults, so poor Bobby, full of imperfections as he was, possessed so many lovable qualities that his failings were redeemed by his virtues, talents, and devotion. Our first acquaintance began when he was a reddish-brown egg, lying on a flat untidy bundle of sticks in one of the few and far between trees on the Kliplaat Road. We kept an eye on the nest, watching the progress of the young bird through successive stages of repulsive ugliness, until as a half-fledged staggering creature, ungainly in figure, and only partially covered with stiff black quills, we took him home in triumph. At this time Bobby's principal characteristic was insatiable hunger. If any one passed near his basket, up he would shoot like a jack-in-the-box, opening a wide red throat, and shouting defiantly for more porridge, even immediately after a hearty meal. Soon he refused to remain during the day in his basket, tumbling out head foremost, and hobbling about the kitchen. When he had acquired the use of his limbs, Bobby followed us about like a dog, and seemed to think his superintendence was necessary whenever any work was going on, for he never failed to see the ostriches fed, the rations given out, or the washing done. Sometimes a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and he would begin whispering confidentially and eagerly what had come into his mind. He loved to go out riding, and would sit on his master's sun-helmet, balancing himself with his great black wings, and reminding one of the raven crest of some ancient Scandinavian warrior. Suddenly he would dart after one of those great gaudy locusts which look like painted toys, and having captured it, return to his place to enjoy the dainty morsel. Every morning Bobby wakened his master by a few gentle pecks, and then departed on his rounds outside. He would perch on the wire fence and begin to practise all the noises he could remember of fowls, donkeys, or dogs, or hold long conversations with himself, of which profane language seemed to constitute the greater part. At meals his curiosity was boundless; he wanted to taste everything, and his gestures and expression told as distinctly his opinions of the different viands as any language could have done. He knew his name, and would come at once when called, and no fear of danger would have prevented him following his master through fire or water.

As Bobby grew older a porridge diet was no longer to his taste, and he began to pick up a dishonest livelihood in the poultry-yard. He would fly to meet us in the morning and perch on our shoulders with an impudent assumption of innocence, quite unconscious that the yellow stickiness of his bill revealed that he had been breakfasting on newly-laid eggs. Then he took to eating the young chickens, and here his talent for mimicry provided him with many a delicate meal; for he could imitate the maternal call of a fowl to perfection. Many a battle was fought by the hens in defence of their deluded offspring; but Bobby nearly always soared off triumphantly with his prey to the top of the windmill, where he could enjoy the fruits of his poaching in security. One day he stole some food that had been mixed with wine for a sick fowl that wanted "picking up." Presently the Kaffir cook, hearing sounds she could not understand, ran out to see what was the matter. There lay Bobby on his back idiotically drunk, his little black feet kicking aimlessly in the air, and his wide open bill emitting the most extraordinary noises that had ever been heard even from his voluble and versatile vocal chords. This episode created a decided taste for stimulants. From that time Bobby haunted the storeroom with even more than his former inquisitive pertinacity, sitting on the top of the cask when the wine was being drawn for meals, bending down and twisting his neck to reach the stream as it flowed into the jug; gradually he learned to turn the tap and help himself, so that great caution was necessary that he should not remain alone in the store, as he never learnt to turn the tap back again. Unfortunately Bobby revelled in mischief, not for the sake of any good which it brought him, but from some inborn "cussedness." He was never so happy as when busily engaged in some work of destruction, and when discovered he would retreat to a safe distance, and if pursued would always manage to keep just out of reach, though not too far for one to see the triumph of enjoyment in his wicked old eye, and to hear his defiant croak as he strutted ahead, looking back triumphantly over his shoulder. It was most provoking on going to the garden to find that the few rows of peas or French beans which had been raised with much trouble were all rooted up to make play for Bobby. The culprit himself would probably be out of sight, for his gardening operations were usually carried on in the early morning; but once he was caught so deeply engrossed in putting the finishing touches to a row of beans which he had pulled up and laid in their places with even more than his usual neatness, that he only looked up in time to see his angry master a few yards off picking up a large stone. In an instant the imp's mind was made up. Instead of attempting flight and probably getting hit by the stone, he impulsively threw himself on his owner's generosity, perched on his shoulder, kissing him rapturously, and at once winning the pardon he so little deserved. Another piece of mischief was carrying off anything bright; such as spoons, or forks, and one day a razor, and dropping them into the well. For this he had to be forbidden the house, and Toto, the collie, learned to turn him out at the instant he appeared inside the doors. Bobby became very jealous of Toto and the other pets, which, less mischievous than himself, were allowed indoors, and he especially delighted in teazing the little suricate. He would come up noiselessly behind, and catching the tip of Ming's tail in his bill, would lift the little fellow off his legs, take him a few feet into the air, and drop him suddenly. Then, after waiting a few minutes until Ming was again off his guard, he would repeat the performance. The suricate—a plucky, independent little person—resented the insult deeply, chattering and scolding vehemently, showing his rows of sharp teeth as he hung helplessly by the tail; but he was powerless against his persecutor, and had to submit to be whisked up unexpectedly as often as his tormentor, by right of superior strength, chose to indulge in this practical joke.

At last, for his numerous offences, Bobby was sentenced to be tied up; a bangle of twisted wire was fastened round one leg, and attached to a long piece of wire outside the window; and there, so long as there were little chickens about the house or tender vegetables in the garden, he had to remain. At first we feared that, with his keen appreciation of freedom and love of independence, Bobby would pine in captivity; but he was somewhat of a philosopher, and resigned himself to circumstances, making the best of his fate. He harboured no resentment; but, with his sweet temper quite unimpaired by reverse of fortune, he would give just as warm and joyful a greeting and caress as lovingly as in brighter days He had a variety of resources at his command to beguile the time, and when not engaged in tearing the plaster off the house or picking the putty out of the window-frames would be found working perseveringly to get free of his bonds. Then, when he had succeeded, as he did several times, devastation in the garden, empty egg-shells in the hen-nests, and sad gaps amongst the rising generation of fowls, showed the good use he could make of his opportunities.

Bobby would have been invaluable to an exhibitor of performing animals. He would lie "dead" flat on his back, with his blue eyelids drawn up over his eyes, remaining motionless for any length of time, waiting for the word of command, when he would scramble to his feet in a great hurry, with a self-satisfied croak at his own cleverness; his solemn way of performing tricks, and the delight he took in "showing off," added much to the amusement he caused. Bobby would hang by his bill from one's finger, which he swallowed to its point of junction with the hand, and, with his wings drooping and his legs hanging down in a limp and helpless manner, looking a most strange and grotesque object, he would allow himself to be carried about anywhere. The sight of a little string of red beads would always throw him into a perfect frenzy of real or pretended fright, and if they were laid across his back, he at once commenced a series of startling antics, jumping and hopping about as if possessed, and screeching as if in agony.

Poor Bobby, like most pets, did not live out the natural term of his existence. It was never known what killed him, but he died in a few hours of paralysis. Whether his unconquerable curiosity led him to eat something poisonous, or whether the enforced sedentary life had undermined his constitution, or the dead snakes and the contents of the mouse-traps disagreed with his digestion, will never now be discovered; but he is still regretted by all who knew him, and lives in the recollection of his owners as the brightest and most comical of all their African pets.

TWO OLD FRIENDS.

THE interchange of expressions of friendship between Mr. Arthur Elliot and Mr. Cyril Flower, which was printed in the *Times* of Monday, is an interesting series of documents. It is true that Mr. Labouchere, or Mr. Labouchere's paper, thinks Mr. Elliot "came badly out of it," but this is the less surprising that Mr. Elliot in "it" had called Mr. Labouchere, or Mr. Labouchere's amendment, "silly and unpractical." The beginning of the matter seems to have been a little performance of Mr. Flower's of a kind which until recently would certainly have been considered rather curious by English party politicians of the better type, though it is common enough now. Everybody knows that part of the business by which Mr. Parnell's followers gain their daily and dirty bread is to go about the country stumping "at lairge" in Tory or Liberal-Unionist constituencies; and that in this creditable occupation they are often assisted by Gladstonian Radicals of the baser or Conybeare-Stuart-Ellis-Cossham kind. With rare exceptions, however, and until quite recently, the official kind of Gladstonian has kept himself aloof from this kind of privateering, and Mr. Elliot seems to have been all the more surprised at Mr. Flower's going to Kelso "to defend the National League" in that, as he rather unkindly remarks, he "does not remember to have heard or read any other speech of Mr. Flower's." And, indeed, Mr. Flower has not attained such notoriety as he possesses by oratory. On this particular occasion his sense of the base and brutal attacks made upon the National League by "persons like Mr. Arthur Elliot" has stirred him up to go to its rescue at Kelso in Mr. Elliot's constituency. This "Kelso convoy," however, of Mr. Flower's has brought rather heavy fire on him from

Mr. Elliot, who seems to be rather anxious to know what business Mr. Flower had at Kelso, and still more anxious to know why he told the Kelso people several things which appeared to him (Mr. Elliot), and which certainly appear still to some readers of Mr. Flower's defence, to be the things that are not. So Mr. Elliot, not exactly in the most amiable way in the world, administers to "Dear Flower" a series of posers. Did Dear F. say that he (Dear E.) voted against the Labourers' Allotment Bill, against Disestablishment in Wales, and against the reform of the House of Lords? If so, how came Dear F. to say so, when, as a matter of fact, Dear E. did nothing of the kind in any of the three cases? Also, parenthetically, does Dear F. consider Mr. Gladstone a true Liberal? and, if so, will he point out when that great man voted for any of the three measures which Dear F., as reported, says every true Liberal is bound to support? This is poser (and rider) No. 1. Then Mr. Elliot proceeds. If it is necessary for Dear Flower to go to Kelso to defend the National League against the attacks of men like Mr. Arthur Elliot, will he kindly begin by defending it against the attacks of men like Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt? For he, Mr. Elliot, has never used language about the National League half so strong as these great, these venerated men have used. When Mr. Flower politely remarked that Mr. Elliot "wrote argument after argument in a clever twaddling way about Disestablishment" what did he please to mean? Also, what did he further please to mean when he made the certainly rather vague statement that Mr. Elliot "not only voted in favour of the landlords, but in favour of everything that was base and scandalous"? What, says Mr. Elliot mildly to Dear Flower, "*do* you mean by such nonsense as this?" After putting which questions Mr. Elliot requests his friend to learn something that may be useful to him as Mr. Gladstone's junior Whip; and adds, again mildly, that of course you cannot expect much independence from a junior Whip; but still "it does seem something like impudence for a person of that kind to taunt Unionists with changing their colours. Our colours," continues he, "are Liberal principles, and not the livery of Mr. Gladstone." So Mr. Elliot, not good-temperedly, no doubt, but with some considerable force.

There is not observable in Mr. Cyril Flower's reply any disposition to answer the interrogatories administered to him. He remarks amiably, but not conclusively, that he and Mr. Elliot "are old friends"; but he omits altogether to give any particular reason for such a singular display of old friendship as the extensive, and indeed, as Mr. Elliot unkindly says, rather nonsensical, charge that his old friend has been voting for "everything base and scandalous." He has further "painfully present to his mind the fact that Mr. Elliot has been engaged" in the mysterious and legerdemainish operation of "identifying himself with the Tory party." He does not attempt to answer the question "Why did you say I voted against a Bill when I voted for it?" except by remarking that "We who represent English constituencies think very little of the Bill in question"—a delightful and memorable excuse. He "does not recollect saying that Mr. Elliot's book was clever" (this is cutting); but he may have said so, as he "wished to be lenient"—which, again, has little to do with the very distinct points to which Mr. Elliot had pinned him. But Mr. Flower is not lenient now. He winds up with a lofty assertion that, "if you are ever a junior Minister [a noble description for a Treasury *saute-ruisseau*], you will learn that you do not wear the livery of your chief, however distinguished he may be, but the uniform of your Sovereign and your country." This flourish reminds us dimly of the reason which Mrs. Handycock of *Peter Simple* immortality gave for her adoration of soldiers and sailors; but it sadly misses the point of Mr. Elliot's unkind remark. This point, of course, was that Mr. Flower ought to have worn the uniform of his Sovereign and did wear the livery of his chief. And the flourish has the further disadvantage of letting in Mr. Elliot, who counters heavily. In the first place, he remarks (this time sweetly enough) that Mr. Flower first does not answer his questions; secondly, does not apologize for inaccurate statements, the inaccuracy of which he practically confesses and avoids; and, thirdly, makes new statements of greater inaccuracy which Mr. Elliot proceeds to demolish. In the course of doing this he makes some fresh points, and he ends by taking up Mr. Flower's description of his clothes and suggesting, with some neatness, that a Minister who has worn the uniform of his Sovereign might find a better cause and more suitable allies than the Parnellites.

And this is the correspondence out of which Mr. Elliot, by the testimony of that impartial person Mr. Labouchere, "comes badly." Some doubt may perhaps be felt whether Mr. Elliot was well advised in taking Mr. Cyril Flower for a serious politician; but the member for Roxburghshire may fairly retort, "If I am not to take a Minister who wears the uniform of his Sovereign and his country seriously, what illusions are you going to leave me?" And, to tell the truth, Liberal-Unionists have been so cruelly disillusioned in many ways, and have taken their sufferings so much like men and Britons, that we have not the heart to insist on their surrendering one more cherished fancy. But Mr. Flower himself is a pearl of great price. It has been said by the wicked of a Gladstonian that *qua* Gladstonian he is bound to be wrong in his facts, fallacious in his arguments, weak in his retorts, baseless in his accusations, and inconsistent with himself in everything except in impudence to his antagonists and subservience to his leader. But nearly always, even if we accept this sweeping indictment, the Gladstonian manages to dress up his little failings in this or that rag of covering, logical or rhetorical, serious or jesting. Mr. Cyril Flower, either because of that lack of practice in public speaking to which Mr. Elliot refers, or of insufficient attention to his part, or of some natural gift or absence of gift, seems to display these attributes of Gladstonianism in their quiddity. Conceive, if it be conceivable, the state of mind of a man who says, "You voted against that Bill," and, on being reminded that his old friend voted, not against it, but for it, rejoins, "Ah, yes! but you know *we* don't think much of that Bill." The implied argument is remotely allied to the famous "It was a very little one," but quite distinct from it; and we are inclined to think it a much more noble, remote, and inimitable order of fallacy. "Jones, you stole fifty pounds from Smith." "On the contrary, as it happens, I gave Smith fifty pounds." "Ah, that may be, but you know we who represent English constituencies don't think much of Smith." There is no end to the applications of this new argument of Mr. Flower's, which is, we verily believe, that blue dahlia of logicians, a really new fallacy, a kind of paralogism never hit upon before. We recommend it to some new Whately, who might group with it other instances of the same family which are more frequent in the feminine than in the masculine style of reasoning.

Feminine, too (though the late Mr. Carlyle would probably have called it sartorial), is Mr. Flower's horror of a uniform being called a livery; but this is certainly not new. The arrangement was, if we recollect rightly, always called a uniform by the choice spirits to whom Mr. Weller was introduced at Bath. They shared Mr. Flower's disgust as to the brutal term livery. And yet—and yet, you know, Mr. Elliot was right, except that it was scarcely fair to the livery-wearers. All biographers of a useful, maligned, and little known body of men have agreed that a lack of proper spirit or a willingness to perform uncovenanted and degrading offices is not among their attributes. Now, whoever heard of a Gladstonian refusing to eat, not merely cold meat, but much less honourable viands? of his not merely declining to carry not merely a coal-scuttle, but drawing the line at any political behest of his chief's, as something *plusquam* menial? The thing is unheard of, and impossible. The flower of Mr. Gladstone's following know no such compunction as that which induced Mr. Whiffers to "resign"; though they can readily resign themselves to doing any dirty work for and with the very men whose imprisonment, whose suspension in the House, they voted for and cheered to the echo, and against whom they were ready to entrust Mr. Gladstone—and Mr. Gladstone was ready to be entrusted—with powers which would have been considerable for a despotic sovereign. No, Mr. Elliot; it is *not* just to the livery.

THE UNIVERSITIES (SCOTLAND) BILL.

THIRTY years ago the Government of Lord Derby introduced and carried a Bill for the reform of the Scottish Universities which effected many and important changes in those institutions. During the period which has elapsed since that date the growing prosperity of the Universities has amply justified the changes then made in their constitution and administration. Experience has, however, shown that in some respects there yet is room for improvements, which may render the Universities still more available for the purposes of the higher education in Scotland. Bills have been introduced within recent years with a view of effecting these improvements; but, like many other Bills, they have fallen victims to that Irish obstruction, which has postponed measures intended to promote the interests of England or of Scotland to the demands of the disorder and sedition of the sister country.

The Bill laid on the table of the House of Lords by Lord Lothian is a renewed attempt to complete the reforms initiated by the Government of 1858; and it is highly appropriate that the work begun by one Conservative Administration should be completed by another. The idea of the legislation of that year and of the present measure is, in a large degree, to state it briefly, that of "popularizing" the management of the Universities. The risk involved in such legislation is that academic interests may be sacrificed to popular ideas, which have not been matured by careful and intelligent consideration of the whole circumstances of the case. There is the additional risk, which one may say attends all Scotch legislation, that English legislators may be induced to accept the statements of interested parties, in Scotland, as the expression of the real opinion of those who alone are able to represent the educated judgment of the country upon questions peculiarly Scotch. The average English member of Parliament is not thoroughly acquainted with Scottish institutions, either legal, educational, or ecclesiastical. There is a wide divergence in Scotland between what may be called popular views upon education, and the convictions of those whose opinion is entitled to the weight due to culture and experience. In drafting the present Bill we are inclined to think too much importance has been attributed to what we may call, without offence, uninstructed popular opinion.

The two main points of the Bill are those clauses which remodel the University Court, and those which provide for the "affiliation" of subordinate seminaries to the Universities. Up to the year 1858 the government of the Universities and their whole administration had been vested in the Senates. The Bill of that year introduced the "University Court" as a Court of Appeal possessing also certain strictly defined administrative powers. That Court was a small body, of which a representative of the

Senate, a representative of the University Council, the Rector, and the Rector's Assessor, the Chancellor's Assessor, the Principal, and one or two other officials were members. The "University Council" is the general body of the graduates of the University, who, in the case of the larger Universities of Glasgow and of Edinburgh, are some thousands in number. These graduates are scattered over the face of the whole earth, lawyers, divines, men of business, and predominantly, doctors of medicine. Their connexion with the Universities, after they have left them, is necessarily slight, and the members actually present at the half-yearly meetings of the Council are a very small percentage of the entire constituency, that small percentage, as a rule, consisting of men who, residing at the University seat, are always ready to attend meetings and take part in business. The General Council can, therefore, scarcely be regarded as a fair representation of the opinions of the graduates at large. It is in these Councils, however, that the movement has arisen which has evidently influenced, in a preponderant degree, the policy of the present Bill. That policy appears to be to oust the Senate from its old position, and to entrust the whole Government and management of the University to a Court, in which the popular element shall entirely outweigh the academical, and which shall give full effect to the policy of affiliating to the Universities educational bodies hitherto entirely unconnected with them. In the University of Edinburgh, for example, the Court is to consist of four representatives of the Senate, four representatives of the Council, the Rector, and the Principal, the Rector's Assessor, the Chancellor's Assessor, two Assessors nominated by the Crown, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, and another representative of the Town Council. Of these sixteen, the only representatives of the University proper will be the four Assessors of the Senate and the Principal. The municipal representatives and the Assessors of the Crown may be appointed on grounds entirely unacademic. The Rector is the choice of the students, and is always selected for political reasons; and, by what appears a very questionable clause of the Bill, it is provided that he shall in future consult the students as to the appointment of his Assessor, so that, in point of fact, the students will have two representatives in the governing body, in which the Senate has only four. But, further, it is provided that, not only shall the head of any college which may be affiliated be a member of the Court, but he shall bring with him such members of the governing body of his college as the Commissioners appointed under the Bill, or, after the expiration of their powers, a Committee of Privy Council, to be called the "Universities Committee," may determine. It is evident from this that by the process of affiliation the influence of the existing Universities may be completely swamped, and the representatives of what are practically rival institutions may have the absolute power of controlling their government. We say rival institutions, because those bodies which are understood to desire affiliation may be classed under two heads, medical corporations and Nonconformist theological colleges. The medical corporations, which at present occupy an entirely subordinate position, and are unable to command the best medical talent, which naturally gravitates to the University chairs, desire to have their lecturers admitted to the same status as the Professors of the Universities, and their course of instruction recognized as qualifying for graduation. The affiliation of such bodies, upon these terms, would have the immediate effect of lowering the value of the medical degree. More might be said for the affiliation of the Nonconformist colleges; as their *curriculum* is probably equal in educational value to that of the divinity halls of the Universities; but no real advantage to theological science would accrue from their affiliation, unless there were a provision (which the Bill does not contain) that the theological chairs—alike in these colleges and in the Universities—should be emancipated from their denominational connexion. Without this provision their affiliation would simply be the introduction of a sectarian element from which Universities should, of all places, be kept free.

A University Court in which the ancient academic element is practically superseded by this infusion of scientific and sectarian rivalry would, we fear, do little for the highest interests of education. The risk of such an infusion would be materially lessened were it provided—first, that no college or seminary should be affiliated whose endowments and emoluments were not on a par with those of the existing University; and, secondly, that the representation of the Senate in the Court should not, in every case, be limited to four, but should stand in a fair proportion to the whole membership. The Bill, however, contains no such provision.

The powers conferred upon the University Court appear to be too autocratic. The Court is to have practically unlimited powers of administration. It is to be a Court of Appeal, while there is no provision for appeal from its own decisions; it is to hold and administer the whole finances and property of the University; it is to regulate the whole course of study and the rules of graduation; and the professors are to hold office subject to its approval. It is also to dispense, if not the whole, the greater part, of the University patronage. To invest a body the majority of whose members is to be elected by constituencies, sure to be swayed by popular rather than by academic influences, with such powers is, we apprehend, a very hazardous experiment. The maintenance of discipline in the University can hardly be expected to stand the strain of an unrestricted power of revision on the part of this Court, either on appeal from the students who may be the subjects of discipline, or, as the Bill provides, on the initiative of any member of the Court. That large and heterogeneous body will, in the exercise of its patronage, be open to all manner of political, sectarian, and personal influences. We question whether the character of the Scottish professoriate, created by such patronage, will maintain its present high standard, more especially when we consider that in the adjustment of the professorial salaries, in the direction of the course of study, and in the fixing of the terms and tenure of office, as well as in the allotment of pensions, the power of the Court is absolute.

The real want in Scottish education is one which this Bill does not touch. It is the want of a connecting link between the preparatory school and the University. That want may be supplied by some modification of the proposed system of affiliation; but the modification must be the result of a prolonged and careful inquiry, which should be remitted to the University Commissioners. The results of their inquiry may be embodied in a subsequent measure. We hardly think a satisfactory result can be achieved under the present Bill. On other points, on which we have not touched, the provisions of the Bill are satisfactory; and a judiciously selected Commission, with the powers which it confers on them, may effect useful reforms upon the present system of the Universities. We, therefore, trust that the Bill may pass; although, to be thoroughly beneficial, it must be modified in the directions which we have indicated. The Scottish Universities are national institutions; and it is to be hoped that Parliament will give the Bill a candid and intelligent consideration, and not deal with it from a merely party point of view. The interests involved are those of the higher education. These interests, and not the demands of theorists, of rival parties, or of the uninstructed democracy, must govern the issue.

DRAMATIC RECORD.

AFTER a lengthy absence and brilliant theatrical tour through the United States, Mr. Irving has returned to the Lyceum, selecting for his first series of performances *Faust*. So much has been written concerning this striking production that the subject may well be said to be fairly exhausted, and it will almost suffice for us to record that the drama was restored to the stage on which it was originally acted with all its original perfection of picturesque and artistic detail. It is not our habit to record the applause of spectators; but the enthusiasm which greeted Mr. Irving's reappearance was so exceptional that it may linger long in the memory of the distinguished artist, as demonstrating the great esteem and affectionate regard with which his name is held, as being associated with all that is highest in English dramatic art and literature. There is little else to be said. Perhaps Mr. Irving's Mephistopheles is now acted in a lighter and more sarcastic vein of fiendish humour than heretofore; at any rate, it seemed to us to be, if anything, more spiritual, in the diabolical sense of the word, and therefore truer to the text of Goethe than to that of Mr. Wills. The Margaret of Miss Terry is as before a matchless piece of acting, at once realistic and poetical. Discarding conventionalism even in the matter of costume, the actress succeeds in being upon the stage a very incarnation of Goethe's ideal. The Faust of Mr. Alexander has certainly greatly improved in finish. It is more restful and serious than it was at first, and if it never strikes one as in any way realizing the mysterious character created by Goethe, the fault perhaps after all lies rather with the adapter than with the actor. Needless to say that the scenery and all the accessories belonging to it were as beautifully perfect as before, for Mr. Irving never neglects a detail. At the close of the performance Mr. Irving spoke a few concise words of gratitude for the warmth of his reception and for that, equally hearty, of Miss Terry, and announced his intention of speedily producing *Robert Macaire* and Mr. Calmour's play, *The Amber Heart*. There was no mention made of *Werner*, and we may, therefore, conclude that this wearisome drama will be permitted to rest in peace.

The success of *The Pompadour* at the Haymarket, contrary to general expectation, is an accomplished fact. That this is partly due to the perfection with which the piece is "mounted" may be the case; but, on the other hand, the drama is decidedly interesting. If we forget its extraordinary distortion of historical facts, and imagine that it deals with the adventures of *a* Mme. de Pompadour at the Court of *a* Louis XV., it assumes quite another aspect. The legend then presents many striking situations, and is effective and dramatic, and its dialogue is excellently written. We must also remember that the theatre-going public is possibly not so familiar with the history of the famous mistress of Louis XV. as some people imagine, and that to those whose time is mainly occupied in the conduct of their own private concerns the drama has even an historical interest which the privileged who are intimately acquainted with the works of the brothers De Goncourt, the *Vie Privée de Louis XV.* and the *Chroniques de l'Œil de Bœuf*, cannot realize or appreciate. The first two acts are by far the best of the four, and these seem to please the public, judging from their recognition, more than does the conclusion, with the dénouement in which both history and common sense are violated. The scene in which Mme. de Pompadour changes her splendid garments for those of a peasant girl is *faulty*, but is more than saved by Mrs. Tree's admirable acting. Mrs. Tree, if she is neither the Pompadour of history nor the Pompadour of the authors of this curious play, nevertheless gives a very charming

and interesting interpretation of the character. Her singing of a quaint ballad by Mr. Henschel without accompaniment is a master-piece of expression and tunefulness. It would be impossible to sing it better, for she makes no attempt at displaying her agreeable voice or her excellent method, but simply chants dreamily to herself, producing thereby a most pathetic impression. Mr. Beerbohm Tree's Narcisse has, we think, been judiciously modified in certain details since the first night. It was then remarked that his restlessness, combined with the fact that he was engaged in a risky undertaking—that of representing a personage who is never in perfect command of his wits—rendered the part slightly monotonous. Mr. Tree has taken the hint, and thereby has imparted a graver air to the character which, whilst it in no way diminishes its weirdness, adds considerably to its dignity. The incident with the china mandarin is better managed now than originally, and the long monologue is listened to with greater interest and attention. In the last scene, however, we think the concluding climax is not well reached. It is true that, in his curse upon his dying wife, Narcisse has to utter two sentences immediately succeeding each other, which, in a way, create a climax, followed by an anti-climax. He cries out first that he is the incarnation of "outraged France," outraged by the iniquities of the greedy favourite, and then anathematizes her with terrific vehemence as "Empress of Hell." Mr. Tree seems to exhaust himself between these two strong lines, and both consequently fall rather flat. Were it not better to omit either the first or the second, so as to make the speech—a good one in a purely theatrical sense—terser? Of the minor characters, one of the best performances is given by Miss Rose Leclercq, who plays the Queen with great dignity and feeling. Her voice, charged as it is with subdued emotion, is admirably managed. Its tones are full of genuine sadness—*elle a les larmes dans la voix*. Miss Le Thiere, usually so capable in parts which demand dignity of presence and manner, does not seem at home as Mme. d'Epernay. True, her dress is the reverse of becoming, but even its preposterous hoop and furbelows need not oblige her to answer savagely the sprightly sarcasm of M. de Voltaire. She is altogether too surly. The Voltaire of Mr. Charles Brookfield is a very striking impersonation. If we forget the actual stature of the great *philosophe*, the resemblance is otherwise perfect. By the way, at Tussaud's Exhibition is a cast taken by Mme. Tussaud herself from the face of Voltaire, which, although little known, is most remarkable, and has been pronounced by competent authorities to be one of the best likenesses of him in existence. The *mise-en-scène* at the Haymarket is superb. Nothing can be imagined finer than the view from the Terrace at Versailles; it is replete with picturesque charm. The colours chosen for the costumes are perhaps a trifle too dull, and it is a rather curious fact that the famous Pompadour combination of pale blue and pale rose is only introduced as a scenic decoration in Mme. de Pompadour's boudoir.

The departure of M. Coquelin for Lisbon, and thence for America, has deprived the French colony in London of many a delightful evening; but beyond this fact there has been nothing done in the theatrical world worthy of record. Of the half-dozen new pieces produced at various matinées none are likely ever to see the footlights again.

THE BUDGET DISCUSSION.

THE debate on the second reading of the Customs and Inland Revenue Bill established conclusively, what no competent authority seriously disputes, that, even after the Budget proposals are carried into effect, there will be a disparity in the charge under the Death-duties upon real property and upon personal property. But it did not prove that, therefore, the Budget ought to be remodelled. To recast the fiscal system of the country requires long and laborious investigation and much anxious thought, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer this year has not had the leisure because he had to prepare his Conversion scheme. The success of the Conversion proves unquestionably that the time was ripe for it. It has effected a great saving for the taxpayers, and it has enhanced considerably the credit of the country. It was, therefore, the more urgent question of the two, and Mr. Goschen was consequently right in giving it the precedence. Had he attempted at the same time completely to remodel the Death-duties and to equalize the charges upon real and personal property, he would probably have caused much more injury than he would have remedied. It was far more prudent to wait until he has more leisure at his disposal. Even then, if we were prepared to accept Mr. Gladstone's argument we should not be bound to adopt his conclusion. But, as a matter of fact, the argument itself is open to much question. It is obvious that, before we can say whether there is or is not an equalization of the charges upon real and personal property, we must know what proportion to the whole property of the country each of these two kinds bears. Mr. Gladstone attempted this, and, taking as his authority a return presented to Parliament three years ago, he estimated the value of the whole property of the United Kingdom at 9,410,000,000*l.* Realty is set down at 3,778,000,000*l.*, and personalty at 5,632,000,000*l.* Now this return is to a very large extent mere conjecture. The statistics are, no doubt, approximately accurate; but no one would be more ready than the authors themselves to admit that they probably err by hundreds of millions. In the Income-tax returns we have data for estimating the value of the property assessed to the Income-tax; but we have no trustworthy data as to the incomes which are not assessed to that tax. Again, the Probate, Legacy, and Succession duties afford us data for estimating approximately the value of the property subject to those duties; but the very discussion about the Death-duties on which we are commenting shows how much uncertainty there is as to the real incidence of those duties and the value of the property upon which they fall. The truth is that a very large proportion of the accumulated wealth of the country cannot be ascertained at all. Statisticians may guess as to its amount, but they can do nothing more; and, until something like a trustworthy census of the wealth of the country can be taken, we may dispute, but we can form no really accurate opinion as to whether the charges upon realty and personalty are equalized or not. The return on which Mr. Gladstone based so much of his argument, it will be observed, represents the personalty as about seven-twelfths of the whole property of the country, and the realty as about five-twelfths. Mr. Gladstone argues that the whole of the realty is not included, and that realty in actual fact amounts to very nearly half of the whole property of the country. This is certainly contrary to the general impression. It may, of course, be quite true; but the fact that it is contrary to the general impression of those who have paid much attention to the matter is an additional reason for receiving these returns with little confidence. Before the matter can be dealt with satisfactorily it is evidently necessary that we should have some more accurate information as to the proportion borne by personalty and realty severally to the whole wealth of the country.

Turning from the broader question of the incidence of taxation upon realty and personalty to the narrower question of the Death-duties, there can be no question at all that the Death-duties fall much more heavily upon personalty than upon realty. The total yield of those duties in the year 1886-7 was a little over 7½ millions. Of this sum, according to Mr. Gladstone's analysis, somewhat less than 7 millions were yielded by personal property, and only 560,000*l.* by real property. The disparity is somewhat exaggerated. Mr. Gladstone himself admitted subsequently in the debate that he had made a mistake on one point, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer pointed out two other errors in his analysis. But, roughly, the figures may be allowed to stand, as they are not very wide from the truth. Partly, the greater productiveness of the Probate and Legacy duties is due to the fact that a very much larger mass of personal property becomes subject to those duties every year than of realty which becomes subject to Succession-duties; but in a still greater degree it is due to the fact that the Probate and Legacy duties are levied upon the total value of the properties subject to them, while in the case of the Succession-duty only the capitalized value of the life interest of the person inheriting is charged. The Chancellor of the Exchequer a week or two ago stated that the average length of life of persons subject to Succession-duty is about 13½ years, and Mr. Gladstone pointed out, therefore, that, in the case of real property, the value is fully twice 13½ years—in other words, that the Succession-duty is levied only upon half the real value of the property upon which it is assessed. Further, it is to be recollected that the Succession-duty in the case of lineals is at present only 1 per cent., and even under Mr. Goschen's proposals will be raised to but 1½ per cent., while the Probate-duty is 3 per cent. It is true that, when the Budget resolutions come into effect, half the Probate-duty will be handed over to the local authorities and only half retained by the Imperial Exchequer. Still the fact remains that the full 3 per cent. will be paid by property subject to Probate-duty, however the yield of that duty may afterwards be distributed, while realty will only pay 1½ per cent., or just half as much. The result, Mr. Gladstone argues, is, firstly, that the rate of Succession-duty upon real property is only half the rate of Probate-duty upon personal property; and, secondly, that in consequence of the Succession-duty being levied only on the life interest, while the Probate-duty is on the full value, only half the real value of realty is charged. The final result, therefore, is that the charge upon personalty is about four times greater proportionately than that upon realty. And the disparity is still further increased by the fact that those who have to pay Succession-duty are to be allowed in the future eight years within which to pay the tax, while those who have to pay the Probate-duty have to pay it at once. As we pointed out when commenting upon this subject a fortnight ago it is necessary to give a period of grace to the owners of real property, for the reason that a small slice of an estate cannot be sold in order to pay the Succession-duty, whereas personal property can always be rapidly realized. But there can be no dispute, of course, that, confining our attention to the Death-duties alone, there does appear to be a very great disparity in the charges upon realty and personalty.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, however, pointed out that it is not fair to confine our attention to the Death-duties alone. In the first place, real property is subject to a special tax which is not levied upon other properties—that is to say, is subject to Land-tax. Half the Land-tax, it is true, has been redeemed; but the interest on the redemption money must be taken into account. At present the Land-tax yields a little over 1,000,000*l.*, and, adding the amount which has been redeemed, real property is subject to a charge for Land-tax, or for the interest on the money by which the Land-tax was redeemed, of about 2,000,000*l.* annually.

It was admitted by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach that under the Death-duties personalty pays about a million and a quarter more than realty; but, if we add the Land-tax to the charges upon realty, we find that the balance is fully redressed. For the reason pointed out above, however, we are not very confident as to figures of this kind. The real proportion borne to the whole wealth of the country by realty and personalty it is impossible to ascertain, and, such being the case, it does not seem to us possible to say what the disparity is in any particular case. All that can be urged with confidence is that under the Death-duties personalty is charged much more heavily than realty; that, on the other hand, real property is subject to a special tax in the form of Land-tax, and that this special tax goes to a considerable extent, at least, to redress the balance as between the two kinds of property. There is one other point which should be borne in mind. It is estimated by the Inland Revenue Commissioners that owners of real property are assessed to the Income-tax at about 20 per cent. more than they receive, while owners of personal property are assessed only on their actual receipts. Here, again, the incidence of taxation falls more heavily upon realty than upon personalty. But it must be confessed that this system of redressing the balance by maintaining inequalities and injustices is by no means satisfactory. It may be that the exceptional charges upon realty and personalty balance one another, and that the final result is a rough kind of justice being done between the two. But, after all, that only goes to strengthen the general conviction that an equalization of the charges upon the two kinds of property ought to be taken in hand as soon as there is time for effecting it cautiously, prudently, and completely. The matter is too intricate and too difficult to be carried at a rush. It must be carefully thought out if we are not to do more harm than good. But that it ought to be done at the earliest convenient opportunity no reasonable person will dispute, and indeed all parties on Monday evening were practically agreed upon that. There is one other point to which we would direct attention, as it increases the difficulty of estimating the comparative values of realty and personalty. It is notorious that a very large portion of the landed property of the country is heavily encumbered. In attempting to estimate the accumulated wealth of the country, it is clear that the debts upon a property, and the property itself, must not both be reckoned. For example, if the owner of an estate worth 20,000*l.* a year has to pay portions to his brothers and sisters, to pay a jointure to his mother, and to pay interest upon mortgages and other debts, the annual interest upon the whole amounting, let us say, to 10,000*l.*, the estate would still be worth only 20,000*l.* a year, not 30,000*l.* Yet, if we entered the owner's interest, upon the one hand, as real property, and the interest of the several encumbrances, on the other, as personal property, the whole would rank as worth 30,000*l.* a year. It seems clear to us that Mr. Gladstone did not make sufficient allowance for the encumbrances upon real property, and that his figures would be greatly modified had he done so. In any event, it is clearly necessary, if we would arrive at some certainty as to the incidence of taxation upon real and personal property, to ascertain more fully than is now known the amount of the charges of all kinds upon real property. The discussion on Thursday evening calls for little comment. It was but an elaboration of arguments with which we have already dealt. Before it began the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced that on Monday he will propose to raise the minimum weight of carts to be taxed and to lower the rate of taxation, so that the yield of the tax will be reduced 100,000*l.* As for the debate itself, it was inevitable that the taunt should be repeated that the Budget benefits only the rich, and that it should be moved to lower the taxes on the poor. But the contention was triumphantly refuted by Mr. Goschen's statement that between 1876 and 1887 the taxes paid by the poor had been reduced two millions, while those paid by the rich had been increased twelve millions. The disposable surplus being small, Income-tax payers have a prior claim to relief—firstly, because the Income-tax was raised to meet an emergency, and ought to be lowered now that the emergency has passed; and, secondly, because it presses more heavily on struggling classes than the Tea or any other duty. Just as little ground was there for the opposition to the tax of five shillings a dozen on bottled wine, though Mr. Gladstone gave his authority to the argument that it is protective in tendency. There is no fairer tax than one on a luxury like bottled wine. And it is surely equitable that dear wine should be taxed more highly than cheap wine. As for the fear that the tax will strengthen Protectionism in France, unfortunately Protectionism all over the world gains strength, whatever we do. In any case we cannot regulate our action by the movement of foreign opinioh.

MR. MANNS'S BENEFIT AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

ON Saturday the 21st this series of concerts at the Crystal Palace ended with Mr. Manns's benefit. The selection, as is usual on these occasions, was somewhat long and miscellaneous, and included a good many solos, both vocal and instrumental. Two important classic compositions for the orchestra, Beethoven's Overture *Coriolan* and Mendelssohn's *Scotch Symphony*, stood one at the beginning and the other at the end of the programme. Both these are played well at the Palace, and the *Scotch Symphony*, indeed, is one of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Mr. Manns's orchestra. It came appropriately enough then on this occasion, though it must be confessed that before it arrived the audience, and possibly the performers, were somewhat exhausted. The Overture, however, was not heard under such conditions, and the performance was as fine as could be wished. The huge strides with which it appears to enter on sonorous chords and unisons were firmly and nervously planted. The Overture is severe and contains but few beauties of a luscious sort; the wood wind is not often employed in producing warbling passages or soft and rich varieties of colour, but the strings have fierce and furious passages, which were given with a splendid effect of nervous impatience. The *Scotch Symphony* was excellently phrased, and all the points were made with judgment, yet the playing was scarcely as enthusiastic as on the last occasion of its performance. The "Scherzo," one of the most charming things in music, was the least animated in proportion of all the movements. At the sublime wind-up of the "Finale," however, the orchestra, tired as they must have been, rose to the height of the occasion, and worked with tremendous energy and a perfect ensemble of intention. Another work of that original young composer Mr. Hamish MacCunn was played for the first time at the Crystal Palace. Like "Lord Ullin's Daughter," it is a setting for orchestra of a Scotch ballad, "The Ship o' the Fiend," and it is full of the same wild and picturesque instrumental effects. We cannot help thinking, however, that this new piece is more refined and reticent than its predecessor. The instrumentation is full of beautiful points, of rapid changes of colour, of quiet and stormy passages artistically bound together. The effects are congruous, however surprising, and one accepts them as they come without hesitation. Heavy artillery, such as the big drum and the trombones, is most aptly employed. Some of the agitated rushes on the violins and the subterraneous booming of the lower strings which precede and follow the storm are as picturesque as anything by an English musician. *Slavonian Dances* (Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of the third suite), by Mr. Dvorák, completes the list of purely orchestral numbers.

Mr. Ernest Gillet made a first appearance in Mr. Manns's Paraphrase for Cello and Orchestra of Strings on Hartel's "Abendständchen." The setting has been tastefully done; a passage of pizzicato accompaniment is highly effective, and, generally speaking, the simplicity of the thing enabled one to feel the fine richness of the strings. The soloist produced a good tone and played with considerable smoothness. He was afterwards heard in a *Nocturne* by Chopin and a *Spinnlied* by Popper. Both pieces produced the effect of educated vulgarity; only in Popper's the vulgarity is inherent, whereas in Chopin's it is perhaps imported by the change from piano to violoncello. Herr Hans Wessely, of whom we spoke in describing a late concert, made a second appearance in Vieuxtemps's "Ballad and Polonaise" for violin. The vocalists were three in number. First Mme. Carlotta Recoschéwicz made her début in this country in Meyerbeer's "Ach, mein Sohn" from *Le Prophète*, and in two songs, "Es war ein Traum" (Lassen) and "Frühlingslied" (J. Peiser). Her low notes are very fine and without that greasy fatness which spoils so many contraltos. She has dramatic feeling for recitative, which she sings better than flowing melody in which equality of voice and a continuous song are necessary. Miss Nikita (as we cannot follow her example and deprive her of any title) met with a most enthusiastic reception at her first appearance at the Crystal Palace. Certainly her charming voice and spontaneous and delicate style richly deserved applause, and she is quite artist enough to please without certain mannerisms and affectations in which she indulges. She gave Mozart's "Deh vieni" from the *Nozze di Figaro*, the "Jewel Song" from Gounod's *Faust*, and the "Last Rose of Summer" in response to a recall. The habit of plucking a rose to pieces, natural as it may be on the stage, becomes rather ridiculous with a background of sober, bald-headed musicians. Not the least interesting feature of the concert was the reappearance of the celebrated Herr Carl Formes, who charmed our forefathers with his tremendous "basso profundo." He sang Mozart's "In diesen heil'gen Hallen" from *Zauberflöte*, and "Piff Paff" from the *Huguenots*. One can only regret not having heard him in his youth; he must have been astounding. Even now his low notes are good and the volume of his voice unimpaired. By way of an "encore" he gave the well-known "Mill-wheel"—a song, we believe, of his own composition—and accompanied himself on the piano.

We cannot take leave of this series of concerts without congratulating every one concerned in their success. There have been moments when the performers surpassed themselves as in the Schubert concert, important works have been heard for the first time, and others have been disinterred from oblivion. As to the way in which they have been interpreted, we need only say that it would be difficult to beat this orchestra in an all-round contest. Mr. Manns is a most intelligent conductor, with a wide sympathy in art and a perseverance that always leads to improvement. Of course every orchestra has its special qualities and its favourite composers. This one may show a certain want of briskness and point in some few pieces; but it is remarkable, on the whole, for the breadth of its interpretations, the fine volume of its strings, and the excellent quality of its wind instruments. As to the principals of the various departments, we are paying them no undeserved compliment when we say that they have co-operated greatly in the success of the season by a thorough proficiency, especially noticeable when their instruments came into prominence in solo parts.

OUT-HARCOURTING HIMSELF.

TO persons who are disposed to take politics too seriously, the presence of Sir William Harcourt in the House of Commons is a precious boon. He is amusing even when he tries to be so—a result which does not always follow the effort. Sometimes his speeches illustrate the remark that a man may lose the wit which is natural to him by striving to show more wit than he possesses. But, on the whole, even Sir William Harcourt's most painstaking endeavours to be funny are attended with more success than might be expected. Perhaps his greatest achievements, however, as a jester are accomplished when he assumes to be prodigiously in earnest. Sir William Harcourt as a political moralist, as a constitutional authority, as the guardian of consistency and character in statesmanship, is more entertaining than he is when he frankly lays himself out to win the laughter of the House of Commons by jokes and gambols which recall the clown in the ring. Any one who examines the sentences in the reports of his speeches which are followed by the parenthetical word "Laughter" will find that that explosion of mirth is often evoked by his gravest expositions of moral and constitutional principles. Sir William Harcourt is backed by a sturdy phalanx of laughers and cheerers. Occasionally, when his jocosity goes beyond decorous limits, it creates a little uneasiness; but, on the whole, his friends are true to him, and may say, as the poet of the *New Whig Guide* said of a Parliamentary authority in his day not less important than Sir William Harcourt is now:—

> As rhetorical graces
> We truisms cheered, and extolled commonplaces,
> Washed over with praise every folly and flaw,
> And smiled at his jokes and looked grave at his law.
> Could friendship do more while indifferent folks
> All smiled at his law and looked grave at his jokes?

Sir William Harcourt has out-Harcourted himself in his sayings and doings during the present week. He probably would reckon the grave lecture which he read to Lord Hartington on Monday evening as his most brilliant performance. If the sublime may occasionally lapse into the ridiculous, the ridiculous occasionally raises itself into the sublime. Sir William Harcourt, taxing Lord Hartington with political inconsistency, and with a defective sense of that personal honour which binds a man to make common cause with his colleagues, is an astonishing spectacle. Lord Hartington is charged with inconsistency in opposing Mr. Gladstone's resolution for equalizing the Death-duties on real and personal property, while he had supported Mr. Childers's proposal to a similar effect in 1885. He ingenuously confessed that, being occupied with important official duties in that year—a year of difficulties of every kind and in every quarter of the globe—he had found it impossible to pay the close attention to the details of the Budget which, as a responsible Minister of the Crown, he ought doubtless to have given, and that he had placed his financial conscience where he should not now be disposed to place it, or any other conscience - absolutely in the hands of Mr. Gladstone. This, we must admit, was rather hard upon Mr. Gladstone. He has enough to do as the keeper of his own conscience, and to give him a vicarious responsibility for that of any other person is cruelly to overweight him. Lord Hartington added that, so far as his recollection went, there was not absolute unanimity in the Cabinet with respect to every one of the financial proposals of 1885. The statement may have been technically improper; but assertions of this kind are habitually made. More than one of the colleagues of the late Mr. Forster, acting on the maxim that the dead are always in the wrong, have declared that they decline to hold themselves responsible for his administration of Ireland. Even Mr. Gladstone has shown an eager precipitancy to disconnect himself with measures for which he was not only theoretically answerable, but which there is reason to believe were taken sometimes at his instance, and in every case with his full knowledge. He has publicly referred, in a manner compared with which Lord Hartington's indiscretion is trivial, to Lord Hartington's attitude in the Cabinet upon Irish questions; and Lord Hartington himself, with much more reason, addressed to him a remonstrance similar to that which he has now received from Sir William Harcourt. These casual allusions are almost unavoidable, and it is absurd to make much of them. Sir William Harcourt, however, seized his opportunity to exhibit himself as the Puritan of politics, and to vindicate the doctrine of collective Ministerial responsibility which he censured Lord Hartington for violating and disparaging. The doctrine of collective Ministerial responsibility does not by any means imply that there is absolute unanimity in the Cabinet on any question. It involves the opposite fact, that there are differences which are waived for the purpose of common action; and to assert that such differences existed with regard to a particular scheme is only to say what every one must know to be the fact. The rule that disclosures of what may have taken place in the Cabinet cannot properly be made without the direct permission of the Sovereign is extravagantly stretched when it is made to cover a statement so general as that which Sir William Harcourt reproved in Lord Hartington.

The reproach which Lord Hartington is disposed to make with respect to himself is not that which Sir William Harcourt addressed to him. In his speech at the Mansion House the other day, after receiving the freedom of the City, Lord Hartington said that he had so strong a sense of the necessity of common action in the members of a party, and especially of a Cabinet, that he had on several occasions waived his individual opinion for the sake of Ministerial union. Sir William Harcourt accused Lord Hartington of reviving the tactics of George III., "who endeavoured to set up a number of separate individuals without any common responsibility for the government of the country." There is something to be said even for George III., in whose days the Whig party was in danger of substituting the ascendency of an organized oligarchical faction for the Constitution as it was then understood. The system of George III. was not, however, invented by him. George II. carried matters to even greater lengths. "His Majesty," Henry Fox wrote to the elder Pitt, "in a most determined manner gave a negative to the lead of the House. He will have no leader there. What he expects and requires is that his servants shall act in concert and with spirit in their respective departments, and not quarrel among themselves." George II. practically attained this end by sending down Sir Thomas Robinson, an ancestor, we believe, of the present Lord Ripon, and the "jack-boot" of the Duke of Newcastle, to sit in the seat of the leader. Pitt described the working of this arrangement in his well-known speech in 1756 on the Hanoverian supplies:—"I don't call this an administration; it is so unsteady; one is the head of the Treasury, one Chancellor, one head of the Navy; one great person of the Army; yet this is an administration. Says one: 'I am not General; the Treasury says I am not Admiral, the Admiralty says I am not Minister.' From such an assemblage of separate and distinct powers a nullity results. One, two, three, four, five lords meet; if they cannot come, we will meet again on Saturday; oh, but says one of them, 'I am to go out of town.'" This is the state of things which Sir William Harcourt charges Lord Hartington, in violation of all the principles of the Constitution and of the Cavendishes, with endeavouring to bring back. It was bad enough, but the danger which exists now is not of separate action on the part of Ministers and of servile dependence upon the Crown, out of a slavish submission of conscience and intelligence to the dictates of a single statesman who imposes an obsequious silence and calls it unanimity.

STAGE SCIENCE.

V.

WHEN the dramatic student has acquired a thorough knowledge of pantomime he has still three other important stage arts to acquire—the vocal, the elocutionary, and, lastly, what is popularly termed the art of "making-up." In this country not much importance has hitherto been attached to the study of the voice for the purpose of public speaking, and it may be due to this neglect that so few of our members of Parliament and even our lecturers are distinguished as orators, whereas it is quite the contrary in America, where in most of the more important colleges elocution is invariably taught, possibly because almost every young American is expected to develop into a politician. When a foreigner visits our Houses of Parliament he is immediately struck by the great contradiction which exists between the excellent matter of the speeches and the general badness of their delivery. It is not given to everybody to possess a fine singing voice, although the Anglo-Saxon race is usually gifted with an agreeable speaking voice; but, as it is one of our national habits to subdue it as much as possible in ordinary conversation, when an Englishman is elected to Parliament or to any other public office where he is obliged to use his voice in a large space, he finds himself more often than not in an exceedingly embarrassing position. He has all the ideas, but he interrupts their delivery by hawing and stuttering, and from his ignorance of how to strengthen the volume of his voice, he is more frequently than not quite inaudible, and what is more remarkable, this is the case with some of our most distinguished statesmen, politicians, and lecturers, whose speeches can scarcely be heard. This is sometimes the case, too, with our actors and actresses. Some have the habit of speaking in a high head register, which gives the voice a shrill and, to use the Italian phrase, "an unamiable quality." Others lower their tones at the end of a speech, so that they are nearly inaudible; while others, in moments of passion, by the indistinct swiftness of their utterance appear to be gabbling in an unknown tongue. These defects are scarcely ever found in foreigners, and especially among actors; for the simple reason that the earliest object of their histrionic education is the acquisition of a knowledge of vocal art.

Although the art of training the voice for the speaking stage only is in a certain measure distinct from that of cultivating it for the lyric profession, both are fundamentally identical. The former is, however, of course much less elaborate than the latter. The illustrious Pietro Romani, who died some fifteen years ago at Florence, aged eighty-four years, was widely acknowledged to be almost the last teacher of singing who possessed the traditions of the great vocal art imparted to him by his master, Cherubini, who had acquired it from Porpora, and through him from a long line of teachers stretching back through the epochs of the Renaissance, the middle ages, to those lovers of vocal music, the Romans, who, according to Fétis, inherited their knowledge of the art of singing from the Greeks, Egyptians, and Hebrews. Romani began to teach his pupils by what he called "breathing" lessons, whereby he made them expand their lungs so as to strengthen them, and at the same time acquire the habit of retaining sufficient breath to finish a long sentence or cadenza without

interrupting it. Once he had ascertained the register of the voice, whether it was bass, baritone, or tenor, soprano, mezzo-soprano, or contralto, he immediately obliged his pupil to promise him on his honour not to attempt to force a single note above or below his natural register. This art of breathing is one of the first taught in the great Conservatoires of Europe. The pupil takes a looking-glass and stands before it, throws back his chest, puts his feet together in a straight line, and begins to fill his lungs gradually with air, keeping the mouth wide open, with a smiling expression. When the lungs are full, he beats with his fingers generally from three up to about fifty strokes before he allows the breath to escape very slowly from the open mouth without closing the mouth at all. These exercises, repeated for about a quarter of an hour three or four times a day, unquestionably benefit the health and imperceptibly but rapidly increase the volume of sound emitted. In about two months the pupil begins to add to these breathing exercises others, in which he draws his breath in the same manner, but pronounces each of the vowels at first very *piano*, and increasing gradually by degrees to *fortissimo*—almost to a shout. Singers, of course, replace these simple sounds by *solfeggi* and other vocalizes. The great teachers of the past kept their pupils at least two years in the mechanical part of their education, and did not entrust them with recitatives or songs until their voice was what is technically termed properly "placed" and thoroughly exercised. Here it may be observed that in the recently published Memoirs of Samson, the great French actor and dramatic teacher, he states that he always, before teaching a pupil to act, obtained the advice of a competent singing-master, so as to enable him to determine what was the real register of the student's natural voice, just as if he were preparing for the lyric stage. "Mlle. Rachel," said he, "who was my most illustrious pupil, possessed, had she chosen to study as a singer, a fine contralto voice, and I never permitted her to speak out of her natural register." In point of fact, M. Samson treated the speaking voice exactly as if it had been the singing. He taught his pupils to speak from the chest, just as Romani taught his pupils to sing from the chest; and he deemed that no pupil was perfect who had not so completely mastered the art of breathing that he could sing as loudly as possible the most elaborate air with a candle burning within two inches of his mouth without its flickering in the least degree. This rather singular exercise demonstrates infallibly to the vocalist that his voice is properly "placed," and that he is not wasting any of his breath.

The next point is clearness of pronunciation. It is not necessary to bawl on the stage, just as it is not necessary for a singer to scream or shout, however large may be the theatre. Many will remember the extraordinary impression said to have been made by Mrs. Siddons in the sleep-walk scene in *Macbeth*, wherein, we are assured, her slightest whisper was heard in every part of the vast auditorium of Drury Lane Theatre. This accomplishment was not peculiar to Mrs. Siddons. Anybody whose voice is well trained can easily acquire it, and those great actors and actresses who have seriously studied their art have completely mastered it; for Mme. Ristori produced exactly the same effect in her version of the same scene, and Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's slightest whisper can be heard all over Her Majesty's Theatre. Again, the writer remembers on one occasion Mlle. Titiens, when in New York, laying a wager one morning at rehearsal that she would speak in a whisper on the stage, and yet be heard by a person placed at the back of the gallery of the immense Academy of Music, and she won it. She simply spoke, obeying the same rules as Mme. Adelina Patti when that lady sings *a bocca stretta* "Home, sweet Home." There are several fixed rules—we might almost call them tricks—for the production of vocal sounds on the stage, the acquisition of which is invaluable to the artist. The abrupt force, for instance, as it is technically called, which distinguishes Mme. Sarah Bernhardt above all other living actresses, and which consists of an exceedingly rapid, yet distinct, utterance of the words of her most passionate speeches, beginning in a very low tone with extraordinary swiftness, and ending the phrase with a loud and vibrating climax, which gives an impression of intensity and power well calculated to startle the audience and rouse the greatest enthusiasm, is only an acquired art—a trick—and simply the result of hard practice. She herself has said that her quarrel-scene in *Frou-Frou* took her many months to learn. Her method is to first read the speech as she would like to eventually speak it on the stage, but in an undertone, as slowly as possible, pronouncing each word with a long breath drawn before and after it. This exercise she by degrees increases in rapidity until she has almost insensibly the habit of pronouncing the sentence with what appears to the spectator to be a perfect whirlwind of inspired passion. Referring once more to singing, it may be observed that, if an actor or actress has even a small voice, it can always be turned to advantage in their profession, and, if cultivated to a certain degree in the good old school, they will always be able to increase their value by singing properly and with effect the incidental ballads which are occasionally introduced into modern plays. Those who have seen Miss Geneviève Ward in *Forget-Me-Not* will not easily forget how that once excellent prima donna, Mme. Guerrabella, made her *entrée* after singing an elaborate operatic cadenza in the wings. It gave a tone to the entire impersonation, and showed at once that the adventuress, Stephanie de Mohrivart, was an exceptionally accomplished woman. Even a knowledge of the pianoforte and of other musical instruments should not be overlooked by the sincere dramatic student; for nothing pleases an audience more than to see the hero or heroine of a play perform upon the piano or the violin, if it be necessary in the piece. In this necessarily brief space we cannot now enter into fuller details concerning the importance of vocal training. All we can do for the moment is to point out how sadly it has been neglected by our actors and actresses, who seem to be under the impression that they have only to learn their words by heart and bound upon the stage full-blown celebrities, forgetting that the histrionic, like any other art, has to be thoroughly studied in all its manifold aspects, if lasting fame and fortune are to be obtained by its professors.

EXHIBITIONS.

BOTH the great water-colour shows are open; that in Piccadilly and that in Pall Mall, and it must be confessed that both are tiring, though in different ways. The bulk of large exhibitions must be commonplace. In the Royal Institute you are bored by commonplace truths; in the Royal Society by commonplace untruths. The Institute maintains a higher general level of workmanship, but, perhaps in consequence, no pictures stand out so conspicuously as one or two at the Society. The show at the Institute, which has averaged a thousand in past years, is as usual much the larger of the two, but the other exhibition is big enough. In the present state of things huge promiscuous gatherings like the Academy and the Institute may be unavoidable; but, as exhibitions by coteries and by single men grow in favour, their tediousness becomes more apparent. The confused and exhausted condition in which one leaves these closely packed jumbles of style and no-style, of high tone and low tone, of warm and cold, large and small, figure and landscape, real and ideal, coarse and delicate, contrasts unfavourably with the easy interest one derives from an artistic ensemble, such as Mr. Menpes's show, or such a single-minded collection as that of the New English Art Club.

The Royal Society, as a whole, is behind the taste of the age, and so, from lack of sympathy with its aims, one is apt to be unjust to individual members. Seen alone, many of these pictures might please by their neat and elaborate conventionality; seen in numbers, a vapour of falseness, triviality, and decayed mannerism seems to rise from them. Outside of the Society a great advance in realism has been going on for many years, and, since a shorter time, new ideas of what is decorative have begun to prevail. Would the arrangements and schemes of colour that we see in a general view of these walls be acceptable in rugs, carpets, or decoration to a person of taste? We think not; and yet upon examination it will be found that, in too many cases, these pictures are not unpleasing by force of being grimly real. Bright, shallow, unaerial colouring, false tone, flimsy construction, and purely fanciful effects, repel the person who would seek to associate them with memories and sentiments of nature. Again, many men that have some claim to sincerity compromise their main intention by an inartistic style and a niggling workmanship. Their use of material is at cross purposes with their object; it hinders rather than helps their explanation; it will not allow them to convey any unity of impression, or to adjust various facts in their relative importance to the scene. Mr. C. Gregory, in "A Quiet Evening" (147), gives us true tones; but, to make these effective, we should also require some art in the composition and in the definition of the forms according to their relative submergence in the ensemble of tone. As it is, Mr. Gregory's truth becomes false, and his picture as incongruous as plaintive words set to a jig. Not to have donned the mere technical uniform of the day is no reproach to any artist, or any set of artists. We can make no comparison between the two men whose work unquestionably stands out pre-eminent in this Gallery. Sir John Gilbert is of the old school, Mr. Arthur Melville of the most modern, and very strange he looks in the Royal Society. Sir John Gilbert's "After the Battle" (126) is a most noble piece of romantic idealism, a grand subject, treated with great fertility of invention. The stringy handling entirely disappears at the right distance, and the general effect becomes truly magnificent. Mr. Melville's more realistic sketches shine by the brilliant cleverness and beauty of their broad and captivating style. In the "Snake Charmers" (163) and "Waiting an audience with the Pasha" (199), whatever we may think of his subjects, his feeling, his view of things, we at least recognize that Mr. Melville has done all that art can do to bring them home to us with effect. Here is no uncertainty in treatment, no undue importance of unessential details, no interference of unintentional forms, no haphazard handling, making patterns at cross purposes with the sentiment. You see just what the artist wanted you to see, and he has nowhere been forced by clumsiness or ignorance to show you anything that might weaken his main effect. Good sound realism may be seen in Mr. H. Moore's strong and sincere "Freshwater Bay" (262), Mr. Thorne Waite's scheme of chalk and blue "Beachy Head" (266), Mr. P. J. Naftel's graceful "Autumn" (219), and several bold sketches by Mr. R. W. Allan. Mr. Eyre Walker and Miss Clara Montalba attain a certain breadth; Mr. A. Goodwin is telling and striking in the colour scheme and arrangement of "Lincoln" (143); Mr. A. W. Hunt shows a charming feeling and a broader handling than usual in "A 'Wind of the Eastern Sea'" (36), and Messrs. M. Hale, T. J. Watson, A. Glennie, G. A. Fripp, G. P. Boyce, send agreeable work. Of two comic subject-pictures, "Married" (211) by Mr. J. H. Henshall and "Shakespeare or Bacon" (274) by Mr.

A. E. Emslie, the latter is much the finer in technique, though both are highly amusing.

There is much more of thorough realism, much more of sound technique at the Institute; but its effect is a good deal lost by numbers and the multiplication of commonplace. Moreover, water-colours are generally too delicate and too small to stand exhibition by the thousand. Nothing startles, nothing attracts one specially in the Institute. In fact, it would be difficult to seize on any general features of the show, and yet it contains many more accomplished works than can be remarked on in detail. Figure is less cultivated and less successfully than landscape, and yet several good styles may be seen. The best of Sir James Linton's contributions to the list of portraits or single figures is his "Sacharissa" (23), in the first gallery. The blue and orange stuffs wrapt in a full mellow solvent of atmosphere make fine harmonious colouring, and the workmanship is fine and precious, unexceptionable indeed, if only it had less of the tame "reproduced" air of a copy by the Arundel Society. Mr. E. J. Gregory's portrait of himself, "Study of Costume" (351), shows a delicate manipulation, perhaps still more exquisite than the President's, and incomparably freer and more captivating. Mr. Hubert Vos's portrait of a shoeblack, "A Brother of the Brush" (166), belongs to a different category. It is large, if not of life-size, and is modelled excellently and in the modern atmospheric Whistlerian fashion. By far the greater number of the figure painters rely rather on character of form, expression of face, incident, and story for their interest and their merit than on truth of effect, artistic grouping, or pictorial arrangement. Some of them achieve excellence in their way and on their own lines; thus it would be difficult to find a more lively illustration of a scrimmage than Mr. Thomas Gray's "Sortie" (124). Though the light and shadow is far from logical or convincing, the lines giving the expressions and gestures are full of life and the character of action. On the other hand, "The Delicate Question—which" (392), by Miss Gertrude Demain Hammond, is a fair example of the sort of picture which has been treated for the whole scene for figures and environment, and for arrangements of pleasant colours and accessories rather than for character and drawing. Mr. W. Hatherell's "Quarterdeck of a P. and O. Steamer" (231) aims at a clever atmospheric rendering of the confusion of many figures at different distances and among natural surroundings. Though each separate figure is both full of character and elegantly painted, the general aspect suffers because the confusion does not arrange itself in its right planes and values without trouble to the mind and eye. Amongst the landscapes are several imaginative and poetic effects, such as Mr. Severn's large "Mussel Gatherers" (89), with its striking silhouettes of figures and horses against a threatening sky; Mr. J. R. Wells's romantic "Treasure Galleon" (111), ploughing through a heaving sea under a fine evening effect; and Mr. Keeley Halswelle's robust "On the Greta, Yorkshire" (734), a picture remarkably free from his tight and uncomfortable-looking manner. Mr. J. Knight's "Weeding" (50) and Mr. Claude Hayes's "On the Common" (740) make most satisfactory spots of rich low-toned tranquillity on the walls, though the latter may be a little confused in its structure. Mr. Ayrest Ingram's "Falmouth Harbour" (93) and Mr. Caffieri's "Old Harbour, Walberswick," are bathed in an excellent unity of effect by the true grey of atmosphere. Another group of painters with a broad fixed convention is well represented by Mr. T. Collier's "Under a Welsh Crag" (484) and Mr. Wimperis's "Sauchy Moor, near Brockenhurst" (574). Together with one or two others, Mr. J. White in "Early Blossom" (470), Mr. Alfred Parsons in "Autumn Morning" (8), Mr. Parton in "The Lily Pool," and Mr. Yeend King in "Through Meadows Green" (899), obtain a good effect from strong vivid greens and firm drawing. Evening effects on village scenes are rendered with feeling and art by Mr. J. S. Hill in his mellow "Barns" (719), by Mr. Leopold Rivers in a pleasant arrangement of blue and grey, "The Old Fiddler" (718), and by Mr. Peter Ghent in a broad composition treating light and shadow on white walls, "Sunny Afternoon in a Welsh Village" (830). Very good work comes from Messrs. Rupert Stevens, Wilfred Ball, E. Bucknall, O. Rickatson, and a great many more than we can mention.

RACING.

THE day after the City and Suburban Handicap, which we noticed in our last article on racing, the Esher Stakes brought out nine horses and produced a fine race, at Sandown. Lord Ellesmere's rather jadish mare Cataract, who had achieved the feat of losing fifteen races successively in two years, now won the 721*l.* by a head from the three-year-old filly, Abeyance, who had 12 lbs. the worst of the weights, at weight for age. General Owen Williams's filly by Silvester, out of Violetta, won the Sandown Park Two-Year-Old Stakes of 516*l.* by a neck, and on the following day she won the Walton Two-Year-Old Stakes of 1,000*l.* by a head, and was bought in for 610 guineas, a price at which a filly that could win races of this kind ought not to be dear. The preceding race was the Mammoth Hunter's Steeplechase of 2,000*l.*, and its result proved the truth of the well-known racing motto "Blood will tell"; for the winner, Mr. J. G. Muir's bay gelding Coronet, who is said to have been purchased as a hunter, could scarcely have been better bred, as he was directly descended from Birdcatcher on his sire's side, and from Touchstone on his dam's. The children of Trappist won two successive races over five furlongs at Sandown on the Saturday, and it may be that, like their sire, they will show great speed over short courses.

At the Newmarket Craven Meeting the young nobleman who races under the name of "Mr. E. Wardour" won two races with his two-year-old Present Alms, a colt that was bought last year at the sale of the Whimple yearlings for 400 guineas. Lord Randolph Churchill at last won a race of some importance in the Fitzwilliam Plate of 700*l.* His two-year-old colt by Retreat, out of White Lily, which he had purchased for 500 guineas at the sale of Lord Bradford's yearlings, now admirably ridden by Tom Cannon, won by a neck; while the second, third, and fourth in the race were only separated by heads. This is not the first race that Lord Randolph has won this spring; and, as the good-looking White Lily colt seemed rather backward, it is unlikely to be the last. The Crawfurd Plate was won by the Duke of Montrose's Dazzle, who started only eighth favourite out of a field of thirteen, at 12 to 1. For the Biennial, Lord Zetland's Caerlaverock was made favourite, although it was generally thought that he scarcely looked fit; he ran wretchedly, so much so indeed that some good judges consider his performance too bad to be trusted, for he was the last in the race, which was won by General Pearson's black colt Anarch, who has laid on a good deal of muscle since last season. He won pretty easily from Van Dieman's Land, a colt by Robert the Devil, and a winner of three good races last season. This colt had also been beaten by Anarch as a two-year-old. The Duke of Portland's Ayrshire, the second favourite for the Derby, came out for the Riddlesworth Stakes, for which he was only opposed by the Duke of Hamilton's Disappointment, a filly that had been beaten by Ayrshire twice last year, and had since then become a roarer. The long odds of 8 to 1 were laid on Ayrshire, and the race was a mere farce. Critics were divided in opinion as to whether Ayrshire had improved much in appearance since last season, and it is but fair to say that some were disappointed with him. On the Wednesday, Mr. J. Lowther won the Babraham Plate with King Monmouth, who started first favourite. He is not a very satisfactory horse to back, as he is not always to be trusted; but he can do great things when in the humour. His victory on this occasion was a very popular one. Backers met with a terrible reverse of fortune in a Two-year-old Plate, which was won by Sir M. FitzGerald's Cecil, a very small filly, by Bend Or out of Garterless. Odds of nearly 3 to 1 were laid freely on Pantomime, while 20 to 1 was laid against the winner. At the sale of Mr. Barnard's horses in training there was some very spirited bidding for the three-year-old Noble Chieftain, who realized 3,000 guineas, in the face of the fact that his public form had been far from first-rate.

The Craven Stakes, although it was only worth 586*l.*—a mere nothing in these times—excited more interest than any other race of the meeting, for it served as a public trial for the Duke of Westminster's colt, Orbit. His form of last season had been considered good enough to entitle him to stand at about 10 to 1 for both the Two Thousand and the Derby; but fault was found with his flat sides and badly-shaped neck. Eight horses opposed him, among them being Anarch, who had shown himself to be in form by winning the Biennial on the Tuesday, and Lord Londonderry's Hazlehatch, a colt that had cost 1,750 guineas as a yearling, and had last season won two victories worth 2,204*l.*, besides running second to Friar's Balsam for the Middle Park Plate. Both of these colts were giving Orbit 5 lbs. The race came off over the Ancaster Mile, which, as everybody knows, is very unlike the Rowley Mile over which the Two Thousand is run, as it is the last mile of the steep and exceedingly trying Cambridgeshire course. Orbit was, of course, a strong favourite, and he was backed at 6 to 5; but a good deal of money was persistently invested on both Anarch and Hazlehatch just before the start. The three favourites did not come to the front during the early part of the race, and Hazlehatch seemed to be pulling Barrett almost out of the saddle; yet, when they came to the well-known red post, he collapsed altogether. In the opinion of certain able judges this was no cause for surprise, as they had not thought him looking thoroughly trained before the race, and he had certainly sweated; others considered that he ran more like a fast horse than a stayer. Not long after Hazlehatch had been beaten, it became evident that Anarch was also incapable of winning, and as soon as Webb had made quite certain of this he eased him. At the distance, Orbit went up to Lord Lurgan's Cotillon, a little esteemed colt that had made most of the running, and was still leading. To everybody's surprise, instead of gliding past him, Cannon was seen to be "at work" upon Orbit, and without any very apparent result. On the previous day Cotillon had won a race after a hard struggle in very moderate company, and surely, thought judges of racing, this was not the sort of form with which to test a Derby colt. Yet there was the fact that both Anarch and Hazlehatch were left behind; and presently, when Cannon really rode hard on nearing the winning-post, Orbit got the lead and won by three-quarters of a length. After the race Orbit looked far less distressed than Cotillon, to whom he had given 5 lbs.; and his friends said that he had run lazily, but like a fine stayer, and that he had in reality won with a good deal in hand. Nevertheless, the race led to a great deal of discussion and difference of opinion, and it gave judges of racing a splendid opportunity of exercising their skill. The Craven meeting was far more successful than had been generally anticipated; and much of this success is to be attributed to the wise action of the Newmarket authorities in reducing the racing from four days to three.

REVIEWS.

THE COMING OF THE GREAT QUEEN.*

IN many respects the subjugation of the Burmese Empire has differed from that of native dynasties in India proper. With contiguous Mahratta and Mahommedan States, after each successive war, annexation, or treaty, some new cause of quarrel was sure to arise. The conquest of Mysore in the last century was compressed into less than a decade. Only three years intervened between the first and the second Sikh campaign. The Mahratta houses were either subdued or reduced to impotence in little more than twenty years. But it has taken two generations or sixty years of history to make the Burmese Empire an integral part of the British dominions. We had no reason originally to expect hostility or opposition from the King of Burma. We had comparatively little intercourse with his Empire. But the successors of Alompra in the early part of this century were perpetually encroaching on our North-Eastern frontier; and Lord Amherst, by no means an aggressive ruler, had no option but to declare war in 1824, and begin by driving out the Burmese from Chittagong. After a campaign which lasted two years and cost about ten millions of our money, the King of Ava was compelled to give up all claim to Assam, and to cede to us the provinces of Arracan and Tenasserim. That King had, however, still left the province of Pegu with the fine port of Rangoon, and the whole of Upper Burma, with its independent and wild tribes. But our new acquisitions now touched the Burmese Empire on two sides, and for a quarter of a century there were perpetual complaints of Dacoits, raids, ill-treatment of traders, impediments to commerce, and all the other stock subjects which arise everywhere when the pioneers of civilization come in collision with autocratic rulers. How very nearly we were involved in a premature second Burmese war in 1841-2, when our prestige had been lowered and our resources were strained by untoward events in Afghanistan, is known only to a few Anglo-Indians. But a quarrel was then averted by the foresight and tact of Mr. Wilberforce Bird, the President of the Council, while Lord Ellenborough was issuing grand manifestoes and feasting Sepoys with sweetmeats at the other end of the Empire. Then came the war commenced by Lord Dalhousie, after a series of insults which such a ruler was not likely to pass over. It was said, with truth at that time, that Commodore Trunnion, with Pipes and Hatchway at his back, was not exactly the man to conduct negotiations peaceably with the representatives of the haughtiest and most aggressive Court in the East. But with the Burmese peace must always have been "precarious, and not at all permanent." And the second campaign was concluded in eight months, at an expenditure of only about one million and a half. We thus got possession of the whole seaboard. Continental nations were shut out. The anticipations of peace and development made at the close of this war were amply fulfilled. The land revenue rose from a humble estimate of 300,000*l.* to one million. Commerce flourished. The people were easily ruled. In the Sepoy Mutiny Burma could be safely denuded of English troops; and the King of Burma might have been reigning to this hour had it not been for his own cruelty and folly.

Something about all these events may be found in Major Browne's *Narrative of the Acquisition of Burma*; but we cannot admit his claim to have given us more information on Indo-China generally than can be found in print. Nor was it necessary for him to apologize for the introduction of his own personality in his narrative. His book, in fact, may be cut clearly in half. The history of the Burmese Empire from the earliest times down to the war of 1885 is a mere compilation; and the accounts of the manners of Karens, Shans, Chins, and Kachins are mainly, if not entirely, secondhand. We should have preferred a simple narrative of what the author experienced when serving under Sir Harry Prendergast. Much of the work is superfluous, and the table of contents is meagre and disappointing, while there is not even an attempt at an index.

Previous experience had taught the author what he might look for in such a country and climate. He knew something about the expense of living, the houses made of wood, the excessive rainfall, the snipe-shooting, the sky races of the English officer, and the boat races and football play of the Burmese. He had also made a trip to the capital in 1871, had shaken hands with Thibau, and had climbed to an eminence which commanded a magnificent view of the city of Mandalay, its woods, ramparts, pinnacles, and temples. At the commencement of the last war, Major Browne offered to raise a corps of fifty mounted volunteers for service with the expeditionary force. It does not seem as if the country was well fitted for what the Baron of Bradwardine termed the *prælium equestre*, any more than the country round Preston Pans. Neither does it appear that much enthusiasm was manifested and encouragement given by the authorities to this new feature in Burmese warfare. But stout ponies were to be had in numbers, and there was no backwardness on the part of natives "who could ride well, perched on their brand-new red-cloth saddles." The animals and their riders were distributed over various steamers, and, in spite of official obstruction, mounted infantry in small columns did scour the country after the capital had fallen, rode thirty miles where the country was flat, and were ready to dismount and explore ranges of hills when the ride on the flat was over.

The account of the expedition by river and land, of the taking of the city, of the surrender of the King, his wives, and retinue, and of the arrival of the Viceroy, is well told, barring occasional flippancy. On the question of annexation versus protectorate this book gives no uncertain sound. The latter expedient has never succeeded in India. How, indeed, could it succeed when against the self-indulgence, the training in luxury and vice, and the tyrannical, hereditary interests of a despot, the wisest English Resident had nothing to oppose but vague phrases and unfulfilled threats? The one province in India where the influence of the British Resident or Agent, who does not directly administer, has been of real use, is Rajputana. In other provinces we have had to set aside a ruler here, to select another there, to take temporary charge during minority or incapacity, and to reconstruct the very framework of society. A protectorate in Burma, the author truly remarks, would have been attended with increased risks and difficulties, "owing to the presence on the scene of a *de facto* sovereign of the reigning dynasty, and the impossibility of getting the people to bury their instincts or sink their loyalty so far as to suffer any authority to exist on an equality with a prince of the royal blood." We could not gracefully retire and let in any European competitor. The only practicable and politic measure was to end the existence of Burma as an independent sovereignty. We shall be no worse off with China and Siam for our neighbours, if we only have patience, and do not frighten those Powers with premature treaties, telegraphs, railways, and other resources of civilization. The only mistake committed after annexation was the attempt to complete the pacification of the country with an inadequate force. Past history—to say nothing of the records of the Foreign Department—might have taught both the Viceroy and his lieutenant that what was not very easy for Sir John Cheape and Lord Dalhousie in 1852 would be as difficult in 1886. But as we write much has been effected. In Burma we have not to deal with the fanaticism of one creed and the exclusiveness of caste of another. There is plenty of waste and unoccupied land for the expected increase of population, and we shall be much surprised if our civil and military officers do not earn the same reputation for overcoming the defiance and the distrust of wild tribes which they have acquired in dealing with Mairs, Coles, Garos, and Bheels in India Proper.

About these same wild tribes in Burma we have some interesting details. A young staff officer fresh from a fort built near the plateau of the Southern Shan tribes describes the country as abounding in wood and water, and the Shans themselves as addicted to blood feuds of a not very alarming or dangerous kind. Two clans had fought for thirteen days consecutively without coming to close quarters, and with only one casualty. The Northern Shans are divided into some twenty-four semi-independent tribes, always squabbling and fighting. The Burmese exercised over these clans a sovereignty which varied in oppression and weight according to distance. Our policy of encouraging trade, promising protection, and demanding an annual tribute of moderate amount, is in accordance with precedent, and in the hands of experienced officers may lead to cordial and close relations. Another tribe, that of the Chins, has its home near the head waters of the Irrawadi and the Chindwin rivers. A curious fable about the origin of the human race from one hundred and one eggs is too long to quote or analyse. That these Chins have devoted most of their energies to the preparation of *khaung*, an intoxicating drink, without any prompting from the English pioneer, is a very melancholy fact which we commend to Canon Farrar. The details of this mixture are repulsive. Bark, the root of the egg plant, beans, peppercorns, garlic, the entrails of a porcupine, and rice flour are all mashed up together in balls, exposed to the sun for three days, then buried with parboiled rice, and diluted with water. The preparation is now fit to be sucked up through tubes —like American drinks—and is pronounced "divine." Indeed, by reason of its excellence, it must be first offered to the *Nats* or spirits. The system of cultivation by burning strips or terraces of land is, like that of all tribes on the Eastern frontier, wasteful and improvident. Women do all the hard work and become prematurely ugly and old. Divorces are easily obtained. Widows may be claimed by the brothers of their husbands, but have no share in the family property. Marriages are simple in form, and are accompanied by a large consumption of fowls, pork, and liquor. Deaths and burials are equally the occasion for sacrifice and feasting. The corpse is first burnt, and the calcined bones are kept in a pot for one year, and then deposited in the family burial-place. In the account of the Kakyens, who occupy the slopes between Upper Burma and the Chinese province of Yunan, we come on the same account of the worship of spirits who preside over agriculture, on offerings to propitiate these deities, on the harsh treatment of the female sex, and on more devouring of swine's flesh and of an intoxicating drug called *sheroo*. Marriages are concluded under a form of abduction, duly legalized and sanctioned by an officiating priest. At burials the relatives and friends perform a dance in order to drive away the spirit of the deceased, which is supposed to linger round its former tenement. And it is curious, if true, that those who have been killed "by shot and

* *The Coming of the Great Queen: a Narrative of the Acquisition of Burma.* By Major Edmond Charles Browne, Royal Scots Fusiliers, Deputy Assistant-Adjutant General, Madras Army, late Commandant Mounted Infantry Corps, Burma Field Force. London: Harrison & Sons. 1888.

steel" are wrapped in a mat and burned in the jungle without rites.

Major Browne indulges in speculations as to future intercourse with China, increased trade, railways, the policy of the French at Saigon, and other matters into which we shall not follow him. But a suggestion that we might raise and discipline irregular levies of Karens and others has precedent and success in its favour. It is obvious that this book will be the forerunner of others about the new province. It has no hereditary chiefs, nobles, or great landholders. The export of rice is likely to assume gigantic proportions, and the soil also produces cotton, sesamum, and tobacco. The total population, excluding the late annexation, was estimated in 1881 at something under four millions. There are twenty large towns with populations varying from five to fifty thousand, and Rangoon in addition counts one hundred and thirty-four thousand souls. The revenue assessment is very light, and the Government deals with the cultivators direct, at an average assessment of three shillings and threepence an acre. Perhaps the worst feature of the country is its climate. The average rainfall is about one hundred and twenty inches, and with all the exploration and research of our officers, we have not yet been able to find a local sanatarium where invalids can reside at any month in the year. But already we have two lines of railway, fleets of boats, sailing vessels and steamers, a high rate of wages, cheap and plentiful food, no likelihood of drought and famine, a rich soil, and, as far as we can judge, a readiness in the mass of the community to acquiesce contentedly in the *Coming of the Great Queen*.

HERR PAULUS.*

IN *Herr Paulus* Mr. Besant leaves his beloved East End in order to fall foul of modern Spiritualism, and describes with infinite spirit and truth the form taken at the present day by a delusion which in all ages has flourished among all races of men. To communicate with the spirits of the departed is what we all should be glad to do; and, if any man announces with sufficient pomp that he can put us in the way of doing it, poor human nature is ever prone to believe him; for, indeed, who can prove that he cannot do so? A curious result of this yearning after the unseen world is that the confirmed Spiritualist is not disconcerted by his medium being proved to be a vulgar impostor; quack after quack may be detected, and nevertheless the true believer's faith is no more shaken than that of a fervent Christian would be by the shortcomings of individual clergymen. We may wonder how any man could be such a fool as Mr. Cyrus Brudenell, but when we read the History of Count Cagliostro we cease to wonder; for he, as Carlyle tells us, "starting from the lowest point of Fortune's wheel, rose to a height universally notable; without external furtherance, money, beauty, bravery, almost without common sense, or any discernible worth whatever, he sumptuously supported, for a long course of years, the wants and digestion of one of the greediest of bodies," entirely by the ministrations of such men as Mr. Besant's retired shipowner and millionaire. It is interesting to read how the whole business struck Darwin's shrewd intelligence. In his recently published Life, vol. iii. p. 187, we read:—"We had grand fun, one afternoon, for George hired a medium, who made the chairs, a flute, a bell, and candlestick, and fiery points jump about in my brother's dining-room, in a manner that astounded every one, and took away their breaths. . . . How the man could possibly do what was done passes my understanding." He adds the characteristic comment, "The Lord have mercy on us all, if we have to believe in such rubbish." Unlike Count Cagliostro, Mr. Besant's hero starts with the possession of great personal beauty, charm of manner, and keen intelligence; but, like him, Ziphion Trinder, the budding poet of the little Puritan New England township, "dived deep down into the lugubrious obscure regions of Rascaldom; like a Knight into the palace of his Fairy, remained unseen there, and returned armed at all points." The writer's skill is shown by the manner in which Herr Paulus, who from the beginning is suspected by Tom Langston, the accepted lover of Mr. Brudenell's daughter, nevertheless wins, not only Tom's sympathies, but also those of the reader. Tom, who has considerable mechanical genius as well as scepticism, rigs up a tarpaulin tent on the roof of the house, containing a camera obscura, by means of which he can see everything that passes in Mr. Brudenell's study, and it is no mean proof of his confidence in the medium's honesty that he sees him manipulating Mr. Brudenell's keys and cheque-book, and yet does not interfere. Herr Paulus for some time plays the part of Good Fairy, or Lar Familiaris, but at last his powers desert him; he deserts his trade, publicly recants, and becomes an honest man. His recantation and exposure of his own tricks have, as we have said, not the least effect on the faith of his followers, who merely begin to follow somebody else, and instead of talking about The Ancient Way, Isâk Ibn Menelek the Falasha, Abyssinia, &c., talk about Esoteric Buddhism, astral bodies, Mahatmas, Karma, Thibet, and Mme. Blavatsky. *Populus vult decipi.*

* *Herr Paulus.* By W. Besant. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1888.

THEATRE CONSTRUCTION AND MAINTENANCE.*

MR. BUCKLE is by no means guilty of self-exaltation when in the preface to his useful volume he asserts that a perusal of his pages "will afford an insight into the complex arrangements of modern theatres, without which knowledge, acquired either by reading or personal observation, neither legislation, supervision, nor control can be satisfactorily accomplished." For perhaps the first time we have a practical man sitting down with the avowed object of showing not merely how a theatre is built, but how it ought to be constructed in order that the audience may see, hear, and enjoy that immunity from disaster, arising from fire or panic, which has hitherto been denied them. Although Mr. Buckle's volume is necessarily overlaid with technicalities, the details are so clearly and concisely grouped as to exercise a kind of fascination over those readers who take an interest in the stage itself as distinguished from the glamour which surrounds a *première* as with a halo of delicious delight. Then, too, it was thoughtful indeed of the author to introduce cross-headings to his innumerable paragraphs, instead of "lumping" his materials together under half a dozen titles. If the ordinary playgoer could be brought to read only those pages which treat of the necessity for constructing theatres on an entirely different plan to that which has hitherto been adopted, an agitation against the oft condemned death-traps and fire-traps would arise, with the result that the Legislature would be compelled to interfere and to supervise theatres with a strictness now only conspicuous by its absence. Now, how would Mr. Buckle have playhouses and music-halls constructed? It is worth while following him in his suggestions, for they are eminently practical, although it is to be feared that the majority of managers will treat them as scornfully as most of them have treated the suggestions for an improved description of playhouses made from time to time—particularly within the last year—by those who have the safety of the public as well as the welfare of the stage at heart. Week by week, with painful monotony, we drew attention to the terrible condition of the vast majority of the London theatres and music-halls, and our remarks received a striking confirmation when the appalling accident at Exeter took place. For the Exeter theatre—bad as it undoubtedly was, and only licensed, as we have lately shown, by the culpable negligence of the magistrates—compared very favourably with many of the fire-traps of the metropolis.

First, then, a theatre should be built on an isolated site at least ten feet from contiguous buildings; failing this, the builder should secure a corner site. "In the near future, theatres will probably be licensed to accommodate certain numbers, as is now the case with steamships and omnibuses"; but, for such a reform, we must wait until Parliament can find time to take in hand this matter, as well as measures for upsetting arrangements which answer very well as they are. "Managers," says Mr. Buckle, "are unable to withstand the temptation to pack their houses"; hence, "discomfort, insufficient ventilation, congested exits, and the risks inseparable from panic intensified." The stalls should be from 20 to 24 inches wide; the dress circle seats, 20 to 22 inches; the upper circle, 18 to 20; the pit, 16 to 18; amphitheatres, 16, and gallery 15 inches; and, in addition to this, allowance must be made for standing-room.

"Fire and panic drills" are absolutely necessary; all the members of the company should be instructed in these exercises, and the attendants should be taught, not only how to use the fire-extinguishing appliances, but exactly what to do in the event of panic. When Mr. Wilson Barrett had the Princess's Theatre, his actors and actresses, and all concerned, were practised in these matters; and if at the Princess's, why not at the other playhouses?

"The grand principle," however, that should govern the disposition of the plans is the provision of fire-resisting structural divisions between the auditorium, entrances, and staircases, public rooms, managerial offices, stage, workshops, property-stores, and dressing-rooms. Where practicable, these division walls should be carried up through the roof. In the case of the proscenium-wall this is imperative. All the roofs should, without exception, be constructed as flats, and connected with iron ladders, to enable the firemen to get quickly from one point to another. The auditorium should be cosy, and not too large." And here it may be said that Mr. Buckle legislates for an audience of 2,000, divided thus—stalls, 200; pit, 600; first circle, 250; second circle, 350; amphitheatre, 100; gallery, 500. For the purpose of comparison, it may be added that the Lyceum holds only 1,850; the Olympic, 900; the Opera Comique, 1,000; the St. James's, 1,000; the Strand, 1,000; Toole's, 900; Vaudeville, 1,000; the Gaiety, 1,150; the Haymarket, 1,100; the Comedy, 1,185; Drury Lane, the Alhambra, and the Britannia, each 3,500; the Empire and Covent Garden, 3,000; Her Majesty's, 2,444; the Prince of Wales's, 1,200; the Princess's, 1,900; the Royalty and Terry's, 800, and the Criterion only 750.

There should be windows in every part of a theatre; external porticoes should communicate with an inner vestibule, despite the fact that this part of the house has been described as the curse of all theatres, "as, in the event of a panic, constituting a meeting-point for large numbers of the audience." Besides the outer vestibule or portico, Mr. Buckle argues in favour of an inner vestibule, large enough to serve as a crush-room for what

* *Theatre Construction and Maintenance.* By J. G. Buckle, A.R.I.B.A. London: "The Stage" Office. 1888.

the author terms "the dress portion of the audience." Of course entrances and exits are all important, the safety of an audience depending more upon "judiciously arranged means of egress than the presence of real danger." At least two means of egress from each section of the auditorium leading direct into the street should be provided, and indicated, not by placards or framed notices, but by permanent inscriptions on the doors or walls. All exits should be used nightly, not merely when there is a fire or a panic, and "an attendant wearing a distinctive badge or dress should be placed in charge of each exit door." All external doors ought to be made to open both outwards and inwards. Supposing a theatre to hold a thousand persons, the minimum width of the exit passage should be ten feet—one foot per hundred; which seems only reasonable. In the best appointed London theatres the door-egress allowed for exit averages about one foot for each sixty persons, the rate of egress at ordinary times being about four hundred persons a minute.

If external doors are (they ought not to be) fastened during the performance, only such bolts should be used as can be easily forced by pressure from without. With "panic bolts," such as those at the Lyceum and the Egyptian Hall, such a disaster as that which occurred at Sunderland a few years ago would be impossible, the bolts yielding only to pressure from within.

Mr. Buckle has a word in favour of the queue, as used at the pit entrance of the Savoy as well as at the Grand Theatre at Leeds. While the staircases should be as near as possible the exits, there should be no intervening passages leading thereto. Portland cement concrete is recommended for the steps, being more to be relied upon as a fire-resisting material, as well as cheaper than natural stone. "An endeavour should be made to light all staircases by means of windows; this is conducive to safety, cleanliness, good ventilation, and a saving in the consumption of gas at matinées," the latter now a considerable item in the weekly expenses of a theatre. External escape staircases are compulsory in some Continental towns, and Mr. Buckle suggests, where the situation of the building admits of these being placed, the fixing at each floor of iron balconies communicating with the street by iron stairs, to be used on ordinary as well as extraordinary occasions, as "appliances provided for use at remote intervals are invariably found to be out of order, and fail to act when most needed." Where the building does not admit of improvement, the canvas sheet used in Paris might advantageously be fitted to existing windows or openings expressly made.

Mr. Buckle, while full of forethought for the safety of playgoers, does not forget to say a word for their comfort. There should be a retiring-room off the main vestibule, "where ladies and gentlemen may await their carriages without impeding the egress of the audience, and a small room for the use of footmen and servants in waiting. There is room for improvement," Mr. Buckle rightly thinks, "in the present method of—to adopt a military simile—incarriaging and decarriaging the audience. Ladies in evening attire and thinly wrapped have now to stand exposed to the cold winds waiting for their carriages," and he proceeds to furnish us with a code of rules which would, he thinks, facilitate incarriaging. Then the *foyer* should be made, what it very seldom is, "an enjoyable lounge," nothing "repellent to good taste" being sanctioned. The refreshment-rooms should be "of attractive appearance," and the liquors, &c., good, managers having the power "to insist that wholesome beverages be supplied to their patrons. The intellectual appreciation of a play is not enhanced by the wholesale distribution of poison during the entr'acte."

The sanitary accommodation is frequently very inadequate in theatres: and hereon Mr. Buckle speaks out in a manner which we may commend without quoting. An "accident room" is suggested; and then the author deals at length with the seating accommodation throughout the house, into the details of which he need not be followed; though we may pause for a moment to agree with Mr. Buckle that the gangways should never be occupied during a performance, and that "the number of seats in a row should never exceed twelve without an intervening gangway."

Before dealing with the stage and its appurtenances, Mr. Buckle dwells awhile on the question of fire-resisting curtains, and gives the preference to those made of asbestos metallic cloth, as being light in construction, economical in cost, and easy of manipulation. The Edinburgh Lyceum Theatre and the London Prince of Wales's both have fire-resisting proscenium curtains, constructed of wrought-iron plates, worked by water obtained from tanks on the roof, weighing from seven to eight tons, and capable of being raised or lowered in from thirty to fifty seconds, with an expenditure of only eighty-four gallons of water. When he comes to speak of the construction of the stage, Mr. Buckle has much to tell us about "cuts," "sliders," "bridges," "traps," "flats," "wings," "Back-cloths," "borders," "butts," "rakes," "gridirons," "cloths," "tumblers," "fly galleries," "docks," "Jacob's ladders," "grooves," "fly trusses," "cleats," and so on. Pages are occupied with these details, which are sufficiently interesting, though unnecessary to dwell upon here. A word, however, concerning the dressing-rooms, which, except in a very few theatres, may well be described as the "abomination of desolation." In Mr. Buckle's opinion "the dressing-rooms should constitute a distinct block, and be separated by a fire-resisting lobby or corridor from the stage. This block should be divided into two sections, having separate staircases and approaches for the men and women, with distinct sanitary conveniences provided on each floor." Daylight, fresh air, warmth, adequate bath space and drawers, clothes racks (or cloak pegs), and plenty of hot and cold water are the essentials to a good and comfortable dressing-room; but how often are they provided? A leading professional lady told Mr. Buckle that "to dress in a cold room chills every feeling, and renders you physically unfit to perform your part satisfactorily"; and those who have tried either to dress or to write under such conditions will appreciate the force of her remark.

In the chapter devoted to lighting and acoustics Mr. Buckle tells us that "a writer" described the Opera House in the Haymarket as being, in 1864, "the very best theatre in the world for sound," although it was built without any scientific principles of acoustics. The house at that time (it was burnt in 1867) "was like a drum, and the wall of the auditorium was flat. There was no projecting ornament of any kind. The outsides of the boxes were flat and even, and the ceiling was smooth, without any ornamentation in relief, and the form that of a slight dome. The pit tier fitted tight on to the floor. In this short description we have the whole secret of good sound." Ventilation naturally deserves serious attention in an essay on theatre building, and we learn that Mr. Buckle prefers the *plenum*, or mechanical principle, to the vacuum, or natural principle, for the very good reason that the latter "has been a signal failure in every theatre where adopted." Of the various systems of automatic or natural ventilation Mr. Buckle prefers the well-known one of Messrs. R. Boyle & Sons, while for forcing fresh air into theatres he seems to think the Æolus water-spray ventilator best. When he comes to deal with the lighting of theatres, Mr. Buckle is firm in the belief that, whether the system be gas or electricity, "there should be a supplementary system of lighting by means of oil lamps"—the point on which we repeatedly insisted last year when reporting on the general state of the London theatres and music-halls. While fully believing that the electric light will "in the very near future entirely supersede gas as an illuminant in theatres," Mr. Buckle is careful to point out that the introduction of electricity will not dispense with the necessity for ventilation, and he is earnest in showing that "defective insulation" has caused many fires. Given a good system of insulation, and there is practically no danger whatsoever in electric lighting of theatres. While there is general agreement in the advantage of electrical non-gas lighting in the audience parts of theatres, experts differ as to the expediency of throwing such a glare on the faces of the performers, contending that a mass of white light "shows up" too minutely the blemishes in even the most perfect beauty. The "fierce light which beats upon a throne" is, in fact, stronger than the most lovely daughter of the stage can bear with equanimity. So far as concerns the foot-lights, then, the much-derided gas will probably long continue to hold its own. Mr. Buckle's most important chapter is that on the prevention of fire. He holds that the primary consideration should be to build a theatre in the most substantial manner, and with externals that will not aid combustion; that all scenery, properties, and wardrobes should be coated with an anti-ignition solution; and that there should be fire appliances, plenty of water, systematic inspection, "on fire watch," and periodical fire drills. Assuredly, if theatres were constructed on Mr. Buckle's plan there would be few, if any, disasters, and panics would be things of the past. Some novel suggestions for a model safety theatre are offered by the author, who does not regard Mr. Irving's recent proposition as a successful solution of the problem. Mr. Buckle's argument may be thus condensed:—"The safest theatre in the event of a panic would be one in which the public had to rush *up* staircases into the streets, rather than *down*. Hence the gallery, and not the pit, should be entered from the street level." The theatre most closely approximating to Mr. Buckle's ideal playhouse is, the reader may be surprised to learn, the Criterion, every part of which is below the street-level, a superstructure being raised over the auditorium, of which the house itself is only the basement.

If the author of *Theatre Construction and Maintenance* is right, the architects of the future will build playhouses without staircases; and it would be practicable to do so provided the site were isolated.

We are shown a perspective sketch of such a theatre as that suggested by the author, erected "within an excavation or moat, leaving an open area all round the theatre 25 feet wide from the external walls of the building to the boundary walls of the site"—an arrangement allowing every part of the house to be lighted by windows, and securing perfect ventilation and absolute control in the event of fire. The gallery is entered on a level with the street by bridges spanning the moat.

Mr. Buckle's book merits a more exhaustive notice; but probably enough has been said to direct that attention to it which it undoubtedly deserves.

HISTORY OF SOUTH AFRICA.*

MR. THEAL is a most indefatigable searcher of records. Recently we had occasion to notice his very valuable History of the Boers in South Africa, which gives the fullest account yet published of the causes that led to the emigration of the Dutch from the colony, compiled from original documents to which he had access as a custodian of the archives of the Cape. Now he gives us a volume of equal value dealing with the first colonization of the Cape by the Dutch East India Company,

* *History of South Africa* [1486-1691]. By George McCall Theal. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1888.

and the events happening under its rule between the years 1649 and 1691. Mr. Theal's book, however, is rather a *précis* than a history, and will conduce more to the enlightenment of the student than the amusement of the general reader. The care with which it has been prepared and the labour involved in its preparation are very patent. Not only has Mr. Theal studied all the old Dutch records in the Cape archives, he has also visited the Hague, and spent some months in examining the seventeenth-century manuscripts and maps that are collected there, with the result that his work will become invaluable to all students of South African history.

In the seventeenth century, when the great Dutch Company carried on their trade with the Netherlands India, the want of a place of refreshment for their vessels was much felt. The travellers of to-day in well-appointed steamships have little idea of the frightful risks and hardships involved in a sea voyage two hundred and fifty years ago. In the transit from the Netherlands to the Cape—which was never accomplished under eighty days, and sometimes took twice as long—it was no uncommon thing for half the passengers and crew to perish miserably of scurvy. Sometimes, when, after these weary days of death and desolation, the vessel at length reached Table Bay, the survivors on board were too weak even to furl the sails or bring their sick on shore. Nevertheless, as nothing short of actual extermination will check the greed of man being clothed and of a civilized mind, the trade went on, and the East India Company very sensibly sought how best to mitigate its death-rate. For some years before the occupation of the Cape, the fleets had made a custom of dropping anchor in Table Bay, where they watered, and, if possible, bought a few cattle from wandering natives. Finally, some shipwrecked mariners having reported favourably of the place, the Supreme Directory of the Company determined, upon the 30th August, 1650, to establish a victualling station at the Cape, where, it must be noted, the English flag had already been hoisted in 1620, and erect a fort containing space for seventy or eighty men. This decision being come to, they at once appointed one Jean Van Riebeeck, an ex-surgeon, to be the head of the new settlement. The expedition sailed on the 24th December, 1651, and after a prosperous and, as it was then considered, a rapid passage of one hundred and four days, dropped anchor in Table Bay. Van Riebeeck was a man of great energy of character, and he certainly needed all he had, for a more trying task than that which lay before him it is impossible to conceive. It is no light thing to undertake to turn a hitherto uninhabited coast into a thriving settlement capable of supplying large fleets with all needful refreshment in the shape of vegetables and meat. Moreover, at the Cape the difficulties of the colonists were much increased by the presence of tribes of wandering Hottentots, whose good will had to be gained; for on these tribes they relied for their supply of cattle. But to a very large extent Van Riebeeck succeeded. For ten years he ruled the infant settlement with an iron hand—there was scarcely anything that its members might do without the permission of the officers of the Company—striving in all things to promote the interests of his employers; and when, in 1662, he handed over the command to Commander Wagenaar, the colony had struck firm root in African soil. Its growth, however, was of the slowest; and for the period with which Mr. Theal deals in this volume its history cannot be called interesting. Indeed it consists in an oft-told tale of petty squabbles with petty chiefs, struggles with the soil and seasons, and abortive expeditions in search of fabulous cities in the interior. There is scarcely an incident recorded that in any way strikes the imagination, unless it is the occasional narration of the sufferings of crews shipwrecked along the coast-line, or the circumstances under which the building of the castle was carried out. By degrees a class of burghers sprung up, and were settled on farms at Stellenbosch and other convenient spots. These men were no longer directly in the service of the Company, but they were subject to many onerous regulations. Probably we here discover the root and origin of that hatred of rule for which the Boer race is so remarkable. It is an inherited reminiscence of the iron rod of the Company. But, if the Company was severe, it was also provident and wise. It established schools, provided ministers, and generally looked after the interests of the colonists. Moreover, it inaugurated a just and merciful course of dealing with the natives; and, though this was to some extent an interested proceeding, seeing that, unless they were well treated, the tribes would not sell cattle, the conspicuous moderation of its methods is much to the Company's credit. But, notwithstanding all efforts to multiply the population by means of the introduction of Huguenot refugees and otherwise, the increase of the colony was very slow. In the year 1691, at which date Mr. Theal closes his volume, it only numbered about a thousand souls. This handful was, however, a seed from which a considerable people was to spring, and we shall look forward with interest to Mr. Theal's account of its more active and vigorous growth.

PERSIAN PHRASES.*

LIEUTENANT EARDLEY-WILMOT, when working at Madras for one of the examinations in Persian, made careful extracts from the text-books which he was reading, with the English on one side and the Persian on the other. He has now rearranged these various passages under different heads, according as they relate to various administrative functions, and has printed the detached sentences. The book is thus, no doubt, a useful one for anybody who wishes to learn Persian in an extremely dull and uninteresting manner, much as though he were to learn by heart columns of a dictionary. For purposes of literature it cannot have, nor is it intended to have, any value, and we think that those who are engaged in the study of Persian would be far better employed in learning their own note-book than that of another person. Of course, as all students of foreign languages know, one of the best ways to acquire a language is to learn detached sentences by heart. We applaud Lieutenant Eardley-Wilmot's industry, and hope that he passed his examination.

It seems, however, a suitable occasion to inquire whether the examination in Persian in India should not extend to works of later date than those from which extracts are made in this compilation. Persian, as the ancient Court language of India, and as the language which still has greatest general currency after English, must for long to come be of importance for Indian officials, and the study of its very beautiful literature is improving and valuable. But it should be borne in mind that the Persian of the present day is very dissimilar to that of the past, and the tongue as it is spoken is fully as worthy of study as translations of Malcolm's History in a somewhat stilted style. Sir Richard Temple's quotations from Hafiz, in his speech in Parliament lately on the liquor traffic of India, afforded additional proof (were it needed) of the rare common sense of the Persian poets, and of the wisdom their writings contain.

* *Manual of Persian Phrases* (*for Use in Translations*). Compiled by Lieutenant H. Eardley-Wilmot, Madras Staff Corps. Printed at the S.P.C.K. Press, Vepery, Madras.

NOVELS.*

CURB and Snaffle is a novel that is more or less like a great many one has read before; most of the incidents strike one as being familiar, and most of the *dramatis personæ* are old friends. There is the pompous bishop, who is so strongly imbued with a sense of his exalted position that he never relaxes aught of his dignity, even in the bosom of his own family; the son who is never understood by his father, and who stands in such awe of him that he prefers sacrificing his whole career to refusing submission to one of his (the father's) wishes; the dashing cavalry officers, who under ordinary circumstances are as rollicking and devil-may-care as you please, but who, when the occasion demands it, can become as gentle as women. All these well-known characters are to be found in this book; and, though one is always delighted to meet old friends, one sometimes has a hankering after something new and original in a novel. The title is well chosen. *Curb and Snaffle* is exactly the right term to express the different ways of bringing up the two lads who are the joint heroes of the story. It is a great pity that the bishop did not have the advantage of as good an education as he gave his son. When one compares their language on different occasions, one cannot help feeling that it would be better were they to take example by the father and son in *Vice Versâ* and change places. The prelate says to his secretary, with a fine disregard for grammar, "Do me the favour to leave this person and *I* alone." Mark the difference between this and the simple language of the Eton boy:—"I wonder, if my mother had lived, what she would have said to all this—this quenching of natural instincts, this fanatic and blind-like confidence which I place in the future, a future, too, utterly at variance with my tastes and feelings, and yet one which I school myself day by day to consider as right." As most of the incidents are connected with some kind of sport, it seems a pity that the author had not previously studied the subject more carefully. The Eton and Harrow match is doubtless the event of the season at Lords; but still the authorities of the M.C.C. would feel rather surprised, and perhaps protest in a forcible manner, if, to quote the words of the book, "Drags, omnibuses, landaus, and every sort of vehicle" were to "find their way inside the ground and take up their allotted positions" two days before the match. The system of scoring in the match described is somewhat peculiar. "The newcomer scored 8 off the first over—25 to tie; then Conroy made a boundary and 2 singles—2 to tie," says Sir Randal Roberts. Most people are under the impression that one four and two singles make six; how they can possibly amount to twenty-three would puzzle a "senior wrangler at *either* University," if, as the author asserts, both Universities boast such a phenomenon. Then, again, where can Sir Randal Roberts have got his experience of horses? He talks of a horse standing about 15·3 as a "low, lengthy nag." A hunter of nearly 16 hands is not generally considered low. He subsequently informs us that the average height of an Arab horse is 15 hands 2 inches. There are very few Arabs within a hand of that height. These and many other such extraordinary blunders rather destroy one's pleasure in reading *Curb and Snaffle*, which, for all that, is a book that has its merits. It is easily and naturally written for the most part, and the author goes straight to his point, wasting no time over descriptions and explanations. Briefly, it is just the sort of novel one likes on a railway journey, or on other occasions

* *Curb and Snaffle*. By Sir Randal H. Roberts, Bart. London: White & Co.

The Lindsays: a Romance of Scottish Life. By John K. Leys. London: Chatto & Windus.

The Voice of Urbano. By James W. Wells. London: Allen & Co.

when one feels inclined for nothing but what is essentially light reading.

For some reason or other we have come to look upon the Scotchman, as portrayed in novels, as a bore. This is said without the slightest reflection upon the Scotch nation at large; but the typical Scotchman of fiction, though a most estimable person, thoroughly respectable in every sense of the word, and the very embodiment of all that is shrewd and common sense, is always a bore. Jealousy is notoriously one of the most powerful motives that actuate human nature, so perhaps this idea arises from a feeling of his superiority. He is so painfully precise—one is almost tempted to say priggish—and the impression he gives of carefully weighing the pros and cons of everything he says or does before he commits himself in any way jars upon the reader, if he or she, unfortunately, happens to be a creature of impulse. This is not at all the case with the hero of *The Lindsays*. Alec Lindsay is just sufficiently Scotch to be consistent with the notion one has formed of the national character; but quite sufficiently English (in a novelistic sense, of course) to be sympathetic, so that one cannot but follow his struggles and hardships with interest. His impulsiveness at times borders closely on Quixotism; there are not many poor men who would indignantly repudiate a legacy of a quarter of a million of money, to which they were legally entitled, on account of some conscientious scruple. Yet this action is only what we should expect from this fiery young Scotchman. The book is well and graphically written throughout, and the author has the art of expressing himself concisely without in any way impairing the effect of his descriptions, which are specially worthy of notice. No one but an ardent lover of the picturesque could have sketched the mountain scenery of Scotland in so realistic a manner. Mr. Lindsay's impressions of Westminster Abbey are quite as good in their way. The novel being intended for English readers, the author is careful to explain any Scotch words that may occur in it. For most of these translations one feels grateful and edified; but surely Mr. Leys might have given the most ignorant of cockneys credit for knowing that gloaming being interpreted means twilight! In fact, the more ignorant he is, the less likely is he to know that the word does not belong to his mother tongue. Most amusing accounts are given of various manners and customs of the Scotch, notably their methods of carrying on courtship and of keeping the Sabbath. The religious controversies between Alec and his friend Cameron are entertaining and fairly clever, the latter's comparison of religion and houses being particularly original. Alec remarked:—

"'True religion consisteth in great part of the affections,' says Jonathan Edwards. Perhaps you think dogmas are hindrances, not helps."

"True houses consist in great part of walls," retorted the Highlander; "is that to say they should have no foundations?"

Unfortunately, these discussions never seem to come to a definite conclusion, neither disputant ever appearing convinced by the arguments of the other. The faults of this book are chiefly technical, and generally of a trifling character. Whatever Mr. Leys may know of Scotch law, he is certainly not well versed in English legal matters. It is impossible to conceive that a judge trying a criminal case at the Old Bailey would twice refer to the prisoner at the bar as "the defendant." With the exception of a few other similar insignificant errors, which it would be hypercritical to lay too much stress upon, *The Lindsays* is a good novel. It is for the most part excellently written, and never in the least degree commonplace or dull.

Mr. Wells has given us in his book a tale of adventure. Roland Rollinston, an Englishman, who has come over to Pará in pursuit of a fortune, in the course of business supplies a Peruvian firm with a large consignment of rifles and other weapons, the value of the order amounting to 5,000*l*. This sum Ignacio de Souza Miranda, to whom the goods have been sent, refuses to pay, alleging as his excuse that they have been seized by the Peruvian Government as contraband of war. He then retires up country to gather rubber and avoid his creditors. Rollinston, realizing the impossibility of taking legal proceedings, follows him, in company with Eustace Warren, an Englishman, Tim Matson, an American, Peter Petersen, a Swede, and several Indians, also to gather rubber and to confront the defaulter with his little bill. His plan is eminently successful, as he finally walks off with the whole of Ignacio's property, repaying himself at the rate of over eight hundred per cent. He is assisted in his enterprise by a tribe of Indians, called Hypurinás, who have also a grudge against Ignacio, on account of his having behaved in a most unfriendly manner by destroying five of their villages. Rollinston gains the support of this tribe by playing them a tune on a bullock-horn—lent him for the purpose by an old pioneer named Urbano—hence the title of the book, *The Voice of Urbano* being still farther represented by an embroidered packet of prayers. The Hypurinás cannot resist these two strong claims to their affection, and decide to make common cause with the Englishmen against the slippery Peruvian. This is hard luck on Ignacio, for, though he is an excellent hand at cursing, he is not much good at fighting; and ultimately he and all his gang are annihilated, after a most exciting battle, which is capitally described. The white men manage to save his wife and sister-in-law, who are the daughters of a wealthy tradesman at Manáos. On the return voyage Peter, the Swede, falls in love with Adelia, the sister-in-law, whom he has rescued from a watery grave. He proposes to her in a somewhat novel and amusing manner, as will be seen from the following extract:—

Peter had evidently at last screwed up his courage to break the distressing silence, for, with great beads of perspiration standing upon his brow and after sundry coughs delivered in the intervals of his huge sighs, he murmured in what he intended for a soft tone of voice, but which unfortunately sounded deep and rough,—

"Do you like—mangoes?"

"Yes," came the reply, softly uttered and followed by a closer nestling movement, which Peter dared to respond to by a closer pressure of his arm round her waist.

"And—cocoa-nuts?" continued Peter, again sighing furiously.

"Yes," was again softly sighed like a gentle murmur of the wind through the trees.

"And—and—bananas?" again he questioned hoarsely, and becoming very red in the face.

"Yes, yes—and—and you too!" replied the impulsive Adelia, as she threw her arms round his neck, and vigorously hugged and kissed the astonished but delighted Peter, who after such a complete rupture of the ice of bashfulness was not slow to reciprocate the endearments of his companion.

It must be rather startling for a nervous man to have the momentous question abruptly answered, when as yet the declaration of his love has only reached the preliminary stages of mangoes and cocoa-nuts. On the arrival of the travellers at Manáos the nuptials are celebrated, and the bashful Peter is made a partner in his father-in-law's business. Urbano is so gratified at the extinction of Ignacio that he declines to take back his voice, but presents it to Rollinston, who puts it under a glass-case when he gets back to England. The latter marries the girl for whose sake he has been in the pursuit of fortune for eight years, and who by the well-timed death of a rich uncle becomes an heiress. So after all, as Warren says, they might just as well have left Ignacio alone. However, if they had, the novel-reading public would have lost a very interesting book. Interesting not only on account of the exciting story, but also because of the graphic way in which Mr. Wells puts before us the scenery of Brazil, and the manners and customs of its inhabitants.

TWO BOOKS ON BIRDS.*

A HANDSOME octavo volume of 200 pages on the Ornithology of the Argentine Republic, though presented with all the advantages of clear type and full-page illustrations, and the further assurance of good scientific work, for which Mr. Sclater's name is sufficient guarantee, does not necessarily commend itself to the general reader, to whom a catalogue of South American birds, few of which have attained more than local notoriety, can offer but very limited attractions. He will learn from the table of contents that the order Passeres is fairly represented; will accept as inevitable some new arrangement of the families; will observe that in South America, as at home, are the thrush, the wren, and the ubiquitous sparrow; and will then lay the book aside as a "work of reference" which may perhaps be usefully consulted at some future time. It is possible that Mr. Seebohm's quarto volume on *The Geographical Distribution of the Charadriidæ* will be similarly regarded. The title alone is a formidable one; while the diagnoses of the several varieties or species, couched in the inharmonious Latinity of science, and the lists of synonyms, do not promise that recreation for a wearied hour which our above-quoted "general reader" commonly desires. And yet, if he will nerve himself to something more than an idle examination of either work, he will find they are not volumes to be dismissed too lightly; that, while they satisfy the strictest requirements of ornithological science, they are enlivened with ample notes, results of careful observation upon the habits and peculiarities of the particular birds described, which are not merely interesting in themselves, but are suggestive of curious questions of evolution and heredity and origin of species, for which, with all deference to our more advanced *transformistes*, it is certain that no entirely satisfactory solution has yet been discovered; and, whether we accept the suggestions of Mr. Hudson on community of descent and inherited habits or the more decided teaching of Mr. Seebohm in his introductory chapters, it is certain that each author has recorded facts in support which not only command careful consideration, but which, by any other theories than their own, may be very difficult, if not impossible, to explain. How, for instance, shall we discover the influences which result in entire, yet persistent, differences of habit between creatures which in every other respect are most nearly allied? We are tolerably familiar with the habits of swallows and martins; five species only are found in Europe, three of which are regular summer migrants to the British Isles. Messrs. Sclater and Hudson catalogue eight species as occurring in the region known as Argentina; seven present no special peculiarity of habit, but the eighth, the Tree Martin (*Progne tapera*), never alights upon the ground or on roofs of houses, but only upon trees, and, though it collects materials for building, it uses them to line the nest of another bird, the "Hornero," or "Red Oven-bird" (*Furnarius rufus*), whose deserted home it appropriates or whom it forcibly dispossesses. Moreover, it indulges this parasitic tendency only at the expense of the Hornero, neglecting what might seem the equally eligible nests of other birds, or the burrows of the Vizcacha, a common rodent, or the owl, to which a closely-allied species, the Bank Swallow (*Atticora cyanoleucha*), commonly resorts.

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* *Argentine Ornithology: a Descriptive Catalogue of the Birds of the Argentine Republic.* By P. L. Sclater, M.A., &c., and W. H. Hudson. Vol. I. London: Porter. 1888.

The Geographical Distribution of the Charadriidæ; or, the Plovers, Sandpipers, Snipes, and their Allies. By Henry Seebohm. London: Sotheran.

The nest-building habits of the above-mentioned Oven-bird are somewhat peculiar. Mr. Hudson relates that these birds, which apparently pair for life and are by no means unfrequent,

begin building in the autumn, and continue their work through the winter whenever there is a spell of mild wet weather. The material used is mud, with the addition of horsehair or slender fibrous rootlets, which make the structure firmer and prevent it from cracking; when finished the structure is shaped outwardly like a baker's oven, only with a deeper and narrower entrance, and is lined with dry soft grass. The *oven* is a foot or more in diameter, and is sometimes very massive, weighing eight or nine pounds, and so strong that, unless loosened by the swaying of the branch to which it is attached, it remains unharmed for two or three *years*; a second oven is sometimes built on the top of the first.

It may be easily imagined that, in a country where parasitic habits among birds appear to be unusually frequent, a fine "landed estate" such as one of these huge mud-built *Ovens* must present irresistible attractions, not to the Tree Martin only, but, among others, to the socialistic sparrow (*Sycalis pelzelni*); which, though wearing a suit of yellowish green instead of the prevailing sober brown which clothes his English relative, equally inherits the larcenous habits of some predatory ancestor. The sparrow, however, does not restrict himself to appropriating the property of the Oven-bird, but makes himself equally at home in the large stick-built nests of the "Leñatero," or "Firewood-gatherer" (*Anumbius acuticaudatus*). But of all Argentine birds the most contemptuous of proprietary rights is the "Pajaro negro," or "Cow-bird" (*Molothrus bonariensis*), whose irregularities have furnished Mr. Hudson with a text for a thoughtful dissertation on the "peculiar mistakes and imperfections of the procreant instinct." The "Pajaro," closely allied to the North American Cow-bird (*Molothrus pecoris*), and widely distributed in the Southern continent, in size and appearance and in its gregarious habits resembles our well-known bird the starling; it congregates in large flocks which do not break up even in the pairing season; the hen birds, whose numbers are singularly disproportionate to those of the males, only deserting the flock while they steal away to deposit their eggs in any nests they can find—sometimes in old forsaken nests, sometimes in nests where incubation has already commenced, and sometimes, when no convenient nest is discoverable, content to lay in any hole or corner, or even on the open ground, continuing to scatter their often-wasted eggs during four months of every year. An even more reprehensible peculiarity is that the female Cow-bird constantly destroys or steals the eggs in the nests she visits, and that without any sentimental regard for original proprietorship. Mr. Hudson relates how he has often examined all the parasitical eggs in a nest—for different female Cow-birds often visit the same—and after three or four days has found that these eggs have disappeared, others, newly laid, being in their place; adding that he has not only seen a bird strike her bill into an egg and fly away with it, but has observed the male bird perch himself close by, while the female was in the nest, and immediately she quitted it drop down and begin pecking holes even in the egg she had just laid.

The love affairs of some of the Argentine birds are prettily told. The "Black-headed Siskin" (*Chrysomitris icterica*), a tuneful, restless little bird, builds its nest in the bole of a tree, and, while the female is sitting, the male is seen to perch near her among the leaves, gently warbling his little song, apparently for her pleasure only, the notes being so low that at the distance of a few yards they can scarcely be heard; another, the "Short-winged Tyrant" (*Machetornis rixosa*), pairs for life, frequenting the same locality and breeding in the same place for years; when not on the nest they invariably hunt together, and at intervals fly to some favourite perch to indulge in a duet of rapid shrill notes before they again seek their food; the "Bienteveo" (*Pitangus bolivianus*), found in every orchard and plantation in Buenos Ayres, pairs also for life; unlike the last, they do not hunt in couples, but separate, to meet again at intervals during the day.

One of a couple, say the female, returns to the tree where they are accustomed to meet; and, after a time, becoming impatient or anxious at the delay of her consort, utters a long, clear call-note. He is perhaps a quarter of a mile away, watching for a frog beside a pool, or beating, harrier-like, over a thistle-bed; but he hears the note, and presently responds with one of equal power; then perhaps for half an hour, at intervals of half a minute, they answer each other; at length he returns, and the two birds, nestling close together, with their yellow bosoms almost touching, their crests elevated, and beating the branch with their wings, scream their loudest notes in concert—a confused jubilant noise, that rings through the whole plantation. Their joy at meeting is patent, and their action corresponds to the warm embrace of a loving human couple.

Mr. Seebohm's volume on *The Geographical Distribution of the Charadriidæ* is in every respect an important contribution to ornithological science. It is not, as he is careful to inform us, to be regarded as a monograph of the extensive group of birds which comprises the plovers, the sandpipers, the snipes, and their nearest allies; but is devoted chiefly to a description of those characters which are diagnostic, and to the geographical distribution of the several species. His book is thus, in one sense, supplementary to the chapters on the Charadriidæ in his *History of British Birds*, and in his two fascinating volumes, *Siberia in Europe* and *Siberia in Asia*, with which, to properly appreciate the work before us, the reader should make himself familiar. The intention with which it is undertaken is thus described by Mr. Seebohm. He writes:—

I propose to take for granted the truth of the statement, that the species of Charadriidæ existing at the present time are the modified descendants of a common ancestral species; that they were not specially created in the various localities where they are now found, but have emigrated thither from a common centre.

In the earlier chapters, on Evolution and Differentiation of Species, Mr. Seebohm discusses what he rightly regards as the bases of the theory of evolution—namely, the principle of descent with modification, and the causes which have probably affected this modification. To complain that he fails to lead his reader to an absolutely definite conclusion would be unfair; but the facts that he is able to adduce, and the legitimate inferences which can be drawn from them, render any other explanation somewhat difficult of acceptance; and yet these facts and inferences would, a very few years ago, have been received, not alone by theologians, but by the scientific world itself, with something more vigorous than incredulity.

There are 222 existing species and sub-species of plovers, sandpipers, and snipes; during the breeding season they are distributed in fairly proportionate numbers between the Arctic, Temperate, and Tropical regions; about one-half of the species are shore-birds; of the other half, a small number frequent forests and the banks of rivers, the rest affect the open steppe or prairie. Mr. Seebohm assumes that the ancestral species, from which all existing species are derived, was circumpolar, and for its origin assigns a period—we cannot call it a date—when, as geological evidence distinctly proves, a mild, if not a genial, climate prevailed around the Pole. How long the one species remained, or whence it came, is not the question; the wandering habits resulting from the three months' night, and the custom, so frequent among birds of certain species, of driving away their young to find distant breeding grounds, prevented isolation, so that modification was slow, and the conditions of life for the widely increasing family remaining the same and interbreeding being unchecked, there was less opportunity for variation. But then followed, not suddenly but by slow degrees, what is known in geology as the first Glacial period, which, with Lyell, we need not assume was earlier than post-Pliocene times. Ice began to form, perpetual snow covered the highest hills, the winters grew more severe, the short summer had less power; soon enormous glaciers crept down to the sea, and year by year the breeding-grounds of the Charadriidæ were pushed further south, and their winter migrations more widely extended. Isolation became inevitable, and under changed circumstances was naturally followed by variation; until, when this Ice age had passed away, as it did in lapse of time, and the Arctic breeding-grounds were again thrown open, the descendants of the one species which had left the Polar basin at the beginning of the pre-Glacial period returned now multiplied into ten, while an equal number of species remained behind never to return at all. For long ages, variously estimated at from twenty to eighty thousand, and even to half a million years, conditions remained favourable, and then commenced another Glacial epoch. Events followed in the same cycle as before; the island-studded Polar seas gradually frosting over became masses of "thick-ribbed ice"; the open marshes, dear to snipe and sandpiper, the pleasant valleys and well-wooded hills, were buried under sheets of hardening snow; and as years rolled on, the cold, extending into what had been and what have again become temperate climes, caused the emigration of Arctic birds to districts still further south. Their gradual dispersion followed; the vast glaciers which overspread the more elevated tracts of North America and the mountains of Nova Zembla and Eastern Siberia, accelerated by the increased struggle for existence and modification under changed conditions tending to the isolation of species, produced ever-new variations, and habits of migration, originally formed when the increasing severity of the winters compelled the birds to absent themselves from their breeding-grounds in search of food, were never wholly abandoned, but still remain hereditary.

The distance travelled by some of these birds in search of winter quarters seems almost incredible. Many of those which now breed in the Arctic regions cross the tropics in their migration and seek the south temperate zone, some even occasionally going as far as New Zealand, as the Asiatic Golden Plover (*Charadrius fulvus*), the Turnstone (*Strepsilas interpres*), and forms of the Curlew, the Whimbrel, and the Knot, in all about seven species; a still larger number, not less than twenty of the Charadriidæ, visit Australia, and even more are believed to retreat to South Africa. It appears to be a general rule that the further north a bird goes to breed, the further south it migrates to winter. The rule may seem somewhat difficult to prove, since it is impossible to mark and identify individual birds, but a little consideration will establish its probability. Thus, the well-known Barn-swallow (*Hirundo rusticus*) winters in Northern and Central Africa; it returns to Southern Europe about the middle and end of February, crosses the Channel in April, and reaches North Scotland early in May. Enormous flocks of the Barn-swallow winter in Natal and South Africa, not beginning their northward journey until late in April—*i.e.* they do not leave their winter quarters until our own migrants have arrived. It may fairly be assumed that these are the birds which within comparatively few days make their appearance in great numbers in Northern Europe and North-East Asia, breeding often as far north as latitude 68°, traversing a distance of not less than six or seven thousand miles.

But the reader should himself refer to Mr. Seebohm's notes on Migration, and also to his chapter on the "Paradise of the Charadriidæ," where twelve hours after the snow departs, between the northern forests and the shores of the Polar sea, there smiles a fairy land of bog and marsh, full of delightful little lakes and tarns, where snipe and sandpipers trip over beds of moss and water-weed amid anemone and marsh marigold to spend a joyous honeymoon, feeding fat meanwhile on larvæ of water-beetle and

mosquitos and the fermenting frozen fruits of last year's autumn. What we have said will perhaps suffice to draw attention to a book which our author may with good reason "commend to the careful consideration of ornithologists," and which, "whatever its faults and shortcomings," may at least claim the merit of originality.

LOTUS AND JEWEL.*

THOUGH he has drawn once again on the inexhaustible stores of the *Mahâbhârata*, Mr. Edwin Arnold's versions or adaptations of Sanskrit poetry form but a small portion of the miscellaneous volume which he has prettily entitled *Lotus and Jewel*. The sacred blossom is represented by an idyllic poem "In the Temple," in dialogue with lyrical interludes. The Jewel section is made up of a series of poems arranged acrostic-wise, setting forth the fabled virtues of Oriental gems with sundry legends peculiar to them. Various nondescript pieces form another division, the volume concluding with an episode translated from the *Mahâbhârata*, "A Queen's Revenge," one of the most remarkable and dramatic in the original form of the epic, and one in marked contrast to the desultory ethical discourses grafted from time to time on the elder and heroic legends by philosophic scribes and interpreters. In the prologue to "In the Temple" the scene is presented with considerable pictorial skill. The calm and glowing landscape, the lassitude of heat, the ancient temple, and the three speakers who share in the dialogue within the temple, are the chief poetic circumstances in an attractive picture. The speakers are a learned Pandit, Govind his name, an Englishman of mild theosophic tendencies who is addressed as Saheb, and a naughty nautch-girl, or nauchtnee, whose playful ways somewhat irritate the Englishman who sits at the feet of the philosopher like another Gamaliel. The Pandit expounds the mysteries of the Mandûkya text and the unutterable significance of the mighty monosyllable Om, with its triune sound and sense, and while the dark exposition progresses the spritely nautchnee sings pretty lyrics of love and the lotus to the melodious twang of the vina. When they are comfortably seated in the temple's shade, the English disciple, impatient of the frivolous minstrel's interruptions, exclaims:—

> Keep your eyes
> Curtained with lashes just one little while;
> Now for this dread word— OM.

His attempt to syllable the word arouses the Pandit, who cries:—

> Oh!—not like that!—
> Reach me the lota, girl; that I may wash
> My mouth from stain; then, covering one hand,
> I raise this other to my lips, and say,
> With three half breaths drawn in—but slow and low—
> The three great *matras* of this mighty Word
> Which is as Silence spoken! Hear'st thou?—OM!—
>
> SAHEB. How are there three?
>
> PANDIT. 'Tis made of A,—U, —M.

Perhaps even now the English reader requires further illustration of the true method and right ceremonial. "Thus have we seen," to quote another poet:—

> A comely bachelor,
> Fresh from a toilette of two hours, ascend
> His rostrum, with seraphic glance look up,
> And in a tone elaborately low
> Beginning, lead his voice through many a maze
> A minuet course; and winding up his mouth
> From time to time into an orifice
> Most delicate, a lurking eyelet, small,
> And only not invisible, again
> Open it out, diffusing thence a smile
> Of rapt irradiation exquisite.

Allowing for Western manners, this may assist the reader in realizing the solemnity observed by the devout Govind when, with new-washed lips, he pronounced the mystic word in the presence of his pupil and the gazelle-eyed Gunga. He then explains the meaning of the A, and what the U denotes and what the M, discoursing of life's three conditions, of which the third

> is *Prajna*, letter M
> Of those three letters of the mighty Word.
> * * * * *
> When he asleep desireth no desire,
> Dreameth no dreams, that is the perfect sleep.

Attaining this condition with flesh subdued by sleep, the spirit sees "his sense slumbering," and free to roam

> Thus, like a falcon, flying here and there
> From cliff to cliff of sleep's far boundaries;
> Seeing the glad and sad, the old and new,
> The good and ill—presently wearieth.
> Then doth it fold its pinions, and sink down
> Into Soul's nest, reaching the dreamless peace
> *Prajna*. There follows not to that deep state
> Gladness or sadness, good or evil. Life
> Is lifted out of living—soul grows Brahm!

The passing of the soul through all three conditions to final absorption in deity is described in fluent verse with felicitous imagery, though it is doubtful if the reader whose Sanskrit is sadly to seek will share the enlightenment of the Gods who waited "through twenty thousand moons" under the Nyagrodha tree to learn of Indra the nature of Brahm, and at length, hearing the mystic word uttered, "went to their places wise."

The poems entitled "A Casket of Gems" are written in the decasyllabic quatrain much favoured by poets of the last century, though in an artistic spirit altogether opposed to Mr. Arnold's treatment. From Dryden to Wordsworth poems in this measure might be cited, perfect in continuity, any one stanza of which may be separately considered as self-contained and flawless. The *Elegy* of Gray and the stanzas on Sir George Beaumont's picture of Peele Castle may be taken as test examples, though appropriate illustration might be supplied by many an inferior bard. We make random quotations of Mr. Arnold:—

> An Aureus of the Roman Empire—see!
> And on its face, in plain imperial letters,
> MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS—He
> Was Master of our earth. Rome's iron fetters,
>
> Linked over lands and seas, were held by him,
> The awful purple of the Cæsars wearing;
> And triumph-crowned! for, mark, along the rim
> DEVICTUS MARCOMANNIS. He was bearing
>
> That year Pannonian laurels (one—six—eight—
> In era of our Lord), &c.

There are one hundred pages of these slack-jointed stanzas, not less difficult to read nor less ear-defying. Nor is it possible to discern any unsuspected subtleties of modulation or novel musical progression that might account for their disregard of an ideal form. If this is poetic diction, Dryden and the master-poets wrote in vain.

Of Mr. Arnold's remaining poems, "A Queen's Revenge" is decidedly the most striking. This translation from the *Mahâbhârata* deals with the adventure of the five Pandu princes and Draupadi their queen, who, wearied of their twelve years' exile in the forest, present themselves singly in disguise at the court of Virâta, the ruler of the Matsyas, and hire themselves in his service in menial ways. Not even the story of Nala and Damayanti is more characteristic of the Sanskrit epic than this curious episode. The catastrophe, vigorously rendered by Mr. Arnold, may be likened in its sudden violence and horror to an incident in the fortunes of the Volsungs.

* *Lotus and Jewel.* By Edwin Arnold, M.A., C.S.I. London: Trübner & Co.

BRACTON'S NOTE BOOK.*

OUR notice of this book has been delayed, but we make no apology for it. Such a work as this of Mr. Maitland's outlives many generations, not only of three-volume novels, but of histories made easy and ephemeral text-books, before there is time for it to be duly assimilated by those whom it concerns. Those persons, indeed, are at present a small class. It is barely known to the general educated public that English law has a history. The study of that history has until of late years had every kind of external difficulty against it. Even among lawyers, those who have either time or inclination for it have been, and still are, a minority. When we count up those who can and will grapple with the original evidences, and go behind the classical system of the Common Law to investigate its ideas and methods in active formation, we are left with a minority of that minority. Nevertheless, the students of our legal antiquities are on the increase. We are becoming aware that without the history of law the history of institutions and manners is incomplete. And in the field of strictly legal affairs the whirligig of time has brought about revivals of ancient needs and ancient claims of right, and practising lawyers whose pastors and masters could barely make out a "black-letter" authority of any kind have been driven back to Year Books and even to unpublished records. The antiquary without the lawyer is oftentimes blind; the lawyer without the antiquary may fight as one that beateth the air; the historian is every day more convinced that he cannot walk safely without having both of them on his right hand and on his left. It already signifies much for us, and for our children it will signify more, that interest in this kind of study gains ground quite as steadily in America as in England.

Now for the limited but increasing class of students in question Mr. Maitland's edition of the thirteenth-century Note Book which he attributes to Bracton is a book not so much to read as to live with. Whatever else this collection of cases may be, it is a collection diligently made from the records of a vital period of English law by a lawyer of that period who had ample access to the original rolls of the courts, and whose materials, lines of work, and habit of legal mind, and even opinions on special and rather minute points, coincided in a singular way with Bracton's. He gives us the means of verifying a great number of Bracton's authorities; he gives us not a few comments identical in substance with Bracton's text. Every student of Bracton, therefore, must henceforth take this book for his companion; and this is as much as to say that the book is indispensable to every one who claims or desires to have any judgment of his own about the English legal system of the thirteenth century, or any material part of it. These cases being now accessible in print, any such student must make sure of what they have to tell him before committing him-

* *Bracton's Note Book: a Collection of Cases decided in the King's Courts during the Reign of Henry the Third.* Annotated by a Lawyer of that time, seemingly by Henry of Bratton. Edited by F. W. Maitland, Reader of English Law in the University of Cambridge. 3 vols. London: Clay & Sons. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co.

self, whether for his own satisfaction or for the persuasion of others, on any point of thirteenth-century jurisprudence which is capable of doubt or demands explanation. One need not have read as many thirteenth-century documents as Mr. Maitland to know that there are still many such points.

And when we say the matter is accessible, we do not mean only that it has been carefully copied and printed. Whether the student is looking for examples of a particular form of action, or illustrations of terms and usages, or for what may throw light on the identification or history of a place or person, he will find everything done for him that good editing and indexing can do. Mr. Maitland's first volume is more than useful; in form and arrangement it is a model *apparatus criticus*, and we shall be greatly surprised if, in the course of that continued working use which alone can be a final test, it does not make good all the promise of its form. The introduction, moreover, differs from many documents of the same kind in that it is excellent reading. Mr. Maitland has lived in spirit with the judges and suitors of King Henry III.'s reign, and has that firm grasp of human affairs remote from us in time and circumstances, but none the less human, which is to be found only where strenuous research and intimate knowledge are informed by the sympathetic tact of a true scholar. And the exposition is enlivened with touches of more than book-knowledge. Mr. Maitland has not only identified places with map and gazetteer; he knows and loves Bracton's country and the country of one at least of his masters, the region that extends from the borders of Somerset and Devon across Dartmoor and into the Cornish moors. When the student begins to feel dusty, let him turn to Mr. Maitland's paragraph on the "geography of the cases" (vol. i. p. 103) and be refreshed. And if he would enter into Mr. Maitland's beatitude, *Beati omnes qui ambulant*, he can do no better than follow his indications when occasion serves, remembering, however, that a man must have his loins well girt if he is to cover Dartmoor ground at the learned Reader's pace. It sufficiently appears that Mr. Maitland is not only *robustus venator coram Domino* among the rolls in the Record Office, but *robustus ambulator* in vacation times.

The intrinsic value of these cases does not in any way depend on their connexion with Henry of Bratton (such appears to be the true form of the name), or with his treatise extant in many MSS., first printed in 1569, and since twice reprinted, the second time rather worse than the first, but never yet critically or competently edited. A book which gives, in Mr. Paul Vinogradoff's words, "a copious and careful selection of cases from the early practice of Henry III.'s reign," a good number of them being from Rolls not now extant, can stand on its own merits in any event. But the identification of this Annotator with Bracton, first proposed in 1884 by Mr. Vinogradoff, and accepted and supported by Mr. Maitland, must still be a matter of no small interest. Mr. Maitland sets forth his reasons with exemplary caution and modesty, but does not disguise the fact that to himself they seem sufficient. They involve too much of cumulative detail to be abridged without losing much of their force. But, subject to this warning, it may be convenient to state the points of the argument.

1. The Annotator and Bracton used the same rolls, and mainly the decisions of the same two judges, Raleigh and Pateshull.

2. Bracton, the only author of the time known to have cited cases at all, cites altogether some 500, and some 200 of those are among the Annotator's collection of about 2,000.

3. The Annotator's comments are in many cases closely like Bracton's, and like them in rather minute points of individual opinion and style.

4. There are certain *marginalia* in the Note Book which seem to be the concise memoranda of a man very familiar with the subject-matter, and to refer to persons and suits that would naturally have been familiar to Bracton.

5. The Annotator and Bracton both made the same mistake—the great and extraordinary mistake of misplacing the famous protest of the Barons, "Quod nolunt leges Angliæ mutare," known to later lawyers under the rubric of the Statute of Merton, in the series of events of which it was part.

Here we have ample evidence to go to a jury that the Annotator was no other than Bracton himself. It is not conclusive proof; other suppositions might be found to explain the facts without resorting to the extreme one of mere coincidence; and it is conceivable, as Mr. Maitland himself points out, that something absolutely inconsistent with Bracton's authorship may yet be discovered. But if the Annotator was not Bracton, we seem to have only two lines of conjecture left. We must think of the Annotator as some friend or subordinate of Bracton's who was allowed to use Bracton's materials for some unknown purpose of his own, or else as some one whose materials, collected again for some unknown purpose, were used by Bracton with such confidence that he copied even a serious mistake in dates. About either of these hypotheses, or any variation of them, there is obvious difficulty. There is not any apparent difficulty in the simpler hypothesis that the Annotator and Bracton were the same person. In the absence, therefore, of any evidence the other way, we conceive that the title of *Bracton's Note Book* is justified. It will be remembered that in the thirteenth century we are nothing like in sight of the time when every student of the law kept a large commonplace book, and many of the same authorities would naturally be found in the commonplace books of any two contemporary students. No other contemporary MS. of at all the same character as this Note Book is known to exist.

It would be tempting in one way to build upon this collection of cases some theory of a Bractonian school, and we shall not be at all surprised if some ingenious person attempts it when the book has had time to become known. But we do not think much would come of such an attempt. There is nothing to show that Bracton founded a school. His work was abridged in Britton and Fleta, and, indeed, some of the extant MSS. of Bracton are throughout, or in considerable parts, rather abridgments than copies; but that was all. The lawyers of later centuries never quite made up their minds whether his treatise was authoritative or not. It is certain that in several points which he thought important his doctrines failed to secure adoption. All we know of him tends to show, so far as it goes, that he held a distinguished but rather isolated position.

We shall not undertake to give any account of the matter contained in this Note Book. To do so would be to embark at large upon the law and procedure of the thirteenth century. As regards Mr. Maitland's editing we will only add that we are at one with him in abjuring the delusive show of accuracy given by the use of special types. With a facsimile of the MS. we know where we are, and with a printed text giving the editor's reading of the MS. we know where we are. The compromise of "record type" is a thing of naught. An editor who cannot be trusted to extend the ordinary contractions of a mediæval MS. cannot be trusted to distinguish them. One who can be so trusted can also be trusted to make a special note of anything which is really capable of doubt. The state of Bracton's text is only remotely connected with the present subject; but many scholars will echo Mr. Maitland's pious hope that some day there may be a real edition of Bracton, and will supply, what Mr. Maitland's modesty has kept back, the name of the man who is probably best fitted to edit hi 1.

RUSSIAN COMPOSITION.*

THE study of the Russian language must have made considerable progress during the last twenty years, if we draw conclusions from the comparative frequency with which manuals ar 1 grammars are now printed to facilitate it. This is probably in consequence of the stimulus imparted quite recently by Government in awarding a gratuity of 200*l.* to such officers as qualify as interpreters in it; and the Civil Commissioners now hold half-yearly examinations in Russian at which Indian officers may present themselves as well as those of the British army proper.

The special object of this little volume is to afford assistance in acquiring a good Russian official style, and, what is quite as difficult and useful, a facility in deciphering manuscript in that tongue. It is emphatically a book of exercises, and complementary to a manual by the same author in which the grammatical structure of the language is unfolded. Denying that Russian is difficult to learn—an opinion which an Englishman will accept with considerable reserve—the author maintains that by adopting his plan—*i.e.* plunging into the middle of exercises and working out complete sentences by aid of the attached vocabularies—the student will rapidly master it. The system, though far from a novelty, is undoubtedly correct, and has been almost universally adopted, especially in Germany, where people have occasion to familiarize themselves with so many dialects and forms of speech. The ancient method of bewildering the learner in a labyrinth of grammatical forms with no practical application has fallen into disuse. Great care, however, is required in the preparation of these vocabularies, or otherwise the student will be disgusted with, metaphorically speaking, looking for a needle in a bundle of hay. The first sentence, for instance, in Exercise I. is as follows:—"The boy read, the girl listened"; but, turning to the corresponding vocabulary, we do not find the Russian equivalent of "to listen" specified as such. True we find it opposite the verb "to attend, obey"; but the beginner cannot be expected to know by intuition that this is the word he is to use.

However, the exercises appear to be very serviceably put together. The Table of Conjunctive Prepositions strikes us as lucidly arranged. Sir Edward Thornton's despatch to M. de Giers on the delimitation of the Afghan frontier may be profitably studied with its Russian version collated and not alone from a linguistic point of view. But the distinctive feature of the work is formed by the collection of Russian manuscript appended to it, the handwritings ranging from good round pothooks to the nondescript scratches which are jerked from the busy official pen. With laudable foresight a key for the interpretation of these hieroglyphics is provided for the use of the neophyte.

THE CHOLERA IN SICILY.†

SIGNOR ANTONIO PALOMES'S work recently published in Palermo, entitled *Il colera ed i Siciliani*, is rather an onslaught on Signor Crispi than an account of the dreadful epidemic which made such havoc a few years ago in Sicily. Doubtless the feeling of distrust and jealousy which has existed for

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* *Aid to Russian Composition.* By Ivan Nestor-Schnurmann. London: Allen & Co. 1888.

† *Il colera ed i Siciliani.* Ricordi di Antonio Palomes. Palermo, 1888.

centuries between the Italians of the various former subdivisions of the peninsula is still formidable, especially in the southern provinces, where the people are by no means too well pleased to be governed in all things by *i Piemontesi*. We readily grant, however, that possibly the central Government at Rome acted with considerable ill judgment and procrastination in its method of dealing with the Sicilian outbreak of cholera; but we can scarcely credit that their somewhat confused and essentially red-taped proceedings were the result of deliberate and inhuman calculation. Signor Palomes is too bitter, and his bitterness blinds him to facts; although, to be sure, after making terrible accusations against Signor Crispi and giving what appears to be authoritative documentary evidence in support of his assertions, he exclaims, "Io non esagero, non invento, non insulto—giudico." There is, however, very little about the cholera in his book, and a very great deal anent Signor Crispi's well-known anti-clerical opinions and proceedings. The volume, however, which has had an immense success in the South of Italy, is important, if it be only as affording another proof of how intense is party spirit in Italy even now, and how unfortunate it is that some *modus vivendi* has not as yet been arrived at between the Courts of the Vatican and the Quirinal. Before Signor Crispi's advent to power there seemed, indeed, some chance that at last a reconciliation between the State and the Church in Italy was imminent. Since he has become Minister this much to be desired consummation appears as far off as ever. It should never be forgotten that hitherto a portion of the Italian people has shown that, though it is willing to adopt decidedly sceptical views in religious matters, it has emphatically declared it will accept of no other determined form of religion than the Roman Catholic. The attacks on the clergy, and even its persecution—for in reality it has not fared much better in Italy since 1860 than it has more recently in France—have ended in an undesirable result; it has only weakened the religious sentiments of the country without improving its moral tone, for it is universally admitted that public and private morality in all parts of Italy has fallen of late to a lamentably low state, partly possibly from the bad effects of a perfect inundation of scandalous literature translated or imitated from the French, and still more so from the rapid diminution of religious sentiment.

La Riforma is acknowledged to be the official organ of the actual Italian Prime Minister, Signor Crispi, and it suffices to turn over a few of its latest numbers to see how bitterly day by day he permits the journalists in his service to attack religion and its ministers, who are never mentioned, even when performing their duties, in its columns but with sneering contempt and ridicule. Signor Palomes declares that Signor Crispi treated the clergy of Palermo during the visitation of the cholera with calumnious ribaldry. He accused them—and from all accounts most unjustly—of grossly neglecting their duties towards their afflicted flock. Herein lies Signor Palomes's chief grievance against the Premier, and he makes considerable capital out of it. We cannot enter into the details which he gives in support of his charges: but it is satisfactory to know that even the ultra-Radical press of Sicily eagerly defended the cause of the Archbishop of Palermo and his priests, and proved that their conduct was quite as heroic as was that of Cardinal San Felice and his clergy in Naples during the outbreak of cholera in 1885 and 1886. The success of this book shows us but too well how very restless is the state of mind of the Italians at present in religious and social matters, and it indicates how eager the vast majority of the nation is to see the national religion once more resume its proper position. It is certainly rather singular to observe that those who rule the destinies of Italy cannot learn a lesson from contemporary France, and note how the theories they are so eager to carry into practice in Italy have failed there, and how an unchristianized people is fast becoming absolutely ungovernable. The Papacy is established in the heart of Italy, and such Italians as choose to belong to any acknowledged form of Christianity are determined to remain faithful to the Church, of which the Pope is chief pastor. This being the case, the Italian Government seems to us to have but two alternatives to follow—it must either eventually come to terms with the Pope, or it must unchristianize its people after the fashion of *ces Messieurs* of the Clubs at Belleville and Montmartre. Signor Palomes is quite right when he says that it would be better to endeavour to improve the sanitary conditions of the country, the habits of the people, and to elevate the tone of the public press, by inducing it to treat religious and other serious subjects at least with becoming respect, than to fill the minds of the half-educated with theories which are, after all, only feebly imitated from the least practical schools of French and German so-called freethought. Perhaps a crusade in favour of soap and water would have better results than the much talked of and not a little derided *demonstrazioni* in favour of the glorification of Giordano Bruno, which, after all, have been mere parades of bad taste, carried on under the very windows of the Vatican, at a time when the Catholic world is celebrating the Jubilee of its able chief. The Pope is possibly much to blame in many ways; but at the same time it occurs to us that there is very little to be gained by wantonly irritating him, and with him the widely extended and powerful Catholic world over which he rules supreme. Signor Crispi in a few months has managed to make himself the *bête noire* of Roman Catholics throughout the world. With Signor Palomes we really fail to see what he has gained by it. Certainly if the Italians to a man were forthwith to embrace the doctrines of the "advanced," and refuse all religious belief whatever, the solution of the question would be easy enough. The Pope would, perforce, have to leave a capital which no longer contained an inhabitant who believed in his claims. So long, however, as the vast majority of the Italians elect to remain Roman Catholics, we, who are quite unprejudiced in the matter, cannot help thinking that the sooner the Premier moderates his dislike to this special form of religion and its Head, the better for all concerned. This is the real drift of Signor Palomes's book, and, while we condemn the impatient manner in which he frequently expresses himself, we cannot help thinking that, in the main, he is right.

LUCIAN'S DIALOGUES.*

IT may seem at first sight not a little odd that such a writer as Lucian should not have earlier made himself a place in the extensive collection of translations known irreverently as "Bohn's Cribs." Nor does that injurious appellation supply a reason; for writers far less used in colleges and schools—Ammianus Marcellinus, Strabo, Velleius Paterculus—as well as far less tempting to the general reader, have long been included in the list. But there is no doubt that the Pantagruelist of Samosata, as he has been called with rather less unreason than is usual in such parallels, has been hitherto strangely and almost unaccountably neglected in the ordinary classical curriculum. There have no doubt been various *excerpta* and *analecta* from him, prepared for school use; but unless we mistake they have been less and less used of late years. One of the best classical scholars, in the best sense of the word, now living, confessed not long ago that he "knew very little of Lucian," and we have known another scholar (this time not merely in the best, but in the straitest and strictest sense of the term, as understood by the latest and newest lights of scholarship) fall in warmly with the opinion of a light and careless person that nothing was more wanted than an edition of Lucian which should be at once literary and scholarly. The English Universities, where, if anywhere, he ought to have found a home, have given Lucian an almost entirely cold shoulder; no German scholar ever could understand him except by miraculous interposition; and there seems to be a general idea in France that when you have got Voltaire in the best of all languages it is idle to trouble yourself about another Voltaire who had the impertinence to come first and to write better in another and inferior tongue. Why all this is we are not prepared or concerned to say. The unorthodoxy which used to be charged against Lucian would not have deterred foreigners, and there ought to be enough scholarship in England to inform Englishmen that it rests on no solid ground. Every competent authority has long ago given up the "Philopatris" as far later than Lucian's time; and the certain expressions of the Peregrinus story are merely such as would be natural in a heathen sophist of the middle of the second century, who knew nothing of the Christians except that they were a harmless but rather benighted and unpolished sect. And it is certainly carrying orthodoxy rather far to object to Lucian for making fun of Zeus and Hermes. But we may have something more to say on this when we have said something of Mr. Howard Williams's present work.

We are unable to compare his translation with any other, for the simple reason that, to speak frankly, we do not know any other, though we may boast a tolerable familiarity with the original, from the first lines of the Ἐνύπνιον to the last of the Epigrams. Considered in itself, Mr. Williams's version is very fair, if not always impeccable. He seems to attach a rather unnecessary importance to Wieland's translation, judging from his constant reference to it in the notes; we must leave him to square his own encomium of Reitz with William Dindorf's description of that worthy as "hominem si quem alium suscepto negotio imparem"; and we certainly should not ourselves have translated δοκεῖς γὰρ ἀληθές τι ἐρεῖν "for you seem to have some inkling of the truth," a version which loses the whole point of the phrase. "You seem *to be going to say* something true" is, of course, the right rendering. Furthermore, in his introduction, while noting very properly the extraordinary influence of Lucian on the Renaissance, it is at least strange that he does not notice the *Cymbalum Mundi* of Desperiers—the closest, the boldest, and the most remarkable, though by no means the most legitimate, reflection of the Lucianic spirit at that time. Yet again, the sentence, "Rabelais, though there is no evidence that he took part in illustrating so congenial a mind, must have been greatly indebted to him," is singularly vague, and might well have been exchanged for, say, half a page showing how some of the most characteristic things of *Gargantua and Pantagruel*—the visit of Epistemon to Hades, the great voyage itself, Lanternland, and so forth—are borrowed, of course, as genius borrows, more or less directly from Lucian. But we are not at all bent on finding fault with Mr. Williams. He has given here the Dialogues of the Gods, of the Sea Gods, and of the Dead; the *Ζεὺς τραγῳδός*, the *Ζευς ἐλεγχόμενος*, the *Θεῶν ἐκκλησία*, the *Κατάπλους*, and the "Menippus." At least another volume, if not two, might with advantage be added. The Hetæric dialogues, despite their alarming title, are, with the rarest exceptions, not at all more "improper" than much of the matter which Mr. Williams has given, are at least equally interesting, and are simply full of the comedy of manners. And of few of the minor dialogues and dissertations cannot as much be said. We do not want the Ἔρωτες, though we are

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* *Lucian's Dialogues.* Translated by Howard Williams. Bohn's Classical Library. London: Bell & Sons. 1888.

not so sure as Mr. Williams is that they are spurious; but the 'Ἀληθὴς ἱστορία is simply one of the capital works of antiquity, in so far as characteristics suitable for translation go, and of all the eighty-two "*numbers*" *into which the works*, certain and doubtful, are ordinarily divided, there are certainly not twenty, if there are ten, which fail to display the Lucianic quality.

What that quality is it would be unfair not to allow Mr. Williams himself to show; so let us take the little by-play of the goddesses as they go down with Hermes to Ida to be judged by Paris:—

Hermes. Let us start off straight for Phrygia, I leading the way, and do you follow me without loitering, and keep up your spirits. I am personally acquainted with Paris; he is a good-looking youth, and amorous into the bargain, and very competent to judge in all such matters. He would not give a bad judgment.

Aphrodite. That is all fair, and you speak quite after my mind—that he is the right judge for us. [Confidentially] But is he a bachelor, or has he some wife or other living with him?

Hermes. Not absolutely a bachelor, Aphrodite.

Aphrodite. How do you mean?

Hermes. Some lady of Ida appears to be keeping company with him—well enough in her way, but countrified and dreadfully boorish. However, he does not seem to be excessively attached to her. But, pray, why do you put these questions?

Aphrodite. I asked quite indifferently.

Athena. Holloa! you Sir, there, you are exceeding your commission in communicating with her in private.

Hermes. It was nothing extraordinary, Athena, and nothing against you. She only asked me if Paris is a bachelor.

Athena. And pray, why is she so inquisitive about that?

Hermes. I don't know. But she says it occurred to her quite casually, and she had no purpose in asking.

Athena. Well, *is* he unmarried?

Hermes. I think not.

Athena. What then? Has he a desire for the military life, and is he at all ambitious for glory, or is he altogether devoted to his herds?

Hermes. The exact truth I am unable to say: but one must suppose that a young fellow like him would be eager to acquire fame in these things, and would like to be first in fighting.

Aphrodite (*pouting*). Do you see? *I* don't find fault, nor charge you with talking to her on the sly—for such sort of *querulousness* is peculiar to people not over much pleased with themselves; it's not Aphrodite's way.

Hermes. Indeed she asked me almost exactly the same question *as she did you*: so don't be in a pet, and don't imagine you are worse treated, if I answered her somewhat frankly and simply.

On which all that we have to note critically is that "boorish" is too strong for *ὄρειος*; that "exceeding your commission" is not strong enough for *παραπρεσβεύεις*, which means doing the mission "on the cross," "acting treacherously"; that "Why does she bother about that?" would be better than "Why is she so inquisitive about that?" and that the stage directions "Confidentially," "Pouting," &c., are not in the original, and are an unnecessary concession to the modern and very inartistic desire to have everything said; while "as she did you" ought to be "as you did," though this, like the other, would be an interpolation. Mr. Williams's version, however, gives the general tone not inadequately, if with a certain substitution of familiarity for urbanity, and every one can see how curiously modern that tone is. Yet it is almost an insult to Lucian to use the word "modern." What he really is is universal—as all the great writers are. Full as he is of local colour, he always combines with this temporary matter the matter which is not temporary. Take the little touches in one of the finest of all the dialogues—the dialogue between Zeus and Hera about Ixion—and note the admirable distinction of the reprobate masculine humour of the one speaker from the feminine, though highly creditable, incapacity to appreciate humour of the other. Compare with Mme. Cardinal those ancient forerunners of hers, the mothers of Philinna, and Corinna, and Musarium, and, though most certainly the comparison will leave M. Halévy a clever man, it will leave Lucian a cleverer. Read the "Lexiphanes," remember that it was written seventeen hundred years ago, and ask whether, with the slightest possible changes, it might not have been written, and would not have been a masterpiece, yes to-day? By common consent no sharper satire of contemporary charlatanry has ever been written than the pieces on Alexander and on Peregrinus. The "Lucius" is, of course, contested, and the exact relations between it and the romance of Apuleius present one of the most interesting problems that a scholar, who was in both senses a critic, could possibly occupy himself upon. We confess to a certain leaning both to its genuineness and its authenticity. If it be accepted take it with—if it be rejected take without it—the "Vera Historia," and you have altogether masterly instances of previously unexampled narrative. But space would, in any article possible here, fail us to go through half the pieces which dwell in the memory of every Lucianist.

Two things there are, however, which are common to all, and must be, however briefly and inadequately, noticed—the Lucianic style and the Lucianic wit. Of the latter it may be said that it is the first instance we have in satirical literature, and that there is no reason to believe that it is a borrowed instance, of the realization of the great secret of humorous prose—restraint and lightness of touch. Aristophanes was deprived by his dramatic necessities of the opportunity of showing that he knew this secret, though he doubtless did know it; and elsewhere we have no opportunity of comparison. All the great satirists since have borrowed from Lucian his grave and precise manner, his lightness of allusion, the rapid touch with which he leaves a jibe rather to develop itself to the reader than to be kicked and stamped into him. As for his style, the text has had far less trouble taken with it than the text of authors infinitely less worthy of trouble, and it is in parts uncertain. As in other similar cases, moreover, its extreme accomplishment and facility are apt to deceive the reader. Any one with a mere smattering of Greek can read Lucian sufficiently to enjoy him; it may be doubted whether any one knows Greek well enough to have thoroughly exhausted his infinite and curious felicity. That he was steeped in Plato, as Charles Lamb was steeped in Fuller, Burton, and Browne, is evident; and in both cases the result of the imitation has been a thing in itself inimitable.

JACK'S YARN.*

JACK'S Yarn is rather too much broken up for art, but it is a very reasonably good yarn none the less. With the interludes we would dispense—there is too much of the British sailor "Ha la Mr. T. P. Cooke" in them altogether, and the author dangs his old lee scuppers and shivers his poor old timbers not much more naturally than the artful party who accosted that "hinnocent young girl," Eliza Davis, of Guilford Street, by Brunswick Square. These things, however, are skip, and the rest of the book may be read with pleasure. We have met worse things by far than the cruise of the *Hornet* and the doings of her crew. Let us suppose that in the old war-time several young gentlemen—twenty or thirty of them—bought or freighted a schooner, and started to cruise into the south seas. It would follow as a matter of course that they would fight Frenchmen, and beat them, make an example of pirates, and see many kinds of quaint savages. The crew of the *Hornet* went through these experiences, and on the whole very creditably. On one occasion they did not quite come up to the proper level. It was when they had sunk a pirate boat and did not proceed to attack the ship herself and haul down the Jolly Roger, which was their manifest duty as a preliminary to stringing her wicked ship's company at the yard-arm. This, however, was their only error, and on all other occasions they behaved with proper spirit. When the author sends another *Hornet* on another cruise, as we hope he will, he ought to make a capital boy's book out of it. All that he will have to do will be to repress his inclination to play the rollicking British tar himself, and to stick more closely to his story. No healthy-minded boy will stand being interrupted in the middle of such delightful things as pirates and South Sea Islanders by the intrusion of somebody's old aunt. Mr. Brown writes well about the pirates and the islanders, and that is surely quite enough. He knows either by experience or by reading something more than a little of the Pacific Islands, and could surely use them as theatre and background of a story. The illustrations by Mr. R. T. Pritchett are entitled to praise. They are pretty in themselves and they do illustrate. The ships are "alive" and graceful. What is also not a matter of course, they are generally accurate, though we have looked in vain on page 121 for a boom where a boom ought to be. The Pacific Islands are delicately touched.

WOLSEY.†

CANON CREIGHTON'S *Cardinal Wolsey* is exactly what one of a series of short biographies of English statesmen ought to be; it gives the reader a clear idea of the place that Wolsey holds in the history of our national development, and presents a comprehensive and well-proportioned picture of a subject that to an untaught eye seems at first sight to have little unity. Wolsey's claim to be recognized as the "greatest political genius whom England has ever produced" rests, not on any immediate or definite achievement, but on the fact that he drew out the latent power of his country, and taught Englishmen their own strength. He accomplished this by giving England a foremost place in the affairs of Europe; he made her respected by other nations, and so inspired her with a new spirit of self-reliance, and paved the way for the glories of the sixteenth century. Accordingly Canon Creighton devotes the larger part of his volume to Wolsey's foreign policy, a subject on which he is peculiarly entitled to speak with authority; he vindicates the Cardinal from the old reproach of having allowed his policy to be swayed by eagerness to obtain the Papal office—of which, indeed, he can scarcely be said to have been unduly ambitious—and shows that he was in reality influenced by the desire to strengthen the position of England abroad, to bring her "into full accord with European sentiment," to make her powerful and respected, and then to work out the domestic reforms that he believed were needful for her welfare, not by a merely insular policy, but in concert with the other States of Latin Christendom. When he entered on his career as a statesman, the mediæval conception of Europe as "one great commonwealth presided over by Pope and Emperor" was rapidly passing away, and a struggle for supremacy had already begun between the rulers of France and Spain. The League formed to prevent Charles VIII. from gaining the preponderance in Europe marked, as is well pointed out here, a new departure in European affairs; their course was for the future to be governed by combinations of

* *Jack's Yarn; or, Perils in the Pacific.* By Robert Brown, A.B. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co. 1888.

† *Twelve English Statesmen—Cardinal Wolsey.* By Mandell Creighton, M.A. Oxford and Cambridge, D.C.L. of Durham, LL.D. of Glasgow and Harvard. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

great States. During the reign of Henry VII. England, on the whole, stood aloof from these combinations. Domestic troubles had reduced her to the position of a third-rate power, and the King devoted his energies to building up the royal authority, and while he claimed a right to have a voice in the arrangements of Europe, took no active part in them. Henry VIII. at once threw himself into Continental politics, and at first followed the lead and trusted to the assurances of his father-in-law, Ferdinand of Aragon. After engaging in a war with France, which brought him little profit, he found himself tricked by Ferdinand and deserted by Maximilian, whom he had subsidized and benefited. It was at this juncture that Wolsey, of whose earlier life and employments a sufficient account is given, assumed the direction of the foreign policy of England, and scored his first success by bringing about an alliance with France. In four years' time he made his country, which had lately been held of small account, the mediator of a European peace, and before long showed both Charles V. and Francis I. that it was worth while to make considerable efforts to secure her good will. At last the time came when the two rivals were seriously bent on war. An excellent account is given of Wolsey's efforts at mediation at the Conference of Calais; they failed, though not through any fault of his; indeed, as Canon Creighton remarks, he was only the first of a long series of English statesmen who have found that endeavours to make peace when war is really imminent, and when their own country is not prepared to back up her counsels by force, only bring upon her charges of duplicity, and are likely to involve her in the quarrel she seeks to compose. The success which had attended Wolsey's attempt to make England the "mediator in the politics of Europe" was not achieved without many checks and reverses of fortune, and the most serious difficulties with which he had to contend were those which proceeded from his master's "vanity and obstinacy." When after the overthrow of Francis at Pavia he laboured for peace, because he knew that "England's strength lay in a powerful neutrality," Henry flattered himself with hopes of French conquest and grew less satisfied with his Minister's policy, and Wolsey began to see that his position depended on his power of making himself useful in forwarding the King's wishes. He lived at a time when a statesman was necessarily a royal servant, and was forced to recommend himself by his subservience to the royal will—a condition of office not necessarily more dishonourable than that which impels modern statesmen "to bid against one another for an opportunity of carrying out what they think to be the will of the people." Henry was a hard master, and brought his great Minister to his fall by setting him to perform a task which, whether he was successful or not, would have equally been fatal to the ends for which he laboured. Wolsey's conduct with regard to the divorce is criticized with much discernment. Canon Creighton possesses the rare faculty of looking at affairs of the past in the light in which they must have presented themselves to those actually concerned in them, and while he allows that it would have been better for Wolsey's fame had he refused to involve himself in this discreditable business, points out why, nevertheless, "he ought not greatly to be blamed for agreeing to promote it." Although at the time of Wolsey's fall his "dream of a united Europe cautiously moved by England's moderating counsels" had vanished before the force of circumstances, his endeavours were not without their effect on the position of the kingdom in the eyes of other nations, on the spirit in which Englishmen learnt to think of their country, or on the future action of the King. So, too, though his domestic policy was to some extent a failure, it prepared the way for the action of men who brought about larger results, though by ruder and more vulgar means than those he hoped to employ. He strengthened the Monarchy, for he regarded it as the only instrument powerful enough to enforce reforms; and though he was unsuccessful in his attempt to override the privileges of Parliament, he taught Henry one part of the secret of his future triumphant despotism—the King learnt from him to represent himself as the only source from which the nation could expect help and guidance. But Henry was, as Canon Creighton observes, "a better Englishman than Wolsey," and whereas Wolsey sought to convince the people that it was their interest implicitly to obey the King's will, Henry cajoled them into the belief that his will was merely the expression of their own aspirations. The conservative character of the reforms that Wolsey attempted to effect in ecclesiastical affairs is carefully drawn out, and some interesting remarks will be found on the relation in which these schemes of reform stand to his policy as a whole, and to the drastic measures that took their place. The story of the great statesman's fall and last days is told with much pathos, chiefly with the help of Cavendish's touching narrative, and the last chapter is devoted to a masterly summary of Wolsey's work as a statesman, and an estimate of his contribution to the history of English politics.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE remarkable revival of interest in critical literature in France has been more than once noticed here; and we have in M. Jules Tellier another candidate for a share of the attention bestowed on MM. Lemaître, de Bonnières, Faguet, and the rest. The interest of *Nos poètes* (1) lies partly in the number of names not known at all in England, and we suspect very little known in France, which it contains. M. Tellier's remarks on most of them, and on most of their better-known companions (survivors to a man almost of the old *Parnasse*, though scattered in sometimes very un-Parnassian directions), are frequently acute, clever, and well expressed. But they seem to us to suffer from the same defect which attaches to most of this school of critics, from M. Lemaître downwards, that they are not judgments, but more or less smart sayings. Now we know that it is now rather a sin to know Greek; but still critic used to mean "judge."

M. Maurice Bouchor's *Les symboles* (2) comes pat enough after M. Tellier's book, in which the author is duly and not unkindly noticed. Those who remember M. Bouchor's advent, heralded as that not merely of a new poet, but of a new poet who was going to *enfoncer* the Parnasse and start a school half-Shakspearian, half Bérangerish, may be surprised to find a volume all about Vishnou and Odin, and the Edda, and the Vedas, and Prometheus and Enin—almost pure Leconte de Lisle, in short, though with rather less indulgence in *k*s and *h*s and accents of all kinds. But this is the way of new poets.

M. Escande (3) styles himself "député," and really if any large numbers of his colleagues are like himself, the threatened Boulangiste purge of the French Chamber may be said to have considerable excuses. A man who cannot write the commonest English name correctly (in two sentences we have "Hoove" for Howe and "Hottam" for Hotham), who tells us gravely that "Irish wild" is an "expression courante à Londres," and who says that there was a "terrible insurrection" in Ireland in 1759 (a phrase in the context bars the charitable suggestion of a misprint), is simply incompetent to write about Anglo-Irish matters. And we may add that M. Escande's judgment seems to be on a par with his information.

M. Munier-Jolain (4) appears to us to have committed the not unusual fault of treating a subject in itself neither unpromising nor uninteresting at too great length for an essay and not at length enough for a book. But his studies of Patru, Mauléon, and Desèze (for to these three subjects the book practically comes) are well enough worth reading.

To speak frankly, we do not think Criminology (5) one of the promising -ologies. A criminal is a man or woman who has committed crimes, and we have never discerned in the various attempts to discover, after the fact, that before the fact he or she was criminally given, either philosophical cogency or practical use. If any one thinks differently, he will find in Signor Garofalo a patient, an exhaustive, and not unfrequently an acute discourser on the various theories on the subject; in M. Féré a physiologist who deals in muscular curves, the nexus of which to his subsequent dealing with criminality we do not too clearly discern.

Baron Hulot's (6) book of travels is a pleasant volume, describing (chiefly) a visit to Canada. It has become fashionable of late for French tourists to visit this lost French possession, and we have before noticed their puzzlement and half chagrin at a fact which the Baron—a straightforward and ingenuous person—communicates very frankly. The French Canadians are enthusiastically French in every point but one—they have not the least wish to belong to France. One of them asked Baron Hulot plumply what chance they had of French government exhibiting such a combination of tradition and progress as they now enjoyed? In short, to be Frenchmen and English subjects is all they ask. And to think that if the Black Prince had not gone wool-and-fever-gathering in Spain, if Henry V. had had a longer life and a better English title, this inestimable blessing might have happened to all men of French blood!

The sixth volume of the pretty Jouaust *Montaigne* (Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles) has appeared.

We love not interviewing; but M. Maurice Barrès's account of *Huit jours chez M. Renan* (Paris: Dupret) is as prettily printed as it is written in bad taste.

We have known paradoxers who disputed the competence of actors as teachers of elocution, maintaining that the elocution of the stage is a thing *per se*. If there is any truth in this, it is less true of the French stage—at least the French classical stage—with its long *récits* and monologues, than of ours. And M. Dupont-Vernon's reprinted *L'art de bien dire* (Paris: Ollendorff) has all the appearance of a manual both scientific and practical.

(1) *Nos poètes*. Par Jules Tellier. Paris: Dupret.

(2) *Les symboles*. Par Maurice Bouchor. Paris: Charpentier.

(3) *Hoche en Irlande*. Par G. Escande. Paris: Alcan.

(4) *Les époques de l'éloquence judiciaire de France*. Par Munier-Jolain. Paris: Perrin.

(5) *La criminologie*. Par R. Garofalo. Paris: Alcan. *Dégénérescence et criminalité*. Par Ch. Féré. Paris: Alcan.

(6) *De l'Atlantique au Pacifique*. Par la Baron Etienne Hulot. Paris: Plon.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IN *A Dictionary of Lowland Scotch* (London: Whittaker) Dr. Charles Mackay, some odd exercises in philology notwithstanding, gives us a good, sound, useful piece of work, and one, we take it, that is not like to be soon bettered or replaced. Jamieson's big book is practically inaccessible to the general, and to the student even is scarce so serviceable as it might have been. Dr. Mackay has written for everybody who is interested in the

language, and if his excursions into Celtic are "frequent and painful and free" (to speak giddily of a very solemn subject), and his definitions not always quite so felicitous as might have been expected of him, his illustrations are neat, and his selection of words is copious, enough for most of us. There be, even to this day, great numbers of Southrons who cannot read Burns at all, and to whom the noble idiom of Cuddie Headrigg and the Mucklebackits and Andrew Fairservice is at once an eyesore and a heartbreak; there is a still vaster body to whom the "Aberdeen-awa'" of Dr. MacDonald is merely impossible; and to all these Dr. Mackay will be found the most serviceable of men. Of course they need not concern themselves with his derivations; for that way perplexity lies, and confusion, and much argument and heat. Nor must they always take his accuracy for granted, nor imagine (for instance) that there are many Scotsmen who are capable, as Dr. Mackay is capable, of turning such a proverb as "A hantle littles maks a muckle"—home sown, home grown, and racy of the soil—into such a poor "monster of mixtures" as "Every little helps to mak' a muckle." These reservations made, they will get little of him but is instructive or entertaining or both.

Mr. G. F. Armstrong's *Mephistopheles in Broadcloth* (London: Longmans) is distinguished by a certain quality of mild and decent impudence which goes some way to making it tolerable reading. His Mephisto is terribly gentlemanly, to be sure; also he is more long-winded than it becomes the Fiend to be; and, furthermore, he rejoices in an innocent freshness of mind which (here he presents analogies with Mr. Wills's hero) induces him to believe that he is really indulging in satire, when to the average mind he appears to be only giving way to a natural tendency to silliness. This said, it may be cheerfully admitted that he is not always bad company, and that his last couplet—

> But hark! . . Time's up! . . Farewell, my children! . . Pah! . .
> Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!—

deserves to be remembered. There is far more variety and a great deal less ill-nature in Mr. A. Wilmot's anthology, *The Poetry of South Africa* (London: Sampson Low). Mr. Wilmot has done his work discreetly, and has made a really interesting book. Of course his collection is lacking neither in echoes of Ingoldsby and Macaulay nor in depressing examples of humorous verse. That it would be so was scarce to be expected; for when an English-speaking community begins to lisp in numbers, these are the numbers in which lisping comes easiest. But it includes a good choice of the lyrics of Thomas Pringle, abounding in life and colour and spirit, and smacking bravely of such influences as Byron and Sir Walter; and for that alone it deserves to be applauded and approved. It remains to add that the book would be none the worse for a glossary. What, for example, is a "Smouse"? a "voerslag" what? What are "ungazis" and "velds" and "carbonatjes"? 'Tis the age of Umslopogaas, it is true; but these things are scarce understanded of the people even now.

Two books from America. Mr. Whipple's *Outlook on Society, Literature, and Politics* (Boston: Ticknor. London: Trübner) is a good specimen of that curious and novel egoism which the American Cousin has developed—the egoism which leads him to conclude that the expression of his opinions is a matter of moment to the world at large. His ancestor was the cock known to Mrs. Poyser, who fancied that the sun got up to hear him crow. But his ancestor did not write books, and he does; and the difference is (to say the least of it) appreciable. Mr. Whipple wrote with scarce less sense than self-confidence, which is saying a great deal; but he had a gift of naïveté which is not common to his country-men, he was undeniably *personnel* and shrewd, in the present volume he tells some good stories by the way, and he may be read with a certain interest—an interest other than retrospective—and a complete forgetfulness of what a local (and patriotic) journal calls "the entire calmness of his reasoning." Mr. Andrew Preston Peabody's *Harvard Reminiscences* (Boston: Ticknor. London: Trübner) is less entertaining and suggestive, but contains, for all that, a good deal of interesting matter. The author, a Harvard man for over half a century, has redacted a volume of memories and inferences concerning the men he has known, in one or other official capacity, during the time of his connexion; and although his style is dry, and his interest in human life and character by no means of the strongest or the most apprehensive, he yet contrives to tell us something about a number of men—Henry Ware, Josiah Quincy, Stephen Higginson, John Snelling Popkin, Folsom, Willard, Oliver Stearns, Sibley and Putnam and Ticknor—who did good work in their several ways and degrees, and are well worth knowing and remembering.

Of *Antipodean Notes* (London: Sampson Low), by "Wanderer," there is not much to say that is positive except that it means well and is uncommonly dull reading. The author is neither immodest nor unintelligent; he has done his best according to his lights; he has seen Victoria and New South Wales and New Zealand, and he has written a book in which his observations and conclusions are set forth with honesty and a desire to provide both profit and entertainment. There is nothing against it all but the suspicion, to begin with, that he is more or less superfluous, and the certainty before we reach the end of his second chapter that, as far as the public is concerned, he might just as well have stayed at home. Mr. J. G. Cox's *Jubilee-tide in Rome* (London: Burns & Oates) appears to consist of a number of letters contributed, in the journalistic way, to *The Tablet*. It is not very good reading; but it contains Herr Lenbach's excellent and admirable portrait of Leo XIII., and is very neatly and prettily got up; and it will have, no doubt, a certain number of readers. Mr. W. M. Reid's *Indigo* (Calcutta and London: Thacker) is atrociously illustrated, but sets forth, with an abundance of detail, the circumstances of planter life "in Tirhoot and Lower Bengal." The author's object is to be "instructive, interesting, and, it may be, amusing to friends at home"; and assuredly it is attained.

We have also to acknowledge the receipt of new editions of Mr. B. Bradshaw's *Bathing Places* (London: Trübner), as complete a guide to those in want of change of air as exists; and of Mr. Herbert Fry's *Royal Guide to the London Charities* (London: Chatto & Windus); with cheap (sixpenny) reprints of *Vivian Grey*, *Sybil*, *Coningsby*, and *Contarini Fleming* from Messrs. Routledge; and cheap (two-shilling) reprints of *Ismay's Children*, by the author of *Hogan M.P.*, Mr. Christie Murray's *Aunt Rachel*, Hugh Conway's *Living or Dead*, Mr. Norris's *My Friend Jim*, and Mrs. Oliphant's *Sir Tom* and *A Country Gentleman and his Family* from Messrs. Macmillan.

In the review of novels published last week (*Saturday Review*, p. 479) the author of *Marahuna* was wrongly spoken of as "Miss" Marriott Watson instead of "Mr."

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

The ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT *has been* REMOVED *from* 38 *to* 33 *Southampton Street. All communications respecting* ADVERTISEMENTS *should therefore be addressed to* Mr. JOHN HART, 33 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

The SATURDAY REVIEW *is duly registered for transmission abroad.*

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OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS OF No. 1,696, APRIL 28, 1888:

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

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Full examples at various ages will be supplied on application, but the above may be considered as representative.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The next Division of Profits will take place in January 1892, and persons who effect New Policies BEFORE MIDSUMMER NEXT will be entitled at that Division to rank for Five full years' Bonus, and so obtain one year's additional share of Profits.

Obtain and read the Prospectus of the Society.

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ART UNION of LONDON.—The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING to receive the COUNCIL'S REPORT, and to Distribute the Amount Subscribed for the Purchase of Works of Art for the Year 1888, will be held in the Royal Adelphi Theatre on Tuesday next, May 1, at Half-past Eleven for Twelve o'clock precisely, by the kind permission of Messrs. A. & S. Gatti.
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ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION for the RELIEF of DISTRESSED ARTISTS, their WIDOWS and ORPHANS.
The ANNIVERSARY DINNER will take place at the "Whitehall Rooms," the Hôtel Métropole, on Wednesday, May 16, at Six o'clock.
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ANNUAL MEETING

Will be held at EXETER HALL, on WEDNESDAY, MAY 16.

At 2.30 There will be a Recital on the Great Organ by Mr. CHURCHILL SIBLEY, interspersed by Solo Singing.

At 3 The Chair will be taken by Sir JAMES FERGUSSON, Bart., K.C.M.G., G.C.S.I., C.I.E., Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. About 300 SMACKSMEN are expected on the Platform. Admission to the Afternoon Meeting will be by Tickets only. The prices being 10s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 1s., and 6d.

The EVENING MEETING will be

At 7 Under the Presidency of THOMAS GRAY, Esq., C.B., when there will be some new and beautifully painted Dissolving Views—Illustrations of Life in the Trawling Fleets—accompanied by personal testimony of the Smacksmen, with Solo and Chorus Singing. Tickets, 1s. and 6d. each.

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In addition to the Examination at the University, Provincial Examinations will be held at University College, Aberystwith; University College, Bangor; Queen's College, Birmingham; University College, Bristol; University College, Cardiff; the Ladies' College, Cheltenham (for Ladies only); St. Gregory's College, Downside; New College, Eastbourne; the Herriot Watt College, Edinburgh; the Royal Medical College, Epsom; the Yorkshire College, Leeds; University College, Liverpool; the Owens College, Manchester; the School of Science and Art, Newcastle-on-Tyne; University College, Nottingham; the High School, Oswestry; Firth College, Sheffield; Stonyhurst College; St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw; and St. Edmund's College, Ware.

Every Candidate is required to transmit his Certificate of Age to the REGISTRAR (University of London, Burlington Gardens, London, W.) at least one Calendar Month before the commencement of the Examination.

April 20, 1888. ARTHUR MILMAN, M.A., *Registrar.*

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Separate Papers for those over and under Thirteen. For further particulars apply to the WARDEN.

CLIFTON COLLEGE.—CLASSICAL, MATHEMATICAL, and NATURAL SCIENCE SCHOLARSHIPS. NINE or more OPEN to COMPETITION at MIDSUMMER 1888. Value from £25 to £50 a year, which may be increased from a special fund to £90 a year in cases of scholars who require it. Further particulars from the HEAD-MASTER, or SECRETARY, The College, Clifton, Bristol.

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RADLEY COLLEGE—SIX SCHOLARSHIPS (of the value, four of £50, one of £30, one of £20), tenable for four years, will be offered for competition by Examination, commencing June 6, 1888. Candidates must be under fourteen on the 1st January, 1888. For further particulars, apply to the WARDEN, Radley College, Abingdon.

FETTES COLLEGE, EDINBURGH.—A number of OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS, varying from £60 to £20, will be open for Competition in July, to Boys between Eleven and Fifteen. For particulars apply to HEAD-MASTER.

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The SUMMER SESSION will begin on Tuesday, May 1, 1888.

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A Handbook forwarded on application.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.—An EXAMINATION to fill up VACANCIES on the Foundation and Exhibitions will begin on Tuesday, July 10. For particulars apply to Rev. the HEAD-MASTER, Dean's Yard.

POWIS EXHIBITIONS.

ONE EXHIBITION, of the value of £60 a year, tenable at any College or Hall at either of the Universities of Oxford or Cambridge, is intended to be filled up after an Examination of the Candidates, which will take place at King Edward's School, Birmingham, on September 20 and following day.

Candidates are requested to send their Names, Addresses, and Certificates of Baptism, with Testimonials of Conduct and Character, on or before the 1st day of August, to CHARLES SHAW, Esq., care of Messrs. Park, Nelson, Morgan, & Gemmell, 11 Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C. Candidates must be Members of the Church of England, Natives of Wales, or of one of the four Welsh Dioceses, under Twenty Years of Age upon the 10th day of October next, acquainted with the Welsh Language, and intending to become Candidates for Holy Orders.

The Candidates will be examined by the Rev. A. G. Edwards, Vicar of Carmarthen, M.A., Jesus College, Oxford; and H. R. Tottenham, Esq., M.A., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, in Welsh Reading, Composition and Speaking; the Gospel according to St. Matthew and the Acts of the Apostles in Greek; the Fifth and Sixth Books of the Iliad; the Sixth Book of Thucydides; the Seventh Book of the Æneid; Xenophon's Anabasis, Cicero de Officiis, and Latin Prose and Verse Composition. Those who fail in Welsh will not be further examined.

The Exhibition will be tenable (during Residence) for Four years by an Exhibitioner who at the time of his Election is not legally a Member of either University, and will in his case date from Matriculation; and by an Exhibitioner who at the time of his Election is legally a Member of either University till the close of the Term in which the Degree of Bachelor of Arts is due to the Holder.

April 25, 1888.

RUGBY SCHOLARSHIPS and Places on the Foundation. Examination begins Tuesday, June 11.

MESSRS. BUSHNELL & ERSKINE, Graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, assisted by a Wrangler, prepare PUPILS for UNIVERSITY MATRICULATION and WOOLWICH and SANDHURST. 19 Suffolk Square, Cheltenham.

ARMY and C. S.—An experienced CANTAB (Mathematical and Classical Honours) receives a few only. Arrangement for Militia Candidates. Places [illegible] Pupils. Highest references.—Apply to J. ABBOTT, Winchester House, Earl's Court, S.W.

SURREY, WOKING.—TO BE LET, or SOLD, a spacious RESIDENCE, lately used as a Public School, with Dormitories for nearly fifty Students, besides Principal's and Servants' quarters and Chapel. Surrounded by charming pleasure-grounds, cricket field, paddock, and kitchen garden, gardener's cottage, and outbuildings, in all [illegible] acres, situate on an elevated and exceptionally healthy plateau.—Terms of Messrs. Dauvan & Co., 4 Whitehall, London.

HELP WANTED.

Thousands of Fishermen are engaged all the year round in providing OUR TABLES with Fish. These men, who FOR US hazard their lives and toil through furious blast and sleety storm (not only cut off from the comforts of home, but at TWO DAYS' DISTANCE FROM SURGICAL OR MEDICAL AID), may rightly claim some small share in the privileges we so richly enjoy. THIS THEY CAN ONLY HAVE THROUGH THE PRESENCE OF THE MISSION VESSELS, carrying to the Fishermen the message of Divine mercy and love, affording relief in sickness, and cheering dull lives by their presence.

Eight Vessels now cruise with the North Sea Trawling Fleets. Each Vessel is specially fitted for this service, and is at once a Church, Dispensary, Library, and Club. Funds are being raised for the Maintenance of a New Hospital Mission Vessel ("The Queen Victoria"), which is greatly needed; accidents are so numerous as to simply appal an average Landsman. Who will help this great work? Small or Large Offerings will be thankfully acknowledged.

Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen.

PATRON: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

OFFICE: BRIDGE HOUSE, BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE, E.C.

E. J. MATHER, *Founder and Director.*

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.

In consequence of Imitations of

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE,

which are calculated to deceive the Public,

LEA & PERRINS beg to draw attention to the fact that each bottle of the Original and Genuine

WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

bears the Signature of

LEA & PERRINS.

*** Sold Wholesale by the Proprietors, Worcester; CROSSE & BLACKWELL, London; and Export Oilmen generally.

Retail by Dealers in Sauces throughout the World.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of MEAT.
For Improved and Economic Cookery.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of MEAT.
The only sort ever guaranteed GENUINE by Justus von Liebig.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of MEAT.
The finest Meat-Flavouring Stock, USE it for Soups, Made Dishes, Fish, Game, and other Sauces.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of MEAT.
Efficient TONIC in all cases of Weakness and Digestive Disorders.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of MEAT.
Highly recommended as a Nightcap instead of alcoholic drinks.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of MEAT.
GENUINE ONLY with facsimile of JUSTUS VON LIEBIG'S SIGNATURE in BLUE INK across label.

ASK FOR

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT of MEAT.
With BLUE SIGNATURE.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

This pure Solution is the best remedy for Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout, and Indigestion.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

The safest and most gentle Aperient for delicate constitutions, Ladies, Children, and Infants.

180 Bond Street, London; and all Chemists.

Mr. C. B. HARNESS, Consulting Medical Electrician and Inventor of the world-famed Electropathic Belt, may be consulted daily free of charge, personally or by letter, at the ELECTROPATHIC ESTABLISHMENT of the Medical Battery Company, Limited, 52 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W. (corner of Rathbone Place). All in search of health should call to-day, if possible, or write at once. Thousands of testimonials. Note only address, as above.

P. and O. MAIL STEAMERS FROM LONDON TO

BOMBAY, GIBRALTAR, MALTA, BRINDISI, EGYPT, ADEN, and COLOMBO........ } every week.

CALCUTTA, CHINA, STRAITS and JAPAN, AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, and TASMANIA.. } every alternate week.

Direct Services from MARSEILLES, NAPLES, and BRINDISI, to the EAST.

CHEAP RETURN TICKETS.

For particulars apply at the Company's Offices, 122 Leadenhall Street, E.C., and 25 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.

ILFRACOMBE.—The ILFRACOMBE HOTEL. Thoroughly furnished, equipped, and decorated. 250 Rooms. Eight Lawn Tennis Courts, large Swimming Bath. Private Bath. Descriptive tariff of Manager.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.—Sold by all Stationers throughout the World.

CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL, Strand, W.C. — The COUNCIL earnestly appeal for DONATIONS and ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS. The YEAR CLOSED with a DEFICIT of OVER [illegible]. Bankers: Messrs. Drummond, 49 Charing Cross, S.W.

ARTHUR E. READE, *Secretary.*

CLOSING of the LISTS.—The GATLING GUN, Limited.—NOTICE is Hereby Given that the LIST of APPLICATIONS for Shares will be CLOSED This Day, SATURDAY, April 28.—By Order.

20 Bucklersbury, E.C., April 28, 1888.

THE GATLING GUN, Limited.

In reply to numerous enquiries, I am instructed to say that arrangements have been made pending the construction of the Company's Works for the execution of all Orders, thus providing for the carrying out of the Company's contracts without any delay.

T. DUNDAS PILLANS, *Secretary pro tem.*

INTENDING SUBSCRIBERS CAN INSPECT THE GUN UPON APPLICATION TO THE SECRETARY, AT THE OFFICES OF THE COMPANY, 20 BUCKLERSBURY, E.C.

THE GATLING GUN, Limited.

Incorporated under the Joint-Stock Companies' Acts, 1862 to 1883.

CAPITAL ... ... £800,000.

Divided into 45,000 Ordinary Shares of £10 each (£450,000), entitled to 20 per cent. dividend after the Preference Shares have received 8 per cent., and to a further pro ratâ share of surplus profits; 35,000 8 per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £10 each (£350,000), entitled to 8 per cent. Preference dividend, and to a pro ratâ division of surplus profits after the Ordinary Shares have received 20 per cent.

Of the foregoing Capital £266,660 will be reserved and allotted to the Vendor in fully paid-up Shares as part payment of the purchase price; of the balance, which is now offered for Public Subscription, £180,000 is, in accordance with the terms of the Contract, apportioned as working Capital. It is estimated that the sale of the foreign rights, or the granting of licences to manufacture under them, will alone produce a sum equal to a return of the entire Capital.

The payments for each description of Share will be £1 on Application, £2 on Allotment, £2 10s. on 10th May, £2 10s. on 31st May, £2 on 29th September, with privilege to pay up in full on Allotment. Share Warrants to Bearer will be issued free of expense to such of the Subscribers under this Prospectus as may desire to have them. The sale of this remarkable Gun has to be numbered by thousands, and over the whole world. It has stood the test and opposition of powerful cliques and vested interests, and, with its recent improvements and new mechanism, is pronounced positive and certain in its action, the rapidity and certainty of its operation enabling the Gun to fire 1,200 shots per minute, at all degrees of elevation or depression, which, it is claimed, is something no other Machine Gun can do.

Directors.

The Earl DE GREY, 12 Bruton Street, W.

Colonel G. A. CURZON (late 2nd Life Guards), Holmwood, Boscombe, Hampshire.

Major-General J. C. HAY, C.B., 25 St. James's Street, S.W.

ALEXANDER STAVELEY HILL, Esq., Q.C., M.P., 13 King's Bench Walk, Temple, E.C.

A. J. MACDONALD, Esq., Director of the New Oriental Bank Corporation, Limited, and formerly President of the Bank of Bombay.

JOHN LINDSAY SCOTT, Esq., of Mollance, Castle Douglas, N.B., and 38 Green Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

The Hon. ARTHUR WALSH, M.P. (late 1st Life Guards), the Carlton Club, Pall Mall, S.W.

*FREDERIC COURTLAND PENFIELD, Esq. (late Vice-Consul-General of the United States).

* Will join the Board after Allotment.

Consulting Engineer.—RICHARD J. GATLING, Esq.

Constructing Engineer in-Chief.—J. G. ACCLES, Esq.

Solicitor.—E. F. B. HARSTON, Esq., 34 Clement's Lane, Lombard Street, E.C.

Auditors.—Messrs. MONKHOUSE, GODDARD, & CO., 28 and 29 St. Swithin's Lane, E.C., and Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Bankers.—The NATIONAL BANK of SCOTLAND, Limited, 37 Nicholas Lane, London, and its Head Office and Branches in Scotland; Messrs. COX & CO., Craig's Court, Charing Cross, S.W.; the NEW ORIENTAL BANK CORPORATION, Limited, 40 Threadneedle Street, E.C.

Secretary (pro tem.)—T. DUNDAS PILLANS, Esq.

TEMPORARY OFFICES—20 BUCKLERSBURY, E.C.

PROSPECTUS.

This Company has been formed for the purpose of purchasing all the existing patent rights for Europe and the whole Eastern Hemisphere of the world in and about the well-known machine gun called the "Gatling Gun," owned by the Gatling Gun Company of America, with all present and future improvements.

The business of the manufacture of this gun has hitherto (with trifling exceptions) been carried on in America, but by the arrangements made between the Vendor and this Company, it has been stipulated and agreed that the American owners shall not manufacture for nor sell to any country outside of the Western Hemisphere any of these guns, thus securing to this Company a practical monopoly in the manufacture and sale thereof.

In France and a few other countries the law requires patented articles to be manufactured within the country, therefore in such countries sub-companies may be constituted or licences granted.

The value of the Gatling Gun is too well known to require any argument to support or exemplify it. It has a world-wide character and reputation, not relying upon any theoretical description or problematical utility, its perfection and usefulness having been tested and proved upon hard-fought battle-fields, where human lives and great events depended upon its merits. The tests made by the United States Army and Naval Ordnance Boards in January, 1883, show that the new improvements have rendered jamming practically impossible.

The Gatling is an infantry and naval arm and without an equal. Each Gatling Gun will fire about twice as many bullets per minute as any well-drilled company of infantry, and using the Gatling service rifle ammunition will kill at 2,800 yards, and one gun will, as proven by experience, discharge 1,200 bullets per minute.

The adaptability of this gun to fast or slow firing is complete and under the absolute control of the officer in charge, which is understood to be a very important feature in machine gunnery.

The Gatling Gun is the only machine gun which can fire at a great angle of depression or elevation, and no fort, however well manned, could hold out an hour if the Gatlings were near enough to produce the rainbow or curved fire.

A Gatling Gun placed in one street can fire over the tops of buildings into a parallel street with great effect, by means of its positive feed device, which makes high-angle or parabolic fire practical.

The history of the Gatling Gun in the recent British wars and campaigns establishes it to be the most effective weapon known, and many celebrated British leaders testify to its merits.

The following countries have made purchases of Gatling Guns, principally of the American Company, but all future purchases for Europe and the Eastern Hemisphere will have to be made of or through this Company or some subsidiary Company formed by this Company for that purpose:—

The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.	Switzerland.	Cuba.	India.
United States of America.	Russia.	Chili.	Japan.
United States of Columbia.	Prussia.	China.	Persia.
United States of Mexico.	Italy.	Brazil.	Peru.
	France.	Portugal.	Siam.
	Germany.	Argentine Republic.	Turkey.
	Egypt.	Hayti.	Tunis.
	Denmark.	Hawaiian Islands.	Spain.
	Canada.	Honduras.	South Australia.

The Government of the United States of America, by their purchase of Gatling Guns, have given evidence of their appreciation of the value of this weapon, to which may be added the testimony of the following States, which have supplied their militia organizations with these guns:—

Alabama.	Illinois.	Maryland.	Ohio.
Arkansas.	Indiana.	Massachusetts.	Pennsylvania.
California.	Iowa.	Michigan.	Rhode Island.
Colorado.	Kansas.	Mississippi.	South Carolina.
Connecticut.	Kentucky.	Missouri.	Tennessee.
Delaware.	Louisiana.	New Jersey.	West Virginia.
Georgia.	Maine.	New York.	Wisconsin.

Some idea of the commercial value of this gun may be formed from the following estimate:—

1. That every European Army is incomplete in its equipment without Gatling Guns.
2. That every armed ship, no matter of what description, will find a Gatling Gun most useful.
3. That any naval or military Power, whether European or otherwise, will find Gatling Guns a necessity.
4. That every foreign municipality, city, and commune where a police force exists will find the new Gatling Police Gun of incalculable value.

Each police gun can be charged, pointed, and fired by one man, and will throw about 700 bullets per minute.

The manufacture of guns and ammunition has proved a very profitable business to capitalists and shareholders: even where they could claim no special or exclusive rights, premiums have ranged as high as 280 per cent., and dividends amounted to as much as 30 per cent. How much, therefore, may be reckoned upon as the result of working a monopoly over almost the whole world, in a gun proved, tried, and acknowledged to be the first of its description and class?

The manufacturing business of the Company will be carried on in this country in premises specially suited to the purpose, and under the direction and control of J. G. ACCLES, Esq., whose services have been secured by the Directors; and the business will include the manufacture of metallic cartridges by the most recent and improved machinery for that purpose. The manufacture in the United States will be limited for the future to work for the Western Hemisphere, as the guns can be manufactured here for a considerable sum less per gun than in the United States.

Mr. ACCLES states that the weight of a ten-barrelled gun to fire Gatling Service cartridges at the rate of 1,200 shots per minute will not exceed 138 pounds, and that the police gun of a similar character, but with six barrels, will not exceed 80 pounds.

It is not deemed at all unlikely that for outlying and distant countries, such as China, Japan, &c., from which very large orders may be expected, that subsidiary Companies will be formed, and local manufactories established. Should such be the case the Shareholders may fairly calculate upon greatly increased profits accruing from these sources.

For obvious reasons no calculation is offered of the cost of manufacture or other expenses, nor of the amount of profits to be made, the Directors preferring that intending investors should draw their own inferences and arrive at their own conclusions, based upon the well-known character of the gun and the results of the working of kindred and similar institutions. The surplus profits of each year, after payment of the interest on the Preference Share Capital of £350,000, and after paying 20 per cent. dividend on the Ordinary Share Capital of £450,000, and setting aside such a sum as may be deemed advisable as reserve, will be divided pro ratâ between the Preference and Ordinary Share capital of the Company.

The following Contracts have been entered into:—

A Contract dated 20th April, 1888, between the Gatling Gun Company of the United States of America, of the one part, and Charles Edwin Green, of the other part; a Contract, dated 20th April, 1888, between the said Charles Edwin Green (the Vendor), of the one part, and the Gatling Gun, Limited, of the other part; and a Contract dated the 20th April, 1888, between the Gatling Gun, Limited, of the one part, and James George Accles of the other part.

The Vendor, Charles Edwin Green, who is the Promoter, has fixed the purchase price at the sum of £620,000 (of which £266,660 is to be paid in fully-paid Shares of the Company in pro ratâ proportion of Preference and Ordinary Shares, the same being the largest amount allowed by the rules of the Stock Exchange), and he pays all the expenses of advertising, printing, commission, law charges, and brokerage incidental to floating the Company up to and inclusive of the Allotment of the Shares.

This Company not only acquires the exclusive rights for all existing patents in every country excepting in the Western Hemisphere, but acquires any further patents and improvements that may become the property of the Gatling Gun Company, this Company paying for the necessary stamps and expenses for taking out said patents.

The foregoing Contracts, together with the Memorandum and Articles of Association, will be open to inspection at the Offices of the Solicitor to the Company during the issue of this Prospectus.

Applications for Shares must be made on the Form accompanying the Prospectus, but the Directors reserve to themselves the right to give priority in the Allotment of Ordinary Shares to those applicants who apply for both descriptions of Shares.

In the event of no Allotment being made to any applicant, the deposit will be returned in full, and without delay. If part only of the Shares applied for by any applicant be allotted to him, the surplus of his application money will be retained by the Company, and credited upon the Shares allotted to him.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the Bankers, or of the SECRETARY at the Temporary Offices of the Company, 20 Bucklersbury, London, E.C.

April 21, 1888.

THE GATLING GUN, Limited.

Replying for "The Navy," at a dinner of the Cutlers' Company, Lord Charles Beresford said:—"The great value of machine guns has been shown. With the Gatlings the landing parties had cleared the streets of Alexandria, and prevented Arabi from returning, and if they had been allowed to land immediately after the bombardment, they might have dispersed the crowds laden with loot, have captured Arabi, Toulba Pasha, and other leaders, and saved the town; but the Government had promised that no man should land, and they were bound by the promise."

LIFE ASSURANCES, &c.

PROVIDENT LIFE OFFICE,
50 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

ABSTRACT OF ANNUAL AND QUINQUENNIAL REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS, FEBRUARY 17, 1888.

Proposals were received for New Assurances amounting to £539,861. Of these 954 were accepted, and Policies granted for £462,363, the annual Premiums upon which were £16,012; these figures show an increase upon the year 1886 of 101 in the number of Policies issued, £76,583 in the amount assured, and £2,449 in the new annual Premiums.

Proposals for £77,698 were declined or not completed.

The Claims for the year were £239,278, an increase of £10,070 upon the amount for 1886.

The Annual Income is now £319,719. The total funds at the close of the year were £2,501,290, an increase of £15,344.

On the 31st of December last was completed another Quinquennial period, and in accordance with the terms of the 54th Clause of the Deed of Constitution, a Valuation of the Liabilities under all Policies of Assurance has been made by the Actuary.

The Valuation of the Assets and Liabilities results in a surplus of £151,123 4s. 4d., yielding, after setting aside the ample reserve provided for under the Deed of Constitution, £6,804 18s. to the Shareholders; while the reversionary value of £218,756 14s. 2d. will be allotted to the various Policies entitled to Bonus.

KINNAIRD, *Chairman.*

NORTHERN ASSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1836.
LONDON—1 MOORGATE STREET, E.C. ABERDEEN—1 UNION TERRACE.
INCOME and FUNDS (1885).

Fire Premiums	£582,000
Life Premiums	198,000
Interest	138,000
Accumulated Funds	£3,297,000

STANDARD LIFE OFFICE.

HALF A MILLION paid in
Death Claims every year.
Funds—SIX AND A HALF MILLIONS,
increasing yearly.

83 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.
3 PALL MALL EAST, W.

PHŒNIX FIRE OFFICE.
LOMBARD STREET and CHARING CROSS, LONDON.—Established 1782.
Insurances against Loss by Fire and Lightning effected in all parts of the World.
Loss claims arranged with promptitude and liberality.
WILLIAM C. MACDONALD } FRANCIS B. MACDONALD } *Joint Secretaries.*

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Established 1803.—1 OLD BROAD STREET, E.C.; and 22 PALL MALL, S.W.
Subscribed Capital, £1,200,000. Paid-up, £300,000. Total Invested Funds, over £1,600,000.
E. COZENS SMITH, *General Manager.*

ACCIDENTS ALL THE YEAR ROUND.—Provide against them by Policy of the RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY, 64 Cornhill, London. Hon. EVELYN ASHLEY, *Chairman.* Annual Income, £248,000. Invested Capital and Reserve Fund, £275,000. Compensation Paid for 126,000 Accidents, £2,500,000. Moderate Premiums—Favourable Conditions—New Concessions. Prompt and Liberal Settlement of Claims. West-end Office, 8 Grand Hotel Buildings, W.C.; Head Office, 64 Cornhill.
WILLIAM J. VIAN, *Secretary.*

THE INSURANCE POLICYHOLDERS' MUTUAL PROTECTION LEAGUE, Limited.
Every one Insured or intending to Insure should read the League's Publication,
PROFIT or PLUNDER? &c.
To be had post free for 6d. on application to the SECRETARY of the League, 8 Warwick Court, Grays' Inn, London, W.C.

ESTABLISHED 1851.
BIRKBECK BANK, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane.
THREE per CENT. INTEREST on DEPOSITS repayable on demand. TWO per CENT. on CURRENT ACCOUNTS when not drawn below £100. The Bank undertakes, free of charge, the Custody of Securities and Valuables; the Collection of Bills of Exchange, Dividends, and Coupons; and the purchase and sale of Stocks, Shares, and Annuities. Letters of Credit and Circular Notes issued. THE BIRKBECK ALMANACK, with full particulars, post free on application.
FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, *Manager.*

FINDLATER'S WHISKIES.
BEST OLD IRISH and BEST ISLAY MALT
41s. per dozen bottles.
Are the production of the Old-fashioned Pot Stills, matured and mellowed by age only.
Note the bronze green label, with Trade Mark, a "Stag's Head."
33 WELLINGTON STREET, Covent Garden, and 219 BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.

FRY'S
J. WYBRANTS OLPHERTS, M.D., says: "I find it the most agreeable beverage of the kind I have ever tasted, delicious both in flavour and odour."
PURE CONCENTRATED
S. BUCKNILL, M.D., says: "Your Pure Concentrated Cocoa is so extremely nice that I have ordered it for family use."
COCOA.

"SECURUS JUDICAT ORBIS TERRARUM."
APOLLINARIS.
"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."
The filling at the Apollinaris Spring during the year 1887 amounted to 11,894,000 bottles.

STRUVE'S
BRIGHTON SELTZER WATER.
PREPARED FROM THE WORLD-RENOWNED SPRING OF THE
ROYAL GERMAN SPA, BRIGHTON,
And supplied uninterruptedly to Royalty by Royal Warrant of His late Majesty King William IV. and H.M. the Queen-Empress Victoria.
OF ALL CHEMISTS AND WINE MERCHANTS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.
Carriage Paid on Six Dozen and upwards.
ROYAL GERMAN SPA, BRIGHTON.

"A LETTER was received from Mr. H. S. Parker, acknowledging the receipt of the samples of tea. He had lettered the samples, and sent them to Messrs. Hawes and Hertz, who had kindly tested them. The report of the testing was then opened, and it was found that the sample marked G, at 1s. 6d. per lb., was the 'best value at the price.' The Rev. S. B. Burnaby then asked for the name of the firm tendering sample G.—The Chairman: 'Messrs. Barber & Co., of Regent Circus.' The result was considered to be extremely satisfactory, as the sample supplied by Messrs. Barber was taken from the stock already supplied by them."—*The Metropolitan*, April 3.

2½ lbs. Samples sent free per Parcels Post for 4s. 3d., 4½ lbs. for 7s. 6d., 6 lbs. for 10s., 8½ lbs. for 14s., 10½ lbs. for 16s. 0d., to any post town in the United Kingdom and Channel Islands. Postal orders from 1s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. may be had at all Post-Offices for 1d.

BARBER & COMPANY,
274 REGENT CIRCUS, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.
61 Bishopsgate St., E.C.; 102 Westbourne Grove, W.; King's Cross, N.; 42 Gt. Titchfield St., W.; Boro', London Bridge; and at Brighton, Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, Preston, and Hastings.

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DISCOUNT, 3d. in the 1s.—HATCHARDS, 187 Piccadilly, London. All the New and Standard Books. Bibles, Prayers, Church Services, &c. Post Orders promptly executed. Libraries arranged and catalogued.

DISCOUNT, 3d. in the 1s. allowed off NEW BOOKS. Catalogues of New, Surplus, and Second-hand Books, on application. A Special Catalogue of handsome Gift-books at greatly reduced prices.
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Any part of the United Kingdom	£1	8	2
India and China	1	12	6
Other British Colonies, Europe, Egypt, and America	1	10	6

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Now ready, at all Libraries, 3 vols. 31s. 6d.
PEARL STUTTON'S LOVE. A Novel. By J. G. HOLMES, Author of "Sir Richard's Revenge."
WYMAN & SONS, 74, 76 Great Queen Street. And all Booksellers.

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MRS. A. B. MARSHALL'S COOKERY BOOK.
New. Complete. 70 Engravings. 468 pp.
Sauces, Stocks, Soups, Fish, Hot Entrées, Cold Entrées, Removes, Roasts, Second Course Dishes, Vegetables, Breakfast and Luncheon Dishes, Sweets, Puddings, Cakes, Jellies, Creams, Savouries, Menus; the Art of Dinner-Giving, Glossary, French and English Names, and Instructions for Writing Menus; Food Calendar, Marketing. Every Recipe has been carried out by Mrs. A. B. MARSHALL, and written out by her accordingly. None are copied from other books.
Can be ordered from MARSHALL'S SCHOOL OF COOKERY,
30 and 32 Mortimer Street, London, W. And of all Booksellers.

Revised Edition, pp. 324, bound 1s., or 12 stamps.
HOMŒOPATHIC FAMILY INSTRUCTOR. By Drs. R. and W. EPPS. Describes fully and prescribes for general diseases.
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See THE CENTURY for MAY. Also "SIBERIA AND THE EXILE SYSTEM," by GEO. KENNAN, with Map and 16 Illustrations; "THE PERSONALITY of LEO XIII.," with Portrait and Autograph; "A LOCOMOTIVE CHASE," Illustrated; &c. &c.
The time to Subscribe, being No. 1 of a New Volume, Monthly, 1s. 4d.

ST. NICHOLAS MAGAZINE for Young Folks. The MAY Number contains Papers on JOSEF HOFMANN, with Portrait. And many other Essays, Stories, and Poems, profusely and beautifully Illustrated. Monthly, 1s.

LONDON: T. FISHER UNWIN, 26 PATERNOSTER SQUARE, E.C.

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PARLIAMENTARY PAPERS,
AND
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EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE,
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THE POPE'S CIRCULAR.

IF the circular of the POPE on the subject of "id belli "genus quod audit *the Plan of Campaign*, et ea interdictionis forma quæ *Boycotting* nuncupatur," is really of so little importance, as certain Separatists endeavour to make out, it is somewhat surprising that these same Separatists devote to it such continued study, and regard it with such evident consternation. The practice belies the theory. And it can hardly be doubted that the practice is the more sensible of the two. If the circular be taken only at its lowest valuation as evidence of the Pope's conviction that the Parnellite side is not the winning side it would be a serious thing. But it is much more. Here at least there has never been any self-deception as to the immediate extent or the probable results of the interference of the POPE through the channel of the Holy Office. Just as we have been unable to share or understand the singular contention that HER MAJESTY'S Ministers are calling in a foreign potentate because they are helpless themselves, so we have been and are equally unable to hope that the plain and simple declaration of the head of one of the chief branches of the Christian Church, as to the Christian lawfulness of certain practices at which part of the subordinate clergy of that branch have been conniving, will be followed by immediate reform. Proclamations of any kind against vice and immorality rarely suffice by their mere publication to convert the vicious and immoral into models of Christian practice, and we do not know that this particular proclamation is likely to have any better fate than others in that respect. Even National Leaguers admit in terms that murder is not right; even Archbishop WALSH may have condemned it; and yet murder has been going on merrily for years. The real importance of the Circular is quite different, and it is very well understood by the Irish Gladstonians, if not by the English, who, to do them justice, rarely know more about Ireland than that here are eighty and odd persons who used to be troublesome to Mr. GLADSTONE and were therefore to be persecuted, while they are now useful to him and are therefore to be assisted.

Ireland, it is said by DAVITT, and echoed by other Gladstonians, does not take her politics from the POPE; and therefore the POPE'S pronouncements on political points are, it is inferred, *bruta fulmina*. It would be almost sufficiently interesting to note in this the cool assumption or the innocent admission that the Plan of Campaign and Boycotting are "political" things; but this assumption or admission, whichever it is, is only part of a much larger fallacy of which Gladstonians are certainly the propagators, and perhaps in some cases the dupes. The formidable and troublesome disease which now, owing chiefly to the mismanagement of politicians, has obtained such a hold upon Ireland is in only a very small part of it political at all. Undoubtedly—and this fact is rather awkward for other Gladstonians, though the assertion of it is well enough in DAVITT'S mouth—there is a political part; there are some who wish for political changes which may vary from the establishment of a municipal system of democratic jobbery on the American model to the separating of Ireland from all connexion of any sort whatever with Great Britain. But it is a contention of Gladstonians themselves that this, in its more extensive sense, affects comparatively few Irishmen. It may be added that, if it stood by itself, nothing would be easier to deal with. But those who direct the movement, aided, as we have said, by the mismanagement, if not worse, of English statesmen, and of one in particular, have succeeded in yoking with this abstract and not very powerful principle or motive others which come much closer to the average Irishman and work much more strongly on him. They began with the ancient grudge of the peasant against his landlord, his ancient craving for a larger share of that landlord's property. They worked in with this the unreasoning Irish hate of Englishmen—a hate of which Mr. CHILDERS, good Home Ruler as he is, had so sharp an experience last week. They mixed in, further, the strange unruliness, the tendency to be against the law or against the Government, which also exists. But their crowning triumph was when they enlisted also the religious, not to say the sectarian, feelings of the Irishman. No former leaders of Irish agitation, not even O'CONNELL, had won these heartily to their aid, and when the intriguers at the Vatican secured the confirmation of Archbishop WALSH'S election, Mr. PARNELL might at last boast that he had the most powerful, the most far-reaching, the most ubiquitous, the most intimately organized institution in Ireland on his side.

Every one who knows the lamentable history of the last eight years knows how the misconduct of certain of their number, and the natural indisposition of the POPE to offend one of the most devoted of his various flocks, have led the Irish Roman Catholic clergy into the abetting, the protecting, the positive contriving of crime. Even when these last troubles began most of the better class of this clergy were, if not openly on the side of law, justice, and honesty, yet disposed to help it as far as they could, and it is but recently that priests have positively courted prominence and competed for commissions in the army of rent-stealers, boycotters, cattle-maimers, and murderers. If no positive approval from Rome could be quoted, the tempter who had to deal with any wavering Catholic could point triumphantly to the fact that no positive condemnation of the League practices came from Rome. And those whose weary duty it is to read the League newspapers know with what constant industry ecclesiastical and political matters are mixed up, alternated, entangled the one with the other, so that Unionists and Protestants are, somehow or other, identified. With the active patronage of the hierarchy from archbishops to curates, with the silence of Rome, it would have been strange indeed if the Irish peasantry did not begin to think that the Plan of Campaign and Boycotting were, somehow or other, specially blessed, or at any rate condoned, by the Church. And let any one remember that religious feelings are still so strong in Ireland that girls like the CURTINS and NORAH FITZMAURICE will dare the cruellest insults rather than neglect their religious duties.

It is the avowed hope of the Separatists that this feeling, which easily let itself be enlisted on the side of crime, will not so easily be turned against that side. That, of course, remains to be seen. It is, no doubt, much easier to persuade a man that religion bids him rob and harry and persecute his neighbour than to persuade him at the bidding of religion to do justly and to love mercy. And it is, of course, possible that the baser sort of Irish priests and bishops will, if they do not absolutely defy the POPE, do their best to neutralize the teaching of his Circular, hint that it is only due to English pressure, and suggest that the faithful may still continue to rob landlords, murder land-grabbers, and boycott murdered men's daughters as before. All this, also, remains to be seen. But the gain from Cardinal SIMEONI'S transmission of Cardinal MONACO'S decision in conclave with his brethren of the Congregation, that it is "not" lawful to have recourse to the Plan of Campaign and boycotting, is surely plain enough. Although the Nationalists are trying to make out that the POPE has been misinformed, every Irishman, except the most miserably ignorant, knows that the POPE sent his own messenger, who associated freely with the persons most trusted by Nationalists, and had every possible means of arriving at just conclusions as to facts. The curious and rather pitiful attempts made in the same quarters to bandy logic with the Holy Father, to show that he really does not mean to prohibit anything

that has been going on, and to argue that what is prohibited is something that has not been going on, exhibit a lamentable consciousness of the true state of the case. As to faith, the reply of the Congregation is categorical, formal, and admitting of no possible evasion. It is "not lawful" to have recourse to the sword and spear of the National League, to the Plan of Campaign, and to boycotting. Some honest priests will certainly repeat and inculcate this; some dishonest ones will do the same from fear or interest; others of the dishonest will at least be more guarded and hesitating in their inculcation of the contrary. And the consequence will and must be that the conscience of the people will not be permitted, as it has been for months in the one case, for years in the other, to salve itself with the thought that these unlawful means are lawful. That is to say, one element at least, and not the least weighty, has been taken out of the scale of disorder and put into the scale of order. If that is nothing, the POPE's interference is nothing; if that is much, it is much.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE eldest sons of peers are exempt from that irreverent distaste for their fathers' opinions which has been attributed to the eldest sons of kings. It has naturally occurred to those of them who have seats in the House of Commons that in questions of rank and title, as of property, remaindermen are as much interested as tenants for life. With one exception, they appear to deprecate the agitation against the House of Lords. If it succeeded, they would be direct, though not immediate, sufferers. To the number of twenty-one they assent to the use of the homœopathic remedy by which the present Government hopes to check the morbid appetite for change. Two heirs of peerages are prepared for a more heroic treatment of the disease; but Mr. MARJORIBANKS and Lord WOLMER only pledge themselves in indefinite language to a thorough reform of the House of Lords. Mr. BERNARD COLERIDGE, "being in favour of a "single Chamber democracy," is unable to "agree with any "of the contemplated reforms of the House of Lords." It would be interesting to ascertain whether, if Mr. COLERIDGE had not been the eldest son of a peer, he would have had the opportunity of either attacking the House of Lords or taking any part in public life. Another and equally plain-spoken heir apparent doubts, with much reason, whether reform in any shape will appease the clamour for the abolition of the House of Lords. "Nothing," in Mr. CHARLES W. MILLS's judgment, "would satisfy the pre-"sent opponents of the Upper Chamber but a House of "Lords willing to ratify the most Radical measures of the "most Radical House of Commons." The more sanguine majority includes several intelligent and able members of Parliament, and the list is headed by the political leader of a considerable party. Lord HARTINGTON gives his adhesion to the mildest proposal of three or four suggested alterations, approving of no more startling principle than that of "reinforcing the hereditary element in the House of Lords "by introducing a system of life peers." Seven of the twenty-one signataries think that "a modification of the "hereditary principle is desirable, either by a system of "selection or by a test of service." In assenting to a vague and indefinite theory of change they are much less prudent than Lord HARTINGTON. All the impracticable fancies of Lord ROSEBERY and Lord DUNRAVEN might be introduced under a system of selection. In grammatical accuracy the dissentient seven have some advantage over the more cautious fourteen. Life peers supply but a paradoxical method of reinforcing the hereditary element. A limited creation of such peers may more accurately be said to reinforce the nominated element, which now consists of the bishops and the law lords.

Lord SALISBURY has always consistently supported the system which he now proposes to embody in an Act of Parliament; but he appears to be fully aware that a limited creation of life peers will have little practical effect. It is not known that any statesman or diplomatist of the first rank has in recent times declined a peerage on the ground of insufficiency of fortune. There could be little harm in decorating with titles and with nominal legislative functions half a dozen men of letters and professors or practitioners of science; but they would for the most part be merely ornamental members of the House of Lords. Of the most popular authors of the last generation, one who still survives has already accepted a peerage. Lord MACAULAY would have been entitled to the dignity on official and Parliamentary grounds if he had never written a line, and it may be remembered that he remained a silent member of the House of Lords. THACKERAY and DICKENS were both exceptionally ignorant of public affairs; but it may be admitted that they would have done no discredit by their personal character to any position of honour which they might have occupied. Several of the most eminent members of the Civil Service have in late years been elevated to the House of Lords; but they have necessarily been promoted at the end of their career instead of at the beginning, and, probably for that reason, they have almost uniformly abstained from taking any part in government or legislation. On the whole, it is certain that the elevation of a few non-hereditary peers would be practically inoperative; but perhaps Lord SALISBURY may be well advised in doing something in the nature of an ostensible reform. What else he could do, if he wished to effect a change, it is not easy to conjecture. The proposal of transferring the nomination of peers from the Crown to the County Councils is a specimen of the absurdities which are involved in schemes for the attainment of impossible objects. The only harm which life peers will do will consist in a disturbance of traditional associations. The hereditary character of the House of Lords is a principal cause of the considerable influence both of the collective body and of its individual members. Life-peers will add nothing to its authority; but, on the other hand, they will take little or nothing away. The system was partially introduced when the law lords were created, a few years ago. It had been previously discredited by the unconstitutional attempt of Lord PALMERSTON and Lord CRANWORTH to revive an obsolete prerogative in the case of Lord WENSLEYDALE. The experiment, and its failure, might have served Sir W. HARCOURT as an illustration of the distinction which he drew between legal and constitutional proceedings.

The Declaration which has been almost unanimously signed by twenty-five eldest sons of peers is principally important because it reminds those who read it that a considerable number of such fortunate persons has been elected to the House of Commons. There can scarcely be an equal number of members who would be probable candidates for life-peerages. It seems a cynical paradox to affirm that property and birth command more popular deference than personal merit or ability; but aristocracies have never acted on grounds of moral or intellectual superiority. Great possessions and high rank afford a better security than the most brilliant genius for attachment to law and order. It is possible that they may lose the beneficial influence which they have always exercised in England; but, as long as eldest sons of peers are preferred to their less privileged neighbours as Parliamentary candidates, it will be evident that aristocratic claims are still recognized by the people. In some of the projects for remodelling the House of Lords which have lately been devised there were provisions for enabling peers to waive their privileges for the purpose of getting rid of their chief political disqualification. If they were allowed the choice of becoming candidates for seats in either House, the wisest among them would decline to exchange their secure position for the uncertainty of popular choice. Lord SALISBURY may have formerly, if not at present, sympathized with the grievance of exclusion from the more ambitious career. Even now he may perhaps share the not infrequent regret of his followers that he cannot encounter in person his most formidable antagonist; but the hardship, if any, affects only a few, and all but the chief political leaders are sufficiently represented if they can procure the return of their sons to the House of Commons. Even a Scotch peer who, in default of election as a representative, has no place in either House, is not without consolation for his disability. Almost every member of the community suffers the same misfortune, though he may be eligible to the House of Commons, and, perhaps, sometimes be not exempt from the House of Lords.

It may be hoped that ingenious reformers will be satisfied with the promised concessions. The only sweeping change which, if it were practicable, would, perhaps, strengthen the House of Lords, would be the creation of a hundred Liberal peers whose adherence to their party could be guaranteed. Mr. GLADSTONE'S nominees uniformly become Conservative as the promoters of revolution display more and more audacity. The rapid changes of his own opinions perplex his former adherents who are removed from political competition. Not a single Irish peer is prepared to take his seat in the Home Rule Parliament. Scarcely a tenth part

of the House of Lords can be trusted to follow Lord GRANVILLE. The agitators against the House of Lords are consequently entitled to complain that it only represents one party. The life peers, who will be elderly persons of moderate tempers and fixed opinions, will for the most part subside into the mass of the existing majority. It is possible that Lord SALISBURY may reconsider his expressed intention of providing for the temporary or permanent disqualification of disreputable peers. Their number is so insignificant that the appearance of their names in the catalogue of peers causes little scandal and no inconvenience. There are at least as many and as objectionable offenders against morality in the House of Commons, and the statement that such persons must have obtained the votes of a constituency would, if it were relevant, only serve as an argument against popular suffrage. Some discreditable persons are among the most active members of the House of Commons. In the House of Lords persons of the same description are almost always absent or silent. It is at least satisfactory to know that they are powerless for mischief. If they are to be excluded from the House, their expulsion or suspension must be grounded on some kind of trial; and every inquiry will attract attention to conduct which in the majority of cases has been publicly exposed. The question is not of primary importance; but the addition of a new penalty to the consequences of misconduct would be in some respects an anomaly. A peer who has been notorious in the Divorce Court or on the Turf will seldom take his seat among his equals.

Some writers who have taken part in the recent discussion are beginning to discover the mistake of supposing that inconvenience arises from the occasional presence in the House of a number of peers who are not constant attendants. As long as the leader of the majority commands votes enough to secure his victory, the presence of a number of the rank and file of the party has no practical effect. If at any future time Liberal politicians revert to the constitutional doctrines which they once held, the House of Lords will cease to be, as at present, virtually unanimous. An Assembly which will offer no opposition to the Local Government Bill cannot be accused of contumacious obstinacy. All the measures of which Mr. GLADSTONE is accustomed to boast must have passed the House of Lords, and few of his proposals after they have been sanctioned by the House of Commons have been finally rejected. It cannot be denied that the House of Lords is threatened, but it is doubtful whether its best means of defence is to fly before its assailants.

NATIONAL DEFENCE.

COMMENT and complaint as to the condition of our national defences do not cease. Neither do they become less vehement or less confusing, but rather the contrary. To be sure they do not attract much attention, and, if many voices are crying, they are all crying in the wilderness. General HAMLEY, who is as sure of his hearing as any man, for the excellent reason that he knows how to be both audible and interesting, complains of the—to soldiers—hardly intelligible indifference of the country to the danger of its position. The General accounts for it in his own way:—"As small objects in the foreground conceal the large "features of the distance, so the Wine and Coal Duties, the "Conversion of the Three per Cents; nay, the exposure of "the unveracity of prominent politicians, the antics of "light-headed seekers for notoriety, the howls of some "truculent treasonmonger at being subjected to a discipline "all too light for his offences, and a succession of similar "incidents which will be forgotten in a week, fix the atten- "tion of the public; while for the comparatively far-off "event, on our security from which every social and poli- "tical calculation must be based, we can only spare a "passing glance." In all this there is much truth. If man does look before and after, he seldom looks forward beyond the end of his nose, or back past the last thing that annoyed him. For the rest, the events of a man's daily life are of some importance to him; and then, when "National "Defence" is in question, so many big voices (we do not mean General HAMLEY) keep shouting at a poor man, "Believe "or be ——," that revolt is natural, or even pardonable. Our naval and military advisers must, we are afraid, lay their account with this indifference of people who are not immediately threatened. They may console themselves by remembering that, if they had not to gain the most sweet voices of electors, they might have to beware of the antics of a light-headed mistress, or the pigheadedness of a camarilla, or the folly of a king with a taste for music and the moral sublime. Sir JABEZ WINDBAG is not worse than LOLA MONTES, though less pleasing to the eye. Our Sparta may be better, or worse, than others; but it is ours, and there is nothing for it but to keep pegging away. It behoves us to peg in the right way, and on the right places—also to remember that failure to win the fight you have to fight is no proof that you could have won another.

The *Nineteenth Century*, in which General HAMLEY has written the words we have quoted, contains not only his article on "The Defencelessness of London," but a paper by Lord CHARLES BERESFORD on that congenial subject "The "Admiralty Confusion." The large space given to these kindred matters may be a proof that there is, after all, some considerable interest felt in them. Of Lord CHARLES BERESFORD'S article we do not propose to say much. He who can get more out of it than a vehement assertion of the writer's belief that "there *is* confusion worse than death" in that little isle must have enviable powers of reading between the lines. Much general statement there is, but very little in the way of argument to show that it is more than an expression of opinion. At the end, too, there is the cheerful remark that, beyond doubt, "the evidence to be "given before the Royal Commission on the system of "administration for the navy will"—will do what all the evidence given before all our Royal Commissions has not done yet. Lord CHARLES must have been too intent on gazing on the pilot stars to see all the inquiries of late years and what has come of them—mere changes of partners and chassees and bows and variations of the figures in a shambling square dance. General HAMLEY deals with his subject in another fashion. He at least gives us a businesslike treatment in large lines of a definite problem. "Given that an enemy has landed, what "would he probably do against London, and in what "position would the town be?" This is General HAMLEY'S problem, and he has no difficulty in showing that the capital of this country would, as things stand, be helpless against the attack of even a flying column of any size. Then he proceeds to inquire what can be done to enable it to defend itself. He does not ask for a great reorganization of our forces, but simply for the proper use of what we have. The Volunteers and militia of London and the Home counties ought to be—so we understand him—especially told off for the defence of the capital and prepared for their work in peace. They should be drilled on the ground they would have to fight on and for the especial kind of fighting they would be called on to do. No attempt should be made to turn them into a manœuvring army. The object should always be to train them to fight on familiar ground and under conditions explained to them beforehand. The positions should be surveyed, the lines marked out, so that when the time came every man should know where to go and what to do. Then, when the pinch did come, we could employ whatever resources we had—inferior guns for want of better, and half-drilled men if fully drilled were not forthcoming—to the best effect. Here, at least, is the scheme of a workman who does not waste time in complaining of his tools, but makes the utmost of what he has. Supposing the case to arise, this plan of General HAMLEY'S, the most scientific of scientific soldiers, would at least provide men who must needs be more or less guerrilleros with a chance of fighting under the only circumstances in which the guerrillero can face regular troops with any chance of success—where, that is to say, cover and his local knowledge compensate for his inferiority in discipline.

But, allowing as fully as possible the merits of General HAMLEY'S scheme, is it not a wonderful thing that an English officer should be found at this time of day seriously asking how London is to be protected against a foreign occupation? We should have thought that it ought to be covered by the fleet off Ushant. It is not General HAMLEY'S fault that he has to consider the problem under other conditions. He sees plainly enough that the navy is the first line of defence, and says so—only he doubts whether it is strong enough for the work—or rather he has no doubt on the matter, and, therefore, holds it incumbent on us to be prepared to take care of ourselves for a time. We—if we understand him aright—are not disposed to go with him when he says that the condition of preparedness "would, "in any case, confer on the fleet the inestimable advantage

"of perfect freedom of movement." If by this General HAMLEY means that the fleet would be free in a time of war to leave the Channel without a sufficient squadron, we cannot agree with him. It would be a frightful misfortune if an enemy's war-ships and transports were left at sea unmolested even for a few days. A mere hostile landing would be a disaster even if the invaders were driven into the water in an hour, and so many of them killed that all the gravediggers of Kent and Sussex had to be busy burying them for a month. The first thing to do is to make that impossible, and it can only be done by putting the fleet on a proper footing. It is surely somewhat ominous to find an officer so thoroughly competent to realize this truth as General HAMLEY talking with resignation of actual invasion, and arguing that we must already prepare for the worst. Even if London ought to be fortified, the measure should be taken as part of a general scheme in which the strengthening of the fleet would be the most important feature. It is one of our misfortunes that our defence is generally attended to piecemeal. The soldier writes mainly as a soldier, even when he recognizes the importance of the navy, and the sailor as a sailor, even when he does not forget that one great duty of the fleet is to open the road for the army. In this way we have a see-saw of alternate attention and neglect for army or navy, according as either service catches the public ear. On no occasion have the two been treated as they should be—that is, as parts of one whole. At this moment it ought to be the main object to all who have the interests of our national defence at heart to put a stop to this rivalry between the services, which is as dangerous as the confusions and divided responsibilities in the departments. A scheme of national defence ought to treat the fleet, the army, the militia, and the Volunteers as really parts of the same force. Soldiers and sailors must necessarily think of their own business first; but it is in the power, and it is certainly the interest, of the country they are to defend to arrange that they shall hunt together, and not roam about independently in search of game.

PUBLICANS' LICENCES.

IN the case of SHARP v. WAKEFIELD a Divisional Court has delivered a judgment which will seriously alarm the holders of beer and spirit licences. A case had been stated by the Quarter Sessions for Westmorland on appeal from a refusal of the licensing justices to renew a licence for the sale of intoxicating liquors to one RIDDING, occupier of an old-established inn. The Court of Quarter Sessions sustained the decision of the licensing justices, and SHARP, the owner of the inn, now raised the question whether the refusal of the licence was justifiable. The Quarter Sessions assigned as reasons for their judgment "the remoteness of the house "from police supervision and the character and necessities "of the locality and neighbourhood." Remoteness from police supervision, whatever may be the exact meaning of the phrase, seems to imply an assumption that there was no excess of similar accommodation in the neighbourhood. The ground of refusal would, according to the decided cases, be insufficient if it were founded on a general rule. When the justices have resolved that no more licences shall be granted in a particular district, the judges have decided that the refusal was illegal, inasmuch as the justices have not exercised their discretion in the special case. It now appears that, by first withholding police protection, and then insisting that the police supervision is insufficient, justices are considered to exercise their discretion. It is not apparent from the newspaper reports whether this argument was used at the hearing of the appeal. For the present it must be taken for granted that the law is correctly laid down by Justices FIELD and WILLS. The question is so important that it will almost certainly be raised in the Court of Appeal, and probably the party which may be then defeated will take it to the House of Lords. At present the case is a remarkable illustration of the uncertainty of English law and of the frequent carelessness exhibited in legislation. A few years ago the country was everywhere studded with beerhouses, retailing their commodities under an Excise licence, which was granted as a matter of course, and over which the justices had no control. Parliament was, as it seems, anxious to remove all impediments to the unlimited sale of beer, and at the same time it was universally understood that the holder of a spirit licence was entitled to a renewal, except in the case of misconduct, which must be proved on oath. The system would have lasted till now, and the Inland Revenue Office would have considered the interests of the revenue exclusively, if the beerhouses had not become, as might have been expected, centres of drunkenness and disorder. Nearly twenty years ago the power of granting all licences was conferred on the justices, but Parliament still took precautions against capricious disturbances of the trade. While applicants for new licences were required to appear at the Brewsters' Sessions, those who only asked for renewal were exempted from attendance, except when the renewal was opposed after notice on grounds which must be proved on oath. It was under this state of law and practice that Lord ROMILLY declared in the case of DAY v. LUKHE that "the transfer of a licence was "a matter of course. No discretion is exercised by the "justices." As a transfer requires the sanction of the justices, the law on this point seems now to be reversed. As usual, the apparent inconsistency of judicial decisions is explained by minute and almost imperceptible variations in the circumstances of successive cases. The shades of difference are here more than usually delicate. The justices are prohibited from taking into consideration any principle which might justify their action, and they are therefore confined to a moral rule of thumb. There is no better reason, as it appears to the laity, for refusing the renewal of a licence than that there are already too many public-houses in the town or village. Some judges have added as an illustration the imaginary cause of refusing renewal of a licence because the applicant had red hair. The licence cannot in either case be refused because the justices are not deemed to have exercised the discretion which ought to apply only to the person immediately concerned. Those who are interested in the subject will find all the cases cited and discussed in the elaborate judgments of Justice FIELD and Justice WILLS. Their conclusions are beyond dispute, unless and until they are reversed on appeal. The law is that interpretation of statutes and of precedents which has been affixed to either by a competent Court. The difficulties and obscurities which attach to any authoritative interpretation of the law are material, not as objections to an established rule, but as apologies for practices which may have been founded on an opposite theory.

The perplexity of the unlearned is not a little aggravated by an exactly contrary judgment delivered a week ago by the Irish Court of Queen's Bench, and reported in the last number of the *Observer*. After a full examination of the authorities, the Court unanimously affirmed the right of the holder of a licence to unconditional renewal, except for cause shown on sufficient evidence. Justice WILLS, in his judgment in the Divisional Court, refers to a number of cases "which were cited by Mr. Justice FITZGERALD in "the case of K. v. Recorder of Dublin as authorities "that licences were matter of property. They (the judges "sitting in the Divisional Court) did not support that "view, and the Irish case itself was no authority on "the point, Irish and English law being so different." It must be assumed that Justice WILLS spoke of a difference which affected the immediate question, but the Chief Justice of IRELAND, in delivering judgment, expressly stated that the Court had taken into consideration all the English cases. He must, therefore, apparently have satisfied himself that, whatever may be the difference of English and Irish law on other points, the judgments of the Courts of both countries on the right of renewal were founded on the same principles. It is notorious that the extent of discretion allowed to justices has long been the subject of constant and vehement controversy, yet the party which might have cited Irish authority for its conclusions has never, as far as is known, referred to the state of Irish law, nor have the enemies of the publicans pointed out any difference between English and Irish law. The Irish Court of Queen's Bench will perhaps be accused of having given too much weight to arguments derived from natural justice, public expediency, and common sense. It is true that such matters ought to influence legislation rather than the interpretation of the law, but there are at present two parallel or independent contests to be determined, each on its own special grounds. The point of law will be determined probably in the Court of final appeal. The claim of the disestablished publicans to compensation is not the less just, even if it appears that publicans and justices have for many years habitually misunderstood the law. If it appears that the innocent holder of a licence has, as the Irish Court of Queen's Bench declares, an indefeasible right

to renewal, it is unnecessary to rest his demand on any less solid ground. An unfavourable judgment would abolish the legal right which he was supposed to possess, but it would leave untouched his moral claim to compensation.

As Mr. Justice FITZGERALD appears to have said, licences are property, not only if they are found to have a legal guarantee for renewal, but because they are invariably dealt with for valuable consideration. An old-established inn or tavern in a populous town is often sold for thousands of pounds, and, until lately, both vendor and purchaser have fully believed that, in default of misconduct, the acquisition of the licence was as safe an investment as the purchase of the bricks and mortar or of the site of the house. Probably in a majority of cases the incoming tenant has borrowed a portion of the purchase-money on the security of the good-will, which again depends on the certainty of renewal of a licence. Even Lord COLERIDGE, always the earnest advocate of Radical doctrines, admitted in a late speech on the subject that publicans could not justly be dispossessed without compensation. The previous part of his speech had excited some natural surprise, as an extra-judicial decision communicated to a public meeting on a question which is immediately before the Courts. Perhaps there may have been some sufficient justification for a course which is at least unusual. Whatever may have been his motives or reasons, Lord COLERIDGE would agree that a public speech is not exempt from criticism. The publicans may accept his recognition of their equitable claims as the admission of an adversary, and their advocates are fully at liberty to question his legal conclusions. Parliament is bound to protect any property which has been accumulated under its express or tacit sanction. If the public interest so required, it would have been easy at any time to enact that all new licences should be held at the absolute discretion of the justices. A Legislature which has connived at the existing practice must, if it holds that a mistake has been committed, provide at the public expense a remedy for those who have been injured. Indifference to the security of vested interests is nearly the greatest crime which a Legislature can commit, and undoubtedly there may be important vested interests in property which is not held by a strictly legal tenure. The right of selling alcoholic liquors formerly needed no permission, the trade being as lawful as any other ordinary occupation. At that time the owner of a public-house was as fully protected in his business as a grocer, a tailor, or a blacksmith. When a licence was imposed, probably in the first instance for purposes of revenue, general custom recognized the right of dealing in liquor, subject to definite conditions. No dispassionate legislator can have supposed that he was giving every bench of justices an unqualified right to deprive a respectable tradesman of his livelihood. The grievance would be the more intolerable because a more reasonable body of justices in a neighbouring district might refuse to be the instruments of confiscation. The Government will, as Mr. RITCHIE's recent statement proves, not be guilty of the culpable weakness of receding from its pledge to withdraw the licensing clauses if the House refuses compensation.

CRICKET.

IN the spring, not only a young man's fancy, but that of persons who have seen a great deal more of the game than he has, lightly turns to thoughts of cricket. This is the golden chain that unites all ages. We may no longer sympathize with the thoughts of love to which the young man lightly turns when the wanton lapwing, in obedience to the law of sexual selection, gets himself another crest. Youth is easily moved in that direction, like M. PAUL BOURGET's hero, who became so very much more enamoured when he was putting the White Rose scent on his pocket-handkerchief before going to call on the married lady. But who can receive without emotion the little red-leather tickets of the M.C.C. and the Surrey Club, enclosing the list of matches? In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the Surrey ticket, or seems to come, as the imagination dreams on approaching events. This year the Australians are here again, which is a joy to reflect upon, for they have always hitherto put interest and excitement into matches. Most matches we are obliged to contemplate in the spirit of devout but unemotional artistic criticism. When Middlesex plays Gloucestershire, only members of the Western county care very much who wins. For Middlesex who can feel any local affection? The dwellers therein would as lief be beaten as not, if only they see good cricket. Nor does Yorkshire *v.* M.C.C. move us as patriots. Only the Schools and University matches can so excite observers that, as in COBDEN's year, they break their umbrellas into fragments, much as the Jews of old, regardless of expense, rent their robes when deeply stirred. Now about the Australians it is different. We want to win, not always, nor even too frequently, for then the excitement would cease, but we want to win often, and in the great events. We trust that the Colonists will trounce Mr. THORNTON's team, they are welcome to conquer Warwickshire, and they may beat Surrey with our good will, if only Oxford can, at least, make a good struggle against them. They should not find the Gentlemen at Lord's very difficult customers. Where are our fast bowlers? Mr. CHRISTOPHERSON, apparently, is no longer the CHRISTOPHERSON of 1884, whom Mr. LEFROY appears to celebrate in his excellent sonnet, "The Bowler." In the Gentlemen *v.* Australians, at the Oval, Mr. CHRISTOPHERSON took, first innings, eight wickets for 78, and second innings, three for 56. We have heard of no new fast amateur bowler to rival this; nor to eclipse Mr. WHITBY's exploit, the same year, at Oxford—eight wickets for 82 runs. An amateur's fast bowling is like the flower of youth, and fleetly passes away; for only the perennial Mr. ROBERTSON seems always useful, if never exactly surprising. The Gentlemen this year cannot hope for the aid of Mr. A. G. STEEL, we presume—Mr. STEEL, who was so safe with his hundred, 'tis five years since. The cares of this world call the amateurs into business of every sort, and we are not aware that any new bowlers have arrived at their culminating season. Eton last year had a fast left-handed bowler of promise, but he would be something over-parted in a struggle with the Colonists. Perhaps Mr. NEPEAN may have been improving, and, if so, he will give much trouble on a suitable wicket. Mr. GRACE, of course, may be as serviceable as ever. Mr. ROLLER's and Mr. W. W. READ's are names full of hope; but Mr. A. P. LUCAS and Mr. RIDLEY are scarcely more likely to aid the Gentlemen than Mr. C. T. STUDD, who was a tower of strength before he exchanged some seasons of Lord's for a cycle of Cathay. On the whole, if the Australians have not forgotten their cunning and their swashing blow, they should be at least a match for the Gentlemen, though England, as the performances of our Eleven in the colonies prove, ought to be their masters. Perhaps not more than three Gentlemen, at least if Mr. STEEL shuns the field, would play this year for England. But with BRIGGS, LOHMANN, ULYETT, and the flower of the Players, FLOWERS himself, and BARNES, England can yet speak, we fancy, to her children in the gate.

There are to be no reforms in cricket this year, apparently. The recommendations of a sub-Committee of M.C.C., formed in February, seemed sensible. They were:—"'(1) That "'the over shall consist of five balls; (2) that a bowler shall "'be allowed to change ends as often as he pleases, provided "'only that he does not bowl two overs consecutively in one "'innings; (3) that on the last day of a match, or if a one-"'day match at any time, the in side shall be empowered to "'declare the innings at an end.' But recognizing the "great difficulties in the way of any extension of the law of "leg-before-wicket, and the fact that the practice it was "sought to prevent was adopted by a very limited number "of cricketers, the Committee abstained, for the present at "all events, from recommending any alteration of the existing Law." Now, of all these proposed reforms, the change of the law in regard to l.-b.-w. is much the most important. We have often discussed the practical unfairness of the present condition of things, in which bowlers, already handicapped by the excellence of the grounds, are deprived of the success due to their best balls. The batsman has only to defend his wicket with his leg, against a break or twist. But it is held that even more discussion of a law forbidding the defence of the wicket by the body is needed. In fact, the moral tone of cricketers appears to want elevating; when everybody sees the iniquity of the conduct which old NYREN (of all people) approved, then it will be possible to pass a stringent law of l.-b.-w. The position is like that of Copyright in America; conscience, the national conscience, needs to be awakened. The awakened section of Americans ask for the aid of the clergy; but we can hardly hope that the British pulpit will ring with denunciation of the *coup de botte*. The Committee have only arrived at a resolution in the air—"That the practice of deliberately de-"fending the wicket with the person instead of the bat is "contrary to the spirit of the game and inconsistent with

"strict fairness, and the M.C.C. will discountenance and "prevent this practice by every means in their power."

The democratic method would be to mob the offending batsman, break his windows, and confiscate his personal property. But cricketers are a law-abiding people. They will not even march out of church in a body when a sinner against bowlers enters the sacred edifice. Can a county be expected not to play a skilled professional who is notorious for putting his leg where his bat should be? This would be a very useful, if also a very stringent, measure. Umpires are to be recommended to report persistent patrons of the *coup de botte* to the Committee, and probably a good deal of what is called "pressure" in political English will be applied in one way or another.

The other emendations are sagacious, but not very pressing. The rule of five balls an over already exists, in one-day matches, in many districts. Probably few bowlers will find five balls too severe exertion, and the tedious time of crossing at the overs will be considerably shortened. A bowler, too, may be enabled to get the batsman just into the mental condition he wants for the subtlest effects, if he has five balls at him instead of four. A batsman may resist temptation four times, and succumb to a sham half volley on the fifth time of asking. As to the bowler's changing ends as often as he pleases, provided he does not bowl two consecutive overs, we scarcely see what the bowler has to gain by it. One end is certain to suit him better than the other; when he has found it (one experiment will suffice), let him stick to it. However, the rule will prevent such metaphysical puzzles as that which disturbed a recent Rugby and Marlborough match. The bowler had changed more frequently than the law permits without attracting the notice of the umpire or of the opposite side. Every ball he bowled was thus illegal, a "no ball," and the question for philosophers was how could he be stopped. No amount of no balls make an over, and the wretched bowler ought to have trundled on till he fainted, or till the batting side won without loss of another wicket. What did happen was, that the bowler got the one important wicket, and was disqualified at the end of the over. However, he had done what was needful, and the batting side was defeated; rather a hard thing for schoolboys to bear.

As to the recommendation that a side should be allowed to declare its innings ended, so as to win and save a draw by efflux of time, that plan is certainly better than "humbug-"ging" so as to lose wickets, or knocking down wickets with the bat on purpose. The side that declares its innings over will take some risk, as Oxford did when she made 240 for one wicket against Cambridge, whereafter the remaining bats played the fool, and were very nearly throwing the game away. But the question of generalship remains the same, and the method is more dignified than the method of unhallowed slogging, "without a conscience or an aim," except the roof of the Pavilion or the clock on the tennis court. These reforms, meanwhile, are taken *ad avizandum*, as Scotch lawyers say, and the game for this summer will be played on the old lines—we hope also on dry wickets.

TAXING THE FOREIGNER.

CERTAIN muddle-headed politicians are fond of urging, in support of the delusion known as "Fair-trade," that the foreigner ought to be taxed. The operation is generally impossible, or natives would go scot free. But there is a sense, as the Treasury has discovered, in which the property of the foreigner might be handled with great severity. If he resides in this country for more than six months, he is liable to Income-tax, and the extent of his liability is at present dividing the judges of the Supreme Court of Judicature. Mr. GOSCHEN'S father, as we know on filial authority, was fond of litigation, because he found it intellectually stimulating and commercially instructive. Mr. GOSCHEN himself has doubtless perused, with not impartial interest, the arguments and judgments in the case of COLQUHOUN *v.* BROOKS. Whether the taxpayers whom Mr. GOSCHEN now holds in the hollow of his hand will be gratified by the announcement, conveyed to them through Mr. BROOKS'S solicitors, that the costs of the suit on both sides are being paid by the Treasury we do not know. Mr. BROOKS is to be congratulated upon the singular generosity which exempts him, at the public charge, from the risk incurred by all other litigants. Mr. BROOKS, it should be said, is not a foreigner, though foreigners are deeply interested in the fate of his appeal. He is an English merchant, and partner in two firms, one in London, the other in Melbourne. He has been in the habit of including in his return of Income-tax under Schedule D whatever he may receive here from the profits of his Australian business. In the year 1884–5 there was a large sum standing to his credit in the books of the firm at Melbourne, and upon this he was assessed to Income-tax. The Commissioners for the City of London struck off the item, but stated a case for the opinion of the Court. The Queen's Bench Division could not agree, Mr. Justice STEPHEN holding that Mr. BROOKS was liable, and Mr. Justice WILLS that he was not. In these circumstances the junior judge withdrew his judgment, and the decision was given in favour of the Crown. Mr. BROOKS went to the Court of Appeal, and was there successful by a majority of two to one, the MASTER of the ROLLS and Lord Justice LOPES having pronounced for him, Lord Justice FRY against him. We presume that the point will now be taken to the House of Lords; but it is to be hoped that the House of Commons will not pay the bill for all this amusement without demur. It may be very important to have legal questions settled by the highest tribunal, and it may be very entertaining to watch their progress. But, if a rich man is not satisfied with the decision of a Court, and chooses to exercise his undoubted right of appeal, there is no reason, so far as we can see, why he should not do so at his own proper cost and charges. It may be said that the Divisional Court practically failed to decide the question at all. But that only shows the wasteful absurdity of putting two judges to sit together at first instance.

The case ought not to present any particular difficulty, for it lies in a very narrow compass. The Income-tax Act of 1853, passed when Mr. GLADSTONE was Chancellor of the Exchequer, imposes duties "for and in respect of the annual "profits or gains arising or accruing to any person residing "in the United Kingdom from any kind of property what-"ever, whether situate in the United Kingdom or elsewhere, "and for and in respect of the annual profits or gains arising "or accruing to any person residing in the United Kingdom, "from any profession, trade, employment, or vocation, "whether the same shall be respectively carried on in the "United Kingdom or elsewhere." An ordinary mind would certainly draw from this the inference that all residents in this country must pay Income-tax upon the whole of their incomes. It may or may not be wise and just for Parliament to make such a law. But, if Parliament has chosen to make it, there, so far as English judges are concerned, should be an end of the matter. According to Mr. GLADSTONE, we may not tax French wine for fear of impairing the Treaty of Commerce which has ceased to exist. According to Lord ESHER, we may not tax the stranger within our gates for fear of an "unanswerable remon-"strance." Then what in the world may the Parliament of this still nominally independent country do?

THE STATE OF EUROPE.

THE dreary and disgusting squabbles among the doctors which go on round the bed of the Emperor FREDERICK recur, it would appear, in exact accordance with the state of the patient, if, indeed, they do not, to some extent, condition that state. Putting mere clannishness quite out of the question, it is impossible not to feel that the English doctors have been singularly badly treated by a section of their German brethren and of the German public, as well as (unfortunately) by some persons who have not the excuse of being Germans. But we cannot help wishing that Sir MORELL MACKENZIE, difficult as it may have been, had had the fortitude and resolution to pursue that policy of absolute silence, of doing his duty and letting the dogs bark, which is the only policy of true wisdom, as well as of true dignity, in such a matter. As it is, the case, while it is the last, is, perhaps, also the best illustration of the intolerable nuisance which has been fixed upon modern life by what is pleasantly called newspaper energy. If everything that has been communicated about the EMPEROR had been cut down by nineteen-twentieths, or if the information had been restricted altogether to the official bulletins, it would have been infinitely better. But the world has, as usual, to suffer the penalty of the nuisances it has created, or which it has allowed to create themselves. All that reasonable men want to know or need know is that the EMPEROR is very ill; that his condition, owing to these frequent relapses, is

dangerous, if not hopeless; and that political consequences of the greatest importance must follow, not merely from the worst, which we all hope will be averted, but from any very long continuance of this state of suspense, which is too obviously "getting on the nerves" of Germany, and affecting in the most prejudicial fashion the morale of the people, and with that morale the principal guarantee for the peace and well being of the whole continent of Europe.

Meanwhile it is currently reported that Russia has three-quarters of a million of men on her Western frontiers; and all the utterances of Russian newspapers testify to an idea that something good is going to happen for Russia. They have been inspirited or befooled by Prince BISMARCK's recent remarks; they openly say that, with our present GLADSTONE-PARNELL Opposition, nothing is to be feared from England; they despise Austria; they think that France, if not frankly their friend, may be counted on as a kind of makeweight to keep Germany on their side, or not frankly against them. Very likely all this is a mistake; but it hardly needs elaborate instruction in that history of which Mr. GLADSTONE (when its professors are on his side) is never tired of vaunting the merits, to know that delusions of this sort, spread through the mind of a nation, are the constant precursors of serious trouble. It is sometimes thought and oftener said that anticipations of difficulty are the source of difficulty; it would be much more philosophical to say that anticipations of gain are the source of attempts to secure gain. The finances of Russia are known to be in the most perilous condition, and yet she has been spending vast sums on the movements of her armies and on the strengthening of her fleet. It is a long since ascertained fact that Russians, both official and non-official, hold themselves to have obtained far too little for what they are pleased to call the sacrifices of the war of 1877-8; or, in other words, think that their last raid was not a sufficiently profitable raid. With a CZAR of less curious temperament than ALEXANDER III.—a temperament which seems to unite good and bad characteristics in almost equal proportions—these convictions would long ago have broken out into action. It is simply "on the edge of a razor," to use the time-honoured phrase, whether something will happen or not, and there would be much to be said for the assertion that if the CZAR were wise he would either disarm at once and adopt a completely different course of policy, or else strike out at once for Constantinople and Calcutta. He has an immense army in as good training and with as good supplies of material as a Russian army is ever likely to possess. His navy is considerable, though the bolts do sometimes start out of the sides of the ships. His financial position is not likely to improve, while it has not yet grown absolutely dangerous. He can never have a better moment than while a German EMPEROR is hovering between life and death and Germans are looking at each other with suspicion. He knows that Mr. GLADSTONE cannot live for ever, and that with his death many a brigade, or its equivalent, drops off the Russian effective. He is probably aware that the chances of French politics are very precarious, and that it is quite on the cards that some new reigning spirit in Germany might cap Prince BISMARCK's climax by restoring the Rhine frontier or part of it, and indemnifying himself eastwards. It is not impossible that some new French revolution may strike France absolutely out of the list of European Powers which count. Worst of all, the solid front, as of iron welded together, which has for years been presented to Russia on her Western frontier has suddenly been, we shall not say flawed, but suspected of flaw. It may be, of course, that, as some Russophils say, the policy of Russia is a policy of white-handed innocence and lamb-like peace. If so, well. If not so, it is very difficult to see when or in what conjunction of European arrangements Russia can have a better opportunity than she has now. And she has plenty of occasions. She has kept the Bulgarian wound open on purpose, and it is at least rumoured that the sons of the Greeks, with their usual shortsightedness, are going, probably on the strength of M. TRICOUPIS's recently discovered money-bags, to give her a fresh opening. Be this so or not, she can never want one as long as the Government of Bulgaria is permitted by the wisdom or foolishness of Europe to occupy a kind of middle state between a recognized government and a corporation of mutineers, headed by an *eletto*. Nor are there wanting particular points in the present state of Bulgaria which give occasion at once for alarm to those who desire peace and hope to those who desire that Russia shall make ready for war.

The affairs of Bulgaria have attracted comparatively little attention since that movement of Turkish diplomatic strategy over which the friends of Russia so greatly rejoiced, and which appeared to others (and with reason) not to alter the position in the very slightest degree. A much more important matter is the trial of Major POPOFF, with some at least of its incidents. The statement alleged to have been made by the Major that the Russians had offered him a very large sum of money to betray Sofia into their hands will of course be poohpoohed or passed in silence by those whom the CZAR has retained at perhaps not quite so high a fee. But they will find themselves in this rather awkward dilemma. If—which is the general Russophil theory—Major POPOFF, though guilty of some bad anti-Russian acts in the past, is on the whole an innocent victim of the wicked Ferdinandist Government, every attention is due to what this innocent victim says. If, on the other hand, he is capable of inventing such a statement to save himself or create sympathy for himself, he is obviously capable of the crimes with which the wicked Ferdinandist Government charges him. In any case, the trial or its necessity is, of course, to be deeply regretted. It shows that, though the Bulgarians have made great advances since their acquisition of practical independence, the faults which exist in all such peoples, and which make prudent politicians look with the greatest distrust on the creation of new nationalities, still exist in them. The two most fatal of all political diseases—next to a natural proneness to anarchy, such as seems to be bred in the soil of Ireland and of some South American States—are factiousness, which is ready to become treason to the existing State at any moment, and corruption. Hitherto the Bulgarians have kept themselves clear of anarchy, but this trial seems to show that the other plagues are only too rife amongst them, as they are usually rife in all countries but those in which a settled government for ages has produced a regular governing class with a regular morality of government.

HOW NOT TO CELEBRATE THE ARMADA.

IT is perhaps in keeping with this kind of show, but still it is a pity that the Committee which is to arrange the celebration of the Tercentenary of the Armada should have decided to make the whole thing ridiculous. This, however, is what they have done by asking the Duke of NORFOLK to act as chairman. The absurdity, let us hasten to say, is by no means in the Duke, but in the Committee. The Duke refused until he was assured that there was no intention to glorify Queen ELIZABETH or the triumph of Protestantism. The Committee has accepted these conditions, and thereby made itself ridiculous, and has condemned the celebration to be as nearly meaningless as may be. It may be natural that the descendant of the unfortunate nobleman who let I dare not wait upon I would with so little judgment should not love the memory of the Queen who cut his ancestor's head off. But then why ask him to be chairman when what you propose to do is to celebrate the great victory of her reign? It may not be reasonable to expect that the head of the English Roman Catholics should be disposed to rejoice over the defeat of the Pope's friend; but then why beg him, of all men, to help you to rejoice?

The Committee would have done well to ask itself what the defeat of the Armada was if it was not a glorification of Queen ELIZABETH and a triumph of Protestantism. Of course this last word has been made to cover a good deal which is not very admirable, and which we shall not be accused of loving. You may argue with irresistible force that the Church of England is not Protestant in this sense; but sensible men know very well what the word means when it is used in this connexion. Protestants were all those who fought to break the bonds of Rome, or to keep them from being soldered up again. In that struggle the defeat of the Armada was not only an incident—it was the crowning mercy. The greatness of the occasion and the victory was due to the fact that then, as in later times, England was the leader and defender of a great part of Europe against a common enemy. England was selected for attack because she was the leader of the other side. PHILIP II. had no wish to fight this country until he was driven into war by ELIZABETH's opposition to his Roman Catholic policy. As for the Queen herself, she doubtless at the bottom of her heart did not think any religious question worth the sacrifice of the bones of one of the proper young men she liked to have about her, but she knew she must take one side or

another, and she did not take the Pope's. It was her side which won; and if the defeat of the Armada is not to be glorified on that account, we fail to see why anything particular should be said about it. As a mere piece of fighting, it is by no means the best we have to show for ourselves even in ELIZABETH'S own time. There were then and afterwards far more desperate affairs—but we do not hold centenaries over them. They were mere incidents in a local and national struggle. The defeat of the Armada, like the battle of Trafalgar, directly affected the whole of Europe. To decline to celebrate it as "a triumph of Protestantism" is simply to take all the meaning out of it, and is a species of confession that the policy which provoked PHILIP was a mistake, and the victory a misfortune—a very ignominious confession for Englishmen to make. As for the conduct of the Committee, in promising not to glorify the Queen, it is hardly to be described in language less emphatic than her own. There is certainly a kind of prig in these days who thinks fit to be severe on the small errors of Queen BESS, but we hardly expected to meet him on the Tercentenary Committee. The members of that body might have been supposed capable of remembering that whatever her sins were—and she came of a race which acted on LUTHER'S advice and sinned strongly—at least she knew she was the Queen of a great people, and acted her part right royally. She made England great and her enemies tremble. HENRI QUATRE knew a ruler when he met one, and was not without experience of women, and he was not on the side of the prigs. If the Tercentenary celebration is not to be a mere glorification of the Committee and other holiday-makers, we do not well see how silence is to be kept about Queen ELIZABETH, who brought Englishmen to the ring and led them in the dance.

THE IRISH JUDICIARY AND THE IRISH EXECUTIVE.

IT is quite pleasant to meet Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT once again in his original character of newspaper controversialist. He has ceased, of course, to make use of that pseudonym, as malicious opponents insisted on calling it, which used in former days to appear at the foot of letters now no longer signed "Historicus," but modestly presenting themselves to the world over their writer's once honoured name. Yet there is no change, one is glad to see, in the stately attractions of the style. There is the same profundity, the same solemnity, the same impressive insistence on familiar truths, in the lectures of the constitutional lawyer of to-day as there was in those of the civilian of five-and-twenty years ago. The manner in which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT instructs, and has always instructed, his fellow-citizens on legal subjects has no precise counterpart that we know of in didactic literature. To find a parallel for it we should have to seek the records of oral dissertation. It is the manner of that learned young advocate who informed Lord ELLENBOROUGH that "an estate in fee-simple was the "highest estate known to the law of England"—with this difference, however, that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is much too well grounded in the law to allow himself to be frightened, like the jurist to whom we have compared him, into a stammering qualification of the too sweeping generality of his statement by being requested to pause while the Court solemnly took a note of it. In his letter to the *Times* of last Wednesday, on the question of the increase of sentences on appeal, he was in his most loftily instructive strain. And it was the more admirable in this respect because, as any one who has followed the controversy had probably noticed, the instructor had himself been instructed, on the previous day, by "An English Barrister," who had practically disposed of the whole pretended constitutional question—which is not a constitutional one at all—in a single sentence of his able letter. It revives a host of pleasant memories to run the eye down the column filled by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S letter in the perfect confidence that it will not light upon the words "An English "Barrister." Nor does it. Our doughty, but discreet, disputant is careful to confine himself to Colonel SLADE, Mr. DARLING, and the "Indian ex-Judge." On poor Colonel SLADE, who had undoubtedly mistaken a trial at first instance for an appeal, he tripudiates with all the chivalry of the "verray perfit gentil knight" of controversy that he is. At Mr. DARLING he delivers an irrelevant thrust on the subject of Chief Justices SCROGGS and JEFFREYS, to whom he had gracefully compared the Irish County Court judges, though he does not, by the way, remark upon the interesting little biographical detail to which Mr. DARLING had drawn attention in SCROGGS'S career—to wit, that, from party spirit, ambition, or personal interest, he was "an apostate from principles he had once "strongly advocated." To "the Indian ex-Judge," who had quoted a most striking instance of an increase of sentence on appeal, Sir WILLIAM proudly says—his caution here for the first time deserting him—that, though "we have "degenerated, and seem to be degenerating fast, under a "Unionist *régime* in our primary conception of justice and "liberty, we have not yet quite reached the point of re-"constructing our English criminal law on Eastern models." From which it would seem that he is unaware that Eastern criminal law has in the case of India not only been itself remodelled by English lawyers on English principles, but so successfully that it would now form, in the opinion of many jurists, the best of models for the reconstruction of our own.

Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT would therefore have done well to let the "Indian ex-Judge" as severely alone as he has let the "English Barrister." Of his wisdom in the latter case it is impossible to doubt. The correspondent who was engaged in the controversy under this title has shown, from a concise and clear history of the law on the subject, that "there is no constitutional or legal "principle" opposed to the increase of sentence on appeal, "as the absence of such a power at common law simply "arose from the absence of any power of appeal at all." It is not, of course, without regret that one descends from those heights of abstract principle on which Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT moves with the freedom and majesty of a man who need not be afraid at every moment of breaking his shins against a statute or a "case"; but really, if abstract principle has no concern in the matter—if common law knows nothing of appeal at all, and, therefore, constitutional law never could have had nothing to say to them—what then? Why, nothing, we fear, but that we must leave Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT on his lonely eminence, and grovel with the "English Barrister" in an examination of the 11 & 12 Vic. c. 78, and of a judgment subsequently delivered by Lord CAMPBELL in pursuance of the terms of that Act. From this uninspiring task, however, we shall most of us rise with the pretty clear conviction that, so far as legislation can be said to establish principle, on matters where principle had hitherto been silent, the idea of an increase of sentences following upon appeal is now just as much entitled to rank among the conceptions of highest law and lawyers as the reverse and more common operation. That being so, the main position against Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and the other noisy assailants of the Irish County Court judges is made good. Mr. HOPWOOD'S highly technical argument from the construction of the Irish Petty Sessions Act, and his elaborate attempts to show that the words of that statute giving power to "vary a sentence" cannot possibly import a power to increase it, may be put aside. It does not matter whether Mr. HOPWOOD'S interpretation of this Act or that of the Irish County Courts is the more plausible one, though we have not the smallest doubt ourselves that the latter is the correct one. The point, we repeat, is practically immaterial to the present controversy, because it has never, in fact, been taken by those who have raised the controversy. The case of the Opposition—the case which they have deliberately chosen to set up as affording them far greater scope for calumnious abuse of the administrators of the law—is not that the County Court judges have merely blundered in the construction of a statute, but that they have subserviently and oppressively defied a recognized principle of the common law to the disadvantage of the subject. That is the position they have chosen, and, whether the Irish County Court judges have read the Petty Sessions Act aright or amiss, that position has now crumbled beneath the Parnellite and Gladstonian feet. It is clear that no "principle" of any kind comes into conflict with the simple and reasonable conclusion of the Appellate Court, that when the Government, at the express and repeated instance of the Irish members, gave, under the Crimes Act, not a mere right to a "case stated," but one to an absolute "rehearing," the Legislature meant what it said, and intended the judge before whom the new trial was held to proceed in precisely the same manner as though he were sitting at first instance with no sentence before him to take into consideration either to the benefit or the damage of the appellant.

A Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Ireland can hardly expect to fare better than an Irish County Court judge, and Colonel KING-HARMAN can reflect, too, that the abuse directed against himself has even less meaning than that poured out upon judicial functionaries who can do something worse than merely irritate Parnellite susceptibilities. If further consolation were needed by him, he would doubtless have found it in the fact that his assailants really do not care twopence one way or the other about his appointment on its merits, and would never have troubled themselves about it for a moment were it not that it has materially diminished their power of annoying Colonel KING-HARMAN'S official chief. This, of course, is not Mr. JOHN MORLEY'S solemn view of the matter. Mr. MORLEY, no doubt, has conscientiously convinced himself of the truth of all the nonsense that has been talked about the Irish tenants' "dismay" at the appointment—nonsense which Mr. T. W. RUSSELL feels bound, we suppose, to repeat, if only to show that an Orange representative of the tenant-farmer can talk it as glibly as a Nationalist. We have no doubt, we say, that Mr. MORLEY accepts all this stuff with perfect seriousness, and has pictured to himself an ideal Irish cottier anxiously looking for the appointment of a sympathetic Under-Secretary, if one had to be appointed at all, and giving himself up to despair on learning that a third landlord has been added to his two other natural enemies, Lord LONDONDERRY and Mr. BALFOUR. But Mr. MORLEY'S innocent adoption of this absurdity is only of a piece with other subjections of his keen intelligence to the impostures of the party with whom he is associated. We wonder that he does not ask himself whether, if Colonel KING-HARMAN had been appointed solely to do desk work in the Irish Office, instead of answering in the House of Commons, we should have heard a word from the Parnellites about unfitness of the appointment? Surely everybody who uses his eyes and common sense must know that their real grievance is the interposition of this sturdy buffer between them and the object of their ceaseless Parliamentary attacks; and that is a grievance with which no Englishman, not professionally allied with the Parnellites, can be expected to sympathize.

THE COLLAPSE OF THE CURFEW BILL.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S Early Closing Bill was rejected in the House of Commons last Wednesday by the enormous majority of 278 votes against 95, or very nearly three to one. Nobody supposed that the Bill could pass, for it would have thrown the retail trade, of London at all events, into hopeless confusion. But a defeat so decisive and so emphatic ought to convince Sir JOHN LUBBOCK and Mr. BURT, who seems to have been over-persuaded against his own better judgment into putting his name on the back of an absurd measure, that the English people are not children, and that there are limits to the tolerable interference of Parliament. Neither the debate nor the division could fairly be called a party one. The Government did not take the question up, and issued no whip, although the only Minister who spoke, Mr. STUART WORTLEY, opposed the Bill on behalf of his chief, the HOME SECRETARY, as well as on his own. Mr. BRADLAUGH and Mr. LABOUCHERE condemned quite as strongly as Mr. BLUNDELL MAPLE and Mr. RADCLIFFE COOKE a project which its promoters have never fairly thought out. The discussion was one of the most satisfactory which has been heard in the present House of Commons, being sensible, businesslike, and strictly to the point. The result was that the case for the Bill collapsed, and any other vote would have been discreditable to the intelligence of the House. Of course Sir JOHN LUBBOCK has a good deal to say for himself. Philanthropists always have; and Sir JOHN'S disinterested benevolence is apt to prejudice the public in his favour. His Bank Holidays are undoubtedly popular, though the grumbles of an increasing minority at a cast-iron system of relaxation grow louder every year. The Shop Hours Act of 1886, which applies merely to boys and girls under eighteen, was only passed for a limited time, and its operation is believed to have been more limited still. That, however, was merely the extension of a principle which has been recognized and applied by the Legislature ever since the passing of the Factory Acts. The defunct Bill of this year would have forbidden one grown man to work for another when that other would readily and willingly have employed him, or even to keep open a shop of his own, where there are no assistants, at hours when his customers wished to make their purchases. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK drew a moving picture of the hardships inflicted upon shopmen and shopwomen by unduly prolonged labour. Mr. MAPLE showed that the representation was exaggerated; but we have no doubt that some of it is true. Toil is very unevenly distributed in this world; and, while many people do nothing at all, others do far more than they ought. Nothing would give us greater pleasure than to know that every labourer could realize the ideal of eight hours' work, eight hours' play, eight hours' sleep, and eight shillings a day. But a Bill which would take from small shopkeepers much of their custom, and deprive small purchasers of many of their opportunities, would not really alleviate the lot of any class in the community.

Sir JOHN LUBBOCK and Mr. WINTERBOTHAM argue that shopkeepers are not free agents, because, if some of them keep their shops open, all the others must. But Sir JOHN himself cited the instance of Newcastle, where, according to him, early closing has been adopted by the tradesmen themselves. The argument proves a great deal too much, for part of it is contradicted by very recent experience. We are aware that some miners, especially in Lanarkshire, are agitating for an Eight Hours' Bill. It is only because they have not realized the enormous power of voluntary associations, such as trade-unions, in compelling unreasonable masters to accept reasonable terms. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK was justified in much that he said about the want of consideration shown by many employers of labour. "The "seats," as he very forcibly puts it, "are on the wrong "side of the counter." Does he suppose that he can have them put by law upon the other side? Public opinion in these matters is strong, and combination is stronger. But the law is impotent. If there are a vast number of people in the poorer districts of London and other large towns who wish to shop between eight and ten, or even later, no human power can prevent them. Compulsory closing would, in such circumstances, lead to riot, if not to rebellion. It is a fact, which may perhaps be reasonably lamented, but which cannot be reasonably ignored, that work which does not tax the brain or exhaust the muscles can be continued much longer than hard digging on the one hand, or intricate calculation on the other. If people whose labour is light, mechanical, and unskilled are to have short hours, they will have low wages too. "Men," said Mr. BRADLAUGH, in a speech for once admirable, "men "who have their labour to sell should be left to sell it in "the best fashion they can." Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, indeed, shrinks from carrying out his principles where they come into conflict with really powerful interests. His Bill, which may in that respect without offence be called cowardly, did not touch public-houses or refreshment bars or cigar-shops. Of course Sir JOHN LUBBOCK was actuated by no worse motive than a desire to move upon the line of least resistance. But the conclusive refutation of his theory, which his own practice affords, should teach him that there are more things in the petty traffic of great towns than are dreamt of in the philanthropic philosophy of opulent bankers.

LORD CARNARVON AND MR. PARNELL.

AS a rule, it is a mistake to repeat the contradiction of a calumny. The case as between slandered and slanderer is usually one of comparative personal credibility; and, this relation being in most cases a pre-ascertained and constant quantity, is not affected by any number of assertions or denials on either side. An exception, however, to the rule of letting alone may very fairly be made in such a case as that of Lord CARNARVON and the myth—to use four letters instead of three—of his conversion during his Lord-Lieutenancy to the Parnellite, afterwards to be the Gladstonian, doctrine of Home Rule. Here the original fable has so largely developed itself and has gained so much in circumstantiality since Lord CARNARVON'S first endeavour to demolish it that he can hardly be blamed, especially as this growth has taken place during his absence from England, for once more repeating the attempt. His explanation of the increased particularity with which his pretended deliverances of 1885 in favour of Home Rule are now cited is a simple one. Very emphatic and perfectly definite deliverances were made on this subject at the interview between Lord CARNARVON and Mr. PARNELL, only it was Mr.

PARNELL and not Lord CARNARVON who made them. It was not the Lord-Lieutenant, but the visitor, who "expressed the strongest belief that only by the concession of "an Irish Parliament could the Irish question be settled"; who urged that the Parliament should not only be, but be called, a Parliament, and that it should possess "the "most extensive powers, even going so far as the right "of protecting Irish industries by the imposition of protective tariffs." All, therefore, that Mr. PARNELL has had to do in this matter has been to transpose the names of the two parties to the dialogue; to convert himself into the curious and attentive listener, and to confer the part of the "blessed Glendoveer" on Lord CARNARVON.

What proportion of honest error and what of malicious misrepresentation contributed to this extraordinary perversion of the fact is a question which, fortunately, it is no business of ours to determine. Sufficient attention, however, has not perhaps been called to the exact phrasing of Mr. PARNELL'S last statement on this subject as quoted by Lord CARNARVON. "Lord CARNARVON'S views," he said, "as con"veyed to me, or rather as we exchanged them in our inter"view, were absolutely identical." That "or rather" introduces a somewhat important qualification of the words preceding it; and the reason of its introduction is of course plain enough. Mr. PARNELL is apparently beginning to be conscious of certain *primâ facie* improbabilities in his original version of the interview which it would be advisable to soften down. It has occurred to him, and he thinks it may occur to other people, that when A invites B to pay him a visit for the purpose of hearing his (B's) views on a particular political question, it is, to say the least of it, singular that the interview should consist wholly of an elaborate indoctrination of B with the views of A. In a word, Mr. PARNELL perceives that the story of Lord CARNARVON having sent for him in order to say to him in the fulness of his heart, "My dear Mr. PARNELL, I am a "Home Ruler, and believe in the policy of establishing an "Irish Parliament with a power to tax English products," is a little too strong even for the digestion of the most robust credulity. Hence the statement that the declarations in favour of Home Rule were "rather" an "exchange "of views" between the two interlocutors than a "convey"ance of Lord CARNARVON'S views to his visitor. We should think they *were* "rather" the former of those two things than the latter; and we would now only suggest to Mr. PARNELL to go a step further, and admit that the "exchange" which then took place in Dublin Castle was of a thoroughly national character, and that its reciprocity was all on one side. Meanwhile, however, we can only express our entire agreement with the concluding words of Lord CARNARVON'S statement of the other night in the House of Lords. We admit having been of those who expressed the opinion two years ago that there had been an error of judgment on his part in seeking an interview, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, with Mr. PARNELL at all. But we should have no objection to adopt Lord CARNARVON'S suggestion that the error of judgment consisted merely in his "accepting such a meeting without "the presence of witnesses." If he will allow us to add after the word "witnesses" the words "and a sworn short"hand writer," we shall regard the amendment as entirely satisfactory.

MR. GLADSTONE ON THE CHAIR.

THE members of the National Liberal Club who had paid their one guinea had no cause to complain on Wednesday that they had been denied their run for their money. They not only saw and heard Mr. GLADSTONE, but saw him as the believers in his cult prefer to have sight of their idol. Mr. GLADSTONE has proved that he thoroughly appreciates the taste of some of his countrymen for looking at him in positions which most Englishmen would think a trifle ridiculous, and he has habitually executed himself (if there is anything so disagreeable as the word implies in the process) very heartily. At the National Liberal Club and in the Library which is to stand as a "permanent "memorial" of "the services he has rendered to his country," he had an opportunity of supplying his followers with their favourite spectacle. Except in the very queer world of Gladstonian Liberalism, it might be thought a little undignified to hound your revered leader on to a chair with cries of "higher," and to greet his appearance as he wobbled on the seat with cheers and laughter. But Gladstonism is in that healthy state which allows of familiarity towards the object of worship without fear of the usual consequences. The subscribers to the Gladstone Library had met not only to honour but to see their revered leader, and were not to be baulked by the absence of a platform. As he could not be seen on the floor, he was gently constrained to mount the chair—though surely a table would have been preferable—not only as being higher, but as, at least, supplying a compliment to Irish patriot friends. Mr. GLADSTONE offered just the necessary amount of resistance, and then yielded to the playful affection of his admirers. He mounted the chair in obedience to cries of "higher," and spoke up amid cheers and laughter.

Standing on that uneasy elevation, not without the occasional support of Mr. THOROLD ROGERS'S shoulder we hope, he delivered an address, of which it may be said that it fills two columns of the *Times*, and may be read without harm. That libraries are good things, that they should contain books, that the books should be worth reading, and also should be read, are all propositions to be found in the speech. If they are not to be discovered there in a quotable form, this is only what will be taken for granted by all—for there can by this time be nobody who is not aware of the misty splendour of Mr. GLADSTONE'S style. They were there, and are harmless propositions, and were also enforced by a quotation from MACAULAY (an admirable man to quote to a large meeting when you are about talking of literature), and further strengthened by a useful, though inaccurate, quotation from as much of Lord BACON as the modern essayist has made perfectly familiar. The Gladstonian who prompted his leader at this point in his speech was certainly a little wanting in tact. Mr. GLADSTONE adapted BACON'S saying that "Reading maketh a full man, conference a "ready man"; but he disremembered the rest. The earnest Liberal who shouted "Writing" was probably only anxious to help his revered leader swaying on the chair; but he might have done a less sarcastic thing than remind him of the branch of study which maketh an exact man. Mr. GLADSTONE could have shown him that the saying does not always apply. But the follower had his excuse, for the painfully-poised orator gave a fine example of misplaced irony himself; for he talked of such as, rushing into politics from the study of history, have not shone by their urbanity. "There have been instances," he said, "when gentlemen who have, with immense advantage, "attached themselves to historical study, and have given "forth in the course of their works the most deliberate, "the most sagacious, the most candid judgments, trans"ferring themselves too rapidly from that temperate "climate to the torrid zone of politics, have become re"markable for exceeding all their fellow-creatures in the "vehemence with which they express their opinions. There"fore these constant and rapid changes are not what I am "endeavouring to recommend." Now, of whom can Mr. GLADSTONE have been speaking? To us it seems that, making due allowance for the compliments due to a friend, it must have been of "Historicus," of the author of *Six Centuries of Work and Wages*, and perhaps a distinguished brother professor of his. They combine the knowledge and the vehemence; but what a cruel subject to select for such an occasion! How ungrateful to the learned gentleman who introduced him to the enthusiastic meeting! It must have been very painful to Mr. THOROLD ROGERS to be made a shocking example of in this fashion. The only advice to be offered under the circumstances is, that learned gentlemen open to Mr. GLADSTONE'S bold rebuke should not only smile and wince, but decide never to merit the castigation again. Then will the National Liberal Club become a school of urbanity, which is a consummation devoutly to be wished, and the Right Honourable W. E. GLADSTONE will have rendered one more service to his country.

STRANGERS IN THE HOUSE.

WE have no particular fault to find with the Report of the Select Committee on the Admission of Strangers to the House of Commons. To admit, however, that the present system would be improved by the adoption of their recommendation is not to make any very large concession. It is, indeed, difficult to conceive anything much more ineffective, relatively at least to its elaboration, than the procedure by which the privilege of admission to the House is supposed to be guarded from abuse. Such a combination of

the maximum of formal precaution with the minimum of practical security has seldom been achieved. A system which provides that the letters of applicants for orders should be deposited with an official of the House, with a view to their subsequent comparison with the signatures of the persons actually admitted, and which then permits of the orders themselves being sent out in blank and transferred from hand to hand, is surely a marvel of inept inconsistency. No wonder the Committee report that this system, introduced after the dynamite explosion in 1885, gives very "little protection to the House," and affords "little assistance to the police." No wonder they find it "useless to pretend" that the present system is much safer than the "loose and haphazard" practice which obtained previous to the date in question. As a matter of fact, the new is, in fact, though not in form, as loose and haphazard as the old.

The secret of its failure—of the failure, that is to say, of the nominal, but impracticable, precautions which distinguished it from the method which it superseded—is obvious enough. It began at the wrong end, and it set itself to attempt impossibilities. The idea of having a really trustworthy and effective comparison between the handwriting of letters in the possession of the Speaker's secretary and the signatures of nightly batches of perhaps several hundred strangers in the Gallery Book might from the first have been perceived to be chimerical. Probably Mr. PONSONBY himself was under no illusions as to the possibility of realizing it, though we have no doubt he has done his best to carry it out. But, of course, the cardinal error lay in the assumption that it is possible for the authorities of the House themselves to hold, as it were, some inquiry on their own account into the fitness of persons recommended by members for admission to the House. That, however, is a manifest impossibility. Every member is entitled to give, previous to the sitting, two orders of admission to the Strangers' Gallery for each day of the Parliamentary Session. On nights when any important debate is expected this privilege is very largely made use of, but for any but the very dullest of Parliamentary fixtures—such, for instance, as "Supply," for the first order of the day—there are sure to be a considerable number of these orders issued. It is clearly beyond the power of the officials of the House, assisted by whatever mechanical ingenuities of procedure, to "check" the respectability, so to speak, of the recipients of these orders. The true method is to increase the responsibility of the members who apply for orders—indeed to make that responsibility absolute and undivided. To this object the new rules appear likely to contribute in an important degree, though we should prefer seeing them in operation before expressing any very confident opinion. Every member will, at least, be compelled in future to give the name and address of every stranger for whom he solicits an order of admission; and provision is to be made, or so, at least, we understand the proposals—it is essential, at any rate, that this should be so—for recording the association between the name of the person to whom the order is issued and his Parliamentary sponsor. This will for the future render impossible those dubieties which have perplexed Mr. JOSEPH NOLAN on this subject, and will, at all events, enable the authorities of the House to know with certainty hereafter who is responsible for the admission of whom. When once it is understood by members that they are not entitled to distribute orders light-heartedly and broadcast without caring into whose hands they fall, we may expect that new and salutary rules of conduct will grow up on the subject. Members will expect to receive fuller information as to the identity, position, and character of the persons soliciting orders from them; and if the interposition of such formalities tends to diminish the flow of applications which are received from "constituents" and others for the privilege of admission, most members will feel it a distinct relief.

ANTAGONISM.

THE remarkable generalization which Sir William Grove stated with his accustomed force and clearness in his lecture at the Royal Institution on the 20th ult., which has been published in *Nature*, may, at no very distant date, find acceptance as universal as that which has been gained by his other great generalization of forty-six years ago—the Correlation of Physical Forces; or, if the term be preferred, the Convertibility of Physical Forces. This is now no more questioned by men of science than the law of gravitation is; but, unfortunately for himself, Sir William Grove has reaped the reward which is sometimes given to those who have been too far ahead of their fellows. When truth can no longer be ignored or disputed, originality is denied. Lamarck spoke before his time, and, living in a sluggish age, was ignored. Sir William Grove was for a while ignored to a certain extent. Living, however, in a period of far greater scientific activity and watchfulness than that of Lamarck, he could not be ignored altogether; but, owing, no doubt, in part to the jealousy of some leaders of science who could not bear the thought that a young man not belonging professionally to their ranks had perceived a mighty truth which had escaped them, he has been spoken of with patronizing condescension as a man who was able to make a new view systematic, but did not originate it. Nothing could be more inaccurate or misleading. A great discovery has frequently been preceded by some faint hint or inkling of the truth. In the lecture we are speaking of Sir William Grove showed that, nearly a century before Newton wrote, Shakspeare had considerably more than a faint idea of gravitation so far as it affected the earth. Of the correlation of forces there had been some suggestions far more vague than that which was given about gravitation in *Troilus and Cressida* before Sir William Grove delivered his lectures in 1842. To deprive him of the honour of being the first discoverer on this account would be much the same thing as to refuse credit to an Arctic explorer because some one else had perceived for a moment, in the far distance, the ice which he boldly penetrated. No one who candidly examines the history of science can doubt that the author of "The Correlation of Physical Forces" was the first to perceive this great fact in nature. That he was the first to prove it has, we believe, never been disputed.

His views respecting antagonism, which it is to be hoped he will give to the world in an amplified form, as well suited for readers as his lecture was for hearers, will in all probability, when they have been more fully laid before the world, be very generally accepted, and their originality will very possibly be denied. No doubt in this case the originality is not so complete as it was in the other. That it is natural and inevitable for men to combat each other has been said often enough. There is Hobbes's famous dictum, and there are others to the same effect; and Lamarck and Darwin have shown the struggles for existence amongst animate beings and their importance; but what was really striking and, so far as we are aware, quite original in Sir William Grove's lecture was his proof of the broad truth that antagonism pervades all nature, inorganic nature as well as organic; that it is not confined to human creatures who have intelligence enough to desire to rob each other, or to animals who have to eat other animals in order to exist, but that it extends to the inorganic world, where it has its place just as amongst sentient beings. To use his own words, he endeavoured to prove that "'antagonism,' a word generally used to signify something disagreeable, pervades all things; that it is not the baneful thing which many consider it; that it produces at least quite as much good as evil; but that, whatever be its effect, my theory—call it, if you will, speculation—is that it is a necessity of existence, and of the organism of the universe so far as we understand it; that motion and life cannot go on without it; that it is not a mere casual adjunct of Nature, but that without it there would be no Nature, at all events as we conceive it; that it is inevitably associated with unorganized matter, with organized matter, and with sentient beings."

To substantiate this bold generalization he referred first of all to the visible universe, to the suns, planets, comets, and meteorites. These are, one and all, pulling at each other, and resisting the pull by the force of the motion which has been imparted to them. Very often, much more often than is generally supposed, the pulling force is stronger than the other, and the smaller body is torn to the greater one. "The earth," says Sir William Grove, "is daily causing a bombardment of itself by drawing smaller bodies—meteorites—to it: 20,000,000 of which, visible to the naked eye, fall on an average into our atmosphere every twenty-four hours, and of those visible through the telescope, 400,000,000 are computed to fall within the same period." In fact, the earth sucks in all it can get, carrying on war according to the approved fashion by absorbing the weaker. Of course planets and stars are doing the same, and, so to speak, taking what they can grasp, and it is not improbable that many meteorites and much larger bodies owe their independent existence, like the smaller States, to the jealousies of their great neighbours, neither of whom will let the other have its way. There is combat between the two or more, and between them and their victim. It is by no means impossible that planetary bodies are sometimes annexed. We need not remind our readers of the theory which has more than once been propounded that the orbit of the earth round the sun is diminishing, and that in due time the earth will fall into the sun. Such is the antagonism of the heavens. With regard to that which the heavens give us—light—Sir William Grove was able to show that antagonism exists very notably, that there is the usual battle of force against resistance, the resistance in this case being of a most serious character. It need hardly be said that, according to the best received theory, light reaches us by causing undulations in an imponderable body which, for want of a better name, has been called ether, its nature or, if we may use the word, composition being uncertain, or rather, perhaps, utterly unknown. But, whatever the nature of ether may be whether it be an imponderable gas, if such a thing can be, or matter in such a state of extreme tenuity as to be relatively imponderable, there can be no doubt that it resists and necessarily impedes the progress of light. One hundred and

ninety thousand miles a second is sufficiently quick for the little world we live in, but for the universe it is decidedly slow going, and light can travel at no greater pace. It is, perhaps, almost superfluous to refer to the remarkable speculations which have been made respecting the time which light takes to reach us from some of the (so-called) fixed stars. In looking at what we suppose to be the star, we are receiving the rays of light from a body which, for aught we know, may have ceased to exist for a long period. The inhabitants of the star, if they have the means to see us, may be gazing at the world of Flodden Field, of the Norman Conquest, or of some far earlier date. The messenger light is so much impeded on his way by the universal ether, that he takes a long time to reach his destination, so that again there is antagonism, which, so far as our limited power of and time for observation go, seems to pervade the universe.

In a very striking manner, then, does it appear that the necessity for combat or for struggle—whichever it may be thought best to call it—which pessimists have thought peculiar to sentient creatures pervades inorganic nature. In dealing with sentient creatures, it is much more easy to show that, in one form or other, antagonism or combat is, to say the least, the rule. There is no need to speak of the struggle for existence, or of the fact that animals, birds, fishes, and reptiles innumerable can only exist by incessantly killing and devouring. When Franklin reconciled himself to animal food by observing that the bigger fishes ate the smaller ones, he recognized a great law of the universe. With regard to man, the necessity for combat has, as we have said above, been observed on again and again; but it should be said that, in dealing with this part of his subject, Sir William Grove showed his habitual force, and was able to adduce some very happy illustrations. Even if actual warfare is less common than it was, the war of competition is perpetually going on. Whether it takes the form of Protection, of the attempt to undersell, or to vanquish by superiority of manufacture, it always remains the same thing—a conflict; and amongst members of a community the same struggle goes on, sometimes almost to the death. At this moment many Englishmen and Englishwomen are complaining, not apparently without good reason, that they are undersold by the cheap labour of foreigners, who can live on wages which for them mean starvation. Even apart, however, from these and the less dire struggles, the operation of antagonism and combat are apparent. When man leaves off work and seeks recreation he must either strive to circumvent and destroy animals or indulge in some form of combat. The best kinds of physical and intellectual games are essentially combative.

It must be added, however, that in dealing with that part of his subject which related to mankind Sir William was not altogether so happy as in the earlier portion of his lecture, and was not quite able to avoid the errors which usually seem to beset a man who quits the dry light of science for the murky atmosphere of human affairs. Severe observation of established facts, and strictly logical and consecutive reasoning from them, are abandoned, and some hazy speculation and declamation appear to be inevitable. Sir William Grove disfigured his admirable lecture by a disquisition on the artificial wants caused by civilization, which was totally irrelevant to his subject, and, moreover, highly disputable. Civilization creates, no doubt, a certain number of artificial wants, but many of the wants which it fosters and gratifies are due to the natural desire of man to make life as comfortable as it can be, and though this desire may by some foolish people be carried too far, and the end made subservient to the means, there can be no doubt that it is a legitimate one, and the power to satisfy it within moderate bounds is one of the best results of civilization. After all, who gets the most enjoyment out of life—the civilized man with his many wants and also his many pleasures, or the Norwegian peasant who had to be restrained by the most severe law known, from brutalizing himself and destroying his race by alcohol, or, to take an infinitely lower type, the savage who is insatiate f.. fire-water, not because he has been trained to want it, but because, with him as with the other, it serves to vary the intolerable monotony of existence?

Sir William Grove's remarks on this point, which we cannot but think irrelevant and hasty, constitute the one blemish in a really admirable discourse, and when the wide nature of the subject treated is considered, it is not a little surprising that there should only be one blemish. The sweeping and powerful generalization by which he has linked together the facts of organic and inorganic nature will, we believe, be thought not unworthy of the man who first really perceived the persistence and convertibility of force; and it is much to be hoped that before long his very remarkable lecture will, with those alterations which are inevitable when a lecture has to be turned into a treatise, be given to the world in permanent form.

THE GREAT CRYPTOGRAM.

WE have noticed, with a very little surprise and more than a little amusement, that not a few of the critics who in the daily press have noticed Mr. Ignatius Donnelly's long-delayed and loudly-heralded *The Great Cryptogram* (2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co.) have treated it with a certain gingerliness, as those who cannot quite make out whether it deserves serious and respectful handling or not. Something of this, no doubt, is due to the recent and exceedingly noisome practice of reviewing a book on the day, if possible on the eve, of its appearance, and to the fact that Mr. Donnelly, who is undoubtedly a clever man in a certain way, has wrapped up what he has to say in such an enormous mass of words, and scattered the really important parts of it so deftly about, that "a company of poor men," sitting down at a moment's notice, with another company of printer's devils at their elbows, may well be something flustered by him. For us, we do not plume ourselves too pharisaically on the accidental advantage which weekly publication has over daily in this respect. But we think we can point out with fairness and sufficiency (but not self-sufficiency) that Mr. Donnelly has not qualified himself for being taken seriously. And, as we have done our part in making jokes on the subject before, we shall make this demonstration of non-seriousness in Mr. Donnelly as little jocular as possible. Nor let it seem paradoxical that we enumerate at rather great length the grounds on which in the present instance we do *not* try the great cryptogram.

We do not try it, in the first place, on the general question of Shakespeare *v.* Bacon, though we have (as we believe every competent literary judge, without exception, who really knows both authors has) a conviction that by nothing short of a literary miracle could the qualities which went to the production of the work called "Bacon" exist in the man whose other qualities went to the production of the work called "Shakespeare." We can boast, we think, sufficient power of considering evidence separately to waive this if necessary.

Nor do we propose to nonsuit Mr. Donnelly on the ground (interesting and remarkable though this matter is) of his own evident inability to understand evidence. It is true that he seems to misunderstand the Baconian cipher on which he bases his theory, and certain that his reference to one of the late, idle, and utterly unsupported traditions about Shakspere's youth as a "recorded fact" shows this inability once for all, that his whole picture of the man Shakspere (this spelling and that of "Shakespeare" for the dramatist are documents in the case) is purely gratuitous and imaginary. But we do not dwell on this.

Nor yet on the further ground of his strange and, for a person who has undertaken such a task, almost inconceivable ignorance of the actual literature of the period under discussion. Mr. Donnelly quotes plenty of recent and some older books about Shakespeare—Goadby and Halliwell-Phillips, Richard Grant White and "Professor Grant Allen," Dixon and Simpson, yea the more remote and terrible names of Franklin Fiske Heard, and William D. O'Connor. His labours on the cryptogram must have made him in a sense familiar with Shakespeare himself and perhaps with Bacon. But, speaking under correction, we cannot remember a single instance in which he shows a knowledge of the writings of any of Shakespeare's contemporaries or quotes any one of them except at secondhand from his modern informants. Further, he is so grossly ignorant of Old English that he thinks "owed" a "misspelling" for "owned," and when Falstaff says "On, Bacons, on," he writes "if he had called them hogs I could understand it, but to call them by the name of a piece of smoked meat!" evidently unaware that "bacons" is a well-established early term for "bacon-pigs." And yet further, his knowledge of other languages is so deficient, that he quotes triumphantly Ben Jonson's statement that Bacon "filled all numbers" as a proof that Ben knew him as a great poet. Now, not only would an allusion to poetic performance in the particular context be out of place and nonsensical, not only would "filled all numbers" be strange in any case as meaning "proficient in all poetry," but the actual words in the mouth of a Latinist like Ben (who rarely in his prose at least writes two sentences without a classical allusion) are clear to any scholar. The phrase means "attained every sort of perfection"—that is to say, in the legal and public capacity of which Ben has just been speaking. Pliny has in this sense "omnibus numeris absolutus." Cicero has "Perfectus *expletusque* [Ben's very "filled"] omnibus suis numeris partibusque." Petronius has "omnium numer[or]um esset," in the sense of being perfect. Mr. Donnelly may say that he does not pretend to be a Latinist; in which case we can only reply that he will never understand a single page of Ben Jonson. But we repeat that we do not dwell on this.

Nor, once more, do we dwell on the significant fact that in appendices Mr. Donnelly (either fooled to the top of his own bent or bent on fooling others) openly adopts the great Mrs. Pott's view that Bacon was not only Shakespeare, that he not only wrote or had a hand in the writing of the works attributed to Marston, Massinger, Middleton, Greene, Shirley, Webster, "Ignoto," and others, but that he was Marlowe and Montaigne, and when in France entrusted (be it remembered he was a youth of nineteen when the *Essais* appeared) the Mayor of Bordeaux with their matter for first publication in French, and further hints his already generally known conviction that Bacon-Shakespeare-Montaigne-Marlowe-Marston-Massinger-Middleton-Shirley-Webster-Ignoto was also Robert Burton. This might of itself be sufficient to give pause; but we pass it by out of our abundance.

Yet, again, we only mention in passing, but do not lay stress on for the present, the fact that the wondrous tale evolved by Mr. Donnelly is a tale of successive cocks and bulls, containing absolutely nothing of any importance, but much silly scandal about Queen Elizabeth and other people, written, despite its Shakespearian words, in a style equally impossible to have come from the pen of Shakespeare and Bacon, and sometimes not Elizabethan at all—a production as damning in its way as the productions which certain Spiritualists have assigned to certain spirits.

Nor yet, again, shall we do more than glance at the certainty

that the interpolation by a laborious process of cipher calculation of the words necessary to compose this Tale of a Tub in the greatest works of imagination to be found in any language would be a physical and literary impossibility; that the poet's eye, one moment in a fine frenzy rolling, and the next stopping its roll to calculate

338—32 = 306—50 = 256—30 = 226—50 = 176—163 = 13,

and according to that calculation to insert a vulgar jest at an actor, or a wordy account of some unimportant political intrigue, is not a thing found or to be found *in rerum natura*. This shall go, too, for the present.

Yet we have enough left to show, and that in small compass, that Mr. Donnelly, if his general thesis had been probable, if his learning had been adequate, if his facts had been correct, if the story which he has evolved had been an important contribution to literature and to history, would still be out of court. It is simply this—that he has not complied with the conditions which alone could entitle him to serious consideration. He has himself the acuteness (for he is evidently no fool in one sense) to anticipate the objection that out of a vast mass of words containing great part of the dictionary, it is possible to construct a connected narrative of almost any tenor. But he replies, Yes, but not if you adopt fixed and known principles. Now this is exactly what he does not do. Either by accident or intention, he separates by a considerable distance two different examples of his cipher process. The first, already published long ago, and its faults noted by Mr. Proctor and others, is simple, and to some persons startling. It is this by which he gets the names Nicholas, Francis, Bacon, and so forth, out of the *Merry Wives*, and it is this which seems to have carried away Mr. Bidder, Q.C., from whom the publishers have received a curious kind of *réclame*, not, however, by any means unconditional. But the "great cryptogram," the source of the wondrous secret history, is quite different from this, and depends on processes, not only much more complicated, but the system of which is in part avowedly concealed, in part obviously arbitrary. Taking for "the heart of the mystery" the end and beginning of the two parts of *Henry IV.*, Mr. Donnelly starts with what he calls the "Root-numbers" 505, 506, 513, 516, 523. But he "reserves the explanation" of the way in which they are obtained, for fear, he says, that other persons should anticipate him in working out the rest of the story. That puts him out of court, to begin with; for, until he shows how they are obtained (we could give a guess, but no matter) we are entitled to regard them as either arbitrary or selected for convenience only. Again, working on his two pages of text, he produces certain other numbers, which he calls "modifiers," forty-three in number, though some of them are duplicates. But he neither gives nor observes any uniform principle of applying these modifiers; which again puts him out of court. For it is hardly necessary to tell even a moderate arithmetician that, with a considerable number of figures, which you can add or subtract as you please, you may practically arrive at any result which is beforehand desirable. Yet again, not only are his "Root-numbers" chosen on a "reserved" principle, and his modifiers applied, as far as he shows, entirely at discretion, but he assumes two further liberties which absolutely destroy any certainty. In the first place, he moves from page to page backwards and forwards with the most Pelagian freedom, in order to pick out the word he wants; and, in the second, he allows himself to begin counting from the top, the bottom, or the middle, to count backwards or forwards, upwards or downwards, precisely (for aught he shows) as he pleases, or as the necessities of the story (a poor thing, but his own) require.

Now these things, we repeat, disqualify him for serious treatment. Webster's Dictionary is an excellent work, and one that Mr. Donnelly believes in, though, by not containing "bacons," it has put him at fault. We have not the slightest doubt that we or any one else with a tithe of Mr. Donnelly's industry, which is immense, and his head for figures, which is remarkable, could arrange, out of the pages of that work, a story (let us hope a little more interesting than his), and then, by choosing five root-numbers, a score or so of modifiers, a system of addition and subtraction *à volonté*, and the liberty of beginning where we like, ending where we like, going backwards or forwards, upwards or downwards, could exhibit columns of figures quite as imposing or quite as apparently exact as Mr. Donnelly's. But we should admit, what he does not, that, till we had set before our critics a uniform and rigid formula or key, no matter how intricate, without reserves and variations and go-as-you-pleases, the thing was naught. And naught so far, without even taking in all the other infinite objections to it at which we have glanced, is Mr. Donnelly's cryptogram.

ALPINE FUNERALS.

IN one of the most powerful scenes in *Der Grüne Heinrich*, Gottfried Keller describes the way in which a funeral used to be celebrated by wealthy Swiss peasants in remote country districts. The mournful hush of the first part of the day, the touching simplicity of the religious service, the sumptuous meal and heavy drinking that follow the return from church, and the wild dance that concludes the day are all depicted with a force and vividness which has rarely been equalled in modern fiction, and the impression is all the greater because the horror which breathes through the whole narrative is never allowed to degenerate into mere disgust. The dance is omitted in Upper Austria, but the other practices are perhaps even more ghastly.

In these districts it may almost be said that the funeral begins before the death. As soon as any man or woman is supposed to be in the last agony, not only all neighbours and friends, but perfect strangers, are informed of the fact and expected to pay a ceremonial visit. The guests simply enter the sick-room, take a long look at the dying man, and go their ways. No prayer is said, hardly a word is spoken; yet even the chance wayfarer who declines to enter the house of death on such occasions is considered strangely heartless. After death the stream of visitors ceases, but only for a short time. As soon as the body has been prepared for burial, a long table is spread in the room where it lies, and covered with wine, spirits, and cold viands of every description, and here open house is held day and night till the funeral starts for the churchyard. Whoever comes, known or unknown, rich or poor, is not only allowed, but urged, to eat and drink as much as he can. Beside the coffin at least two huge wax candles which have been fetched from the church burn dimly, and near them two old women sit or kneel. They are paid for their services and supposed to pass their time in prayer. From time to time they are relieved by others, and they then usually make a somewhat lengthened pause at the table before going home. After the return of the funeral the chief mourner invites every one who has attended it to a hot meal, which is as sumptuous as he can afford, and which usually ends in hard drinking.

Customs of this kind are not prevalent in Carinthia or Upper Carniola; funerals are there conducted with perfect quiet and decency. Yet in some observances one may find either the germ or the relic of much that shocks us in other districts. On the whole, the arrangements seem to be adjusted to the present religious beliefs and requirements of the community, and it is easy to see how they might degenerate into such excesses as have been mentioned. A simple account of a funeral in Carinthia will show this better than any amount of abstract argument.

As soon as the body has been placed in the coffin and the room put in order, the latter is thrown open to all visitors. In a Roman Catholic country it is natural that rich and poor should alike wish to say a few prayers for the soul of one who has been their friend, their companion, or their benefactor. Among the educated classes certain hours are appointed for the purpose; among the poorer it is usual to keep the house open day and night. During the greater part of the time the mourners pray silently, but at certain hours one of them repeats aloud the prayers, in which the others join. On leaving the room, each of the visitors is offered a piece of bread and a glass of wine or spirits, and the poor are apt to be offended if the offer is refused. Among a hospitable population this custom cannot be considered strange, but it must be confessed that, though the refreshments are usually consumed in perfect silence, it is open to abuse. Beggars will come six or seven times in the day for the sake of the dram with which their devotions are rewarded, and as it often happens that no member of the family is present, and as no one would like at such a season to be guilty of an ungracious act, it is very difficult to keep a proper check on such persons.

The native society of the Alps is somewhat peculiar in its character. The better class of the officials have, for the most part, been educated in the same schools, and many of them have there formed lasting friendships with each other. In later years they rarely meet, except at the annual meetings of the Societies of which they may happen to be members; but the old affection still remains unimpaired. When the news of the death of an old forester or priest spreads from valley to valley, it therefore awakens many kind memories of old times, and on the day of the funeral old companions will often come some thirty or forty miles, even when a railway cannot be used, to pay the last tribute of respect and affection to the dead. In the towns these visitors put up at different inns; only those who are very intimate with the family think of entering the house of mourning. At the appointed hour they gather outside the door, accompany the funeral to the churchyard, and on its return speak a few words of sympathy to the family. As a rule, no refreshment is offered them. Only the bearers of the coffin, who are usually either intimate friends or colleagues of the deceased, are invited to a cold repast, which does not last long. In a society at once so closely united and so widely scattered it cannot but happen that many old friends who have long been separated should meet on such occasions, and that, after the ceremony is over, they should gather in groups in the various inns. The very thought of the companion they have lost recalls memories of a less sombre character. Old boyish pranks are remembered and old hunting adventures retold, the wine flows freely; and, though the occasion of their meeting is not forgotten, its mournful character no longer casts a gloom over the whole of the conversation. In fact, when a respected citizen of any small town has been buried, a stranger who entered any of the chief houses of entertainment in the afternoon would fancy that a festival was being celebrated.

Now it requires no sagacity to see how these harmless usages, touching as some of them are, might develop into a lyke wake and a funeral meal. If the members of a family were particularly anxious that prayers should be said constantly beside a dead body until it was removed from the house, they would naturally supply something more than the customary bread and wine, and the delight which all peasants feel in display on great occasions would lead them to follow the bad example. In lonely houses and out-

of-the-way places, again, in the days when railroads were unknown, some funeral meal must have been almost a necessity. One could not send strangers, who had come from a distance, empty away from a village in which there was no inn; and as soon as the invitation was given, it must, in the old times, have been almost impossible to prevent excess.

Such is the rationalistic explanation of the origin of usages which seem to most modern persons naturally repulsive. It is self-consistent, but we are far from being certain that it is the true one. The poorer and least educated classes are those in which the provisions for a funeral are most sumptuous; and it is among such that old customs linger longest. The expense of a funeral formerly was greater than at present; on what was the money spent? An examination of the archives of the province would probably supply a trustworthy answer, but who has the time, the knowledge, and the patience to undertake such an investigation? The general history of Carinthia is known. Few provinces of Austria are and have always been more liberal in the best sense of the word. The influence of the clergy is small, and the Protestant communities that are scattered here and there through the country, and have existed since the time of the Reformation, excite no animosity. If their young men and maidens have good voices, they often sing in the Catholic choir, and the priest invites them as readily as his own parishioners to lunch or afternoon tea, or, to be more exact, an afternoon coffee or wine. Now it is perfectly true that at present the clergy everywhere do their best to restrain all funeral excesses; but was it always so? There are facts which may be held to suggest, if not to justify, a doubt.

In the great springtide of the Reformation, Carinthia became almost entirely Protestant, to become Catholic again as soon as the great reaction set in. In Scotland, in Germany, and many other places, the mere wording of a dogma seemed to involve consequences in comparison with which mere life and death were unimportant. In the Alpine districts that border upon Italy and that had already drunk deeply, perhaps too deeply, of the new sweet wine of the Renaissance, the case was different. We have said too deeply, because in many of these Alpine valleys the germs of a truly original school of art seem to have been drowned by an overflow of works, far superior in technical execution to anything the native artist could produce, but still essentially foreign in conception. In such districts it was natural that theological dogma should appear less important than at Augsburg or Geneva. Carinthia was Protestant at one period and Catholic at another, much as an English constituency is Liberal at one election and Conservative at the next. The supreme indifference to dogma, which was universal among the highest minds and in the most highly cultured nations of Europe during the earlier part of the Reformation, is one of the facts which neither Ranke nor Macaulay seems fully to have realized.

But to return to our subject; in such a province as this which had been inundated by the new belief, and in which single congregations of Protestants still remained true to their pastors, it was natural that every effort should be made to avoid offence. Funeral excesses would be repressed, and the simplest forms permitted by the ritual adopted in this as well as other matters. The general tolerance of the eighteenth century would tend to foster such endeavours, and we should find, as in fact we do in Carinthia, a far nearer approach to Protestant forms of worship than is usual in Catholic countries.

According to the one theory, therefore, the simple and decent funeral customs of Carinthia are the germ from which usages neither simple nor decent have sprung; according to the other, they are relics of a past barbarism. We must leave it to the reader to decide which is the more probable.

AT NIGHT.

"ONE half of the world does not know how the other half lives" is as true of the world of the day and the night as of that of the poor and the rich. Most of us have a general idea that "some things—owls and nightingales, for instance—keep awake at night," and that, if one goes downstairs without shoes and stockings at night, one is "sure to come upon a cockroach"; but probably the majority of persons seldom give a thought to that other half of the world which takes up the thread of active life just where they had dropped it; whose doings fill in the interval between the first light in village windows and the first light of golden dawn; when the mushrooms are growing almost as fast as a snail can move, and countless creatures besides tramps and brownies come out from the corners where they had lain in hiding most of the summer day.

A dichotomous test would not meet every case, for the squirrel is probably the only British mammal whose movements are strictly diurnal; for the rest—foxes, otters, badgers, cats, hedgehogs, rabbits, stoats, weasels, rats, mice—all are night-movers more or less.

The movements of animals are largely determined by weather. The doings of the rabbit will show us this, if they are carefully noted, in such places as large garden lawns where rabbits are for the most part secure from attack. If the evening and night are going to be rough, rabbits will be out early in the afternoon feeding hard and keeping strictly to business; but in settled weather they will not venture out till later, and then vary their feeding with the most amusing races, somersaults, and gambols of every kind. On still nights every falling leaf and cracking birch twig serves as a reminder that there is safety in covert and that covert is near; but, a few paces off, when the wind is high such warning sounds are early lost, and so, cut off by the wind from home, they soon forget it, and scamper about with a reckless confidence which too often meets a sudden fall; for these are the nights beloved of rabbit-catchers, who then can fill their snares.

On quiet dewy nights you will find the hedgehog hunting the tennis-lawn for white slugs. They make interesting little pets, and we often bring one in to kill the blackbeetles in the kitchen; but after a day or two he disappears, and how he gets out no one knows.

Otters travel great distances at night, and there is scarcely a stream in the country, if any, which is not visited by them at times; for otters are much more universally distributed than is commonly supposed. A few weeks with the otter hounds make this point clear, and disclose the fact that they are familiar with the most various kinds of retreats. Eyots, old pollards, mill-wheels, outhouses—there is scarcely a spot which will not harbour them, from a town sewer to the thatched roof of a shed. Less perhaps is known about the habits of the otter, even by those who have hunted it for years, than of any wild animal we possess. It is, indeed, a beast that "gangs like a ghaist," that swims in water as though it moved in oil, and one that it takes a carefully practised eye to trace, even in the shallows, as it slips down stream.

Few of our larger night-prowlers are so difficult to follow, because few so strictly nocturnal, as the badger or brock. Indeed, where most abundant he is only seen at the rarest intervals, and then only, as he wends his slow way home in the grey morning light, by those who are up before the sun. He who would see and not be seen must climb a convenient tree some clear night in the breeding season, and must bear in mind that the senses of sight, hearing, and smell are wonderfully perfected in all night-moving animals, and that the badger is especially gifted in the two last named. The trouble will be repaid by a quaint natural drama, without other light than that of the moon, and with no orchestra but the grunts and squeaks of the queer performers. Evolutionally a modern, the badger is historically most interesting as seeming to take us back to days when the wild brown bear was hunted in this land. Systematists, guided chiefly by its dental formula, have placed the badger among the *Mustelidæ*, or weasels, whom undoubtedly it resembles in some points; but watch it digging about among the roots, scratching up moss and leaves and carrying them to its earth, and, when this is accomplished, moving off down the "ride" with slow, lumbering, plantigrade motion, and we can no longer doubt that its true place is near the bears. Like many of the bears, too, he loves honey. As the writer has reared and kept as pets a pair of badgers (which became so tame that they would sit up and beg, and scramble into his lap for food), he is in a position to assert that a certain unkind, if not invidious, saying is a gross libel on their kind. Most of the carnivora possess peculiar glands which emit a more or less powerful odour, strongly observable in the ferret and fox, but in the badger scarcely to be discerned at all. Meantime our badger is on the prowl, sniffing here, grubbing there, and so the night wears on, till the first streak of dawn finds him safe at home again. Safe! unless, indeed, his evil genius has forestalled him there; in this case, flying from a yapping terrier, he may tumble headlong into an open sack fixed in the mouth of the hole. For on the subject of the badger gamekeepers as a class are quite unteachable. He takes young rabbits as he takes anything else he comes across, but his very omnivorousness minimizes the harm he does; and if the keeper would leave the badger alone and turn his attention to the rats, his master would often have cause to be astonished at the increase of game upon his shoot.

For of your night-prowlers, the cat perhaps excepted, the rat is by far the most destructive to game, and, in that he destroys eggs, he is worse than the cat. He is an accomplished climber, will run about the henroost, carrying off half-grown chickens one by one; will take the eggs from under the sitting hen; will run along the top of the wattle hedge, dropping down ever and anon to plunder a partridge's nest; will draw the young rabbits out of the "stabs," and generally behave like the insatiate pirate that he is. And the cat? The cat—would it were not so!—goes wild for other game than common rats. And the passion grows with what it feeds on, till that day when pussy comes crawling home with a broken leg, if ever she return at all. A cat who has once taken to a wandering life can never be reclaimed.

If cats can fascinate their prey at any time, they surely can at night; for, in common with many other animals, their eyes shine at night with a strange light (produced in the carnivora by a luminous fibrous tissue) which may well hold captive their trembling prey. The eyes of the animals of the Mammoth Cave are either gone altogether, or functionless from disuse, for where no light is received no image can be perceived; but animals which move about much in dim lights (for night is never really dark) have just that power of vision which we day- or [illegible] creatures lack; and the eye of a cat will well repay a careful study, for a wonderful thing it is. In the eyes of owls the contractile iris is seconded by a mobile [illegible] which shades the glare of the sun. The popular idea that these birds cannot see in the daylight is a mistaken one; the tawny owl can fly about as easily

in the daytime as in the night; the familiar short-eared owl is almost diurnal, and the hawk owl of North America is quite so. Further, the writer never sees a pair of caged snowy owls without being reminded of a lovely pair which haunted for some days his hunting-camp on the edge of a Canadian lake, and might be seen any time in the day circling round above the stunted oaks; while when night closed in, ever and anon one of these white visitors would flash for a moment into the light of the camp-fire, and then disappear like a ghost in the gloom.

There is something very beautiful in the soft, gliding flight of our English barn-owl as he skims along the hedge-side after mice. In captivity he scorns all friendly overtures, spending much of his time in blinking and swaying from side to side; he is not, in short, a responsive bird. The tawny owl, on the other hand, is easily tamed, and when at perfect liberty may be trained to fly down from his tree and take food from the hand; indeed, we have often called up a perfectly wild individual from the further end of a large wood by a careful imitation of his bold, clear hoot, and have then sustained a conversation for some little time from our hiding-place in the fern. The owl, fortunately for itself, still holds an important place in the superstitions of south-country folk, and it is very unlucky to kill one.

It is most interesting in summer-time to watch the bats as they start off one by one from underneath the tiles; their flight often arranges itself into an apparently set quadrille above the tennis-lawn, though doubtless the figure is ultimately decided by insects of one kind or another. You can distinctly hear the snap of the big noctules' jaws as they catch the cockchafers in the tops of the oak trees. The country people call them "flitter-mice," and a very happy name it is. The smaller bats are very apt to come flying into one's bedroom, attracted by the light; and when this happens it is always best to let things take their course, as any attempt at capture is certain to end in discomfiture and defeat. A naturalist could tell the date of the month within a little by the arrivals in his bedroom, without any other guide. Cockchafers, "old lady" moths (owlets the country folk call them, as opposed to owls), male glowworms, ichneumon flies, they all have their appointed times.

It is a strange impulse which leads Dytiscus, the great water-beetle, and others of his tribe to leave the water and fly about at night. Larval, pupal, and perfect, the early, middle, and later stages of life all have their being in the water; in that element lie all our beetle's seeming interests, his foes, his loves, his food; yet at night he must needs go gadding about in this upper world, blundering often, from the very ardour of his flight, into the most unsympathetic surroundings. Many a new hand at aquarium management has saddened to find his finest "beetles" and "water-boatmen" disappearing one by one, and has solaced himself with the reflection that "something must have eaten them—perhaps the effets!" Only the early housemaid, before "the family" are down, finds their dried forms beneath the mats, and sweeps "them beastly cockroaches" into her dustpan, with supreme disgust.

When does the common moorhen go to sleep? It may be seen feeding any time during the day, and all night long its short sharp call-note may be heard overhead; for the night has an electric effect on the moorhen; it is then that a bird that sustains all day the part of a diver that can scarcely fly pays all its return calls on friends in distant ponds and ditches. This, and a host of kindred sounds, are full of pleasant meaning to those who have learnt the country's lesson well.

THE TWO THOUSAND.

BACKERS who follow public form had not to think twice in choosing their champion for the late Two Thousand. The record of Sir F. Johnstone's Friar's Balsam far surpassed that of any other two-year-old in last year's *Racing Calendar*. He had won half a dozen races and walked over once, winning 8,666*l.* in stakes, and he had never been beaten, although he had met the best public performers of his year. Probably no two-year-old ever had a more brilliant career. It is true that The Bard, at the same age, won sixteen races worth 9,188*l.* without a single defeat, but all of them had been run in second-rate company. In the same year Minting won five races (including the Middle Park Plate) worth 7,396*l.*, likewise without defeat, and in some respects his two-year-old performances rivalled those of Friar's Balsam more closely than did those of The Bard, as he beat a better class of opponents. Friar's Balsam's appearance had been as much admired as his performances last season. He is a remarkably lengthy chestnut colt, with plenty of bone. His shoulders are powerful and splendidly shaped, and he has the long, muscular thighs which are of such importance in a racehorse. His breeding is exceedingly "fashionable," as racing men are wont to say, for he is by Hermit, out of Flower of Dorset by Breadalbane, out of Imperatrice by Orlando, out of a granddaughter of Emilius. Yet it did not please everybody, for there were those who said—it must be admitted with some truth—that, although the stock of Hermit, like their sire, could do wonderful things, they were not always to be depended upon, and they added that Flower of Dorset inherited a strain of blood that was even less to be trusted than Hermit's. Against this theory, however, was to be placed the fact that no horse had ever been known to run more consistently than Friar's Balsam throughout his two-year-old career. He had lately had a large abscess on the outside of his jaw, but it was said to be of no consequence, and 3 to 1 was laid on him at the start. During the greater part of the spring, the Duke of Portland's Ayrshire had been second favourite. He is a strongly-built, muscular bay colt; but, in the opinion of certain critics, somewhat short in the neck and forehand. So, at least, they said *before* the race. Last year, greatly as he was admired, many people considered him a little too "set" in his frame for his age, and when he appeared last month at the Craven Meeting it was not generally thought that he had made much improvement. He is by Hampton out of Atalanta by Galopin out of a Thormanby mare, and his granddam was by Stockwell out of a Touchstone mare. He has, therefore, three strains of Birdcatcher, three of Voltaire, and two of Touchstone blood within the sixth degree. Last season he won five races, worth 6,565*l.* He began his career by just missing the Whitsuntide Plate of 4,727*l.* by half a length from Briar Root, and in his second race he ran a bad third to Friar's Balsam and Seabreeze. After that he was never beaten. The Duke of Westminster's Orbit and Ossory, two colts by Bend Or, the latter of the pair being an own brother to Ormonde, were trained in the same stable as Friar's Balsam. Orbit, after a couple of defeats, had won three races at the end of the season; and Ossory had won the Criterion Stakes, the only race for which he ever started. Both of them had given decisive beatings to Johnny Morgan, who distinguished himself this season by winning the Leicestershire Spring Handicap from King Monmouth at something under, and from Kinsky, at something over, weight for age. Johnny Morgan, who belonged to the owner of Ayrshire, was also to run now. We treated at some length of Orbit's race for the Craven Stakes last week. The question was whether he won easily or with difficulty from the little-esteemed but very good-looking Cotillon. Mr. Vyner's Crowberry, a remarkably well-shaped chestnut colt by Rosebery, out of Lizzie Lindsay, although directly descended from Blacklock, had far more Touchstone and Newminster blood in his veins, as he inherited no less than four strains of the former and three of the latter. One of his feet was said by the hypercritical to be a little smaller than the other; but his action pleased everybody. He had won five races as a two-year-old, and against these had to be set four defeats, most of which were anything but to his credit. The morning of the day of the Two Thousand was rendered miserable by wind and dust, the afternoon by wind and torrents of rain. Everything looked dreary as the unusually small field left the Birdcage for one of the least valuable Two Thousands that has been contested for many years; but there was something worse in store. Just as the half-dozen competitors reached the starting-post, Cannon discovered that Friar's Balsam's mouth was in a very bad state. The little field was despatched at the first attempt, and Johnny Morgan went to the front immediately and made strong running for his stable companion, Ayrshire. Ossory was beaten on reaching the T.Y.C. winning-post, where Friar's Balsam was running very indifferently. At the Bushes, the Duke of Portland's pair were leading, and at a clear interval came Friar's Balsam and Orbit.

In going down the hill Orbit and Friar's Balsam were joined by Crowberry, and it soon became evident that the first favourite had not the ghost of a chance, as he did not show the least symptom of an inclination to make an effort to overhaul the leading horses. Just before reaching the Abingdon Bottom Ayrshire passed Johnny Morgan, and on ascending the incline he came away by himself and won, apparently with a great deal in hand, by a couple of lengths. If the Two Thousand was easily won, there was a remarkably pretty race for second, Johnny Morgan, Orbit, and Crowberry being separated by heads only in the above order. Friar's Balsam was a length and a half behind them, and Ossory was tailed off. When we consider that both Ossory and Orbit were many pounds better than Johnny Morgan last season, the position of the last-named horse in the race for the Two Thousand seems almost as great a reversal of public form as that of the favourite himself. Backers had already met with many serious reverses of fortune this spring, including the Lincolnshire Handicap, the Grand National, the Great Northamptonshire Stakes, the Leicestershire Spring Handicap, and the City and Suburban, all of which seemed bad enough at the time; but these minor sorrows sank into oblivion in the presence of the dire disaster of Friar's Balsam's defeat. So much for foregone conclusions on the Turf!

THE NEW INDIAN LOAN.

IN pursuance of what must now be regarded as its settled policy the Indian Government gave notice last year of its intention to purchase the Oude and Rohilkund Railway, and to carry out the purchase it this week invited tenders for a loan of 7 millions sterling, bearing interest at 3 per cent. per annum, the minimum price fixed being 96. The property is a valuable one, and must become more so as the country grows in wealth. The Government, being partner in the concern, has, therefore, acted wisely in deciding upon buying it, especially as just now it can raise money very cheaply. Every year the profits of the investment are likely to become larger, and, furthermore, the Government will be in a position to regard the true economic interests of the whole Empire more than can a private Company. It can also regard the entire railway system of India as one whole, and in

so doing benefit the entire community. In raising the money it has decided upon bringing out the loan in London rather than in Calcutta, and, of course, there are special reasons in this case why it should do so. Buying a property from owners most of whom are resident in England London is the natural place in which to raise the money. Still, the loan illustrates very clearly the condition of the market just now, and, therefore, throws some light upon the much-debated question whether it is more advantageous for the Indian Government to borrow in India or in England. As stated above, the amount raised is 7 millions sterling, and the interest is 3 per cent., while the minimum price is 96. The average price at which the allotments were made was a little over the minimum, but even if only the minimum price had been obtained, the actual return upon the money invested would have been barely 3*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*, or 3⅛ per cent. per annum. This is a lower rate of interest than is yielded by any of our Colonial stocks; indeed, there are only three Governments in the world—our own, the United States, and the Belgian—which can borrow on terms as favourable. The credit of Russia, if we measure it by the present Stock Exchange prices of its bonds, would enable it to borrow at somewhat over 5 per cent. at par; the Egyptian Government has this week brought out a Four and a half per Cent. loan for a little over 2¼ millions sterling at a price slightly lower than the minimum at which this Indian Three per Cent. loan is offered—namely, 95½ per cent.; and the credit of France enables it to borrow at about 4 per cent. The credit of the Indian Government in the London loan market, therefore, stands above that even of France, and ranks immediately after our own Government and the United States. Only in May 1886, barely two years ago, it brought out a Three per Cent. loan at 86, and the average price but slightly exceeded 87; while now, as we have just seen, it is able to fix the minimum 10*l.* higher than two years ago. Of course the improvement in Indian credit is partly due to the fact that the present loan adds nothing to the liabilities of the Indian Government. It is being raised, as we have been just explaining, for the purpose of buying a property which returns a very handsome profit, and which is likely to improve in the future. Partly, also, it is due to the extraordinary rise in prices consequent on the successful conversion of the National Debt; but mainly it is due to the great scarcity of sound investments and to the agricultural depression, which has lasted so long.

The last loan raised by the Indian Government in Calcutta bore 4 per cent. interest, and the minimum was about 97. Practically, therefore, the Indian Government is able to borrow in London at a rate 1 per cent. cheaper than in Calcutta, and at first sight this seems to prove that it is more advisable to borrow here than in India, for a government, of course, is bound to raise money where it can do so most cheaply. But it is to be recollected that the Government of India raises its revenue in silver; that it pays the interest on the debt borrowed in India likewise in silver, but that it pays the interest on the debt borrowed in London in gold. Now, as our readers are aware, silver measured in gold has fallen roughly about 25 per cent. during the past fourteen or fifteen years, and, therefore, there is not the saving which at first sight appears in borrowing in London. In other words, the loss by exchange in converting rupees into sterling money is so great that most of the advantage acquired by borrowing at a low rate of interest in London is lost. Still, there is some small advantage. And, furthermore, it is not to be lost sight of that, if the rise in the prices of sound investments which has been going on so long continues, it is by no means improbable that the credit of India in the London market will steadily improve. By-and-bye she will be able to convert her Four per Cent. and Three and a Half per Cent. Stocks into Three per Cents, and thereby effect a very considerably saving. But it is not so likely that she will be able to borrow at a much lower rate of interest than now in Calcutta for a considerable time to come. Nor must it be forgotten that the Indian Government is a borrower every year. If it were to draw entirely upon India it would be very likely to raise the rate of interest there against itself. India is a poor country, in the sense that its material resources are undeveloped, and its accumulated wealth small, and consequently it has not as much capital as it requires. If the Government were to meet all its needs by borrowing in India it would withdraw from the requirements of commerce the capital which it so sorely needs. It would, therefore, check the development of the Empire, and at the same time it would be likely to raise the rate of interest against itself. For all these reasons then—firstly, because it can borrow more cheaply in London than in Calcutta; secondly, because the scarcity of sound investments is constantly raising the credit of the Indian Government in London; and, thirdly, because of the need of more capital in India, it would seem better to borrow in London than in Calcutta. But there is another consideration which must be taken into account, and which alters very considerably the aspect of the case. The Indian Government has to pay in London about sixteen millions sterling, or a little more, every year on account of what are called "home charges." Now, every increase in the "home charges" tends to lower the Indian exchanges, and therefore to inflict loss upon the Indian Government. Merchants here in England have to remit very large sums every year to India. If there were no home charges those merchants would either have to send out silver or the worth of silver in the form of goods; but now, instead of sending out silver or the worth of silver in goods, they send out to the extent available bills drawn by the India Council upon the Presidency Treasuries in India. These bills, when presented by the persons to whom the English merchants owe money, are paid in India, and to that extent the export of silver and of goods from this country to India is checked. If the home charges are increased, the check to the exports from this country will be increased likewise. For example, this new loan of seven millions sterling, bearing 3 per cent. interest, involves an annual payment in London of sterling money of 210,000*l.*; and by so much, therefore, it will in the future increase the home charges.

The tendency, then, of borrowing in London is to lower the price of silver, and consequently to increase the loss by exchange from which the Indian Government suffers so much. India is now the one great consumer of silver, and everything which prevents India from buying silver tends to send down the price of the metal. As we have just been pointing out above, an increase in the "home charges" enables merchants to avoid sending silver to India; and therefore borrowing in London, which does increase the "home charges," enables merchants to avoid the expense of sending out silver, and consequently tends to lower the price of the metal. It is often argued by merchants and bankers that, nevertheless, it is better to borrow in London. We find from experience that, whenever the India Council draws a very large amount of bills—as it did, for example, in the last financial year—the exchange value of the rupee falls. Between the beginning and the end of last year the worth of the rupee in gold practically fell one penny, and this was mainly because the drawings of the India Council were so large. But as the India Council has to make the payments on account of the "home charges" every year, it must either draw bills for 16 millions sterling or over, or it must borrow in London, and thus put off drawing the bills. Merchants and bankers, therefore, often contend that it is better to borrow in London every now and then, and lessen thereby the amount of bills that have to be drawn, and so check the continuous fall in the rupee. Undoubtedly such borrowing has the effect of checking the fall in the rupee. In the present year this borrowing of seven millions sterling will probably enable the India Council to reduce considerably its drawing of bills, and if it does, it may be expected that the Indian Exchanges will rise, and with them the price of silver. But it must clearly be borne in mind that this is a temporary result. The permanent result of borrowing in London is to increase the "home charges," to compel the India Council consequently to draw more bills, and thereby to lower the value of the rupee, as compared with gold. The case, then, for borrowing in London rather than in Calcutta may thus be briefly stated. London is the greatest money market in the world, and India can borrow, for that reason, more cheaply in London than anywhere else; by borrowing in London she obtains command of European capital, which is sorely needed by her people, and her Government avoids the necessity of competing with its own subjects for the capital which they require. In addition to this, by borrowing in London the India Council is enabled to lessen every now and then its drawing of bills upon the Presidency Treasuries, and thus to check the continuous fall in the rupee. But, on the other hand, by borrowing in London the amount of the "home charges" is constantly increased. In the long run India must meet those "home charges"; she cannot always keep borrowing to provide for them; and, therefore, the India Council's drawings will, in the end, be all the larger for the increase in the London borrowings. From the point of view, then, of Government finance alone it seems clear that the advantage obtained by borrowing in a large market is dearly paid for when the ultimate result must be a further depreciation of the rupee; but, from the point of view of Indian trade, it may be doubted whether the depreciation of the rupee is not, to some extent at least, counterbalanced by the stimulus given to the exports from India. Every fall in the rupee tells as a sort of bonus upon Indian exports; and, in fact, that it is so we have the evidence in the extraordinary growth, of late years, of the wheat export trade from India. Probably the true conclusion to come to is that the Indian Government acts wisely in now and then borrowing in London, but that it would be rash to come to this market too often and for too large amounts.

THE PICTURE GALLERIES.

(Preliminary Notice.)

WE can give but a slight sketch of the Academy and Grosvenor, one which can hardly be called even general, until the New Gallery is opened. Both galleries are depressing, and the Academy is so on a colossal scale. A certain tendency to retrogression is visible in both; it is as if a last effort were being made to uphold the miserable ideals of painting which prevailed twenty or thirty years ago. In the course of correspondence and discussion in certain prints we have heard of late that foreign example is fatal to students; that the English school is being ruined by men who have learnt their craft abroad; that the English Academy schools are the one chance of salvation for the young. A strong effort has been made to prove these points by the selecting and hanging of these two important exhibitions. Though it can by no means be called a fair trial, since the hangers have been hostile and unsympathetic, we should think that the younger artists will be willing enough to abide by it. If ever proof were wanted that the so-called English school—[illegible] meaning the successful commercial speculators of the profession—had no

traditions, no principles of treatment, and no efficient technique, here it is in abundance. It is seriously absurd that a set of men, because they have been well advertised among the vulgar, should call themselves the English school, and should resent the intrusion of French art, by which they mean anything that is worthy of being called art at all. The present Academy has gone back ten years; is it possible, or would it be wise, to confine English art any longer to the ideals which this retrogression favours? The Academy is evidently regarded as a mere market by many well-known artists, but it is a market in which it is very difficult to get a stall. The Academicians would do better if they would put up to auction a part of the line space now at the disposal of some twenty of their members, who cannot paint as well as the commonest student in Antwerp, Paris, or, for the matter of that, London. In reality it is no intrusion of foreign styles that we uphold, but the really sound, good art which has sprung up lately everywhere. Strong and subtle modelling, after all, and true and consistent tone were the material qualities out of which Rembrandt and Velasquez wove their subtle poetry of form and colour. The veritable renaissance which has taken place in this century really consists in the application of time-honoured principles of technical treatment to modern sentiments, modern subjects, and modern observation of nature. That the latest developments of this tendency should have been due, in our country as in every other country, to French influence need cause us no feeling of soreness. Art is a matter of give and take; we have given the French at other epochs as much as they give us now. Nor should we forget that some men—the late Fred Walker, Sir J. Millais, and Mr. Hook—have done pioneer's work before this tide set in, although neither in bulk nor in completeness of technique was their achievement sufficient to form a school. The present exhibition depends on Sir F. Leighton and Sir J. Millais, with Messrs. Hook, Holl, Tadema, Orchardson, and Dicksee, as far as the Academy is concerned. Outside the work of these and a few others we see nothing but the most childish incompetency in elementary technique, and even inside the list there is only too much clumsy fumbling and too much empty repetition of formulas.

There is really so much rubbish on the line that the eye becomes vitiated by the dreadful colour, the hard, stiff, uncomposed aspect of canvases which touch one another in long rows without a relieving break. Sometimes one has a run of bad luck, which goes as far as nine numbers without a decent picture. One is not surprised to find that the Hanging Committee have managed to burke most of the strong new work of the day. The rejection, or emasculation by skying, of anything that is vigorous has been carried out wholesale. The hangers have sought to honour the tamest and sleekest of those works which wear the modern garb detested of Academicians; they have given preference to those that conceal the personality of a pot-boiler beneath the dress of sincere art. Nevertheless, enough exceptionally fine work by foreigners and outsiders may be seen at a first glance to justify our contention that the Royal Academy is no fit school of technique for the young men of the present day. The boldest and most masterly of the large figure-pictures—"Niobe" (712)—comes from Mr. S. J. Solomon. We presume that neither in composition nor in handling would any one dare to say that Mr. Solomon has learnt anything from the Academy, still less that his work is in any way a derogation from their lofty example. We shall have more to say about this picture when speaking, later on, of large works by Sir F. Leighton, Messrs. Tadema, Goodall, Long, and others. Mr. Herkomer has not kept his place among the portrait-painters; he sends only one really fine work—"The Rev. the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge" (127); and Mr. Holl's numerous canvases have a rather mechanical air at first sight. The foremost place in this branch of art must be accorded to Messrs. Carolus-Duran and J. S. Sargent. The former's "Monsieur Pasteur" (153) is the finest example in the gallery of combined breadth and subtlety, delicacy and strength. Is any one really afraid that young men will learn to produce this noble, Velasquez-like style of modelling? Would that the danger were more imminent! But, as Berlioz answered, when Lesueur deprecated the multiplication of works like Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, "Rassurez-vous, on n'en fera pas beaucoup." When we see in so many portraits on the line an absolute incompetence to model, not with this magic of art, but with a common, decent, straightforward sense of reality, we need not trouble ourselves about the supposed ruin of an existing English school. If they cannot see the dignity of his style, the public are at least intelligent enough to perceive the subtle changes of plane which M. Carolus-Duran has indicated with such aërial softness in this head of M. Pasteur. Any one can feel his whereabouts all over it, can realize the exact distance from the eye to the ear, and can make sure of every plane in the delicate structure of the nose and forehead. Let any person spend a minute or so in this exercise, and then let him attempt the like with the works by Messrs. Ouless, Hodgson, Leslie, P. Morris, Long, and Fildes, which are near at hand. We hear, too, a good deal of babble about English colour, and confess that we see nothing special about it except occasionally a violent shock produced by want of tone. If colour be Mr. Pettie's excuse for a sacrifice of unity of tone in "Charles Wyndham as David Garrick," the excuse is worse than the fault. The landscape makes little show this year; though fine work will probably turn up in an examination of corners. The sculpture presents itself well on a first view, and its general arrangement is effective.

The Grosvenor strikes one as unusually dull. Further examination, however, reveals some good pictures and a certain variety of aim and style. The general appearance of the Gallery might have been more striking had the managers disposed to better advantage the pictures at their command. The centres of the two big rooms naturally fall to large figure-pictures, and artists have offered the Grosvenor a choice so limited as to make the present arrangement almost imperative. The places of secondary importance, however, and the line generally, have not always been adjudged to the pictures which present the most satisfactory ensemble, and that is what is chiefly wanted in conspicuous positions. Breadth, richness, unity of aspect, consistent dignity of style are qualities that should not waste themselves in corners, whilst false "chic" and stupid labour flaunt themselves on the line. For instance, three of the finest landscapes—Mr. Lemon's "Breezy Day," Mr. Hennessey's "Spring," and Mr. Leslie Thomson's "Morning"—might easily pass unobserved, and, at any rate, from their positions, are permitted to contribute nothing to the general aspect of the Gallery. Mr. Lemon and Mr. Hennessey send no other pictures; yet several painters who contribute many have received two or three slices of the line. Of course one expects the inevitable semi-official rubbish and the potboilers of renowned industrials to encumber the line; but, outside of these necessary sacrifices to the spirit of advertisement, the managers should have contrived to give their hanging a more serious air of impartiality. It would have been better for the appearance of their gallery had they apportioned the line more intelligently among various schools. Mr. David Murray appears on it with several out of no less than seventeen contributions; he deserves a share, but surely no more. Two or three piebald and stringy works by Mr. W. L. Wyllie might be spared from the line. But, after all, these two are comparatively good men, and the visitor will have no trouble in finding worse painters equally well placed.

It is fortunate that Mr. Clausen's "Ploughboy" (45) has received a good place, for it enables one to apply a right standard of technical accomplishment to other pictures. One often neglects Mr. Clausen's work in galleries, for it belongs to a style which, if not hit off to perfection, becomes intolerably dull. The present work is an almost perfect example of straightforward open-air realism carried out with a thorough mastery of technique. That it resembles Bastien-Lepage counts for little, because in these realistic, unimaginative works—the gymnastics of art, in fact—the difficulties have to be conquered afresh each time. They are like the "slow pull-up" on the horizontal bar—easy enough to understand, but always difficult to do. Any one with an eye may satisfy himself of the truth and unforced naturalness of these subtle reliefs and these delicate gradations of light and air. Here, again, is an example of the much-dreaded modern school, and an examination of any other figure-work in the Grosvenor will make one think it a pity that more ambitious painters have not studied in it to the same purpose as Mr. Clausen. He does not enforce his modelling with the magisterial style of M. Carolus-Duran, but he makes it sincere, realistic, and workmanlike. Some touch of his fine distinction of plane, his subtleties of form, would have done no harm to Mr. Hacker's large "By the Waters of Babylon" (93). This is one of the Grosvenor's trump cards; it fills the chief centre of the great room. Mr. Hacker has found a pleasant scheme of colour and an effective composition, but unhappily he employs the formula of a good style to cover mere emptiness and weakness. The drawing of the limbs is coarse, the interior modelling false. The legs of the near woman seem rudely hewn out as if by a village wheelwright, and the whole construction of the figures suggests bad and flimsy carpentry. We must leave mention of large subject-pictures by Messrs. Jacomb Hood, John Reid, and W. F. Britten to a later occasion. On turning to the following of Fred Walker, which has been so greatly recruited from Scotland, we find it in most cases without the delicate perception of relations and the workmanlike technique which distinguishes Mr. Clausen. Mr. E. J. Gregory's portrait of "Miss Mabel Galloway" (9) has a certain vigour about it and a certain richness of colouring, but its treatment is decidedly stupid in type. It has been conceived and put together piecemeal, and has been handled with a touch laborious and mechanical when not vague and sloppy. Strange to say, most of the firmness, definition, and "preciousness" have been expended on the accessories, so that the picture as a whole conveys little assurance of a human brain exercising the artistic faculty of selection. The school, with all its good qualities, might learn some true sense of style, some feeling for subtlety of modelling, some more artistic ideal than strenuous unthinking labour, by looking at such good examples of French art as may be seen this year.

FAITH IN HUMAN NATURE.

IT is now generally admitted that the great fault of democracy as a form of government is its difficulty. Political questions are usually complicated. Whether a particular line of policy is desirable or the reverse, whether a piece of legislation is expedient or not, are matters the decision of which ought to depend on long and nicely balanced reasoning. To hope for such from an artisan or labourer is absurd. But they are the electors, they have the power, and with them rests the direction of the affairs of State.

Decide they must, if not with the help of reason, then without it. And it is the principal business of professional politicians to assist our rulers in forming political opinions on what are necessarily insufficient grounds. With this object several ways have been devised. The commonest is to construct a short specious phrase which, without having any direct bearing on the matter in hand, has a general tendency to induce the electors to vote in the desired manner. Thus it was that Mr. Gladstone hoped to persuade people to adopt his Home Rule scheme by declaring that it was a question between the classes and the masses. Thus it was that Mr. John Morley attempted to discredit the cause of law and order by describing it as a policy of manacles and Manitoba, and instances from both sides of politics might be multiplied *ad nauseam*.

Besides these phrases which deal with some immediate political controversy, there is another class of plausible generalizations designed to establish the fundamental tenets of party creeds. Such generalizations are sometimes invented with this as their first and direct object. More often they are used originally to forward a particular measure; they are found efficient, they are employed on subsequent occasions, and gradually become, in the cant phrase of the day, the watchwords of the Liberal or Conservative party. In this way "Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform," on the one side, and "the Integrity of the Empire" on the other, were long the battle-cries of the two great factions. And so, in a lesser degree perhaps, "Trust in the People" and "Faith in Human Nature" are the phrases in which modern Radicalism believes. It must be allowed that our opponents are much more proficient in the art of phrase-making than we are. Their phrases are more numerous than ours; they are more alluring; and, above all, they have a kind of semi-religious twang about them which puts them out of the range of argument. No better instances of what we mean can be found than the two we have quoted. "Trust the People"! How grand it sounds! No suspicious holding back. No rubbish about expediency. Put your whole confidence in your fellow-countrymen. It is sublime, and none the worse for being a trifle vague. An even better phrase is "Faith in Human Nature." What an opening does it give for accusations that your adversary is "wanting in faith," a "cynic at heart"! With a very trifling ingenuity it can be shown that a man who does not believe in his fellow-men cannot really believe in anything; add a few misapplied texts and a good deal of muddy invective, and any aristocratic Tory can be proved to be a Machiavellian schemer, who is using the Democracy for the advancement of his own order. And yet "Faith in Human Nature," if it means belief that men naturally do right, is a doctrine absolutely at variance with the history of the world and the facts of everyday life. Ask a merchant or a lawyer what faith he has in human nature. He will tell you that, in spite of some brilliant exceptions, his experience is that the less you trust men the less you will have to regret.

Why, then, in Heaven's name, should politicians be required to do what lawyers and merchants would regard as the height of folly? The reason is obvious. The foundation of the Radical creed is that the majority is more likely to be right than the minority. Now, if men are on the whole bad and foolish, this proposition is in considerable danger. It is, therefore, very important to induce people to believe as far as possible that men are wise and good; and here the Radical propagandist is in a difficulty. With practice a man can persuade himself into believing anything. The White Queen was able to believe a many as six impossible things before breakfast. But to convince others, when all reason and experience is against you, that is a harder matter. It is, indeed, so hard a matter to persuade men that human nature is not inclined to evil that the most devoted adherent of Radicalism never attempts it. He prefers the easier course of obscuring his true meaning with a cloud of plausible, well-sounding phrases, and of abusing his adversaries if they decline to be his dupes.

We boldly say that we do not "Trust the People" in politics any more than we should in money matters. That is to say, we only trust those whom we know to be honest and intelligent. Nor have we "Faith in the Human Nature" of others any more—perhaps rather less—than we have in our own. Still less do we believe that majorities are always or frequently right. We cannot conceive how any reasonable man should so believe. History absolutely bristles with proofs to the contrary. But it does not, therefore, follow that decisions by majority are necessarily worse than decisions arrived at in some other way. Majorities have, at any rate, as good a chance of being right as minorities. Moreover, since political questions must be decided somehow, and those against whose opinion the decision goes are sure to be discontented, it is generally best that the discontented should be as few as possible. This seems to us the proper defence for the rule of majorities, and not sonorous phrases which are as pernicious as they are misleading.

THE STORY OF THE LONDON POLICE.

I.

SINCE the as good as enforced retirement of Sir Edmund Henderson from the Chief Commissionership—a circumstance esteemed by some a blunder amounting almost to a crime, and by others as a somewhat dubious public advantage—the Metropolitan Police has been, in colloquial phrase, "on its trial," and concurrently with the appointment of Sir Charles Warren to the command of the force came deep and loud complaints that an era of "dragooning" had dawned, not unsuggestive of the semi-military *gendarmerie* system which strikes the British traveller so forcibly as he promenades the Unter den Linden or the Nevski Prospekt. The turbulent proceedings in Trafalgar Square, fomented by the political party which has most frequently "had its knife into" the police, drew the attention of the whole kingdom upon the London force, and, together with the unfortunate blundering in connexion with the case of the young milliner, provoked a storm of angry criticism in the press and in Parliament; nor can it be said that certain recent isolated acts of the constabulary have been of a nature to restore public confidence in the conduct of the Metropolitan Police Force as a whole. Since 1852—when, speaking broadly, the existing system may be said to have first got into good working order—the population of London has almost doubled, and, although there has been what we must take to be a proportional augmentation of the Metropolitan Police, we fear that the public do not consider their lives safer or their property more secure than they were thirty-five years ago. Everything considered, then, there is reason to believe that some examination both of the protective and detective force, for whose support we pay so large an annual impost, will at least be interesting and possibly not altogether without useful result. We enter upon the subject in no carping spirit, and with every desire to place the whole question of the merits and demerits of the force fairly before the public, who, to a great extent, must be the tribunal to whose good sense and moderation we appeal.

The London police, as we know it to-day, is a body of comparatively recent growth, as a brief sketch—the merest outline—will show. Sixty years ago there was only one organization for police purposes in existence throughout the whole kingdom, the system then in vogue having, with very slight modifications, prevailed—though the fact is hardly credible—from Saxon times, and being the outcome of the original Decennary or Frankpledge. Under the Statute of Winchester (3 Edward I. c. 4) the inhabitants of towns were charged with the duty of keeping watch and ward, aided by a parochial constabulary force wholly and solely controlled by the Justices of the Peace, who performed both executive and judicial functions. With a purely local jurisdiction and gratuitous service, the condition of affairs in town and country alike can be easily pictured. Crime increased at an appalling rate, the better-educated men withdrew from the magistracy in disgust and shame, their places being eagerly filled by persons of a very inferior status or of no position at all, attracted by the considerable pecuniary advantages accruing from the office of justice of the peace; indeed, so gross was the corruption of the Bench that "trading Justices" came to be their general designation. A little short of a century and a half ago, however, things, having reached their worst, began to mend, the historic neighbourhood of Bow Street appropriately witnessing the earliest slight indications of reform. About the middle of last century presiding magistrates, receiving regular and fixed salaries, were appointed to Bow Street. This step was very successful, and soon the fame of the constables attached to that part of London spread far and wide, for they had no rivals in the detection of crime. A notable reform was the outcome of the Middlesex Justices Bill, which secured to the metropolis seven additional police-offices, each one being presided over by magistrates who attended to their duties with gratifying regularity. These officials were paid by Government, and were responsible to the Secretary of State. A remarkable improvement was noticeable in the judicial branch of the London police system; but the executive branch remained as unsatisfactory as before, no attempt even having been made to reform it; and meantime crime so increased by leaps and bounds that between 1772 and 1822 Parliament appointed no fewer than seven Committees of Inquiry. The evidence thus accumulated revealed a truly terrible state of things. Blackmailing (of which an echo reaches us now and again in these days) was generally practised by the headboroughs and beadles, by the petty constables and the watchmen. The rates increased also to such an extent that in some parishes they were "kept down" by the simple expedient of employing aged paupers as watchmen. In Camberwell these guardians of the night were armed with blunderbusses, and naturally spent most of their time in their boxes, out of harm's way. Worst of all as blackmailers were the deputy constables, who waxed fat by extortion, and are credited with all manner of vice. One of these constables was said to have "apprehended a man, to have drawn the brief for his defence, to have been the principal witness for the prosecution, and at the right moment tendered himself as a witness to the excellent character of the prisoner!" The beneficial results of the two first Committees of Inquiry were not very long in showing themselves; and as a first instalment of reform came the establishment of the Bow Street foot patrol, whose "beat" was restricted to about four miles of the roads leading out of London. This plan worked so well that, in 1805, it was extended by the formation of the Bow Street horse patrol, who, by covering from sixteen to twenty miles, checked, if not altogether stopped, the operations of the "knights of the road." The next step was the organization of the river police, on the same principle; and, in the year 1821, the system of street patrols was introduced by Lord Sidmouth. It is amusing to note that, up to 1822, the streets were patrolled only at night-time; in the day they were left to take care of themselves. That year is memorable for the establishment of the Bow Street day patrol—a

step which we owe to Sir Robert (then Mr.) Peel, who, in 1828, he being then Home Secretary, procured for London the greatest boon of all—the formation of a department, under the immediate directions of the Secretary of State, which should discharge the police duties for the whole of the metropolis and its environs. The old organization was swept away by the Act 10 Geo. IV. c. 44, which placed the constabulary force of the metropolis under the sole control of two Commissioners appointed by the Crown; though from this wise arrangement the police of the City of London, the constables attached to the police-offices, the horse patrols, and the Thames police were, oddly enough, excepted. This reform was at first opposed with the utmost violence. The supporters of the new system, however, stood their ground. In 1833 the House of Commons appointed three Committees to inquire into the administration of the Metropolitan Police, and each of these courts pronounced in favour of the new system. Then came a cry from the provinces for reform, and in 1834 the Municipal Improvement Act authorized the formation of similarly organized bodies of police in all corporate towns. In 1839 the City of London put itself under the protection of the City Police; and the beginning of the year 1840 saw one authority (the Commissioners) ruling over all the London constabulary.

RECENT MATINÉES.

THAT peculiar form of entertainment, the matinée, which was scarcely known in England a few years ago, has now become a prominent, and even permanent, theatrical institution, and not a week passes but a new play is produced or an old one revived of an afternoon at some theatre or other. It really seems that now the invariable answer of managers to aspiring dramatists is:—"Put your piece up at a matinée, and I'll come and see it; I never read manuscripts." This leaves the "aspiring dramatist" no other alternative than to "put up" his play for an afternoon performance; and, if he vexes the critics by obliging them to pass half the day in a stuffy theatre, he unquestionably puts money in the pockets of members of the profession who might otherwise be out of employment. Of the number of new plays which have been produced within the past month few unfortunately are ever likely to see the footlights again. It really appears that in dramatic composition, as in everything else in this "run and rush age" of ours, folk, in their eagerness after fame and fortune, insist upon perching on the top of the ladder, without taking the trouble to ascend the lower rungs. The result in nine cases out of ten is utter failure, or at best merely ephemeral fame. The fundamental laws of dramatic composition, like those of all other arts, should be carefully studied before the writer begins to compose plays, so that at least symmetry and harmony be attained. Instead of this we see our young dramatists rushing in where, indeed, angels would fear to tread, and, regardless of the rules of dramatic construction and even of good taste, wasting both industry and talent upon what is foredoomed to failure for the want of a little knowledge and forethought. Carried away by their desire for immediate success, and possibly not a little by their vanity, they refuse to criticize their own work as severely as they certainly do that of their rivals. Assuredly were but they to put themselves, in imagination, "in front of their house," to use the technical term, and carefully watch a full rehearsal of their pieces, they would be the first to detect those errors which are so immediately discovered by the professional critics, and above all by the public.

Altogether, the most successful of the many matinée pieces which we have seen lately is Mr. Rutland Barrington's adaptation of the popular novel, *Mr. Barnes of New York*, which will shortly be revived at the Olympic Theatre. It has an interesting plot, which has been skilfully arranged for stage purposes. A powerful work, too, was Mr. Malcolm Watson's drama, represented for a single performance at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, called *Held Asunder*. It had the merit of possessing four or five scenes which were really admirably written, not only in a dramatic, but also in a purely literary sense; but Mr. Watson had not taken the trouble to lead up to them properly, and the result was they failed to produce the effect they ought to have done. At the Vaudeville, *The Crooked Mile*, by Miss C. Lemore, was played last week. The plot is involved and is not strikingly original, turning upon the well-worn theme of the troubles which befall an heir who cannot inherit his property because his mother's marriage certificate is missing. As was to be expected the lost document turns up in the last act, and the heroine who, to use the curious expression of one of the characters, has "mislaid" her reason, for a cause far too intricate to relate here, happily finds it again just at the right moment to enable her to assume a graceful attitude of recognition, with her arms round her husband's neck, and her children picturesquely grouped at her feet as the curtain falls. This piece served no other purpose save that of re-introducing to a London audience that general favourite Miss Bella Pateman, who acted most gracefully and forcibly as the lady with the "mislaid" intellect. An inoffensive little piece called *Trespassers Beware*, by Mr. Charles Thomas, was also produced last week. It relates how Mr. Orlando Arlington, a middle-aged clerk in the Audit Office, makes love to Miss Theresa Terebene, a lady of whom he has heard but never seen. She is purchasing a house up the river, and Mr. Arlington lands on the lawn by chance when on a holiday excursion. The lady orders him off her premises as a trespasser, but he very soon persuades her that he is "a trespasser of love," and the pair, after a great deal of sentimental talk, eventually become engaged. The dialogue of this trifle is remarkably smart, and it was well acted by Mr. Rutland Barrington and Miss Angela Fenton. As a burlesque of a modern transpontine melodrama nothing could be funnier than Mr. G. W. Reynolds's "drama," entitled *Church and Stage*, which has occupied the Avenue Theatre during several afternoons this week. Unfortunately, we fear Mr. Reynolds intended it to be very serious, and that he is not the wag some people credited him with being. All we can specially commend him for is the ingenuity with which he has contrived to link together episodes and situations taken from scores of old-fashioned dramas with the very trashiest and silliest dialogue imaginable.

Messrs. R. C. Carton and Cecil Raleigh's three-act farcical comedy, *The Treasure*, which was produced at the Strand Theatre on Tuesday, is decidedly clever. It is avowedly a skit on the very kind of melodrama of which Mr. Reynolds's *Church and Stage* is a masterpiece. The scene takes place in a moated grange formerly the property of the late Colonel Poingdestre, whom we are given to understand has come by his death mysteriously, and left a strange will to the effect that none can inherit his property who is not single at the time the will is read. The treasure is known to be hidden in a deserted chamber, and everybody is bent upon stealing it if possible. Unfortunately all the heirs, unknown to each other, are clandestinely married. Captain Poingdestre, the villain of the piece, has just returned from America, in which continent he has left a most undesirable record of his existence, and is, moreover, running away from his beautiful wife, who is a tamer of wild beasts, and known from 'Frisco to Sandy Hook as the "Tiger Lily." Unluckily for him, he has scarcely passed a day in his old home ere a strolling photographer—a burglar in disguise—recognizes him as an old "pal" in many a nefarious proceeding in the United States, and forthwith blackmails him by declaring that if he does not assist him in obtaining the treasure he will expose him to his relatives. The Captain is perforce obliged to assent, and he has barely done so ere the "Tiger Lily" herself puts in an appearance. She has come over to find her recalcitrant husband, and has obtained the position of companion to the niece of the late Colonel. After this the fun grows fast and furious, and when the authors have toned down some incidents which are too forced, their comedy should have a prosperous career.

The Barren Land, by Mr. Henry Byatt and Sir William Magnay, produced last Wednesday at the Olympic, is an interesting play, well written, and replete with telling incidents and smart dialogue. The plot treats of the love of two sisters for the same man, and, although certainly not a new one, the story is elaborated in a novel fashion. The acting was far above the average of ordinary matinée performances, especially to be commended being Mr. Fuller Mellish, who acted with dignity and refinement.

A FEAST OF MEMORIES.

["Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell met on Monday night at the dinner-table of Mr. Armitstead, formerly member for Dundee. The other guests were Mr. John Morley, Mr. J. E. Ellis, and Mr. Herbert Gladstone."]

"O DOTH not a meeting like this make amends?"
(Mr. Arm-tst-d thought, most obliging of hosts)
"If gaoler and prisoner but kiss and be friends,
And will each pledge the other in flattering toasts.

"Ay, surely! a meeting like this might atone
For the mutual wrongs of my excellent guests,
For the blows that were struck and the mud that was thrown,
For the fiercest attacks, the most stern of arrests."

Yes it might—but yet, somehow it didn't, I hear,
For the guests, though they kept their engagements as fixed,
Were aware, with the toasts and the songs drawing near,
That the whole situation was horribly mixed.

And when Gl-dst-ne arose something pretty to say,
Not a compliment came; but, like Balaam reversed,
To his host's and J-hn M-rl-y's unbounded dismay,
Instead of pronouncing a blessing, he cursed.

Some power irresistible mastered his tongue,
Some hand on the present the curtain let fall;
And he stood, once again, London's burghers among,
As he stood seven autumns ago at Guildhall.

Once again civic praises rang sweet in his ears,
And filled him and thrilled him with jubilant pride;
Once again, 'mid a fancied tornado of cheers,
He denounced as a traitor the man at his side.

Once again the piratical march he arraigned
With its highway of rapine and treason its goal;
Once again from his lips with elation unfeigned
Did those boastful, those mem'rable sentences roll—

" Not alone by mere words, I would have you to know,
Do the Government seek to restore to their sway
Civil rights and our law. The inveterate foe
Of that law and those rights was arrested to-day ! "

The illusion, in short, was so strangely complete
That, entirely unconscious of anything wrong,
Mr. Gl-dst-ne proposed, on resuming his seat,
That " his friend Mr. P. should oblige with a song."

But P-rn-ll was by just the same demon abused,
And the devil a stave did the summons procure
But some half recollected, or wholly confused,
Or at least most unsuitable snatches of Moore.

" *You'll excuse my rememb'ring the days of old* "
(He sang, though it seemed to pain um)
" *When my friend of to-night of my collar got hold,*
And gave me six months in Kilmainham."

Mr. Gl-dst-ne's response was a dubious cough,
And, hardly approving this choice of a stave,
He vainly attempted his friend to start off
On " Remember the breeks of O'Brien the brave ! "

But no; his own memories pleased him the most;
He remembered so much that they hoped he'd forget,
That at last, in alarm, their obsequious host
Made them join in performing this friendly duet.

BOTH.

" Come, send round the wine and leave questions of creed
To the Unionist prigs whom such crotchets amuse,
Men bent on one object and vowed to succeed
May contrive to get on very well without views."

My / Your } hands may be dirty, and yours / mine { may be red;
But, while each pulls an oar in the Sep'ratist boat,
'Twould be highly absurd, nay, extremely ill-bred,
Such trifles as these too minutely to note.

Shall I / Should you } ask a stout backer what company shy
He has met at the Yankee's convivial board.
Shall I / Should you { fear to hob-nob with a sturdy ally
Because he's rubbed shoulders with Eg-n and F-rd ?

The " brave little woman " ? Well, *some* would, we know,
Draw the line at the friends of that murderous miss;
But I / you { ? No ! a fig for the fools who'd forego
Place, power, and revenge for such scruples as this !

REVIEWS.

CORRESPONDENCE OF HENRY TAYLOR.*

THE Autobiography of Sir Henry Taylor which was published three or four years ago will have caused nearly all its readers to feel an interest in his remarkable and attractive character. The present volume ought, as the editor suggests, to be regarded "as a companion volume to the Autobiography." Mr. Dowden agrees with Sir Henry Taylor in preferring a correspondence or exchange of letters to a collection of letters written by only one of the parties. One of the many merits of Boswell consists in his practical anticipation of Taylor's sound doctrine. The tone and manner in which a man is addressed by his friends are as instructive to a student of his life as his own communications; and where, as in the case of Henry Taylor's friends, the correspondents were themselves for the most part eminent and able, their letters have an independent interest of their own. "Not only," says Henry Taylor in a letter to Lady Minto, who was then writing her admirable Life of Hugh Elliot, "is the interweaving of personal interests to be considered, but also the effect of variety, and, as to the letters, even if those the man has written be better worth reading than any he has received (which will not always happen), still they will be read with more pleasure occurring among others than in a simple sequence." His own preference for a two-sided correspondence was not the result of indifference to the art of letter-writing. He professed to write a letter as deliberately and carefully as if he had been composing a sonnet, and many of his letters were more or less definitely intended for eventual publication. The present collection, and many other letters which have been excluded for want of space, were shortly before his death selected by himself; so that, according to the editor's statement, "nothing in the present volume occurs without Sir Henry Taylor's sanction." He adds that "the selection of letters has been made not from a mass of inferior matter, but from matter in the main like in character to that which now lies before the reader, and of like interest." As the Autobiography shows, Sir Henry Taylor was fortunate in friendships, as in all the other circumstances of his life. His early and surprising accession to a not unimportant office led to a close intimacy with the best of his colleagues and superiors in the Colonial Office. The earliest, and perhaps the nearest, of his friends was Mr. Hyde Villiers, then a clerk in the Office. Through him Taylor became acquainted with other members of the same distinguished family, and one of them, Mr. Edward Villiers, filled in a degree the void which was caused by his brother's early death. Through this connexion Taylor was admitted to the circle of Benthamites, as he called them, including John Mill, Strutt, John Romilly, John and Charles Austin, and some of their contemporaries. Sir George Trevelyan has described with his usual felicity the society of able and zealous young Liberals, including the subject of his own narrative as an occasional and outside member. None of them could be compared in brilliancy with Charles Austin, the only person who seems to have exercised considerable influence over Macaulay. Henry Taylor had one or two opportunities of introducing to his friends no less strange a visitor than Wordsworth, with whom he had from his youth been acquainted. They were all delighted with the conversation of the poet, and, when he left the room after his first visit, Charles Austin said, "That is a man." Taylor himself was not a Benthamite, nor, except in common with his own official duties, was he at any time a politician. His opinions, when they were occasionally formed and expressed, were mildly Conservative, but he was accustomed to guard himself by a statement that he knew little or nothing of politics. Perhaps the ablest of all the friends whom he acquired at the Colonial Office was Sir James Stephen, and his letters, published in the present collection, are only too few in number. His writings, though they have great value, would scarcely suggest the gracefulness of his style as a letter writer. If it were necessary to classify the contributors to the compilation, Sir James Stephen might fairly claim the highest place. The [illegible] to Sir Frederick Elliot, who [illegible] belonged to the Colonial Office and who remained through life a valued friend, introduced Henry Taylor to the Elliot family, with some of whom he formed the closest intimacy. Frederick Elliot's niece, the late Lady Minto, was in her childhood an object of his affectionate interest, and he earnestly defended Admiral Charles Elliot, Sir Frederick's elder brother, when he was attacked for his conduct at the outbreak of the [illegible] China war. None of his colleagues in the Colonial Office ranked higher in his estimation than Sir Frederick Rogers, now Lord Blachford. It was no small part of his good fortune that he was brought into official contact with so many remarkable associates, but his relations with them and their families showed that he had a genius for friendship. His public services and his personal character were appreciated by many of the six-and-twenty Secretaries of State under whom he successively served. Almost the only chief whom he disliked was the late Lord Derby, who seems to have treated, not only Taylor, but Sir James Stephen, with ill-judged neglect. With Lord Grey and Lord John Russell he formed friendly relations which long survived the [illegible] al connexion. Mr. Spring Rice's short [illegible] of the Secretaryship of State produced an acquaintance [illegible] brought Taylor the inestimable advantage, as he deemed [illegible] a happy [illegible] re. From that time his wife's kinsman, Mr [illegible] ey de V[illegible] e the nearest of all his friends. The two [illegible] sincerely [illegible] dially appreciated one another's productions, and [illegible] cussions must have provided them with subjects [illegible] inexh[illegible] interest to both. James Spedding, almost the only other lit[illegible] rrespondent who helps to furnish materials for the present volume, had also served for a time in the Colonial Office. Taylor was perhaps alone among Spedding's friends in approving the sacrifice of his entire life to the vindication of Bacon. It may be conjectured from some of Spedding's letters, which are now published, that he, too, at last, became dimly conscious of a partially wasted life. When his task was accomplished he seems to have persuaded himself that he had not devoted his earlier and later years to the vindication of Bacon's character. "It has been," he says, "my intention throughout to refrain from praise and censure alike, and I wonder how it is that people have come to the conclusion that I am an admirer of Bacon's character at all. I have certainly nowhere in this book professed any such admiration as should preclude the supposition that I disapproved of many of his actions, and even dislike many of his qualities. But my business is to tell the story, not to deliver a moral lecture upon it." The story would have been worth little without the moral lecture, if indeed the summary of the greater work, the *Evenings with a Reviewer*, were not rather a masterly forensic argument or an elaborate apology for Bacon's career. A historian or biographer scarcely deserves the name if he contents himself with recording facts while he leaves their appreciation to the uninformed reader.

Mr. Dowden has judiciously inserted one of Henry Taylor's letters to Southey which must have covered many sheets of paper. He was then twenty-five years old, and he had but lately emerged from the studious solitude of his Northern home. It is not surprising that the letter exhibits the pedantry, the solemnity, and the presumption of youth. As he assures his correspondent, who was then at the height of his literary reputation, "it is impossible that you can be aware of the irrefragable nature of the proofs whereupon the principles of Political Economy are founded." The charge was not unfounded; but it sounds strangely as a warning from a disciple to his master. In another letter Henry Taylor gravely advises Southey to leave off political writing. Not long afterwards he had shaken himself free of didactic stiffness, and he had probably learned that veteran

* *Correspondence of Henry Taylor.* Edited by Edward Dowden. London: Longmans & Co. 1888.

writers are not easily persuaded of their incompetence to deal with their favourite topics. The letters of his maturity and old age are easy and natural, and those especially which are addressed to women are often agreeably playful. He had little sense or faculty of humour, which indeed would have been less valued by the same class of correspondents. Some of his friends persuaded themselves that the *Sicilian Summer*, first published as the *Virgin Widow*, was a light and amusing comedy. It was, in truth, a mere imitation in style and language of the obsolete Elizabethan dialect and manner, and there is no passage in the play which would be likely to produce a smile. Fortunately one great literary achievement more than compensates for many partial failures. Henry Taylor's fame will rest on *Philip Van Artevelde*, which retains its deserved popularity after the lapse of sixty years. There is an interesting letter in which Macaulay, who was generally ignorant and contemptuous of the poetry of his own time, urges Taylor to select the history of Mary Queen of Scots for his next historical drama. The subject would have been in all respects preferable to *Edwin the Fair*, but the history would perhaps have been too well known for adaptation to purposes of fiction. Scott, indeed, has reproduced with admirable skill the imprisonment of Loch Leven; but his genius was peculiar to himself. Henry Taylor had little gift of delineating character, and it is difficult to take interest in episodes of English history before the Conquest. He pleased himself with the fancy, that in some of the personages of the drama he had represented the characters of his friends; but few of his readers could readily remember the [illegible] between Earl Athulf and Earl Leolf, who was supposed by the author to be A[illegible] Earl Leolf's garrulous chaplain, Wulfstan the W[illegible], is m[illegible]ly [illegible]ized as a caricature of Coleridge, [illegible] characters were not the happ[illegible] Taylor's g[illegible] Taylor himself had the good taste to p[illegible]er *St Clement's* [illegible] his [illegible]mas, with the exception of *Philip van Artevelde*. It seemed that his inspiration flowed more [illegible]ly [illegible] revert[illegible] to [illegible] and [illegible] chronicles [illegible] sense and his equable temperament [illegible] him from [illegible] disappointment of authors who [illegible] occasionally [illegible] When *Philip Van Artevelde* [illegible] famous, he [illegible] a wholesome pleasure in his triumph, [illegible] the cold rec[illegible] of his later works. He [illegible] the [illegible] of his friends [illegible] independent of his popularity. Ev[illegible] as literary [illegible] they would find in a drama which might be defective as a whole much of the imaginative th[illegible] and gnomic wisdom which had contributed t[illegible] the excellence of *Philip Van Artevelde*. Inde[illegible] [illegible]lfs and the Athulfs and Philip himself were in their re[illegible] no [illegible]er than Henry Taylor, and [illegible] contrib[illegible] the sententious harangues [illegible]

[illegible] which refer to current po[illegible] the projects of Parliamentary reform [illegible] the govern[illegible] Ireland. There are also [illegible] strictures by [illegible] on the anti-Turkish agitation which preceded and perhaps caused the Russian invasion. On the only public questions of which Sir Henry Taylor professed spec[illegible] knowledge he shared the opinions which were held by nearly all statesmen connected with the colonies fift[illegible] or twenty [illegible] ago. His [illegible] in the Office were, like himself, [illegible] to [illegible] country [illegible] the burden of em[illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] solve the connexion [illegible] popular [illegible] which [illegible] not be [illegible] been an unwor[illegible] whether it could [illegible] the [illegible] Minister who was avowedly disposed to encourage [illegible] Lord Granville; and it was in his administration [illegible] Governor-General of Canada originated the opposite policy. As long as Henry Taylor took official part in colonial affairs, he adhered to the less ambitious doctrine, and it appears from the correspondence that his able colleague Lord Blachford agreed [illegible] theory, though he might have hesitated as to [illegible] application. The controversy, or rather the one-sided d[illegible] is only w[illegible] th notice on the present occasion because [illegible] public affairs are not altogether excluded [illegible] correspondence. It was natural and right th[illegible] personal interests should take pr[illegible]

NOVELS.*

In White and Gold may be described as a woman's novel of the conventional type. The old county family, the old family mansion, the eccentric Sir Fairfax, who dies leaving an enigmatical will and an illegitimate son; the lady who marries a man whom she believes to be a thief under the impression that, as his wife, she will be unable to give evidence against him—all these are familiar to the student of fiction. At the beginning of the story we find Colonel Raymond Earle in possession of his ancestral mansion, whose corridors have "dark-polished floors and panelled walls, half-hidden by a wealth of ancient armour." His daughter, Mrs. Ker, a widow with one child, is the person from whom the book takes its name. The white is her complexion and the gold her hair and eyes. They live together, and are visited by the Colonel's nephew, Captain Anthony Earle. "Mr. Philip," the late Sir Fairfax Earle's illegitimate son, acts as bailiff to the estate. Colonel Earle is mightily disturbed in his mind; for Sir Fairfax has left his estate and fortune to him; but the fortune cannot be found, and for want of it the house is falling into ruin and the owner into bankruptcy. He is convinced that it is hidden somewhere in the house, but fails to find it. One night there is a terrible storm; part of the house is struck by lightning and falls with a crash. Mr. Philip appears and prophesies woe in the manner of Solomon Eagle, and a strange sort of game at hide and seek goes on during most of the night. Next morning a certain Captain Brassington, who is staying in the house, points out that a cavity, disclosed by the fall of the walls, must have been the hiding-place of the treasure; but the treasure is not there, and no one can tell whither it has gone. Suspicion falls on Anthony, Colonel Earle's nephew, and when from a poor man he turns into a comparatively rich one, and pays his debts with bank-notes which have been traced to Sir Fairfax, a strong *primâ facie* case seems made out against him. As Colonel Earle fails to find his property, he is compelled to let the great house and retire to a cottage in the neighbourhood, where he and his daughter live in a humble fashion. She is proposed to by every marriageable male person in the book; which considerably enlivens existence in the cottage. She thinks, as all women do in their hearts, that tea is the pleasantest meal, and tea-time the pleasantest time in the day; and shows her appreciation thereof by a tea-gown of "loose white velvet," a considerable extravagance, we should think, for one of a family whose united income amounts to 200*l.* a year, especially for "a woman whose heart is withered, and can never again put forth the blossoms of love and joy." When they are reduced to the lowest depths of bankruptcy and the cottage, she walks out, "wrapped from throat to feet in a handsome coat of gold-brown plush, with a small toque of golden-pheasant's feathers surmounting her bright hair." After this, what terrors can poverty have for any woman?

The interstices of the plot are liberally filled up with love-making. It has been observed of Miss Austen's novels that she describes the conversation of women with women, and of men with women, but never that of men with men. Mrs. Williamson is not so discreet; she describes two young men, perfect strangers, meeting on a country road in the dark—one of them escorted by a groom with a lantern, as if he were a girl—and immediately beginning to talk about love affairs. When one of them observes, "We are talking like a couple of schoolgirls," the other stoutly maintains, "I don't see why one should be afraid of sentiment. It is, after all, the one thing which makes life so full of interest. . . . Miss Lilias—oh!" Possibly women talk to one another in this strain; we can assure Mrs. Williamson that men, as far as our experience goes, never do. Nor do gentlemen say to ladies, by way of leading up to proposals of marriage, "I would rather be the slave of a Messalina than be adored by all the colourless saints in history." The utterer of this outrage "eliminates a plot." And we doubt whether a man in the country can telegraph for a special licence one afternoon and be married, not in his own parish church, next morning.

The Devil's Die, by the indefatigable Mr. Grant Allen, strikingly exemplifies several of that writer's good and bad qualities. It is a novel with a purpose—indeed, with more than one purpose—and there comes a page at which the novel ends and only the purpose remains. Even Shakspeare could not make the fifth act of *Julius Cæsar* as interesting as the third, and the surprising thing about *The Devil's Die* is, not that it should become flat after the grand climax of horror—Harry Chichele's death—but that there should be so much of the flatness. The first few lines introduce us to a Mohammedan doctor, one Mohammed Ali, M.D., who arrives at a Cornish village with a rattlesnake in a box. We expect great things from that rattlesnake, but nothing ever comes of it, and it is merely dragged in by the head and shoulders in order to introduce the story of the jealous Begum of Lucknow, who immured the slave-girl of whom she was jealous in a vault, and had her own bed placed immediately above it, that she might not miss hearing one of her starving victim's groans. This story is, we believe, perfectly true; but surely no Hindoo scheme of metempsychosis would include a *rattle*snake as a soul's possible lodging, for the simple reason that rattlesnakes are unknown in India. This snake, it seems, is brought by Mohammed Ali as a present to his friend Harry Chichele, a medical man like himself, whose *spécialité* is poisons and disease germs, bacilli, fungoid sporules, and so forth. They see a most eccentric yacht, flying an entirely novel signal of distress, although we learn that there are plenty of flags on board. The two doctors find that this vessel is plague-stricken with cholera. As the local fishermen put her in strict quarantine, they establish themselves on board. She is wrecked, but they rescue one patient, a young artist, and all three are quartered at the village rectory, where they all simultaneously fall in love with the Rector's daughter, Olwen, and Harry Chichele marries her. Mohammed, from the first, assumes that it is quite out of the question that he should marry a white woman, and complains that while his European education has unfitted him for life in the East, his colour causes him to be treated as an outcast in the West. We think that too much is made of this. Such a man as is here described, a rich, good-looking, highly-cultured Mohammedan gentleman of pure Arab descent—a man after Canon

* *In White and Gold.* By Mrs. F. H. Williamson. London: Hurst & Blackett.

The Devil's Die. By Grant Allen. London: Chatto & Windus.

Taylor's own heart—would be able, we imagine, to marry whom he would. After Olwen's marriage there appears on the scene one "Seeta" Mayne—what *could* her godfathers and godmothers have been thinking of?—who is described as a great beauty, a brilliantly successful novelist, and a person who despises the conventionalities of society. Her tirades are somewhat dull, and very long; but she takes entire possession of Harry Chichele, body and soul, and so the final catastrophe is brought about. Harry is the direct descendant of the "Begum," and, by the doctrine of heredity, has inherited her utter absence of conscience and disregard of human life when it stands in the way of his schemes. We shall tell no more of the plot, which really is a thrilling one, though, as is remarked by the writer of the *Tramp Abroad*, we "would have a speaker (or writer) stop when he is done," and not drag his unhappy example of racial hatreds through a waterless sage-bush desert, another shipwreck, and countless insults and brutalities inflicted by Americans of all sorts and conditions, which, besides being surely more than ever fell to one man's lot, do not get the story the least bit "forrarder." "Seeta" Mayne has a brother, a brainless, gambling, nigger-despising British officer, who alternately insults Mohammed and grovels before him; for he is in debt to Mohammed's father, a native banker, and Mohammed magnanimously pays his debts to save Seeta from being blackmailed by him. Altogether, such an impossible monster of unselfish virtue as Mohammed has seldom been met with, even in a novel; yet, in spite of our difficulty in accepting him as a conceivable person, the book is readable.

BOOKS ON PHILOSOPHY.*

THE temptation to which most critics and annotators of Kant seem ever likely to succumb is that of reading into his philosophy what is not really there. They keep perpetually painting their idol to ensure that its worship shall not cease. If they would only admit it, Kant is useful to them merely as a starting-point. Quite enough reverence and assiduity has been given, both in Germany and in this country, to the work of a man who still requires to be interpreted. It would be unfair to accuse Dr. Kuno Fischer of being a special sinner in this respect; but it would be idle to deny the fact that he, like the rest, is apt to create a Kant of his own, by no means corresponding exactly to the philosopher of Königsberg. The value of his work, however, lies in his acutely critical investigation of those points in Kant's system which have proved the greatest difficulty to students. So we are not surprised to find that, before we have turned over a dozen pages of the present *Critique of Kant*, we come to the old question of the "given" in experience. Not too successfully Fischer endeavours to support his master's position in this matter. "We must distinguish between phenomena and things in themselves with the utmost precision, regarding every attempt to unite the two as the cause of irremediable confusion. Now, because the objects which relate themselves to the thing-in-itself, or the relations which the latter sustains, are so numerous and so unlike, we see why the thing-in-itself appears in Kant's teaching in so many and different connexions. For it is the supersensible substratum at once of our sensibility and of the whole constitution of our knowing reason; hence it is the hidden ground of all phenomena, the objective as well as the subjective, and therefore the substratum of the entire sense-world" (pp. 27, 28). The more closely we examine such sentences as these, the more clearly does the underlying fallacy show itself. What is this thing-in-itself, and why are we compelled to believe in it? As to the latter part of the question, it would seem as though our belief was necessary only to round off the philosopher's system. At another stage of his work he introduces his transcendental *Ego*, which is equally outside of, and yet apparently essential to, all experience. And what this *Ego* is on the side of the subject he wishes to make the thing-in-itself on the side of the object. Then as to the first part of our question—the nature of the thing-in-itself—we get no satisfactory answer. Indeed, we can expect none; for how can we get definition or explanation of that which is *ex hypothesi* beyond both? True, Kant says that it is "the true correlate of our ideas"; but that scarcely explains anything. If we have to go beyond thought for this "true correlate," how can we know that it exists as a correlate or is true? It is (p. 32) "an object which we by no means know, and of which we can never obtain a notion." In the long run we find that it is nothing more nor less than a dismal and empty abstraction, whose introduction as something important into Kant's work was the cause of the most unfortunate of its difficulties. Fischer seems to hold that the thing-in-itself is somehow a safeguard against subjective idealism, and that without it the sense-world we conceive would be a dream—"a dream common to us all, to be sure, and harmonious in itself, but yet a purely subjective image without actual ground or consistence." Now the longer and the more carefully we examine into the nature of the Kantian thing-in-itself, the more hopelessly baffled must we be in our endeavour to discover what this "actual ground or consistence" means.* Why "actual," unless that word means apart from thought? and what is apart from thought except the inconceivable or the absurd? The primary error of Kant is carried on into his doctrine of the Practical Reason, where its essential dualism is manifestly demonstrated. To a certain extent, it might even be said that it was Kant's desire to give a fictitious importance to the things in themselves which led to his doctrine of freedom and to his theory of the primacy of the practical reason. It has been said with considerable force of truth by many of his critics that his ideal of freedom is a negative one. Fischer seems to make an endeavour to get out of this difficulty by saying that "it becomes clear that the entire sense-world, unobstructed as to its own laws, constitutes a necessary member and an integral part of the moral world; that it is compassed and swayed by the latter; and that the laws of nature are subordinate to the laws of freedom, although they are thereby in no way suspended or annulled." If, however, we read this statement in the light of Kant's own work, it is necessary to remember that the ideal of freedom is only realized when the subordination of the laws of nature is made complete; else why should the philosopher have found it necessary immediately afterwards to introduce his conception of God? That is brought in for the purpose of reconciling from the outside the contradictions which inevitably arise between the two sets of laws. If "the goal of our will is, according to the law of freedom, the *purity* of volition," does not that show that there is such a contradiction, and that the sensuous element which enters, and is recognized as motive, is somehow wrong and impure? A freedom which is gained merely by negation is scarcely worth the name. The purity of volition, we even find, is with Kant held to be impossible of attainment in a temporal life. (Even Fischer is inclined to desert him here.) Hence comes the doctrine of immortality as a sort of corollary to that of freedom, and the conception of God as the moral ground of the world and the promise of its attaining its moral end. His critic wisely enough points out that the notion of retributory rewards and punishments had too strong a hold upon his mind; but even he does not seem to see that it is exactly upon these that Kant makes his famous moral argument depend. That the philosopher tried to work out his ideas consistently is evident from other parts of his writings, as *e.g.* when we find him, in what Fischer calls his "Doctrine of Development," still holding on to the primacy of the practical reason:—"The question concerning the thing-in-itself as the ground of being of all phenomena, carries us back to the *original ground* of things. This, according to Kant, becomes intelligible to us from no phenomenon, of whatever sort it may be, but solely from the final end of the world—*i.e.* from the end which our reason, by means of its freedom from the world we conceive (sense-world), posits for itself, and realizes through the purification of the will." This is, at any rate, perfectly consistent, while at the same time it retains that negative notion of freedom whose weakness has already been pointed out.

The main objection to Dr. Kuno Fischer's own criticisms on Kant, which take up the latter part of this volume, is that they are stated in too brief and condensed a form. The development of the post-Kantian philosophy reads more like a catalogue than as a piece of historical criticism. On p. 130 the writer seems still to linger among a crowd of misconceptions as to the nature of freedom. On the following pages, however, there are some acute remarks on the contradiction between the doctrines of knowledge and development. "It consists in ascribing the character of phenomenon to development, and at the same time denying its scientific knowableness. The Kantian philosophy teaches the unknowableness of thing-in-itself and the knowableness of phenomenon: this, its foundation doctrine, is shattered as soon as it sees itself obliged to recognize either the knowableness of the former or the unknowableness of the latter. To such a recognition it is brought by its doctrine of development. Without the knowledge of the end, or of the thing-in-itself, which underlies the development of things, this development is an incomprehensible, unknowable phenomenon, and therefore, in strictness, no phenomenon at all. If the immanent end of things is not apparent to us, then certainly there *appears* to us no development in the nature of things." There is a good examination further on of the differences between the first and second editions of the Critique in the "Refutation of Idealism."

The latest addition to the excellent series known as "Griggs's Philosophical Classics" is *Hegel's Philosophy of the State and of History*. The work is done by Professor George S. Morris, of Michigan, and is entitled an "exposition." That is to say, it is not a translation, but so far as possible a faithful and complete analysis. The philosophy of history has been sufficiently well translated already in Bohn's series; but, good as that translation is, we think that Professor Morris's work will be found at once more compact and more intelligible. On the other hand, the *Philosophie des Rechts* has never, so far as we remember, been rendered in English at all. The difficulty about translations is not only that they often fail to catch the exact peculiarities of the author's meaning, but that, by adhering somewhat too closely to the original, they are apt to make—as in the case of both Kant and Hegel—the study of their work a sufficiently perplexing task. The fault, however, is not as a rule that of the translators, but that of the writers themselves. Dr. Morris and his coadjutors have discovered a more excellent way. They endeavour to

* *A Critique of Kant.* By Kuno Fischer, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Heidelberg. Translated from the German by W. S. Hough. Authorized English edition. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1888.

Hegel's Philosophy of the State and of History. An Exposition by George S. Morris, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Michigan. London: Trübner & Co.

Ethical Forecasts. Essays by William F. Revell. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

From Within. By George Harwood, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co.

state in intelligible language the meaning and line of argument of the books which they take up more fully than that task is accomplished in an ordinary history of philosophy, and yet without going into unnecessary detail. The second part of this small volume is that which is the more familiar to English students of Hegel, but will be none the less prized, since not only is it clear and succinct, but also because it takes up every important point in the original work. The first part of the volume contains the Philosophy of the State, which is not less valuable although not so well known. Here we have Hegel as the political philsopher of Germany; and, notwithstanding a slight protest from Professor Morris, it is in this light that we are bound to look at him. The work is practically an *apologia*; and there are traces of the author's intention all through it. That, however, does not lessen its worth, which is greater than that of any similar treatise we know. It deals, as might be expected, heavy enough blows at Materialism, and the abstract Individualism with which that is generally connected in politics. As that Individualism, however, generally runs into the opposite extreme (as *e.g.* in the current Socialism of England), Hegel is not less severe in his condemnation of that side of the question. Theories which make the State supreme, to the exclusion of personal freedom, are quite as hardly treated as those which base all social relations—as those of the Family and the State—on contract. Neither point of view is sufficient of itself. It is the old story of the universal and the particular. Either of them taken by itself remains in abstract isolation, and the full truth of each is only found when we have also taken into consideration the other. To put it in a more familiar form, it is the story of *Imperium et Libertas* worked fully out. The duties of the members towards the State are measured by the rights they enjoy in it. In accomplishing his duty, Hegel insists, the individual must find his own personal satisfaction; yet, although that is the case, he elsewhere points out that the former and not the latter should be his immediate aim. His doctrine is the very converse of that held by many Utilitarians, who make the first end of the individual a particular one for himself, and then explain this away by saying that he will never attain it save by making for the common end. Hegel, on the other hand, begins with the Universal, which, from a philosophic point of view, is the truer and higher way. The most remarkable thing about his political philosophy is the thorough and complete fashion in which it sweeps away the absurd and fantastic theories of modern "philosophical Radicalism"—whether in the guise of extreme individual (self-willed) liberty or in that of State Socialism. Not only students of philosophy, but many others who consider themselves more practical, have reason to thank Professor Morris for his excellent and painstaking work.

The four rather clever, and certainly not uninteresting essays published by Mr. William F. Revell under the title of *Ethical Forecasts* might be taken as significant of the direction in which a great deal of modern speculation is going. That they should display some looseness of thought as well as some inaccuracies was perhaps to be expected; but that, considering both their starting-point and their conclusion, they should show so much apparent reverence will be to many readers a matter of some surprise. The first essay is occupied with a search for a criterion of truth—the truth of religion. And here occurs the author's initial mistake. He holds that what is a criterion of scientific truth—truth about matter—should be used in the other and higher sphere; and he states the result of his search simply enough. "Our thoughts about anything are true when they correspond to that thing; our statements about it are true when they accurately describe it." He does not seem to see that it is thought itself which gives reality to "that thing," and that, in order to decide whether there is the correspondence he desires, there should be some external arbiter. The distinction he makes is not only arbitrary but apt to become delusive. "Truth in religion," he tells us, "is the same thing as truth in science"—a statement which, as expressing what is plainly the author's opinion that the higher is to be explained by the lower, may be immediately dismissed. To set up "our thoughts and beliefs on the one hand, and objective realities on the other," is to repeat the most grievous error into which would-be philosophers have fallen. It is to begin with an impassable gulf and then to ask for a bridge—to make a process impossible and then ask how it is to be accomplished. We are ready enough to admit that Mr. Revell's criticisms on Professor Drummond's book are in the main right enough; but they really go upon the very ground which a reviewer of the critic himself might take up—namely, that the book contains the application of impossible categories to spiritual things. It is fair enough to rebuke Mr. Drummond's high-handed treatment of the Agnostics; but it is going much too far to tell us that Agnosticism is "the expression of intellectual and spiritual sanity." Logically, Agnosticism needs no gospel and certainly no defenders of its want of faith. When it becomes more than an individual attitude it ceases to deserve its name. In his second essay the author speaks of the "Prospective Readjustment of Religion." Starting with Mr. Herbert Spencer's half-truth that life is the continuous adjustment of internal to external relations, he endeavours to show that "Christianity must re-arrange itself and accommodate itself to the modes of thought and ideas of the age"; here, again, ignoring an important fact—that Christianity has done more to create and foster these modes of thought and ideas than any other factor in the world's history that can be mentioned. At a further stage we are informed that evolution "is a fairly probable hypothesis, while creation . . . cannot be said to be a probable hypothesis." Once more the author has gone too far and too fast. We will not discuss his statement, but we may surely say that neither theologians nor scientific men are likely to call in Mr. Revell to say the final or conclusive word on questions long disputed and certainly never yet settled. A little further on we read that "Pantheism is only nature touched with imagination and emotion." Whose Pantheism, please? Certainly not that of Spinoza, to whom the finite world was nothing, and the Infinite all in all. The lower form of it—what might be called the false Pantheism—is much nearer to those supporters of the theory of evolution, whose follower Mr. Revell seems proud to be. And how does he "re-adjust" religion? By leaving out God, and recognizing "the tendency of the laws of human evolution to be in the direction of increasing perfectness of life." It seems we are consequently "becoming inspired by a larger spirit of humanity and broader and deeper social feelings to devote our energies to the realization of those lofty human ideals towards which mankind is slowly moving. Perhaps such an intellectual and moral attitude as this may not unfitly be described as religious, since it is a genuine continuation of the old religious life of mankind," and so on. Will those who represent the old religious life of mankind be satisfied with this genuine continuation or readjustment? And, if mankind is slowly moving in the proper direction, how can we possibly interfere? Has not one of the prophets of evolution told us that we are each and all the result of "incalculable antecedent force"? Mr. Revell answers in his next essay, which is the best of the four, because it practically destroys the rest. What we cannot understand is how a man who can tell us on p. 128 that "matter and motion must be interpreted in terms of consciousness, and not consciousness in terms of matter and motion," should have written as he has done not only about the criterion of truth, but about religion generally. But we really can follow Mr. Revell no further. The last essay in the volume is a very mediocre one. All through the author's fault has been to ride his evolution hobby wherever it seemed to be even likely to go. At the same time, we are ready to admit that, with all its inaccuracies and transparent contradictions, his little book is rather an interesting one.

An author who looks upon the doctrine of evolution in quite another way is Mr. George Harwood, M.A., whose *From Within* is a suggestive and thoroughly readable book, although its philosophy is somewhat defective. It is a curious experience to pass from an author who practically banishes God and deities human evolution to another who carefully proceeds from the "person within" to a great Personality without. Looked at generally, Mr. Harwood's argument may be described as that of Paley in another form. It is open to the same objections as the latter—the principal one being that the "Person without" which it gives us is not fully adequate to the idea of God. Some of Mr. Harwood's arguments are not very conclusive. For instance, we read that, if Life "had existed from all eternity, it would long ago have worked out all its developments; for these would only require a certain amount of that time of which eternity is the endless duration. But, since these developments are still proceeding, we are compelled to believe that there must have been a Life-Appearing epoch; and this belief involves the intervention of a new Cause; and such an intervention involves a new act of Will." There is here a false idea of Eternity—only too common in popular writers. Besides this, there is something like an assumption as to the time required for, and the nature of, development. There is also the difficulty, already noticed, that a new Cause and a new act of Will do not really give the God whom such writers as Mr. Harwood expect and profess to find. We have also an objection to the author's psychology, which proceeds in the old fashion to map out Force, Memory, Will, Intellect, and Soul as "concurrent phenomena" within ourselves. The kind of process implied here is that of the ordinary consciousness, which is scarcely a safe guide in philosophical matters. One other remark may be made. Mr. Harwood finds his way too easily from his primary conception of the "Person without" to the doctrines of the Incarnation and of the Trinity. Really, however, the book ought not to be looked upon as a philosophical treatise. Rather it is an honest man's attempt to analyse the process by which he has come to his present standpoint of belief; an endeavour to explain the steps—not always consciously taken—by which he has reached his spiritual position. Read in this light, the book will be found to contain much good thought and feeling.

WASHINGTON AND HIS COUNTRY.*

READERS with a feeling for literature do not like abridgments, and there is something they like even less. It is the intrusion of new matter into an old text. As *Washington and his Country* is an abridgment of Irving's well-known Life, and as Mr. Fiske has "interwoven" additions of his own, his book must be condemned on general principles. Still it is entitled to extenuating circumstances. The publishers intend it to be used in American schools only, and for the wholesome purpose of improving the study of history in those abodes of learning. They

* *Washington and his Country; being Irving's Life of Washington. Abridged for the use of Schools. With Introduction and Continuation, giving a Brief Outline of United States History from the Discovery of America to the End of the Civil War.* By John Fiske. Boston: Ginn & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

hold the sound faith that early familiarity with literature "will tend to the cultivation of a taste for good reading and a ready use of the mother-tongue." We were not aware that young America wanted any help to readiness in the use of his mother-tongue, but Messrs. Ginn & Co. doubtless secretly meant that he needed help to use it better. In this respect the reading of Washington Irving will undoubtedly serve him, and if he proceeds from the study of parts of that elegant writer at school to the study of all of him, out of it, the publishers and their editor will not have toiled in vain. Of Mr. Fiske's own share in the volume we can speak well. Here and there traces are to be found of old platitudes—such, for instance, as the application to James I. of the adjectives "obstinate and tyrannical," and certain little glorifications over the naval victories of 1812. This, however, is right and proper, though it is silly in Mr. Fiske to say that the sinking of the *Alabama* which "was British built and manned by British seamen and gunners . . . seemed to teach a similar lesson to those" of the earlier war. In a sense it does, for it shows that the stronger, more heavily armed, and better manned vessel can beat the weaker; but then that rather takes the gilt off the glories of 1812. Again, there are a few repetitions of old mistakes. The story of Coligny's colony in Florida, and the vengeance of Gourgues, is told as if Mr. Parkman had never written, or Mr. Justin Winsor had never edited. Still, on the whole, Mr. Fiske's outline of United States history before and after Washington is sound and well written. He is a strong Free-trader, with which we find no fault, and makes some excellent observations on the illustrations of Socialism afforded by the early history of Virginia. Mr. Fiske is a strong Federal and Anti-slavery man, but he tells the history of the years before the Civil War without rancour, and he arranges his facts clearly. His estimates of his countrymen are properly patriotic. The only egregious absurdity we have noted is in the statement that Daniel Webster was "probably the greatest orator that ever lived, after Demosthenes and Chatham; and as a master of the English language he was superior to Chatham." Has Mr. Fiske got a copy of Chatham's speeches? When Messrs. Ginn & Co. have had their way with the young generation there will, we devoutly hope, be less windy tall talk in America.

OUR SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.*

THIS amusing volume is written with two special aims—the first that of emulation of Sterne, the second that of reproof of Mr. Ruskin. The two themes—the bright and the dark, the Sterne and the Ruskin—constantly reappear as in the progress of a piece of concerted music. Sterne, as is generally known, journeyed sentimentally through France from north to south, and left a unique little record of his travels, infinitely delightful to the wise, infinitely annoying to prigs and to the whole race of Smelfungus. Mr. Ruskin, in one of the funniest of his tilts against the windmills of modern life, has stated, "I not only object, but am quite prepared to spend all my best bad language in reprobation of bi-tri-and-4-5-6 or 7 cycles, and every other contrivance and invention for superseding human feet on God's ground." Mr. and Mrs. Pennell crossed France almost in the very track of Sterne, with the light of his sentimental presence on them, and endeavouring, with the most respectful humility, to live up to his experience. They travelled, for speed and cheapness, on a tricycle, which they were sure that Sterne would have preferred for the purpose to a railway carriage. But they could not forget those cruel words of Mr. Ruskin, and in a very pretty dedication to Sterne they invoke his genial shade to shield them from Ruskinian arrows. So that the whole book has the air of describing how they played in the French sunshine with the Sentimentalist, their pleasure being only damped by a vision of the Sage of Coniston with a birch behind every doorway.

It is Mrs. Pennell who supplies the letterpress, Mr. Pennell being occupied with the drawings. Enough will have been said to show that Mrs. Pennell belongs, in this book at least, to that small class of writers who have devoted themselves to a conscious study of the style of Sterne. She does not reflect it quite as completely as Mlle. de l'Espinasse did in her fragments of a new *Tristram Shandy*, but the effort has been sufficient to strengthen her hand and give delicacy as well as definition to her writing. What the adventures of the happy couple on their machine were must not be told here, for the book has no plot, and is a mere chain of episodes. There is a great deal of humour, and neither author nor illustrator shrinks from telling a story against themselves. Mrs. Pennell, as readers of her earlier works may remember, is a student of Romany, and prides herself on her gipsy conversation. But pride may have a fall. This is what happened at Pont-de-Brique:—

> I saw, under the shade of a clump of trees, a green cart with windows and chimney, a horse grazing near by, and a man and woman sitting in front of a fire kindled on the grass. I walked towards the cart—
>
> "*Kushto divvus, Pal te Pen*" ("Good day, brother and sister"), said I.
>
> "What?" asked the woman, without looking up from the tin-pan she was mending.
>
> "Kushto divvus," said I louder, adding "Me stom une Romany chi" ("I'm a gipsy").
>
> "Comment?" she repeated peevishly. "I do not understand you."
>
> I chaffed them in my best Romany, but they took no further heed. I tried French. I said I was a gipsy, come from over the seas with news of their brothers in America.
>
> "But we're not gipsies," said they; "we live in Boulogne, and we're busy."
>
> I declare I never was so snubbed in my life.

It was, indeed, enough to take the Romany out of any one for life.

English artists not of the very latest growth, and especially those whose training was at Barbizon, will read with regret the pages in which Mrs. Pennell describes their visit to that Mecca of landscape-painting. They found the peasants, or thought they found them, posing in pathetic hopelessness in a carefully selected middle distance, and at the mere sight of a sketch-book an old woman, in proper Millet costume, stopped short on her homeward way to strike a weary attitude on a heap of stones. But in the village itself they were struck by the air of artistic decline. Not only its great masters, but even the secondary lights of Barbizon, have deserted it. The Exhibition, as Mrs. Pennell says, with a sarcasm which is a little too emphatic, "was a shade worse than the Royal Academy, and at a first glance appeared to be a collection of fireworks." Altogether, they formed the impression that the extraordinary and unique charm which fostered artistic life in Barbizon has evaporated, and that it is already a piece of artistic history. Mrs. Pennell says:—

> From what we saw in Barbizon, I do not think it improbable that in another generation there will not be an artist in the village, and that Millet will have been forgotten by the villagers. Though his family still live there, the children of the place seem to know nothing of his greatness. The first boys of whom we asked the way to the house pointed vaguely down the long winding street, and thought, but were not quite sure, we should find it if we kept straight on. After we left the Exhibition, other boys whom we questioned declared they had never heard the name of Millet; and, when we refused to let them off so easily, told us we must go back in the very direction from which we had come. No, we insisted, it was not there.
>
> "Ah!" they thought, "*Monsieur* must mean *Monsieur Millet le charbonnier!*"
>
> Such is fame at home!

They found the Maison Millet at last—a grey cottage, roofed with brown moss, not other than its neighbours. They heard a clatter of plates and voices, and with good taste refrained from asking to see the interior. They hurried on rather to Siron's, where the first object that shocked them was a waiter in a dress-coat, which was not what they had gone to Barbizon to see. They next ordered *groseille*, for which they had to pay double the ordinary price. They moralized over the contrast between Millet's long-drawn poverty and the wealth his name has brought to the ungrateful village, and they were glad to hurry out of Barbizon into what Evelyn calls the "horrid and solitary" Forest of Fontainebleau.

Of course in every town and village the tricycle was an object of extreme curiosity. The peasants were pretty well accustomed to the old bone-shaking velocipedes, but the neat, swift, and perilous-looking tricycle filled them with amazement. It is evident that there was a dark side to the journey, and one which was not wholly sentimental. Mrs. Pennell must possess good muscles and an excellent constitution; but there are signs to show that she found her necessary share of the work of progress not a little tiring, and sometimes even distressing. The plate on p. 174 shows the couple gaily careering away on a level road in the morning freshness, and nothing could be merrier; but the vignette at the bottom of p. 183 is the reverse of the medal. This is really agonizing: seventy kilomètres under a blazing sun and against the wind on the road from Neuvy to Cosne was no joke, and on this occasion Mrs. Pennell admits that "every turn of the pedals I felt must be my last." She had been preceded, however:—

> In Montargis we heard for the first time the story of the lady tricycler, afterwards repeated at almost every stage of our journey. The landlady served it to us with the dessert. Only a few days before, it seemed, two gentlemen arrived, each riding a velocipede, and each wearing long stockings and short pantaloons, like *Monsieur*.
>
> "Show these gentlemen to No. 14," she said to the chambermaid. "Take these towels up to *ces messieurs* in No. 14," she said to the same chambermaid a few minutes later. When the dinner-bell rang there came down from No. 14 not two gentlemen, but a gentleman and a lady: and, if we would believe it, the lady had on a black silk dress. And the next morning, by my faith, two gentlemen rode away!

We shall, however, we are sure, do Mrs. Pennell no injustice when we confess that the main charm of this volume lies in its profuse and beautiful illustrations, lavished almost upon every page. Mr. Pennell's work in black and white is well known, his faculty of rendering the salient features of architecture seen in a bright light, his picturesque grouping of buildings against the sky. There are some very characteristic examples here of this his old and familiar manner, such as the street in Calais, with the great steepled church at the end, opposite p. 6; the grey cluster of the walls and turrets of Nemours, on p. 162; and the winding street and steep roofs of La Charité, opposite p. 200. But Mr. Pennell is opening out new fields. His figures used to be grotesquely bad, as bad as Turner's; but it is not so now. Nothing could be happier than the proud *commis-voyageur* opposite p. 179, or than the vintagers working in the hot sunlight. Towards the end of the book are some humorous parodies of other people's illustrations. On p. 225 is a drawing dedicated "to the shade of Vierge," whose genius had something kindred to that of Mr. Pennell, although it would be absurd to pretend that the American artist yet approaches the quality of his unfortunate predecessor's work. No less amusing to those who know the original is the sentimental picture of Maria, after Louis Deschamps, on p. 207.

* *Our Sentimental Journey through France and Italy.* By Joseph and Elizabeth Robins Pennell. London: Longmans & Co. 1888.

These illustrations, especially the landscapes, have the air of being diminished by some mechanical process from much larger drawings. This is probably the reason why some of them seem spotty and ineffectual; it being certain that the mechanical dwarfing of a work in black and white destroys in some degree, and in a manner for which it would be difficult to account, the exact value of the lines and masses. This cannot be avoided, we suppose; but it is one of the reasons which keep us from being entirely delighted with the various artistic processes which are now in fashion.

KEY'S LATIN DICTIONARY.*

PROFESSOR KEY died at the end of 1875, having devoted his last twenty years to what he intended to be the great work of his life—a dictionary of the Latin language which would satisfy the requirements of mature scholars. Unfortunately, he did not complete more than one-third of the enormous task which he had undertaken, but it was most properly decided that his unfinished researches should be revised and completed " by another hand." Again, unfortunately, that " other hand " was occupied with keeping a good many other classical irons in the fire; and, " after a lapse of time, which is greatly to be regretted," it has been decided to print Professor Key's MS. " as nearly as possible " in the state in which he left it. It is difficult to find fault with the pious wish to construct a solid memorial of a life honestly and successfully devoted to the service of Latinity. It is from this point of view that we must regard the present publication; we must not estimate its value as if it were intended to displace, or even partially to supersede, the most imperfect of our existing dictionaries. The writer of the Preface goes too far when he declares that this instalment of Professor Key's work, in spite of its incompleteness, is almost as valuable as if he had lived to finish it himself. There is a touch of pathos in the prudent resolution, conceived by Professor Key as soon as he foresaw the improbability of carrying his task out to the end, to apply himself in the first instance to " those words throughout the Alphabet which he considered to require novel or special treatment." Writing in the year before his death, he said that he had already included " nearly all those words in which he thought himself able to make some improvement."

Having left the unimportant parts to be supplied after his death, and having trusted that the completed parts would receive a final revision, he cannot have anticipated that after twelve years of regretted but unexplained delay his work would be published in anything like its present form. Externally the book is handsome to sumptuousness; that was the concern of the Cambridge University Press. Nor have we any wish to disparage the labours of those who undertook to pass such a book through the press; the " peculiar difficulties " may be at once admitted; but there is no excuse for some of " the imperfections which might have been, but have not been, removed." It is a small matter in itself, but it is indicative of a perfunctory performance, that the Greek words quoted in the various articles have been consistently printed without their accents and generally without their breathings. The list of the authors quoted in the book does not even profess to be complete; this would not have been a very difficult matter to rectify, and such value as the list might have possessed for students is greatly impaired by the omission of the ascertained or generally assigned dates. The maker of a dictionary is not to be pinned down to give a positive opinion on the not quite settled date of a writer like Avianus; and the succession of all the more important authors ought to be as well known to an ordinary scholar as the list of Roman emperors to a numismatist; but a man may be a tolerably mature Latinist, and yet confess to feeling some uncertainty as to the periods in which some of the legal, medical, and other specialist authorities wrote and flourished. We do not pretend to have examined more than a small proportion of the articles on words; but we have come upon several cases of palpable oversight in the part which professes to be complete—as, for instance, s.v. *avocamentum*.

Consistently with his self-denying ordinance, Professor Key left among his omitted words many of those which are most disputed or most settled. We look in vain for *exul*, for *instar*, for *provincia*, and for *titulus*. So far as we can trace any but a subjective plan of inclusion or omission, Professor Key seems to have contented himself with discussing one of several cognate words; thus he takes *fabulor* and leaves *fabula*, *fabularis*, *fabulatio*, *fabulator*, *fabulositas*, and *fabulosus*, as well as *fābŭlis* and *făbŭlus*. The letter A is said to be " filled in "; but we find many omissions, not of common and important words, that is true; but it is for the sake of the uncommon and unimportant words that most mature students have recourse to a dictionary. Nor does *Aborigines* fall under either of these heads. *Absurditas*, again, is just one of those words which ought to be included in a dictionary or omitted only because it never existed. Under *barbarus* it seems that Professor Key has been misunderstood or too literally understood—two things which are not seldom identical. He is made to say that the word is borrowed from the Egyptian language, and, in support of this untenable view, to quote (without accents) the familiar passage from Herodotus:—*βαρβαρους οἱ Αιγυπτιοι καλεουσι τους μη σφισι ὁμογλωσσους*. Many of Professor Key's derivations are more novel than plausible; some of them are as antiquated as they are plainly ridiculous. It is possible that the fantastic etymology which disfigures many of Professor Key's otherwise valuable articles may have helped to prevent his work from being completed by any other scholar. The corrections and omissions would have had to be carried out on a grand scale; and in this respect Professor Key's work would have been altered beyond his own recognition. *Venus* is conjectured to have been a neuter substantive from *ven-*, come, " with notion of union, and so love, kindly fitness, whence grace and good luck." The change of gender is explained by the analogy of *Cupido*; and the transition of meanings is compared with our *comely* and *becoming*. Under *locuples* it is hinted that the original form may have been *locuplex*; " *locus* and *pol* for *multus plus* " is suggested as a derivation; Cicero and other guessing etymologists are quoted, without disapproval, in support of *locus* and *pleo*, because in Ovid's words,

> Aut pecus aut latam dives habebat humum;
> Hinc etiam locuples, hinc ipsa pecunia dicta est.

Vellus is connected with *vellere* on the authority of Varro:—" Pastores Palatini ex ovibus ante tonsuram inventam vellere lanam sunt soliti: ex quo vellera dicuntur." The original meaning of *elementa* is defined as the A B C, or Alpha-beta, in order to support the fanciful derivation from L M N; but Professor Key hints dissent in the parenthetic question, " Why these selected ? " Under *extemplo*, while he records the older form *ex-tempulo*, he explains and appears to approve " Serv. ad. A. I. 92." Here *templum* is defined as " locus manu auguris designatus in aere [probably also in terra] post quem factum illico captantur auguria." That is to say, in some cases the *augur* would have to consult his *libri*, in others he might report *ex-templo*. Varro and others are again followed, without much hesitation, in connecting *concilio* with *cilia*, and the word is made to denote the weaving of fibres together; thus " vestimentum apud fullonem quum cogitur conciliari [al. *consiliari*] dicitur." The familiar derivation is not mentioned. So, again, *ærumna* is connected with *μεριμνα* (*sic*) in the sense of an allotted task. It may be admitted that the alternative derivations offered in other dictionaries are not much better; either the one from *ægrimonia* (like *jumentum* from *jugum*) or the other which associates it with *ærumnula*, the stick which supports a traveller's bundle.

Apart from the etymology (which is often ingenious without being unsound, though it belongs to an unscientific era), most of the articles which have been tested show the signs of patient, and sometimes of original, research. Professor Key was no copyist of other men's work, and his Dictionary will be found by those who use it with discretion to throw much new light on many old words, particularly on the usages among the earlier Latin writers. The citations are full; and the references, so far as they have been put to the proof, are correct. It is a pity that the convenience of the eye has not been consulted by variation of the types. Beautifully as the book is printed, it is fatiguing to use it for a prolonged course of references. Otherwise the articles are unusually readable, and it would not be an unpleasant amusement to a scholar to open this Dictionary at hazard and study a few pages at a time. Professor Key is not afraid of throwing out suggestive and almost chatty remarks. On *caballus* he argues for an originally dignified connotation as accounting for the derivatives " cavalry," " cavalier," and " chivalry." If *caballus* properly signified " a sorry nag," the usages of Juvenal and Seneca must be regarded as ironical; but " a word is oftener degraded than promoted." Under *abolla*, quoting *facinus majoris abollæ*, Professor Key quietly remarks, " a phrase but ill explained." *Abdomen* is derived from *abdo*, and defined as " a place for stowing things away," and support is supposed to be given by " the slang use of bread-basket." The familiar identification of *adolesco* (to grow) with *adolesco* (to burn) is mentioned without comment, but Professor Key implies his own opinion by separating his two articles. *Æstumo*, the old form of *æstimo*, implies in his opinion a substantive *æstumus* (analogous to *æditumus*, a temple-warden), meaning a money-warden, whose business would include valuing or assaying coins. (Perhaps Professor Key would see a similar idea of wardenship in the termination of words like *finitumus* and *maritumus*.) *Autumo* seems to him to imply a superlative adjective *autumus*, " perhaps a variety of *extimus* or rather a lost *ectimus*." For the transition of meanings Professor Key compares the English *out* and *utter* as well as the Latin juridical use of *intimare*. The theory is not convincing, but it deserves consideration in default of any better explanation than the common one (*autumo* for *aitumo*, a lengthened form of *aio*, like *negumo* for *nego*). The fairest way to give an idea of Professor Key's work is to analyse at length one of his more important articles, preferably from the letter A, because that professes to be nearly complete, as *e.g.* on *ærarius*. First, he gives the original signification " made of copper or connected with copper "; next, " of or pertaining to money "; then he mentions *tribunus ærarius*, for which he gives the reference " See *tribunus* " (an article not inserted); then he passes to the substantival use, " a worker in copper and (afterwards) in other metals." The legal use of *ærarius* is by implication restricted to a Roman who had been *degraded* from all his rights as a citizen. The claims of *ræraria* to be regarded as a feminine substantive are not admitted without hesitation; and *ærarium* is settled in seven lines as " the place in

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* *A Latin-English Dictionary.* Printed from the Unfinished MS. of the late Thomas Hewitt Key, M.A., F.R.S., Professor of Comparative Grammar, and formerly of Latin, in University College, London. Cambridge: University Press. 1888.

which the public treasure was kept." There is no mention of the familiar distinction between *ærarium* and *fiscus*; none of the *ærarium militare*; none of *quæstores ærarii*; none of the public documents which were stored in the *ærarium*. All of these are matters which would more properly be discussed in a "dictionary of antiquities," but in a dictionary of language it is misleading not to refer to them. The article on *heres* is in most respects adequate, but it contains no reference to the final syllable having been shortened by a late Latin writer. Professor Key's articles on the letters of the alphabet are written in a very interesting and skilful manner, especially in the letter C. He traces it from its original sound, equivalent at first to *g*, and sometimes interchangeable with it, as also with *qu*, *q* and *u cons.* He describes the dropping of *c* at the beginnings of words, as in (*c*)*acumen* and (*c*)*ubi*, and in the middles, as in *viretum* for *virectum*, and (so far as pronunciation goes) in *lacruma*, &c., and from the end of the stem in words like *ensi*- as compared with *ensiculus*. Then he traces the correspondence between Latin *c* and Greek *π*, as well as the rustic Italian *p*, as in *ἵππος*, *equus*, *ecus*, and in *columba*, *palumbes*. Finally, he works out the transformation which the Latin *c* has undergone in various modern languages. It will be seen that no reference is made to the late and provincial pronunciation of *c* as equivalent to *sh* as in words like *conducticius*. But Professor Key's work must not be judged by omissions, which would have been supplied, or by mistakes, which would have been corrected, if he had been spared to complete the work which he so courageously undertook. Even as it stands it will have a life of its own; but its more permanent existence will be found in the improved Latinity of those scholars who will assimilate, reproduce, and develop the better parts of its teaching.

LETTERS OF RADCLIFFE AND JAMES.*

ALTHOUGH this volume is neither so interesting nor so instructive as most of the other publications of the Oxford Historical Society, it contains some illustrations of Oxford life that justify its appearance, and it is carefully and elaborately edited. It consists of letters, written for the most part by singularly uninteresting people, between 1755 and 1783, and the notices it gives of the state of the University during that period relate only to Queen's College. The letters are all written either by or to a certain Cumberland clergyman named James, or his son John, both members of Queen's, and the letters of the younger James, the editor's great-grandfather on the maternal side, are specially worth preserving, because they present some picture of an undergraduate's life and studies in the latter part of the eighteenth century. Richard Radcliffe, who wrote the first sixteen letters in the volume, was a taberdar and Fellow of Queen's; he held a living in Lincolnshire, and, though he became bursar of his college, did not come into residence. "I would," he writes, "almost as soon be confined to Solway Moss as within the walls of a college." He complains bitterly of the slowness of promotion, and indeed seems to have been specially unlucky; for he was nineteen years before he arrived at his fellowship, and "thirty years without having had the offer of any preferment from the college"; he was much aggravated by the unreasonable age to which his seniors lived, and speaks despairingly of the "old dons" as "immortal." There is nothing of any value in his letters, except a curious account of his inoculation, and of the treatment he underwent before and after the operation. Another of the elder James's friends was John Boucher, a less commonplace man, who had kept a school and held some livings in the American colonies, and had been forced to return to England by the rebellion. A curious story is given by the editor from some extracts that appeared in *Notes and Queries* from Boucher's Autobiography. He was hindered from preaching by a party of armed men, and when at his pulpit steps collared their leader, and threatened to blow his brains out with a pistol he carried ready cocked in his hand. He became Curate of Paddington, and kept a school there. His letters are dull enough, and only serve as connecting links between the letters of his friends Dr. James and his son John. Dr. James also kept a school, first at St. Bees, and then at his Cumberland living, and his son became Boucher's usher and succeeded to his father's rectory. This son, whose letters written during his undergraduate days take up most of the volume, was a good and clever lad, and a most amazing prig. His letters are ludicrously affected. He visits his brother in London when on his way from Cumberland to enter at Queen's, and writes to his father—"Hail! But a truce to all soliloquy. I have neither time nor inclination to describe, nor you to hear, my sentiments, or rather feelings, at the sight of this huge, overgrown, dropsical city. On pen to something more interesting! See! my brother!" Of another undergraduate from Cumberland who had shown him some civility he says that he cannot "see anything in his company worth courting; his knowledge extends little farther than grammar and syntax," adding "he is a lad of good morals as far as I know."

After reading many pages of this young prig's letters, we were refreshed by finding that his father and his friend and admirer Boucher at last came to the conclusion that it was advisable to warn him against conceit. Of course he has nothing to say about the amusements, or anything worth reading about the social life, of men of his own standing at Oxford, and his letters are generally filled with accounts of his studies. Queen's seems to have been in a bad state. Little help was given to an undergraduate who wished to read; "no mode [of study] —no plan—not even a book beside a logic or ethic compend was recommended"; the resident Fellows "spent half their time in poring over newspapers and smoking tobacco." Dr. James speaks indignantly of the "vile impositions practised by these people under the liberal pretence of educating youth," and young James is sorry to find "the injunctions of his tutor Nicolson disregarded and ridiculed," and Nicolson himself browbeaten by his pupils. James's father tried to get him elected to a studentship at Christ Church; and he and the young man himself worked hard, though in vain, to curry favour with the electors. Indeed they and their friend Boucher never lost anything through neglect of their own interests. Boucher unblushingly declares that he set young James "to watch the death of his patron," or rector, as "a crow near a piece of carrion," in order that he might apply for the living as soon as it fell vacant, and Dr. James, when his son was about to try for the Latin verse prize, writes:—"I had the Professor of Poetry (the prize-master) to dine with me—as Proctor —and hope John will not fare the worse for my attention to him." In spite of lack of help from his college, John James spent his time at Oxford to good purpose; he obtained the verse prize with a poem which, while good enough to justify the decision of the Professor of Poetry, was certainly not worth reprinting here, and learnt to compose Greek hexameters respectably, though, considering that he was pronounced by Radcliffe to be the "best scholar of his time," it is noteworthy that he always wrote his Greek without accents. Besides his classical work, he learnt French, took music-lessons, attended lectures on chemistry, and read some Hebrew. Being the sort of creature he was, he naturally "did not like Aristophanes' wit," and condemned Herodotus for telling "many tales without meaning or moral, many narrations of fact without use, a fault which no select history can be guilty of." The present Provost of Queen's contributes a prefatory note on Dr. Fothergill, Provost during most of the period covered by these letters, and on some one or two other Queen's dons, and has supplied many of the foot notes, which may therefore safely be accepted as accurate, and a series of appendixes. One of these appendixes is devoted to the subject of the fire of 1778, which destroyed nearly all the west wing of the front quadrangle of the College, an event recorded by young James in his usual stilted and affected style.

WHAT MR. KARL PEARSON THINKS.*

THE words "freethought" and "freethinker" have been used by many people with many different meanings. Mr. Karl Pearson uses them with a meaning which nobody else has ever made them bear before. It will be desirable, in order to enable the earnest reader to peruse the pages of *The Ethic of Freethought* as profitably as possible, to explain clearly, in so many words, what that meaning is; but before doing so it will be useful to indicate generally the scope of the volume in which the ethic of freethought is enounced. (A man of vast learning once objected to the use by another man of vast learning of the word ethic, that you might as well talk about a tong; but, after all, we do not say logics or musics, and the English language is nothing if not free.) Like all Gaul, Mr. Pearson's volume is divided into three parts. Each part is further divided into five chapters, each of which is either an essay or a lecture, and most of which have been already published in one way or another. The first part indicates in some detail what you think if you are a freethinker. The second part is literary and historical, and treats of certain people and events from the point of view of a freethinker. The third part is sociological, or Socialistic, and explains why the freethinker is a Socialist, and what sort of Socialist he is, and, in particular, what he considers ought to be done in respect of the existence of women. Mr. Pearson is of opinion that "the last section of this book is the one which is most likely to meet with severe criticism and disapproval." Here, on the contrary, it shall meet with generous criticism and enthusiastic approval, for it is much the most exciting.

The general plan of the work having been thus indicated, it is time to enter upon the explanation of the sense in which Mr. Pearson uses the words "freethinker" and "freethought." This can be ascertained from a conscientious perusal of the first part, and in particular of the first chapter, "The Ethic of Freethought." Now this chapter was originally a lecture delivered on a Tuesday in March 1883, at South Place Institute. After a preliminary exordium, to which further reference will be made, Mr. Pearson proceeded to say that he thought he might assume that the majority of his audience were freethinkers. The assumption [illegible] his readers, but it leads to the melancholy inference that the Institute was not largely attended on that occasion. For we shall presently see that freethinkers, in Mr. Pearson's sense, cannot at that date have been numerous. In the first place, freethinkers put on one side all the religions that actually exist or ever have existed. They do not think it worth while to prove their false-

* *Letters of Richard Radcliffe and John James of Queen's College, Oxford, 1755-1783.* Edited by Margaret Evans. Oxford: printed for the Oxford Historical Society at the Clarendon Press. 1888.

* *The Ethic of Freethought: a Selection of Essays and Lectures.* By Karl Pearson, M.A., formerly Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1888.

ness, because that has been done so often and so conclusively that to do it again would be a waste of time. "Freethought," says Mr. Pearson, "is the rejection of all myth explanation, the reception of all ascertained truths with regard to the relation of the finite to the infinite." The qualification is redundant, because all truths have regard to the relation of the finite to the infinite. It is of no importance, and it would make no difference if they had not, for either they all have or the expression means nothing. "The freethinker is not one who thinks things as he will, but one who thinks them as they must be." Mr. Pearson then goes on to explain that things "must be" as freethinkers think them. To take a simple instance: some people suppose or have suggested "that all things happen by chance, that there is no invariable relation between one finite thing and another finite thing," "that everywhere huge chance upheavals are eternally starting, eternally ceasing without co-ordination, and as the mocking playwork of chaos," and so forth. Now "it is absolutely impossible" that this "should be the case; and for the very simple reason that no man can conceive it." We may digress for a moment to mention that "this definite relation, this finite order is what we [the freethinker] term *Law*," which shows that the freethinker does not know what law is. Mr. Pearson then supposes somebody to "grant" him "the truth of the principle of gravitation," and says he would be able therefrom to deduce substantially correct information as to how the planets would go. The steps of his deduction would follow one another, not "from chance, but of absolute necessity. I can *think* the succession in *one* way only, and that one way is what? Why, the very method in which the facts appear to me to be occurring in so-called Nature!" It is because things can only be thought of as happening as they do that they do happen as they do. This point is further elaborated in the third chapter of the first part, which is a lecture called "Matter and Soul," of which the Sunday Lecture Society were, in 1885, the happy recipients. It proves that matter and soul are the same thing, and you may call them which you please. In it Mr. Pearson asserts, with the aid of italics, that "*The laws of the physical universe follow the logical processes of the human mind.*" Thus we are led on to an important point:—"Any physical fact which is opposed to a physical law is opposed to a mental law; we cannot think it—it is impossible. That is all the man of science means when he says that for a dead man to arise out of his tomb and talk is nonsense; he would have to cease thinking were such things possible." The application of this reasoning which the Sunday Lecture Society were to make, and doubtless made, is obvious. It would be interesting to know whether it occurred to any Sunday Lecturer, sympathizing with Mr. Pearson's contentions as far as concerns their practical result, that the freethinker must be a person of remarkably limited powers of imagination. It will be seen that a satisfactory definition of freethinking has not yet been arrived at, though some light has been thrown on its manner of reasoning. The freethinker rejects "myth explanation," and accepts—or, to use his own word, receives—"ascertained truths." But who is to say which explanations are myth and what truths are ascertained? That we are not told in so many words; but Mr. Pearson's essays leave the matter in no sort of doubt. That important personage is Mr. Karl Pearson, and he performs his high office, whenever occasion requires, with much and arbitrary dignity. The true explanation, then, of a freethinker is that he agrees with Mr. Karl Pearson, and of freethought that it is what Mr. Karl Pearson thinks. As we have seen, he does not, because he cannot, think very much.

When you have got freethought how will you behave? This important question is dealt with in a remarkable lecture entitled "The Enthusiasm of the Market-place and of the Study," also delivered to the favoured South Place Institute. It is to the following general effect. You cannot induce people to carry on their affairs in the way you like unless you are enthusiastic. There are two sorts of enthusiasts. One sort goes, figuratively, into the market-place, and makes appeals to human emotions. The other sort sits in the study and appeals to reason. Occasionally the study enthusiasts make some headway, and their appeals seem in a fair way to be listened to. Then the market-place people make a disturbance, undo all the good that has been done, and retard human progress by centuries. Study enthusiasts are such men as Erasmus, Spinoza, and Mr. Karl Pearson. Market-place enthusiasts are such as Martin Luther and Mr. William Gladstone. But the flowing tide, on the whole, is with them of the study, and eventually they will gain the day. Of course it will be a long while first. Now the enthusiasts of the study, being for the most part freethinkers, have to find out what people ought to do. Their market-place rivals utter "cries of justice and morality and human right and Divine retribution," whereas they ought to know that these qualities are not absolute, but are only clumsy ways of expressing what is "social" or "anti-social." In Mr. Pearson's opinion "social" conduct is conduct which promotes the progress of society towards whatever it is, in fact, progressing towards. "Anti-social" conduct is the opposite. He says—and he ought to know—that the freethinker thinks that it is everybody's duty to be social, "not from fear of hell, not from hope of heaven, from no love of a tortured man-god, but solely for the sake of the society of which I am a member, and the welfare of which is my welfare—for the sake of my fellow-men—I act morally—that is, socially." Of course for any one who shares the freethinker's taste, and wants "solely for the sake of" society to hasten its career in the direction in which it is careering, this is all very well. It may be a little difficult—unless you are a good freethinker, in which case gracefully making enormous assumptions about facts is one of your highest accomplishments—to be quite sure in what sort of direction society is careering; but that will only add the interest of unexpectedness to the results of your moral scheme. But it is still desirable, Mr. Pearson frankly acknowledges, to do something or other to make this sublime prospect sufficiently attractive to the general, for the contemplation of it effectively to replace the theories of Christianity and other religions as a basis of morals. The something is that they are to be animated by the enthusiasm of the study. That enthusiasm is "the steady persistency which arises when knowledge of truth, social and physical, has become a part of man's intellectual nature." Mr. Pearson has found that "the desire of knowledge" may sometimes become "an absolute passion." Therefore all persons are to cultivate the desire of knowledge. Also, they are to be persuaded by reason of its inherent truthfulness to adopt freethought. This will be in itself almost enough to make anybody behave socially, because, as will be remembered, the reason of everything being as it is is that that is the only way in which the freethinker can think it. Therefore "freethought in making him [the freethinker] master of his own reason renders him lord of the world. That seems to me the endless joy of the freethinker's faith. It is a real and a living faith, which, creative, sympathetic, and, above all, enthusiastic, is destined to be the creed of the future." Let the reader substitute, as it has been explained to him that he fairly may, "What Mr. Karl Pearson thinks" for "freethought" and "the freethinker's faith" in the above extract. Then let him picture to himself the passionate joy of reflecting that nothing ever happens anywhere except in so far as he and Mr. Karl Pearson think, and say candidly whether the basis of morals is not good enough. Only, by what possible confusion of thought—if his thought can be confused, which would lead to rather serious consequences—can Mr. Karl Pearson describe himself as one of "those who have thrown aside all appeal to the emotions as the motive force in conduct"? It should reconcile many a non-freethinker to freethought to discover that freethought is not free from that amiable and immemorial weakness of the human mind which makes one call other people's emotions emotions, and one's own emotions reason.

Enough has already been stated to show that Mr. Pearson is a Socialist, which is another way of saying that freethought is Socialistic. It also follows that Socialism is not only right, but will shortly prevail. It will present the following features. Everybody will be obliged to labour. The State will pay everybody for his labour. It will not pay everybody equally, but everybody as much as he deserves. Except what the State pays him, nobody will have anything of his own. The most serious offence known to the law—if it is known—will be cutting the linings of railway carriages. This is because railway carriages belong to the public, and to injure public property will be (and, indeed, is now) unpardonable sin. Mr. Pearson is kind enough to allow that what he calls labour of the head is not less necessary to human welfare than labour of the hand. But he "might conceive the labourers with the hand to attain such a degree of education that workers of both kinds might be fused together. The same man might labour with his pen in the morning and with his shovel after midday. That, I think, would be the *ideal* existence in which society, as an entire body, would progress at the greatest possible rate." This ideal conception has been referred to a poet—not Mr. William Morris—who immediately embalmed it in the following lines:—

> No doubt he might be the most happy of men
> If he lived in the manner suggested, but then
> He might write with his shovel and dig with his pen.

We cannot but think this a danger against which freethought would do well to provide.

The last three papers deal with the problem of sex. Its solution is clear enough. From the fact that everybody will be bound to labour it follows that women will be bound to labour. But the mother of a family cannot labour well, or always. Therefore women will not be allowed to be mothers of families, except in certain cases. Therefore marriage will become unsuitable to the necessities of the time. Therefore it will be abolished. Then the unmarried women will become as strong as men, and labour as well as men, and get paid equally well by the State. This female capacity of physical development is an article of freethought. But in order to preserve the race of men from extinction some families will be desirable. Therefore some ladies will be privileged to become mothers. This will take up a good deal of their time, and the State will make them an allowance as if they were doing ordinary work with shovels or pens. Each mother would be allowed a certain number of children, say three on an average. "Some women would doubtless have more, others less or none; in such cases there might well be a communal balance, a sanctioned addition to the local average; but for each sanctioned birth it would be the duty of the commune or State to contribute a certain annual sum for the maintenance of the mother while child-bearing and rearing incapacitated her for other social labour." The only thing about this noble device which freethought has not deigned to make quite clear is what would be done to a baby which had the temerity to make its appearance without its birth having been "sanctioned." The giving of sanctions would agreeably and usefully occupy that part of Sir Charles Warren's successor's mornings—he would be shovelling in the afternoon—which he did

not devote to looking after the unpardonably anti-social rogues who cut the linings of railway carriages. This picture is the last that can be alluded to here in justification of Mr. Pearson's boast that "We [freethinkers] are full of new emotions, new passions, new thoughts; our age is not one of pettiness and lust, but replete with clearer and nobler ideas than the past, ideas that its sons will generate and its daughters bring to birth [with the permission, we presume, of the Commissioner of Police]." They are marching on to "freedom of thought, and freedom of labour [both with shovel and pen], and freedom of sex," though not to freedom of multiplication. Mr. Pearson begins his first lecture by remarking that "There are periods of a man's life when it is better for him to be silent—to listen to others rather than to preach himself." There are, and in some men's lives they are long periods.

NATURAL RESOURCES OF THE UNITED STATES.*

PROFESSOR PATTON has written a concise account of the natural resources of the United States, and as his aim has been to instruct his fellow-countrymen at large as to the means of progress with which nature has provided them, he has avoided details that only concern those engaged in trade or industry, and has compiled a volume of general interest. His work is well arranged, and, though many of his sentences are, to say the least, badly put together, he expresses his meaning clearly enough. As his statements are, he tells us, based on ninety-four volumes of Reports sent him by thirty-one Governors of States and Territories, some of the volumes being over a thousand pages long, his book must have cost him an immense deal of trouble, and may, we suppose, be accepted as trustworthy. He begins with the coal-fields of the United States; points out the extent and character of each, and devotes a chapter to exhibiting the contrast that exists between the coal supplies of Europe and of America. Each of the natural resources of the country is treated in turn; and in many cases the leading incidents in the history of the operations that have been applied to them are briefly related. Most people will like to read of the various methods of obtaining gold—by beach-mining, placer-mining, the hydraulic process, and quartz-mining—which are described here. Professor Patton writes in a complacently religious spirit; he reminds his readers that the providential care that has stored the States with such ample resources is to be praised in that it has, "under peculiar circumstances, called a Christian people—lovers of liberty, civil and religious—to occupy this goodly land," and refers them to a History of his own for the circumstances. We are not acquainted with this doubtless valuable work, and are not aware that the earliest settlers in America were conspicuous for their love of religious liberty. A dweller in a Goshen which has "an oil territory of 150,000 square miles" is perhaps naturally inclined to have pleasing thoughts concerning the virtues of his own people, but we believe that others less highly blest are not necessarily greater sinners; and, when we are told that "in the Old World diamonds and other jewels are used only for show and ostentation, and valued as such by royal families and heads of empire" (*sic*), we cannot but ask what use is made of them and why they are valued by those members of the specially favoured nation who have "struck ile"?

THE OLD BAMBOO-HEWER'S STORY.†

THIS work consists of (1) a translation of the Old Bamboo-hewer's Story; (2) a transliteration of the original text into Roman letters; (3) a sketch of Japanese grammar; (4) analytical notes on the text; and (5) a vocabulary of the text. Although it is, therefore, singularly complete, it lacks one thing—the text in the original character. It is obvious, however, that this is not omitted by an oversight; but that the translator desires to demonstrate how completely the transliteration can be made to serve the part of the original text.

In the deluge of new ideas which have of late years swept over Japan, it need not surprise us to find that the wisdom of maintaining the current syllabic writing has been called in question. When old faiths and ancient customs are thrown to the winds, it is difficult to find arguments in support of a system of writing which is both cumbrous and equivocal. When first the Japanese learned from the Chinese the use of letters they, with characteristic ingenuity, adopted contracted forms of forty-seven Chinese characters to represent the syllables of their language, and at the same time with curious unwisdom adopted cursive forms of other characters to represent the same sounds. But, further, to make confusion worse confounded, they paid their instructors the compliment of taking over bodily their writing and their literature. There are thus three ways of writing Japanese—(1) with the forty-seven contracted Chinese, or Katagana, characters; (2) with the cursive forms of other Chinese, or Hiragana, characters; and (3) with the Chinese characters pure and simple. Every schoolboy has to learn these three systems, and his studies are complicated by the fact that, while the first two systems are phonetic, the third is *mainly* ideographic.

But we have not yet reached the end of the difficulties which surround Japanese writing. For although, as has just been said, the Chinese characters are mainly used ideographically, they may at the discretion of the writer be made to represent either the mere sounds of the Chinese words which they signify or the mere sounds of the Japanese words which they signify. To give an example—the Chinese character meaning "heaven," and pronounced *T'ien*, when occurring in a Japanese text may either be read according to an old Chinese pronunciation, *Ten*, "heaven," or as the Japanese word for the same meaning, *Ame*, or as simply representing the sounds of *Ten* or *Ame*, apart from their meaning. This is much as if our letters consisted of signs such, for instance, as *&*, which, let us suppose, might either be read "and" or "et," or as the syllables "a n d" or "e t," and so be used in such combinations as h& = hand, or &iam = etiam.

Surely no greater benefit could be conferred on a people bound in such philological chains than to strike off their fetters, and set them free in the simple path of an alphabetic system. This is what Mr. Dickins and those who are acting with him are striving to do, and we rejoice to see that the seed they have sown has fallen upon good ground, and that already a promising literature, of which the present work is a specimen, is springing up freed from the complications hitherto inherent in everything written in Japanese.

But in making these remarks we have violated the order in which the contents of the work before us are arranged. In strict sequence we should first have spoken of the English version of the Story of the Bamboo-hewer, which is one of those Japonicized Chinese tales with which students of Japanese folklore are familiar. It is worthy of special note, however, from the facts that it is the earliest work of the kind which is known to be extant, and that it possesses a charm and an interest beyond those which characterize most Japanese stories. In the course of his labours the woodman of the tale finds in a bamboo-stem a heavenly infant, whom he takes home, and who fills his cottage with beauty and light. In process of time the infant grows into a most lovely damsel, whose beauty attracts the homage of high and low, rich and poor. But to none does the maiden vouchsafe any encouragement, and on those who persist in their pleadings she imposes propitiatory tasks which it is beyond the power of man to accomplish. Even the Mikado is smitten by the charms of the "sphere-descended maid," and, though he throws his handkerchief to her, she remains resolute in her determination not to ally herself with any being of mortal mould. At length a change comes over her—and here the story is faulty. There is no reason given why at this time more than at any other she should desire to return to her home in the capital of the moon. But such is her wish, and, though every effort is made to tempt her to remain on earth, she returns to her abode beyond the sky, escorted by "the minions of the moon."

In translating this story Mr. Dickins has very happily rendered the spirit of the original, and has added two coloured plates which are excellent specimens of native art. But from a student's point of view the most valuable chapter in the work is that which contains a sketch of Japanese grammar. Of late years much has been written about Japanese grammar, but unfortunately its exponents have hitherto approached it through the medium of the works of native grammarians who know as much about the science of grammar as a Zoroastrian does of the science of religion. It is gratifying, therefore, to find in Mr. Dickins's pages a clear and concise sketch of the grammar as it really is. Being destitute of inflexion, Japanese grammar may be said to consist mainly of syntax. The so-called conjugations of the verb, about which so much has been made, "are nothing more than systems of locution, more or less agglutinated, having modal and temporal functions." A peculiarity which characterizes Japanese, in common with the Dravidian languages, is the existence of the negative form of the verb, and it is interesting to observe that the same negative suffix is used in Tamil and Telugu as in Japanese.

A vocabulary of the text brings this valuable little work to a close. It is not to be supposed that it will command the attention of a wide public; but it is eminently a volume which is fitted for the hands of those who are interested in the study of the folklore and language of Japan.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THOMAS BETTERTON.*

THANKS to the brilliant pictures left us by a series of critics beginning with Pepys, including Colley Cibber and Southerne, and ending with Pope, Betterton presents to the present generation a physiognomy more lifelike and recognizable than that of any actor previous to Garrick. It is a part of the dangerous and seductive birthright of the actor that men of judgment and capacity shall, in chronicling his doings, exhibit an over-ruling affection not wholly unlike that which mothers evince in describing their infant offspring. To poet or painter we dole out our praise with more regard to our reputation for sanity of judgment than to his advantage. We scrutinize his passport for any flaw in description or visa, and once even we have admitted him into the Walhalla we watch his proceedings and comment his present with

* *Natural Resources of the United States.* By Jacob Harris Patton, M.A., Ph.D. New York and London: Appleton & Co. 1888.

† *The Old Bamboo-Hewer's Story: the Earliest of the Japanese Romances, written in the Tenth Century.* Translated, with Observations and Notes, by F. Victor Dickins. London: Trübner & Co. 1888.

* *The Life and Times of Thomas Betterton.* By the Author and Editor of the Lives of Mrs. Abington, James Quin, &c. &c. London: Reeder.

his past, as though we should be thankful to find that we had been mistaken. No such churlishly-accorded reception is given the actor. Half a dozen or more biographies of him are written during his lifetime, and if he has not in the homage he receives a foretaste of immortality the fault is not ours. Unwise and even culpable as are these proceedings, the world is probably the gainer in the end. Remove the figure of Garrick as it is seen in the records of others, and not, it must be remembered, except to a limited extent, in his own doings, from the circle comprising Johnson, Goldsmith, Reynolds, and Burke, and a very perceptible darkening of its brilliancy would be the result. More than one of the men named is, moreover, at his best when he is praising, or even when he is goodnaturedly blaming, his histrionic associate. Without the warm-hearted expression of contemporary approval, moreover, what could we know of the men who were the delight of our ancestors? Without Lamb's rhapsody to whom would Dicky Suett be more than a name? Without the analyses of Steele, the tribute of Pepys, and the worship of Cibber, Betterton would be scarcely more of a recognizable entity than Burbadge.

As things stand, however, we have reason to be thankful. We know as much of the life of Betterton as we do of that of any contemporary, including that most expansive of chroniclers, Pepys. His character stands forth worthy of admiration, and his defects and shortcomings are open to our censure. Those facts concerning Betterton which the muse of Cibber was too fine a lady to pick up, that of Tony Aston, a graceless but clever hussy, has preserved for us. We have thus Cibber's marvellous criticism beginning, "Betterton was an actor as Shakspeare was an author, both without competitors." This bold assertion is followed by many consecutive pages of analysis and eulogy. Side by side with this must be read the running comment of Aston, who, owning Betterton to be "a superlative good actor," dwells upon his "ill figure," with "a great head, a short, thick neck, stooped in the shoulders, and . . . fat, short arms which he rarely lifted higher than his stomach." Add to these things "little eyes and a broad face a little pock-fretten, a corpulent body and thick legs, with large feet," and we have a good idea of the physiognomy of the man and of the difficulties he had to overcome in order to be the greatest tragedian of his time. The centuries, moreover, are bridged for us, and Dibdin gives us the opinion of Steed, a prompter who lived to be eighty, and saw both Betterton and Garrick, and, in spite of the inclination to admire the things known in the impressionable period of youth, said that Betterton, taking everything into account, was not the equal of Garrick. The eulogies of Pepys, of Addison, and of Steele add to the blaze of light in which Betterton stands before us.

Is, then, a new Life requisite? The compiler of the latest Life of Betterton answers the question in the affirmative. To the reader new lives of actors, as of authors, of soldiers, or of any men of eminence, are welcome if they do either of two things—if they supply new information, or if they arrange in a pleasant shape materials already in existence, and make the hero the centre of a more or less brilliant and attractive presentation of the life of his epoch. The latter has been the aim of the writer now under notice. There is no temptation to be severe upon a man who has done his best, even when the best is somewhat less than indifferent. One qualification for a task is, however, indispensable. The volume before us is a mere compilation from Cibber, Malone, Downes, Genest, the *Biographia Britannica*, and other sources, with no more pretence to shapeliness than to knowledge or accuracy. At some pains to disparage his predecessors, our author has added nothing to them, even when the materials were to be had for the taking. "No Life, properly so called, of that great actor, Thomas Betterton, has yet been published." This is the opening statement of his preface, and may pass. Following it comes the assertion that "In 1710 was published a small book by one Gildon, called a Life of Betterton," which is declared to be a "sort of rhapsody." Poor enough is this so-called Life of Betterton. It is, however, a little hard upon its unavowed author, who is also the author of many other Lives, serious or satirical, of essays and poems without number, and the compiler of a *Complete Art of Poetry*, to speak of him as *one* Gildon. A man who has been crystallized into infamy by Pope and Fielding acquires a sort of reputation. Men become memorable by their sufferings or their crimes. Almost as well might we say *one* Bavius, or even *one* Judas. The "History of the English Stage," announced by Curll as written by Betterton, is said to be similar in size to the Life of Betterton "and not only as deficient in biographical material, but almost as impossible in some of the few particulars attempted of such a nature." Here, however, the criticism is not very happy. Curll, with characteristic audacity, assigned to Betterton a work in which the actor had no direct hand, and which supplies some preposterous assertions with regard to Betterton himself. Still the book is not without value, and is believed to be compiled from the papers of Betterton by Oldys the antiquary.

Now this fact, had our author known it, should surely have been mentioned. It is precisely the absence of this sort of information that disqualifies him for the task he essays. He can copy documents from Malone or Gildon, or casts from Downes or Genest, but the result is without interest. Reference to books immediately accessible would have supplied abundant particulars concerning Betterton which a biographer must on no account omit from a life. Thus it seems that Betterton was not only apprentice to a bookseller, Holden or Rhodes, as is variously stated, but was assumably in business as a bookseller himself, and that at a period, 1660-1661, after he was a recognized actor. Of Betterton's marriage with Mary Saunderson, the licence for which, it has recently been discovered, was taken out the 24th of December, 1662, only the slightest mention is made. After saying that the received tradition is that Mrs. Saunderson was the great English actress, the writer adds, "This Mrs. Saunderson was the lady whom Betterton subsequently married," and he then diverges to supply the information that "Mistress was the title given to unmarried ladies before the Revolution (?); Miss was understood in olden times to mean a woman of pleasure; many mistakes have been made about this, and much confusion caused." All mention is spared of the visit paid by Betterton at royal command—assumably about 1662—to Paris for the purpose of seeing what portion of the French *mise en scène* could be conveniently adapted to English use. In the course of this visit Betterton must have seen the performances of Molière's company and of Molière himself, and the result of his trip is distinctly visible in his dramatic compositions. That Mrs. Betterton was, according to the judgment of Colley Cibber, in some respects better in Lady Macbeth than Mrs. Barry, that she taught Queen Anne when Princess the *rôle* of Semandra in *Mithridates*, and that she gave lessons to the Princess Mary and to Sarah Jennings, afterwards Duchess of Marlborough, with other similar matter of the sort, is surely worthy of mention. That Betterton, after the loss of his fortune through his friend Sir Francis Watson, adopted the daughter of the man to whom he owed his ruin, is so characteristic a trait one can scarcely understand its omission. Prudery or respect for the memory of Betterton is perhaps the reason why the fact is not chronicled that in 1698 he and Mrs. Bracegirdle were fined for using indecent and profane expressions. Too much must not be built upon this business. After the publication of Collier's famous *Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage* 1698, a desperate effort was made to cleanse the Augean stable. Betterton and Mrs. Bracegirdle were thus proceeded against, not as the chief offenders, but as the most representative. Punishment inflicted upon them would not fail to be deterrent as regards others. The one grave accusation laid against Betterton is that, in bringing about in 1682 the fusion of the two great companies, which was due to royal influence, and was doubtless suggested by the establishment two years earlier of the Comédie Française, he performed an act that was mean and almost dishonest. In regard to no other action has his conduct been seriously impugned. A portrait of Betterton by Pope the poet is still at Caen Wood, the seat at Highgate of Lord Mansfield. Instead of stating facts such as these, the writer supplies pages of highly coloured and inaccurate matter from Dr. Doran. In one case this authority betrays him into a complete error when he speaks of Betterton's remains as "being interred with much pomp and ceremony." "Decency," or "a decent manner," is the expression used by contemporary or early writers, such as Gildon or Whincop.

The compiler has, in fact, attempted a task beyond his knowledge or his strength. His book is a useful compendium of stage documents, and we have much information not easily accessible elsewhere. For general purposes it may serve, and it is at least as correct and trustworthy as many of the biographies of actors with which it is intended to range.

BOOK-PRICES CURRENT.*

IN this volume Mr. Elliot Stock has reprinted a selection from the priced catalogues of books sold by auction between the 1st of December, 1886, and the 26th of November, 1887—that is to say, for a period of twelve months. As far as our experience goes the idea is a novel one, and Mr. Stock has increased its usefulness by adding an alphabetical index. Having gone so far, it is a pity he did not go further, and prefix a few pages of introduction upon the comparative values of different books and editions as revealed by their latest prices in the market. And we think also—although this is perhaps a debatable point—that it would have been better to make these lists more rigidly eclectic. To the book collector it is of considerable interest to know what is the current value of (say) Herrick's *Hesperides* and *Noble Numbers*, eds. 1647-8, particularly if they be enriched by the autograph of Tom Warton, and bound tastefully by Lewis in imitation of beer-bibbing Roger Payne. Nor is he incurious respecting the famous Lyons (1538) issue of *Les simulachres & Historiées Faces de la Mort, avtant elegammēt pourtraictes, que artificiellement imaginées*, in extra gilt morocco, by Thibaron-Echaubard, whose "highly respectable name" is new to us; nor even as regards Mr. Thomas Chippendale his "exceedingly scarce" *Gentleman and Cabinet-makers' Director*, in its folio of 1762. But the prices of the *English Cyclopædia*, or the *Complete Works of Ouida*, or even the second edition of Chatto's *Treatise on Wood Engraving*, are certainly matters which need but faintly stir his enthusiasm. Intrusions of this kind, it is true, are by no means frequent. The cardinal rule of a book of this description, as it seems to us, is that it shall be confined to works which, from some reason, internal, external, or accidental, are, as far as it is possible to judge, likely to increase in value. The first, or 1839, edition of Mr. Chatto's excellent book will always command a respectable price; but, unless it is

* *Book-Prices Current: a Record of the Prices at which Books have been sold at Auction from December, 1886, to November, 1887.* London: Elliot Stock. 1888.

annotated in MS. by Mr. Ruskin or Mr. W. J. Linton, or bound in some extravagant fashion by Riviere or Bedford, it is impossible to see why the second edition should be a whit more desirable than the third, which is a reprint of it in every respect. Again, by its very nature, an Encyclopædia is foredoomed to the butterman from the day of its birth; and its progress can only be retarded, if at all, by the merit of special contributions. And really meritorious contributions to Encyclopædias are usually reprinted in more convenient form. For the third or fourth-rate novelist who courts the immortality of a record here there is but one receipt. Get yourself, my dear sir or madam, illustrated by Du Maurier or Sambourne, and you will be saved, as Pope says of Quarles, "by Beauties not your own." Without pictures would *Rookwood*, or *St. James's*, or *Old St. Paul's* attract the connoisseur nowadays? We trow not. As it is, so long as there are Cruikshank collectors, the value of Mr. Ainsworth's romances must steadily increase.

With few exceptions, the "prices current" here recorded, it should be observed, are the prices paid for books at sales by booksellers intending to retail them at a profit. They do not in all probability represent anything like the prices which would be asked for the same books over the counter—prices in which "taste and fancy" must naturally have their place. But, on the whole, they afford a fair criterion of the sums which those in the trade think may safely be ventured in order to secure a reasonable percentage of gain, and they enable the book-collector to average the contents of his library with approximate accuracy. For example, one may gauge pretty nearly the net value of first editions of the eighteenth-century classics. Richardson, it is true, is absent in this form from Mr. Stock's chronicle. But Fielding's *Tom Jones* is quoted at 5*l.*, and *Amelia* at from 1*l.* to 1*l.* 8*s.* A solitary copy of the latter book at 4*l.* 4*s.* is mentioned; but in this case there must have been refinements of condition. *Joseph Andrews*, which is rather rare, has no record; and there is nothing of Smollett's. Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* is priced at 2*l.* 2*s.*, *Tristram Shandy* at 3*l.* 15*s.* Of Goldsmith there are only a specially decorated copy of the *Beauties of English Poesy*, "with landscape-paintings on the fore edges"—a feature which doubtless justified the exceptional outlay of 13*l.*—and the dubious Tract on the Cock Lane Ghost (*The Mystery Revealed*), which for some occult reason found bidders enthusiastic enough to run it up to 2*l.* and 2*l.* 4*s.* A very nice example of this was, to our knowledge, purchased quite recently at 4*s.* 6*d.* A special *Gulliver's Travels*, bound by Bedford, brought 12*l.* 18*s.*; but good ordinary copies were to be procured from 3*l.* to 3*l.* 5*s.* Gay and Addison make no show, and Pope is represented only by editions with MS. notes which afford no trustworthy evidence of the market price.

It would be easy to make a long article out of these considerations. But we have no intention of writing a "Postscript by Way of Preface" to Mr. Stock's very suggestive volume. We shall conclude by comparing a few of the current prices of French eighteenth-century illustrated books, as here disclosed, with those given in M. Henry Cohen's excellent *Guide de l'Amateur de Livres à Vignettes.* The *Ovid* of the Abbé Banier, 1767-71, with plates after Boucher, Eisen, Gravelot, Moreau, and the rest, and clad "in old morocco," M. Cohen prices at from 800 to 1,000 francs. Mr. Quaritch appears to have bought a copy, "in old russia," for 20*l.*, which is considerably less. The Kehl edition of Voltaire by Beaumarchais, 1784-9, with proof portraits, &c. by Moreau, Cohen values at from 2,500 to 3,000 francs. Mr. Toovey acquired the whole seventy volumes in large paper at Sotheby's in December 1886, bound by Bisiaux in red morocco with silk linings, for 23*l.* 10*s.* The *Heptaméron français*, with the title-page of 1792, and Freudenberg's designs, M. Cohen quotes "at 500 or 600, and more in morocco." Mr. Parsons of Brompton Row, nevertheless, became the possessor of a copy for 8*l.* 8*s.* Dorat's *Baisers*, by Eisen and Marillier, 1770, an eighteenth-century *chef-d'œuvre*, fine impressions of which, "en papier de Hollande," fetch from 1,200 to 1,300 francs, is here valued at 2*l.* 15*s.*; while for the "Farmer-General" edition of the *Contes et Nouvelles de La Fontaine*, 1762, of which the average cost in morocco is 800 to 1,200 francs, Mr. Quaritch paid 31*l.* 10*s.* and another London bookseller 34*l.* 10*s.* We close the list with the *Decameron.* M. Cohen puts the Italian edition of 1757, with its engravings after Eisen, Boucher, and Gravelot, at from 300 to 400 francs; and the French (Le Maçon's translation), with the same engravings and date, at from 500 to 600 francs. Copies of the former were sold in London in 1886-7 at 5*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* and 8*l.* 10*s.*, of the latter at 9*l.* and 21*l.* The obvious moral of all this is, either that M. Cohen's prices are no longer accurate or that it is, generally, cheaper to buy these books in England than in France.

A BOOK ABOUT DUMAS.*

THE life of Alexander Maximus has yet to be written as a whole. Numbers of men have told what they knew of one or other part of it; Alexander himself has enriched us with some ten or a dozen volumes of *Mémoires* which take rank with the brightest, the most charming, the most artistic of his works; but to produce a full-length portrait of the "Titan débraillé," as some one has called him, is, so far, a task which none has been able to accomplish. M. Philibert Audebrand's new volume, *Alexandre Dumas à la Maison d'Or*, is yet another partial contribution to the literature of the subject. More than that, it is one of the best which have appeared. M. Audebrand, whose feeling for Dumas is everything that could be desired, writes with ease, vivacity, and point; he has a great deal to say that is worth hearing; he deals with a certain passage in the master's life which, so far as we know, has not before been fully illustrated; and in descanting on the sun he tells of a crowd of minor lights, from Gérard de Nerval and Roger de Beauvoir to swindlers like Max de Goritz and Bohemians of the type of the lamented Privat d'Anglemont. He was, in brief, a contributor to *Le Mousquetaire*, the journal founded by Dumas on his return from exile in 1853; and it is of the band of writers who were gathered in the offices of the paper, Rue Laffitte, some five-and-thirty years ago, that he discourses to us to-day.

Le Mousquetaire was not a journal like the *Figaro* or the *Temps*; it was a literary daily, and the idea that it was possible, even in Paris—the centre of wit, the lantern of the world, the navel of the universe—to get copy enough to furnish it forth was, to the great man's enemies, who were neither few nor silent, mere midsummer madness. M. Audebrand thinks, however, that the scheme was a good one, and that, if the founder of *Le Mousquetaire* had so willed, *Le Mousquetaire* would have been living still, and therewithal "le journal le plus aimé de notre époque." Dumas himself was of the same opinion. The thing would live, he said, "précisément parceque c'est un journal impossible." The moment was well chosen. It was in the early days of the Empire; Hugo, Michelet, Proud'hon, Edgar Quinet, had been stricken voiceless; some thirty journals had been suppressed; such prints as lived were subject to an examining Committee, "qui les menaçait sans cesse de mort"; it was expected that Dumas, who had never been found wanting in courage, and whose very title was a promise and a challenge, would break the solemn silence which had been secured by the massacres of the Second December and the tremendous proscriptions of the next days. The prospectus of the journal, a part of which M. Audebrand is careful to quote, was something of a disappointment. Dumas announced in it that he proposed to continue his *Mémoires*, which would get more personal and more compromising as they went on; he promised to criticize the critics, to look to the true interests of literature and art, to keep authority in the right way, to make order out of chaos and light out of darkness; and he professed himself willing and ready, in the event of reprisals from the other side, to accept the responsibility of his words, and to carry on the combat to the end. That, it was felt, was not enough; but Dumas was still Dumas—was still, that is to say, the dramatist of *Antony* and *Térésa* and *Richard Darlington*, and the novelist of *Bragelonne* and *La Dame de Monsoreau*, and half a score more—and the day after the issue of his prospectus there were five hundred subscriptions on the books of the journal, while in less than two months he had achieved a circulation of six thousand and a subscription list four thousand strong. He had looked to four or five times as great a result; and as his theory of *Le Mousquetaire* was that it was to be, above all, amusing, it is probable enough that, had he been able to manage the purely commercial part of the enterprise as well as he supplied its literary needs, he would not have been disappointed. But of management, man of action as he was, he never knew so much as the beginning of the alphabet. His idea of editing a journal was to sit in a garret, and write for ten or a dozen hours a day, while the rest of his contributors smoked cigarettes, and babbled of things in general in the offices below. The first of his cashiers, a certain Martinet, was an incapable of the first water. M. Audebrand declares that he had absolutely no knowledge of book-keeping, and that his accounts were kept on slips of paper stuck together with pins. Of course there was never any money in the house, and Martinet, who was about as competent to nurse the enterprise into health and vigour as his master was to take an interest in any but its literary elements, was neither the man to get it, nor the man to handle it if it could have been got. In two months or so he retired from his post, and then, says M. Audebrand, "c'était le chaos régularisé, l'anarchie de P.-J. Proud'hon mise en pratique dans un coin de Paris." Nothing like it, he opines, has ever been seen "depuis le monde est monde." How and when did *Le Mousquetaire* start into daily life? What was the secret of its appearance every evening, well and legibly printed on excellent paper, in all the completeness of its dozen columns and its seventy thousand letters? The door stood always open, but none ever saw a soul go in or come out; there was never a brass farthing in the cash-box; the means of distribution were as mysterious as the wages of the staff were fantastic and illusory; to this hour M. Audebrand, though he has pondered the problem with all the strength of his mind, has never been able to arrive at a satisfactory solution. The staff, to do them justice, were not greatly exercised by the question of the want of funds. The master promised them glory and gold, and never paid them a halfpenny-piece; but "vingt volontaires se pressaient pour tirer de leurs poches une abondance d'articles, et d'articles souvent très-bons." Banville, Gérard de Nerval, Méry, Octave Feuillet, Paul Bocage, Hector de Saint-Maur, Aurélien Scholl, Jules de Saint-Félix, Adolphe Dupeuty, "Marie Michon" (the Comtesse Dash)—to name but these—all followed the great man's lead, all worked their best for him, took what they could get (which was not much), and waited cheerfully for better times. They never came, these better times. Dumas

* *Alexandre Dumas à la Maison d'Or.* Par Philibert Audebrand. London: Nutt; Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1888.

who seems to have looked back upon the first night of *Henri Trois et sa Cour* as the only possible type of life for him, got tired of "filling his painful reams" in the garret of the Maison d'Or. He went shooting, or he made a play, or he went to see a friend in the country; and the journal had to do as best it could without him. Presently it subsided, and there was an end of the whole concern. The *Mousquetaire*, its staff, its public, its reputation, its circulation, went off like a puff of smoke, and Dumas was left to travel that downward way, among the last *trouvailles* of which are *Les Mohicans de Paris* and *Isaac Laquedem*, *La Terreur Prussienne*, and the drama called *Les Blancs et les Bleus*. By this time he had done his best; and what he was afterwards to do, while now and then quite worthy of him, is, on the whole, a bad second to such stuff as *Antony* and *Bragelonne*. But he seems to have had to the end the admiration of his staff and the adoration of his henchmen. Paul Bocage, the nephew of the great actor—his collaborator in *Le Marbrier* and *Les Mohicans de Paris* and *Romulus* and *L'Invitation à la Valse*—could never speak to or write of him except as the *maestro*; while, as for the Jew Hirschler, who was his financier-in-ordinary, and had helped him out of a dozen difficult, not to say impossible, passes, he was wont, says M. Audebrand, to discourse of the author of the *Mousquetaires* in terms that were nothing less than lyrical. "Il y a plus d'or dans sa tête," quoth Hirschler, "que dans tous les sables de Californie. Son cœur? Un bureau de bienfaisance, ouvert à deux battants à tous ceux qui souffrent." Hirschler was right, and Paul Bocage was right. If genius and goodness combined would have sufficed—as a number of intelligent people supposed they might—to make *Le Mousquetaire* a success, then *Le Mousquetaire* would have been, as M. Audebrand has said, the most popular and one of the oldest of French journals.

But the sense of conduct was wanting. At fifty Dumas appears to have had but two sources of amusement in life. The one was work—the ten or twelve hours of daily toil in a wretched room, with the dun at the door, and the printer's devil on the stairs, from which he derived those "âcres voluptés" of which this idlest of men (as he was to the champions of the new school—the school of Flaubert and the brothers Goncourt) appears to have made a speciality. The other was woman; and of this the best is to say nothing. Between the two, *Le Mousquetaire*—brilliantly written, but impossibly conducted—was fated, from the first, to come to a speedy end. It lived longer than the master's enemies had hoped; and it stirred up and discussed many more ideas than even his friends perhaps had believed it would. But it came at last to a last number; and M. Audebrand, who must have suffered (with many others) in its collapse, has no worse word for the prime author of its failure than "ce grand enfant." At the Salon of this year of grace, 1888, there are three or four portraits of "le père Dumas"; M. Audebrand is only one of several who delight to do him honour; it would seem that the reaction in his favour has set in—though this would be, we admit, difficult—with a severity against which there must presently be an appeal.

When Martinet departed this life as the cashier of *Le Mousquetaire*, his place was taken—by an inspiration of the editor's—by that Michel of whom we read so much in that most charming of the merely Dumasistic cycle of Dumasisms, *L'Histoire de mes Bêtes*. Michel could neither read nor write; of *Monte Cristo* he had been the Caleb Balderstone—the sworn foe of all bearers of printed paper; the poacher who could now and then play keeper and carry the second gun of a master devoted to "la chasse"; the servant "high of heart, bloody of hand," who on all desperate occasions was still found on a level with the facts of the case. That he should have become the cashier and accountant-in-chief of *Le Mousquetaire* is merely significant—he was a collaborator of Dumas; and could any one who thus collaborated present himself before posterity in other than a joyous light? The inexhaustible good humour, the naïve and generous charity of the Prodigal Son of Romanticism, is enough to make us think something of even the wretched Max de Goritz—the "translator-in-chief" (as he was described in the prospectus of *Le Mousquetaire*) of the writer whom Mr. Stevenson has qualified, with singular infelicity, as "the great French thief." Max de Goritz introduced himself to Dumas, at Brussels, as a persecuted Hungarian; he was taken on as a paid translator; he followed his chief to Paris, and helped him to (among other things) a good selection from the admirable wit and journalist, Saphir; his wife—a blue-eyed and delightful blonde—contrived to inflict on M. Audebrand himself (for an instant) a belief in her claim to be considered a daughter of that Duc de Richemont who was perhaps the most plausible of the many Dauphins who escaped from Simon and the Temple to the bewilderment of posterity; and he turned out to be a forger, a thief, a person who, at a pinch, would not stick at murder itself. M. Audebrand tells us some queer things of some queer folk; but he tells us of nothing more queer than the "translator-in-chief" of the immortal founder and editor of *Le Mousquetaire*.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE new volume (1) of those collected essays which M. Barbey d'Aurevilly has been publishing at intervals for more than twenty years justifies, like most of the others, both the *engouement* which divers good judges have expressed for the author during his sixty-five years of literary work, and also the failure of that work as yet to make much mark on the general. Whether, like De Quincey, whom in more respects than one he resembles, M. Barbey d'Aurevilly will make up after death the sum of honour refused to him during his life, we cannot say. But, if he does, there is not a little in this volume which will help him to do so. The paper on Carlyle is (granting the point of view) notable, and in many of the others there are flashes of happy phrase and just criticism—not to mention the constant presence of the author's curious and artificial, but very distinct and remarkable, style.

It does not appear that M. Maurice Talmeyr has had any unworthy motive in adapting Restif's (he spelt it so himself, and so do we) novel or novels (2). Of all the odd relationships of origin or suggestion between this work, the *Paysan parvenu* of Marivaux, and the similarly related work of Richardson and Fielding, M. Talmeyr says nothing at all, and his adaptation does not strike us as altogether happy. One loses something, no doubt, of Restif's intolerable prolixity; but, somehow, much that is characteristic goes too. Nor do we think that in any case the author's handling of his imaginatively caricatured experiences in the *Paysan* and the *Paysanne* is equal to the later rehandling of the same at still greater length in *Monsieur Nicolas*, while as a novel the book is absurd. It is, however, very moral in its own crack-brained way, though it is hardly necessary to say that, being Restif's, its details are not "gauzed," but very much the reverse.

It is not necessary to do much more than mention the fact that the first volume of a new and cheap edition of M. Legouvé's plays (3) has appeared. It contains three dramas, of which one at least has assured itself of remembrance, or has been assured thereof by the genius of its performers. *Louise de Lignerolles* and *Par droit de conquête* are estimable pieces enough in their way, no doubt; but who knows not *Adrienne Lecouvreur*?

The ingenious and indefatigable M. Alfred Franklin has added two more volumes (4) to his collections on what may be called in the widest sense the "furniture" of life in the France of old time. Here you may read and see—for there are illustrations—how "a shepherd interrogated the sky" (probably to find out whether the shepherd's hour had come) in the fifteenth century. The instrument looks better fitted to interrogate the bottom of a river, being a cord with a weight attached. Here is a really beautiful Renaissance clock for an ordinary room, and some of those eighteenth-century devices for making a watch look as if it were something else—a cross, a snuff-box, or what not—which have been with dubious wisdom imitated in the present day. Here, too, are lists of famous watchmakers of old. Cookery lends itself less to illustration, but quite as well to the collection of "divers facts," and even better to the assembling of words capable of deceiving the very elect. There can, of course, be no doubt that "hutaudeux" was the original of the Scotch "howtowdie," though in migrating the bird seems to have changed its sex. But who knows offhand what a "musel de bœuf" is in the kitchen-battery sense? How do you "george" a thing ("brouet georgié de char")? Let us give all honour to M. Franklin for having actually tried some of the appalling receipts to which he refers. The "gallimaufry," however, which he tried seems as if it ought to have made a fair dish of minced mutton.

With the thoroughgoing Balzacien it is matter of breviary, of course, that Balzac knew all about womankind and mankind too. There be who doubt, supporting their abominable infidelity by certain naïf confessions in his letters as well as by the *Comédie*. However, both classes may be grateful to M. Gabriel Deville (5) for making a careful selection of passages on the subject, rather ingeniously classified.

We have before us two small volumes of verse which complete each other pleasantly enough. M. Manuel's (6) selection of his own verse is very far from being either a mere school book or a book of mere poetry for children, but it is of a domestic and amiable character, which does not prevent it from being often admirable as verse. M. Grandmougin (7) prefers the mountain-tops to the valleys, the trump of Hugo to the flute of Lamartine, and he sounds his instrument with undoubting spirit.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

MISS EMILY BOWLES, in *Mme. de Maintenon* (London: Kegan Paul), has set to work to represent her heroine "as she really was," and in this way to give her an opportunity "to vindicate herself from the slanders principally perpetuated by Saint-Simon and the Duchess of Orleans." To this end she has consulted the *Famille d'Aubigné* and the *Histoire de la Maison Royale de Saint-Cyr* of Lavallée, the *Histoire* of the Duc de Noailles, and Geffroy's *Mme. de Maintenon*, and she has set forth the knowledge thus obtained with conviction and without enthusiasm, in a style that is neither persuasive nor rebarbative, and, as we think, to so

(1) *Les œuvres et les hommes. Les historiens.* Par J. Barbey d'Aurevilly. Paris: Quantin.

(2) *Le paysan et la paysanne pervertis.* Par Rétif de la Bretonne. Adaptation par M. Talmeyr. Paris: Dupret.

(3) *Théâtre complet d'Ernest Legouvé.* Tome I. Paris: Ollendorff.

(4) *La vie privée d'autrefois. La mesure du temps. La cuisine.* Par A. Franklin. Paris: Plon.

(5) *La femme et l'amour d'après H. de Balzac.* Par G. Deville. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(6) *Poèmes du foyer et de l'école.* Par E. Manuel. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(7) *A pleines voiles.* Par Ch. Grandmougin. Paris: Lemerre.

little purpose that her book is practically non-existent. She makes no attempt at formal portraiture; but her attitude throughout is that of the believer and the eulogist, and her frame of mind is that of one who can see no wrong where it is believed that no wrong should be. As she has quoted freely from the correspondence of her heroine, her work is not exactly valueless; but that she has contributed any argument of any sort in support of Dr. Döllinger's theory of Maintenon—that she was "the most influential woman in French history"—is a proposition that cannot for one moment be allowed. Her book, in a word, is the book of an amateur; and the amateur in history is perhaps less tolerable than any other where.

Mr. John Freeman's *Lights and Shadows of Melbourne Life* (London: Sampson Low) is only journalism; but it is not difficult to read, and it contains a good deal of interesting material. Its purpose is decidedly picturesque and "reportorial," but it sets forth some genuine experience, and puts us in touch with a good number of the facts of low-class Melbourne life. Of course the book would have been all the better for a closer likeness to the *London Labour and the London Poor* of the brothers Mayhew; but, as that was not to be, we must take it for what it is, and make the most of it we can. Among the best chapters in it are those entitled severally "What We Have in Our Midst," "Padding Kens," "Publicans and Sinners," and "The Police Courts." All these are full of information, and may be read with interest and a certain profit. They seem to show that, certain differences of environment apart, the blackguard in Melbourne is substantially the same as his London brother. Mr. Freeman, it is to be noted, is by no means an enthusiast on the difficult subject of colonial beauty. "As a rule," says he of the maidens of Victoria, "they may not be as pretty as their English sisters"; and in his chapter on the Melbourne theatres (which, by the way, is prefaced with a most superfluous dissertation on the origin of the drama) he writes of their complexions in terms which do not permit a doubt as to the popularity among them of all sorts of cosmetics. His notes on the Chinese in Melbourne are neither worthless nor uninteresting; and the same may be said of his excursions into low life in general—of his remarks on oystermen, sweeps, costermongers, flying-stationers, news-runners, saveloy-mongers, and so forth.

In *A Fight with Distances* (London: Kegan Paul) Mr. J. J. Aubertin tells, with ease to himself and entertainment to his readers, the story of how he went from Liverpool to Quebec, from Quebec to Niagara, and from Niagara, *per* the Northern Pacific, to Chicago, Minneapolis, Dacota, James Town, Yellowstone Park, Livingston, and Mount Tacoma; of how he traversed British Columbia, got to San Francisco, saw the Yo Semite Valley, and sailed for the Hawaiian Islands; of what he saw and did there, and of how, returning to Frisco, he proceeded, *viâ* Utah and Albany, to Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Washington; of how he next "did" Florida; and, lastly, of how he sailed for Cuba, and made himself comfortable at Havana and Matanzas, saw Nassau, and came home by way of New York. He appears to have thoroughly enjoyed himself, and his reader enjoys with him. *C'est tout dire.*

Mrs. Molesworth, in *Little Miss Peggy* (London: Macmillan), has produced a book for the young which the young, if they at all resemble the old, will scarce regard with enthusiasm. Mr. Frederick Langbridge, in *What to Read at Entertainments* (London; The Religious Tract Society), departing boldly from the beaten track, has given a number of excerpts from a number of authors—"O. Goldsmith, H. Stretton, Mark Guy Pearse, Charles Dickens, Sir W. Scott, J. B. Gough, J. H. Ewing, and many others," to quote the cover—which may or may not be found entertaining by an audience gathered together to be entertained, but which will certainly tax the reader's power of reading to the utmost. In *Sheykh Hassan the Spiritualist* (London: Allen) Mr. S. A. Hillam relates some startling experiences, which some will regard as rather poor fiction, while to others they will present themselves as evidence that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in the philosophy of Herr Paulus and Mr. Sludge. Of the April part of *Art and Letters* (London and Paris: Boussod & Valadon), it is only necessary to note that it contains, with a "Canzonet" by Mr. Oscar Wilde and a not unpleasing note on Mme. Baretta-Worms (with a portrait) by M. Sarcey, a fairly readable account of the last exhibition at the Mirlitons (with illustrations after MM. Doucet, Detaille, Aimé Morot, Gérôme, Stewart, and others), and a translation of Mme. Bernhardt's *The Confession*, which is as clever an imitation of a real play as the lady's *After the Storm* is of real sculpture, and her various water-colours, &c. are of real painting.

We have also received the new volume (October 1887 to March 1888) of *Cassell's Saturday Journal* (London: Cassell), with serial stories by Mr. Geo. Manville Fenn and Mr. Julian Hawthorne; the tenth issue of *The Century Guild Hobby Horse* (London: Kegan Paul), with a charming lyric by Miss Christina Rossetti, a discussion of a certain theory of Mr. Pater's by Mr. J. A. Symonds, a good reproduction (in red) of Mr. Sandys's "Miranda," and a couple of notable title-pages in illustration of an interesting note by Mr. A. Pollard; the "Centennial Number" of the *Illustrated Sydney News* (Sydney: Gibbs), which is crammed with pictures, and appears to be by no means unworthy of the London original; a new edition, being the third, of Mr. W. Gordon's excellent *Hints to Young Soldiers* (Chatham: Gale & Polden); reprints of *Artemus Ward, His Book*, in the "Pocket Library" series, and *Kenelm Chillingly* in the "Pocket Volume" edition (London: Routledge); a reprint in "The Antient and Modern Library of Theological Literature" (London: Griffith) of *The Orations of Saint Athanasius*; the *Descriptive Catalogue of the Collections of Embroidery and Tapestry in the South Kensington Museum* (London: Eyre & Spottiswoode), compiled for the Science and Art Department by Mr. A. S. Cole; the first volume of *Outline Addresses and Readings* (London: Church of England Temperance Publication Depôt) for the Juvenile Union of the Church of England Temperance Society; *Religion and Unbelief in Ireland* (London: Remington), by the Hon. Leopold Agar-Ellis; a new part, being the thirty-eighth, of Mr. Protāp Chandra Roy's translation of the *Mahabharata* (Calcutta: Bhārata Press); the *Log of the Ladybird* (London: Dunthorne), which includes a catalogue of certain water-colours exhibited, or still exhibiting, at the sign of the Rembrandt Head; a new edition (at two shillings) of Mrs. Oliphant's *Hester* (London: Macmillan); and a new edition of the *Life of P. T. Barnum, written by Himself* (Buffalo: The Courier Company), which is "Dedicated to the Whole Civilized World in General and the Universal Yankee Nation in Particular," has been so much extended as to be practically a new book, and is illustrated by some of the vilest woodcuts ever seen of mortal eye.

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Printed by SPOTTISWOODE & CO., at No. 5 New-street Square, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London; and Published by [illegible] at the Office, No. 38 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of Middlesex.—Saturday, May 5, 1888.

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,698, Vol. 65. May 12, 1888. [Registered for Transmission abroad.] Price 6*d*.

NATIONAL DEFENCE.

MR. STANHOPE'S Bill "to make better provision "respecting National Defence" has the merit of providing for doing by statute and in a normal way what the Crown had already the recognized right to do. It has never been denied that the Crown could compel the service of all its subjects for the defence of the country. Humbly as we may rate the courage of modern politicians, it can hardly be believed that any body of men at the head of the Government would fail to use the reserve power of the State which must act, law or no law, at the moment of need, or that they could feel seriously afraid of obtaining any Act of indemnity they thought fit to demand. The courage and patriotism of Englishmen and Scotchmen must have sunk low, indeed, if there is any doubt on the subject. Still, it is well that the power of the State should have an operation which is not violent or casual. It has hitherto been too much the custom to hamper the Crown by decreeing that this or the other part of its forces can only be called out under varying restrictions. Different rules prevail for the mobilization of Yeomanry, Militia, and Volunteers. The right of the State to use railways and other material resources is tied down by paper limitations. That all this packthread would hold against the strain of a great need is doubtful—if, indeed, it is not shameful for all of us to suppose that it would not be burst in an instant. But, as it is quite useless, it may as well go. Its disappearance will deprive any possible Parliamentary pedant of an excuse for pottering when he ought to act. In so far Mr. STANHOPE'S Bill is a good little Bill. The Reserves—Yeomanry, Militia, and Volunteers—will all be liable to be called out at once, and used together in a recognized way, without any fear that members of Parliament who are playing to the gallery will have an excuse for getting on their legs and chopping logic. Railways will be taken possession of and used for the good of the country with less risk that secretaries and station-masters will feel entitled to waste the time and try the temper of the staff by inquiring by what law it is acting and whether complicated regulations as to compensation have been duly complied with. Altogether, it is a nice little Bill for guarding the Secretary for War on the side of Parliament and allowing him to attend with a tranquil mind to his theoretically primary, but practically secondary, duties as an administrator. It is also a welcome sign that light is slowly breaking on the Parliamentary mind that even Secretaries of State for War are beginning to understand that the armed forces of this country ought really to be used together for its defence, and are not a set of Turks' heads set up in order that politicians may cut them down in the name of economy.

It may be allowed then, that we have advanced so far that Mr. STANHOPE and his successors are to be provided with a better spell wherewith to summon their spirits from the vasty deep. The spirits will come, unquestionably; but—and this is really the practical question—of what order will they be? When our 600,000 men or so are on foot, will they be an army? Until that is settled nothing has been effected, except a slight increase in the Secretary of State's power to collect a mob of men with rifles. A belief seems to prevail in some quarters that when once we have called out our motley 600,000 the regular army and its Reserves will be instantly available for foreign service, and the country will be in a position to bid defiance to the invader. On what theory of the thing called an army this opinion is based we do not know. It would be interesting to learn what any person who holds this faith thinks would be left in the country when the regular army and its Reserves were gone. We are quite prepared to tell him—just to give him something to contradict, if he can. Let it be granted, then, that the regular army is away on service to reinforce India and the colonial garrisons, and to supply two army corps in the field somewhere. This is the utmost it could do, and even that only with immense hurry and scurry, after frantically knocking up makeshifts at the last moment. The army has gone out rather short of officers, thanks to our beautiful retirement system. It has taken all the cavalry, or very nearly all, all the Field Artillery, all that is left of the Horse Artillery. Of transport, and the organization required to move an army in the field, it has left not a wrack behind. And now, the country, trusting in its glorious traditions, as Lord RANDOLPH advises, awaits the invader with the following resources. There is something handsome in hundreds of thousands of tall fellows and good men of their hands in uniform with rifles. They are full of fight and zeal, but they are very short of officers. They have for Field Artillery the battery of the Honourable Artillery Company (with horses), a number of guns of position (with no certain supply of horses), a few field guns just served out (with no horses at all and no riders). For cavalry they will have a few troops of regulars, including a handful of Guardsmen (not the best; for *they* will have been drafted into the corps on service), and the recruits of the depôts. For the rest, there is the Yeomanry, of which the ranks are formed of the best military raw material in the country, and the officers come largely of a class which has always made good officers. In time they will make an excellent force; but for the present they are painfully short of the long and thorough drilling required to form a cavalry soldier, and their horses are no better off than themselves. As for transport where is it? With the salary the author of *Don Quixote* asked for from the Emperor of China. It does not so much as exist in thought. They have frequently no greatcoats, many have no knapsacks. These are some of their material wants, and more might be added—ammunition, for instance, and reserve of weapons. But these are enough, and we proceed to their spiritual wants, to what makes the soul of an army. They have no general staff or organization, no habit of acting together, no experience in performing the complicated manœuvres of an army in the field. We might go on easily, but enough has been said, which no honest man who knows what he is talking about can deny, to show that the Militia and Volunteers would not by themselves form an army on which it would be other than insanity to rely for the defence of the country. By calling them out we should only collect a mass of half-trained men without the material means or knowledge required to enable them to move, insufficiently officered, ill supplied with weapons, worse supplied with ammunition, and often short even of clothes. It is mere midsummer madness, or, in the case of official people who have the means of knowing, something much baser, to speak of such a force as a defence for the country, or as anything but the material out of which, with time and honest management, a good army might be made.

This is the condition to which we have attained by trusting to that responsibility of Ministers held up in the House the other night by Mr. SMITH as his defence against Admiral FIELD. It is a convenient kind of responsibility, which is enforced by no serious penalty, and is useful as an excuse for shirking facts. The country will be indifferently consoled when disaster has happened by reflecting that it was covered by the responsibility of Mr. W. H. SMITH. But it is useless to argue with Parliamentary politicians for doing after their kind. When their places are in danger they will act, and when not, then not. Nothing effectual will be done till the country is frightened, and the great object at present is to create the fright by means of

dep[illegible]NHOPE on the defences of London, by meetin[illegible]cers in the City, or by encouraging the Duk[illegible]BRIDGE to talk. It will be better still if the pressure could be brought to bear by united action—if all who are interested and understand the question would combine to act together. The necessity for national action and for driving the politicians on is the capital fact of the situation, and however often it has been said before, it must be said again until it is realized. Mr. STANHOPE'S "important statement" to the deputation on Wednesday is, like his Bill, a sign that the War Office is waking up, and that Ministers are becoming alarmed. This also is well, as far as it goes; but it does not go far. When the official platitudes are deducted—such as the comparison between the defensive power of our coaling stations and those of foreigners (who have none), for instance—what is left is a bundle of promises that a little will be done here, a detail filled up there. No guarantee is given that a serious attempt is to be made to weld our various forces into a coherent thoroughly equipped whole; and as good as nothing is done while that remains to do.

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE NONCONFORMISTS.

READERS of the true history of the Chevalier, afterwards Marshal, D'ARTAGNAN will remember that that orderly person used to keep all his cast-off uniforms disposed in a wardrobe, and could put his hand on that of any particular year at a moment's notice. The singular document in which, towards the end of last week, Mr. GLADSTONE enumerated, in answer to a correspondent, the years, and almost the days, in which he successively cast off this and that garment of Toryism, may have reminded some of these readers of D'ARTAGNAN'S practice. But it is more to the present purpose to note that the ecclesiastical variety of Tory fashion in garments was that which, by Mr. GLADSTONE'S own confession, he wore the longest and cast off the last, though he does not think he wore even that very long. In the general opinion, of course, Mr. GLADSTONE continued to wear it a great deal longer, and never cast it off till the University of Oxford, kindly or unkindly, removed the muzzle which, by his own account, he had worn likewise, in the year 1865. Certainly Mr. GLADSTONE did not much or oft delight to season his general utterances with flattery of the Nonconformists before that time, and the admirer who raised the song of "Auld Lang Syne" on Wednesday was a thought maladroit. They were not Dissenting gowans that Mr. GLADSTONE pu'd in auld lang syne. It has been, we very freely own, different of late years, and especially since his first premiership, into which he may be said to have been carried by the political Nonconformists as much as by any single section or body of men. He has not been ungrateful. Few years have passed since without his addressing some elaborate compliment to a body or bodies of those persons who do not find the Church of England established and provided for them by law satisfactory, and until quite recently the Nonconformists have repaid him by ever-increasing devotion. It was one of the most curious problems necessarily following on the apostacy of Christmas two years, what line these faithful sectaries would take, and whether they would justify or bely the insinuation of their adversaries that political Nonconformists are Nonconformists first and Christians afterwards. To bely it they had only to declare as sorrowfully as they liked that, Mr. GLADSTONE or no Mr. GLADSTONE, they could not join any movement conducted on the principles of the Irish Home Rule movement. To justify it they had only to do what, with honourable exceptions both of bodies and individuals, they have done. The world has been edified at the same moment by the spectacle of a POPE of Rome risking the alienation of one of his most faithful flocks in order to proclaim the eternal and immutable doctrines of Christian morality, and by that of several thousand Nonconformist Protestants declaring that, Decalogue or no Decalogue, they and their house will follow Mr. GLADSTONE through any impolicy and through any immorality he pleases.

Such conduct deserved and received its reward. The speech which Mr. GLADSTONE delivered on Wednesday in the Memorial Hall, when compared with the address presented to him on that occasion, displays mutual flattery of the most interesting kind, both in the direct form and in that indirect, but, it is said, most sincere, form called imitation. While the Nonconformist ministers are convinced of the "heroic magnanimity" which Mr. GLADSTONE has shown in dining with Mr. PARNELL after imprisoning and denouncing him, of the "dauntless courage" with which he has eaten his words, of the "self-sacrificing zeal" with which he has resolved to recover office at any cost to his country and his conscience, Mr. GLADSTONE is equally convinced of the "courageous manner" in which these ministers of a "holy religion" have endorsed Boycotting and the Plan of Campaign, and describes the successive reforms of English history, with possibly unconscious blasphemy or in corrupt remembrance of SUWARROW'S despatch as to the capture of ISMAIL, as brought about "thanks to Almighty "GOD, and by the efforts of British Nonconformists." But flattery to his audience from Mr. GLADSTONE is an invariable thing, and now little surprising. By this art the wandering HERCULES of political tergiversation has always accomplished his labours and attained the fiery citadels of Downing Street. The flattery of imitation is more noteworthy. Unkind critics have declared that the exemption by privilege of pulpit from the possibility of reply to their usual form of utterance not infrequently breeds in ministers of all religions a habit of begging the question. And the result of this habit is very prominent in the Nonconformist Address, which declares that the Government "treated their political opponents as "felons," refers to the "aspirations of the Irish people" as "legitimate," and so forth. But Mr. GLADSTONE was not an inch behind his Memorialists in the goodly task of *petitio principii*. It might have been thought that the peculiarity of the occasion would have suggested some novel and fresh treatment to an orator to whom his worst enemies have never denied the gift of a most versatile political fancy. But, whether it be that age, of which Mr. GLADSTONE is never tired of talking, has dried his vein and seared the springs of his imagination, or whether it be that his present case is so bad that even he can find nothing but stereotyped fallacies there was not a vestige of novelty, even novelty of presentment, in the speech of Wednesday. The old questions were begged in the old way. The Nonconformists had it once more, on the sole authority of Mr. GLADSTONE as judge of first instance, confirmed by Mr. GLADSTONE sitting divisionally, reconfirmed by Mr. GLADSTONE as court of final appeal, that the proceedings of the police at Mitchelstown were "illegal." That is the point to be proved; but it is the point which Mr. GLADSTONE starts from. They heard once more that the Opposition were trying to expedite (humour is not a common Nonconformist failing, or some one must have muttered "Yes! to despatch it") the business of Government, and that legislation is stopped, not by Mr. GLADSTONE'S wholly ultroneous introduction of the Home Rule question, but by the determination of the Unionists that it shall not be introduced. This and much more—stale, dry, a thousand times refuted, never accepted by any man of brains except the extremest and most interested partisans—was the food set before the simple RINGLETUBS of Farringdon Street.

Nevertheless there were some remarkable things said and not said in the speech. Remarkable enough was the unconsciousness of the speaker, and perhaps of his hearers, of the deadly reality, in quite a different sense from that which he intended, of his declaration that the Unionist party—that is to say, more than half the numerical strength, and about nine-tenths of the intelligence of the United Kingdom—has determined to set above all other earthly objects, first, the preservation of the Union; and, secondly, in order to the preservation of the Union, the keeping of Mr. GLADSTONE himself out of power. Remarkable, again, very remarkable, was the almost greater unconsciousness of the description of Colonel KING-HARMAN as "a man who happened to have the "misfortune of having been a Home Ruler a few years ago, "and of having abandoned the cause of his country." Is there no one, greater than Colonel KING-HARMAN, who has the misfortune of having been an anti-Home Ruler, a pursuer and persecutor of Home Rulers, much less than a few years ago, and of having abandoned the cause of *his* country? And yet neither of these things, both noteworthy enough in their way, was so noteworthy as what Mr. GLADSTONE did not say. Once more he has spoken on Ireland, once more he has bewailed the fate of those who mobbed and tried to murder, or foolishly mixed with those who mobbed and tried to murder, the constabulary at Mitchelstown. And once more we search his speech in vain for one single reference to those crimes which, as he once said, stand behind Boycotting—which have, thanks to the vigorous policy of the present Government, been brought home in two cases to their perpetrators within the last few days, and a fresh example of which was committed a few hours before he

spoke. Not a word of condemnation of the murders that enforce the policy of the National League came from Mr. GLADSTONE, not a word of sympathy with the victims or the victims' families. He is "glad to perceive that Mr. PARNELL "is devoted to the maintenance of law and order"; we are left to judge for ourselves whether he is glad of or sorry for the fashion in which Mr. PARNELL's followers carry out the principle of their leader's devotion to these objects. But what is the blood of hapless farmers, what are the tears of their daughters, to Mr. GLADSTONE or to the Nonconformist ministers? We are unable to answer the question; for both parties are silent on such an inconsiderable subject.

OUR RAILWAYS.

THE debate on Mr. WATT's modest proposal to buy up, on the possible recommendation of a Committee, all the railways in the country, was only interesting as it showed that a delusion which was once widely spread is becoming obsolete. It would, indeed, have been at any time impossible to consider seriously a resolution moved by a private and unknown member in favour of a gigantic financial and political operation; but twenty or thirty years ago a few prominent members might have taken the opportunity of recommending the principle of State purchase. Mr. GLADSTONE, who was principally responsible for the Act of 1844, reminded the House that the existing power of the Government to buy up some of the railways was granted at a time when the system was almost in its infancy. The early railways, including some of the great trunk lines, are unaffected by the Act. Lines which have since been sanctioned by Parliament, containing much the largest portion of the present mileage, may be compulsorily bought as soon as the ordinary shares have returned for a certain time a dividend of ten per cent. on the capital expended. The enactment is therefore wholly inapplicable to existing circumstances. It would not be worth the while of the Government to establish a railway department for the administration of the two or three short lines which have the good fortune of earning ten per cent. The average dividend paid by all the railway Companies on lines constructed since 1844 is less than half the prescribed rate. Mr. WATT gravely, though inaccurately, suggested, as a reason for appointing a Committee or Commission to investigate the subject, that even in 1844 Parliament had accepted the principle of purchase. If the statement had been well founded, subsequent experience might well have justified a change of opinion. The capital, the mileage, and the earnings have in forty-four years increased tenfold, and all questions relating to the working of railways are now incomparably better understood. Mr. GLADSTONE agreed with Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH that the Act of 1844 was intended not as a recognition of the expediency of State purchase, but as a reservation of a right which it might or might not be convenient to assert at some future time.

Both Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH and Mr. GLADSTONE rendered a just tribute to the excellence of railway communication in Great Britain. It is worth paying a considerable sum for exemption from the discomforts of Continental lines, and especially from the petty tyranny of officials. The practice of shutting up passengers for a quarter of an hour in a pen and then causing a race or a scramble for places is an abuse which would not be tolerated in England. The object of the arrangement is to restrict the supply of carriages to the smallest number, so that, as a general rule, every compartment is full. The study of the convenience of travellers in England is promoted by the healthy competition of different Companies at almost all important towns. In France and Germany the system of monopoly is universal. There was a popular cant phrase, which may perhaps still be occasionally repeated, that where combination was possible competition was impossible. It is, of course, true that the same rates must be charged by all Companies conducting traffic between the same termini; but competition in excellence of service is incessantly practised. The same results occur in the carriage of goods. If the French goods expresses were as fast as the English, the saving of time between Yorkshire or Lancashire and Paris would be greater than that which Sir EDWARD WATKIN proposes to effect by his Channel Tunnel. If the State had undertaken the construction and management of the railways, the commercial loss which would have been caused by delay in filling up the country would have exceeded any profit which might have been produced by the investment of public money. Except in extraordinary cases, no Government would have made more than one line between any two points. Shareholders have often complained that their money was wasted on unprofitable extensions and on lines intended to compete with their neighbours. Merchants, tradesmen, and manufacturers, having sometimes an opposite interest, almost invariably favour the introduction of competing lines into their respective districts. Under a system of State ownership such questions would have been decided by Parliamentary and political influence. The same objections might be raised, though with diminished force, to a Government purchase of canals. It is difficult to understand the grounds of Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH's contention that such an undertaking would tend to the public benefit. When railways and canals compete it would be an anomalous proceeding to pit the resources of the State against private enterprise.

The interest of the inquiry whether the State ought to have constructed the necessary railways is purely theoretical. It is too late to try the experiment, since the practical object has been attained by another method. The purchase of the existing lines would raise wholly different questions. It must be assumed that Parliament would not confiscate, in whole or in part, the property of the actual owners. It would therefore be necessary to secure to debenture creditors and to shareholders the income which they now receive, with an allowance in many cases for probable increase. There is no financial gain in the purchase of a revenue or of any other commodity at its proper price; nor would the Government, if it took the place of the proprietors, have any opportunity of increasing receipts or diminishing expenses. Whatever may be the case in Ireland, the English and Scotch railways make no superfluous payments to directors. The chairmen, the general managers, and the staff must be paid as highly as at present, and the same persons would in the majority of cases be necessarily employed. The Government would incur great unpopularity by resisting the claims which would be constantly preferred to increase of accommodation and to lowering of rates. No one except the helpless taxpayer would have any motive for applying pressure in the opposite direction; but the Minister in charge of the railways might perhaps find it necessary to maintain an habitual policy of refusal. It is, of course, assumed by both sides in the imaginary controversy that the purchase must be effected by compulsion. The system would not work unless all present and future lines were included; and it is certain that some of the Companies would only yield to coercion. It is satisfactory to find that, in dealing with a question which has no party bearing, Mr. GLADSTONE can still understand and defend the public interest. He properly treated the proposal of an inquiry by a Committee of the House of Commons as equivalent to a Parliamentary declaration in favour of purchase. Perhaps Mr. WATT may have done some small and unconscious service to the country by eliciting from both parties a distinct repudiation of a mischievous theory.

When the more serious measure of the Railway and Canal Traffic Bill is brought forward the House of Commons may, with advantage, remember the admissions which were made in the course of the short debate on Mr. WATT's proposed resolution. The admirable railway service which is conducted by the Companies through their officers, is conducted in accordance with calculations based on the tariffs to which they are legally entitled. It is by no means to be assumed that, if they are subjected to arbitrary and vexatious restrictions, they will be able to supply the same accommodation which has hitherto been provided. The most plausible charge against the railways is founded on their supposed preference of foreign to domestic produce. If they are compelled to abandon a special branch of their trade, they will suffer a greater or less loss of revenue, varying according to the geographical position of the respective lines. A heavier penalty will be levied on the traders, who are their customers, by a prohibition which is indistinguishable from a protective duty. It must not be forgotten that the Companies are already prevented by a law of many years' standing from allowing any undue preference. It may therefore be assumed either that they give no preference to foreign goods, or that the preference, if any, is not legally undue. The Railway Commissioners, who have uniformly inclined in doubtful cases against the Companies, have taken good care that they conform in that

and in all other respects to the letter and spirit of the law. There are still agitators who seek to impose on the Companies the iniquitous uniformity of mileage rates. If they succeed, they will have enacted a monopoly in favour of the sources of traffic or the markets which happen to be in the immediate neighbourhood of railways. Vexatious interference with the lawful discretion of the Companies will be immediately punished by the withdrawal of existing facilities. The general managers run trains for the accommodation of passengers and freighters, but not without regard to the remunerative nature of the traffic. If Parliament discourages their present mode of conducting business, they will have to reconsider all the details of their policy. Even railway reformers will scarcely propose that the Companies should be compelled to run unprofitable trains for the benefit of special classes of traders. If so vicious a principle were admitted, the result would be that Parliament or the Government would practically undertake the whole working of railways. It would be much more advisable to adopt the crude contrivance of purchase. The most disinterested of observers might be irritated by the perverse and suicidal encouragement of confiscation on the part of wealthy peers and respectable landed proprietors. Themselves the intended victims of plunder, some of them are passionately bent on the forcible abolition of a kind of property which is held under the most definite Parliamentary title. They are not even ashamed to rely on the ridiculous quibble that a common form of clause in Railway Acts has reserved the right of general legislation; the elaborate tariffs which are in all cases scheduled to the Acts are, therefore, virtually reduced to the level of practical jokes. If the precedent of spoliation is established with the aid of the country gentlemen, it will be speedily and effectually followed at their own cost.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAITS.

It is time we had some information as to the destination of the national collection of portraits. Some three years have elapsed since the greater part was removed to Bethnal Green, where it is practically inaccessible to students. An alarm of fire, but too well justified by what happened in the stores adjoining the old Gallery at South Kensington, caused the removal, which, as everybody was assured at the time, was only to be for a few months, until a suitable site had been found and a fire-proof building erected. Then the matter dropped. Several excellent sites have been proposed; some, as that near the India Office, are Government property. Others, as that adjoining the National Gallery, would have to be bought. But nothing has been done, and after spending a large sum on buying some of the pictures, and much blandishment in acquiring others, the trustees have had to acquiesce in the virtual banishment of the whole collection to a place so remote from the centres of cultivation that it is useless, and, as a writer in the current number of the *Quarterly Review* well says, "affords no attraction "whatever to the surrounding population." It might, in fact, as well have "been transferred to Kamtschatka."

Meanwhile, we hear nothing of any scheme for a new building. There was great inconvenience in the South Kensington site, to say nothing of the danger. As the late Mr. Beresford Hope, himself a trustee, humorously remarked, everything, even a furnace, had been arranged there ready to make a bonfire of the portraits. We do not want to see them back in a building so ill suited to them. The National Portraits should be housed either in Bloomsbury, where the contiguity of the British Museum and its print-room would add much to its usefulness; or else near Westminster, where its contents could be studied with the greater interest since so many of the pictures represent men who now sleep in the Abbey church. The site chosen should be of an elastic character; for the collection grew apace, even at South Kensington; and, though of course it has been out of sight and out of mind to a considerable degree since it was banished to Bethnal Green, yet certain very fine and valuable works have lately been added, and are in the offices of the trustees in Great George Street, waiting exhibition.

The removal to Bethnal Green seems to have benefited nobody. The East-Enders do not care for portraiture; and, though the danger from fire is comparatively slight, the building is by no means weatherproof, and some of the more delicate works, such as pastel and crayon drawings, are suffering. The fiery heat of last summer, coming between two exceptionally hard winters, has not been good for the pictures; yet, so far as can be seen at present, nothing is being done to provide better lodgings for them. It would take at least two seasons more, another summer and another winter, even if the building had been begun, to house them properly. It is very far from unreasonable to urge the necessity of some action in the matter on the attention of the Government. There is no doubt, or very little, that some proposal would be favourably received by both parties in the House of Commons. There are plenty of vacant sites. If it came to the worst a new gallery might be built where the old Ordnance Stores stood till lately, in the Tower of London, a very appropriate place for a collection which comprises portraits of Queen Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey, Sir Thomas More, the Earl of Essex, the Earl of Surrey, Algernon Sydney, Sir Harry Vane, Lord Russell, General Monk, and many other men and women who, for one reason or another, lived for a time, or died, within the ancient ramparts.

MACEDONIA.

The renewed reports of disturbances in Macedonia; the following up of the condemnation of Major Popoff by the deposition of the notorious Metropolitan Clement of Tirnovo, who openly abetted the kidnapping of Prince Alexander; the beginning of a tariff war between Bulgaria and Turkey; and the plans for fortifying Constantinople on a new and large scale, are all, no doubt, pieces of intelligence which may be treated from the optimist side. It may be said that they are only the usual coffee-house babble, coming in part, if not wholly, from the chief home of coffee-house babble—Vienna—and traceable pretty clearly to the fresh impulse given by the illness of the German Emperor to the uncomfortable rumours of the last twelve or eighteen months. There may be something in this; but there is more in the solid fact of a concentration of Russian troops on the German and Austrian frontiers, which is simply unintelligible except on the supposition that menace is intended, if action is not. We may, for the present, fortunately afford to be comparatively indifferent to the further rumours of intended new movements in Central Asia and Persia. A very good look-out is being kept by the present Indian authorities in those quarters, and, though perhaps there may not be a universal determination in the Home Government to support them through thick and thin, there is no fear of a repetition of Penjdeh. The unexhausted Russian claims on Persia and the perpetual Russian intrigues there are indeed things that must not be allowed to slip from the memory, but they do not require any very immediate attention till the time comes. And when the time does come it will probably be found, as even that latest disciple of despair Sir Charles Dilke seems to acknowledge, that whatever unreadiness there is in the defences of the Empire is not to be found on the Indian side.

European matters are more disquieting. The very name of Macedonia has something of evil omen in it; for it is, in fact, an invention or re-invention of those who would like further to pull to pieces the Sultan's dominions. Even in ancient times there was not any very clear idea what a Macedonian was, the nearest approach to such an idea being that he was a kind of parcel-Greek, parcel-Barbarian, who dwelt anywhere between Thessaly, Thrace, and Illyria. Nor was the famous doctrine of the *soldat heureux* ever better illustrated than in the crystallization of this vague entity by the genius of Philip and Alexander. For some two thousand years Macedonia has been nothing, or next to nothing; and the revival of its name would never have been thought of, except as a question-begging device, to hint the rights or claims of modern Greece over the territories designated by it. As a useful statistical summary published in the *Standard* of Tuesday has reminded Englishmen, this insinuation is very badly founded, though perhaps not worse than others which have before now availed to separate provinces and kingdoms from the rule of the Porte. The honest maniacs and the dishonest tools who abuse the name of Christianity to further the designs of Russia have three courses, one of which must needs suit the case of any Turkish province. Either the Christians are the more numerous, in which case

the sacred rights of the majority come in; or the two parties are about equal, in which case the rule ought to follow the worthier religion, like the arrangement of grammar, not that of logic; or else the Christians are in the minority, in which case it is more evident than ever that they ought to be the rulers, lest the followers of the Prophet should oppress them. One claw or other of this universal engine is sure to fit. Unluckily in Macedonia, or, to speak more accurately, in the provinces of Salonica and Monastir, while the Moslems slightly fall below the Christians in number, the Christians themselves are divided (not evenly, but with no great excess on either side) between what may be called Greeks and what may be called Bulgarians. And the numbers of each of these bodies are considerably smaller than the total Islamite census. This gives a very pretty problem indeed to the fanatics of religion, race, language, and all the rest of it. If—which in the interests both of the peace of Europe and of the internal tranquillity and prosperity of the regions themselves would no doubt be best—all the Balkan Peninsula and its sub-peninsula, the Morea, from the Danube to Cape Matapan, could be made to belong to one central authority, there would of course be no difficulty in the matter. But the policy of Europe for some sixty years and more has been not merely to weaken and edge out the only central authority that existed, but to strengthen, foster, and develop minor and departmental authorities more irreconcilably opposed to each other than they are to their old master. The sons, or, to be certain of accuracy, let us say the successors, of the Greeks denounce the claims of the successors of the blessed DUSHAN and the blessed SAMUEL; while we have been expecting for years that somebody would evoke the memory of PYRRHUS or of some unheard-of successor of PYRRHUS at 1200 A.D. or thereabouts, and in thrilling language protest against the idea of the Epirotes, who all but conquered Rome, the Illyrians, who fought under BARGULUS, that strong pirate, being subject to anything or anybody except the successors of PYRRHUS and BARGULUS. Meanwhile, the absurdity of claiming Macedonia either for Greece, which in its Greek days used to scout the idea of Macedonian Hellenism, or for Bulgaria, which was not, nor was thought of, when Macedonia was Macedonia, is clear enough. But, unfortunately, this absurdity does not prevent disturbances in the strath of the Strymon and the hills bounding it from being a very convenient instrument in the hands of the evil-disposed.

With the fortifying of Constantinople few will find fault, for there is probably no capital in the world where fortifications could be of so much use, or which is more naturally fitted to be furnished with them. There may be room for more difference of opinion as to the decidedly active, not to say aggressive, course of policy which the Bulgarian Government appears to be pursuing. No doubt it may be made a pretext for violence; but if violence is intended, such a pretext will never be far to seek. And it may be very plausibly contended that it was time for Bulgaria to abandon the attitude of passive victim which she has maintained so long, to purge herself of traitors within, and at least to hint that she can resort to reprisals for disobliging proceedings without. Although, for fear of offending Russia, Europe has not taken the obviously proper course of recognizing Prince FERDINAND, or some other Prince, and declaring that the Russian veto on the recognition has been forfeited by the refusal of the CZAR either to approve or to nominate a suitable candidate, no step in the other sense has been taken. And the sequel of the declaratory document sent to the Bulgarian Ministry justifies that Ministry in taking no further notice of it, and in continuing to govern the country under all disadvantages as steadily and resolutely as possible. Steady and resolute government is clearly impossible if such conduct as that attributed to the Metropolitan CLEMENT is to be tolerated. The war of imports between Bulgaria and her Suzerain is less capable of summary judgment. On the whole, it seems best calculated to promote on both sides a great increase of land smuggling. This is already believed to be carried on in that part of the world to a considerable extent, and as it naturally allies itself with brigandage, and through brigandage lends itself to the attempts of persons like those who organized the Bourgas raid, it is likely to be an unmixed evil both to Turkey and to Bulgaria. But it must be remembered that the SULTAN has probably been driven to impose the new duty by the expenses of national defence, and that that national defence has been imposed upon him, as upon half the other Powers of Europe, by the menacing and enigmatic armaments of Russia, which have been by no means confined to European frontiers. In short, these armaments are at the bottom of almost the whole present disquiet, in whatever quarter we look, and so long as they continue that disquiet will beyond question continue likewise.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

THE preparations for the Presidential election in the United States appear to be conducted with less than the usual display of excitement; yet only a few weeks will pass before the formal beginning of the contest. The nominating Conventions will assemble in June—the Republicans at Chicago, and the Democrats at St. Louis; but in one case the result is already certain. Mr. CLEVELAND will receive the certain, and probably the unanimous, support of the Democratic party. His steady advance in the confidence of his adherents and in the respect of the general community indicates the possession of remarkable qualities. Ten or twelve years ago Mr. CLEVELAND, as mayor of a provincial town, distinguished himself by his active discouragement of political appointments to office. The better class of Republicans were at that time greatly dissatisfied with the corruption which had been encouraged by some of the leaders of their party. A section of them consequently coalesced with the Democrats for the purpose of electing Mr. CLEVELAND to the high office of Governor of New York. At the Presidential election of 1884 he became the nominee of the same combination as the representative of Civil Service Reform. During his term of office he has fulfilled the expectations of his original supporters, and he has taken an active and creditable part in the general policy of the Union. His recent approval of the Fisheries Convention may perhaps cost him a certain number of votes, and he has voluntarily defied a widespread prejudice by a Message in which he recommended a moderate reduction of the tariff. His success will depend, not only on his own merits, but on the character of the nominee who may be selected by the Republicans. At the last election Mr. CLEVELAND profited largely by the contrast between his political character and Mr. BLAINE'S. It is not yet certain whether he will on this occasion encounter the same opponent. Mr. BLAINE is the most popular public speaker in the United States, and he also enjoys the reputation of being the ablest practitioner of the art of electoral management. It is supposed that he has succeeded in detaching a section of Irish voters from their habitual connexion with the Democratic party. For this purpose, and perhaps on other grounds, he professes dislike for England, and there can be no doubt that he will oppose the policy of his rival in the matter of the Canadian Fisheries. The result will show whether the American people prefer an able party politician or a prudent and moderate statesman.

The Republican choice of a Presidential candidate is still open. Mr. BLAINE, who has been travelling abroad, announced some months ago that he would not be disposed to accept a nomination. His refusal has not since been withdrawn, but it seems likely to be overruled. His friends and his adversaries agree in disbelieving the sincerity, or at least the serious character, of his resignation. Perhaps he has not yet made up his mind on the question; but his family, which may be supposed to know his real wishes, has taken pains to assure his supporters that his excuse of delicate health has now not the smallest foundation. If his partisans find themselves in a majority at Chicago they will use gentle violence to overcome their candidate's hesitation. The principal objection which will be made to the nomination of Mr. BLAINE is founded on the personal dissatisfaction with his conduct and character which conduced largely to the defeat of the Republican party at the last election. There are several competitors in the field, including Mr. SHERMAN, who is perhaps the most formidable rival of Mr. BLAINE. At a time when Mr. HAYES, then President, had filled, as his critics declared, every public department with citizens of Ohio, Mr. SHERMAN, who belongs to that State, held the high office of Secretary of the Treasury. He was accused by his opponents of using his official opportunities to promote his personal interests as a candidate for the Presidency. Whether or not the charge was true it would now be difficult to ascertain, and there is a division of opinion in the United States as to the culpability of such transactions. Mr. SHERMAN is probably, after Mr. BLAINE, the principal leader of the party, and he has already secured the Republican votes of the powerful State of Ohio. There are several other probable or possible candidates, of whom the

best known to Englishmen is perhaps Mr. Chauncy Depew. It is not known that any of the competitors excite great enthusiasm, and the Convention will have no difficulty in conforming to the customary practice of making the nomination unanimous, when successive experiments with the ballot-box have designated the winning candidate. It has often happened that a President has been elected because he was comparatively obscure. Party leaders have too many enemies; and Mr. Blaine and Mr. Sherman may perhaps suffer by the accident that they are somewhat better known than the bulk of the candidates. As soon as a choice is made, the whole party will forget its internal divisions. The Democrats have, as has been said, already determined on their nominee.

The platforms or political programmes of the contending parties have probably not yet been finally settled; but the Republicans have at their local and State Conventions given prominence to their favourite doctrine of Protection. On this point they have an advantage, as their creed is definite, positive, and complete. The manufacturers and mine-owners, who inspire their policy and subsidize their efforts, take little trouble to conceal their motives; but, as a tribute to decency, they conventionally profess to support monopoly in the interest of the working-men. The Democrats, on the other hand, are in questions of economic policy hopelessly disunited, and a large section of the party, under the lead of Mr. Randall, is on these points opposed to the President. If the schism should be allowed to affect the Presidential Election, the victory of the Republicans will become nearly certain. It will be remembered that Mr. Cleveland himself thought it prudent to make reservations in favour of domestic industry. He professed to recommend the reduction of Customs-duties, principally on the special ground of the inconvenient accumulation of money in the Treasury. Some attempts have been made in Congress and elsewhere to remove the difficulty by handing over the surplus in certain proportions to the several States; but as none of the plans proposed have been found satisfactory, it will not be necessary to enter into details on the platforms to be adopted at St. Louis and Chicago; and probably the differences which exist among the Democrats will be disguised in vague and indefinite phrases. The Republicans, finding that their doctrines are not publicly contradicted, will argue with some plausibility that as their theories are admitted their candidate ought to have a preference over a half-hearted Free-trader. The chances of Mr. Cleveland's success would be small if he relied on the strength of his party in the Northern States. The vote of New York is doubtful, but Pennsylvania may always be trusted to reject any approximation to Free-trade. It would seem that Ohio and Indiana are also favourable to monopoly; but on the other side is, according to the common phrase, "a solid South." The States in which slavery once existed have after prolonged struggles appropriated all political power to the white population. On the whole it is possible that the result may have been expedient, as it was undoubtedly natural. The Republicans lately made a desperate attempt to recover Louisiana; but their failure convinced them of the impossibility of disturbing the unity of the Southern States. It is probable that the coloured race would still prefer the party to which it owes its liberation; but by some imperfectly known process the negro electors are always outvoted.

Knowing that they had not exclusive possession of the profitable doctrine of Protection, some of the Republican managers lately proposed to raise the question of injustice to the South; but after their defeat in Louisiana they abandoned the attempt as hopeless. The only mode of correcting the irregularities which undoubtedly exist would be that the Federal Government should assume the control of the Southern elections. The arrangement could not be effected without an Amendment to the Constitution, which, again, it would be impossible to pass. General Grant, indeed, in the height of his power, employed the Federal troops to protect the coloured voters in Southern elections; but his proceedings were regarded as unconstitutional, and since that time opinion has greatly changed. The coloured population is in course of improvement. In some of the Western States negroes hold official positions, and their inequality is more social than political; but they will never be allowed again, as in the days of the carpet-baggers, to rule their former masters. The Republicans have now deliberately resolved to exclude the grievances of the South from their platform. It is probable that they will pass resolutions in favour of the fishermen of New England who object to Canadian competition, and the seal-catchers, who in Alaska maintain exactly the opposite doctrines to those which are asserted on the Eastern Coast, but the essential part of the platform will be devoted to declarations against Free-trade. Perhaps no long time will elapse before a Presidential election may turn on economic issues. There is no doubt that some progress has been made in the direction of commercial orthodoxy. Even if Mr. Cleveland is defeated it will still be a significant fact that a candidate for the Presidency can have ventured to propose a reduction of duties. Republican orators, if they are not ashamed to repeat the obsolete nonsense of the promotion of Free-trade by the use of "British gold," will loudly complain of the audacity of English politicians in daring to find fault with the national policy of the United States. The truth is that the interest of England in rational legislation on the part of America is not entirely one-sided. When the States at last recognize the advantage of buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest, then competition with England in neutral markets will be sensibly facilitated. In the meantime the United States have a perfect right to consult only their own advantage in their legislation. They try the experiment of monopoly with comparatively little inconvenience, because they enjoy absolute freedom of intercourse with a world of their own.

ART CRITICS AT PLAY.

THIS year the art critics hardly exhibit the usual masterly balance of totally diverse opinions. But even this year they differ so much among themselves that we may still in moments of despondency, doubt whether art criticism is quite an exact science. The art critics, also, are as full of their learning as ever. While some resort manifestly "to Smith or less fastidious Lemprière," the *Daily News* hastens to Ælius Lampridius for information about Elagabalus, whom it obviously dislikes calling Heliogabalus. The *Telegraph*, too, is erudite about Hector and his conquest of "Sicilian Thebæ." Perhaps we may learn more about this unfamiliar siege from Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's *History of Sicily* when he brings out that work. In the meantime the compositor may be suspected of having had a hand in discovering a Thebes in Sicily and a Sicilian Expedition from Troy.

Sir Frederick Leighton's "Captive Andromache" excites the amateur of the *Standard*. He is not only enthusiastic himself, but he says all must be enthusiastic. "This "work must be spoken of with enthusiasm if it is to be "spoken of with truth." In that case the *Times* does not speak of it with truth, for the *Times* speaks wholly without enthusiasm. If cold praise could damn, then the condition of "Andromache" would be little better than that of the wicked. "One asks," says the heartless observer from Printing House Square, "what it all comes to, what sen-"timent it is meant" ("meant" goes ill with "sentiment") "to excite? how we are to be affected by it?" Well, the *Standard's* man is as affected as ever he can be, which is not saying a little. The *Daily Telegraph*, on the other hand, could relish a stronger and more exciting topic. "Sir Frederick could obviously have made a great "deal more of his heroine if" (instead of merely fulfilling Hector's prophecy) "she could only have stabbed herself "before the assembled Greeks." But it is clearly not Sir Frederick's fault that she did not. However, the *Telegraph* concludes that it is "a palatial work," which borders on enthusiasm. His remarks about "the Lesche of the "Coridians," like what he has to say of the Sicilian Thebæ, demand either a scholiast or an emendation. The *Standard* would, perhaps, have been more enthusiastic still if "An-"dromache" had been a finer figure of a woman. He calls her "a slight but lovely person," and clearly, like Mr. Bailey, Junior, prefers a "crummy" type of female beauty. By way of adding to the charms of Sir Frederick's landscapes the *Daily News*, in a spirit of generosity, throws in "the gloomy keep of Argos," though, in point of fact, that monument "is not in sight," unless we take Argos in a wide geographical sense.

Mr. Tadema's "Roses of Heliogabalus" naturally beget much learning. The *Times* knows all about Varius Avitus Bassianus, but is not happy about the "[illegible]." The *Standard* is strong on "the shower, the torrent, the "cascade of roses," leaving others to quote "a rain and ruin "of roses," which certainly comes in very nicely. "As for

"the roses" (and here is learning for you) "VAN HUYSUM "never painted them with quite that freedom and fresh- "ness." The *Telegraph* calls ELAGABALUS "an imperial "GAVROCHE," and doubts whether he really invented *champagne rose*. That discovery might be allowed to him, as even THACKERAY admits that GEORGE IV. struck out the idea of a new shoe-buckle "in the primo vigour of his "invention." On the whole, Mr. TADEMA's work is "mag- "nificent, but slightly obscure." The *Telegraph* has read "the scholiasts" on HELIOGABALUS. Which scholiasts? on what book? The scholiast on ÆLI LAMPRIDIUS must be a most valuable authority.

Mr. ORCHARDSON is a cause of dissension. The *Standard* enthusiastically descries "marvellous little outbreaks of "illumination" in the "tea-service of fine white and gold." Mr. *Punch* brings a new interpretation; this is another of Mr. ORCHARDSON's ill-assorted unions, and the young lady singing is the wife of the old gentleman with the evening paper. *He* does not agree with the *Standard* that the young man turning the leaves of the music-book is "a pleasant "young man." The *Daily News*, less emotional, talks in a vein of democratic mockery about the "domestic affections "of the affluent who dwell in marble hal's with a pre- "ference for yellows and deep reds in the decorations." The interest of the *Times*, on the other hand, is "aroused with "complete success." Baffled by the obscure sentiment of Sir FREDERICK's "Andromache," the *Times*' man is quite at home with that of "Her Mother's Voice." The *Telegraph*, as is not unnatural in a critic familiar with scholiasts, thinks Mr. ORCHARDSON's topic "painfully trite." He does not add, as in Sir FREDERICK's case, that Mr. ORCHARDSON might have made more of his heroine if she had locked her father up in the piano-case and fled with her admirer. Yet this incident certainly would have appealed powerfully to the popular imagination. Many other examples of critical unanimity and accuracy might be given. For example, it was not Truthful JAMES, as the *Daily Telegraph* says in criticizing Mr. BURNE-JONES, but BILL NYE, who "went "for that Heathen Chinee." This, at least, is the version of BRETTIUS HARTIUS; but the scholiast on that author may, of course, have recorded a different legend. There are differences as to the place where the monster was annihilated. The *Telegraph* thinks it was not Joppa in Palestine, and nobody puts in a claim for Joppa, near Musselburgh. The *Daily News* thinks the scene was in the Soudan—perhaps at Suakim, for all we know. LIDDELL and SCOTT have plenty to learn from the *Daily Telegraph*. The *Times*' man actually knows that PERSEUS had "wings on his feet," which pleasantly reminds one of the horses whose "shoes "were on their feet." The *Daily News* has met Mr. STRUDWICK's "Acrasia" in the *Ethics*, where LIDDELL and SCOTT do recognize her as "the temperament of the ἀκρατής." But the *Telegraph* has "heard" of "Akrasis," which in Greek signifies every kind of intemperance, but which is entirely unknown to LIDDELL and SCOTT, unless it is in the last edition. Perhaps the printer is at his old tricks, and it may be he who has discovered for another critic the hitherto unknown painter TINTORETTI.

LEONE LEVI.

IT seems a strange thing that English Chambers of Commerce should have lost their father only this week, and that he should have been an Italian. Such, however, are the facts, and they ought to ensure for Mr. LEONE LEVI a niche in the fabric of industrial history. Mr. LEVI was a man of immense diligence, transparent integrity, and conspicuous public spirit. But his labours were not of the class which brings popular applause to the labourer, and it must be admitted that he had not the gift of making dry subjects attractive. His solid achievements in commercial and international law are recognized and admired by all competent critics. Work of this sort, however, is peculiarly impersonal; and the very people who profit most by it care little who did it, so long as it is done. LEONE LEVI was born in 1821 at Ancona, then in the Papal States, just forty years before the town and province of that name became part of the kingdom of Italy. Like Mr. GALLENGA and Sir JAMES LACAITA, he was a naturalized British subject, though he did not, like Sir JAMES, continue to be also an Italian senator. He left Italy for England when he was twenty-three years old, and made this country his home for the remainder of his life. For some time he resided in Liverpool, and in 1849 the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce was established at his suggestion. It is needless to say that almost every important town in England now contains a body of this description, even London having condescended a few years ago to follow the universal practice. The kindred project which Mr. LEVI advocated at the same time has not been equally successful. Chambers of Commerce are thoroughly useful and practical institutions. Tribunals of commerce have, speaking generally, failed. Merchants prefer, as a rule, a court of law, or an arbitration conducted under the supervision of the court. It was formerly stated that the best commercial tribunal was a strong judge sitting with a special jury of the City of London. Perhaps neither special juries nor puisne judges are what they were, since Parliament lowered the qualification for the one, and the Court of Appeal skimmed the cream of the other. But men of business still prefer the administration of the ordinary law to those boards of mercantile specialists with which the late Serjeant Cox wanted to fill Serjeants' Inn. Mr. LEVI became himself secretary of the Liverpool Chamber, and in that character was enabled to procure information with regard to the working of similar institutions abroad. This led him to publish in 1850 his *Commercial Law of the World*, or, as it was called in the second edition of 1873, *International Commercial Law*. This book made Mr. LEVI's reputation as an authority in those pursuits for which his countrymen have always been famous, and obtained for him various prizes and medals. The International Commercial Code, for which he pleaded with such vigorous earnestness, is still a thing of the future. But there can be no doubt that the greater similarity of usage which now prevails in business relations throughout the civilized world is largely due to his untiring exertions, and to the lucid reasoning by which he supported his ideas.

LEONE LEVI, who died on Tuesday last in his sixty-seventh year, was appointed in 1852 Professor of Commercial Law at King's College, London. In 1859 he was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, and his cheerful, bustling little figure was familiar to all members of the Inn who were in the habit of dining in Hall. He had been out of health for some time before his death, and he might probably have lived longer if he had worked less hard. Mr. GLADSTONE said of Bishop WILBERFORCE that he had only one fault—he could not rest. Professor LEONE LEVI was almost always engaged on some task which would have been too stiff and uninviting for ordinary minds. Apart from his knowledge of law and commerce, which he combined after the fashion, though not of course with the genius, of Lord MANSFIELD, Professor LEVI was a sound and accomplished economist. A Free-trader by conviction, he did not content himself with arguing against Protection on abstract grounds, but collected a vast mass of statistics to show that his logic was based on truth. With the exception of Mr. ROBERT GIFFEN, he was probably the greatest statistician in the United Kingdom, and at most meetings of the British Association he had valuable calculations to communicate. His numerous letters to the *Times* on financial and commercial subjects were apt to repel the ordinary reader by the columns of figures with which they were loaded. But, though he had little or no literary faculty, and never acquired a mastery of the English language like Mr. MAX MÜLLER, his meaning was clear, and the ciphers had a definite purpose of their own. His *History of British Commerce and of the Economic Progress of the British Nation from* 1863 to 1878 is a standard work of acknowledged value, and the University of Tübingen conferred on him the high honour of a doctor's degree in Economic Science. The important legislation of 1856, which did much to assimilate the mercantile law of the three kingdoms, was sketched out and initiated by him. He proposed the summoning of a Conference on the subject, at which the late Lord HARROWBY and the first Lord BROUGHAM presided. Among the results of this meeting were two Acts of Parliament, one to alter the commercial law of Scotland, the other to modify the Scotch law of marriage. The latter, however, still continues to vex the soul of the scientific legislator and to provide material for the pen of the imaginative novelist. It is characteristic of Professor LEVI that he should have founded a lectureship in his native town of Ancona, and that he should have chosen as its subject "the laws of commerce in re- "lation to science and moral and international laws." He believed devoutly in the scientific nature of law, even of international law, which he was appropriately selected to treat in the "International Scientific Series." Mr. WHITMORE rather wittily said of Professor STUART the other day that his whole life was one long public meeting.

Professor LEVI's life was a series of lectures, diversified by treatises, or of treatises diversified by lectures. Such a career does not invite the effusive eloquence of the enthusiastic encomiast. But it would be a great mistake to underrate the labours of men like LEONE LEVI, who not only add much to the sum of positive knowledge, but also mitigate the disputes and jealousies of nations.

THE PAUSE IN FRANCE.

THE comparative quiet which has followed the exciting events of a few weeks ago in France seems to have produced an impression that General BOULANGER is not so formidable as he looked. It is certainly exceptionally unsafe to predict the course of events in France, and it may be that there is not vigour enough left in the country even to establish a dictatorship as a less evil alternative to feeble Parliamentary intrigue. The reaction in favour of strong government, which is sooner or later inevitable, may be postponed, and France may be left for some time yet in the hands of successive cliques composed each of a wirepuller and puppets, or even wholly of puppets, with the wirepuller outside. On the other hand, it is equally possible that the General's friends and enemies are in an undue hurry. At the bottom of their hearts they seem to have hoped or feared that when he came to take his seat he would then and there send the Chamber about its business, put the key in his pocket, and carry off that bauble, the President's bell, to summon his own family to dinner. Possibly the General would have greatly enjoyed saying "Come, come, we have had enough "of this. I will put an end to your prating." But for this sort of work it is absolutely necessary to have your HARRISON's regiment of musketeers or your grenadiers of the army of Italy ready at hand. General BOULANGER has no such resource, and the garrison of Paris is under the command of an officer who is not, and has no reason to be, his friend. The General can only appeal to the votes of the country, and must wait till they have been given. The almost spluttering fury of his Parliamentary enemies, and the horrified amazement of some foreign observers at the success he has already obtained is quite natural and intensely comic. It is only one proof more of the delightful immortal incapacity of the natural man to use one pair of scales, one set of measures, for himself and for the other side. To M. FLOQUET, M. CLÉMENCEAU, and others it is absolutely right that the country should vote for them; but that it should vote for somebody who proposes to send them about their business—horrible! atrocious! clean against all reason!

The General's last move in his campaign, the publication of a manifesto in the form of a preface to his history of the war of 1870, has been greeted with the usual chorus of derision. He stands convicted of uttering platitudes, and of using sonorous phrases which mean nothing. No doubt he is guilty of these weaknesses, but if they are to disqualify a gentleman from getting to the head of affairs in France, which of the honourable body of French politicians will be safe? In the meantime there are two propositions in his preface which his critics would do well to treat with a little serious attention. The first is, that since the army has become the nation in arms, it will have its say in politics. The second is, that the army, which knows that it will be called upon to do the fighting and bear the brunt, will not stand by while any modern equivalents to the "bigots and lackeys and panders" of the old monarchy are undoing the fortunes of France. This may amount to an appeal to the army, and a threat of a pronunciamiento. But the facts will not be altered by calling them and the General bad names. The Republicans would do well to ask themselves whether the preface does not tell the truth. If the army is to be coterminous with the nation, and every man is entitled to his share of voting power, then it will act in politics, and by the nature of things and force of habit it will act together. As for the second proposition, there is good reason to believe that it expresses at least a very widely spread feeling in the French army. The older generals are known to be opposed to any interference in politics; but the younger men and the soldiers are said to be by no means minded to face a great war with no better administration over them than could be formed out of such an hysterical and incapable body as the Chamber. Indeed, why should they? It is no longer held to be any man's duty to get up the ladder and be hanged to please the laird. Really it is not so pleasant to be shot, or starved, or taken prisoner because of somebody else's bungling. Now that they are at the head of affairs the Republicans preach passive obedience to the soldier, but they were glad enough of the forty thousand army votes given against NAPOLEON III. in the last plébiscite. There is no proof that the army is actually prepared for a pronunciamiento, but there is nothing improbable in the supposition that it may be provoked or tempted or wearied or frightened into helping on a *coup d'état* at some not very distant date. It will not be the first time by many that the French army has done so. The "blessed word" pronunciamiento, too, is not an argument. People who use it might inquire more closely than they appear to do whether the interference of the Spanish army in politics was the cause or the consequence of the feeble anarchy of the Government.

MR. PARNELL AT THE EIGHTY CLUB.

MR. PARNELL'S speech at the Eighty Club dinner appears to have disappointed some reasonable and some unreasonable expectations. To deal first with an expectation of the latter kind, it was not a "statesman-like "utterance," and, to say the truth, it was a good deal duller than might have been with a fair amount of reason anticipated even by those well accustomed to Mr. PARNELL's unexciting style of oratory. To criticize it seriously, however, on such grounds would be to miss the point of the occasion. We may be quite sure that the active organizers of the feast were not disappointed, and that whatever might have been the demerits of their guest's after-dinner performance it would have satisfied them. It was with the ceremony of entertaining Mr. PARNELL, and not with its accompaniment of oratory, that they were really concerned; and the complimentary banquet was merely intended to set the seal to the policy which has triumphed in this curiously fortuned Club. Having purged themselves of their element of independent Liberalism, and accepted the status of an association of Gladstonian "items," it only remained for the wirepullers of the party to commit the Club finally and irretrievably to its new position by opening its doors of hospitality to the former captive and present bosom friend of their patron. Mr. HALDANE, who presided at the dinner, and whose speech was a marvel of North British *naïveté* throughout, observed at the commencement of his remarks that "this occasion was one which ought to have occurred "in the history of this Club long ago." How long ago? we are compelled to ask. As long ago as 1881-82, when Mr. GLADSTONE was playing the part of gaoler to their distinguished guest? Or as long ago as 1882-85, when their distinguished guest's newspaper was ransacking the vocabulary of Billingsgate for abuse of Mr. GLADSTONE, and aiming the foulest insinuations against Mr. GLADSTONE's colleagues in Ireland? It is clear that "the occasion" could not possibly have occurred longer ago than 1886—a date which we perceive, by the way, that Mr. HALDANE described in his next sentence as "some years since." No doubt it does seem a long time to Mr. HALDANE. We measure years by heart-beats, and the Club has "lived fast." It has had a succession of "crowded hours of glorious life," though it can hardly perhaps afford to say much in disdain of "an age without a name." For the name must be rather a sore point with the Club, especially on an occasion of this kind. So far as regards associations, sympathetic or unsympathetic with the views of their guest, the eponymous year of the Club might just as well be 1801, or, for that matter, 1798 itself. For in 1880 Mr. PARNELL's hosts were for the "blackguardism" of the Union to a man, and there must be many a man among them who "fears to speak of "Eighty-two," a year in which they applauded an Irish policy as sternly repressive in spirit as that of PITT and CORNWALLIS. The Eighty-six Club is, of course, a title which would fit it well enough in present circumstances, but, at the same time, we do not wonder at the hesitation of the Club to rechristen itself by a name which might very likely become again an anachronism in 1890. If it is to assume a new style it should borrow from Mr. GLADSTONE himself the only thing about him which he is never likely to change.

The members of the Eighty, as we suppose we must still call them, assembled in considerable strength last Tuesday, and sought to give further *éclat* to the occasion by inviting a certain number of distinguished outsiders, some of them

by no means in sympathy with the views of the Club. Most of these latter, and perhaps not a few of the less keen politicians in the Club itself, were no doubt rather solicitous of the oratorical entertainment to be provided for them than interested in the political import of the festivity; and these, we imagine, must have been slightly disappointed at the result. The CARNARVON-PARNELL incident has been discussed to something more than satiety; and there is no one probably with a mind to make up who has not made it up already on that matter. Mr. PARNELL's lengthy disquisition upon it was the more unnecessary and tedious because he had really no material contradiction to offer to Lord CARNARVON's statement. Indeed, as admitting for the first time a fact which Mr. PARNELL's previous "ways of putting the matter" have uniformly tended to conceal, his latest account of it supplies an indirect confirmation of Lord CARNARVON's. The famous "conversation" has now at last assumed its true form of a Parnellian monologue, to which the Lord-Lieutenant, we are told, played the part of chorus. It is now admitted by Mr. PARNELL that it was he, and not his interlocutor, who made the declarations in favour of an Irish Parliament in Dublin, which was to be "called a Par-"liament" as well as to "be one," and which was to have power to pass fiscal laws for the protection of Irish industries. Lord CARNARVON's share in the conversation consisted, it seems, in repeating after each political proposition of his visitor's the words "I quite agree with you"—a phrase which he may or may not have used, but of which the deep and solemn import when employed colloquially must be evident to every one. The utmost, in short, which Mr. PARNELL can be supposed to have accomplished in the last explanation is to make it credible that he in good faith, but on singularly insufficient grounds, believed Lord CARNARVON to have had leanings towards what afterwards became the Gladstonian policy of Home Rule. How very slight these leanings were and are the person to whom they are attributed has within the last day or two fully explained. And how Mr. PARNELL could ever have persuaded himself that, if they existed at all, they were anything more than personal to Lord CARNARVON; how he could have arrived at the conclusion that they were shared by, or that they in the slightest degree committed, the Government to which Lord CARNARVON belonged, remains, we must confess, as much of a mystery to us as ever.

There was nothing of any real interest in Mr. PARNELL's speech—for the "tyrannical administration" of the Crimes Act is a subject which has been much more effectively, because more inventively, handled by Mr. O'BRIEN and others—except his references to the Plan of Campaign and the Papal rescript. On the former of these matters it is impossible not to suspect Mr. PARNELL's remarkable frankness of an ulterior object. He was known to have had no share in the origination of the Plan of Campaign, and every one had observed his persistent reticence on the subject in the House of Commons. But, though deductions from these facts were clear enough, we doubt whether many carried inference so far as to conclude that Mr. PARNELL had actually called the authors of the Plan over the coals, and had formally imposed conditions upon them in limitation of its operation. Certainly it is news to all Englishmen, and, to judge from its reception by the *Freeman's Journal*, to most Irishmen, that Mr. PARNELL had been for some time past engaged in "maturing a "method of agrarian organization which would have been "free from the political defects of the Plan of Campaign, "and which would have absolutely corresponded in every "respect with the system of organization known as trades-"unionism in this country." As to the possibility of devising any substitute for the Plan of Campaign which would really answer this description we may have our doubts. Considering that to secure the "absolute correspondence" of such a scheme with the principle of trades-unionism all tenants who desired to strike against a particular rent would have to begin by vacating their farms, we think it scarcely probable that Mr. PARNELL's new method of agrarian organization would so admirably combine innocence with efficiency, though we think it very likely that, by a sufficiently liberal definition of the former of these qualities, the presence of the latter might be ensured. But the significance of the statement itself, as well as of the slightly contemptuous tone in which Mr. PARNELL spoke of the mistake made by the authors of the Plan—"my friends "Mr. DILLON and Mr. O'BRIEN"—is undiminished by any considerations as to the feasibility of the policy which it announces. It is of a piece with the disdainful brevity of his reference to the Papal rescript and to the line which "Mr. DILLON and Mr. O'BRIEN and the other "Catholics who have been engaged in this matter may "think it right to take as a vindication of their poli-"tical freedom." There is an undertone of "You see "what comes of acting independently of me" about all his language on the subject which must be rather galling to "my friends Mr. DILLON and Mr. O'BRIEN." He tells them, in fact, under polite disguise, that they have got themselves into a mess by neglecting his advice, and that he must leave them to get out of it as best they can, subject always to the condition that, whatever happens to the Plan of Campaign, the National League must not be further involved. And as this clearly means that the Plan is to be dropped, and that its authors will subside into comparative obscurity, we may be sure—indeed there are already signs—that harmony will not be promoted among the Parnellite party by the latest utterance of their leader.

MRS. BURNETT'S VICTORY.

THE judgment of Mr. Justice STIRLING in the case of WARNE *v.* SEEBOHM will gladden the heart of the novelist, and help to diminish the discredit into which the law of literary property had been falling. The argument on the plaintiff's side was a very bold one, and bore some resemblance to the ingenious quibble by which PORTIA got the better of SHYLOCK. But no reasonable person can complain of the use of paradox for the purpose of defeating a moral wrong. The facts are very simple, and only too common. Mrs. HODGSON BURNETT, the well-known author of *That Lass o' Lowrie's*, *Through One Administration*, and other excellent novels, some English, some American, wrote a story for children which she called by the rather unpleasantly suggestive title of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. It was very successful, like her other works; and among other, we trust more agreeable, fruits of its success she received a letter from a gentleman named SEEBOHM, who informed her, with many effusive compliments, that he had founded a comedy upon it, which would shortly be represented on the stage. It was stated by Mr. SEEBOHM's counsel at the trial that Mr. SEEBOHM had asked Mrs. BURNETT's leave before taking this course, and it is true that the phrase "with your "sanction" occurs in the letter. But the whole tenour of the document imports an announcement rather than a request, and so Mr. SEEBOHM's subsequent conduct shows that he wished to be understood. For Mrs. BURNETT first telegraphed, and then sent more fully by post, an unqualified refusal. She mildly suggested that she would prefer to dramatize the book herself, and she not unnaturally supposed that the law would protect her in doing so. There, however, Mrs. BURNETT was in error. Whatever copyright may be in the land of her adoption, it is not what it ought to be in the land of her birth. The law of England is still as it was in the days of Sir EDWARD COKE, "a "very particular thing." The wisdom of Parliament has provided that literary copyright shall be one pair of sleeves and dramatic copyright another. These are not the precise words of any Act, but they sufficiently describe the state of the law. Between the two copyrights there is a great gulf fixed, as the late Mr. CHARLES READE found to his cost. He was practically told that anybody might turn his novels into plays if he had not already done so himself, and he commented freely upon the ruling in the full-flavoured style of which he was a master. The logical result of READE *v.* CONQUEST, and other cases, seems to be that, if A dramatizes B's novel, and duly registers his dramatic version, he can afterwards restrain B from dramatizing his own book. To an ordinary mind, acquainted with the current of litigation upon the subject, it would have appeared plain that Mrs. BURNETT could only, as Mr. FRANK HAWLEY says in *Middlemarch*, "break her nose "against some damned judge's decision." Happily she was very well advised, and the acuteness of her legal friends has obtained for her a remarkable triumph.

Mr. SEEBOHM's adaptation of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* was brought out at the Prince of Wales' Theatre in full reliance upon READE *v.* CONQUEST. But it is impossible, or at least very difficult, to produce a play without making printed or written copies of it. Now, the Copyright Act of 1842, which is the principal statute on the subject, provides that "the word *copyright* shall be construed to mean the sole and

"exclusive right of multiplying copies" of, among other things, a "tragedy, comedy, play, opera, farce, or other "scenic, musical, or dramatic entertainment." It is said that three copies of Mr. Seebohm's adaptation were given to the actors, and one to the Lord Chamberlain. Mr. Graham Hastings accordingly argued that the copyright had been infringed by the multiplication of copies, and Mr. Justice Stirling has adopted his argument. The Court has accordingly given judgment for Messrs. Warne, the publishers and plaintiffs, and granted an injunction "to restrain Mr. "Seebohm from printing or otherwise multiplying copies "of his play containing any passages copied, taken, or "colourably altered from Mrs. Burnett's book." Mr. Seebohm has also been directed "to state upon oath what copies "of the work exist, and to extract from these copies in his "power or possession and deliver up to the plaintiff for "cancellation all passages copied, taken, or colourably "imitated from the plaintiff's book," and to pay the costs. It is said that Mr. Seebohm will appeal, and he would be a bold man who should venture to predict what the opinion of the Lords Justices may be. But the words of the Act are very strong, and it will be observed that the judge does not pretend to interfere with the right of purely dramatic representation. He says in effect to the defendant:—"Act Mrs. Burnett's story as much as you like. I can-"not prevent you from repeating her words and repre-"senting her scenes. The law has not made them her "property, and you may get what profit out of them you "can. But you must go no further. Produce a single "copy of the play, which I hold to be practically the same "as the book, and I restrain you at once from infringing "a right expressly secured by statute." It is impossible not to be reminded of the famous "take thou thy "pound of flesh; but, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed "one drop of Christian blood," &c. &c. We have not dealt with the question whether Mr. Seebohm has so far appropriated the plot and the dialogue of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* as to bring him within the law of literary copyright. That is a matter of fact, and as Mr. Justice Stirling reserved judgment in order to compare the play with the book, we must assume that it has been rightly decided. The point of public interest and importance is that, if Mr. Justice Stirling's law be sound (and there is no better lawyer on the Bench), then at last, without the intervention of Parliament, writers of fiction have acquired a recognized property in the dramatic quality of their works. For the obstacles in the way of performing a piece, without any assistance from printing or writing, must be so great as to be practically prohibitive, even if a copy were not required for the Lord Chamberlain.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT AT CROYDON.

It must have been noticed with regret by the well-wishers of Sir William Harcourt that of late he has displayed something less than his former dexterity in doubling the parts of humourist and political philosopher. Formerly he used to be didactic before those audiences who knew the least, and jocular before those with whom a little facetiousness goes the longest way; whereby, of course, his reputation alike for wit and profundity was rendered fairly secure. Latterly, however, he has been less liberal of his "epigrams" in an assembly which, from its apparently regarding Sir Wilfrid Lawson as a sort of Sheridan, need not condemn the poorest jester to despair; while, on the other hand, he has been rash enough to display his gravity in the wrong place—to wit, in the columns of the *Times*, and in a controversy with opponents who really do know something about the criminal law. His speech to the Croydon Liberal and Radical Association indicates, however, a reversion to older and sounder traditions. He has left the newspaper arena to "English "Barristers" and "Indian ex-Judges," and other troublesome people, who are always wanting to trace constitutional principles further back than their fount in Sir William Harcourt's breast, and who are impertinent enough to remind him that certain "Eastern models" of law which he despises were fashioned by administrators and jurists so worthy even of his once learned consideration as Macaulay, Maine, and Stephen. Quitting the aforesaid "loathed stage" of controversy, Sir William Harcourt has wisely betaken himself to Croydon, and has called upon the Liberal and Radical Association of that town, and on Mr. James Judd, its President, to decide on the questions whether there is a legal power of increasing sentences on appeal, and to overrule the opinion of the Solicitor-General that the publican has a right to compensation for the capricious extinction of his licence. In the course of his remarks he disposed of Sir Edward Clarke's advice as "absurd," and spoke of the Irish County Court judges as being "some of "them notorious for their political partisanship." The advocate here shows that he understands and is worthy of the tribunal to which he appeals. It is infinitely easier to tell a suburban political Club that a particular opinion is absurd or a particular judge unjust, than it is to prove the statement or to justify the slander to the expert public whom Sir William Harcourt had been previously addressing.

The larger part of what remains of his speech at Croydon was devoted to a laborious attempt to justify the Gladstonian alliance with the Parnellites by a reference to Lord Carnarvon's interview with Mr. Parnell. As to the discretion of that proceeding on the part of the then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland we long ago expressed our opinion; but, as Lord Carnarvon has again and again, and even once more since Mr. Parnell's speech at the Eighty Club, explained the entire independence of his action in that matter, we may leave Sir William Harcourt to make what capital he can out of a comparison between the conduct of a single statesman and the mass of a great political party. But on its own merits the institution of the comparison itself was surely disrespectful to the intelligence of Croydon. Let it be granted that the antecedents and *entourage* of Mr. Parnell were such as to make it unadvisable for the Minister of an English Government to hold such communication with him as was held by Lord Carnarvon; but what then? What sort of analogy can there be, even in the most muddle-headed member of the Croydon Liberal and Radical Association, between that step on Lord Carnarvon's part and the position occupied by Mr. Gladstone, Sir William Harcourt, and their associates towards Mr. Parnell and the Irish-American conspiracy at his back? We suppose that even the stupidest and most prejudiced Englishman would see a considerable distinction between holding converse with any eminent organizer of a national Plan of Campaign and taking service with the gang of which he is a leader. Sir William Harcourt is evidently to this hour under a misconception as to the exact light in which the Gladstonian alliance with Parnellism—an alliance concluded for the revolutionary purposes for which Parnellism exists, and relying on the lawless weapons with which Parnellism has always fought—is regarded by the intelligence and conscience of the country.

RELIEF FOR THE POLICE.

We have heard, not as much as we should, but somewhat, of the monstrous waste of the police by the necessity of supplying Mr. Cunninghame Graham with a guard of honour whenever he requires it. Always when this statesman and prose-poet feels constrained to take a turn in Trafalgar Square, several hundred men of the force which is supposed to exist to protect our lives and property are told off to look after him. They are taken from other duty and marched to the scene of action. There they wait. After a space Mr. Cunninghame Graham drives up in a hansom. He gets out, takes a gentle constitutional, and gets in again. Meanwhile the police look on solemnly. Perhaps a thinker from the National Liberal Club scrambles on to the monument and has to be pulled off by the heels. Perhaps nothing happens; but in any case the police are on duty for hours, and in the interval their place elsewhere is too probably vacant. At last they walk gravely away, very tired and very little fit for any more work that night. This sort of thing seems to be accepted as quite a matter of course, and few appear to think it at all absurd that a Scotch gentleman with a fiery vocabulary should be able to put the Metropolitan Police to all this troublesome waste of time. And yet we are still to learn why Mr. Cunninghame Graham is so privileged. When he will persist in claiming the right to do what he has no right to do, why should he be allowed to make himself a pest by silly make-believes? There is no reason; but the

nuisance is accepted as part of the scheme of things, and the police are duly drawn off to the general danger of the whole community.

This use of the force is, to be sure, only part of a general system. Now that the season is in full swing the police are being regularly used by hundreds at a time for work which is not the protection of life and property. It is certainly work which ought to be done, but by other men. A great fuss is made now and then about the growing military character of the police, but nobody finds fault when they are employed to replace and displace HER MAJESTY'S Guards. The public likes to see these latter, and only complains that it does not see enough of them. What man does not rejoice at the sight of that long frockcoat with the closely-ranked frogs on it which so obviously confers on the wearer a placid sense of ownership of the universe. The red coat, too, is good, and as for the splendour of the gentlemen of all ranks in the Life Guard and the Royal Horse Guards it is a joy to see. But we never see enough of it. Only aged men can remember the old Waterloo review; and since that was given up, to please an ally who scared us into fits and brought about the Volunteer movement a few years later, there have been no proper solemn functions in which the Guards appear in all their magnificence to delight HER MAJESTY'S lieges. One may live years in London and never catch sight of the Household at all, except as represented by a few long-leggit callants in very tight breeks doing sentry-go. Now and then we have the luck to see a handful of resplendent creatures riding slowly through St. James's Street, and lighting the whole place up. Sometimes the doubt arises whether, in fact, there are any Household cavalry except those long-leggit callants on sentry-go and perhaps a half troop or so who appear alternately in red or blue coats. The British army is such an extraordinary force that this may be the case; but still it does appear from the Army List that there are nine hundred of them, all over six feet high. Why are we not allowed to see more of them? When the road has to be kept clear on a proper occasion they ought to be trotting up and down, or sitting solemnly on big horses, at due distances. Instead of this, we have the useful but tame policeman, whom even a horse cannot make brilliant. Besides, they have taken away the sabres of the mounted men. Mr. STANHOPE might think of it—if he has not decided to turn the Household Brigade into a field telegraph corps, or waggoners, or something really useful and military, as he has done with the Royal Horse Artillery. We are not afraid of a military despotism. There are some who even think it would be preferable to the Caucus; and, whether or no, nobody fears that our ancient Constitution will be upset because a few hundred big young men are set to trot about the streets in gorgeous uniform. If they were employed, London would be pleasantly brightened up—which would do it no harm—and the police might be spared for needful duties.

THE RAILWAY RATES BILL.

THE reception in the Lower House of the Railway Rates Bill, just sent down from the Lords, must have been encouraging to the Government. Mr. MUNDELLA was, indeed, justified in his somewhat rueful contrast of the "calm "and peaceful atmosphere" in which the measure now enters the House of Commons with his own tempestuous experiences in his attempt to deal with the same question. Of course, however, the contest on the Railway Rates Bill is to come, and the Grand Committee to whom the Bill is to be referred will not have quite so smooth a time of it as the House on Friday night. Yet even there the controversy, if acute, ought not to be prolonged; for, in truth, it is no exaggeration to say that the field of contention is confined almost within the limits of a single clause. It is true, no doubt, that traders and the public have other grievances against the railway Companies than that of preferential rates; but we question whether, but for this particular grievance, the attempt to legislate afresh on the subject of railway rates would have been taken up session after session by successive Governments. Probably the abuse of monopolized and neglected canals and other matters dealt with in the Bill might have been allowed to sleep for years to come if the pinch of the depression in English trade and agriculture had not been aggravated by a system of transport which appears to the sufferers directly calculated, if not expressly designed, to place them at still greater disadvantage in their unequal struggle with the foreign competitor.

This grievance it is which the Government hope to remove by what we have indicated as essentially the contentious clause of the Bill—the 25th—and their efforts, it may be remembered, were seconded by the "gentle "violence" of their party in the Upper House, who compelled them to accept an amendment expressly enacting that no difference is to be made in the treatment of British and foreign merchandise under similar conditions of transport. If this is, as Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH now maintains it to be, merely declaratory of the existing law, so much the better; it will certainly strengthen the hands of the Commissioners for the performance of an extremely difficult and delicate task. How difficult and delicate it is the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE very forcibly pointed out, in his remarks on the absolute impossibility of preserving a rigid equality of charges. Without special rates, as he pointed out, it would be impossible for London to obtain her coal supply from the Midlands, or get fresh milk, fish, and vegetables from anywhere but the home counties; while without special rates the manufacturers of Lancashire would have to depend solely on the Lancashire coal-fields. These necessities, however, are covered by the words of the 25th clause, which provides that the Railway Commissioners, in deciding whether a particular charge does or does not amount to undue preference, may take into consideration whether such difference of treatment is necessary for the purpose of securing "in the interests of the "public," the traffic in respect of which it is made. If the words "in the interest of the public" can only be interpreted so as to save the English trader from being sacrificed to anybody or anything short of the English community of consumers at large, the purpose of the proviso will be fulfilled. But here, of course, is the difficulty. Is it not, the railway Companies will ask, "to the interest "of the public" to foster an infant trade with a foreign producer, and thereby to increase the amount, cheapen the price, and probably also improve the quality of the product as supplied to the English consumers? In many cases, no doubt, the Commission would dispose of such a contention at once as based on two remotely prospective advantages; but every one can imagine cases—indeed, some of us must know of actual cases—in which such a contention would be, to say the least of it, plausible. And so long as such cases exist we are afraid that there will be a certain proportion of English producers disappointed by the result of this legislation.

KEWAIWONA.

WHERE is Kewaiwona? Kewaiwona is in the north-east corner of Michigan, bending over Lake Superior, as the eagle stretches its neck from a rock over its quarry below. As late as 1614 Kewaiwona belonged to a people to whom the metals of the earth, like the mystical tints of its trees and the tender blue of its sky, were objects of divine worship. In 1615 the Jesuit Fathers made their appearance, and thence afterwards the Upper Peninsula, as it is called, became a scene of business activity. Kewaiwona lost its name, and is now never heard of in speech or seen in writing. It is called in maps and scientific reports Keweenaw Point. Its ancient inhabitants have gone the way of all flesh, and the only accounts of their manners and customs, their arts, language, and worship, are to be found in letters of the Fathers of the Company of Jesus. The Fathers themselves have suffered a change, their names being used to denote now a forsaken mine and now a small lake in the woods, or a mining community in the "swim" of a great commercial success like Marquette, for example. Father Marquette also discovered the Northern Mississippi; but his name is never heard on that well-known stream or elsewhere in any part of the early or later scenes of his labours. "The meek, gentle, single-hearted, unpretending, illustrious Marquette," the "man who was delighted at the happy necessity of exposing his life to bring the 'Word of God' within reach of half a continent," has, like his Indians, passed away like a shadow. The "Indians," it may be said in passing, do reappear now and then in their handiworks coming unexpectedly to light, and so far they keep up a connexion with their former life. When the ship-canal was cut through Portage Lake to connect it with Lake Superior, fifteen or sixteen years ago, some of the most precious relics of the aboriginal races were discovered at a depth of thirty feet below the level of the "Great Laughing Water," buried in sand. They consisted of two copper short swords, exquisitely wrought with double edges, and fluted blades, several small daggers, discs, sharp-edged, and engraved with much taste, a delicately modelled vase, and what seemed to the illiterate a handful of tenpenny nails, but of copper, some of which had become heavily oxidized,

the vase being eaten through in several places with rust; but the swords were intact, carrying only a thin film of green oxide. This naturally led to an investigation which has proved of great interest. The vase was made of pure copper, the discs and swords of a natural alloy, or, in other words, of copper impregnated with certain impurities. Father Allouez had found in the possession of "the savages" pieces of bright shining copper which resembled gold, and were held sacred; and descriptions of which were published in Paris as early as 1636 by one La Garde. Little or no notice was taken of the discovery then or since, and it is only quite lately that its importance has been demonstrated. Copper in various forms continued to press itself on the notice of the Fathers; they found it in large round boulders on the lake-shore, weighing from 15 lbs. to 50 lbs. and 60 lbs., and they shipped some of these "floats" to France, when they fetched a good price. At length the "Indians," whose confidence had been gained by the Fathers, made known some of the "caves" where the precious shiny metal hid itself. From that time the Indian was doomed. "It is accepted as the truth by many," says the serious history of to-day, "that the only good Indian is the dead Indian." It is true that the Indian did not tamely submit to being driven off his native soil and robbed of his copper deities, as the long and bloody wars with the Ojibbeways, the Wyandots, and Makoueones testify; nor was it until less than fifty years ago that modern commercial enterprise found in ancient Kewaiwona one of its most famous fields. Between the years 1840 and 1881 Keweenaw Point sent to market more than three hundred and thirty thousand tons of bright and shining copper. Many new mines were speedily opened up with much profit to some and great loss to others. One of these mines, the Calumet and Hecla, has done for nearly all the others what Aaron's rod did for the rods of the magicians; it has swallowed them up. This is the biggest copper mine in Michigan, perhaps in the world. There never has been a mine like unto it either for the quantity of copper it yields or the purity of its metal. The cost of produce is about twopence per pound; it gives employment to more than two thousand men, and supports two flourishing townships of some seven thousand inhabitants. The next great industry of Keweenaw is the lumber business, which yields 4,919,500 feet of timber a year. Its flora comprises no less than 850 different species; the representatives of the forest being held in the greatest esteem, chiefly for their commercial value. These include the white oak, burr oak, post oak, and the red oak, the latter being exceedingly beautiful in October, when its great mass of leaves is changed into a flaming fire; but it is useless for timber, and only used for fuel. There are some half-dozen kinds of maple. It is in the same month that the maples vie with the red oaks in colour. Elm and cherry, plum and walnut, ash and hickory, beech, sycamore, and cedar, birch and pine, aspen and hazel are in amazing abundance and of great value in the market-place; but of their value, when all these become dancing flames to glad the eyes of poets and give the aristocracy of the palette pause, who may tell? It is this untold and untellable richness of colour which gives to the climate of Kewaiwona its indescribable charm. All suddenly there comes a frost, and the earth with its gaiety is covered in deep snow, which lies on the ground for nearly six months. This time also has its charm, especially to the sportsman; the *Tetraonidæ* family is large, and includes the ruffed grouse, commonly called partridge, the quail, and prairie chicken; vast flocks of wild turkey sometimes show themselves; deer is also abundant, and wolves and bears; a lynx now and then is seen to open his wondrous eyes, and a porcupine has been known to turn up unexpectedly, making it unpleasant for the dogs. But not to the sportsman and artist only is this region full of attractions; here a wayfarer weary of wandering or sighing for quiet may find a peace "man did not make, and cannot mar."

THE CONFESSIONS OF A SINNER.

JAMES HOGG, the Ettrick Shepherd, gives an excellent subject to any one who likes to practise the old and favourite pastime of Robinson Crusoe, that of setting down the lucky and unlucky circumstances of a man's life in parallel columns. In his exaltation from almost the very lowest rank, without education, patronage, or anything of the kind, to a tolerably familiar association with some of the best literary society of his day, in the almost unceasing enjoyment of life which he seems to have had, in his domestic affairs (other than pecuniary ones, which last weighed on him very little), in the amount of fame, certainly rather excessive for at least his poetical deserts, which he attained, he was an extraordinarily lucky man during his life, and as far exceeded Burns in good fortune as he came short of him in poetical genius. Nor should we, at least, say that he was unlucky in that counterfeit presentment of him which annoyed himself not a little during his lifetime, and which his injudicious encomiasts and representatives have protested against since his death. The "Shepherd of the *Noctes*" is not a perfect character, and some part of his "boozing buffoonery" has come, probably for a time only, to grate not a little on the nerves of this sensitive generation. It is quite possible that, as Hogg's admirers indignantly protest, he is not Hogg. But in that case he is a much wiser, more eloquent, more accomplished, better bred, better gifted person than Hogg usually was. On the other hand, the Shepherd—the real Shepherd—had, not by any fault, except a certain heedlessness of his own, the most extraordinary ill luck with money matters. Again and again, when some book of his had made a fair hit and money ought to have been coming in, did his publishers go bankrupt, just as if they did it on purpose. More than once he got together what for a person in his station were considerable sums of money, and always lost them, not by gambling or debauchery, but by ill luck or injudicious, and not more than injudicious, business investment. Also he had a piece of bad fortune which, from the literary point of view, is the greatest of all. His very best piece of work—the only piece perhaps which is of really artistic excellence as a whole—was not only a complete failure at the time of its publication, but has never attracted any general attention, and, though included under an altered and much less happy title in cumbrous editions of his whole works, has never, so far as we know, been reprinted separately since his death.

Yet the *Confessions of a Justified Sinner*, to give its full and original title (most injudiciously altered, in order to conciliate pious misunderstanding, to the *Confessions of a Fanatic*), is, we repeat, very much his best piece of work. The general fault of Hogg, both in prose and verse, is exactly what might be expected in a man of no education, of extreme facility and unbounded self-confidence, but of very intermittent originality and of, apparently, no critical faculty whatever. Much, if not the larger part, of his more ambitious verse is only Scott, or Byron, or Southey, or what not; and bad Scott, Byron, Southey, or what not, "at that." The very goodness of the professed imitations in the "Poetic Mirror" is a tell-tale and dangerous goodness. Even in the flights where he is surest he could not keep himself up for any length of time. "Kilmeny," his most famous and certainly best poem, begins, if not far above singing, at any rate at a high and rare flight of song, only to become very ordinary verse before long. In the midst of his best and most spirited ballads, such as the partly capital "May of the Moril Glen," he will put in such an excruciating stanza as—

> Come rank your master up behind,
> This serpent to belay;
> I'll let you hear me put her down
> In grand polemic way.

In his most ambitious couplet verse there occurs such balderdash as:—

> They found each clime with mental joys replete,
> And all for which its 'habitants were meet.

His songs, though only excelled by those of Burns in parts, are seldom or never good as wholes. As for his still more voluminous prose, he says of it himself that "he never in his life rewrote a page" of it, but "dashed on in a state of desperation," mingling good with bad, never exercising the slightest criticism, and sometimes, it may be added, plagiarizing wholesale. To this there is the one exception of which he thus speaks himself, showing that he had little, if any, suspicion how good it was, while he thought mountains and marvels of mosaics and *pastiches* like *The Queen's Wake* and *Queen Hynde*. "The next year, 1824, I published the *Confessions of a Fanatic* [Sinner], but, it being a story replete with horrors, after I had written it I durst not venture to put my name to it; so it was published anonymously, and of course did not sell very well. So, at least, I believe, for I do not remember ever receiving anything for it, and I am sure if there had been a reversion, I should have had a moiety. However, I never asked anything, so on that point there was no misunderstanding." To this we need only add that so superior, for all its "horrors," is the general conception and conduct of the story to anything else of Hogg's, and so contrary to his rather vainglorious nature is this anonymous publication, that some not altogether inexperienced critics have suspected that it may have been not wholly his. There is much in it that recalls Lockhart's *Adam Blair*, published two years earlier, and his *Matthew Wald*, published the same year. Lockhart (as Hogg frequently acknowledges, though the same injudicious defenders have quarrelled with the account of the Shepherd in the Life of Scott) was a constant and very kind friend to Hogg. That admirable critic as to whom (probably because he was a gentleman among English gentlemen of the press) Mr. Louis Stevenson has played upon his American readers the characteristic practical joke of describing him as a "cad," is actually brought into the framework of the *Confessions* as Mr. L——t of C——d [Chiefswood]. Moreover, his critical and constructive faculty was exactly what was wanting to Hogg, just as Lockhart wanted Hogg's imagination.

Of imagination and construction both, there is no lack in the *Confessions of a Sinner*, and, extravagant as is its general *donnée* (it is a story of pure devilry), the whole arrangement is as congruous and coherent in its incongruity and incoherency as if it were Hoffmann's own—perhaps a little more so. Its more important and "title" part is supposed to be a manuscript found in the grave of a suicide in a lonely place of the Border district, the finding and circumstances being described very well in the elaborate manner recommended by the faculty (whether rightly or wrongly we give no opinion) for such occasions. Further, there is a narrative preface of considerable length, in which the general outline of the story is recounted, so to say, *ab extra*. A jovial laird late in the seventeenth century marries a precisian, with whom he is very unhappy, but who is not at all unhappy with her minister, the Rev. Robert Wringhim. Notwithstanding their quarrels, the laird and his wife have two children, George and Robert, the younger of whom is the mother's favourite, though the father goes near to disown him. Both brothers mix after their fashion in Edinburgh society, and

George, a placable person, is willing to be friends with his brother; but Robert refuses, and divers singular events happen, including a tavern- and street-riot, and a mysterious affair on Arthur's Seat, in which it is made to appear that George has attacked and tried to murder Robert. But the end is that George himself is found murdered in the streets of Edinburgh. An innocent person is convicted, in his absence, of the murder; but Arabella Logan, an old friend, if not something warmer, of George's father, determines to find out the truth. Just as the murder is about to be brought home to Robert, he disappears. Then the "Confessions" proper, written by him, take up the story.

He has been brought up by his mother and Mr. Wringhim (whom he calls his father, though of course only spiritually) in the strictest tenets of Calvinism, and though regarded by every one else as something much like a limb of the Devil, is early convinced of his election. Having been solemnly welcomed among the saved by his mother and Wringhim, he goes out for a walk, and meets "a young man of mysterious appearance," singularly like himself. This person, accosting him, assures him that he is "his brother, not according to the flesh, but according to his belief in the same truths." This person he constantly meets; and, as the stranger declines to give his real name, and calls himself "Gil Martin" only, a wild idea strikes Robert that he is the Czar Peter, who was known to be at the time actually wandering about Europe, and frequently disguised. The two spend their time in alternately discussing the highest supralapsarian mysteries and planning or executing the most atrocious crimes, which Gil Martin represents as pious acts of duty. They kill a saintly minister of the moderate or "cold morality" school to prevent him, as Gil Martin ("my illustrious friend") argues, from corrupting the world with his doctrines. They are concerned between them—Gil Martin's strange faculty of altering his appearance assisting—in all the mysterious affairs which seem to point to George as a murderer, and which end in his being murdered. Succeeding on the old laird's death to his property, Robert finds himself by degrees accused of all sorts of misdoings (of most of which he is quite unconscious), such as seduction, oppression of tenants, forgery, and at last matricide, and the murder of his mistress. At this point the mysterious protection or interference which has hitherto kept him safe from the law changes into an equally mysterious persecution. He is driven to fly, to change his name, to hide himself; and now his illustrious friend alters his tone completely, urges Robert to despair, and afflicts him with ghostly visitations, which drive him from human society and at last force him to take his own life.

The bare outline of such a story may seem beggarly enough. Yet not only is it the best way in which to deal with it in a small space, but it will not in any degree detract from the interest of reading it. For that interest arises chiefly from the extraordinary skill with which the extravagant incidents are co-ordinated, the remarkable adjustment of conversation and minor detail to the general course of the story, the strict and ingenious architecture of the fable. Fantastic and horrible as this fable is, the reader can never say that a man of such antecedents, such a temper, and such an education as Robert Colwan might not have perpetrated such actions and suffered such hallucination. Even the apparently preposterous delusion of the identity of the fiend with Peter is kept up with wonderful ingenuity. This craftsmanship, so different from Hogg's usual disorderly fertility, certainly suggests some "more potent spirit" at least as reviser; but that is only a point of interest to the critic. The merits of the story, ghastly as it is, ought to appeal even to the most uncritical.

THE NEW GALLERY.

UNLESS one is severely, we may say stupidly, unimpressionable, one cannot avoid taking a very friendly and favourable view of the pictures at the New Gallery. By their principles of hanging, no less than by the beauty of their rooms, the directors have made the most of the work entrusted to them. We cannot always agree with their choice of pictures from the point of view of artistic accomplishment, but we must admit that it has been governed by an ideal of a consistent and harmonious general effect. They have proved that they know how to make use of the class of picture they want, and that with all its one-sidedness their arrangement of the Grosvenor in the past was no haphazard achievement solely due to chance good work supplied by the painters. There has been so much division and uncertainty this year that every exhibition has suffered, and, after looking at the pictures in the New Gallery one by one, it would be absurd to deny that many seem lacking in robustness of conception and in technical thoroughness. A general harmony, however, has been secured, and, though some good artists may consider themselves neglected, the public at least must feel that it has been catered for with rare taste and intelligence. The Gallery itself is certainly the cheeriest and most agreeable in London, and it may well give a lesson to all concerned in the business of showing pictures. The first glimpse of the large, cool entrance-hall puts one in a favourable disposition for looking easily and without hurry at pictures and sculpture. Paved with marble, enlivened with green plants and a fountain, it is a place to refresh the eye and change the current of thought of the visitor tired out by continual assaults of colour. Sculpture looks well here, and good work is to be seen, such as Mr. Legros's gracefully and naturally posed "Young Satyr" (310), Mr. Thornycroft's statuette "The Mower" (334), A. Boucher's "Au Champ" (315), a design for a fountain (336) by Mr. J. W. Swynnerton, and various busts, medals, statues, &c.

On entering the west gallery—a room on the same level as the marble hall—one is struck by the good use which has been made of Mr. Burne-Jones's three pictures. Together they make a richly coloured centrepiece to the wall, which the eye naturally seeks when dissatisfied with anything else. By his aims Mr. Burne-Jones must necessarily be at a disadvantage in an age when people generally respect colour according as it assists illusion, paints atmosphere, and lures them right on into the depths of a picture by the fascinations of tone. Mr. Burne-Jones's colour is without significance, without a touch of the poetry that is based on reality; it must be taken purely and simply for itself as so much decorative beauty. If crude, it is without excuse; if employed meanly or in disadvantageous quantities, unlike realistic colour, it must be wholly condemned. The less a work by Mr. Burne-Jones makes one think about nature the better it pleases. "The Rock of Doom" (53), "The Tower of Brass" (54), "The Doom Fulfilled" (55), are therefore superior to "The Garden of Pan" and "The Depths of the Sea," and must be counted as ornamental designs of a very high order. Facing these pictures hangs "Femmes en prière" (8), a piece of stern and sober colour, by Mr. Legros. What we admire in this picture is that the heads show human complexions, that they are well wrapt in air, and that they hold their relative distances rightly. Too many of the heads in the Gallery look dirty in a strong, searching light. Measure and a sense of proportion are qualities but little esteemed anywhere, and painters in England are very unwilling to regard flesh, compared to other objects, as a soft, luminous spread of even tint and even texture. With the idea of being strong, they exaggerate every little difference of local colour and caricature the effect of cold light upon a warm substance. One sees blues and violets like fish scales put under the eyes, dabs of crude sienna and even cadmium in the half light, pure white in the high light, and hot, bituminous slush in the shadows. These tones cannot go together, cannot render our impression of the creamy unity of flesh; they were never employed by the Old Masters, and are never employed by those who come nearest to their example in technique. The Academy is the place to see dirty colour in flesh, but we cannot quite exonerate Mrs. A. L. Swynnerton, Sir J. E. Millais, and Messrs. Herkomer, Richmond, and Lorimer from an occasional suspicion of this fault in some of their work in the New Gallery. It is quite a mistake to suppose that power is gained by dwelling on local tints and violating the natural conviction that flesh is something pure, even, and limpid. Whether a head be modelled in the high key of Mr. Carolus-Duran or in the dark rich colour of Rembrandt, it quite ruins any dirty portrait in its neighbourhood. Returning to Mr. Legros, we must avow that his "Dead Christ" (64) beats his "Femmes en prière" out of the field. It is a solemn poem conceived from an Old Master's point of view, and in its execution a superbly scholastic style of drawing and modelling, a sober, stately harmony of tone, and a romantic feeling for landscape have been displayed. Mr. G. F. Watts's "Angel of Death" (30) is so full of sentiment that one regrets a certain mildewed appearance in the colour and an unpleasantly ropy sort of handling. Mr. Strudwick, in "Acrasia" (9), gives us what would be a beautiful design for tapestry, but cannot compare in colour or workmanship with his exquisite picture of last year.

On turning to figure work of more realistic aim we find two praiseworthy efforts at large pictures—Mr. C. N. Kennedy's "A Fair-haired Slave who made Himself a King" (107) and Mr. Weguelin's "Bacchus and the Choir of Nymphs" (148). The expressions of Mr. Kennedy's figures are well felt, and his colour is tender and sympathetic in quality. Mr. Weguelin might improve his picture by shaving off certain impastos which give an air of false value, especially in the sea, and by getting a somewhat less chalky colour in the flesh of his nymphs. Mr. La Thangue's "Gaslight Study" (5) hardly convinces one that it is logical throughout; yet it is both amusing and decorative in appearance. A curious feature in it is the reproduction, under the effect of gaslight, of his picture "The Yeoman" (59), exhibited on the opposite wall. This last is certainly an excellent piece of work, and the stretch of country behind the man's head is full of character and light. Amongst other small works of merit and no great size we may mention Mr. F. Millet's "Quiet Hour" (150), a careful picture worked in his usual scheme of whites; Miss E. Armstrong's quiet and well-drawn figures of girls in "Apprentices" (45), and Mr. J. H. Lorimer's charming effect of white dresses in a dark canvas, "Sweet Roses" (249). Mr. Clausen's "A Toiler still" (37) has merit; but, owing to the way in which he has shut in his figure, it is intolerably dull. Mr. Alma Tadema sends three or four small pictures, the best of which is "Venus and Mars" (134), a little girl with a statuette in her hand, standing on a marble terrace, with the sea behind her. In "Sketch for Heliogabalus" (132) Mr. Tadema shows how he might have given a comprehensible and effective composition to the hopeless confusion of his Academy picture if he had thought such matters worthy of consideration. Having been lately reminded of what Sir John Millais can do by the exhibition of a truly magnificent portrait of an old lady at the Rennie sale, we feel no hesitation in condemning his "Forlorn" (99) as vulgar, careless, and altogether unworthy of his genius.

Even Mr. Herkomer's life-like "F. C. Burnand, Esq." (105), one of the strongest of the portraits, is not altogether free from a

sort of cold dirtiness of colour. Some of Mr. Richmond's canvases suffer in the same way, and perhaps his best is a very low-toned "Portrait of Miss Gladstone" (98). Mr. F. Holl gets a mellower quality of colour in his "Robert R. Symon, Esq." (33), and Mr. Herkomer great strength of effect in his "Julia, Marchioness of Tweeddale" (113). For straightforward truth of tone and brightness of colour we prefer Mr. John Collier's tall upright portrait of "Miss Ethel Huxley" (154) in a white dress to any of them. Mr. Sargent's head, "Portrait of Claude Monet" (211), expresses character with great breadth and freedom. Mr. Tadema's "Lady Thompson" (130) and his "Rev. A. D. Adama van Scheltema" (133) are refined work of modern French character; and with them we must class Mr. J. J. Shannon's "Mrs. Williamson" (94) and Mr. S. J. Solomon's "Phillis" (158).

In landscape especially we can note a growing dissatisfaction with scientific realism. Men, when they can paint what they can see with art, begin to desire to paint what they would wish to see with a poetical style and with a suitable treatment of surroundings. To ensure success they must long have held a firm grip upon reality. This Mr. Arthur Lemon has done, and we think that his pictures, "A Struggle" (48), and more especially "A Vendetta" (19), fully justify his present excursion into regions of fantasy. He has just hit the amount of realization in his torn sunset sky, his weird trees, his threatening group of figures, and his mysterious foreground of reeds, which one can tolerate in a subject containing so fantastic a creature as a centaur. Mr. T. H. McLachlan, in "Nearing Twilight" (41), Mr. Costa, in "The First Smile of Morn" (77), and even Mr. Corbett in his much more robust picture, "The Orange Light of Widening Morn" (114), prove that they do not know enough of nature or of broad, realistic treatments of it to be able to impose their views of poetry upon any given scene. There is a far finer, far truer poetry in Mr. Mark Fisher's *magnificent*, though perhaps rather overcrowded, rendering of real facts, "Winter Pasture" (27); in Mr. Clausen's rich and beautiful treatment of the passage from cool to hot colour caused by a low sun at evening, "The Cottage Gate" (42); and in Mr. Hennessey's exquisitely aërial scheme of silver tones, "An April Day" (149). Mr. Peppercorn's work savours too much of a *parti pris* to be always affecting. "The Willow Stream" (47), a scheme in fat greens, is his best; his "Winter Evening" (39) really expires in faintness for want of a firm touch or two in the tree-stems to give value to all this atmosphere. Mr. Maurice Pollock is in the tether of realism; hence a certain tightness in his tree-forms; but he promises work of excellent sentiment if he will stay there a little longer. His skies in "The Bracken Harvest" (174) and "Bank in the New Forest" (265) are entirely free from the muddiness of certain showy landscapes in the Gallery, and the admirable luminousness of the first is due in a measure to truth in the large relation between the sky and the ground. Mr. C. Napier Hemy's "Trawler's Punt" (144) is brilliant and true, and Mr. Colin Hunter gets great force, if not finesse, in his impression of boats, sea, figures, and pier, "Caller Herrin'" (125). Mr. D. Murray overruns all the line-space in London, and, as his notion of finish generally consists in elaborating a mass till it disappears, he would produce absolutely no effect anywhere else. It is right to say, however, that his "Early October in Picardy" (80) is a great improvement in composition. He should never do anything larger than this picture, as, having no notion of style, he cannot suit his workmanship to his canvas and his subject. Mr. Boughton's "Harvest of the Dawn" (81), good as it is, will not compare with his noble-looking picture in the Academy, either in freshness of colour or in dignity of composition. Mr. Henry Moore sends nothing very particular; Mr. A. Goodwin gives more body to the "Enchanted Lake" (26) than to most of his dreams; Mr. S. R. Cadogan gets a fine quality in the distant hills and sky of his "Gulf of Ajaccio, Corsica" (20). Work of various sorts comes from Sir J. D. Linton, and Messrs. David Carr, Fairfax Murray, H. Schmalz, W. Padgett, A. W. Hunt, Philip Burne-Jones, Alfred East, Rupert Stevens, E. A. Ward, R. W. Allan, J. M'Whirter, E. A. Waterlow, A. Lucas, A. Helcke, H. Macallum, and several others.

No one should overlook a collection of etchings and chalk and silver point drawings, &c., in the balcony. Coming from Mr. Burne-Jones, Mr. Legros, and Mr. Tadema, they are by no means the least interesting part of the show. Amongst them are a dark Rembrandt-like etching of a head (305), six or seven exquisitely delicate silver point studies, a dry point of superb simplicity "Head of a Child" (274), and several etchings of landscape by Mr. Legros; a charming "Study of a Head" (295) in chalk, "Study for Andromeda" (279), far better than the figure in the picture by the way, and "A Study" (297) of braided hair by Mr. Burne-Jones.

THE VALIDITY OF BLANK TRANSFERS.

THE decision of the Court of Appeal in the case of Williams v. The Colonial Bank is exciting much interest in the City, for it strikes at the validity of blank transfers, upon which so much current business is based. Blank transfers are most customary in dealing with American railroad shares. Properly, an American share ought to be transferred in accordance with the form laid down by the Company, and the new owner's name ought to be registered in the books of the Company. Few American railroad Companies have registration offices in London, and consequently it is necessary for the purchaser, if he would have himself registered as the owner of the shares which he has bought, in most cases to send out the shares to the United States, at the risk of loss, or at the cost of carriage, commission, and insurance. Worse still, in sending the shares out a considerable loss of time is involved. The majority of the American railroad shares held in this country, unfortunately, are of the class of non-dividend-paying securities. They are bought most usually, not for investment, but by speculators who, for some reason or other, are of opinion that the shares will rise, and, therefore, that they will be able to sell them before long at a better price than they have given for them. They are unwilling for that reason, if for no other, to send away the shares for a month or six weeks, which might possibly prevent them from taking advantage of a favourable turn in the market. Hence the custom has grown up of dealing in shares by means of blank transfers; of transfers, that is, only signed by the owner of the share without any of the other blanks being filled up. And thus the shares pass from hand to hand as if they were negotiable securities. On the strength of such blank transfers millions of sales take place every year, and immense sums are lent, both in the Stock Exchange and directly by bankers. So general, indeed, had the custom become that it had almost grown to be the opinion of the City that the custom would be upheld by the Law Courts. Of late, however, the expectation has received some rude shocks. We commented last year upon a decision unfavourable to blank transfers, and now the judgment of the Court of Appeal is even still more unfavourable. The facts of the particular case are simple, and admit of being shortly stated.

In 1880 a Mr. Williams died, possessing 1,210 shares in the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company, represented by 121 certificates of 10 shares each. The certificates stated that the shares were transferable, either in person or by proxy, at the office of the Company, and in the form and manner required by the transfer regulations of the Company. In the following year Mr. Williams's executors handed the certificates to Thomas & Co., who had usually acted as the deceased gentleman's brokers with instructions to send them out to New York and have the shares registered in the names of the executors. Thomas & Co. represented that, to carry out the instructions, it would be necessary for the executors to sign the certificates in blank, and this was accordingly done. Thomas & Co. reported subsequently that the shares had been duly sent out to New York for registration; but that they would be retained there subject to the orders of the executors, in case those gentlemen should at any time wish to sell them, when the risk of a double journey would be avoided by the precautions thus taken. As a matter of fact, however, Thomas & Co. did not send the certificates to New York for registration, but took them along with the blank transfers to the Colonial Bank, and lodged them with that institution as security for a balance due from Thomas & Co. to the bank. About three years later Thomas & Co. failed, and then the executors of Mr. Williams discovered how the certificates had been treated. They immediately began proceedings against the Colonial Bank and against the trustee in liquidation of Thomas & Co., demanding delivery of the certificates. The bank, on the other hand, asserted that it was entitled to a charge upon the shares for the amount due to them from Thomas & Co., alleging that they had accepted the certificates as a security in full belief that they belonged to Thomas & Co.; that the usage of bankers and others was to pass the property in shares by delivery of endorsed certificates, which by American law were negotiable securities, and that the plaintiffs, the executors of Mr. Williams, had impliedly given Thomas & Co. power to pledge the shares and fill up the blanks. At the trial before Mr. Justice Kekewich much evidence was taken to show the custom both in New York and in London, and to elucidate the American law upon the subject. Mr. Justice Kekewich decided that the case must be governed by the American law; that according to the American law blank transfers did, in fact, make the shares negotiable instruments, and that, therefore, the claim set up by the Colonial Bank was good. Mr. Williams's executors appealed, and last week the Court of Appeal unanimously overruled Mr. Justice Kekewich's decision. Lords Justices Cotton, Lindley, and Bowen all agreed that the case must be decided not according to American, but according to English law; that by the law of this country a person could not give a better title than he had himself; that Thomas & Co. had in fact no title to the shares, and that consequently the Colonial Bank acquired no title. As for the allegation that the executors of Mr. Williams had impliedly given power to Thomas & Co. to pledge the shares and were estopped from denying that power, the three Lords Justices were also agreed that the argument could not hold. The executors gave authority to Thomas & Co. only to have the shares registered in their names, never intending, or indeed contemplating, that Thomas & Co. would fraudulently pledge them in London, and, consequently, that the pledge was fraudulent and gave no title to the bank. The decision is consonant with equity and common sense; but it remains to be seen whether it will be upheld by the House of Lords. The Courts below had already given conflicting decisions. One judge, as we have already seen, had decided that shares passed by blank transfer really became negotiable instruments, while another decided that they did not. So far, therefore, there is the decision of four judges against one against the validity of blank transfers.

but until the ruling of the House of Lords has been obtained uncertainty will, of course, continue.

The matter is of very great importance to bankers and brokers and all who deal in American railroad securities. As we have said above, the number of shares that pass every year by blank transfer is immense, and the sums that are advanced in one form or another are very large. The decision of the Court of Appeal has come, therefore, as a very uncomfortable reminder to bankers and others of the danger of these blank-transfer transactions, and has certainly helped to depress the market for American railroad securities in London. But it is evident that the whole blank-transfer system is not only dangerous in the extreme, but from other points of view is highly objectionable. It was devised, in the first place, for the convenience of speculators. Clearly it was not worth the while of a speculator who intended to sell on the first favourable opportunity to be at the cost and trouble of sending out shares to the United States for registration. Indeed, if frequent registrations became imperatively necessary, dealing in such shares would be considerably hampered. But while freely admitting this, it is evident that the blank-transfer system opens the door to abuses of all kinds. For example, if an ingenious person forged large numbers of shares of an American railroad Company and sold them in London, there would be little risk of discovery if the shares were passed by blank transfer. They would not for a long time come into the office of the Company for registration, and in all probability, therefore, might continue to pass from hand to hand for years without any suspicion being aroused of their real nature. So, again, shares might be stolen and sold in London, and the means by which the shares were abducted from the rightful owner might not be discovered for a long time. For every reason, then, the system is objectionable, and it is to be hoped that some means may early be found to do away with it altogether. The most satisfactory way would be for the American railroad Companies themselves to open offices in London where shares could be registered. A few of the Companies have done so, but they are very few, and many are not likely to follow the example because of the expense of keeping up a London office. A private Association has been started in the hope that it would supply the need of investors and speculators; but it has not commanded the confidence of the City, and it is hardly likely, therefore, to be a success. There appears, then, only one way in which the convenience of the market can be fully met without risk, and without opening the door to the abuses to which we have been referring, and that would be for the Stock Exchange to undertake to register all shares of American railroad Companies sent into it for registration, itself retaining the shares and giving to the person who sent them in for registration a certificate which would freely pass from hand to hand without delay or trouble. The Stock Exchange would inspire confidence in all parties if it acted in its corporate capacity, and it would be powerful enough to defy the hostility of the arbitrage dealers, who much prefer the present system. A great dealer in American railroad securities, whether he be a member of the Stock Exchange or a large capitalist, has a decided advantage in the present system, were it only because the larger the number of shares registered in his name, and passed afterwards from hand to hand by blank transfer, the greater is his voting power in the Company whose shares he has imported and sold, and consequently the greater his influence with the management. Very often this influence on the part of private persons is most injurious; it is one of the ways, indeed, in which railroad "kings" have managed to control American railroads. There would not be the same objection to the Stock Exchange exercising the influence; on the contrary, such influence might be used to very great advantage. If the Stock Exchange Committee, in its representative character, had a great voting power in the leading American railroad Companies, it would be able to use the influence for the better management of the Companies, and therefore for the interest of all investors in them. Indeed, it would be able to insist upon the compliance on the part of the American railroad Companies with many of the regulations to which English railway Companies are now subject. If, then, the decision of the Court of Appeal should so greatly hamper dealings in American railroad shares that the Stock Exchange Committee should be obliged to take action in the matter it would be a decided advantage to all concerned.

RACING AT NEWMARKET.

THE opening day of the Newmarket First Spring Meeting was one of more than average interest, although the stakes would have been considered insignificant at many provincial meetings. Among the starters for the Trial Plate was Isobar, who had run second to Melton for the St. Leger. Last year he only won one race out of fourteen, and now, after raising the hopes of his backers as he came into the Abingdon Bottom, he disgusted them by giving way to Mr. Benzon's Propriety as he came out of it, losing the race by three-quarters of a length. Rosy Morn, a horse that began life by winning a couple of two-year-old races worth nearly as many thousands, and then degenerated into a selling-plater, was made favourite for a Selling Plate; but he showed temper at the post, and the race was won by Panga, who had already won two races this season. Rosy Morn undoubtedly has his faults, but it is only fair to point out, to the credit of his sire, Rosicrucian, that he has trained on into his seventh year, that he has run in some forty-seven races, and that he won fourteen of them. For the Prince of Wales's Plate, Sir R. Jardine's three-year-old colt, Wise Man, was made first favourite. He had won one race this season and two last year, when he had also been placed in tolerable company. He ran now very badly, and the race was won by The Rejected, who had disappointed his backers terribly the previous week at Derby. The winner, who was purchased for 1,450 guineas last year, is a big but not particularly evenly-made four-year-old, by King of Trumps. Of the nine starters for the Hastings Plate, four—namely, Galore, Hazlehatch, Anarch, and Caerlaverock—had won 7,318*l.* in stakes last season. Galore, who has been heavily backed for the Derby, was made first favourite. He had started second favourite for the City and Suburban, and had been beaten soon after crossing the road, although he had carried less weight than had Speculum when he won that race at the same age. Galore now won very easily from Hazlehatch, who improved but little on his form in the Craven Stakes. Anarch and Caerlaverock ran very badly, the common opinion being that the former is not to be trusted and that the latter has not regained his two-year-old form. Galore is a good-looking colt, and the only fault we have heard found with him is that he is a little light in his fore-ribs. He is by Galopin out of Lady Maura; and if Lollypop, from whom his dam is descended, was by Voltaire, which is probable, he inherits four strains of Blacklock blood. A colt named Dornoch, by Sterling out of Golspie, and belonging to the Duke of Westminster, ran in public for the first time in this race. He finished fourth, and some critics objected to the appearance of his hocks. With regard to his performance, due allowance must be made for this having been his first race. The winner of the race that followed the Hastings Plate was also by Galopin. This was a two-year-old filly called Galloping Queen, out of Queen of Diamonds, and she was purchased at auction after the race for 700 guineas by Mr. L. de Rothschild, so that, as the stakes were only worth 100 guineas, and her selling price was 250, her owner apparently lost 350 by the transaction. Her present price was a substantial advance on the 165 guineas which she had cost as a yearling. Lord Calthorpe's Toscano was made favourite for the Visitors' Plate. At Derby he had run very badly for the Welbeck Cup; but on the following day he had won the Chaddesden Cup, for which he started at 12 to 1. On the strength of the latter performance he now became a strong favourite; but, instead of winning, he ran fifth, leaving Maiden Belle, Bismarck, and April Fool to fight out a beautiful race, in which they were divided by heads only at the finish.

As is usually the case, the racing on the Wednesday of the First Spring Meeting was not very interesting, with the exception of the Two Thousand, which we noticed at some length last week. Mr. Abington won the first and the second races with two horses for which he is said to have given 1,250 and 2,000 guineas. In the second case the stakes were only worth 100 guineas; yet eleven two-year-olds competed for them. The expensive winner had already won a race at Croydon. The four races which followed the Two Thousand were, at any rate, well contested. The first was won by a head; the second by the same distance, with only half a length between second and third; the next race was won by a neck, while, half a length off, two horses ran a dead-heat for third place; and in the last race the first, second, and third were only separated by heads. Those who like fine finishes would thoroughly have enjoyed themselves if it had not been for the wind and the rain in which these close contests came off.

On the Thursday, betting-men exactly "placed" Otterburn and Agneta for a Handicap Plate, by making them first and second favourites, as the former beat the latter by a neck; but, unfortunately for their calculations, Lord Cadogan's Franciscan, a three-year-old colt by Hermit, beat the pair by a couple of lengths. They showed still greater discrimination in making P. & O. and Devonian equal favourites for the second race, as it was a very fine point between them, and P. & O. barely won by a head. The Stud Produce Stakes brought out some good-looking two-year-olds, especially Carmine, a very well-shaped chestnut filly with a great deal of bone and power; the race, however, was won by a colt that was generally considered the worst looking of the ten starters. This was a light and rather narrow animal named Duo, belonging to Prince Soltykoff. He was admirably ridden by Cannon, and won by half a length from Carmine. Cohort, who is now eight years old, was made favourite for the Welter Handicap, although he had not won a race for three years. He ran wretchedly, and the race was won by Lord Zetland's Grey Friars, who ran ten times unsuccessfully last season. To make this field of race-losing horses the more complete, Isobar, who had only won three races out of twenty-two, looked very like winning up to a late period of the race, and then collapsed. Odds were laid upon Hazlehatch for the Newmarket Stakes, as well they might be, considering that his only dangerous opponent was Hark, who had been beaten by Satiety, a colt that had once run unplaced to Hazlehatch. The race was won easily by the favourite. "Mr. Abington" had a walk over for The Whip, with his horse Quilp. It must, we think, have been a long time since an amateur jockey had ridden his own horse for this time-honoured trophy.

A field of fourteen for the One Thousand was much above the average, and it was more than double the size of that for the late Two Thousand. As in the Two Thousand, however, the public form of one competitor was far in advance of that of any of the

others. This was Lord Calthorpe's Seabreeze, a beautiful chestnut filly, by Isonomy out of St. Marguerite. She had been beaten three times by Friar's Balsam, once by Galore, and once by Anarch; but she had beaten Anarch twice, and her five victories bore a very favourable comparison with those of any other filly in the race. Belle Mahone, the second favourite, had won three races as a two-year-old; on the other hand, she had been beaten by Ayrshire, who had been beaten by Seabreeze. She is a small filly, although big for her size, if the bull may be allowed, as she has depth of girth with short legs, and she is very well put together. Her Majesty, a filly with excellent shoulders and quarters, had won the Woodcote and the Prendergast Stakes. She had beaten Love-in-Idleness, a lengthy and level filly that had never won a race, but was now an equal favourite. Nina, a splendid mover, though somewhat short of bone, had been beaten by Seabreeze; the good-looking Dolores had been beaten by Seabreeze and by Nina; while both Sawdust and Estafette had been defeated by one or other of these two fillies. Then there was Mr. Douglas Baird's Briar Root, a brown filly by Springfield out of Eglantyne. Some people thought her the best looking of the whole party, while others considered her angular and ungainly. She had begun her racing career by winning the Whitsuntide Plate of 4,727*l.* at Manchester from a field of eighteen two-year-olds, and after that she had lost all the other races in which she had taken part. It was said that her Whitsuntide Plate form must have been all wrong, as Ayrshire, Caerlaverock, Galore, and Senanus had been behind her in that race, which they ought not to have been if her three subsequent performances were correct. Hall Mark had won the only race for which she started last year; Latania, a filly with size and power, had done the exact opposite, and the lengthy, evenly made Frondeuse had won one race and lost eight.

When the morning came, Seabreeze was said to be amiss. On the previous night she had stood at 11 to 10 in the betting; now she went down to 9 to 4; as the time for saddling drew near, she came up again to 5 to 4; and eventually she started at 6 to 4. As soon as the flag fell, Briar Root jumped away with the lead, on the extreme right. At the Bushes the pace had told its tale on Love-in-Idleness and several other fillies; but Seabreeze was steadily improving her position, and her backers began to feel very hopeful. Things looked still brighter for her as she came down the hill, and, before reaching the Abingdon Bottom, she had passed the rest of her opponents, with the single exception of Briar Root. She now looked very like a winner in the eyes of some, while others did not think that she moved very freely down the incline. Frondeuse and Belle Mahone were immediately behind her, though evidently beaten. As they came up the ascent to the winning-post, Seabreeze struggled gamely; but Briar Root still held the lead, and, although she seemed inclined to bear a little to the left when touched with the spur, she maintained her advantage to the end, and won by a couple of lengths. The result proves the truth of the saying that racehorses may unexpectedly return to their best form. If her running in the One Thousand is to be accepted as a confirmation of the form of the leading horses in the Whitsuntide Plate, it makes her latest performance a very high one, on the strength of her having beaten the winner of the Two Thousand in that race; and it also reminds us of a possibility of a return to his be t form of Caerlaverock, who had finished between the pair. Nearly every journal which treats of racing has pointed out the "singular coincidence" that Mr. D. Baird won the exceedingly valuable Electric Stakes and Whitsuntide Plate last year on the same day with the brother and sister, Woodland and Briar Root, and that neither of them won another race until the day of the One Thousand, when again each scored a victory; it was, however, a mere coincidence and nothing more, as Woodland's success for the Bretby Plate could not be considered a return to his Electric Stakes form; for he only beat Spearmint, the first favourite, by a head at 10 lbs., after that rather moderate horse had exhausted himself by bolting and running the entire course on his own account previous to the actual race. The first race of the day was won by Lord Randolph Churchill with his two-year-old filly, L'Abbesse de Jouarre, by Trappist. She seems well worth the 300 guineas that he gave for her at the sale of Mr. Snarry's yearlings last season, and the stakes she now won were worth as many pounds. Some adverse critics, however, think her forelegs a trifle too straight. Good judgment was shown in making Lord Calthorpe's Montaigne and Mr. Bridges Willyams's Vanda equal favourites, and Ketta a good third favourite, for a Selling Stakes, as there was only a neck between the two first named at the finish, while Ketta was but half a length behind Vanda. Isobar won a 100*l.* sweepstakes, but in disreputable company, and his owner must devoutly wish that he may show some signs of that return to early form on which we have been expatiating in the case of Briar Root. For the Fourth Welter Handicap Plate the weights were very nicely adjusted when Sky Pilot was made to give a year and 13 lbs. to Chamberlain, as there was a grand struggle between the pair, Chamberlain winning by a head. The First Spring Meeting has entirely altered the aspect of the Derby; whether it has rendered it a much more open race or not remains to be seen; but unquestionably it has given us the promise of an open as well as an interesting race for the Oaks.

TWO NEW PLAYS.

MR. AUGUSTIN DALY'S company of comedians has given abundant proof of something more than capacity during previous visits to England, and it is unlucky that *The Railroad of Love*, Mr. Daly's adaptation of a German work hitherto unknown in England, must be called a rather poor piece. To supply anything like a coherent account of the plot would occupy a great deal of ingenuity and involve a considerable expenditure, not to say waste, of time; in truth, there is practically n connexion between the love affairs of the three couples whose aspirations are set forth in the comedy. It has been said that the skill of the players is the more conclusively shown because they make a somewhat inchoate play more than acceptable; and in this we may find Mr. Daly's justification. The fact is that the cleverness of the company is not fully exhibited, for opportunities are lacking. They play admirably together, the "business" of the scene is done with peculiar neatness, but, with the exception of the part filled by Miss Rehan, the characters are of the most commonplace description. We have learned to expect much from Mr. James Lewis, and know well that we should not be disappointed if any chance were afforded him. Here there is none. The play bill describes Phenix Scuttlebury as "a polished relic of wasted energies," the precise significance of which is not very apparent. Scuttlebury is, however, little more than a conventional figure of farce. It is his mission in the play to persuade some one to marry his cousin, Mrs. Osprey, who deprives him of a fortune so long as she remains a widow, and presently he himself marries another widow. This is Mrs. Eutycia Laburnam, played by Mrs. G. H. Gilbert. We know what Mr. Lewis can do; we have seen the rich comedy of Mrs. Gilbert; and it is disappointing to find them cabined, cribbed, confined.

The Mrs. Osprey of Miss Rehan is marvellously clever, indeed it has touches of genius, and in the jealous scene comes near, possibly too near, to tragedy. There is, too, exquisite tact and grace in a love scene in which she and Everett stand on opposite sides of an open door, she declining to enter the room and meet him. Mr. John Drew's Everett is most decidedly good. He is ea y, natural, and alert. Mr. Otis Skinner and Miss Phœbe Russell are the third pair of lovers—Demaresq and Viva. Doubtless the company will soon be seen to greater advantage, and we look forward much to their performance of *The Taming of the Shrew*.

It is to be regretted that so pleasant and sympathetic a story as *Bootles' Baby* should have fallen for dramatic purposes into such clumsy hands as those of Mr. Hugh Moss, whose adaptation has been acted at the Globe Theatre. The aimless wanderings of the characters in and out, and their often purposeless talk when they are on the stage, afford melancholy proof of Mr. Moss's incapacity for constructing or writing a play. "Parents? I have lost both mine." "You are an orphan, then?"—this is a verbatim extract from the dialogue. The pity is the greater because the company by which the play is performed has been very judiciously chosen. The characters in *Bootles' Baby* are broadly drawn, and some of them do not make any great demand on representatives who are physically qualified. Thus the somewhat stolid manner and heavy voice of Mr. Maurice are capitally suited to the part of Captain Algernon Ferrers (to give "Bootles" his proper name and rank), and in other instances the right men have been selected. But in a very great measure the success which the play is likely to obtain, in spite of its crudeness, will arise from the really delightful performance of Miss Minnie Terry as Mignon, the little heroine, otherwise known as "Bootles' Baby," from the circumstance that, having discovered the child in his rooms, where it had been deposited by the unacknowledged wife of a brother officer (who believes that she has found her husband's quarters), Bootles has adopted it, refusing the suggestion of its heartless father that it shall be sent to the workhouse or the police-station. The child is charming because she is childlike. There is not a touch of the pert precocity which, as a rule, renders the stage child so particularly unpleasant. Miss Minnie Terry is always perfectly simple and natural; she seems to delight in her task—if, indeed, the word task should be used in speaking of an apparently effortless assumption of character. No thought of the audience is traceable in her demeanour; she is engrossed in her love for her protector, in her frolics with her friends, his brother officers, and in her affection for the kind lady—Helen Grace, in truth the wife of Captain Gavor Gilchrist and her mother—to whom she sends the invitation to come and live with them always, as Helen presently does, when at length able to accept the hand of Ferrers, whom she has long loved. The scenes of military life, in Bootles's quarters after mess, and in another part of the barracks on the regimental sports day, are novel and picturesque; and the child, always winning and lovable, is an agreeable contrast to the officers of the "Scarlet Lancers" in their full panoply or their mess jackets. The finding of the little creature in Bootles's bed makes a very pretty scene when one is able to dismiss the apprehension that she will begin to cry; for it must be understood that the small Miss Terry is seen after an interval of five years from the event in question, and the original Mignon is almost an infant, and might well be dazed by the glare and strange surroundings.

The third act is a model of what a play should not be, and the adapter has reason to thank the exponents of his characters for their good service. Mr. Maurice we have already commended. Mr. Charles Sugden's Gilchrist is a somewhat new type of villain,

utterly heartless and shameless, and the actor carries out the conception with excellent judgment. Mr. Charles Collette's smart soldier servant is another skilful piece of work, with only a slight tendency to become too boisterous. Mr. Garthorne a little overshoots the mark as Captain Lucy. Mr. Gilbert Farquhar is easy and straightforward as Dr. Blantyre, and there is a gaiety and good humour about the Lieutenant Miles of Mr. Forbes Dawson which renders comprehensible to the audience his popularity in the regiment. Miss Edith Woodworth has not hitherto revealed the capacity that is apparent in her performance of Helen Grace. There is very genuine feeling in her love for her child, the maternal impulse is expressed with force and pathos. The situation is touching, because until at last the truth may be declared the child must not know that the lady who is so kind to her is her mother. The piece is acceptable even as it stands, with all its imperfections on its head; but a great chance has been missed. In capable hands the materials at the dramatist's disposal might have been made into an exceptionally striking play.

THE NATIONAL DEFENCE BILL FROM THE VOLUNTEER POINT OF VIEW.

THIS Bill, backed by Mr. Secretary Stanhope, Lord George Hamilton, and Mr. Brodrick, deals with three subjects—first, the Yeomanry and Volunteers; secondly, the Naval Reserve and Naval Artillery Volunteers; and, thirdly, railways and transport generally. We do not intend in the present article to deal with the last two subjects, but only with the portions of the Bill relating to the Volunteer force. The public do not seem to have realized how great are the changes proposed. At present, as the Memorandum prefixed to the Bill rightly says, Volunteers can only be called out for actual military service in case of actual or apprehended invasion of any part of the United Kingdom. By this Bill it is proposed that the Volunteers may be called out whenever an order for the embodiment of the Militia is in force. Now, such order may be issued by Her Majesty in Council in case of imminent national danger or of great emergency. It is impossible to say when any Government may deem great emergency to have arisen, and, therefore, the liability to service of the Volunteer force is greatly enlarged. There is a clause in the Bill to the effect that it shall not apply to those Volunteers already enrolled except with their consent. If such consent be not generally given, there would arise a very curious condition of affairs during the next three or four years; for in such a case only the last joined, and therefore least trained, men could be called out.

The most serious aspect of the Bill, however, is the effect it is likely to have on the recruiting and strength of the Volunteer force. Time alone will show whether employers will permit their employés to be enrolled in this force, if the chance of being called out for actual military service is thus increased. In any case the result will probably be that those who have permanent employment will hesitate before they enrol themselves under these conditions.

This scheme seems merely an attempt to raise a subsidiary militia with very small cost to the country, and to throw the burden of the expense on a body of men, who already devote much time and money to the service of the nation, without reward.

Of course it may be said that present Volunteers need not give their consent to being called out, but practically they must either do this or resign; for how can a corps, one part of which is liable to serve on different conditions to the other portion, be satisfactorily worked? Not to mention that, if this view be incorrect, it might happen that the senior officers would refuse their consent, and only the junior and most inexperienced officers would be available. We cannot but regard this Bill as devised in order to escape an increased Budget by making a small portion of the nation pay for what should undoubtedly be provided at the expense of the whole.

But we complain most of another feature of this Bill, which is a direct breach of faith with Volunteers now enrolled. On looking at the first schedule which contains the Acts, or portions of Acts, proposed to be repealed, we find subsections one and three of Section 18 of 26 & 27 Victoria cap. 65 included among the latter. Now the first of these sub-sections enacts that two guineas shall be provided for the use of every Volunteer (whatever his rank may be) whenever called out on actual military service, for the purpose of supplying him with necessaries, and power is given to commanding officers to expend the whole or any part of this sum as they deem fit on behalf of each man. The second of these subsections gives a bounty of one guinea to each Volunteer who has been called out, on the release of his corps from actual military service. This money is, therefore, absolutely taken away from the Volunteer force when called out. We find no mention of this alteration and no equivalent given in this Bill. But this is not all that we complain of. The preparers of this Bill have chosen to issue a Memorandum attached to it, which purports to give a summary of the provisions contained therein. In this Memorandum we find these words:—"But it is not proposed to impose any additional liability on existing men (*sic*) without their consent." (This sentence is peculiar in its diction; for, if it means anything, it means that only babes unborn are to have any additional liability imposed on them; but let this pass.) Notwithstanding this statement, we find that the cost of providing necessaries (which, we take it, include stout boots, clothing, &c.) is left for the individual Volunteer to bear, and that his bounty is taken away without his consent; and yet there is no mention of this intention in the Memorandum, which latter is the only document most Volunteers are likely to see. This, surely, is not as it should be. Mr. Secretary Stanhope on Wednesday, in answer to a deputation on the subject of National Defence, said, "You will observe, gentlemen, how largely we are depending upon the patriotism and intelligence of the Volunteers. They may rest assured that they will be called upon only if, unhappily, any grave danger to the security of this country is to be apprehended; but I feel absolutely confident that they will loyally co-operate with us in enabling their services to be utilized to the utmost possible extent, if unhappily the occasion should arise, by previous organization."

Does Mr. Secretary Stanhope imagine that the Volunteers will be for ever duped by expressions about the trust that the Government have in their loyal co-operation, whilst at the same time the Government is not behaving loyally to them, and whilst a Secretary of State for War issues a Memorandum in which there is so misleading and disingenuous a statement? The Volunteer force has hitherto done its work loyally and well, and with very little cost to the country, and yet the Government treats them in this underhand fashion. And will this treatment inspire the Volunteers with any faith in Mr. Secretary Stanhope's assurance about their not being called out unnecessarily? Doubtless Mr. Stanhope in his youth read the fable of the goose with the golden eggs; we should advise him to read it again and take its moral to heart. Altogether, we are sorry to see so paltry a trick played upon so deserving a body of men.

THE HAYMARKET MATINÉE.

THE performance given at the Haymarket on Wednesday last, for the complimentary benefit to Mrs. Leigh Murray, was in every way worthy of the event. The programme included *A Quiet Rubber*, *Uncle's Will*, and the *First Night*, which are all one-act pieces; the second act of *Forget-me-Not*; recitations by Mr. Henry Irving and Mrs. Keeley; Mr. Toole's humorous sketch, *Trying a Magistrate*; and songs from Mme. Antoinette Sterling. Thus it will be seen the unfortunate, if generally necessary, practice prevalent on such occasions of giving single acts from pieces having more than one act was only adhered to in the case of *Forget-me-Not*. The second act of this play, however, conveys what has gone before and what is to come very effectively, and the dialogue is so brilliant that it could not have been omitted from the programme without injury to the performance, particularly as it afforded an opportunity for the farewell appearance of Mrs. Leigh Murray. Mr. Hare's wonderful impersonation of the irascible Irish peer (Lesueur's original part) in Mr. Coghlan's version of *Une Partie de Piquet*, is too well known to require comment; it is enough to say that it has lost nothing of its old vigour, and Mr. Hare was so well supported by Mr. Herbert, Mr. Wenman, and Miss Maud Cathcart that the play showed no trace of having been got up merely for a matinée. *Forget-me-Not* was admirably rendered by a strong cast, including Miss Dorothy Dene, who made a charming Alice Verney, and Mrs. Leigh Murray as Mrs. Foley, the elderly companion. Of course Miss Geneviève Ward played the part of the adventuress, with which her name will always be associated. The character sustained by Mrs. Leigh Murray is of a kind very popular with English audiences. In the hands of an incapable actress it would be very tedious; but the admirable humour and reserve which always distinguish Mrs. Leigh Murray's acting were so conspicuous in the part as to contribute largely to the success of the act. Mr. Vernon, however, did not seem very well suited to the part of Sir Horace Welby, the interfering baronet. An address, written expressly for the occasion by Mr. Ashby Sterry, and spoken by Mrs. Keeley, afforded a pleasant relief to the intensity of *Forget-me-Not*. The appearance of Mrs. Keeley was an amply sufficient atonement for the somewhat infelicitous character of the address itself. This was followed in turn by Mr. Theyre Smith's *Uncle's Will*, with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and Mr. Cathcart in the cast. The charm of Mrs. Kendal's interpretation was not marred by that unrest which she at times affects, and, from the familiarity of the actors with their respective characters, the piece was, on the whole, perhaps the most successful feature of a very brilliant performance. The *First Night*, the last item in the programme, suffered a little for want of rehearsal. The play is in four scenes, and the cast is a tolerably long one; it requires, therefore, to be rehearsed carefully, in order that it may be seen to advantage. Nevertheless, the play was very amusing, and very creditable to all those concerned in its performance. Mr. Brookfield's Hon. Bertie Fitzdangle was, however, a great deal more than creditable. He rendered the character with exquisite humour, finesse, and distinction; and, added to this, there was a suggestiveness (the word is not used in an offensive sense) which is too rarely exhibited by English actors. The Achille Talma Dufard of Mr. Beerbohm Tree was also an excellent piece of acting; while Mr. Righton and Mr. Kemble, as Hyacinth Parnassus and Theophilus Vamp (the names must sound pleasant to old

B

playgoers, respectively rendered their parts with humour and effect. In conclusion, it is only necessary to add that Mr. Irving's humorous recitation from C. S. Calverley and Mr. Toole's oft-repeated sketch materially added to the enjoyment of the performance.

THE STORY OF THE LONDON POLICE.

II.

THE decade preceding the Great Exhibition witnessed a remarkable extension of the duties of the newly-organized police force of the metropolis; for between the year 1840 and 1850 the Houses of Parliament, the London Docks, the Arsenal at Woolwich, and other public buildings and places were put under the charge of the constabulary. The work of the force at that period and the multifarious nature of their duties was trifling as compared with the various tasks assigned them now. A recent official Return shows that, of the 10,561 constables available for duty on the 31st of December, 1886, there were "specially employed" (their services being paid for) at the Houses of Parliament by night, 19 men, including one inspector and two sergeants; General Post Office, 12; the Chapter House, Westminster Abbey, 1; the Admiralty and War Department, 1; Royal Parks and grounds, 103; Royal Palace, Osborne, 3; Windsor Castle, 3; Claremont, 1; Sandringham, 2; the Treasury, Pedlars' Act, 2; Messrs. Drummond's Bank, 2; Army and Navy Co-operative Stores, 12; South Kensington Museum, 74; Natural History Museum, 27; Army Clothing Stores, 14; Colonial and Indian Exhibition, 26; Brompton Cemetery, 1; British Museum, 24; Tower of London, 21; Bethnal Green Museum, 16; Magazine, Purfleet, 23; and the Royal Gunpowder Factory, 24. The strength of the Metropolitan Force is further reduced by men being drafted off to the dockyards and military stations; Woolwich absorbing 177, Portsmouth 206, Devonport 155, Chatham 176, and Pembroke 34. There are 231 employed at the cost of the Treasury, and of the total of 1,633 on this special service some are stationed at the Royal Mint, the Chartered Gasworks at Beckton, the Indian Stores, the railway-stations; Hayes Place, Hayes; Crossness, near Erith; "St. Dunstan's Villa, Regent's Park," 1; Gunnersbury Park and Osterley Park, 1 each; Sheen House, Mortlake, 1; Dover House, Roehampton, 1; Norke House, Epsom, 1; Hanger Hill House, 1; Messrs. De la Rue's, St. Luke's, 1; Charterhouse, 1; Messrs. Coutts's Bank, 3; Covent Garden Market, 7; Messrs. Garrard & Co., Messrs. Lambert & Co., Messrs. Hunt & Roskell, Messrs. Shoolbred & Co., not to mention many other firms and places. In 1852, when the population of London was, roughly speaking, just under two and a quarter millions, with ten millions of rateable property, there were stated to be 6,000 professional thieves, with a police force amounting in all to 5,525 persons, of which number 3,700 were on duty by night and 1,800 by day; and here it may be noted that the telegraph was first employed for police purposes in 1851, a wire being laid from the central police office in Whitehall to the Great Exhibition buildings in Hyde Park. The total cost of the Metropolitan Police in 1852 was 385,744*l*., towards which the Consolidated Fund paid 100,325*l*., the police-courts alone costing 45,000*l*. In connexion with these figures and the history of the Metropolitan Force forty years ago it is both interesting and curious to find in the Commissioner's Report for 1886 a paragraph stating that "since 1849, when the authorized strength of the police was 5,493, of whom 5,288 were available for police purposes, there have been built 488,374 new houses, while 3,009 are in course of erection, 1,810 miles of new streets have been added to the charge of the police, and the population has increased from 2,473,758 to 5 364,627. To meet this the available strength of the police force from ordinary duties, exclusive of those employed for the protection of public buildings in consequence of the dynamite outrages, is 8,465."

Each year since the earliest period referred to has witnessed an augmentation of the police force, though certainly not commensurate with the extraordinary increase of the population, and it will be interesting, before proceeding further in the work of investigation, to see precisely how the force is spread over the metropolitan area. The Metropolitan Police District extends over a radius of fifteen miles from Charing Cross, exclusive of the City of London "and the liberties thereof." The area of 688·31 square miles comprised in the district is bounded on the north by Colney Heath, in Hertfordshire, on the south by Mogadore, Todworth Heath; on the east by Lark Hall, in Essex; and on the west by Staines Moor, in Middlesex. Some idea of the material growth of London will be gained if we state that the rateable value of the metropolitan area has increased from about 10,000,000*l*., in the year 1852, to 33,815,723*l*., in the years 1886-7; while, as the Commissioner truly says, "of the enormous actual value of the property in the charge of the police it is impossible to form any estimate." This huge "district" is parcelled out into twenty-two divisions, each one being known by an alphabetical letter, ranging from A to Y. They consist of Whitehall, with a total of 1,103 constables, sergeants, inspectors, and superintendents, the latter being in this solitary instance three in number as against one in every other division; Westminster, 671; St. James's, [illegible]; Marylebone, 528; Holborn, 542; Paddington, 435; Finsbury, 538; Whitechapel, 545; Bethnal Green, 590; Bow, 704; Lambeth, 395; Southwark, 495; Islington, 624; Camberwell, 693; Greenwich, 571; Hampstead, 707; Hammersmith, 724; Wandsworth, 648; Clapham, 660; Kilburn, 544; and Highgate, 677. For the protection of the river Thames there are 148 constables, four sergeants, 49 inspectors, and one superintendent, bringing up the total to 13,056. That number, however, is exclusive of the police engaged in the Dockyard Divisions—Woolwich, Portsmouth, Devonport, Chatham, and Pembroke. Adding these to the detailed list given above, we find the grand total to be 13,804; and it will, we think, be useful, in order to show the gradual increase of the force to which reference has been already made, to append a statement of the actual yearly augmentation of the Metropolitan constabulary in the decennial period beginning in 1877 and ending in 1886. In 1877 the total of all ranks was 10,446; in 1878 it had risen to 10,447; 1879, 10,711; 1880, 10,943; 1881, 11,234; 1882, 11,699; 1883, 12,622; 1884, 12,880; 1885, 13,319; and in 1886, 13,804, or an increase in the ten years of 3,358. The increase in the numbers between 1885 and 1886 was—3 superintendents, 18 inspectors, 34 sergeants, and 430 constables. The 21 divisions (with the Thames 22) are supervised by four superintendents of districts, the Thames being included in No. 1 District (Finsbury, Whitechapel, Bethnal Green, Bow, and Islington), at the head of which is Lieut.-Colonel B. Monsell, who (as are the three other district superintendents) is styled Chief Constable.

Before entering into further details, and especially before offering a few critical observations on the work and proceedings of the force generally, we may appropriately take a hasty glance at the comments of the district and also of the divisional superintendents on the manner in which the battalions under their command equip themselves and the arduous duties with which they are entrusted. It is almost unnecessary to remark that the annual reports of superintendents are slightly optimistic in their tone and remarkable for the esprit de corps permeating them. Lieut.-Colonel Monsell, for example, "during the short time" he has "been in the Metropolitan Police," has "had the most cordial and ready support from all the superintendents in" his "district," and he "may congratulate the force in possessing such an able and efficient body of officers." The gallant Colonel, moreover, is "glad to find that, during the past year there has been a diminution of crime," while the state of discipline of the men in his district he (may we say naturally?) "considers to be most satisfactory." Nor is Chief Constable A. C. Howard (No. 2 District) a whit less eulogistic generally than his gallant colleague who commands No. 1. Mr. Howard is, if we mistake not, the gentleman whose ardour in connexion with the West End riotings evoked more ravings on the part of the agitators in a certain section of the press than were caused by any of his colleagues. He expresses the opinion that "a very marked improvement has taken place in the general behaviour and discipline of the men during the last few years." On the whole, "they deserve most fully the confidence so generally placed in them, and although a few cases come to light now and then in which their conduct is condemned, these tend," he considers, "to show in a stronger light the good conduct of the force generally." The efforts of the police in the suppression of crime "have been attended with a fair measure of success"; a commendable method of stating it. Mr. Howard's Report, we note, is by far the longest and most exhaustive of those statements furnished by the four district superintendents, and in a future article we shall probably take occasion to make some further references to it.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE Achilles of Suffolk Street is sulking in his tent. In plain language, he has gone off with his velarium and his appurtenances, his pictures and those of his myrmidons. It would be unfair not to recognize what the Society has lost by the defection of its greatest and most original member. Mr. Whistler may have used his influence to the hurt of individuals, but he did good to the Society. He introduced a system of hanging which set an example to every show in London. He so arranged common pictures that, forming part of a decorative scheme and approached under the spell of other work, you could scarcely believe the evidence of your eyes as to their worthlessness. He gave, in fact, an artistic air to the place, which made it the talk of London. On the other hand, painters and pictures were improving before he came, and some of them seem inclined to go on in the same course without him.

The main features of this exhibition are the works of Mr. William Stott, *dit* of Oldham, of Mr. Edwin Ellis, of London, and of the Messrs. Harrison, of Paris. Since the time when he may almost be said to have founded a school with his picture of boys bathing at Gretz Mr. Stott has been very fertile in invention. He changes his fashion so often that his cast-off suits have been very welcome to those who seek originality in the newest of borrowed plumes. There may be many opinions as to his idea of how to deal with the subject of "Endymion" (242); there can be but one as to the refined and decorative beauty of his treatment of the idea. Perhaps the bald accuracy of the camera has hurried on the natural reaction which cannot but follow an era of common realism. Any way the tide has turned, and the new school is exercised how to treat fantastic or romantic subjects without degrading poetry by the commonplace, without too evidently con-

tradicting our knowledge of nature, or too directly borrowing a style from the old masters. Such a problem Mr. Stott has had to solve in "Endymion." Unity of style and effect, a decorative and tranquil beauty of tone, and a realization like the embodiment of a dream, were imperatively indicated. Hence his breadth and suggestiveness, his suppression of commonplace glitter, importunate detail, and cheap violence of effect. The large quality of night is exquisitely given however; while the soft lustre of the flesh and the subdued richness of the flowers melt into the tranquil vagueness of the circular composition with a drowsy and slumbrous effect. In his pastel, "The Blue River" (467), Mr. Stott gets some of the witchery of those blue, aërial visions of sea and sky which in nature ravish the man and drive the painter to despair. Without altogether agreeing with the technique of "Summer" (279) we think it the most striking and the most robust landscape of the year; it is, however, no more than we have long been expecting from Mr. Ellis. He is a man with a natural genius for paint, and when he condescends to use his splendid strength with ordinary finesse and respect for truth he requires none of the support of a thorough French technique so necessary to weaker men. We should call this landscape a triumph of the English school if it were not so decidedly Mr. Ellis's own, both as to matter and manner. The composition, realistically romantic, treats of a charming wooded place by the sea. For once a delicate sky allows one to breathe freely in a picture by Mr. Ellis; its influence is felt in the aërial stretch of sand spotted in good taste with lively groups of figures and goats, and in the purple shimmer of cool lights which gives the foreground strength and reality if the picture is seen from a distance. Mr. Alexander Harrison's "Hoar-Frost" (249) is a slight thing for him, but it renders a difficult effect with skill and feeling. Mr. Birge Harrison's "Sweet Summer-time" (78) is painted in one of those formal styles which remind one of Français, Harpignies, Henri Zuber, and others. Its method, however, by no means resembles the square-touch system adopted in England by the Newlyn school, and we do not remember to have seen anything like it out of the Salon. Mr. Sidney Starr's "Portrait of Miss Gertrude Kingston" (140), conspicuous among figures, is hard and cold though well constructed. Mr. J. J. Shannon's "Mr. Leveson-Gower" (210) strikes us as rather leathery in colour and wooden in modelling, and we are inclined to prefer Mr. H. M. Paget's "Gudbrand Vigfusson" (144). Mr. E. E. Simmons sends a very true "Study of an Interior" (202) in low tone; Mr. W. C. Symons a "Diana and Endymion" (179), which shows a good sense of arrangement; and Mr. W. H. Llewellyn a clever "Portrait of a Lady" (278). Other good figure work of various sorts comes from Messrs. H. S. Tuke, Gotch, Gordon, Kennington, and Miss K. McCausland.

There is plenty of excellent landscape work, chiefly of small size. "Southampton" (158), and even the small and charming "Tidal Creek" (336), are scarcely conceived in their author's most refined vein of colour; but then it is by no means easy to equal Mr. Leslie Thomson at his best. Mr. Aubrey Hunt sends a very stylish sketch, "On the Marne" (25), and a modern version of Ziem's subjects, "Venetian Fishing Boats" (224); Mr. J. S. Hill a most harmonious little picture of "Lewes" (139); Mr. T. R. Way one of his excellent and luminous renderings of moonlight (160); and Mr. Ayrest Ingram a "Moonrise and Sundown" (230), a marine effect much truer and stronger than anything we have yet see from his brush. "Alders" (473), by Mr. J. Paterson, is a rich and powerful water-colour; and "Backwater at Staines" (436) a very delicate one, strangely arranged as a kind of triptych, by Mr. Cyrus Johnson. Very good work, which we would gladly speak of at length, comes from Messrs. P. Macnab, G. E. Corner, A. Priestman, W. Estall, Max, Ludby, R. Aspinwall, and one or two more.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

ITALIAN Opera is not yet dead. On the contrary, Mr. Augustus Harris, "at the request of an influential Committee"—composed of Lord Charles Beresford, Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Oliver Montagu, and three other connoisseurs of like eminence—has come to its rescue, has taken Covent Garden Theatre, has issued a subscription list, and has engaged a gallant group of artists. In spite, therefore, of the lavish *impresario* and the extortionate *prima donna*, this poor, tottering, tumbledown old form of art (as the wily Wagnerite is careful to describe it) has yet another hour of life, and yet another chance of imposing itself upon the public as an essential in the scheme of popular amusements. That it will be a whit more successful than it was last year is scarce to be expected or hoped. There are as many as ever to listen to and delight in the music of *Don Giovanni* and the *Nozze* and the *Barbiere*; the superstition of the *Sonnambula* and *Lucrezia Borgia* is still not altogether exploded; even the *Traviata* has its admirers, while the *Huguenots* is, to all intents and purposes, as lively and vigorous "wie am ersten Tag." Mr. Harris is sure of his public so far. He knows that Italian Opera is one of the conventions of fashionable life, and that this year his patrons will crowd to hear the same things night after night as their fathers before them. It is a question less of music than (with all reverence be it said) of a full subscription list and a pleasant and familiar entertainment, and for this reason it is not to be denied that the *impresario* has done wisely, according to his lights, in deciding to eliminate from his programme the interest of novelty, and to depend for such success as it is in him to make on the setting, and not on the jewel—on the manner of production, and in nowise on the stuff that is produced.

His *personnel* is quite excellent—is, indeed, as good as it could be. He has secured the services of Mme. Albani, of Mme. Sigrid Arnoldson, of Mmes. Valleria and Fürsch-Madi, of Mmes. Nordica, Hastreiter, and Minnie Hauk; Mme. Trebelli is with him, and so are Mlle. Bauermeister and Mme. Scalchi. His list of eminences of the other sex includes, not only MM. Cotogni and Ciampi (without whom Italian Opera would scarce seem itself), but also Signor Del Puente and MM. Jean and Edouard de Reszke; while in Mlles. Coralba and Guiri he has found two capital examples of the "première danseuse assoluta," and in Signori Mancinelli and Alberto Randegger he has the pick of "Musical Directors and Conductors," as in Mr. Carrodus he has the most classic and experienced of *chefs d'attaque*. Of course these ladies and gentlemen will do admirably what they are asked to do, and at their lips the old familiar strains of the old familiar operas will for half a quarter of a moment seem fresh and new. "It is always" (to quote a proverb which will probably be quite novel to most of the Organizing Committee) "the riding as does it." The late Fred Archer could no doubt have got pace out of a cab-horse, and Mme. Arnoldson and the brothers Reszke—to name but these—are capable, we make no question, of reinspiring the *Sonnambula* itself, and of creating a soul beneath the ribs of *Luisa Miller*. But, for all that, it is a pity that, in this time of curiosity and experiment, they should have nothing better to do; and it seems not improper to suggest to Mr. Harris that he might with advantage reconsider his determination to be merely traditional—included, as no doubt it was, with the management of the affair itself in the "request of an influential Committee"—and give over some half-dozen of his two-and-thirty subscription nights to the production of (say) a brace of novelties.

It seems as vain to hope for a chance of hearing Verdi's *Otello* as it is to expect that any English *impresario* will ever be bold and judicious enough to give us the *Troyens* of Berlioz. Again, to ask the Organizing Committee for Gluck—though in Mme. Trebelli they have, ready to their hands, one of the very few living artists who could sing the *Orphée* music as it should be sung—were to be merely inconsiderate and superfluous. Such an experiment might or might not succeed. The chances, we confess, are heavily against it. The master's convention is that of another age; to a generation pampered with the "nerve-dissolving" strains of Berlioz and Wagner his instrumentation might sound thin and tame; his music itself—so large in style, so noble in quality, so poignant in intention and effect—might fail, on a first motion, to commend itself to the unaccustomed ear. But, where Gluck might speak to no purpose, Wagner has but to be heard to command attention. Surely the time is ripe for a solemn performance of the *Tannhäuser*, for instance? The work has plenty of chances in its favour. The story is romantic, moving, not over-innocent; some of the music is already popular; the spectacular interest is brilliant enough to tempt a stage-manager of far less than the genius and the ambition of Mr. Harris; with the means at the disposal of the Organizing Committee the Covent Garden cast might be almost ideally perfect; last, but not least (and our influential Organizing Committee would do well to perpend this fact), there is a ballet in the piece, and of that ballet much might be made. To produce the *Tannhäuser* as Mr. Harris might produce it would, of course, do little for the fortunes of Italian Opera; but it would go far to wipe away the reproach from the coming season of being, artistically and musically speaking, absolutely null and void, and it could hardly fail to be a great pecuniary success.

A MANLY PROTEST.

(CHAWLES, *loquitur.*)

I AM honly a waiter as waits on the Heighty;
Yes, that is the dooty of yours to command;
The position aint 'igh, and the perks isn't weighty,
But still, I *was* proud of my place, understand.

I had stood by the hinfant Society's cradle,
And 'ailed its hauspicious political morn;
I had 'arked to the praise which, with Lord! what a ladle,
They sloosed the young 'ead of the 'appy new-born.

I have watched o'er its groath with peternal imotion,
I've welcomed its guests since its bankwets began,
I have frothed up the fizz for George Joeykin G-sh-n,
And 'ung on the words of our Grandest Hold Man.

Though I morned o'er the sizzum when 'Art-ngt-n left us,
I lived on the 'ope of our 'ealing the breech,
And I fancied, pore fool! that the quarrel as cleft us
Would never be wideued by haction or speech.

So conceive what I feel—for a waiter has reely
Some feelings, I venture the 'auty to tell—
When I see the hold Heighty 'ob-nobbing with 'E-ly,
And toasting, O 'Evans! his leader P-rn-ll.

Why you might have (by George) knocked me down with a
toothpick
As flat as a pancake when 'Ald-ne arose,
And I 'eard with dismay that hingenuous youth pick
The words which he used his guest's 'ealth to perpose.

"We are proud of 'im"—"proud" was the startling expression—
"We're proud of Charles Stewart P-rn-ll."—I declare
That the sinnical coolness of such a confes-ion
Well—quite made me blush to the roots of my 'air.

"Ho! proud! ho indeed! were you proud of 'im, 'Ald-ne,"
I cried, in the bitterness deep of my sole,
"When civilization's resources were called in
To give your new pal his three months of Black 'Ole?"

Do yer think I've forgotten the cheering and clapping
That greeted the Old un's 'istoric erang
About "marchin' to disinte—something through rapping"?
And what a stout chorus the Heightyers sang?

Ho! proud of 'im, eh? What, the chap as you thrust with
His mates into prison? That's rather too bad!
May I ask of you, gents, if the pride as you bust with
Hextends to the treatment your 'ero has 'ad?

Ugh! 'Ero! Why, 'ang it, if that is his title,
A rum sort of rank for yourselves it insures;
The question it raises for you will be vitle—
If 'ero's *his* name, what the doose must be yours?

If 'e 'as a right to be sippin' his claret
And chewin' his holives as snug as you please;
If 'e 'as a right to his seat in that chair, it
Is *you* should be fastin' and down on your knees.

'Tis for you to fall proan and in abject repentance
Seek parding of 'im you've so ojusly wronged,
And to 'umbly solicit 'is leanient sentence,
As one to whose party you've always belonged.

Yes, it's prostrate you should be, and, though it may 'urt you
To hear the truth pushed so remoarselessly far,
It is *thus*—in the heye of political virtue,
Good faith, and good sense—that, by jingo, you *har*!

But never for Chawles! To the traitors and plotters
Whom once he denounced he would scorn to Ko-too;
So, shaking the dust of your shame from his trotters,
He bids you a cold and disdaneful ajoo.

REVIEWS.

PRAED'S POLITICAL POEMS.*

THE task of at last putting before the public something like a complete edition of Praed's works—a task which ought to have been performed a long time ago—is apparently going on, but in a rather inscrutable and singularly piecemeal fashion. Not long ago Sir George Young edited his uncle's prose works, or helped Mr. Henry Morley to edit them, in a scrubby little cheap library, with no notes and only a brief introduction. Now he edits the political poems. These, with very few exceptions—"Twenty-eight and Twenty-nine," "Utopia," and one or two more—were excluded from the edition of the poems which, when a very young man, he helped Derwent Coleridge to edit, though Praed himself printed some of them privately in his lifetime, being the only part of his works the reprinting of which he in any way superintended. Meanwhile the Derwent Coleridge edition itself, though containing much that never ought to have been published except perhaps as illustrative matter to a full memoir, though introduced with a notice of really astonishing critical and biographical inadequacy, so much so that it needs all one's reverence for the name of Coleridge not to use even harder words about the person guilty of it, and though practically unannotated, remains the only full storehouse of Praed's most characteristic work, and is only obtainable in second-hand copies, always dear and sometimes dirty. Yet again, all these books being issued in different forms and by different publishers make one of the raggedest regiments possible. The excellent Frederick William of Prussia, if he had seen them ranked together as they are ranked before us at this moment, would have infallibly ordered the publishers and editors to be flogged for not sorting, dressing, and drilling their men better, and, upon our word, we think they would have deserved it. Why on earth cannot we have a uniform handsome edition of the whole works of one of the most delightful writers and one of the least voluminous to be found anywhere out of the ranks of the absolutely immortal?

This said, enough has been said for grumbling, though it really is a trial. Sir George Young has done the present book very well indeed. It is the first really edited edition of anything of Praed's that has yet been issued, and considerable labour, with more than one lucky chance aiding it, appears to have gone to the editing. Scattered as Praed's political poems are, among divers newspapers, most of them long defunct, the identification of them except by the use of MS. versions would, in any case, have been difficult. But it was complicated by the fact that Praed and a friend of his, who wrote at his best nearly as well as Praed at his worst, used the same signature, Φ or φ, almost indiscriminately, and that the productions of both have been reprinted as Praed's by those American reprinters of whom it is difficult to speak harshly, inasmuch as, but for them, Praed's work, like that of Wilson, De Quincey, and not a few others, would have been left in a state of almost total neglect. By diligently examining internal characteristics, by searching his uncle's papers, and by happy aid from some collectors of autographs, especially Sir Theodore Martin and Mr. Locker Lampson, Sir George Young has succeeded, it would seem, in turning out all the tares which were the work of a certain Edward Fitzgerald (not, of course, either the Fitzgerald of "Who made the quartern loaves," or the Fitzgerald of Omar Khayam). He may possibly have uprooted a little of the wheat also, but, if so, it may be taken for granted that it was wheat that could be spared. For Praed was by no means always at, or even near, his best; and perhaps he was less often near it in these political poems than in any others. Yet another good deed of the editor's has to be noticed—a good deed which must have cost him considerable drudgery. He has carefully looked out, and indicated in brief head summaries to each poem, the personal and political allusions with which such poems necessarily abound, and which are as necessarily worse than Greek to subsequent generations.

In respect to the work itself which is thus creditably ushered, we find ourselves occupying towards Sir George Young a position which is exactly parallel to that which (as he himself records) Praed and Macaulay, friends as they were, occupied towards each other in point of political opinion. When they were at Cambridge, Macaulay, as a Tory, withstood Praed as a Whig; when they were in Parliament, they were still on opposite sides, but now Macaulay was the Whig and Praed the Tory. Sir George Young thought but modestly of his uncle's prose works, and we did not agree with him; we disagree with him still, but this time it is in thinking less, not more. It would hardly be necessary to dwell on this difference, which is quite compatible with an opinion in itself very high, if Sir George had not "extravagued," as some people say, a little about this political verse of his uncle's. He tells us that, as a writer of political satire, Praed is "first among English writers, before Prior, before Canning, before the authors of the *Rolliad*, and far before Moore or any of the still anonymous contributors to the later London press." Now to this we must demur as anything but critical. Praed is, no doubt, "before" all these writers in one variety of "light horsemanship," but it is the social, not the political line. Every one of the authors named—except perhaps Prior, whose chief power, like Praed's own, lay elsewhere—carries heavier metal and levels his guns straighter than this charming singer, whose heart was pretty evidently by no means so much with politics as it was with Medora's terror lest Araminta should wed unworthily, with the sufferings of the abbot in that ghastly hour when there was turning of keys and creaking of locks, with the forlorn knight whose attention was by turns directed to

A noble heart all burnt to ashes
And the Baron of Katzberg's long moustaches,

and with the waning and waxing of the joys of "the season." When he could he diverged from strict politics into a half-social, half-political vein, as in some of the best things in this very book—things already known from the older editions, such as "Twenty-eight and Twenty-nine," "Utopia," and others. When he could not do this he was very bright, very musical, very whimsical, very charming, but he was certainly not the Praed of the "Letters from Teignmouth," or "The Vicar," on the one hand; nor was he anything like the Canning of the "Mrs. Brownrigg" sonnet or the Moore of the *Twopenny Postbag* on the other. We might even doubt if without going so far we could not show Sir George Young some better political verse, merely as political verse, of a much more recent date than anything we can find here, except perhaps the (for Praed) unaccountably bloodthirsty epitaph on George IV., which no doubt is first-rate, and as good as Canning's "Benedicite," though much more unjust.

Putting this comparative estimate aside, however, there is nothing or little but delight in the book. He must be a ferocious Tory indeed who cannot rejoice in the following lines, although he may think that the "checks" were "proper," and if he is a very Momus of a Tory may ask what is the exact meaning of "prevent them" except to rhyme:—

The people, in his happy reign,
Were blest beyond all other nations:
Unharmed by foreign axe or chain,
Unhealed by civil innovations;
They served the usual logs and stones
With all the usual rites and terrors,
And swallowed all their fathers' bones,
And swallowed all their father's errors.

When the fierce mob, with clubs and knives,
All swore that nothing should prevent them,
But that their representatives
Should actually represent them,
He interposed the proper checks,
By sending troops, with drums and banners,
To cut their speeches short, and necks,
And break their heads, to mend their manners.

* *The Political and Occasional Poems of Winthrop Mackworth Praed.* Edited by Sir George Young, Bart. London and New York: Ward, Lock, & Co. 1888.

And we think he must be a very silly Liberal who in the same way is not delighted by Praed's ironic summary of the various additional hoops which the Reform Bill was to put to all possible pots:—

It's to give to the troops, and the tars of the fleet,
No jacket to wear, and no pudding to eat;
When we've just done away with the mess and the drill,
Will we lick the Mounseers? Ask the Duke if we will.
Derry down.

It's to get us a parson, as good as St. Paul,
Who won't want a lodging or dinner at all;
He'll teach us our duties and preach us our fill,
But as for his tithes—he may starve, if he will.
Derry down.

It's to give us—good luck to it! freedom and trade;
Our goods will be sold and our debts will be paid.
It will conjure up wealth for the ledger and till—
I wish I could only find out how it will!
Derry down.

It will bring health to sickness, and warmth to the cold,
And wit to the foolish, and youth to the old,
And soup to the saucepan, and grist to the mill—
Fine words, honest friends! But I doubt if it will.
Derry down.

"Love's Eternity" is very good, though a little obvious, and, by the way, Sir George Young's description of it and of its rather numerous brothers of the same class shows how people may look at the different sides of the shield. He calls it "a type in which a train of social compliment or a mere verbal tune is made the setting for as many allusions to personages or topics of the day." We should call it a style in which allusions to personages and topics were made the excuse for a train of social compliment. However, we quite admit that it is possible to hold both views, and what is better, both parties can agree in liking the poems themselves. Probably the worst things here are those on the coronation of Charles X., which are facile and almost vulgar in their cheap Voltairianism. We wish we could quote the whole of the admirable "Speech by a Worthy Alderman"; but it is fortunately unnecessary to quote any part of that "On Seeing the Speaker Asleep," which is probably better known than any other of Praed's poems dealing with a strictly political subject, and is one of his very happiest. "The Old Tory," whether it lay very well in the mouth of a Tory of two or three years' standing who had frequently lampooned Toryism or not, is also capital:—

Lord Palmerston may turn about,
And curse the creed he held so long;
And moral Grant may now find out
That Canning was extremely wrong:
Lansdowne with Waithman may unite,
And Ministers with mobs agree
Truth may be falsehood, black grow white,
But, sir, you make no Whig of me.

You know I never learned to trust
The wisdom of the Scotch Review;
I worshipped not Napoleon's bust;
I could not blush for Waterloo:
I'm proud of England's glory still,
Of laurels won on land and sea;
Call me a bigot if you will,
But pray don't make a Whig of me.

Peel, not knowing the author, is said to have seen this quoted in a country paper, and to have complained that "they had nobody in London who could do anything so good." The series of attacks on Joseph Hume are all excellent, and Sir George Young has done good service by a side hit in a note at the most singular piece of whitewashing ever yet attempted, by which a Radical boroughmonger, a shady financier, an intolerable obstructive, and a generally mischievous politician has all his faults condoned for the single virtue of cheeseparing. Lord Grey gets, perhaps, Praed's hardest strokes, but that was because the poet could never forgive Grey's treatment of his idol Canning.

But, as we have hinted, the politics are really not the chief attraction of the book. They are personal, vague, and anything but consistent; yet Praed's admirable verse covers, and more than covers, all defects.

NOVELS.*

NONE of our modern novelists possesses more fully than Mrs. Oliphant the faculty of interpreting the feelings of middle-class people, or perhaps of middle-character people, if we may use an awkward phrase. Her power of getting inside the minds of ordinary folk, of plumbing the depths of natures perhaps rather shallow than deep, of expressing the blundering, bewildered, bemused state of mind which among such persons is called thinking, is scarcely equalled. Her facility has the snare which facility lays for all its possessors. It leads her into repetition, over-description, diffuse detail, exaggerations of explanation. She can do that sort of thing so well and so easily that she is led into doing a great deal too much of it. Mrs. Oliphant's novels, especially some of her later ones, would benefit more than most novels by some magic process of elimination of the superfluous. If, as Sydney Smith said in the summer heats, they could "take off their flesh and sit in their bones," they would be wonderfully stronger and firmer for it. *Joyce* is an example. If the story of Joyce Hayward's life; of her early, useful, contented existence as Joyce Matheson; her transformation into the awkward, unplaced Joyce Hayward; and her final flight from both positions, become untenable, had been crisply fashioned into one brief book, it would have been an excellent novel. Mrs. Oliphant, however, has her own way of telling her stories, and it is a way we are not disposed to quarrel with, even while wishing it other. As it is, *Joyce* is a pretty story. The author has rarely drawn a better sketch of the whimsical relations of a married couple than in Colonel Hayward and his "Elizabeth." The utter dependence of the "innocent old soldier" on his practical wife; her tenderness of protection and contempt; the abrupt pull up in both when a test point in conduct arrives, and Elizabeth's native vulgarity shows like a sunken rock amid the waters, are treated, as the author knows how to treat such a situation, with humour and sympathy. There is a certain cloudy indefiniteness about the Haywards' position. We have been allowed to suppose that Mrs. Hayward's uncertainty about the legality of her marriage had suggested voluntary restraint on her entrance into society; yet when the family, with the new addition of Joyce, return from Scotland to Richmond, we find it already on terms of close friendliness with the local magnates. The end of the story, or rather Joyce's fashion of putting an end to the entanglement they had all got into, is unsatisfactory. The author may argue that the end of life's entanglements is often unsatisfactory. But, if the ground is to be taken of probability and likeness to life, then the objection shifts to the unlikelihood of a beautiful and refined stranger being able to permanently conceal her existence from an active, sustained, and eager search in even the remotest of Scotch islands. Such an abode would seem, indeed, the least well chosen for obscurity. Nowadays no "unsuspected isle in far-off seas" presents anything like the chances of concealment offered by—say Vauxhall Bridge Road.

"Christina Compton sat upon the low garden wall of the villa which her father had taken at Cannes for the winter, and dangled her legs contentedly in the sunshine." A little later Miss Compton, who is seventeen, and "finished," drawing "her feet on the top of the wall, clasping her hands round her legs, and resting her chin upon her knees," proceeds to hold a long conversation with a Spanish pedlar who is passing by on the high road. This is the opening of Mr. W. E. Norris's story *Chris*, and from it we are hastily led to conclude that we are going to be treated to the history of a tousled tom-boy after the pattern so much affected by some modern novelists, and so hugely admired by a certain class of readers. The author, however, has no such purpose in his mind. Chris is neither tousled nor a tom-boy, but a shrewd, sensible, sweet-tempered girl, with a fair sense of humour, indomitable pluck, a power of calm self-restraint in difficult moments, and a placid obstinacy against pressure which is iron to tyranny and shifting sand to tenderness. Her story is simple, and owes its charm partly to the fascination of the girl, and partly to the author's graceful, humorous, bright, delicate manner of telling it. Chris has four lovers—two detrimental human beings, one of the same class, but eligible, and one adorable and adoring Yorkshire terrier, Peter, who is incomparably the best of the lot. Chris has a tolerant kindliness for the brutal Ellacombe, and even for the burgling Val Richardson; she loves Gerald Severne well enough to marry him; but her feeling for Peter is the passion of her life. Peter's death, and the action of his mistress when she discovers it, is in the vein of true tragedy. One needs to go back a second time over these two slender volumes to gather a complete sense of the impressions the author has put into them. They are full of shrewd appreciation of worldly people, of sense of the comic, and of sympathy with the feelings of an innocent and daring girl. The two or three adventures Chris goes through, before she settles into the final matrimonial one are cleverly kept within the ranges of possibility, although they are out of the common way. Her meeting in the Champs Elysées with three of her lovers all at once (the fourth and best was sleeping in his poor little grave in a London back-garden) is what might happen any day, though perhaps anything exactly like it may never have happened. And the burgling adventure in Balaclava Terrace has had its parallel in the cool command of nerve shown by an unconscious little girl philosopher under exciting circumstances.

In despite of some immaturity of thought and crudity of style, there is a good deal to like in *Joan Vellacot*, which, by the way, bears another name inside its cover. *A Man's Mistake* is perhaps meant as a second and partially explanatory title. It is, in point of fact, the mistake made by Major Hector Duncan in distinguishing the course of conduct dictated by honour, which is the turning-point of the story and of all Joan Vellacot's troubles and sorrows. It is the sort of mistake more frequently made in novels than in real life, and more probable in a more romantic age than our own. A man of the world, a soldier who has seen service and won his Victoria Cross, who is confessedly bound by no high-strung sense of transcendental sacrifice and is the reverse of sentimental, would, we imagine, see too clearly into the heart of things to allow himself to marry one woman while passionately loving another, merely because he had made a rash and hasty mistake in his proposal. Nevertheless, the thing as told by Miss Esmé Stuart is neither impossible nor even ill contrived, and our sympathies are

* *Joyce*. By Mrs. Oliphant. 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.
Chris. By W. E. Norris. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.
Joan Vellacot. By Esmé Stuart. 3 vols. London: Bentley & Son. 1888.
She Came Between. A Love Story. By Mrs. Alexander Fraser. London: White & Co. 1888.
Pearl Stutton's Love. By J. G. Holmes. 3 vols. London: Wyman & Sons. 1888.

retained in favour of the mistaken Major and of both the women whose lives he mars by his error. Margaret Austin, whom the hero (he is a hero) marries, is one of the women we know so well in novels, and who are much more favourites with their author-creators than with readers. Margaret is "tall and broad"—surely a thing the reverse of excellent in woman. She has a soul of sweetest simplicity, and the purest heart in the world; but she has large hands and feet, she knows nothing of fashion, and has no interest in dress. What chance could she have against the clever, bright, droll, exquisite Joan, who has a genius for flirtation, and whose gowns are inspirations? Miss Stuart has kept clear of the banality of making Joan heartless or a coquette. She is as lovable as both Major Duncan and honest John Peel think her; and her faults are forgiven for their naturalness, and for her repentance. We have left Miss Stuart's story half untold that we may not deprive our readers of the pleasure of plucking out the heart of the mystery for themselves. The interest and cleverness of it are so apparent that we are induced to suggest how much more clear and distinct the principal figures would be were the crowd of nonentities round them less. A little more care, also, in writing would avoid inelegancies like "It made him obliged to have an eye to his daughter's attire," and inaccuracies like "He had however, as many would have thought, a very envious position." Such blemishes are rare in Miss Esmé Stuart's work. All the more reason that they should be entirely absent.

Mrs. Alexander Fraser's novel, *She Came Between*, is of the kind called ecstatic. It is very short, but amply long; for gush and italics, unmixed with baser matter, go far. Of all sorts and conditions of novels, this is the kind which most excites wonder as to why they are written, how they got published, whether they are read. There seems so little motive for them, and so little to be gained by their existence. A profusion of highly-coloured epithets conveying no genuine sense of natural beauty; strained descriptions of fictitious passion without a touch of true tenderness; the feeble forcibleness of dashes, italics, and notes of exclamation; these are the merest scaffolding of fiction, meaningless spars gathered round emptiness. In this foolish story no touch of reality redeems the fantastic grouping of four conventional lovers, who have no occupation but to "rain hot kisses" on "icy hands" or "scarlet lips," make stagey love to each other alternately like the figure of changing partners in a quadrille, rush frantically into burning houses for no object, and finally end in improbable catastrophes. One of the young ladies had been for three years as a governess in Belgium. It was there perhaps she learned to speak of *le Conte de Villeneuve*, meaning thereby a former lover, to carry on *guerre à l'outrance*, and to say *soi-disant* when the sense demands *ci-devant*. Her rival, who had spent her early life "*au cinquième* in the Batignolles of Paris," exclaims in italics on a critical occasion, "It was *him*!—Cyril!" But there are persons who consider the strictly grammatical treatment of the verb to be, through all its moods and tenses, pedantic, and no doubt Miss Aimée Carleton was one of them.

The writer of *Pearl Stutton's Love*, Mr. J. G. Holmes, author of *Sir Richard's Revenge and other Poems*, appears to have been driven into prose by the barbarous indifference of the public to his poetic performances. "My Pegasus," he complains, "has been caught and chained by critics and unscrupulous publishers." Probably *Sir Richard's Revenge and other Poems* were not successful. If we may judge of Mr. Holmes's previous literary compositions by that now before us, we cannot wonder. The only matter for surprise is that the publishers were sufficiently "unscrupulous" to allow the author's Pegasus to have a start at all. "I earnestly hope," continues Mr. Holmes, "these volumes will never be perused by cynic or sophist." Wider philanthropy would have led the hope to include all mankind. There are close on a thousand pages in these bulky volumes. We have not discovered one on which are traces of the qualities needful for a good novel. A helter-skelter style, oblivious of grammar, construction, consistency, or probability, runs riot and runs to excess. If the "untamed steed" (by which the author means his poetic faculty) did the like, the world owes a debt of gratitude to the critics and unscrupulous publishers who caught and chained him.

THE AUSTRALIAN HANDBOOK.*

THE Australian Handbook of Messrs Gordon & Gotch continues to be as great a wonder among handbooks as Australia is among new countries. It has grown into a bigness which makes the continued use of the term "handbook" a little absurd. The hand to hold this bulky volume must be the hand of one of those giants of which the genial soil of Australia is said to be prolific. Already the volume has bulged into dimensions which are calculated to trouble the peace of the *London Directory*, while the rate at which it has swollen leaves the New Zealand Debt far behind. The prospect before the generation to come is a little appalling. There are now about four millions of people in the Southern Colonies. A great part of the Australian continent is still unsettled—even unknown. The imagination staggers at the contemplation of *The Handbook of Australia*, say, twenty years hence.

The volume for the present year is distinguished by some new features. There is even some little reduction in bulk, though not in weight. By the use of smaller type, and a better arrangement of the matter, the Handbook has come to have a less bloated appearance; though there is an alarming potentiality of increase in the improvements. Besides the usual information about the colonies, which is in greater detail here than in any other publication accessible to the ordinary reader, we have for the first time a description of the important irrigation schemes which have been adopted by the Victorian and South Australian Governments—schemes which, when carried out, will utterly change the character of the surface soil of those two colonies; and a survey, geological and mineralogical, of that vast northern territory which, by a strange caprice of nomenclature, is still included within the term "South Australia." Another interesting novelty is the "Hundred Years' History of New South Wales," written with a fulness of knowledge of the early voyages and discoveries which bears evidence of minute and careful research. This history will serve to correct in many points the accepted archæology—the word is scarcely so inappropriate as at first sight appears—of Australia. There is now no doubt that, not only the Dutch, but the Spaniards and the Portuguese, were acquainted with the existence of what used to be known as New Holland, at least a couple of hundred years before the so-called discovery by Captain Cook. If we mean by "discovery" the sighting of the coast of the new Southern land, there is no doubt that the early navigators of Portugal and of Spain discovered Terra Australis even before the middle of the sixteenth century. The successors of Magalhaens in 1521, when they made their voyage from the Moluccas through the Straits which bear his name, could hardly have avoided sighting the great new island of the South. This South land in the old maps is generally marked "Java"—that island being supposed to extend across the equator and beyond the Tropic of Capricorn. The map of Rotz, dedicated to our Henry VIII., now in the British Museum, here called "a real work of art," makes a very fair guess at the outline of the new island, making the western coast terminate at 35° S., calling it the "Londe of Java." In a contemporary French map, of the date of 1550, also in the British Museum, the Eastern coast of Australia runs very nearly along the true line, though it is carried very much further south, the country beyond the parallel of 30° being, as Baring pointed out, by a very strange coincidence, named *Coste des Herbciges*, corresponding in position to what was afterwards Botany Bay. Afterwards the outlines became a good deal mixed like the names, and it is, perhaps, a little too much to say, as the writer in the Handbook seems to conclude, that before Cook's time, not only was Australia discovered, but its general shape and extent were laid down by geographers. The French *savans* in the first Napoleon's time, in order to minimize the achievements of the English navigators and to stimulate their own countrymen to the search for new lands in the Pacific, did their best to favour the conclusion that Australia was already well known to the world before Captain Cook made his so-called discoveries. In the Handbook the writer, in his zeal for geographical science, is a little too precise in the limitations he sets to Cook's labours. A great deal hangs upon the meaning we attach to the term "discovery." Unquestionably the existence of Australia was known to the navigators of the sixteenth century; just as unquestionably the existence of America was known before Columbus. It may be even admitted that the Portuguese and the Spaniards sighted some portions of the coasts of the Southern land, as the Dutch did after them, and even the French, before the date of Cook's first voyage. We may also presume that Cook knew something of the land which he was about to visit, even though he did not say much about his knowledge—therein imitating the reticence of his predecessors, who kept secret what they knew, lest they should give their rivals some advantage. The Portuguese and the Spanish, however, made no attempt whatever to make use of their discoveries. They did not know the worth of what they had discovered. There is no proof that either they or the Dutch ever landed on any part of the mainland. Their discovery, such as it was, was of purely scientific (and not much of that) and academical interest. We do not know that Australia has ever been claimed by England by any title founded on early discovery. It is true that Captain Cook hoisted English colours and took possession of the whole eastern coast "in right of His Majesty King George the Third," giving it for the first time that name which Sir Henry Parkes is so anxious to put off—of New South Wales; but whether any European had ever seen that coast before or not is nothing material to the point. Certainly no European had ever thought of claiming the land with a view to settlement. Therein consisted the difference between the English and any other way of proceeding with such discoveries—a difference in which are involved our relative capacities for colonization. Cook not only came and saw, but he landed and explored, and proved the territory to be fit for occupation. It was not until ten years afterwards, indeed, that the first shipment of settlers was sent out from England to Botany Bay, to be immediately transferred from Botany Bay to the shores of Port Jackson on the 26th of January, 1788.

The story of the essays and attempts at discovery previous to that date is of no other interest to those who have been celebrating the centenary of New South Wales than as proving the superior sagacity of the English navigator, who, except that he did not go out to seek for souls to be saved, has every claim to be entitled our English Columbus. The Spanish and Dutch found, but they did not take, having indeed their hands full already. The

* *The Australian Handbook, and Shippers' and Importers' Directory for 1888.* London, Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane: Gordon & Gotch. 1888.

English found, and took—to the undoubted benefit of mankind. The French, whose record is not such as to justify their claim to be regarded as the nation which sent forth its navigators out of pure zeal for science and the glory of civilization, tried to do precisely what we did, and failed. They actually trod on our heels more than once in the frantic attempt to seize the new territory; not knowing precisely what they wanted it for, but having a shrewd notion that it was likely to be useful to the English. La Pérouse appeared with his two ships off Botany Bay on the very day before Captain Phillip moved his party thence to Sydney Cove; and with a little more enterprise the *Astrolabe* and *Bussole* might actually have taken possession of the finest harbour in the Southern world. What happened on the coast of New South Wales happened on various other parts of the island-continent and in Tasmania, and was repeated in the first settlement of New Zealand. The French were generally a day too late. Sometimes, as in Western Australia, they were actually before us, giving names to all the headlands and bays, exploring, sounding —doing everything but settling. In Encounter Bay Captain Flinders, exploring, came suddenly face to face, in 1801, with Captain Baudin with the French ships on the same errand. The subsequent treatment of poor Flinders by the Government of Napoleon is an indelible disgrace on the French name. Being compelled to put in at the Isle of France for supplies, he was seized, in spite of his letter of protection, and kept in prison for seven years—a punishment, doubtless, for his having thwarted the French schemes of annexation on the Australian coast. From Western Australia, the tradition runs that the French were driven away, after spending a night on shore, by the loud croaking of the frogs, which are of a most raucous kind in that land. Under D'Entrecasteaux they had been nibbling at the South coast ten years before; charmed with the primitive simplicity of the savages; but not caring to contribute to their stock of provisions. They hovered about the mouths of the beautiful rivers Derwent and Huon in Van Diemen's Land, but the *savants* lost so much time in catching butterflies, Commodore Baudin told Flinders, but nothing practical was done in the matter of settlement. The truth is that they had none to settle. There was no material out of which to form colonies. They had the same chance with ourselves; but just as adventures are to the adventurous, so colonies are to colonizers.

The story is one which our kinsmen in Australia are never likely to forget; as well as some other leading incidents to be found duly recorded in the chronicle of Gordon & Gotch. There is the famous passage (hardly told with sufficient breadth, by-the-bye, in this hundred years' history) of how a certain Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, in these days a statesman claiming to be a champion of popular rights and of the higher morality, insisted upon New South Wales receiving convicts, on the plea that it would be not only favourable to its material fortunes, but "unattended with injury to its higher interests." How, in pursuance of these double ends, in contravention of his own pledges, and in the teeth of popular opinion, he despatched the *Hashemy*, with 212 convicts, to Sydney, which, arriving in harbour on the 8th of June, 1849, had to be summarily sent away again by the Governor, because of the fierce indignation of the inhabitants and the prospect of a dangerous tumult—all these and many more curious episodes in the early life of the colonies will be found in this large and bountiful volume; together with a vast amount of all the information which goes to the making of what is not a handbook, a directory, or a gazetteer, but an artful blending of all three.

DIXON'S EUDOCIA.*

THE antiquarian temper of the age shows itself in a variety of experiments, which intrude a little too feverishly into the department of creative art. There has never been a time, even in so-called Alexandrian periods of poetry, when so many and so utterly distinct models were followed as the present. Canon Dixon, whose repeated volumes of verse show him to be an excellent scholar and a connoisseur in the niceties of verse, has followed many masters, but is not without a certain thin and somewhat hard vein of his own. His Muse, as he seems to be conscious, is pallid and anæmic, and he strives to smarten her up with successive costumes taken from rich old mediæval wardrobes. In his latest publication, in *The Story of Eudocia*, he has striven to walk in the footsteps of Chaucer, and does contrive, on occasion, to be remarkably like Occleve, which, however, is quite another matter.

In his preface Canon Dixon makes rather a surprising statement. He remarks that since Chaucer there have been few examples of the successful use of the five-beat couplet in original serious narrative verse. "Indeed," he goes on to say, "there are not many examples altogether, whether successful or unsuccessful, of this verse used in original serious narrative." We suppose that "original" is introduced to get rid of Dryden and Pope; but even then the statement is very rash. Has Canon Dixon forgotten his Oxford coeval Mr. Morris, with whose first volume his own had so near a kinship? Has he forgotten *Lamia*, and the *Tales of the Hall*, and *Rimini*, and *Sordello*? Has he forgotten the many narrative poems in this measure published during the seventeenth century? The slip is a very strange one coming from a poet so highly cultivated as Canon Dixon, and is another example of the loss of perspective and proportion entailed by too resolute a devotion to the lesser literature of the late middle ages. Canon Dixon remembers few attempts at narrative verse in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; and what such little creatures as Keats and Crabbe may have written is indifferent to a man to whom the *Ayenbite of Inwyt* has delivered up its secrets, and who is learned in all the rubbish of Lydgate.

When we come to examine the poem which is introduced to us with such a strange assumption of novelty, we find much that is respectable and little that is enjoyable. The poet tells us so much about the theory of his versification that we expect something very much more brilliant than what we get. If Canon Dixon were to fall into the hands of the Philistines, he would be roundly told that his poem is full of bad lines. We can fancy the mien of martyrdom with which he would gently point to Milton for justification of each of them. We will take one or two examples, and summon Milton for his defence. For instance, Canon Dixon says:—

> And set no whit steadier his royal seat;

while *Paradise Lost* has:—

> Which tasted works knowledge of good and evil.

We find in *Eudocia*:—

> Then anger rose from hopes aye quickened and quelled;

and in *Paradise Lost*:—

> With spots of gold and purple, azure and green.

In fact, we are ready to grant that every one of Canon Dixon's eccentricities can be paralleled in Milton's blank verse, and that *Paradise Lost* presents us with the absolutely impeccable canon of that form. But Milton writing in blank verse and Canon Dixon writing in rhymed couplets are two very different beings, and the younger poet does not seem to perceive why it was that the elder, following the instinct of his unrivalled ear, permitted his verse so many varieties of stress. He required to regain the colour and light which he had lost by the sacrifice of rhyme, and this he could do in a solid organism like a passage of blank verse in a way which is impossible when the couplet, however irregular it may be, is the normal limit of the form. So that it is useless, and worse than useless, for Canon Dixon to extract a solitary line from *Paradise Lost*, regardless of the harmony of which it is a fragment, and to reproduce it without melodious context in one limb of his own distich. This is like cutting one string out of a violin, and expecting it to become its own Paganini.

The narrative of *Eudocia* is subordinate to the poet's experiments in verse, and our interest in the story is for ever being diverted by our curiosity at the strange things which the narrator is doing with his metre. The tale appears to be taken out of Evagrius Scholasticus, a Church historian of the sixth century. When the action has to hurry on, Canon Dixon finds it very difficult to spur his dreamy Pegasus into a smarter pace, and we get such makeshifts as the following:—

> Alas! it cast his horse and broke his spine,
> But bow we both beneath the will divine,

which is fearfully and wonderfully in the style of the unsuccessful prize-poem of an undergraduate.

It is needless to say that there are good things in *Eudocia*. Canon Dixon is too well equipped with learning and sympathy and feeling, and has in times past shown himself too good a metrist, to fail entirely. But the poem is an experiment in a thankless form, and exemplifies the error of approaching the art of poetry, which must seem spontaneous to give any real pleasure, from a point of view so theoretical and pedantic. Not to end disagreeably, we will quote what seems to us the best thing in the volume, a passage of Thracian landscape:—

> Unkind the road, bitter the wind that blew
> In blizzards rough, and the wood savage grew,
> Where howlèd wolves, and lions fought for prey.
> Under the bleak-grown pines we held our way;
> And some time by a stream we kept that led,
> As best we thought, down to a valley's bed,
> Whence we might issue to the open plain.
> But eftsoons turnèd this backward again,
> And showed us a great mountain to the sky,
> White with dry snow, above the woods on high;
> About the foot of which the dashing wave
> Raced on, and fell into a rocky cave
> With roaring sound, and the north wind with might
> Burst from the sky, although the sun shone bright.

* *The Story of Eudocia and her Brothers.* By Richard Watson Dixon. Oxford: H. Daniel. 1888.

LIFE IN COREA.*

CONSIDERABLE portions of the contents of the present work have already appeared in blue-books and in the columns of the *Field*; and, with no wish to unduly disparage Mr. Carles's volume, we cannot but recognize that its chapters are better fitted for the pages of those channels of information than to constitute a separate work. When a traveller undertakes to write a book on a country about which so little is known as about Corea, the expectations of the public are raised and they look for something

* *Life in Corea.* By W. Carles. With Illustrations and a Map. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

more than they might expect from a record of an autumn experience in Kerry or of six months in the Highlands. As an indication of his very imperfect knowledge of the country of which he writes and, we must add, also the very little trouble he took to make good his deficiencies in this respect, we may instance the following passage (p. 221):—"The road east of Chang-söng passed under the beacon hill outside the town. The watchman's cottage and the beacons on the summit drew my attention afterwards to the existence of beacons, in sight of each other, all along the line of the river as on the coast; but I was never able to ascertain whether it is true, as is asserted, that every night throughout the kingdom signals are flashed from hill to hill to assure the King in his palace that no trouble threatens either the coast or frontier from outside foes, and that peace reigns throughout the provinces." We wonder whether it ever occurred to Mr. Carles to look out at night to see whether the beacons were burning or not. No doubt as he was travelling during the greater part of his two visits in Corea he was too glad on the approach of night to exchange his saddle for his bed; but a traveller who aspires to instruct the world on the scenes of his journeys should make up his mind to sacrifice a few minutes of sleep to verify a statement which is commonly reported and which is certainly of sufficient interest to justify inquiry.

Mr. Carles's first acquaintance with Coreans was at Peking, whither two missions are sent annually from Soul, one to bear tribute to the Emperor as the suzerain of Corea, and the other to receive at his hands an almanac for the regulation of the calendar for the coming year. At the Chinese capital, however, the envoys and their suites held themselves studiously aloof from Europeans, and as Mr. Carles had, therefore, no opportunity of learning from them anything about their country, he was glad to accept an invitation to visit Soul in the company of a member of the well-known firm of Jardine, Matheson, & Co. His first experience of the country was not inspiriting. Chemulpo, the port of landing, is not a place to linger at. A few wretched plank buildings and mud huts constitute the town, and these when seen through a steady rain suggested at once to Mr. Carles the advisability of starting on the twenty-six-mile ride to Soul. The capital is relatively to Chemulpo what Peking is to Taku, but in his description of this city Mr. Carles again disappoints us. Its position has scarcely a parallel on the face of the globe. It stands surrounded by a natural barrier of mountains, and fills the entire valley, the passes through the hills giving the only means of approach; the mountain ramparts are pointed with a wall, which is said to have been built in imitation of the Great Wall of China, and which follows an equally futile course over mountain peaks and along the crests of precipices. Of all this Mr. Carles says next to nothing, but he does tell us that the city is about three miles square, and that the population is probably between 150,000 and 200,000.

In their native country the people showed no signs of that reticence towards foreigners which was assumed by the envoys in Peking, and the women formed the only section of the community which displayed a rooted objection either to look on the travellers or to be seen by them. "It seemed to us odd," writes Mr. Carles, in describing the streets of Soul, "that each woman that we met should have arrived that moment at her house; but, as we learnt later on, women have the right of entrée everywhere, and to avoid us they turned into the nearest house at hand." By so doing they probably saved their *amour propre*, and they certainly inflicted no penalty on the travellers; for a less attractive sight than a Corean woman it is difficult to imagine. Three pairs of loose, baggy trousers, worn one over the other, and bunched up at the hips; a badly fitting jacket; full white socks, and ungainly straw sandals; a green mantle covering the head and partly drawn over the face, form an attire which would require the features of the Venus de' Medici to redeem from hideousness. But, so far as Mr. Carles was able to judge, the features of the Corean women boast of no contrasts to their attire. The only exceptions observed were those of some ladies attached to the retinue of the magistrate at Kang-ge. These ladies, as though conscious of their charms, stood unveiled in the reception-hall; and when the magistrate, to Mr. Carles's great astonishment, asked his opinion of their beauty, "the girls seemed as anxious for the verdict as the magistrate himself."

But bashful modesty is by no means confined to the women. The men show a degree of prudery which, if shared in by the envoys who are chosen to visit Peking, must veil their faces with a perpetual blush during the whole of their stay in that capital. During the Duke of Genoa's visit to Corea in 1880 much time was occupied in an endeavour to open communication with the authorities on a part of the east coast. "The men on board his vessels had meanwhile been bathing and fishing. At length there came an official, not to open communication, but to remonstrate against the indecency of the men's conduct, which for some days past had prevented the villagers from leaving their homes."

Mr. Carles is neither a trained traveller nor a very observant one; but he writes pleasantly enough of his shooting expeditions and of the sorrows of himself and his dog in their many wanderings. Doubtless there are people who have a taste for this kind of journalistic record of travel, and to all such his book will be justly acceptable.

AMBULANCE SERMONS.*

THE author of this book has chosen the title—*Ambulance Sermons*—because he states important truths and derives practical lessons from them, which it is well known all sermon-writers do. But Dr. Austin has made a valuable contribution to the popular knowledge of medicine and surgery, because his teaching is based upon scientific principles; and he has written an interesting book, not only because people like to read about their ailments, and every one is more or less a doctor, but because it is pleasant to find that, after all, medical science is only common-sense remedies applied to commonplace ailments. He travels over a great deal of ground, from the maladies of babyhood to gunshot wounds (about which he remarks that the pain is felt at the point of exit, not of entrance, of the bullet); but nothing that he says appears to us of more general importance than his exposure of the almost universal blunder of mistaking symptoms for diseases. If, as he states, they are a "conservative reaction" of nature against disease, the danger of checking them is manifest, though it is sometimes necessary to direct or control them. But what a revelation and a revolution this is to most domestic "practice"! Most people have no idea what a cold is; when nature tries to get rid of it they find out that they have one. Dr. Austin seems to us to be a very sagacious friend; and, if he would only control his taste for fine writing, he would be a perfectly agreeable companion.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ANCIENT ART.†

THIS is an attempt to give, in a series of thirty-four cheap lithographic plates, a sort of bird's-eye view of the whole subject of ancient art and archæology, ranging from the pyramids of Egypt down to late Roman lamps and coins. The scheme is not an unreasonable one for popular purposes; and these plates give selections, classified and arranged in chronological order, from a large number of costly illustrated works, such as are usually out of the range of private libraries. But unfortunately the lithographs are mostly poorly executed, and besides that, in many instances very inferior representations have been copied. The sculpture is coarsely and weakly drawn throughout, and often copied from sources which are now quite out of date. Thus, for example, the celebrated Hermes of Praxiteles is represented without the figure of the infant Dionysos, though many years have now elapsed since this very important addition to the group was made. The relief of the lions over the gate of Mycenæ is ludicrously bad, and in many others of the plates the drawings of sculpture are mere caricatures of the beauty and vigour of the originals. The architectural plates are the best part of this collection; some of the chief buildings at Athens, Olympia, and other plates being very fairly good, and useful as giving the more recent discoveries. One serious drawback to the value of these plates, even for the most elementary student, is the very frequent omission of a scale or any indication of the size of the object represented. The result is often hopelessly misleading; thus, for example, two pieces of the Parthenon frieze are represented on the same plate (No. 16) as being of different sizes, simply because the two illustrations happen to have been copied from different works. So also colossal statues and small statuettes are here reproduced in drawings of the same size, with no indication of an important difference in scale. If so ambitious a scheme was worth doing in a cheap form, it would have been worth while to do it with much more care and accuracy than has been expended in the production of this set of lithographs.

CHEMISTRY, FROM THE PRESENT STANDPOINT.‡

FRANCIS, LORD VERULAM said of the chemical theories of his contemporaries that, being based on but a few experiments, they were, if not imaginary, at least incapable of any general application, and therefore practically of little value. In his "Aphorisms," however, he pointedly admits that hypotheses and theories are the aids and instruments of thought, and the history of the science of chemistry supplies abundant evidence of the value and use of hypothetical assumption and deduction when confined to suitable limits. The modern development of theoretical chemistry may be assigned primarily to two hypotheses—that on the molecular constitution of gases, and that on the capacity for heat of the atoms—yet for a long time the majority of earnest workers simply ignored the results which must render the names of Avogadro, Dulong, and Petit permanent in the annals of science. Increased and clearer light, notably in the recent extensions of organic chemistry, has brought those hypotheses into due prominence, and they are now universally acknowledged to constitute the proper basis for determining atomic and molecular weights.

The antipathy and, as it were, instinctive resistance to even a reasonable hypothesis are curiously contrasted with the stubborn

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* *Ambulance Sermons.* By J. S. Austin, M.D. London: George Redway.

† *Menge, Antike Kunst.* Tafel 1–34.

‡ *Modern Theories of Chemistry.* By Dr. Lothar Meyer. Translated from the German by P. P. Bedson, Professor of Chemistry, Newcastle, and W. C. Williams, Professor of Chemistry, Sheffield. London: Longmans & Co. 1888.

tenacity with which some chemists who are men of sense will hold by theories after they are actually become untenable. Who does not remember how, notwithstanding Lavoisier's conclusions, many eminent scientific men still perversely clung to their faith in phlogiston? The theory of Sir Humphry Davy as to the elementary nature of chlorine was stoutly opposed by Berzelius because it revolutionized the whole science, and overthrew his own hypothesis of electro-chemistry. From similar motives he disputed the theory of substitution which Dumas, Laurent, and others had maintained, and persisted in distrusting it, even when generally acknowledged.

On the other hand, some theories of the widest range have met with early acceptance; especially the atomic hypothesis of Dalton, which, though penetrating so deeply into the nature of chemical changes, has been verified on every hand to almost absolute demonstration. The theory of atomic linking is another instance of a different sort, because at first it was severely criticized by chemists of undoubted authority, yet it resembled it in the acceptance it soon secured; it has undoubtedly evinced in the most brilliant manner its capability for further development. The value of the atomic theory alone appears from the innumerable compounds whose composition it has predicted, besides furnishing a general point of view for studying the quantitative composition of compounds; the theory of atomic linking has also gained credit from the many cases of isomerism which it explains and discovers, and the new class of peculiar compounds which we owe to it.

Such results have naturally enhanced the weight and importance of chemical hypotheses, and they at present hold a far higher position than Lord Bacon is likely to have conceded them from *à priori* reasoning. There are two valuable results assignable to the use of hypotheses in scientific work. Any new theory must involve a series of experiments if it is to be overthrown and abolished, as well as if it is to be confirmed and established. That alone is great gain, as the history of every department of science abundantly proves. The second valuable result of hypotheses is as a stepping-stone to man in his endeavours towards a representation, more or less accurate and complete, of the natural phenomena which surround him—that is, towards a true theory of the universe.

With the opening of this century appeared one of the most original works on our subject, the *Statique Chimique* of Berthollet, which attempted to identify the reciprocal attraction called affinity with the attraction which Newton named universal gravitation. Afterwards Laplace, in his work on Probability, concluded that since no phenomenon is guided by mere hazard, the motion of matter in its ultimate or elemental state must be in obedience to the mathematical laws of mechanics, the principles of statics and dynamics, just as it is in the grosser and more palpable form to which we are accustomed. "The curve described by a single atom is as fixed," writes Laplace, "as the path of a planet, and between the two cases no other difference exists save that resulting from our ignorance." Yet, with all the ground that has been covered since Berthollet wrote, and in spite of the great results achieved, there has been no advance comparatively in the direction which he had in view. Not long after the publication of his *Essai*, during the learned discussion which he maintained with Proust as to the constancy of the quantitative proportions in which two or more bodies unite chemically, Dalton enounced his hypothesis, also atomic, which has since become the foundation of chemical science. Thus Berthollet's philosophic scheme for bringing chemistry into close alliance with physics, and probing the intimate kinship of the two sciences, was speedily neglected in order to apply the theory of Dalton, and by its means completely transform or reform all chemical knowledge. The enthusiastic application of one hypothesis to determining atomic weights and their combining proportions is sufficient to explain the marvellous advance and development reached in the first half of our century. Still, it is possible that, as higher stages are reached and greater refinement gained, the goal which Berthollet indicated may come to be eagerly sought after and at last descried and defined.

Formerly physicists, though using the terms molecules and atoms in speculating on matter, actually treated it as continuous, thus fixing an impassable gulf between their region and chemistry. A further hindrance was the notion of the material existence of heat, already referred to, which was disproved by Count Rumford and immediately accepted by Sir Humphry Davy; yet the latter could not relinquish the emission theory of light to accept the undulatory hypothesis, though defended by Hooke, Huygens, and Euler. On this theory, when established by Frèsnel and Poisson, was based the mechanical theory of heat, afterwards largely developed, which constitutes another bridge between chemistry and physics.

Probably a large chapter will open in the history of the science when an adequate theory of electricity is formulated, one which "can explain the interdependency of the phenomena of electricity with those of light and heat on the one hand, and the chemical forces on the other." It no longer seems too ambitious for man to aim at a knowledge of the atomic constitution of matter. Chemistry already speaks clearly as to the behaviour of atoms in compounds; and in due time the goal of Berthollet will be reached, though not on his lines, when atomic statics and dynamics form the crown of the edifice, and lay open many regions now unexplored.

The translation of the last edition of Professor Meyer's *Modern Theories of Chemistry* is a valuable addition to our scientific literature. The names and academic position of the translators are sufficient guarantee of the excellence of this standard work in its present form. Under this head we need only remark that the literary part of their work is well done, the English being idiomatic, clear, and manly, with scarcely anything to indicate the foreign source of the subject-matter.

In his last preface Dr. Meyer states that the object of his work is to sketch the development of certain well-defined theories which, after long-continued opposition, have at last obtained general recognition. Further, that the present edition includes the dynamics of atoms, thus completing chemical mechanics. To even a cursory reader it occurs that the work, as a whole, might be entitled "The Atoms"—since of its three parts the first deals with the atomic hypothesis, atomic weights, and chemical atoms; the second defines and discusses the "Statics of the Atoms"; while the third does the same for the "Dynamics of the Atoms."

Never surely have atoms held a place in science so important as in recent physical speculation. Clerk Maxwell showed how in the fifth century B.C. the Greek philosophers had formed a definite conception of their properties; which were all negative, if we remember aright, with one exception, that of being in perpetual motion. We know, also, that Lucretius bases his theory of the physical universe on a conception of atoms which was derived from the teaching of Epicurus. With the dawn of modern thought, when the Aristotelianism of the middle ages was passing away, Gassendi, Boyle, and Newton revived the theory of atomism; and the proof of universal gravitation first laid a basis for treating atomic physics in a scientific manner.

Of the two leading hypotheses of modern chemistry, as we have already indicated, one is that the atoms of all elementary bodies possess the same specific heat. When proposed by Dulong and Petit, it at first was received with hesitation and doubt. Probably some chemists thought it too simple, while others, like Berzelius, whom our author qualifies as "the first authority in this province," insisted on verification and corroboration. The first to assist in establishing the hypothesis was Neumann, in 1831; but the main supporter was Regnault, who since 1840 has clearly established the relationship between specific heat and atomic weight. Some have objected that this great law of specific heat only holds within certain limits; but the same could be said of Boyle and Marriotte's law, which is of undoubted value to the investigator.

The atomic weight is determined also by the law of isomorphism, found by Mitscherlich at the same time as that of Dulong and Petit; and which, though quite inferior to the two hypotheses we have spoken of, affords a valuable means of determining the number of atoms united to form a compound, and also the weight of each individual particle. It also tests and confirms atomic weights obtained from the vapour, density, or specific heat determinations.

The word atom and its historical definition are familiar enough; but since the ancient Greeks used it surely no one till the days of Sir William Thomson dreamt of measuring and weighing the thing. Dr. Meyer gives some interesting details as to the process, with remarks as to the relation of a molecule to the atoms which compose it. That suggests the question whether atoms are really ἄτομοι, absolutely indivisible particles of matter. If a mass of visible matter is composed of molecules, and each molecule or particle of the first order composed of atoms or particles of the second order, so an atom may similarly be conceived to be composed of particles of a third order. The theory of there being one primordial element—namely, hydrogen—from which all others are derived, is traced to Prout, who, in 1815, brought it forward soon after the general acceptance of Dalton's atomic theory. This view, according to Dr. Meyer, was supported by Dumas and others, on the ground that so many of the atomic weights are multiples of that of hydrogen, though some sufficient reasons against it are advanced by Turner, Berzelius, Marignac, and Stas.

The hypothesis of Avogadro is the second of the two great theories of the modern science. It was, in fact, a modification of the Daltonian atomic theory, arising from the conception of atoms being particles of a second order where molecules (as we have just seen) are reckoned those of the first order. Probably Avogadro's hypothesis was more immediately derived from Gay-Lussac's generalization than from Dalton's theory; but, however that may be, it has advanced our physical conception of the molecule, and has exerted great influence on later development by explaining the atomic constitution of compounds and many of their properties. In its simplest form it is that, under the same pressure and temperature, equal volumes of all gases contain the same number of molecules, and consequently the molecular weight is proportional to the density. Such workers as Clerk Maxwell have confirmed it in various ways, and now it is considered not only correct, but indispensable.

There are many physical properties due directly to the nature of the atoms and their arrangement, such as specific heat, latent heat of vaporization, and that of fusion. To establish the relation of the atoms to one another Dr. Meyer admits to be a difficult problem; but the solution, though scarcely yet begun, is clearly perceived by him not to surpass human powers.

The advanced masters now admit the action of mass to be a very important factor in chemical mechanics—so much so, they say, that this new doctrine will probably determine the future direction of the science. Frequently, for example, a diminution of the mass of the substances involved in a chemical change has an effect similar to that due to a rise of temperature. This

subject, however, demands more space than we can at present afford. Other subjects largely treated by Dr. Meyer, such as thermochemistry and its illustrations by experimental data, we must also pass over at present.

One fault which we must find with the translators is that there is no index appended to the work. In a work of this class we consider such an omission unpardonable, and hope soon to see it remedied in a second edition.

PALESTINE ILLUSTRATED.*

IN the early spring of the year 1883 Sir Richard Temple travelled through Palestine. On his way he made many oil sketches of scenes in the Holy Land. The book before us is the reproduction of these sketches, thirty-two in number, with a running letterpress in eleven chapters, describing the journey and the places illustrated. There is little that is new in these chapters. The novelty about the book is the reproduction of the gorgeous colouring which marks the Syrian landscape, especially in the early spring, when brightness follows gloom, and rain follows sunshine, so rapidly and so suddenly as to produce the strangest and most beautiful effects, not to be witnessed later on in the year, when the sky has become a cloudless blue and the sunshine has become a glare of heat. Two or three excellent little maps by Messrs. Philip & Son accompany and explain the work. The chromolithographs all represent various studies of light and cloud which, judged as faithful attempts to show actual atmospheric appearances, as they were seen by the painter and transferred to his sketch-book on the spot, deserve great praise. Among them must be noticed especially the picture of Jerusalem at sunset, with the Dome of the Rock in the middle and the Mount of Olives beyond:—

> After a stormy day the clouds at eventide gathered in dense masses near the Mount of Olives, not resting on the mountain but hanging over it. This is the view which I have attempted to portray in the accompanying illustration (V.) The light of the setting sun struck the clouds, and imparted to them the highest colouring imaginable. Thus they formed, as it were, a gorgeous canopy and emblazoned standard over the sacred summit. The mountain itself has lost the forbidding aspect which it often has under the hot glare of a cloudless noon. Under the atmospheric conditions of this moment, it is aglow with a fiery light and is suffused with crimson hues. Under this pervading blush are hidden the dull details of the bare hill-side. Thus Olivet seemed for a while to be ethereal. On the southern shoulder we just discern the road coming from Bethany and leading to Gethsemane, along which our Lord rode on the first Palm Sunday. Beyond Olivet, the mountain range of Moab appears deep blue in the distance on the other side of the Dead Sea. Such is the scenery which displays Jerusalem as a jewel set in a casket. Though the mountains are close round about the city, they yet seem to stand quite apart, majestically veiled in their airy garb.

The view of the Dead Sea, again, is a surprising representation of colour and light. In the foreground of the picture are the hills, brown and purple, rocky and rough; beyond them the Sea itself, of an intense cold and uninviting green. The mountains of Moab rise beyond; and above lies the sapphire sky of sunrise. The effect produced is of extreme beauty, but with the sadness of barrenness and aridity—of a country which produces no green thing. The view of Mizpeh at sunset is also a very striking picture. It has a winter tarn filled with water—a rare thing in this dry country—to light up the foreground. The picture of Jacob's Well reminds us that the process employed lends itself the least favourably to drawings which contain buildings. The ruined arch over the well is vaguely rendered and has no force. On the other hand, the drawing of Dothan and Carmel, representing a country broken up with rugged hills and bounded by a long ridge, is admirable; while the "Storm on the Lake of Gennesareth" shows a very weird effect of driving cloud and wind across an evening sky, with the tossing water beneath. Since the picture of the "Ruins of Tiberias" was painted the Acropolis of the ancient city has been discovered and the old walls traced, showing that the supposed little town was a great city dominated by an important fortress with walls three miles in length. Sir Richard does not appear to have heard of this discovery, which should have lent an additional interest to his volume. It is the highest praise of this work, and a thing which its accomplished and illustrious author would be best pleased to receive, to say that the study of these pictures should prove of the greatest help in making young people understand and realize the historical portions of the Bible; while the letterpress may be read with advantage and instruction by all. Sir Richard pays a high and not undeserved tribute to the labours of Captain Conder in the Survey of Western Palestine.

RECORDS AND RECORD SEARCHING.†

MR. W. RYE'S last book is not so much an antiquarian work as a guide to those who are about to become antiquaries, or who, without any knowledge of mediæval matters, are desirous of investigating some especial point in their own genealogy or local history. Such inquirers, unless they possess an unusual amount of enthusiasm, are generally disheartened at the very outset by discovering that, before they can arrive at any result, they must obtain admittance to some large public office or library, and that, after having complied with a number of apparently vexatious formalities, they are confronted with a document written in a series of Chinese-like pothooks, which, when deciphered, are found to embody a species of Latin entirely unlike what the inquirer learned at school, referring to "Close Rolls," "Pipe Rolls," "Patent Rolls," "Placita de Quo Warranto," "Feet of Fines," and so forth; until, finding that a new alphabet and a new language must be learned before any progress can be made, he gives up his search in despair. Armed, however, with Mr. Rye's Guide-book, he can thread the mazes of the Record Office and British Museum, Somerset House, the Heralds' College, &c. Charts are provided for navigators in these deep and troubled waters, showing where to leave one's umbrella, where to sit and read or write, what to ask for, and of whom, till record-hunting appears to be simplicity itself. Moreover, there are "wrinkles for novices" (p. 39 *et al.*), and a variety of useful assistance towards the accomplishment of the inquirer's purpose. The first and second chapters, entitled respectively "How to Compile a Pedigree" and "How to Write the History of a Parish or other Place," will be found full of useful hints. Mr. Rye speaks with well-deserved praise of Farrar's *Church Heraldry of Norfolk*; but for those who dwell in less thoroughly explored counties we think he should have mentioned Papworth's invaluable Dictionary, which enables one, on finding a coat of arms, to discover the owner. He makes no reference to Wright's work on "Court Hand," which is a pity; for without a facsimile, with explanations, the novice will not make much of an ancient MS., even when furnished with such valuable clues as Mr. Rye affords anent the "Feet of Fines," "these invaluable records, the backbone of every genealogy and county history," which, as he "boastfully" points out, have only been thoroughly indexed and calendared for one county—Norfolk—by the indefatigable Le Neve, and again by himself. We earnestly wish that he may carry out the intention at which he hints (p. 26) of going through the Pipe Rolls for each county and "posting up" the interesting information to be found therein into the county histories, or at all events of doing so for some favoured counties. Surely the common derivation of Pipe is from the great cask (*cf.* Pipe of Port) in which these records were said to have been kept, not, as Mr. Rye suggests, "because the sheriffs all sent their accounts, as it were, through so many pipes into the common receptacle or exchequer"? A very useful part of the book is a list of the fees payable and regulations to be observed in all the libraries and offices wherein the record-hunter pursues his prey. We do not exactly see upon what grounds the Cambridge University Library is said to be subject to "cramped and illiberal rules," as contrasted with the Bodleian, the truth being that books are allowed to be taken out of the former to the reader's private residence, wherever that may be, whereas the recent agitation to extend this privilege to the frequenters of the Bodleian has not met with success.

BLESSED JOHN FISHER.*

AMONG the Englishmen of the sixteenth century whom the Roman See has lately declared worthy of special reverence no one better deserves to receive whatever honour such a declaration may confer than John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester. Even Mr. Froude, at whose hands ecclesiastics as a rule find little mercy, declares that he was a "single-hearted man, who lived in honest fear of evil"; and much more than this might be said in his praise, for his life was singularly holy, he was full of charity and all good works, in the opinion of Erasmus he was "a true bishop and a true theologian," and he willingly suffered death for what he believed to be the cause of truth and righteousness. The greater part of his life was uneventful, and when we come to the noble stand that for conscience sake he made against royal tyranny it is difficult to explain the course he adopted without entering at such length into the history of the questions with which he was concerned as to deprive the record of his personal action of the place that ought to be assigned to it in a biography. When, therefore, we say that the Rev. T. E. Bridgett's Life is somewhat tedious, we are willing to acknowledge the difficulties with which he has had to contend. He might, however, have made it more interesting if he had quoted less and had worked up his materials more; and if he had refrained from discussing the opinions of other modern authors in his text. He has founded his work chiefly on the Life ascribed to Dr. Richard Hall, of which MS. copies exist in the British Museum and other libraries, and which was printed, though, he says, with many interpolations, by Baily in 1655. Hall gives several particulars that are not to be found elsewhere, such as an account of the part taken by Fisher in the debate in Convocation with reference to the royal supremacy, and as he wrote in the reign of Mary, and was a Roman Catholic—at least so Mr. Bridgett contends in opposition to Lord Acton, who says that he was then a Protestant—his testimony when unsupported should be received with caution; for an author writing on the Roman side in that

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* *Palestine Illustrated.* By Sir Richard Temple. London: Allen & Co. 1888.

† *Records and Record Searching.* By Walter Rye. London: Elliot Stock. Norwich: Goose & Co.

* *Life of Blessed John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, and Martyr under Henry VIII.* By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. London: Burns & Oates, Limited. New York: Catholic Publication Society Company. 1888.

reign would naturally magnify one of the boldest and most famous upholders of the cause of the Queen's mother. Mr. Bridgett, however, appears to have carefully examined all other available sources of information, and his work, though written with a strong religious bias, and occasionally marred by some intemperance of expression, contains, on the whole, a trustworthy record of facts. His arguments sometimes fail to convince us, and we are not always able to accept his suggestions as worthy of consideration. It is amusing to find him endeavouring to defend Fisher from the charge of "great credulity" in the matter of the Holy Maid of Kent by quoting a passage from his works, in which he says that Luther was deceived by a "lying spirit," and that Savonarola was "misled by revelations." Fisher was not more credulous than many of his contemporaries; but, if he was not credulous as regards Elizabeth Barton's prophecies, he must consciously and for party purposes have countenanced a fraud, a course of which he was certainly incapable. Mr. Bridgett considers it "impossible to decide whether there was anything true or supernatural in the Maid's revelations," but, while he allows that her dying confession is decisive against her, adds—the italics are his—"*if it is authentic.*" Can he show any reason for doubting that she made a confession of imposture? He devotes some pages to Mr. Froude's uncharitable remarks on the retractation that the Bishop was compelled to make when called to account by the King for certain words spoken in the Parliament of 1529. The whole affair, as far as it concerns Fisher's conduct, appears to us exceedingly trivial; but the explanation offered here still leaves him in the undignified position of a man who finds it expedient to explain away the obvious sense of something he has said. In speaking of the only serious blot on the Bishop's life—his treasonable messages to Chapuis urging the Emperor to make war on Henry—he asks, Is high treason always criminal before God or man? and seeks to excuse Fisher's conduct by comparing his messages with the invitation sent to the Prince of Orange. We will not enter on the theological question he suggests, but can assure him that high treason is always in every civilized State accounted a crime of the first magnitude, but that whether in a given case resistance to a king by rebellion should be reckoned as treason depends on circumstances.

The comparison he seeks to establish between Fisher's messages and the letter of the lords is superficial and deceptive. Shrewsbury and the rest did not invite a foreign prince to conquer England; for the United Provinces were not a Power that could have endangered the national independence, and the handful of troops that the Prince brought over with him could have been of no use had not the nation at large been ready to shake off the yoke of James II. Their invitation must, therefore, be regarded as part of a national act. This cannot be said of Fisher's invitation to the Emperor; for though it is perfectly true that the proceedings of Henry in the matter of the divorce had excited considerable dissatisfaction, it would be absurd to suppose that Charles would have been welcomed as a deliverer by "nineteen out of twenty of the common people." Nor can Fisher's messages be defended on the ground that he "appealed not to France or Scotland, but to the head of the Holy Roman Empire, who was the acknowledged arbitrator of Europe." Such a plea not only shows ignorance of the fact that the mediæval conception of Europe as a single commonwealth presided over by Pope and Emperor had now passed away, but is altogether beside the question; for Fisher's request to Charles was not that he should arbitrate between two States, but that he should interfere in the affairs of England—a country in which no Emperor had ever been allowed to exercise any act of sovereignty. Some of Mr. Bridgett's remarks on the ecclesiastical history of the reign are worthy of attention. For example, he points out with some force that, when the title of "Supreme Head" was considered by the clergy, "the question before their minds was that of the legislative powers, privileges, and immunities of the English Church" rather than of the authority of the See of Rome, that the title was "sufficiently vague and capable of an orthodox interpretation," and that the members of Convocation did not contemplate the possibility of any "formal schism." Among the few minor inaccuracies that will be found in his work we observe that he asserts that Anne Boleyn remained in France until "the end of 1524 or the beginning of 1525"; she had certainly returned to England by the spring of 1522. A somewhat unintelligible attempt to explain the character of Convocation suggests a confusion between that body and the representatives of the clerical estate in Parliament; the writ of summons with the *præmunientes* clause is certainly not addressed only to the archbishops, and it is a mistake to imagine that Convocation when duly assembled cannot proceed to transact any business without the special license of the Crown; for the royal assent is not even necessary for the discussion of a canon, though no new canon may be promulged without it. Lastly, with all deference to a clerical author, we must demur to the statement that John the Baptist was beheaded by order of Herod Agrippa.

THE FIGHTING VERES.*

SO many writers have mentioned the greatness, the antiquity, the nobility, and the personal bravery of the Veres during the last two centuries that it is somewhat surprising that their history has not been more closely examined in recent times. True the family is extinct. Their combativeness, no doubt, hastened their extinction. But a good account of all the Veres, on the same scale as this account of two of the last of them, might be a very useful book, and clear up the errors of Macaulay, Collins, Faulkner, and many other writers who have approached the subject with ignorance or prejudice, or both. The fact that their name is almost always written "De Vere," whereas they called and wrote themselves Vere or more often "Veer," speaks for itself.

The title of Mr. Markham's book is slightly misleading; for he only details the history of two of the "Fighting Veres," although every member of the family seems to have deserved the name. From Aubrey the Grim, the Crusader, and Aubrey the Chamberlain, killed in a London riot in 1140, descended a long line of soldiers. Earl Hugh of Oxford was a Crusader, like his ancestor. Earl Robert was knighted by Simon de Montfort. His son, another Robert, "the good Earl," served in the Scottish war of Edward III., and his son, again, Earl John, had a command both at Creçy and Poictiers. Earl Richard was one of the leaders at Agincourt, and his successor was on the victor's side at Bosworth. The seventeenth earl was engaged against the Armada, and the twentieth commanded a regiment in the Dutch wars. But Mr. Markham has selected as typical representatives of this combative race the two younger brothers of John Vere of Kirby, the nephew of John, sixteenth Earl of Oxford. They were Sir Francis Vere, whose monument in Westminster Abbey is so well known, and Horace, created in 1625 Lord Vere of Tilbury. The eighteenth and nineteenth earls, their cousins, and several other members of the family were killed fighting by their side in the Low Countries; and there can be no doubt that down to their last representative the whole family deserved the adjective Mr. Markham has made part of the title of his interesting book. There was also a "Sir Edward Vere," whose parentage is not known, the translator of Polybius, a great scholar, but, like the rest, before all things a soldier, who was killed at Bois-le-Duc in 1629. This war, in fact, must be held largely accountable for the extinction of the race; and Lord Vere of Tilbury was the last but one in the male line at the time of his death in 1635.

The war of independence in the Netherlands was watched with breathless interest in England. For sixty years it was the custom of young Englishmen to cross the sea and fight under some recognized leader in defence of the rights and liberties of the people oppressed by the Spaniards. Among all these leaders and soldiers the Veres are pre-eminent. "While others came and went, the Veres remained steadfastly at their posts, devoted their lives to the cause, and saw their work completed." Sir Francis was the first great English general of the modern school. His brother, Sir Horace, developed his teaching. Mr. Markham disclaims any intention of writing a history of the long war with which their names are so closely connected; his object, he says, is to present the lives of the men themselves, rather than to write a history of their times. Nevertheless, what with the special attention given to topography, what with the great political importance of the military operations, the book practically resolves itself into a history of the war of independence, and of the events to which it led. Not only were the brothers, Francis and Horace, engaged in it, but under them an army of nephews and cousins and connexions, whom they persuaded to join in the good cause. We read of six Veres, and many of the names of Holles, Harcourt, Wentworth, Fairfax, and Townshend, who were among their relations and connexions. Their pupils were the best generals in the great Civil War in England. General Monk began military life under Lord Vere, as Vere had begun under the Earl of Leicester, and these three names seem to connect the days of armour and arrows and tournaments with those of modern warfare, cannon and trenches and long sieges, the days of the successors of the men who fought in the wars of the Roses with the predecessors of those who won at Blenheim under Marlborough.

Mr. Markham agrees with the most modern authorities in taking Ver in the Cotentin as the cradle of the race. They were, he believes, of a Danish stock, and came to England from the same region which produced the Percys, Courcys, and Paganells. The first "Albericus de Ver" held, besides the manor of Kensington in Middlesex, nine lordships in Suffolk, fourteen in Essex, and one, Campes, in Cambridgeshire. One of the earls of Oxford was nicknamed "Little John o' Campes." The third "Albericus," or Aubrey, was the earliest example in our history of an earl "unattached," so to speak. When an earldom was an office as well as an honour, Earl Aubrey had no county, though he had the title and rank. Eventually he was given Cambridge first, and afterwards Oxford, in which last-named county he had "the third penny of the pleas of the Crown," as the customary salary of his office. But Mr. Markham does not go into any of these matters, and glancing lightly at the early history of the Veres, concentrates his attention on the two distinguished brothers, Francis and Horace. His maps are numerous and really illustrative of the history; and it is needless to observe that the text is graphic and accurate to the last degree. There is a complete and careful index.

* *The Fighting Veres.* By Clements R. Markham. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1888.

ART PUBLICATIONS.

THE current number of the *Figaro Salon*, the first of five to be issued by Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, & Co., comprises a good selection of reproductions from the great show in the Palais de l'Industrie, and a moderate but entirely intelligent critical

comment from the pen of M. Albert Wolff. The representative character of this serial makes it an excellent guide to the general visitor, and the illustrations in the present example afford a true indication of the range and diversity of art at the Salon. In portraiture we have M. Bonnat's admirable record of Cardinal Lavigerie and M. Henner's "Portrait de Madame X." Among the landscapes are Mr. Ridgway Knight's delightful "L'Appel au Passeur" and Mme. Dieterle's Normandy cattle-piece, "Les Prés de Blangy." M. Réalmier-Dumas's "Bonaparte," M. Chalon's "Circe," M. Jules Breton's "L'Étoile du Berger," to say nothing of such works of assured popularity as "Le Rêve," by M. Detaille, and that moving and effective reminiscence of Sebastopol, "Le Drapeau," by M. Moreau de Tours, appeal to very various tastes, and are rendered with a far greater success than is usual with similar publications on this side of the Channel. M. Wolff is nothing if not discreet. If you cannot agree with him in thinking M. Chalon's curious symbolism in "Circe" embodies nothing but "une apothéose de féerie," and do not share his antipathy for the seductive *prestidigitateur*, M. Henner, there is nothing of irritating *parti pris* in M. Wolff's critical method. It is easy to be at one with him in the matter of the theatrical "Bonaparte" of M. Réalmier-Dumas, as in his sound commendation of M. Moreau de Tours, and his congratulations upon the return, after four years of absence, of M. Detaille to the Salon.

Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, & Co. have also published a photogravure of the "Triumph of Ariadne," after Hans Makart, a delicate reproduction in colour of M. de Beaufond's charming picture, "The First Communion," and an artist's proof of an etching by M. Lopisgich, entitled "The Haven." The photogravure is a very fair rendering of Hans Makart's tumultuous and rather confused composition, though, like the prudent M. Wolff, who declines to discuss engravings of pictures he has not seen, we hesitate to accept the modelling of the figures in every instance as wholly faithful, being dependent upon a possibly treacherous recollection of the original. With the very characteristic dry point of M. Lopisgich and the attractive rendering of M. de Beaufond's work there are no obstacles of the kind. The etching is a fine achievement in atmosphere and tone; while the print in colour is delightfully free from traces of mechanical process, and, unlike most novelties, is altogether pleasing, as well as in a notable way successful.

DIALECT.*

THESE are four out of fifty-five volumes published from 1873 to 1887, to be followed by three more in 1888, and a promise of eleven on the top of them, which bear witness to the industry of the members of the English Dialect Society, and hold out a very cheerful prospect to readers whose appetite for reading is voracious. The general reader who is rightly despised by the learned, may regale his vicious tastes by picking out the plums here and there, which he may look for and find for himself, if he will take a hint. But the very gigantic task of recording all local words ever spoken by Englishmen in every part of England is much too serious a matter to be trifled with by casual persons in pursuit of amusement.

Mr. Darlington, who contributes the *South Cheshire Folk-Speech*, lays down very good principles in his introduction (p. 14), which it would be well if he and others followed. He says:—

> I must remark that all I have said, and all I shall have occasion to say, concerns only the dialect as purely spoken. I take no note of expressions which are peculiar to certain individuals. Nor have I anything to do with the peculiar errors to which Hodge is liable in talking to a stranger, nor with those which occur from his inability to distinguish one big word from another. These eccentricities may amuse the reader, but they are misleading in a book written with a scientific object. Such modes of speech as the above may be classed under the general head of individualisms, and I have laid it down as a rule that individualisms shall have no place in my glossary.

These are golden rules, and it is a pity they have not been better observed by those who are responsible for some of these volumes. Mr. Darlington is a scholar, and has done his part well. But if South Cheshire demands 448 pages, what will all England demand? And this question suggests the piling up of volumes that will serve as a lofty monument to the memory of the English tongue, when that rich language has been ground down to the grist required by my lords of the Education Department administering the Elementary Education Acts.

Mr. Darlington, in his introduction (p. 13), notes a peculiarity which is very true. Farmers, he says, talk to their labourers in one tongue, and to their equals in another; he might have added, to their superiors in yet another. The talk of the three classes, the upper, middle, and lower, differs exceedingly, and it is not uncommon for each class to try to speak to the others in their own tongue. But, as in the time when *Hamlet* was written, the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe; it is the lower that usually tries to talk the tongue of the higher class, unbending himself to his equals.

Mr. Alexander Ellis, F.R.S., has published a "Glossic," and the pronunciation of the words given by the Dialect Society may be discovered by this guide. The letters of standard English are used with accents and marks of many sorts to indicate the sounds which proceed from the lips of the dialect talkers. It would be a very interesting experiment to put Mr. Ellis, supposing he had never heard Cheshire, or Somersetshire, or Kent, to talk to one of those natives, just to see how he got on. If one word he spoke would be understood, he ought to be honoured for his invention.

Mr. Darlington publishes the whole Book of Ruth, written in the South Cheshire dialect according to Mr. Ellis's "Glossic," and here is the sixteenth verse of the first chapter to test the value of Mr. Ellis's ingenuity (p. 98):—

> Ŭn Róoth sed, Dü)nŭ beg ŭ mi tŭ léeˑŭv yŭ, ŭr tŭ goaˑbaak· frŭm folˑŭin aafˑtŭr yŭ: fŭr weeˑŭr· yoa· gon, ·ahy(l goa·: ŭn wéeˑŭr · yoa· loj·n ·ahy)l loj·; ·yoaˑr foaˑks)sn bi· ·mahy foaˑks, ŭn ·yoaˑr God ·mahy God.

In matters of dialect there are three sorts—a quite distinct word with a quite distinct meaning peculiar to the locality—an ordinary English word used in the locality in a quite distinct sense, differing completely from the ordinary sense—and the dialect of pronunciation only, differing from standard English in no other way. Of these three surely the first is of the greatest interest, and the others mere corruptions and vulgarisms of common talk. Corruptions and vulgarisms, especially if they are carried to excess, can certainly be very amusing, or a phrase so compounded may be very expressive, but they cannot be said to reach the height of a scientific object.

In *South Cheshire Folk-Speech* Mr. Darlington has the words Smock and Smock-frock, and many other such words, which are certainly English, and not by any means South Cheshire even in their simple pronunciation or use. This volume might be made much shorter, and therefore much better, by the omission of all universal and truly English words. South Cheshire is well done, however, as a whole, and can be recommended to the general reader to draw it, in the sense of hounds drawing a thick covert, for amusement.

A Dictionary of Kentish Dialect and Provincialisms in Use in the County of Kent, by Chancellor Parish and Mr. Shaw, is evidently the work of philologists of no mean acquirements and the bulk of the volume of but 194 pages shows what can be done with a rational sense of propriety, avoiding excess in the indulgence of a passion for printing. It is probable that Kent, lying in the high road of civilization between London and Paris, may have got rid at an early date of much of its dialect, but there is still an astonishing number of Kent words left behind, though many in this dictionary are words in use elsewhere, with a Kent meaning. The introduction is well worth reading, and explains the scheme of the volume in a commendable manner.

To give a notion of the Kent pronunciation, here is a verse from the song of "Dick and Sal at Canterbury Fair" (ver. 8):—

> He sed dare was a teejus fair,
> Dat lasted for a wick;
> And all de ploughmen dat went dare
> Must car dair shining stick.

This song of one hundred verses as a whole will be found amusing, and instructive as far as the Kent dialect is concerned.

The West Somerset Word-Book: a Glossary of Dialectical and Archaic Words and Phrases used in the West of Somerset and East of Devonshire, by Mr. Elworthy, is a most formidable missile thrown at the heads of the public. A fat volume 2¾ inches thick, with 876 mortal pages, besides 14 of preface, and 48 of introduction, in all 938. No less than 5½ pages are devoted to the pronunciation of the letter A, with a reference to Dr. Murray's new Dictionary on that subject; Mr. Ellis's method being also adopted by way of making a complete thing of it. All the rules of dialect proper are violated, and there is a superfluity of naughtiness in this regard that gives a hopeless aspect to the business of exploring the wilds of Somersetshire talk. The expressive and poetic metaphor, shout cake, used by children as a sarcasm on the scarcity of currants in the products of thrifty housekeepers, is applicable to the process of picking out the plums in this great work. Every page is burdened with standard English words used in a perfectly natural sense, with even the pronunciation not very much out of the way considering it as a Somersetshire performance. Somersetshire and East Devonshire, to say nothing of countries lying further west, offer an interesting field for study in the matter of dialect, the more is the pity that the job should be weighted with such surplusage. Mr. Elworthy has been over twenty years on this special Somersetshire study; why not take a few years more in the study of simplicity and conciseness, and in finding out what is Somersetshire and what is not? The public would be exceedingly patient, and willing to wait a while longer. Time and space are everything to most people, though they may be nothing but abstruse abstract philosophical problems to Mr. Elworthy. The preface is a great deal too long, and the introduction is a great deal too long; moreover, they both abound in commonplace observations on language in general. The Glossary contains the following, an example or two of much that fills the book:—"Aich [aeˑach] the name of the aspirate h." "Bump [bump] v.t. to jolt; to shake." "Deal [daeˑul] v.t. to conclude a bargain of purchase or sale; to buy." There is the word "Maid [maaˑyd] a girl; a lass. A woman servant of any age. I know a widow with a son who is a parlour-*maid*." The word maid is certainly very freely applied in the West of England, whether the compliment implied is deserved or not. But surely a lady who had a woman with a score of children for a lady's-maid would not be perpetrating West-Somersetshire dialect. Here also are to be

* *South Cheshire Folk-Speech.* By T. Darlington. *Cheshire Glossary.* By R. Holland. *A Dictionary of Kentish Dialect.* By the Rev. W. D. Parish and the Rev. W. F. Shaw. *West Somerset Word-Book.* By F. T. Elworthy. London: published for the English Dialect Society by Trübner & Co.

found the hunting terms used in the far-famed Exmoor stag-hunting, terms common in all hunting-fields ever since the Conquest, many derived from the French, coolly put down as Somersetshire dialect. If Mr. Elworthy had taken the trouble to consult any hunting-man, he might have got hold of the right end of the stick, and he would never have said that when a deer "sinks" the valley or makes his "point," those and other hunting expressions are Somersetshire dialect. There are symptoms, too, in this fat book that Mr. Elworthy, although he may know the folk talk, does not know the folk. For instance, the word "organ" is explained as the plant penny-royal; whereas there is an absurdity in the common use of this word. Throughout the West of England people, especially women, make organ tay (tea) as a good thing for the human organs, of which penny-royal is one ingredient of several used by herbalists for the "organs." It is one of the numerous instances of fine words introduced into ordinary speech which a herbalist would be likely to revel in. To know folk-speech it is needful to know the folk, which, as they are always on their guard when they talk to the *gentry*, is by no means an easy thing. Some of the dialect to be found in searching through the book is peculiar, to say the least of it. The curious word "Allernbatch, sb., a boil or carbuncle," is one. "Nippigang, sb., a gathering, or whitlow; an abscess; carbuncle," is another for the same sort of thing. The word "angle" is used for intriguing—"(Aay au·vees kunsúd·urd (considered) eens ee wuz angleen aa·dr Mús Jee·un) I always thought he was angling after Miss Jane." "Bisgy" is a tool for rooting, with a curious derivation from the French *besaiguë*, double axe or bill. "Cloam" is the common word throughout the Western counties for earthenware, from which "Empten-cloam," for a drunkard, is derived. "Hawckémouth, a blustering, foul-mouthed person," is another curiosity in dialect. "Hizy-prizy, chicanery or sharp practice," is an uncomplimentary corruption of Nisi-prius. "Mazed," mad, is used freely in all the Western counties for excitement in general. A man in love with a maid is mazed arter her; from amaze and maze. "Tantarabobus, sb., name for the devil," is a very astonishing specimen of dialect, and makes one pause.

It is a good work for the investigators of the curiosities of words to rake up all the old bygone terms that can be found out among old men and women, old songs, and old scraps of writing. Many very fine old English words, much in danger of being lost, will be preserved, and perhaps revived, to keep our tongue rich, and we wish the Dialect Society all success; the fatness of some of their volumes, however, might be trained down with advantage.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THERE is a history or a legend that the pension which was granted, in days when there was no Mr. Labouchere, to our immortal Dibdin was granted, not so much in consideration of purely literary merits, as because of the large numbers of ardent youth whom his songs sent into the service of their king and country. We do not think that the French Republic has much reason to repeat this liberality in the case of the rather numerous novelists who, since the establishment of really compulsory and universal service, have dealt with military life. A few weeks ago we dealt with a dismal book on service abroad, by M. Bonnetain. This of M. Perrin's, on service at home (1), is cleaner and rather interestingly minute in its details, but, if possible, more dismal. Here, too, the hero comes to a bad end (a gun-carriage goes over his chest), and here, too, he is utterly disenchanted before the end comes. However, this class of military novels is at any rate better than another class of novels of which we have seen divers specimens lately, though we do not choose to review them by name or in detail. These may be called the novels of the Unfrocked Priesthood, and a very pretty collection they will make if they go on as they have begun.

M. Paul Mahalin (2) pursues his generous purpose of resuscitating the romance of cape and sword. This time he has chosen the days of the Regency, which indeed, like most others in the history of France, his master Alexander touched, and touching adorned, but which are less identified with him than some other periods.

The heroine of *Fin d'amour* (3), Léonie Derlange, is a rather amusing person, leaving, indeed, something to desire in point of strict morality, but quite "in the movement." Disappointed in an attempt on the legitimate affections of Sir Jipson, baronnet, she consoles herself with another, but less legitimate, suitor. Unluckily the less legitimate suitor is inconstant, and has the bad taste to relapse into love of his own wife. Result, the emptying of all six chambers of a revolver on the faithless one, a trial, and, of course, a triumphant acquittal. The book would have been better if it had been shorter, but it is not unamusing as it is. To *Péché originel* (4) we cannot quite give the same description. Its pathos is rather high-flown, and its satire seems to us a little blunt. And why is the harmless name of "Lionel" a *prénom ronflant*? M. Gennevraye (5) by the title of his volume of stories may suggest that impossible "blushing" officer of the same arm at whom Théophile Gautier unkindly scoffs; but there was no need for this captain to blush. He only had the care of a very masterful niece, who disturbed his repose not unpleasantly.

Two of the inevitable Russian, or at least Slav, story-books are before us. Count Tolstoi's (6) stories of military life in the Caucasus are, we believe, known already. They do not contain his worst work, and are translated by the usual E. Halpérine-Kaminski. Mlle. Poradowska's (7) book deals with Galicia, but as vodka is mentioned in it, the devotees of the Russian novel will probably be satisfied that it is all right.

Since his first book M. J. Ricard has done nothing so good as the first tale in *La course à l'amour* (8), and if this story itself had been his first, it would have been even more promising than *Pitchoun!* It is of good old 1830 style, with something of Gautier in it and something of Mérimée, and that, too, not at all an obviously imitated or borrowed something. The not exactly hallowed and violently ending delights of Jean Dartet, Parisian man of letters, and Mary Anne Dialli, half English, half gipsy artist, have, to our mind, much more force and power than those with which M. Alphonse Daudet intended to instruct his little boys. But why will a man of such powers as M. Ricard traffic in such stale matter as disillusion, neo-paganism, all the *vieille défroque* of Byronism thrice-turned and trimmed and dyed? Not that way, for a generation or two at least, lies the path to real success. We do not know why clowns should not love, but they rarely do it happily in fiction; and M. de Soudak's clown (9) is not an exception. And let us add that we do not mean by happily "felicitously." There is less felicity and not much more happiness in *Reinette* (10); and we are obliged to say that M. de Castellane, with apparently the best intentions, has made no great success of a painful, a disagreeable, and we think an impossible subject—the sacrifice, half revolting, half grotesque, of a mother in order to save her daughter's reputation (11). On the other hand, M. Cadol has put together pleasantly and skilfully three good stories in *Mariage de princesse* (12).

(1) *Le canon: mœurs militaires.* Par J. Perrin. Paris: Ollendorff.

(2) *La pointe au corps.* 2 tomes. Par P. Mahalin. Paris: Tresse et Stock.

(3) *Fin d'amour.* Par F. Vilars. Paris: Plon.

(4) *Péché originel.* Par F. de Girodon-Pralon. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *Les embarras d'un capitaine de dragons.* Par A. Gennevraye. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(6) *Au Caucase.* Par Léon Tolstoi. Paris: Perrin.

(7) *Yaga.* Par Marguerite Poradowska. Paris: Ollendorff.

(8) *La course à l'amour.* Par J. Ricard. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(9) *L'amour d'un clown.* Par Louis de Soudak. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(10) *Reinette.* Par Sainte-Marie Binsce. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(11) *Madame Bégum.* Par le Mis. de Castellane. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(12) *Mariage de princesse.* Par E. Cadol. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IN *Letters from Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple* (London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh), collected and edited by Mr. E. A. Parry, we have the pleasantest book imaginable. Dorothy Osborne—whose portrait, as reproduced in the present volume, shows her to have been an intelligent, resolute, egoistic, and altogether feminine sort of person—was a good deal in love with Temple, and the letters which she addressed to the object of her flame are very well worth reading indeed. They reveal to us, for one thing, the tricks and manners of a right woman; and, for another, they present us with an exemplar of what some two hundred years since was held to be the sort of thing that well-conducted young ladies should write (if they were clever enough) to the persons on whom their hopes were centred. The difference between them and the love-letters of to-day is the difference between (say) Racine and Ouida. In the correspondence of Dorothy Osborne there is always intelligence, there is always dignity and self-respect, there is always enough of reticence—enough of selection—to make us understand that the writer was, in her way, an artist; and, at the same time, there is, first and last, a sufficiency of humanity—enough of the interests of sentiment and individual effort and the sexual emotion—to reveal the writer for a true woman. In reading one is reminded not so much of Clarissa (though the letters are conceived and done upon a scale which recalls the epistolary achievement of that formidable creature) as of the brilliant, the wayward, the enchanting, yet natural and normal, Miss Howe. They are not so wild and witty as Miss Howe's; for Miss Howe is one of the most successful creations of one of our greatest novelists; but they are so lively and natural, so heartfelt in themselves, and so charming in effect, as to show that Dorothy Osborne and Anna Howe were sisters. One can give them no greater praise than that; and one cannot choose but be grateful to Mr. Parry for collecting and printing them, and to Macaulay for writing such an account of them as persuaded Mr. Parry of the reward that would be his who should print and collect them. Mr. Parry, indeed, is to be commended on more grounds than one. He has given us the *reliquiæ* of a very sprightly and individual creature, and he has done his own share of the work with a great deal of care and more of discretion than your first editor is wont to display.

The anonymous gentleman who is responsible, in *The Bohemians of the Latin Quarter* (London: Vizetelly), for an English—a so-called English—version of the immortal *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème* deserves at least the commendation due to them that rush

in where those of a wiser and better race decline to tread. Murger's merits are largely those of manner and style. He had a good deal to say; but, after all, it was his way of saying it that made his book the irresistible influence we know. A poorer writer might have discoursed of Mimi and Marcel and the "Symphonie sur l'influence du Bleu dans les Arts" for a hundred volumes and got none to listen to him. Murger had but to present this same material—which is, after all, no more than an adaptation to humorous and sentimental purposes of the stuff of certain scenes in *La Comédie Humaine*—as he felt and was able to present it to found a tradition in literature, and in life to turn the heads of several generations of young women and young men. His books, of course, are untrue; but they are works of art in the good sense of the word, and the amount of pleasure they have given is only to be paralleled (perhaps) by the amount of mischief they have made. To give such stuff in English is a feat beyond the accomplishment of the common translator; and it is not to be gainsaid that the wit, the grace, the *souffle* of impudence and gaiety and youth, which count for so much in the charm of the *Vie de Bohème* are altogether absent from *The Bohemians of the Latin Quarter*. Still the thing is readable; the introduction, "Murger and his Work," presents such a roseate and romantic view of the author and the shifty, reckless, out-at-elbows set of vagabonds who were his models as may induce a certain number of good, honest English folk to pursue their researches into the mystery of Bohemianism, and plunge with interest into the book itself; and if the etchings with which the adventures of MM. Marcel and Rodolphe and Schaunard (and their female friends) are illustrated are not particularly suggestive or significant, they are French in style and Murgeresque in intention, and there are as many as ten of them—a fact which clothes the volume with a luxury not its due.

The worst that we can say of *A Wayfarer's Wallet* (London: Redway), by Mr. H. G. Hewlett, is that it means well and does not more than middlingly. Mr. Hewlett treats a number of subjects in a number of verses; his sentiments (he is avowedly no Tory) are unexceptionable, his manner is gentlemanlike, his effect is transient. Of *Metempsychosis* (London: Longmans) there is no more to be said than that its style is flushed, that its suggestions are youthful, that its import is obscure, and that it conveys to us an impression of the sound of an abundance of adjectives. The *Tales and Legends in Verse* (London: Kegan Paul) of Mr. E. Cooper Willis, Q.C., are written with both eyes, so to speak, on the Muse. Mr. Willis has grappled with his Inspiration most conscientiously, and has fought it out with her to the bitter end of close on a hundred and ninety pages; and the result is enough to show that, while his intentions are strictly honourable, his success is no more than that of most. His rhythms are conventionally perfect; his diction is conventionally eloquent; his themes are conventionally suggestive and inspiriting; his sense is conventionally poetical. 'Tis all that can be said for him; and, as poets go, 'tis much. In *Matin Songs* (London: Kegan Paul) the fact most obvious to the discerning reader is the author's youth. It is not a hot youth, nor a foolish youth, nor a stupid youth; it is, indeed, a tame, a timid, an inquiring but gentle and well-mannered, youth; but it is genuinely youthful, all the same, and its youthfulness is of the kind that disarms criticism:—

> List, gentles, to a maiden's tale
> That speaks of cruel wrong,
> Of suffering from a father's hand,
> Of ruthless pride and wrong,
> Of young lives withered as the flower.

Who could be cruel—who could be just—to that? For the rest *non ragionam di lor!* About the *Lays of the Sea-side* (London: Bumpus) of "Aliph Cheem" there is no such difficulty; it is merely vulgar and foolish. Those who care to do these things may sing the first number in the book, "A Lay of Margate," to the pleasing melody of "The Husband's Boat"; those who care to take their Ingoldsby at second-hand (and who shall tell how bad, how common, how witless, how 'Arry-and-'Arriettish, is Ingoldsby thus taken?) may follow him to his close.

We have also received *A Memoir of Bishop Steere* (London: Bell & Sons); *Napoleon's Last Voyage* (London: Simpkin), being—to quote the title-page—an "Extract from a Diary of Rear-Admiral Sir George Cockburn, with Particular Reference to Gen. Napoleon Buonaparte," published, at third or fourth hand, by Mr. Thos. Salkeld Borrodaile; Mr. Amos Reade's *Life in the Cut* (London: Swan Sonnenschein), which is a story, partly realistic and partly pietistic, of life on the canal; *So as by Fire* (London: The London Literary Society), a very long novel in one short volume; Mrs. Oliphant's *Cousin Mary* (London: Partridge); *Sara Crewe; or, What Happened at Miss Minchin's* (London: Warne), by Frances Hodgson Burnett; and *Song-Tide; Poems and Lyrics of Joy and Sorrow* (London: Walter Scott), by Philip Bourke Marston, edited—for the "Canterbury Poets" series—with an Introductory Memoir, by William Sharp.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

The ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT *has been* REMOVED *from* 38 *to* 33 *Southampton Street. All communications respecting* ADVERTISEMENTS *should therefore be addressed to* Mr. JOHN HART, 33 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

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EDUCATIONAL.

CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.—The ANNUAL EXAMINATION for SCHOLARSHIPS will be held on July 17 and 18. Six Classical and Five Mathematical Scholarships of value ranging between £80 and £20, and tenable for three years, will be awarded.
Candidates must be under fifteen and over thirteen on July 1. Also a CHORAL SCHOLARSHIP, in value not less than £50 per annum, is offered for competition to boys (under twelve on July 1) who possess and desire to cultivate musical talent.
For further details apply to the SECRETARY, the College, Cheltenham.

CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.—The HEAD-MASTERSHIP of the MILITARY and CIVIL DEPARTMENT is VACANT, and a Successor to the late Head-Master will be appointed at the end of this month, to enter on his duties not later than September. The requisite qualifications are, a high Mathematical Degree at Cambridge or Oxford; experience in School Work and Organization; and knowledge of the character and standard of the Woolwich and Sandhurst Examinations.
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Candidates are requested to apply as soon as possible, enclosing Testimonials, to the Rev. Dr. KYNASTON, the College, Cheltenham.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,699, Vol. 65. May 19, 1888. [Registered for Transmission abroad.] Price 6d.

THE ENEMIES OF ENGLAND.

As Sir Charles Dilke and other authorities have made up their minds that a Franco-Russian coalition against England is only a question of time, and that it would go hard with us if that coalition should come about, it is, we suppose, desirable to consider the case. What the result of the consideration from one point at least must be is scarcely doubtful, and little or nothing need be said about it here. It certainly will not do for England to be unprepared; but, then, that is nothing new, and is no more the moral of to-day than of any day in the course of centuries, past, present, and to come. If the rich man is not also a strong man, if he is not armed, and does not keep his goods, those goods will pretty certainly be spoiled, and if the spoiler is not one person or Power, it will be another. The weakest points of the Empire are perfectly well known both to Englishmen and to their probable enemies. As for the immediate agents of the proposed cutting up of the British Empire, we do not know that they are very well chosen. Both Powers would, no doubt, be very glad to do themselves a good turn at the expense of England; that is undoubted. And it is equally undoubted that they have fewer causes of quarrel with each other (save and except the awkwardness of a partnership between the chief European Republic and the chief European despotism) than any other two. But we have pointed out before, and may fairly point out again, that they would find some difficulty in working together, and that the risk run by the Western member of the partnership would be so out of all proportion to the risk run by the Eastern as to give pause to any but the most harebrained French Government. Yet again, that matter of the cutting up which has been just referred to would be anything but easily arranged; and there is more than one Power which has the most vital interest in preventing at all hazards that turning of the Mediterranean into a French lake which is almost the only way in which France could reap her share of the plunder. And the supposition that any Power, whether directly interested or not, would regard with indifference a proceeding which, if successful on the aggressors' part, would put the whole of Europe at those aggressors' mercy, is a little fanciful. We can count on no one's good will; for, in the first place, it would be a little difficult to find any Power which has real good-will towards England, and, in the second, good-will counts in any case for next to nothing in politics. But interest counts for everything; and if Germany, and Austria, and Italy, not to mention Spain and the smaller Powers, were to look quietly on while Russia and France reduced England to nonentity, the statesmen and the people of these countries would very amply deserve the consequences which would pretty assuredly follow. Last of all, preposterous as the suggestion may seem, and though it is no doubt possible to imagine a ruinous coalition against Great Britain, we are by no means certain that England could not give a fair account of France and Russia. There might be very unpleasant experiences first, both at home and abroad, and it might be necessary to encourage the others, as in the case of Byng, if not (which Heaven forbid!) as in the case of De Witt. But it is not wholly insane to ask whether the Australian colonies could not with some imperial aid cope with the French and the Russians in the Pacific; and the whole energies of the Indian Government are now bent on putting India in a condition to fight her own battle. Moreover, it is sometimes forgotten that France is not entirely destitute of trade, and that the Customs regulations of the Continent are not exactly favourable to the restriction of that trade to land routes.

The present purpose, however, is to deal, not with France, but with Russia. Even the alarmist must admit that Russia is likely to begin in Asia, not in Europe; and indeed it is obviously impossible that she should do anything else, considering that, by hypothesis, she is not to do anything to offend or alarm the Great Powers of Central Europe. A day or two ago scaremongers were nearly certain that the thing had begun already in the shape of a movement among the tribes between Penjdeh and Herat. Later advices seem to show that the particular incident was not correctly reported. But that matters very little. Everybody, except Mr. Gladstone and the (in one way or another) paid advocates of Russia knows that the Penjdeh settlement was never intended on the Russian side either to be final or to be faithfully observed. The Russian practice in such matters is quite uniform in substance, though necessarily conditioned in detail by circumstances. The beginning of the arrangements for breaking a treaty is not always made on the evening of the day on which the treaty is signed. Encroachment, disavowal; encroachment, excuse; encroachment, maintenance and improvement of ditto, succeed in pretty regular order, but with no pedantic insistence on regular intervals. Without being further in the confidence either of the enterprising Alikhanoff or of his superiors than any Englishman can, we suspect, pretend to be, it would be impossible to foretell the times and the seasons of each step. But we should be disposed to lean rather to the side which it seems the Russian General Soboleff has recently taken in a review article than to that which Sir Charles Dilke seems to affect. The heart of the Czar appears to be considerably more set upon Bulgaria than upon Afghanistan, and there is no doubt that the plan advocated by a considerable portion of Russian opinion, of using Central Asia as a lever to keep England quiet in the Balkans, is a sufficiently obvious, and might with weak English rulers be a not wholly ineffective, plan. On the other hand, a fresh raising of the Central Asian question *per se*, unless the offensive and defensive arrangement with France were an established fact, would be a very dubious proceeding for Russia. For we suppose there is no Englishman so craven or so ill-informed that he thinks this country unable to meet Russia by herself, disabled from attacking Turkey for fear of European complications, and driven to do what she could with Persia instead.

The most interesting and reasonable part of the recent rumours, indeed, has a good deal to do with Persia—a country which, as every one at all acquainted with Eastern affairs must be aware, is almost necessarily destined to be the scene of affairs of great importance before long. As personal questions have great weight in the East, it is by no means improbable that the reported Russian uneasiness at the appointment of Sir H. Drummond-Wolff to Teheran is real. Sir Henry has not hitherto been an entirely fortunate diplomatist, and we have frequently spoken our own opinion about his famous floating mission to the Porte. But he has shown ability of precisely the kind which Russia is most afraid of, and which Orientals respect most; he is thoroughly at home in the East; and he is known not to be the kind of person who will contentedly play that second fiddle which for some years has been the appointed instrument of Her Majesty's representative with the Shah. Now it has long been the ambition, and has sometimes been not far from being the good hap, of Russia to play towards Persia nearly the same part as that which she used to play towards Poland before actually swallowing that country; and she would very much like to carry out the parallel in its entirety. In the way of doing this there can be no more unpleasant obstacle than an inquisitive, a determined, and an adroit English Minister at Teheran. And one of the most obvious ways of preventing such a Minister from

obtaining [illegible] influence is to make the SHAH feel that Ru[illegible] unpleasant about frontier questions and so forth if she is displeased as she can be pleasant when she is pleased. But Sir H. DRUMMOND-WOLFF is not exactly the man to be frustrated by such very simple play as this, and, if well supported, he ought to be able to strengthen the British position very materially. For we have over Russia the great advantage of being notoriously guiltless of all designs on the independence even of a single Persian province, which is certainly more than can be said for the other side. England can hardly be too good friends with Persia, and in particular English agents on the Persian side of the new Perso-Russian frontier in Khorassan can hardly be too numerous, too carefully selected, and too well paid. At present we are very ill off for such, and the result is, to say nothing worse, the arrival of a great deal of false and useless information and the non-arrival of a great deal of information which would be both true and valuable.

SOUTH AFRICA.

AT the meeting which was held under the presidency of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to hear Mr. MACKENZIE'S lecture on South African affairs there was much difference of opinion, but the Chairman expressed the conviction of all parties that some definite and vigorous course of action must be adopted. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has always been consistent in his determination to maintain the unity and greatness of the Empire. Even when he represented the advanced Radicals in Mr. GLADSTONE'S Administration, he was understood to differ from a large body of his political allies on questions of foreign policy. During his late mission to Washington he took many opportunities of protesting against schemes which tended to detach the Dominion of Canada from its allegiance to the Crown. He appears to be not less sensible of the duty of protecting English interests in South Africa, and of keeping faith with the native tribes which have acknowledged the supremacy of the Imperial Government. Even if the connexion with some of the great colonies were to be dissolved, there would still be strong reason for maintaining the existing connexion with the Cape. One of the speakers at the meeting suggested the possibility of retaining the naval station at Simon's Bay when the Cape Colony had become independent. It is undoubtedly necessary to secure an alternative route to the East in the not improbable contingency of the interruption of the passage by the Suez Canal; but there is a wide difference between the occupation of an isolated fortress and the unquestioned possession of the country to which it geographically belongs. The jealousies which arise from the English tenure of Gibraltar are sufficiently troublesome. It is not desirable to reproduce the same relations in the Southern hemisphere. The emancipated colony, or, perhaps, some more powerful claimant, would learn to regard as intruders the fleets and garrisons which might survive the English sovereignty, and, as in the case of Gibraltar, the presence of foreign forces would be deemed an encroachment on local rights. If the position were once abandoned or lost, no plausible demand could be preferred for the restitution of an outlying and distant post. As long as the port and its defences are parts of an acknowledged dependency of England they will naturally share the fortunes of the territory in which they are situated.

Mr. MACKENZIE and some of the speakers who discussed his lecture hold that the offices of Governor of the Cape and High Commissioner for the affairs of South Africa ought not to be held by the same person. The ability and experience of Sir HERCULES ROBINSON are generally admitted, but some of his subordinate officers have strongly disapproved of parts of his policy, and it has been thought that deference to a responsible Ministry in the Cape Colony is inconsistent with the independence of the representative in the neighbouring territories of the Imperial Government. The measures of Mr. MACKENZIE and Sir CHARLES WARREN, who attended the meeting, have been overruled by the HIGH COMMISSIONER, and they still, as might be expected, dissent from his policy. The home Government is not likely to restrict his authority during his term of office, but possibly the experiment of a separation of offices may be tried when a successor is appointed. The Cape Parliament makes no claim to control over dominions in which colonial interests are not involved; but it must often be difficult to distinguish between the rights of the Imperial Government and the measures which directly or indirectly affect the colony. The most urgent question which at present awaits decision concerns English and colonial traders almost equally. There is a serious risk that access to the interior may be barred by the intervention of other European Powers. The Portuguese Government has advanced a claim to a tract of land extending from the Eastern to the Western coast. If the pretension is established, nearly the whole continent of Africa will be closed to English trade. A still more formidable, though less immediate, cause of anxiety arises from the recent policy of the German Empire. The settlements on the Western coast which were made a few years ago seem to have been injudiciously chosen, and although commercial factories and military posts may be here and there established, no German colony has been founded in any part of Africa where Europeans can thrive as colonists. The lands south of the Zambesi would be more desirable, and there is reason to fear that large tracts might be acquired if the Dutch Republics were, through jealousy of England, tempted to invite or accept a German Protectorate.

It may be hoped that neither the Colonial Office nor the HIGH COMMISSIONER will encourage a domestic agitation which coincides in time with the pressure of many external difficulties. It has been seriously proposed to make Natal a self-governing colony. The concession of Ministerial responsibility has succeeded fairly in many homogeneous populations of English extraction. It has, in fact, served as a provisional arrangement, which has postponed, perhaps for an indefinite time, the assertion of independence. It is useless to inquire whether a compromise which could not be withheld was in itself intrinsically desirable. Parliamentary government is utterly unsuitable to communities in which a minority of superior race lives among a half-civilized and more numerous population. Mr. FROUDE illustrates in his work on the West Indies the tendencies and results of representative institutions when negroes or other inferior races are either admitted to a share in the exercise of political power or excluded from the enjoyment of equal rights. The Americans have, with their usual energy, furnished the best solution of the difficulty by granting votes to the emancipated negroes of the Southern States, while the whites contrive to reserve all power to themselves. It would not be easy to apply the same practice to Natal. In that colony twenty thousand colonists of European extraction live in the midst of four hundred thousand Zulus. It is a proof of the good sense and ability of successive Lieutenant-Governors and of the natural docility of the natives that there have never been serious disturbances or quarrels between the two races. Even at the time of the Zulu War the coloured inhabitants of Natal were quiet; and, as long as they are protected by the authorities of the Crown Colony, there is no reason to apprehend native disaffection. It is hoped that their more warlike kinsmen in Zululand will follow their example now that they have at last been assured of English protection.

In a Natal Parliament either the natives must be allowed to vote or they must be totally excluded from the franchise. It is unnecessary to dilate on the absurdity of giving the coloured majority absolute power over the colonists. The alternative of a supreme white oligarchy is only a little less objectionable. The continuance of the present form of government is indispensable to the interests of all parties, unless, indeed, the powers of the Council were still further restricted. The recently annexed portions of Zululand are to be governed in the native fashion, under the supervision of an English Resident. It would be intolerable that the subject tribes should witness the spectacle of a little Parliament on the other side of the border. Those who best understand the condition and the history of South Africa are by no means unanimous in their opinion on the expediency of the hasty concession of responsible government to the Cape. At this time the whole white population amounts to a quarter of a million, and the number of natives and Europeans in the whole of South Africa is estimated at three millions. The Legislature of the Cape has wisely declined to allow the natives to possess power in proportion to their numbers. At the same time it has a right to take credit for a not illiberal method of dealing with the question. Natives who possess a moderate property qualification are allowed a vote, so that the franchise is neither dangerously extensive nor invidiously restricted. On the whole, the policy of the Cape Government with respect to the native population of the colony has been neither unwise nor ungenerous. It has now deliberately [illegible] all responsibility for the management of the tribes which are

still independent. It is on this ground that the Imperial Government finds itself charged with the general control of native affairs. For many years the Zulus and other warlike races were regarded with not unreasonable apprehension. Their power is now broken, at least for the present, and the Dutch Republics are more formidable rivals. It is not improbable that the discovery of gold and diamonds may reinforce the English population within the limits of the South African Republics.

The functions which have been retained or assumed by the Imperial Government need not, except in the contingency of a serious war, involve great expense; and, if the burden were heavier, it could not be prudently declined. The trade of South Africa is worth protecting even at considerable cost, and in the present day commercial freedom disappears as soon as any civilized Power but one has taken possession of a territory. The interior of Africa has not yet advanced to the conception of prohibitive or protective tariffs. Perhaps some of them may learn from the results of the German annexation of Zanzibar the relations of modern civilization to trade. It is understood that negotiations are pending with Portugal on the subject of Delagoa Bay; but only sanguine politicians will anticipate a favourable result.

PACKING FOR THE COUNTRY.

IT will hardly, even by Mr. GLADSTONE'S most fervent devotees, be taken as an instance of anti-Gladstonian malignity if we observe that of late years Mr. GLADSTONE, when in Opposition, has not been an extraordinarily punctual or constant attendant on, or partaker in, the debates of the House of Commons. As he very justly says, he is an old man; age requires rest; and when can that rest better be taken than when on the one side an ungrateful country drives you from office, and on the other ardent and capable lieutenants—MORLEYS, TANNERS, HARCOURTS, CONYBEARES, PARNELLS, EGANS (but, no; Mr. EGAN is not yet in Parliament)—are ready to do the needful work? It is not, therefore, wicked to assume that when Mr. GLADSTONE is extraordinarily vigilant and talkative there must be some special motive, even though that motive is not apparent on the surface. On the surface no two more unlikely occasions for an ex-Prime Minister to intervene could be selected than the two occasions of Mr. GLADSTONE'S speeches on Monday and Tuesday last. The Monday performance seems—so apparently preposterous was it—to have fairly puzzled some good persons. An Irish magistrate, telling the simple truth, but not using formal legal terms, informs the SPEAKER that Mr. DILLON has been convicted of taking part in the Plan of Campaign. Of course, what he has technically been convicted of is participation in certain illegal acts which are inseparable from, and which, together and with others, make up *id genus belli quod audit "the Plan of Cam-"paign,"* as the Holy Office classically and with exactness calls it. That the Irish members should make a fuss about this was, of course, natural; for, in the first place, it took up time; in the second, it gave an opportunity of abusing magistrates; in the third, the short announcement that a man and an M.P. has got six months for taking part in the Plan of Campaign is likely to sound uncomfortably in Irish ears. That Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT should join them was nothing; and the growing and deepening conviction which Mr. MORLEY evidently feels that it is a sin and a shame that Mr. BALFOUR should be in a place once held by worthier men may account for his aid. But Mr. GLADSTONE'S participation was a little strange. Perhaps it may be said, with more real than apparent force, that if Mr. GLADSTONE had not been Mr. GLADSTONE the thing would have been simply impossible. As it was, "homoousion" and "homoiousion" rang to ancient ears a less horrid difference than "the Plan of Campaign" and "a certain illegal conspiracy called the Plan of Campaign" do to Mr. GLADSTONE. The dreadful breach of privilege committed excluded all consideration of motive and of presumed innocence. It was one of the gravest matters on which Parliament could possibly be engaged, except (may we suggest?) the possible case of an undergraduate member of the House being reported to the Speaker as "gated," instead of "confined to college"—which is very fairly parallel. There was "no question more grave." "The "tribunals of the country were bound to respect the House," and so on, for nearly half a column of the *Times*. And though Mr. GLADSTONE'S speech on the other obstructive debate of Tuesday was not quite so obviously absurd, it was equally strange in itself, in its subject, and in its occasion.

But, if there is one thing that is quite certain about Mr. GLADSTONE, it is that he is not a fool. Many other things, some of them not good or nice, might be said of him, but not this. The characteristics of a fool are numerous, but for public and political purposes they may be said to be two, generally found together, though sometimes separate. The fool does not possess any clear and distinct idea of the ends which he desires to reach, and he still less possesses any clear and distinct notion of the means by which they are to be reached. In neither of these ways is Mr. GLADSTONE a fool, for his miscalculation in the Home Rule matter is human and not merely foolish. Further, Mr. GLADSTONE must have been greatly encouraged by his Nonconformist audience last week in pursuing the course which from these two speeches it is clear that he is pursuing. It was a ticklish business to address not quite four thousand ministers, present in the flesh or by their sufficient deputies, on such a theme. For, though some notorious charlatans were among them, the majority—the great majority—of the audience were men, no doubt, not very intelligent nor very well educated, but personally honest, respectable, sincere, and (as far as a burning social jealousy of the Established Church will let them be) Christian. Now Christianity, in every one of its myriad forms, except those of a few obscure heresies not now openly professed by any one, pronounces those who act upon the principles and carry on the practices of Mr. GLADSTONE'S allies in Ireland to be reprobate in this world, and punishable with the most terrible of all penalties in the next. Even a man of Mr. GLADSTONE'S courage and of Mr. GLADSTONE'S ingenuity must have felt his heart beat a little when he set to work to inveigle four thousand ministers of religion into setting their hands solemnly to the new commandments, "Thou shalt steal from thy land-"lord" and "Thou shalt murder him who takes boycotted "land." But he did it; and both the fact of his undertaking and the fact of his achieving the feat shows, when taken in connexion with these two curious speeches in the House, the lines upon which he and his are going to the country for this Parliamentary recess, and, if they can manage it, on greater occasions hereafter.

Now in order to go to the country certain luggage is required, and Mr. GLADSTONE'S way of selecting and packing up that luggage is known of old. It has never been decided by critics whether the whimsical wit of Mr. LEWIS CARROLL (who is known to be a good Tory) had Mr. GLADSTONE directly in view when drawing the personage who informed his followers, without a murmur on their part, "What I "tell you three times is true." But Mr. GLADSTONE'S method of establishing first principles is, and has long been, precisely this. It is by this that, in face of evidence of every possible kind, including the printed admissions of his Irish partisans, he has established it that the proceedings at Mitchelstown were an attack by the police on the people, and not an attack by the people on the police. It is thus that he is trying to establish something similar as to the riot at Ennis. It is thus that he has tried, though with less success, to discover in the practice of increasing sentences on appeal a new and hellish device of the Tory Government, instead of a continuation of precedents set again and again by his own administration, and now solemnly approved by a Divisional Court of exceptionally Liberal constitution. It is thus that he is basing on the KING-HARMAN appointment a charge of scandalous and unheard-of jobbery. And it is thus, no doubt, that he is laying the foundation of a fresh charge about Mr. HAMILTON'S report to the SPEAKER on the conviction of Mr. DILLON. The process is clear and easy, and the object explains the at first sight ludicrous and unintelligible solemnity of the terms used to describe a simple substitution of popular for technical language. First (that is to say, on Monday), Mr. GLADSTONE applies to this language of Mr. HAMILTON descriptions which would be not wholly inappropriate to the Arrest of the Five Members. When he next refers to it we shall without doubt find him referring, not to the fact, but to his description of the fact; and assuming, or rather laying it down, that the description answers to the thing. And next we shall find him sternly, and to all appearance justly, denouncing the perpetrators of atrocities which no doubt would be atrocious enough if they existed anywhere except in his own imagination and vocabulary. He has so far laid it down that "there is no question graver for the House of Com-"mons than the personal liberty of its members." There is a touch of rhetoric even here perhaps; for there are

some things graver, such as the safety of the country at large and the protection of innocent persons from such tyranny as that of the National League. Still, it is not necessary to deny that the question is a very grave question indeed. Unluckily it does not here come in in the very slightest degree. It is not a question of the personal liberty of Mr. DILLON, the circumstances of the restriction of which are perfectly well known and are correctly conveyed to every person of ordinary intelligence by Mr. HAMILTON'S report. It is practically a question of red tape, of ribbons instead of buckles in the shoes—a question, or rather a quibble, so utterly idle and ridiculous that, except for the purpose of introducing and substituting his own unfavourable description of it, even Mr. GLADSTONE would have been ashamed to touch it. But as it is, we shall almost beyond doubt hear, for some months to come, from Mr. GLADSTONE and from all the baser sort of Gladstonians, that the House of Commons is indifferent to the personal liberty of its members, because Mr. HAMILTON has omitted the "divers, that is to say, two thousand," and the "not having the fear of GOD before his eyes, but acting "under the instigation of the Devil," in his description of the crime which Mr. DILLON has committed.

NATIONAL DEFENCE.

THE passage of arms between the Marquess of SALISBURY and Lord WOLSELEY ended, as the Duke of CAMBRIDGE observed, in an agreeable manner. The ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S answer to the PRIME MINISTER'S rebuke was delivered in good terms and accepted in an excellent spirit. In the familiar phrase, honours were easy. On the one hand, the ADJUTANT-GENERAL caused his speech at Sir JOHN PENDER'S dinner to look more foolish than ever, when he earnestly assured the House of Lords that, though he accused all politicians of being persons of a low morality, he had no intention of accusing HER MAJESTY'S present Ministers of being below the highest moral standard. He was, in fact, attacking the politician in the abstract, and not kicking his shins in the concrete form of Mr. STANHOPE. We are afraid that this is another way of saying that he was talking in a rather loose after-dinner way. It is not pleasant for a gentleman to be compelled to make this confession, even in the serene atmosphere of the House of Lords. On the other hand, Lord WOLSELEY had the satisfaction of extorting from the PRIME MINISTER the confession, certain to be made use of by the enemy, that he had never heard of some very important evidence given by the ADJUTANT-GENERAL to a Commission appointed by himself, which reported to his own Government. This Report has been printed, much read, and commented on—to some extent even acted on—and yet the PRIME MINISTER cannot recollect that one of its most important parts has even been brought to his ears. It was certainly somebody's business so to bring it. A pleasant dash of humour was imported into the evening's proceedings by Lord GRANVILLE, who complained that, although Lord WOLSELEY had withdrawn his accusations against the Conservatives, he still left the Liberals open to the charge of low morality. The ADJUTANT-GENERAL seems to have gone in some sort through the experience of that clergyman who, having suddenly to preach for a colleague, and having no sermon ready, fell back on a resource too little used by the cloth, and read one of the homilies. Next day he was surprised to receive the earnest assurance of a conspicuous parishioner that he had never beaten his wife. His Lordship's words have obviously fallen on many ears made tender by conscience, and hence all these vehement assurances from distinguished public men that they never neglected the defence of the country to serve a party purpose. We receive these assertions with the polite faith due to the word of English gentlemen. No doubt errors of judgment have been the cause of our failures hitherto; but what mattered it how the head lay so long as the heart was right? Now all politicians see how mistaken their heads were, and the rectitude of their hearts will at last have a chance. MARK ANTONY, in SHAKSPEARE'S play of *Julius Cæsar*, said things worth reading, but too well known to require quotation.

Tuesday evening's proceedings in the House of Commons were less artistic than Monday's in the Lords, and, in some respects, less profitable. Mr. SMITH, indeed, asked for and obtained two sums of money for defensive purposes; but there are several considerations which make it difficult to regard his success with any great enthusiasm. The grant for the Australian squadron is required to carry out a plan formed a year ago, which cannot be carried fully into effect for two years more. There will thus have been a period long enough to allow for two great wars, at the modern rate of speed, between the formation of the plan and its execution. This was doubtless mainly inevitable; but still it is, in its way, an example of our habit of doing things at the last moment. The second vote is a much less pardonable example of the same slovenly and unintelligent method of doing business. It is for fortifications, and is required, we can hardly say to complete, but to begin to carry towards completion, the work of supplying the arsenals and coaling stations with sufficient defences, which was begun in Lord NORTHBROOK'S time. That Minister, as all the world remembers, was driven by popular fear and anger to undertake the supply of great additions to the navy and the construction of important fortifications. Characteristically enough, the task he began under pressure is about to be carried on when it seems not unlikely that there will be another and an even fiercer clamour raised against the Conservative Ministry. How absolutely necessary it is that the work should be done is made perfectly clear by Mr. SMITH. On his own showing, not only great foreign stations such as Malta and Gibraltar are too weak, but such vital spots at home as Portsmouth are in pressing need of strengthening. It is to be given at last, but Mr. SMITH does not expect that the necessary guns will be ready for three years. During this time we shall at many points be in the unpleasant predicament of the lobster who has just wriggled out of his old shell and has not yet formed the new one. He is in an awkwardly soft state if by any chance another crustaceous beast with its nippers fully armed falls on him. Now we would wish to avoid the sin of Lord WOLSELEY, and so shall not say another word touching a connexion between Ministers and low morality. Still, it would seem that there must be something which comes between HER MAJESTY'S Ministers and the defences of the country—else how can we account for this confessed neglect? The development of modern artillery and the weakness of our fortifications were as notorious three years ago as they are now, and yet nothing serious was even attempted until panic began to threaten the Ministry. So far from arranging for the manufacture of guns, the Ministry has not even taken steps to provide that guns could be made at need. We who can manufacture for foreign navies cannot turn out guns enough for our own under a period of years.

It is somewhat unprofitable to comment as yet on the cloud of rumours which are flying about—on stories that an admiral has been asked to draw up a scheme of coast defence, that a general has been asked to make a standard of stores, that a Third Army Corps is to be organized, &c. &c. We only hope that these are not the usual swarm of more or less delusive schemes which arise whenever a Cabinet is well scared by panic. Not having the means to decide we shall suspend judgment. Of one thing, however, we are quite sure, and it is that the Conservative Ministry has at this moment an opportunity to gain itself everlasting honour and do the country service by putting the defences on a proper footing. There is absolutely no need for lengthy inquiry by any Royal Commission, and we could perfectly well dispense with the body which is to be appointed during the Whitsun holidays to inquire at large again. The Intelligence Departments of either service could easily make an estimate of what is required to complete our supply of weapons of all kinds, and could draw up a scheme for their proper use. Our want at this moment is far less want of men than want of arms for them and want of organization. The country would most assuredly grant all the money needed, and would not care a straw whether it was obtained by way of loan or even out of the Sinking Fund, or in any other manner horrifying to pedantic financiers, who think their nostrums more sacred than the safety of the country. All it requires is that it should be told the truth honestly and asked for supply by trustworthy persons. If there is no ground for fear, then the Ministry can prove there is none; if there is, it can point that ground out. Let it come forward, make its demand, and defy folly in the House of Commons. The country is so ready to meet it halfway that even Lord RANDOLPH has discovered that he never wanted to cut down the Estimates. But in the absence of authoritative leading from those who ought to govern, it is not wonderful that the country is beginning to listen to shrieking alarmists, and we may again see the usual panic

quieted by the usual ill-digested measures and followed by the usual reaction of indifference and contempt. The alarmists are at present in full cry, declaring that there are no men, no guns, no ships, no nothing. They have their hearing for the moment, and serious attention is paid to critics of the stamp of the egregious person who declared the other day that the sun of England is about to set for ever because the Mediterranean Squadron is not equal in time of peace to the larger half of the French fleet, which has its head-quarters at Toulon. This gabble passes for the moment; but it is soon found out, and then the whole thing is dropped in disgust, the good with the bad.

CRICKET.

THE season is very young, but has already proved that Mr. GRACE can hit, as of yore, over the Grand Stand at Lord's, and that the Australians are a strong eleven. We need not be broken-hearted because they beat Surrey so terribly by an innings and 154, for the Surrey men were clearly "less noble than themselves." MAURICE READ and LOHMANN (who did better than most) had just come off a voyage, and it is of old experience that "nothing mars a "man like the sea." Mr. W. W. READ was manifestly not in practice, and he was twice leg before wicket, both times to the bowling of Mr. TURNER. LOHMANN hurt a toe-nail, could not bowl after the accident, and had a man to run for him. Both he and MAURICE READ made some capital hits in the second innings, and it was a great pity that READ ran himself out. LOHMANN's fall came in a peculiar manner. He was being bowled to by Mr. TROTT, who is slow, with a very great and manifest break from leg, something like Mr. NEPEAN'S. This kind of bowling is often very effective, though good bats soon learn all the tricks of it. One of Mr. TROTT's tricks was to bowl a ball which apparently had not any break whatever, for when LOHMANN stopped it with his leg, he was not only given out, but admitted the justice of the decision. *Habemus confitentem reum.* No doubt the bowling of Mr. TURNER and Mr. FERRIS, with their batting, was the most remarkable feature of the match. Mr. TURNER hit uncommonly hard in his contribution of 104. If the bowlers can play such innings, one is inclined to argue, how strong the rest of the team must be. Mr. TURNER is a fast right-handed bowler; his delivery is not so high, nor his demeanour so menacing, as that of Mr. SPOFFORTH, but he has the same arts, the same curves, and occasional slow balls with a deceptive action. It was not easy, on Tuesday, to see much break on his balls from the roof of the pavilion, but there is enough; "'twill serve." Mr. FERRIS is left-handed, with a high delivery, and it appeared to us that his balls occasionally "come in with the arm" from the off to the leg side, and at other times break back very fast off the ground from leg to off. In fact he is a very dangerous bowler, as Mr. TROTT may also be; while Mr. JONES is rapid, and promptly did what was needful for the Surrey tail—no very hard task so early in the season. The learned were inclined to think that, on a fine day at Lord's, Messrs. TURNER and FERRIS would one day find themselves mastered, and that the change bowlers would prove of little avail. MAURICE READ and LOHMANN certainly showed that the chief Australians can be hit to all the boundaries, as is the manner of all bowlers upon the fruitful earth. But they had then been at work for a considerable time. We must remember, also, that on wet wickets Mr. BOYLE was wont to be very useful; and of Mr. TROTT and Mr. JONES it would be rash to hold a contemptuous opinion. Taking their batting and bowling together, Mr. TURNER and Mr. FERRIS appear very good substitutes for Mr. SPOFFORTH and Mr. GIFFEN. Mr. BANNERMAN is batting as successfully as ever; Mr. MCDONNELL has not forgotten his swashing blow; there is Mr. BLACKHAM at his old post, the wicket. It looks like a very strong Australian Eleven, and is perhaps free from some elements of internal dissension. Meanwhile Notts, after her hollow defeat of Sussex, looks very powerful. Perhaps M.C.C. has discovered a useful bowler in DAVIDSON, of Derbyshire. Mr. SIDNEY CHRISTOPHERSON has shown that he can hit, which nobody doubts; and thirty off nine strokes for Kent *v.* M.C.C. is "sharp work"—as Prince BULBO said when he understood that he was to fight a duel with axes for the weapons. But Mr. CHRISTOPHERSON'S bowling at Lord's does not look very much as if he would imperil Australian wickets for the Gentlemen.

Indeed, the Gentlemen this year do not seem at all dangerous antagonists. Last year they had Mr. GRACE, Mr. NEPEAN, Mr. FORSTER, Mr. ROLLER, Mr. BUCKLAND, and Mr. APPLEBY to bowl. It is said that a bowling freshman, not from one of the large schools, has arisen on the Cambridge horizon. He is certainly much needed. Mr. KEY is a tower of strength, and Mr. W. W. READ will doubtless get into practice. But the red and raving eye of imagination, when it glances down the dim future, does not see a very victorious Eleven of the Gentlemen of England.

Perhaps cricketers are not historically minded, and do not care to ascend the stream of time much beyond their own recollections. For others Messrs. SWAN SONNENSCHEIN, LOWREY, & Co. have reprinted, as *Chronicles of Cricket*, old NYREN's delightful book, LILLYWHITE'S *Handbook of Cricket*, and Mr. DENISON'S *Sketches of the Players*, which contains the documents of the early controversy about round-hand bowling. NYREN'S work has long been rare, and, like other rare books, hath a habit of escaping from its owner's custody. It is not every one who, like THOMAS A KEMPIS, can recall his lost books by miracle. Never was a better nor more pleasant book about cricket written, the tone of the Reminiscences is so honest, kindly, and unaffected. Most players know it only by extracts; we advise them all to read it, now it is within everybody's reach, and to play the game in the spirit of SMALL, DAVID HARRIS, and the other manly heroes of Broadhalfpenny. Mr. DENISON'S little book is not so rare but that five shillings will purchase it, or LOVE'S much older Heroick Poem, in the open market. But they do not often appear there, and when you have got them they take to themselves wings, like all things fair and fleet, going where the dead roses go. Consequently the publishers have done well to reprint NYREN, DENISON, and LILLYWHITE; they might reprint LOVE too, and BELDHAM'S "Handbook," which we have never been able to obtain. Moreover, the reminiscences of old cricketers might be collected by a careful editor; a few will appear in the "Badminton" book, but no regular search has been made among veterans of 1825-1845. A very pleasant work is within the reach of diligence and taste. The pictures in the new collection are unpleasantly rude results of some "process" or other, mere blurred shadows of portraits of the tall hat and braces period. In LILLYWHITE'S little treatise are some bold remarks. He bids bowlers try to make the ball "shoot." Except by a very low delivery, which has disadvantages many, "shooters" cannot be produced of set purpose, and they are now very rare except on wild rural grounds, where anything may happen. LILLYWHITE also says, "If you have to bowl at a "batsman who is in the habit of shifting himself before his "wicket, bowl well at his legs *below the knee*, and, upon "hitting them, appeal immediately to the umpire at *your* "*end*, and, if the ball is pitched in a *line with the wicket*, "the umpire will give him out." He also says, "Practise "taking a *short* run to deliver your ball, you will by so "doing save yourself much *unnecessary* fatigue." This is not the advice of a distinguished contemporary authority—at least he recommends a pretty long run to slow bowlers. If the old *Hints by a Wykhamite* and *Felix on the Bat* were also reprinted cricketers would find them entertaining. Perhaps there is room also for a small volume of cricketing poems, though few of them are so good as Mr. PROWSE'S lines on ALFRED MYNN:—

> Said the good old Kentish farmers, with a good old Kentish grin,
> "Why there ain't a man among them as can match our Alfred Mynn."

The new edition of LILLYWHITE does not contain the portraits of Mr. MYNN, Mr. LANGDON, Mr. KYNASTON, and Mr. TAYLOR, but only of the four players, PINCH, BOX, LILLYWHITE (born 1792), and COBBETT. It concludes with advising M.C.C. to check the batters' habit of making "a hole "for placing the foot in, to the no small annoyance of their "successors, and the constant inconvenience of the bowler." A complete Cricketer's Library of Antiquities would go into very little space, and, properly illustrated, would be a pleasant possession.

THE RAILWAY AND CANAL TRAFFIC BILL.

ALTHOUGH the Railway and Canal Traffic Bill is not free from objection in its present form, the amendments which are proposed on behalf of freighters who suppose themselves to have an adverse interest would make it infinitely worse. It will be the duty of the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE to insist on the acceptance of the terms which have been settled by the Government. It happens that in this matter no political party is interested in the protection of the vested rights which are threatened with

partial confiscation. It is not true that in Parliamentary contests the Railway Companies, even when they are, as in this instance, unanimous, possess any considerable power. Almost all freighters and the majority of passengers have votes; while shareholders, though in one sense they are numerous, command comparatively few votes at elections. They cannot even trust to the sympathy and consideration of the professed champions of proprietary rights. Some of their most inveterate antagonists are county members and Conservative country gentlemen. It happened, unluckily for the Railway Companies, that in the exercise of their legal powers they came into collision with landowners and farmers. Some of their adversaries have never understood the merits of the questions in dispute, and many are more or less unconsciously biassed by the demands of their rural constituents. It is not surprising that another section of the House, which is preparing for agitation against all forms of property, should profit by a popular prejudice which is directed against great industrial bodies. It is true that, in their corporate capacity, the Companies may be called powerful and rich. The actual owners of the property are, for the most part, petty capitalists, often dependent for their livelihood on the modest investments made in reliance on the security of Parliamentary engagements. The present measure differs but little from the Bill which passed the House of Lords in the Session of 1877, though one of its most reasonable provisions was this year expunged in the same House on the proposal of Lord JERSEY. It may be hoped that Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH will not consent to the further mutilation of the scheme.

There is no question on which the Companies and their opponents differ more widely than the constitution of the tribunal to which railway disputes are to be referred. In all other kinds of litigation, except where matters of fact are submitted to a jury, or are by consent of parties referred to a non-professional arbitrator, lawyers are exclusively entrusted with the duty of interpreting legal obligations. Those who wish for unbiassed decisions by the most competent authority would place greater confidence in a judge of the High Court than in a Commission including a majority of laymen. There is not the smallest reason to suppose that a judge would be prejudiced in favour of the Companies, and on the other hand their assailants scarcely disguise their hope that lay Commissioners would be disposed to deviate from strict impartiality. The experiment of the existing Commission has been but moderately successful. One legal member out of three has not unfrequently found himself in a minority, when it is not improbable that he may have been in the right. That the Commission has never acquired the confidence of railway administrators is proved by the small number of cases with which it has dealt, yet some of its judgments affect interests of the greatest importance, and involve legal questions of great complication and difficulty. The Commissioners have habitually discouraged appeals, and their judgments would consequently have been final but for the inconvenient remedy of prohibition. By the new Bill the resort to writs of prohibition is abolished, but suitors will have the advantage of raising questions of law before the Court of Appeal. The findings of the Commission on issues of fact will be conclusive, even though the judge may have been outvoted by his colleagues. One of the lay members is to be qualified by his knowledge of trade and manufacture, and another must be familiar with railway business. They would both have been better placed as assessors of the judge. Experts are valuable as witnesses and sometimes as advisers, but they seldom possess judicial aptitude. There would be a great anomaly in the possibility that an eminent judge might be overruled by a retired manufacturer and a former railway manager. In many cases it would be difficult to separate issues of fact from strictly legal questions.

Many of the complainants still hanker after mileage rates, though they may be forced to content themselves with a more or less near approximation to a principle which is intrinsically vicious. The application of the rule would operate as a protective duty in favour of the nearest markets or places of production. No serious attempt will be made on the present occasion to prevent Durham from competing with Staffordshire or Nottinghamshire for the supply of coal to London; but the encouragement which judicious managers have afforded to struggling traders will be represented as a grievance. It is unfortunate that one result of a liberal and comprehensive policy seemed to constitute a preference in favour of certain foreign goods. The irritation which ensued was at the same time natural and unfounded, and it has largely affected current legislation. It is doubtful whether a Railway and Canal Bill would have been introduced but for the supposed preference given to foreign produce when the rates were regulated by competition with the sea. The prohibition of the unpopular practice will cause some loss to certain railways, and it will hamper the business of traders; but the Protectionists will be disappointed, as the low rates will be continued when the traffic is diverted to the sea. The precedent will be used to justify further interference with the discretion of the Companies. The changes in the law which are necessary to prevent the cheap conveyance of imported goods ought to be carefully watched. As in still more important departments of economic legislation, the consumers are not represented, though their interests, for the most part, coincide with those of the carriers who bring the commodities which they require. If they insisted on their rights, schemes for restricting competition would be regarded with suspicion and distaste. The much more objectionable attacks on the property of the Railway Companies unfortunately receive much popular support. It seems useless to remind landowners that they are destined to be the next victims of the advocates of spoliation.

A compulsory reduction of rates might not be wholly advantageous to freighters. Parliament can deprive shareholders of the rights which they have purchased; but it can scarcely compel their directors and managers to continue the unequalled accommodation which English railways have hitherto offered. There will be almost unlimited room for reduction in the speed and number of trains when some of them can no longer be run at a profit. If it is expected that the Companies can be coerced into expenditure, the anticipation will be disappointed. The Board of Trade has frequently declined to relieve railway managers of their responsibilities, and any undertaking of the kind on the part either of the Board or of the Railway Commissioners would involve a transfer of the management of the railway. The present Commission has sometimes received applications for the enforcement of agreements to run trains at specified times in pursuance of formal agreements. A judicial body may enforce a covenant, but it is incapable of regulating traffic from day to day. A diminution of the goods or passenger service could scarcely be denounced as a breach of legal duty. It has never, except in a few cases for special reasons, been the practice of Parliament to prescribe the nature or extent of accommodation to be provided by the Companies. They are almost equally unassailable on the question of undue preference. It is not a little remarkable that they have seldom been even accused of such an offence. The alleged advantage which was supposed to have been conferred on certain foreign goods might have been effectually checked if it had in reality amounted to undue preference. In other cases dissatisfied freighters have often complained rather of the light rates charged to their competitors than of their own excessive burdens. It is quite right that undue preference should be forbidden. The legal meaning of the term is defined by a long series of judicial decisions. The Railway and Canal Traffic Act will not alter the meaning of the words or affect the validity of the rule which now prevails. The law is seldom brought into operation, because railway managers have no predilections.

The new classification of goods and of rates will be necessarily referred by Parliament to an authority somewhat less incompetent than itself. The Board of Trade will have a complicated task to perform. In the whole of the kingdom there are now in force not less than fifty millions of separate rates. On the operation of these the general managers receive constant reports from the members of their staffs, and modifications are incessantly made according to results. A chief rule of railway administration is that traffic shall be charged as much as it will bear. When a rate can be neither raised nor lowered without loss to the Company, it justifies the calculation on which it rests. In the great majority of cases the rate, as it is regulated by practical experience, is below the statutable maximum. The Board of Trade will probably not attempt to destroy the elasticity of the tariff; and, as there has been no question of augmenting the legal charges, it will probably propose in many cases to reduce the legal maximum. The application of an arbitrary limit to the amount of rates will be unjust where it is not inoperative. It would be idle to protest against a Bill in which all political parties are agreed; but it is perhaps not too late to protest against further relaxations of the fundamental doctrines of justice.

A PLEA FOR THE MUZZLE.

LORD CARNARVON raised a useful discussion in the House of Lords last Monday on the subject of hydrophobia. He reminded the House in feeling terms that, since the Committee of Peers presented its report in 1887, one of their colleagues had himself fallen a victim to the disease. The death of Lord DONERAILE, his unavailing recourse to M. PASTEUR, and the consequent doubt thrown upon the soundness of that great experimentalizer's conclusions, were a nine days' wonder, which has long been forgotten by the general public. Lord DONERAILE's social position, and his reputation in Ireland as a sportsman, made his case very conspicuous. But no class is exempt from this terrible plague, and while it continues to exist in England no pains should be spared to stamp it out. The present system, or want of system, is absolutely indefensible. A year or two ago there was a marked increase of mortality from hydrophobia in London. Inquests were held, coroners made strong observations, and it was agreed that, in spite of OUIDA, something must be done. The Commissioner of Metropolitan Police issued his famous muzzling order, which was carried out, with more or less strictness, for several months. The effect was excellent. The death-rate went down, the value of muzzles went up, and the nervous citizen began once more to feel secure. Then, of course, the cry of the canine sentimentalist arose, and prevailed. It was represented as wanton cruelty to muzzle dogs for the sake of protecting themselves as well as mankind from the ravages of a deadly complaint. Sir CHARLES WARREN withdrew the order, and things relapsed into their ancient state. The legal maxim that every dog must be allowed his first bite has been extended so as to give him the practical opportunity as well as the theoretical privilege. The Lords Committee, which took the best medical and scientific evidence, arrived without hesitation at the conclusion that rabies cannot be spontaneously generated in a dog. It must be communicated from another animal, and communicated by means of a bite. This fact not only reduces the question within narrow limits, but also points very plainly to the means of prevention, which in this case would certainly be better than cure, if cure were not unhappily impossible. If muzzling could be enforced with absolute stringency for a very short time, rabies in dogs and hydrophobia in men would cease to exist. They would become as extinct as the sweating sickness and the black death.

Of course, it is not sufficient to make the use of muzzles compulsory in London. The introduction of a single mad dog from the country might destroy the effect of a year's metropolitan muzzling. The law would have to be rigidly applied in every part of the United Kingdom without regard to local pressure or prejudice. The PRESIDENT of the COUNCIL, in his very unsatisfactory reply to Lord CARNARVON, referred to the probable action of County Councils under Mr. RITCHIE'S Bill. But that is not enough. If all the counties in England except one adopted precautions, the one might do more harm than the rest would do good. There is already, as Lord CRANBROOK explained, power under the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act for local authorities to make regulations. Some have made them, many have not. It must be admitted that Lord CRANBROOK'S instances of successful extirpation are too few and too small to be very encouraging. The island of Réunion and a single district of Prussia are all the examples which the researches of the Privy Council can supply. But what the public would like to know is whether, in any circumstances, stringent measures have failed after an appreciable period of trial. The objection of cruelty to the dogs themselves is, as has often been shown, utterly preposterous. A wire muzzle is no more oppressive than a black coat in July, and far less so than a tall hat in August. If an intelligent dog were asked whether he would wear a muzzle or run the risk of catching rabies, there cannot be much doubt what his answer would be. Moreover, as we have said, the infliction, such as it is, would only be temporary. The extirpation of rabies, which would almost certainly follow it, would of course do away with its future necessity. The arguments for the muzzle are even stronger than the arguments for vaccination, being practically undisputed by competent judges. But, if any good is to be done, the Government must act, and must introduce a general measure. Lord CRANBROOK is the mouthpiece of permanent officers at the Privy Council, who are accustomed to regard the functions of a central department as severely restricted. The principle is, as a rule, sound. But there are exceptions to it, and one of them is the rational treatment of a preventible disease. It would even be necessary to stop unmuzzled dogs at the Custom House on their arrival from abroad if assurance is to be made double sure.

MR. BALFOUR AND LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

WE are afraid that the Nonconformist ministers who presented Mr. GLADSTONE with their address of congratulation—or was it condolence?—the other day at the Memorial Hall, have minds not very accessible to any evidence, however powerful, which may tend to impugn the character or proceedings of their hero. Otherwise we might suppose that Mr. BALFOUR'S absolutely crushing reply at Battersea to Mr. GLADSTONE'S speech on the aforesaid occasion would surely make some of them a little uncomfortable. We will, at any rate, ask them—for though we have no sympathy with him that loveth and believeth a lie, we do not like to see a lie believed in by men who are much too respectable to love it—we will ask them, we say, to consider the legend of Mr. GLADSTONE'S political virtue and moral nobility of character by the light, not of any argumentative process, however plausible or even to most other men convincing, but of the following plain, hard, easily verifiable, absolutely unassailable facts. Mr. BALFOUR'S speech occupies nearly three columns of the *Times*. Almost the whole of it—and it does not, so far as we can see, contain a superfluous word—is taken up with the detailed refutation of injurious charges brought by Mr. GLADSTONE against the Irish Executive or its officers; and in every one of these cases, without exception, Mr. BALFOUR shows—on the testimony either of official records or of authorities favourable to the accuser himself, or of eye-witnesses to the facts to which they speak, and whose statements, if incorrect, could be contradicted by hundreds of other spectators—that Mr. GLADSTONE has been guilty of the grossest and most unworthy slander. He has alleged that "lads and poor men" have been imprisoned in Ireland for selling copies of newspapers of the contents of which they were ignorant. The records of their prosecution under the Crimes Act will show that a guilty knowledge was proved against them in every instance. He has alleged that the Crimes Act has been used not against crime, but against legitimate combination. Again, the records will show that the only combinations which have been struck at are conspiracies to boycott and conspiracies to carry out the Plan of Campaign, combinations which Mr. GLADSTONE does not dare to describe as either legal or moral, and the latter of which even Mr. PARNELL declines to defend. Mr. GLADSTONE asserted at the Memorial Hall that the crowd at Mitchelstown were attacked "under a pretence of a riot which was not a riot." A witness so favourable to him as the *Freeman's Journal* states distinctly that the mob "gave a wild exulting cheer, "and burst after the police"; that the rioters who were not really rioters "kicked at least a dozen police helmets "before them like footballs," and that "one poor creature "in uniform, who appeared to be internally injured, was left "to crawl alone to the barracks under a shower of stones "and blows" from the peaceful crowd. Mr. GLADSTONE told the Nonconformist ministers that cavalry were sent by the orders of Colonel TURNER into the courtyard at Ennis to ride down the people assembled there. Colonel TURNER has stated, and no one has ventured to contradict him, that no single cavalry soldier penetrated into the yard at all, and that, of the two soldiers who got as far as the archway, one was a trooper advancing against orders, and the other his officer springing forward to check him. Mr. GLADSTONE denounced the Government for "evading and "nullifying" the power of appeal under the Crimes Act by the "mean, dishonourable, and discreditable trick of pro-"curing cumulative sentences," and declared that, in the solitary instance of such a thing happening in his own time, it happened without the knowledge of Lord SPENCER, Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, or himself. Mr. BALFOUR shows, by a reference to the particular case, that it was impossible that Lord SPENCER, and almost incredible that Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, should have been ignorant of it; and further that cumulative sentences were passed under Mr. GLADSTONE'S administration over and over again. Last, and most monstrous of all, Mr. GLADSTONE has declared that the increase of sentence on appeal is a thing absolutely unheard of before the rule of the present Government. And it appears from a return imprudently applied for by Sir WILFRID LAWSON that an increase of sentence on appeal has occurred in every single year of Mr. GLADSTONE'S two Administrations;

and that, while there is no year in which at least one such increase of sentence has not occurred, there are some years in which the number of such cases has risen to three or four.

Now we do not ask the Nonconformist ministers to recant their Gladstonianism rashly or without consideration. On the contrary, writing as we do on the morrow of Mr. BALFOUR's speech, we would rather that the Nonconformist ministers should reserve judgment till Saturday night. We should prefer this for two reasons—first, because Saturday night is the eve of Sunday; and, secondly, because the delay will give Mr. GLADSTONE time to adopt the course which, if he were the man the Nonconformist ministers take him for, he would decide upon without a moment's hesitation. It might be too much to expect of him to make any *amende* to his Parliamentary opponents, who, he may think, must take their chance of the truth or falsehood of accusations flung across the table of the House of Commons. But the last three of these refuted accusations directly impugn the character and conduct of persons altogether outside the Parliamentary game. The first of them imputes to a resident magistrate and retired military officer a lapse of judgment or a loss of nerve and head which, if it had really occurred, would have been calculated most gravely to discredit his capacity for such duties as he was then engaged in. The second charges the permanent officials in Ireland with having, unknown to and against the wishes of the Ministers whom they served, descended to "a transaction "which should receive the contempt of every honest, nay "almost of every dishonest, man." The third has been made the basis of the vilest insinuations of partiality, subservience, and almost corruption on the part of the Irish County Court judges. Here, then, are three persons, or classes of persons, whom Mr. GLADSTONE has been shown, in one case by uncontradicted evidence, in the other two by evidence on record, and, therefore, incapable of contradiction, to have most cruelly calumniated. If he does not, as we have not the slightest doubt that he will not (for we cannot profess to share Mr. BALFOUR's "curiosity" on that head), express one word of regret for having slandered them, then will the Nonconformist ministers, as persons who, to use Mr. GLADSTONE's own language, profess "to associate political "action with the principles of our holy religion," seriously consider their personal relations to him before going into their chapels to discharge their religious functions to-morrow morning?

It is satisfactory to note in Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's speech at Preston a certain consciousness that there is that in his recent Parliamentary attitude which requires explanation. We shall be excused, perhaps, for treating what he had to say on this point as the most important part of his latest speech. His references to the situation in Ireland were unexceptionable in tone and spirit, and his comparison of the mission of the Duke of NORFOLK with that of Mr. ERRINGTON was particularly effective. Nor do we, at any rate, find much to complain of in his present mode of treating the question of the national defences; and we will even allow some force to his criticism on the particular means adopted for providing Mr. BALFOUR with the Parliamentary assistance he so undoubtedly requires. What we are chiefly concerned with is Lord RANDOLPH's attempted vindication of his speech on Mr. PARNELL's Irish County Government Bill—an attempt which we gladly recognize as a sign of grace, and which we should have been very glad to find adequate. In this important quality, however, it is unfortunately wanting. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has either missed or evaded the real objections to the premature demand for the extension of the local government system of reform to Ireland. It is not the "scandal argument" which he has to meet; and all the illustrations, therefore, which he draws from the London Vestries and the Metropolitan Board of Works are quite beside the question. Of what use is it to cite examples of the "scenes" which occur at London Vestries, or of the scandals which have compromised the reputation of the Metropolitan Board? The real objection to setting up a new system of local government in Ireland is not that it will be administrated by rowdy, corrupt, or incapable bodies, but that it will put power into the hands of a class of men who will use it for purposes hostile to the Imperial Government and the legislative unity of the realm. If Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL could show that Londoners were disloyal before the establishment of Vestries and the Board of Works, and that they then became only noisy and ill behaved, the parallel which he institutes would have something to say for itself. But as he cannot show this, the precedents he appeals to are of no validity at all.

LAW AND POLICE.

THE campaign which was opened some months ago in the columns of this Review against the sale of indecent publications has since been conducted by the police with some success, and continues to produce satisfactory results. It is not perhaps desirable to go further into particulars now that the attention of the authorities has been thoroughly aroused. But the sentence passed by Sir ROBERT FOWLER last Wednesday upon an offender of this description, and the remarks with which he accompanied it, show that the City is not behind the rest of London in putting down a social pest. The Resolution unanimously adopted by the House of Commons, on the motion of Mr. SAMUEL SMITH, proves that, in acting with vigour, the magistrates have, as Sir ROBERT intimated, the general sense of the community at their back. From time to time there arise cases such as that of EDWARD ROWDEN, which are most difficult to deal with in a manner adequate to the occasion. For five years this man, whom charity would assume to be insane, has persecuted with his insolent addresses Miss LANE FOX and her mother, Lady CONYERS. He has been sent to prison, once for six months, once for eighteen. But he no sooner comes out of gaol than he resumes his old habits, and his last performance was to send Lady CONYERS a libellous telegram about her daughter, which was, for obvious reasons, not read in Court. As Mr. GEORGE LEWIS, who appeared for the prosecution, did not ask to have ROWDEN committed on the charge of libel, but only that he should be bound over to keep the peace, Mr. VAUGHAN could do no more than fix the sureties at a high rate. But it seems desirable that by some means or other hardened offenders of this description should be permanently excluded from society, either in an asylum or a penitentiary. The case of ADELAIDE OTWAY, summoned for assaulting her husband, and damaging his hat, affords an amusing comment upon the sentimental sympathy which this lady's wrongs recently excited in certain quarters. Between Mr. and Mrs. OTWAY there is, from a moral point of view, not very much to choose. But, as he seems only anxious to keep the peace, while she is bent upon breaking it, the civil authority is compelled to decide in favour of the less turbulent sinner. Mrs. OTWAY's grievance, upon which the religious musings of the professional sentimentalist have been copiously poured, is that her one conjugal infidelity prevents her from obtaining a judicial separation from her equally unfaithful spouse. The point is a nice one, in SWIFT's sense of that term, and there may be something in the abstract to be said for Mrs. OTWAY's view. But a lady who follows her husband through the streets of London for the purpose of smashing his hat cannot seriously complain that he is not forbidden to associate with her. It is he who wants protection, and not she.

Two cases heard on Tuesday, the one at Marlborough Street, the other at Westminster, illustrate very forcibly the comparative estimate which the law—or at least its administrators—put upon person and property. Mrs. DENIS LEARY went on Monday last to the funeral of her eldest sister. Her husband was angry because she would not go into a public-house on her way home. When they got to their room, he turned out the children, and tried to throw her from the window. Through no fault of his own he failed in his attempt. He then seized a knife, and threatened to cut her throat. At this point, however, he thought of his own neck, and exclaimed, "I won't swing for you; I will kill "you in another way." So he threw her down, jumped upon her, beat her and kicked her, until she became insensible. He had done the same thing before, and had six months for it. When he was arrested, he kicked and bit so that he had to be strapped down, and taken to the station on an ambulance. This brute received from Mr. NEWTON another sentence of six months' hard labour. Precisely the same punishment was inflicted the same day by Mr. D'EYNCOURT upon EDWARD BROWN. EDWARD BROWN's offence was stealing a coat, or rather trying to steal it. A less accomplished thief never stood at the bar. He pleaded guilty, and excused himself on the ground of poverty, the result of illness. Of course that was no excuse. It is a sin to steal a pin, and a crime, which is more in point, to steal a coat. Poor BROWN seems to be a very simple creature. He went into the coffee-room of the Alexandra Hotel and ordered a glass of sherry. He then went into the lobby and took a coat from a peg. It was not his coat, but General KENNEDY's. He might have taken it over his arm without being observed. But he tried to put it on; it did not fit, and the head-waiter detained him. It is impossible to defend BROWN's feeble effort at larceny,

and the waiter showed commendable promptitude in arresting him. Moreover, it appeared that BROWN had once before taken the coat, not of a Major-General, but of a billiard-marker. A month's imprisonment would probably have been sufficient to cure so very timid a rogue of his larcenous propensities. At all events, we cannot help thinking, with all respect for the Service, that MRS. LEARY's life, which must be in great and imminent danger when her husband comes out of prison, is more valuable than General KENNEDY's coat. LEARY, for some inscrutable reason, was tried for assault, instead of for attempt to murder. Penal servitude for life would not have been too much for him any more than for the poor, wretched woman to whom Mr. Justice CHARLES lately awarded that terrible sentence for unspeakable cruelty to a child. Six months for doing your best to kill your wife is, to put it plainly, a scandalous outrage.

FOREIGN IMMIGRATION.

THE question what to do with offensive strangers who arrive from distant parts without visible means of subsistence is becoming a somewhat anxious one in several countries at present. In Canada, even, there is some difficulty about it, and complaints are heard of the paupers who arrive from London with either no trade to work at or with no health to toil at what trade they have. In this case we ourselves are the offenders, but here at home we are in the passive voice. The evidence given before the Lords' Committee on the sweating system touches a great many subjects, and is as yet not exhausted. It may be taken to have proved already, however, that foreign immigration has distinctly aggravated a native evil. The sweater is a production of our own unquestionably, and has been developed by over-population and the unmerciful struggle of trade. Still, he has had improved opportunities since the Polish, Russian, and German Jews have begun to pour into the East End of London. He is able to tighten the screw still further; and the native workman, who suffers from the pressure, is naturally angry. Others than workmen are displeased at the presence of these filthy Jewish gabardines in such numbers. We imagine that the gentleman who learned from the evidence that a vest he had ordered had been "sweated out" in the East to a very low den must have been conscious for a moment of the feeling which children call creepy-crawly. It is certain that some effort to control the evil must be made before long.

For us the question is, however, mainly a police one; and, though not altogether simple or free from complications, is not unmanageable. In Australia it presents itself on a much larger scale, and is very capable of causing trouble between the mother-country and the colony, and very serious trouble indeed between England and China. The Australian Colonies have long complained of the flood of Chinese immigration which pours into them. They have requested the help of HER MAJESTY's Ministers to keep it out, and, not having received any assistance, have acted for themselves. New South Wales has set the example of stopping the entry of any more Chinese. It will almost certainly be found that the other colonies will follow suit, with the resolution Victoria showed when it refused to allow English convicts to be landed at Melbourne. This determination is no matter for blame. The Australians are fighting for their lives, so to speak, and have a perfect right to refuse to be swamped by Chinese. The Chinaman is a very dangerous person in Australia. China, with its swarming population, is close at hand, and could very soon deluge all the colonies with Chinese in excess of the men of English race. Chinamen are not only thrifty and sober, but very clannish, and it is notorious that wherever they go they carry with them the organization of the secret societies, which are capable of giving them the unity of an army. It is not a probable, but is certainly a possible thing, that Australia might have one day to deal with a much more terrible version of the outbreak which nearly ruined Rajah BROOKE's settlement at Sarawak. The Indian Government has always felt bound to keep a keen watch over the Chinese at Singapore. For these reasons, as well as because they bring down the rate of wages, and make life hard for Englishmen, the colonies are justified in excluding the Chinese. But, unfortunately, to this question, as to most others, there are two sides—there is the Chinese as well as the Australian side. If HER MAJESTY's Government has been able to do nothing effectual for New South Wales in this matter one reason may be that for a long time past it has been trying to come to an arrangement with China on a variety of questions of trade, suzerainty, and frontier rights. In most cases we are asking for something from China. Now, how can we demand concessions in the morning and ask the Chinese to agree to exclusion in the afternoon? The morals of that ancient people are dubious, but their diplomatic logic is excellent. We think we can imagine the perfect sweetness and courtesy with which the Chinese Ambassador would receive H. B. M. Minister who came to present the Australian demand. "Your Excellency," he might say, "will perceive the justice of my observation "when I remark that the policy of excluding the outer "barbarian is right or is wrong. Now, if it is right, how "can your Excellency come and ask for leave to be given "to your pushing countrymen to navigate the whole "Canton River, and why have we been lectured because we "objected to have our easy-going old customs disturbed by "your puffing and panting and fussing? If it is wrong, "how can the exalted justice of your Government reconcile "itself to the exclusion of Chinamen from its dominions?" What answer could H. B. M. Minister make? It will, therefore, be seen that, if the colonies persist, the mother-country may find itself burdened with a most unwelcome dispute with a friend who may at a day's notice be vitally important to us in the Far East. Which, again, shows that managing the affairs of the British Empire is not an easy business.

UNIVERSAL ART CRITICISM.

ANNUALLY do the art critics flock to Burlington House and discharge the delicate task of estimating the artistic work of the year *en somme*. Progress is always presumed, and a verdict determined by some standard of average is arrived at. But what is the average? Averages differ according to the experience or ideal of the observer. This year, if we accept the judgment of a new Review, the show at the Royal Academy is uncommonly depressing. Possibly it is. But what is remarkable enough is that the indomitable critic is perfectly ready to indicate the right road of regeneration. Perhaps an assumption of omniscience is becoming in the oracle of a Review that styles itself the *Universal*. It is fitting that he should not fall into the empirical error of diffidence; and, to do Mr. HARRY QUILTER justice, he does not. He knows all about it. He can place an unerring, if not a pulseless, finger on the weak parts of the body artistic, and his diagnosis no man—unless he be a painter—is likely to dispute. Thus much, at least, is due to the frank expression of a really superb confidence. He declares that art never, never can be the "servant of "fashion" or the "handmaid of falsehood," and then he lays about him to prove that art in England is largely subservient to fashion and falsity. Like art itself, his artistic faith is based on essential beauty and truth, qualities of universal and eternal appeal, and, "as I know," says Mr. QUILTER, "based securely." There is much consolation to the weak-kneed devotee in this infallibility. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum* might be Mr. QUILTER's motto, as it is that of the Apollinaris Company. To praise the efforts of good young men of stolid English proclivities, and to be the terror of established artists long ingrained in wicked ways, are the telling points of Mr. QUILTER's programme. Something of the sort has been heard before, and heard by inattentive ears. Nevertheless is it the burden of the old critic and the new Review. But, lest all our younger painters should rejoice prematurely in the strength of their advocate, the elect among them are indicated. These are they who do "quiet serious work," who boast not themselves of a little French education, and do not, from admiring M. CAROLUS-DURAN, learn to sneer at Mr. FRITH. Here be mysteries. Who would not think there was no better way of avoiding the "catch-penny trivialities" of Academic art—the "millinered babies" and "comic "poodles" at which Mr. QUILTER righteously rages—than to acquire *technique* in the Paris schools, and a feeling for style and the serious from the examples of French masters? Alas, no! it leads to paltry sneers at Mr. FRITH's expense, and as patriots first, and lovers of art very much afterwards, the true-born Englishman weeps. Let, then, the graceless youth who admire French art mend their ways, or they will lose much universal patronage.

Now it may be very silly, no doubt, to sneer at Mr. FRITH, who is a painter of varied gifts and great popularity, but what can be said of a survey of this year's Academy which

ignores M. CAROLUS-DURAN and Mr. SOLOMON'S impressive "Niobe," which slights Mr. SARGENT'S "diabolically "clever" portraits, and at the same time hints little but faults in, and hesitates incongruous dislikes of the work of Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, Sir JOHN MILLAIS, and Mr. ALMA TADEMA? There is more compensation, perhaps, in the notion of Mr. ALFRED GILBERT playing CELLINI to M. AUGUSTE RODIN'S MICHAEL ANGELO, and Mr. QUILTER will find he is not singular in thinking it is a dreadful waste of good paint to smear it by the ton or so on an acre of canvas, in order to glorify a Scotch mist or a Scotch cow. All the same, it is hard to see why Mr. COLIN HUNTER should wince, or why Mr. QUILTER, like Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, playing the art critic, should be for cutting down a man's *impasto* merely because he admires Mr. AUMONIER'S excellent landscapes. This way regeneration does not lie. Still less is it to be sought in the awkward pleasantries with which the critic associates the works of Mr. TADEMA and Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON. It may be a universal sort of wit, and it is beyond question abominably vulgar, to say of Mr. TADEMA—who never pretends to be universal—that his picture is "but a WHITELEY kind of "Heliogabalus," and his conception of the incident such as might be expected of "a good decent father of a family who "pays his butcher and baker." It may also be vastly diverting to learn from the President's "Andromache" that the painter's inspiration is not Attic, is not even Greek, is but derived from a "copybook Greece." Of course Mr. QUILTER is at liberty to think all this, backed by the authority of "my classical friend Mr. SACHEVEREL "COKE"; but he might have devised a more excellent and mannerly way of expression. It is the oddest way of improving the public taste. There is a familiar apothegm—good copy-book Greek too—about the easy corruption of good manners of which no apostle in art or society ought to need reminder.

IRELAND.

OPINIONS may differ as to whether Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S analysis of the causes of improvement in Ireland is correct in every detail, but there can be little doubt of the soundness of one of the reasons assigned by him as of the fact itself. The agitation is unquestionably wearing itself out by sheer force of ineffectual effort. This is not to say, of course, that the agitators themselves are exhausted, although it is evident that they have been considerably cowed; but it is becoming daily more difficult for them to work upon the people. The machinery of disorder cannot be kept going at high pressure without a liberal supply of fuel, and it is fuel—the fuel of success, real or apparent—which they now find running so distressingly short. Many weeks have elapsed since the Parnellites have gained even the semblance of a victory, and in the meantime blow after blow has fallen upon them and their cause. The Papal condemnation of the Plan of Campaign, Mr. PARNELL'S practical repudiation of it, the imprisonment of Mr. O'BRIEN, the conviction and exemplary sentence passed upon Mr. DILLON, and, lastly, the judgment of the Irish Court of Exchequer affirming the legality of the increase of sentences on appeal—all these calamities have followed one upon another with almost bewildering rapidity. It is becoming more and more clear that the first and most unexpected has not been the least disconcerting of the series. Mr. O'BRIEN'S attempted bluster about the Pontifical rebuke the other day before an audience containing several priests was very ill received and very promptly protested against by his sacerdotal hearers; and the brave words since used by MICHAEL DAVITT on the subject at a meeting at Liverpool do not amount to much. The persistency with which the agitators harp upon O'CONNELL'S wholly irrelevant declaration that Irish Catholics would take their religion, but not their politics, from Rome, indicates pretty clearly that they dare not face the real difficulty of their position. It is precisely because the recent deliverance of the Holy See is not in political matter; it is precisely because all Irish Catholics are summoned by it to obey the injunctions of the Head of their Church on a point, not of politics, but of morality, and therefore, as they are bound to believe, of religion, that Mr. DILLON and Mr. O'BRIEN and the rest of them are making such desperate efforts to counteract its influence. If the action of LEO XIII. in this matter was really an attempt at political dictation, and was so recognized by the Irish Episcopature and priesthood, it would not be worth the while of lay agitators to notice it at all. It is their alarmed appreciation of the fact that the bishops and clergy recognize this admonition from the Vatican as binding on their consciences, and know it to be their duty to impress it upon their flocks—this it is which makes the Papal Circular the staple of oratory for every Parnellite spouter who professes to despise it.

Nor is it only individual Parnellites who thus display their uneasiness. The entire Nationalist party, or what may fairly be described as such, has just made collective advertisement of its state of mind on the subject at the meeting just held at the Dublin Mansion House. The long and pompous preamble of the resolution adopted by the meeting reduces itself on analysis to the proposition, repeated in many different forms, that HIS HOLINESS has been misled as to the facts. It has already been pointed out by Catholics of authority that it is not permissible to an orthodox member of the Church of Rome to raise the plea at all; but, even if it were legitimate, the grounds on which it is sought to found it are ludicrously weak. The author of the resolution "ventures to affirm" that the allegations of fact which are put forth in the Circular of the Holy Office "could not have been pro-"mulgated under the authority of the Holy Office if state-"ments so prejudicial to the Irish people had been tested "by reference to the prelates of Ireland and the elected "representatives of the Irish people." While they were about it, the resolutionists might as well have "ventured "to affirm" that Archbishop WALSH is not at Rome, or that Monsignor PERSICO had never been to Ireland, or when there had never conferred with any Irish prelate or member of Parliament. It is, of course, perfectly well known, and to none better than those who now allege the "untested" character of the POPE'S conclusions, that the very contrary in the case. It is notorious that HIS HOLINESS proceeded in the matter with the utmost care; that he was unwilling to act except after an investigation of the circumstances on the spot by a specially commissioned inquirer; that this emissary, so far from entering on his mission with any prepossession against the ecclesiastical promoters of the now condemned movement, actually provoked adverse criticism by the closeness of his intercourse with the chief of those persons, Archbishop WALSH; and, finally, that the Papal decree was not pronounced until the ARCHBISHOP had had an opportunity of arguing his case at the Vatican in person. If, after that, the POPE is to be declared wrong in his facts, we do not know how a judge's accuracy is ever to be ensured.

THE SMALL HOLDINGS BILL.

MR. JESSE COLLINGS'S Bill, which was amiably offered by him to the Government, is a fairly good specimen of a class of measure which often turns up in these days. It was, or is (for, thanks to Mr. MUNTZ, it is not dead, but only sleeps), designed to make some indefinite class of persons happy at the public expense and with no loss to anybody. The small proprietor is, and long has been, the object of Mr. JESSE COLLINGS'S care. Let us be understood—not the small proprietor who is, but who is to be. To re-create the yeoman class in defiance of GOLDSMITH and experience is the ambition of the member for the Bordesley Division of Birmingham. This Bill was to effect the object by the usual mixture of compulsion and bribery. A Local Board was (for, after all, we are afraid we must use the past tense) to have the right, first, to make its mind up that small proprietors ought to exist; secondly, to use the rates to bring them into existence; thirdly, to choose the land it wanted and buy it at the market rate; fourthly, to secure its outlay on the land of the small holding. The small holder was to have the right to make a profit out of the holding if he could. Here, we maintain, was a very typical Bill, and its history was not unamusing. Mr. JESSE COLLINGS introduced it with a speech to show that a prosperous yeomanry was an excellent thing, and that various persons of his acquaintance would like to be prosperous yeomen if somebody would supply the capital—which we can quite readily believe. The Government was decidedly civil, and sent forward Mr. LONG to speak for it—Mr. LONG good alike to pass Local Government and kill Small Holdings. The Opposition, with its usual manners

and magnanimity, tried to spill poor Mr. Jesse Collings by the Closure; but the Ministry rallied to his aid and made a House. Then Mr. Muntz came stoutly forward, and, complaining of the hardship of not being allowed to speak, repeated what had been said before till the hand of the clock pointed to half-past five, and the debate stood adjourned till—who knows when?

As for the arguments in the case, it is hardly necessary to examine them until we have first decided whether, as a matter of fact, a peasant proprietary can be made any more than a poet. We have no instance in which it has been made. The small proprietors of France used to be cited as an example to the contrary, but De Tocqueville knocked that common error on the head long ago. As a matter of fact, the French peasantry were owners of the greater part of the soil of the country long before the Revolution, and what the nobles owned were the feudal rights. The peasants profited by the Revolution no doubt, partly because it abolished the servitudes on their land, and partly because it threw a vast quantity of land into the market which they were able to pay for out of their savings. They had been trained to make those savings by centuries of toil and parsimony. Their descendants to this day work harder and live worse than the worst paid agricultural labourer in England. If we are not to reject the evidence of almost all foreign observers, and the nearly unanimous verdict of native writers, this part of the population of France is almost incredibly brutal, sordid, and intent on mere money. Is this what Mr. Collings wishes to see reproduced here? Doubtless not; but it is nearly useless to ask, because Mr. Collings is simply in pursuit of a Chimera bombinans in vacuo, a black tulip, a blue rose, which he will never attain to; never, oh! never. What proves it is precisely this very simple fact—namely, that, if a peasant proprietary would answer in this country, it would exist already. There is abundance of land to be got quite cheap—the owners being only too glad to part with it—and if it can be made to pay, why is it not taken? A private Company to buy land and resell it could work at a profit. If Mr. Broadhurst's soul thirsts for the intellectual and healthy occupation of the small farmer, why does he not acquire a small farm? It would hardly cost as much as a single election. Mr. Broadhurst knows better. He is not ignorant that the small proprietor has to toil late and starve much to make little and even nothing, so he prefers the House of Commons. Other people who know country life seem to be equally wise, and so we have no yeomanry, except in a few places here and there, where habit and family pride (which can be quite as intense in a peasant as in a duke) keeps a small class obstinately toiling and starving on the soil.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL LAWYER.

We do not desire in the brief remarks which we are about to make on the judgment of the Irish Court of Exchequer in Father McFadden's case to reopen the controversy which that decision finally closes. Nor do we intend to dwell in any hostile spirit on the bearing of this particular judicial incident on recent contentions in the House of Commons and on the platform. Common generosity, indeed, would forbid such a course. To dream within a few days of denouncing a particular course of procedure as not only monstrously oppressive but as without precedent in administrative history, and then to find out that during your own administrative career you have yourself created fourteen precedents to the same effect, must be a blow so cruel, even to men who have suffered many such blows of late, that no man of ordinary feeling would add to the distress of the sufferer by taunts. So far as the tender historical consciences of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues are concerned we would prefer to use the judgment of Chief Baron Palles and his brethren as a salve rather than an irritant. We would refer to it, if at all, in this connexion for the sole purpose of showing that the Executive policy which the Opposition denounced in such comic ignorance of the fact that it was their own policy as well is not so wicked as they naturally supposed it to be under the circumstances of their mistake.

Our present object is to draw from it a somewhat wider moral than any which it yields in connexion with Parliamentary attacks and recriminations on the subject of Executive policy. We should like to utilize the important judgment of the Court of Exchequer in the case for the explosion of what we may call the imposture of the constitutional lawyer. We do not say that there is no such thing as a constitutional lawyer, as sceptics have been known to maintain of the international lawyer; but we do say that he is not to be found, in an effective form, within the precincts of the House of Commons, or, we will add, within the sphere of active political life. The constitutional lawyer, in relation to political controversies, means simply the man who invents party reasons for interpreting a disputed question of law. There are more ways than one, of course, in which he may proceed. He may—and this is no doubt the wisest course—affect to deal with the question as one of "dry law," of the strict interpretation of Acts of Parliament or of judicial decisions. Or he may, like the (Parliamentary) constitutional lawyer of our day, rise nobly superior to all such grovelling methods, and, relying solely upon the contents of that expansive bosom in which the "principles of liberty" and "the spirit of the Constitution" are enshrined, pronounce at once, and without either argument or appeal, upon the question whether this or that construction of a question of civil or criminal law is "constitutional" or the reverse. Both these types have been typically illustrated in the recent dispute—the one by Mr. Horwood, the other by *the* constitutional lawyer himself, Sir William Harcourt. Mr. Horwood argued that a sentence could not be increased under the terms of a section "empowering a "Court to confirm, vary, or reverse" the decisions of a lower Court, because the word "vary" came between the words "confirm" and "reverse," and could not therefore import a higher power than that of confirmation itself. Sir William Harcourt did not chop logic in this way, but used the "one "plain argument" that it was unconstitutional to increase sentences, and (ignorant, alas! that he himself had been a patron within the last few years of those distinguished judges) contended that none but a Scroggs or a Jeffreys, anxious to curry favour with the Executive, would add to the original penalty inflicted upon an appellant prisoner. The crowd of correspondents who followed in the wake of these distinguished disputants in the *Times* had each of them an affinity either with one or the other. Either they talked big about the principles of the Constitution, or they split hairs about the interpretation of 14 & 15 Vic. cap. 93, sec. 24. And now the Irish Court of Exchequer, consisting of three judges—L.C. Baron Palles, Baron Dowse, and Mr. Justice Andrews—who are the very last men on the Irish Bench to lean to an oppressive construction of penal statutes, have decided, with almost disdainful expedition, that the appeal in these cases is a "rehearing" (which, indeed, we had to remind Sir William Harcourt and his friends that they insisted on making it), and that in relation to such rehearing, as in relation to any other subject whatever, the word "vary" bears its natural meaning of to alter, and cannot be restrained to the signification of altering in one particular way. In other words, a judicial tribunal has declared the legality of the challenged decision of the County Court judges to be perfectly clear, and has made our "constitu- "tional lawyer" look supremely ridiculous. We hope that the lay public, the next time he essays to teach them, will not forget the figure which he cuts just now.

COPYRIGHT IN AMERICA.

Almost simultaneously with the decision of an English Court (in the *Little Lord Fauntleroy* case), there comes the cheering information that the Senate of the United States has passed the Chace-Breckenridge International Copyright Bill by the solid majority of thirty-five votes to ten. This Bill, introduced into the Senate by Senator Chace, of Rhode Island, is identical with the Bill introduced into the House of Representatives by Mr. Breckenridge, of Kentucky; and there is every reason to believe that the Bill will pass the House as easily as it passed the Senate—if it can be reached this Session. As to this there is great doubt unfortunately. The Appropriation Bills, the Tariff debate, the pressure of an approaching national election—all these, and other causes, may combine to prevent the consideration of the International Copyright Bill. But, if it comes up, it will probably be passed without amendment. The public recommendations of President Cleveland make it certain that, when he receives the Bill from the Senate and the House of Representatives, he will sign it at once, and the United States will have made a beginning in the good work of protecting literary property, even when it is produced by a friendly foreigner.

If the Chace-Breckenridge Bill should become law at this session of Congress, the popular English authors will

enjoy in the United States after July 1st a protection not unlike that now enjoyed in Great Britain by the popular American author. As it is the popular American author only who now benefits by the present British law, so it will be the popular English author only who will benefit by the proposed American law. It must not be forgotten that the English law is in a most unsatisfactory state, and that it is not for English writers to throw stones at the American law. No American book is protected in England unless it is published in England before it is published in America; and it is probably necessary also that the American author shall be under the English flag (say in Canada) at the time of this prior publication. All American books not published first in England are free to pirate; and articles in the *New Princeton Review* have recently shown how freely certain English publishers of the baser sort have availed themselves of this privilege. Under the provisions of the CHACE-BRECKENRIDGE Bill simultaneous publication is required, and also the deposit of two copies of the book, which shall have been composed and printed in the United States. This is a little, but not much, harder than the conditions imposed in Great Britain. Imperfect as the Bill is, it is a great step in advance; it is a recognition of an author's property rights in his own work; it will stop the habit of piracy; it will give stability to the American publishing trade; and it will be a stepping-stone to improvements in the future. For the present, it is the best that can be had. The American Copyright League, organized five years ago by Dr. EDWARD EGGLESTON and Mr. R. W. GILDER, the editor of the *Century Magazine*, and now containing on its rolls nearly every author in America, has been labouring steadfastly for a simple author's copyright, without conditions or formalities. At the suggestion of Dr. EGGLESTON there was organized this winter an American Publishers' League, headed by Mr. W. W. APPLETON and Mr. G. H. PUTNAM. Other Leagues have sprung up throughout the country, notably one in Boston, of which the chief spirit was Mr. ESTES, the publisher. "Authors' Readings" were given in New York and in Washington; meetings were held; articles were written; pamphlets were published; public interest was aroused. Then, on investigation and consultation, it was found that the Typographical Union, one of the most intelligent and powerful of the labour organizations, would oppose the original Bill of the League giving simple author's copyright, but would support cordially a Bill granting copyright on condition of re-manufacture in America. The assistance of the printers was valuable, and the Bill was modified in accordance with their views. As it stands now, it is a compromise measure, advocated by the authors, the publishers, and the printers of America. It was introduced into the Senate by Mr. CHACE, a Republican and a Protectionist, and into the House of Representatives by Mr. BRECKENRIDGE, a Democrat and a Tariff-reformer. As we have said, it may not be reached this Session; but this year or next, sooner or later, this Bill, or one similar to it, will surely become a law. "It is "not by any means the kind of Bill that some of the "earliest and most active friends of international copy-"right would like to see," says the *Evening Post* of New York, which has always been one of the foremost advocates of the movement, "but it has the immense and over-"whelming merit of being an acknowledgment of the right "of foreigners to the enjoyment of literary property on "American soil." This is an exact statement of the condition of affairs. Indeed, the Bill is so very great an improvement on the present lawlessness that it is ungracious to consider its defects, obvious as they are.

BLACKTHORN WINTER.

AN inveterate custom of English conversation, combined with the engaging versatility of the English climate, from which the custom derives both its origin and its vigour, must be our excuse for devoting some specific attention to this branch of the English weather. The angler who visits Devonshire for the first time, before his perceptions become adjusted to the diminutive proportions of the Devonshire trout, will display his basket of troutkins to the landlord of his inn, observing discontentedly that the fish in these rivers seem very small. This, as a bald fact, is beyond the reach of dispute; but mine host will not submit without a struggle to the disparagement of the little creatures which contribute so largely to his receipts. "Yes, sir, they are small," he will reply, with an air of imperfect conviction; "but," he will add, with a certain mysterious significance, "you'll find them very sweet." In similar fashion we may observe, *mutatis mutandis*, of the blackthorn winter that, though small, it is peculiarly bitter. This bitterness is chiefly due to its occurring at such an abominably inconvenient time. As a mere replica of winter on a small scale there is nothing the least original about it, and nothing specially distasteful. Its offensiveness lies rather in the time than in the season. It is true that we ought to be prepared for it, if only by reason of the melancholy regularity with which it recurs; but some hope, the hope which springs eternal in the human heart, tempts us year by year to cherish the fond fancy that we have got rid of the winter by the middle of May.

It seems to be established, as a matter of meteorology, that a spell of cold may always be expected between the 13th and the 20th of May, and with a punctuality worthy of better things it rarely disappoints us. May, as we all know, is the merry month, and this little arctic visitation is admirably calculated to make the Englishman take his merriment with all proper sadness. All sorts and conditions of men are affected by it. The undergraduate (for he too is a man) has been training for the previous three or four weeks with much enthusiasm and a certain amount of abstinence for the "Eights" or the "May Races," as the case may be. During the hot week which constantly ushers in the early days of training, the abstinence has been extremely irksome, but the enthusiasm has carried him through. A little cold weather is not altogether unwelcome to a man whose daily allowance of liquid is suddenly reduced by a half. But when familiarity has reduced this privation to a position of comparative contempt, warm weather does much to alleviate the small miseries of rowing, and to spectator and oarsman alike is of the first importance for the races themselves. This being so, it is a matter of considerable and not entirely silent regret that these sports should take place when the thorn is white with blossom.

This bleak period often comes rather hard upon the angler also. Now the angler is a gentle creature when he is not breaking through hedges, or trampling over hay-fields, or trespassing, or poaching. But, though he is a sort of shorn lamb amongst men, Providence does not invariably temper the wind of the blackthorn winter for him. On the contrary, he too often finds that a balmy north-easter will effectually temper the rise of the May-fly, and keep the trout sulking on the bottom during the two precious days which he has stolen from his work.

Indeed the blackthorn winter is no respecter of persons. Like the gentle rain from heaven (which often accompanies it), it falls alike upon the just and upon the unjust, a reflection which at once recalls some of the livelier associations of the Bank holiday. In the abstract, perhaps, philanthropy may feel a generous regret when the Golden Numbers ordain that Bank holiday shall coincide with blackthorn winter.

Not content, moreover, with plaguing us directly, the blackthorn winter deals us an indirect blow through the vegetable kingdom. The sudden crop of colds, coughs, throats, and so forth, which its genial influence calls into life, disappears and is forgotten when the tardy summer actually comes. But the ruined crop of fruit blossoms, which it often contrives to nip, will preserve its melancholy memories for us right into the autumn. This misplaced confidence in a few early days of treacherous warmth, which commonly proves fatal to the fruit tree, produces an analogous though less deadly effect upon what may be described as human botany. In spite of the doubtful advantages which reason may confer, mankind are still content to copy the lower creation in many important respects. In the matter of clothing we imitate the plant at a respectful distance; and, though we lack its praiseworthy uniformity of flower, we have an irregular flowering season of our own at much the same time. In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns on his tailor's assortment of new patterns. Ladies in their own line do much the same thing—only, of course, more so; and in ladies the gradual process of flowering is more easily observed. To them, as to other flora, the blackthorn winter comes as a malign influence; and, though happily it is not invariably fatal, it produces a curious state of arrested vegetation.

Finally, we may observe that one of the most injured victims of the blackthorn winter is the blackthorn itself. It is hardly necessary, even in this age of "affinities," to remark that there is no connexion whatever between the two, except coincidence in time; and it is really hard on this pretty blossom to be execrated as the last relic of the dying winter, instead of being hailed as the harbinger of the summer which is at hand.

EXTRACT OF AMBROSIA.

THE practice of cheaply reprinting classics is a very excellent one, and one as to which, despite many things recently done, England is far behind France and Germany. Any one at all acquainted with English literature would have no difficulty in reeling off by the score the names of works and authors of interest and merit, sometimes of very great interest and merit, that are unobtainable except by search through the second-hand booksellers' shops, and then only in grubby copies, which do not even appeal to the factitious sympathies of the bibliophile, and are very distinctly repugnant to the simple and natural tastes of the book-lover. But, if there are to be reprints, let them be good of their kind; and this we cannot quite say of a selection from the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* (London: Hamilton Adams & Co. Glasgow: Morrison) which has just appeared and lies before us. In the first place, the publishers have prefixed a "Prefatory Note" which is one of the greatest curiosities of literature in a small way known to us. By what kind of person it can have been written some experience of many kinds of writers and the exercise of brains (which

perhaps too partial friends have considered to be not absolutely sterile) fail altogether to inform us. Whoever he was, the author knew very little about his subject. He does not know that Wilson's taking to the Scotch Bar was not "in accordance with a custom among gentlemen of independent fortune," but because he had lost his fortune; he does not know that the *Noctes*, instead of "beginning to appear in March 1825," only "begin" at that date to be reprinted by Professor Ferrier in the usual edition, and had been going on for years. He thinks that "he was appointed editor of *Blackwood*," which we have Wilson's own positive statement that he never was. But his knowledge, or his want of it, is not so wonderful as his style, to which the "round mouth" of Christopher himself, and not the pinched lips of this ghastly, thin-faced time, would be needed to do justice critically. "And no less," says this wonderful person, "was his genius shown by the production of an English poem for the Newdegate prize of 50*l.*, *in which* he was the successful competitor." "In having studied Scots law, however, it was not with the object of a profession." "The amount of interest their appearance excited has few parallels in Scottish literature, *being read* with extraordinary avidity." "Questions of politics, science, and other affairs that have now passed out from that stage *from which they were* viewed fifty years ago." How can you avidly read an interest? would be a sufficiently interesting question if its interest were not eclipsed by the other, How can a thing be at once on a stage and viewed from that stage?

However, the astonishing thing (which has more the air of a prize parish school essay than of anything else) is only a few pages long and may be skipped. The reprint itself would be welcome *simpliciter* if it merely reproduced in a cheaper form the current edition of Wilson's part of the *Noctes*; and would be welcome, not *simpliciter* at all, but with effusive expressions of gratitude, if it gave the whole series, including those earlier *Noctes* which Ferrier excluded altogether because he was not sure what Wilson wrote in them, and those parts of the later which he excluded as not Wilson's. But it is only a selection of extracts; a fairly full one, comprising more than three hundred good-sized and well-filled pages, but still a selection. And after turning it over we are confirmed in the opinion from which an earlier selection, made, we believe, by the very capable hand of Mr. Skelton, failed to convert us, that the *Noctes* cannot properly be shown in this way. They might, perhaps (though we are not sure even of this), be "sampled" for a generation intolerant of length by giving a few whole nights. But it is part of the merit of the originals that their quips and cranks, their desultory meanderings here and there, all hold together by a certain genuine literary connexion, and that mere scraps, mere *panni*, cannot be torn away without losing half their brilliancy and humour, without, indeed, in some cases becoming nearly unmeaning. Especially is this the case with the more extravagant flights. Even in the original, and when the reader has been put in the right key by the context, such extravaganzas as Tickler's sport with the eagle, pike, and red deer at Dalnacardoch, as the Shepherd's mystical adventure with the Bonassus (obviously turning on some cryptic local and temporary jest which even Ferrier could not or would not explain), and as his adventures in the character of an African lion are rather "steep." Read by themselves we should fear that they are only too likely to confirm the common and almost universal, but most mistaken, idea that the *Noctes* are mere wildernesses of boisterous undergraduate gaiety, with which ladies and gentlemen of a refined age cannot be expected to sympathize.

Still of that charity are we that we always recognize in any such book at least the possibility of its directing to the original some one who would otherwise not have been directed, and for this deed that it may possibly do we would not take the life even of a book prefaced by such a note as that from which we have quoted, devised on a principle which we cannot approve, and subject to the further charges of neglecting chronological order altogether, and of not giving the numbers or dates of the particular *Noctes* extracted from, so that the ignorant may trace the context of each if they desire to do so. We forgive all this—at least as Christians—in consideration of the possibility just referred to, and of the further fact tha it is pleasant to turn over the pages, and even in this jumbled condition to recognize parts of one of the most thoroughly refreshing books that exist anywhere.

For this is what the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* really are to any one who has not the singular and, we think, purely nervous failing of being disgusted by the mere appearance of dialect in a book. We do not pretend to see in this dialect the charms which no doubt it possesses for natives of what Mr. Gladstone (was it not?) somewhat unhappily referred to as "the Land of the Leal." "Might" is not more beautiful to us for being spelt "micht," nor a fool much more comfortably contemptible when he appears as a "fulé." But if it does no particular good (it sometimes does "crisp" a jest a little), it does no harm, and is perfectly intelligible to any tolerably rational and well-read person who knows his Scott (which whosoever knoweth not without doubt he shall perish everlastingly) and is not quite ignorant of his Burns. Then there is the extraordinary variety of the book—a variety which no doubt appears less when it is cut up into extracts in this way, and the loss of which is another argument against the extract system. Compared with the dreary twaddle of which *Friends in Council* set the fashion, and in which a certain number of prigs talk after their kind on set subjects, the lawless vagabundity of the *Noctes*—from painting to politics, from literature to leapfrog—has all the freshness and variety of actual conversation. Perhaps the parts of it of which Wilson would himself have been most proud, the elaborate word-painting and sentiment which he mostly (to atone perhaps for liberties of other kinds) puts into the mouth of the Shepherd, are the least attractive now. But even they have no little charm of their kind, and sometimes rise to eloquence not less artful and a great deal more natural than our post-Ruskinian rhapsodies. A good deal of the by-play, the local colour, the temporary allusions, and so forth, is no doubt uninteresting enough; but it must be remembered that all this can always be skipped when presented *in extenso*, while not unfrequently there are links and stepping-stones in it which it is impossible to include in an extract, and which yet are wanted for the comprehension of the parts extracted. The eating and drinking are both stupendous and terrible, but the present extractor has been wise not to shun them altogether. For only fancy a Barmecide Noctes—Ambrose's without oysters—a kettleless snuggery! Yet there are some who would, they say, prefer them.

The extractor, happily, is not of these, and gives us, for instance, the capital "Dinner in the Forest," from one of the latest *Noctes*, but in one of the earliest extracts. And a very casual selection from the selection will show how much else there is. The curious passage in which Wilson develops his ideas about *Faust*; the description of the eagles' nest in Glen A'an; the apology for pugilism, in which Christopher puts all his own science; the "Defence of Socrates," in which he makes the characteristic mistake of confusing Taylor the Platonist with Taylor of Norwich; the agreeable passage (ending, it is true, with a rather full-flavoured Ambrosianism) on Ganders; the comparison, in an unusually good piece of criticism, of Wordsworth and Cowper; the great Swimming Match out into the North Sea; the exceedingly curious description of Christopher's habits of composition, an odd compound of exact autobiography and wild extravagance; the famous passages on Burke and Hare; the fragment, really profound for the author, on the desire of posthumous fame; a dozen passages at least in the Sporting Jacket vein—but we are getting into a sentence as long as one of Clarendon's, and that only with a few of the comparatively few extracts given here. Let us, therefore, sum up by saying that every one who is not a prig, or a milksop, or, as the *Noctes* would themselves say, a "Sumph," or a superior person, or anything else pestilential, should read the *Noctes*. Let him, if 'twill no better be, dip into this or another extract book first, and then into the wider original. If he, being not one of the above, cannot enjoy them, let him be very sorry and rather humble; if he can, let him not be exalted unduly, but grateful and jocund, as at a permanent and profitable investment. For the *Noctes* make one of those rare books, not by any means always of the first order of literature as literature, to which, when a man has once obtained the key or by good luck inherited a key naturally, he can constantly return for rest, delight, and refreshment. Such books are, we say, rare; they are of very different kinds, and all of them do not fit all cases. But it has been justly said that it is to them, and to them only, that the famous phrase "When a new book appears I read an old one" applies, and that no one who does not practically understand that phrase knows what the real delight of reading is.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

II.

IN our first article on the subject we had to point out what seemed to us the shortcoming of the Academy. It is a pleasanter task to find out what is good in it; and, in spite of its depressing general aspect, there is much. Once accustomed to the prominent rubbish due to the system of hanging and aware of its "habitat," one passes it over, and receives a more agreeable impression of the show. It is but just to speak first of the large figure-pictures, compositions which demand from their authors, in addition to natural gifts of eye, some knowledge of pictorial effect, of the organization of masses of colour on a large scale, of the science of grouping, and of the effects of handling in treatment. We have this year a notable example of the realistically romantic from Mr. Solomon and of the classically decorative from Sir Frederick Leighton. Whilst a great revival of technique on the lines of Velasquez, Hals, Rembrandt, has taken place among Frenchmen, it would be absurd to deny that many of their experiments in treatment have led to bad results. In their large pictures it must be admitted that the Old Masters wisely sacrificed to a decorative ensemble, and the practice of some modern Frenchmen tends to show that the unmodified application of lately discovered realistic formulas to large canvases is rarely successful. In the action of colour on the eye what is true of small is not necessarily true of large quantities of the same stuff. In two or three feet of Corot the eye unconsciously embraces an atmospheric unity of tone. Make a Corot of twenty feet and you would have vast stretches of bald local tint, which at the proper distance would scarcely be strong enough to suggest luminous and vibrating aërial colour. We all know pictures in which the mechanical enlargement of fresh, grey, atmospheric schemes of colour has resulted in dreary wastes of professional French grey. The practice of mechanically enlarging the handling of a "pochade," as well as its areas of colour, often helps to complete the disillusionment. When huge realism succeeds, it is owing first to the choice of a possible subject, then to a tasteful modification of handling, a powerful mixture of the components of tones, and a most careful

attention to the breadth of masses and their effect on each other. It will be seen that, in so far as Mr. Solomon attempts realism, he has set himself a difficult task. The subject is well chosen; the narrowness of the canvas and the upright swing of the fine composition secure a valuable concentration of interest; the light and shadow are divided into effective quantities, and the colour is atmospheric without being weak or slatey. The modelling, too, is good, especially in the prostrate half-nude figure, and if there is any useless prettiness of colour or feeble realization of form, it is in the group of huddled figures on the right. All things considered, "Niobe" (712) may be called the finest of Mr. Solomon's large compositions. The taste of the day still sets towards realism; but it would be a matter of regret if so dignified and complete a picture as Sir Frederick Leighton's "Captive Andromache" (227) should not meet with due appreciation. In the first place, it ought not to be compared with any of the good examples of French realistic art to be found in the gallery. It would be most unfair to look for the mystery of real light, subtle realistic reliefs or romantic envelopment of objects, in a picture which is purely decorative in aim. It is, however, no easier to organize a large scheme of decoration than a large realistic figure subject, and few painters could have done it with such consistent loftiness of style. To obtain this suavity of line, this excellent proportion in the grouping of so many elements, requires both continual study and immense natural faculty. As a draughtsman in line few can compare with Sir Frederick Leighton. Indeed, a little attention will reveal a beauty and refinement of line which alone do much to give this picture its noble unity of effect. The President is not quite an inspired colourist, but in this case his colour is well thought out, broad, and, as a whole, effective. His treatment of drapery is less stringy than usual, and the smoothness of his handling conceals no bad or feeble modelling. We cannot help feeling that the somewhat brown waxiness of colour in one of the foreground groups would be less apparent were the same pigments put on with a freer and more evident touch. Anything like the clever and marked workmanship of Messrs. Carolus-Duran or Sargent would be, of course, out of keeping here; but the soft, sinuous touch which Rubens sometimes put, without any brutality of impasto, on to the top of a thin rubbing, might have strengthened and revived the whole work.

Mr. F. Goodall sends two ambitious canvases, one of vast size, "By the Sea of Galilee" (329), and one of moderate dimensions, "David's Promise to Bathsheba." He is very fond of getting the texture of a tallow candle in his flesh, and perhaps its characterless roundness also influences his views of human anatomy. Mr. Long's "Crown of Justification" (453) is still more wooden and commonplace in form; but the worst picture in the Academy—"Nelson leaving England for the Last Time" (1055)—comes from Mr. Eyre Crowe. And yet it is difficult to refuse that honour to Mr. Laslett J. Pott's "All is Vanity" (1049). As if to show that, however bad an original may be, an imitation is always worse, this painter contrives to get both falser tone and more disagreeable colour than Mr. Pettie, whom he copies. To return to decent work, Mr. J. W. Waterhouse hardly succeeds so well with his out-of-doors subject, "The Lady of Shalott" (500), as he did last year with "Mariamne." The picture is very able, but unfortunately brutal and unromantic in treatment. Compared with many of the foregoing, Mr. Alma Tadema's "Roses of Heliogabalus" (298) is a small work yet it entirely lacks the organization which we admired in "Niobe" and "Captive Andromache." It may be a good thing to hide one's efforts at composition, but not to the extent of incomprehensibility and confusion. Mr. Tadema would seem to have gone on the principle of wall-papering—namely, that the design should be concealed. There is no reason why his picture should not be indefinitely prolonged; no one could tell how often the pattern was repeated. Yet we find buried here admirable studies of heads and still-life picture of marble, metal, furniture, and stuffs, executed with a technical power as astonishing as that of any living man. Mr. Watts's "Dawn" (173) is a stately figure, painted with more certainty than usual, and, though scarcely subtle in colour, it is less spotty than many of his works. Mr. Orchardson, in "Her Mother's Voice" (286), shows his usual art and, we are sorry to say, his usual elements of composition, minus a pink shade to his lamp. Mr. F. Dicksee has put plenty of expression into the figures of "Within the Shadow of the Church" (5). He has drawn them well; his technique, too, especially in the tree and the rose-bush, is efficient of its kind; and the light and shadow are broadly massed; but he has, somehow, failed to put the stamp of reality on his picture. Mr. Marcus Stone is more conscientious this year; he has some good work, especially in the landscape parts of his pictures, "In Love" (236) and the little diploma work "Good Friends" (171). Mr. Seymour Lucas displays little vigour or enthusiasm in the painting of "St. Paul's: the King's Visit to Wren" (648); he produces fair, but commonplace, workmanship, which no one would stop to look at were it not for the subject. The poetry of painting, like the poetry of language, consists in the treatment rather than in the subject. No more than in literature do the mere threadbare facts of a story, of observation, of science, or of morals constitute artistic emotion. The same statement may be made baldly or poetically. If you translate Milton's "Avenge, O Lord!" you have but the text of a common Scotch sermon. Now half the pictures on the line, however loftily their titles may sound, suggest nothing more forcibly than the painted tin and wood of the toyshop, and they are accepted by the public in the same spirit that children accept toys—anything will do for a make-believe provided it has the right name. It must be admitted, on the other hand, that, as it is impossible by teaching to make a man really feel the connexion between sentiment and the resources of style, only too many artists educated in schools of style must learn their mannerism as a formula. Though this may result in pictures that are wearisome when seen in numbers, it tends any way to produce a fair style of decoration for houses, and to provide the great genius, when he comes, with an efficient tool ready to his hand. In "Fish Sale, Polperro" (537), Mr. Mouat Loudan has considerably fallen off. The style he employs was invented many years ago in France to give the taste of actuality by subtle aërial reliefs, to allow the important masses to emerge from the feeble chaos of detail, to make sure that the impression of the artist should strike the spectator more forcibly than the mechanical labours in which he rivals the camera. But, if Mr. Mouat Loudan's values are weak, his planes confused, and his impression non-existent, his picture at least possesses a unity of colour and a tranquillity of tone by far more decorative than the equally flat, still more false, and clamorously garish works of the bad Academician. There is no occasion to mention works similar in style to Mr. Mouat Loudan's, which are no more sound than his. Mr. Stanhope Forbes, in "The Village Philharmonic" (1,143), and Mr. Bramley, in "A Hopeless Dawn" (351), have not done wrong to leave grey effects alone for awhile, and seek some of the mysteries of deeper tone. Mr. Stanhope Forbes's composition, by the way, is more scattered and less effective than Mr. Bramley's. As usual there are plenty of Venetian subjects, of which the newest and most vigorous is perhaps Mr. R. H. Blum's "Venetian Lace Workers" (49). Mr. H. Woods gets a fresh and brilliant daylight in "Saluting the Cardinal" (213), which is far from unpleasant or untrue. Mr. H. S. Tuke, in "Land in Sight" (82), gives the action of the red-haired skipper starting up, his expression, the tint of his hair, the modelling of his face with great refinement and scarcely any trace of mannerism. Mr. Schmalz's "Faithful unto Death" (542), a number of buxom Christian girls waiting for the lions, may be supposed to belong to the modern school of technique. It is, however, perfectly flat, and the crowds in the amphitheatre are made out with a hard and stupid insistence of delineation which takes away all the charm of suggestion. We cannot, however, pass over two finely executed pictures which certainly belong to two different but high orders of technique. Mr. J. L. Gérôme's perfectly elaborated and yet freshly coloured little gem, "Le Barde Noir" (205), is a masterpiece of small cabinet picture finish. The other picture, Mr. A. Aublet's "Turc en Prière" (433), is drawn and modelled with a fine precision and sureness of touch which do much to relieve the dulness of the subject. "A Love Letter" (81), by Mr. F. D. Millet, and "In Time of Peace" (68), by Mr. R. Gemmell Hutchison, are pictures which, although painted with a less obvious style than many, contain an excellent study of expression, good drawing, and a conscientious respect for the real aspect of a scene. Other work, executed with a like sincerity of purpose, as well as further examples of fine handling and educated technique, will be easily found, though we cannot mention them here. Enough has been said of the various sorts of figure-painting; it only remains to say in general that a much higher level of treatment and workmanship is reached in portraiture than in the figure-subject. The better schools of technique still lean on Nature, and will not trust themselves to paint what they cannot actually see. Certainly this is a respectable fear, but it tends to make art dull; and there is no reason why the few who have imagination should stay in the high road with the many simply because it is the fashion. At any rate, as far as style is concerned, the four or five best works in the Academy have yet to be spoken of when we come to deal with the portraiture.

THE OPERA.

In these days, when the natural exhibition of emotion is as a rule the aim of those who interpret character on the stage, the purely conventional performance of opera seems particularly quaint. Operatic singers, with very rare exceptions, have an ideal of their own, which is based strictly on stage-tradition; they carry out the set business of their parts, and are quite contented and happy. As regards Covent Garden, which opened on Monday for a season of Italian opera—or, to speak by the card, opera in Italian—under the management of Mr. Augustus Harris, it may be urged, as an excuse for performers, that the size of the theatre necessitates a certain breadth of treatment, as the delicate effects which would tell on a smaller stage would here be lost; but, admitting this, the fact remains that the representatives of the leading characters of opera only on the rarest occasions show any disposition to think for themselves. They have been taught their parts, where to stand and what to do, and one after another they go through the same routine—a species of drill. Every experienced opera-goer knows precisely what is coming whenever any of the familiar works are put up for performance. Take, for instance, the first scene of *Lucrezia Borgia*, with which composition the season began. The Duke sits at the left-hand side of the table in the very scantily furnished apartment which does duty for a mediæval justice-room. The Duchess sits on the opposite side. Gennaro is led in through a door on the left; the Duchess gives an

exceedingly pronounced start, on seeing which the Duke turns to her with anger and suspicion in his mien. Whoever has seen *Lucrezia Borgia* of recent years has seen all this and the rest which follows; it is always exactly the same; but why should it be so? When managers produce *Hamlet* the tragedy is not invariably presented in precisely the same way. Why does no one think out new, natural, and varied methods of representing opera? Mr. Harris—let justice be done him—has ventured to depart from tradition in one respect. The Duke's room has mats before the door! So far as a long and careful observation of opera goes, we are inclined to venture the opinion that this is the first operatic potentate who ever had mats in his palace. We believe they are quite wrong; and we are not sure about the suits of armour with which the chamber is decorated. Still there is a departure here from set traditions, and we welcome it.

Of course we know what the manager's excuse would be for representing opera according to regulation. There is no time for rehearsal. The same "business" is followed all the world over, so that whether at Madrid, St. Petersburg, or New York, a Lucrezia or a Gennaro, a Leonora or a Manrico, can take up the character and fit it into the various scenes. Reviewers, however, are not specially called upon to study the necessities and conveniences of managers or singers. It is only with the effect of the performance that the critic is concerned, and we think that readers will agree with our protest against following placidly and contentedly year after year the well-trodden ways of operatic tradition. There must always, no doubt, be something artificial about opera; but why not strive to make it as little artificial—that is to say, as natural—as circumstances and conditions permit? There is surely no psychological reason why singers in opera should be very much stupider than those who act without singing?

As for the performance of *Lucrezia Borgia*, there is very little to be said about it. Mme. Fürsch-Madi has a voice, is a well-trained singer, and knows the part as it is taught to its representatives. Very much the same may be said of Signor Ravelli, who was the Gennaro, and of Signor Navarino, the Duke. Mme. Trebelli has remarkable artistic impulse, and is out of sight the best of Maffeo Orsinis. Her voice retains much of its beauty in spite of the long years which have passed since she first made a great reputation. Perhaps there is no more perfect exponent of the Italian school of singing than this French artist. The orchestra was a little coarse at times—instrumentalists are apt to play this easy score somewhat perfunctorily—but better work was done on Tuesday when *Carmen* was given, with Mme. Nordica as the heroine, Miss McIntyre and M. Etienne de Reims as Michaela and Don José. The Carmen was a little disappointing. The character must have attracted Mme. Nordica, or she would not have played it; she has evidently studied it with care, but she was not convincing, and the music does not suit her well. Miss McIntyre is a *débutante* of much promise. She has a very agreeable voice, has been well taught, and, though obviously inexperienced as an actress, displayed feeling and fervour which unmistakably bespeak appreciation of character and strong aptitude for her art. M. Etienne de Reims is a very fair example of his *genre*. He is a very good actor—we are led to mention this first, as it is his most notable distinction. We did not care much for his voice, and he has the defects of the French school; still, as judged by the canons of that school, he is a capable vocalist. Signor Del Puente was the Toreador, and made a moderate success with his song; but the alteration of phrases for the purpose of avoiding the lower notes is destructive to the character of the composition. The minor parts were fairly filled. The chorus is unusually numerous and well chosen. Signor Mancinelli's ability as conductor is universally recognized.

THE JUBILEE STAKES.

THE great Jubilee Stakes at Kempton Park more than holds its ground. When other rich stakes followed it last year, it was prophesied that it would never again excite so much interest. The novelty of such races would, people thought, soon wear off, and the comparative failure of several of them last season seemed to bear out this expectation. The very name of Jubilee, again, had undoubtedly lost some of its freshness, since the stakes of that name had been run for a year ago. Nevertheless, a month before the race the Kempton Park Jubilee Stakes was introduced into the betting-ring, and from that time until the event was over it continued to be a fertile source of speculation. Mr. Vyner's Minting was at once established first favourite, while Thunderstorm was made second favourite at 8 to 1. During the greater part of the month that intervened between the opening of the betting and the race itself, these two horses were alternately first favourites. When Bendigo won this race last year under 9 st. 7 lbs., it was considered a wonderful performance, and Minting was now allotted 7 lbs. more. Ten stone was an enormous weight to carry in a large handicap, and the margin of 4 st. 7 lbs. between the heaviest and lightest weights was very great.

To win a handicap under 9 st. or more is a very exceptional thing. Welter handicaps are, of course, another matter; but in ordinary handicaps the best known instances of victories under such weights are soon enumerated. St. Gatien won the Cesarewitch under 8 st. 12 lbs.; Foxhall and Florence, handicapped at 9 st. and 9 st. 1 lb., won the Cambridgeshire; and Isonomy carried 9 st. 12 lbs. to victory for the Manchester Cup. Five-and-twenty years have elapsed since the Chester Cup was won under 9 st. 4 lbs. by Asteroid, who was thought to have performed an extraordinary feat. Bend Or and Master Kildare won the City and Suburban under 9 st. and 9 st. 2 lbs. The Great Metropolitan Stakes, the Lincolnshire Handicap, the Great Northamptonshire Stakes, the Liverpool Summer Cup, and many other important handicaps, had not been won, for at least a great number of years, under so heavy a burden as 9 st. A great handicap, however, had once been won under 10 st. and more. In 1869 Vespasian won the Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood under 10 st. 4 lbs., as has been pointed out by every sporting writer during the last few days; but he was hardly giving away so much weight to the best of his opponents as Minting was now to give. We only mention these facts to show what a great thing Minting was asked to do when he was handicapped at 10 st. for the Jubilee Stakes at Kempton Park. That his treatment by the handicapper was not considered unfair was shown by his position in the betting-lists, and it was evident that a large number of his backers believed last year's Ascot running between Minting and Bendigo to have been correct. Minting was generally considered to have been a very unlucky horse, and there can be little doubt that he would have won the Derby in an ordinary year. It is true that the same thing was said of The Bard, and well it might, for he was probably quite equal to the average of Derby winners. After all, perhaps Minting was not such a very unlucky horse as he was represented. As a two-year-old he won the Middle Park Plate and other races worth 7,396*l.*; as a three-year-old he won the Grand Prix de Paris of 5,904*l.*; and as a four-year-old he won the Jubilee Cup of 1,495*l.*, at Ascot. He never was beaten by any horse except Ormonde, and with regard to that almost preternatural racehorse he was no more "unlucky" than any other horse may be said to be when inferior to others. On the contrary, we should rather be inclined to say that he was a remarkably lucky horse in having only one superior; and, so far as looks were concerned, many excellent judges preferred him to Ormonde.

Thunderstorm, handicapped at 8 st., was, like his great rival, a five-year-old. His two-year-old career, while respectable enough, had been as nothing in comparison with that of Minting. He won three races as a three-year-old, but his form was then very second, if not third, rate; and as a four-year-old, although he won the same number of races and 1,676*l.* in stakes, he lost eight. His last performance of the season, however, on the 25th of November, at Manchester, was so good as to raise him greatly in public estimation. In the Lincolnshire Handicap, this spring, after starting at 33 to 1, he ran very well under 8 st. 5 lbs., and could probably have finished third if he had not been eased when his jockey found that he could not win. Being a big, heavy-framed horse, he seemed at Lincoln to want time, and it was thought that the interval of nearly a couple of months between the Lincolnshire Handicap and the Kempton Park Jubilee Stakes would make him many pounds better. For some time Tyrone, who ran third to Bendigo for this race last year under 7 st. 9 lbs., and was now to carry only 6 st. 12 lbs., was a strong third favourite, in the face of the fact that he had been unplaced for all the five other races in which he ran last season. Within a week of the race there was a report that something was wrong with him, and he became unsteady in the betting for a time; but at last he was made third favourite. Another heavily-backed horse was Gallinule, a four-year-old to whom we alluded in a former article as having been purchased last autumn for 5,100 guineas by "Mr. Abington," although he had lost every race for which he ran that season; and now he was to carry 8 st. 3 lbs.—a weight at which he might almost be said to have been handicapped rather on his price than on his performances—not a bad method of handicapping either in some instances. Many backers were also found for Lord Calthorpe's Florentino, a four-year-old handicapped at 8 st. It will be remembered that as a two-year-old he won the Middle Park Plate, in which he defeated Enterprise, the subsequent winner of the Two Thousand. In that race he himself ran very badly. At Ascot he won the St. James's Palace Stakes of 1,500*l.* from Timothy, Savile, and others; at Derby he ran "almost the same horse," to use a racing phrase, as Gloriation, the winner of the Cambridgeshire, as he gave him 3 lbs. and ran him to a neck, and in September he was easily beaten by Rêve d'Or for the Great Foal Stakes at Newmarket, on a course about a quarter of a mile beyond his distance. Upon the whole there was a great deal to be said, on public form, for his chances for the Jubilee Stakes. The handicapper had apparently handicapped him with Minting on Gloriation's form with Bendigo in the Cambridgeshire, and he seemed fully justified in so doing. At the start he was second favourite.

The weather was magnificent, and if the dust was disagreeable on the roads, everything was pleasant on the racecourse. A very great improvement had been made in the course itself. It used to be quite straight for about five furlongs, and then it took a very sharp turn to the right, ending with another straight piece. At this sharp turn several horses last year were supposed to have lost their chances, by being shut out or bumped against. The present start is almost where it used to be, but the new course bears at once to the left and continues straight for rather less than half a mile, when it makes a gentle bend to the right; then it goes on straight again for about a furlong and a half, when it makes a second and rather sharper bend, and runs into the old straight finish, just at the place where the dangerous turn used to be.

Nineteen horses came out for the race. Some time was lost in

the parade and preparatory canters. Then there were several failures at the post, and the start took place nearly half an hour after the appointed time. Before they got off, Maxim was badly kicked in the stifle, and went lame for a few moments. When at last the flag fell, The Cobbler, a fine powerful four-year-old with only 6 st. 8 lbs. on his back, sprang off with the lead and made the running almost as fast as his legs could carry him. Maxim was evidently far from disabled, as he was soon going well in the front rank. So also was Minting, for, in spite of his weight, Webb did not keep him in the background in the early part of the race. Gallinule, too, was well forward, and Tyrone, Thunderstorm, and The Baron were in good positions. When they had run a quarter of a mile, The Cobbler was leading by half a dozen lengths from Maxim, Minting, and Gallinule. Thunderstorm and Florentine began to tire before half the course had been traversed, and on approaching the last bend the expensive Gallinule dropped behind Minting. Hitherto Maxim had been a good way in front of Minting, but now the favourite's head was at his quarters. On turning into the straight, The Cobbler was so far ahead of the rest of the field that the cry was raised "They will never be able to catch him," and for a moment the backers of the favourite had apparently some cause for trembling. Maxim and Minting entered the straight side by side, then came Tyrone and Phil, the colt that ran second for the Two Thousand last year, and next followed that celebrated loser of races, Isosceles, who had run twenty-one times without ever winning. Was he now going to break the spell? Then came the second in last year's Derby, but not looking very like running second this time. A quarter of a mile from home, The Cobbler was beginning to show symptoms of fatigue, while Minting was shaking off Maxim. Tyrone at the same time was making a gallant effort, although it was soon clear that he could not quite win. Just below Tattersall's enclosure Webb sent Minting to the front, and it was a grand sight when he sailed past the exhausted Cobbler and dashed up to the winning-post, an easy winner by three lengths. The judge placed Tyrone second and The Cobbler third. Many spectators were under a different impression; but, as the judge's decision is final, nothing more need be said on the subject.

Minting's victory fairly eclipsed that of Bendigo, as has been said over and over again during the past week; but it did more than this. It confirmed his form with Bendigo at Ascot; and when we consider Bendigo's extraordinary performances, not only in the Jubilee Stakes but elsewhere, and necessarily place Minting considerably above him, we not only prove Minting to be one of the best horses that has ever appeared upon the turf, but exalt his conqueror, Ormonde, to a higher pinnacle of greatness than any which he has yet occupied. Even if we admit that Ormonde was as well as he had ever been in his life when he beat Minting by a neck for the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot last year, it cannot be denied that he ran the best horse of the pair. Few, however, would be prepared to make such an admission. At the time Ormonde was unquestionably a roarer, and the infirmity of roaring, even in a slight degree, could scarcely fail to affect a horse over a mile and a half, especially on so tiring a course as that at Ascot. On the other hand, he would be a bold man who would prophesy a more brilliant career for Ormonde than for Minting at the stud. That very roaring which we have urged in Ormonde's favour when estimating his victory over Minting is anything but a point in his favour for breeding purposes; while Minting's wonderful power, bone, and substance combined with the finest characteristics of the thoroughbred horse and devoid of the least lumber or coarseness, render him about the most attractive horse in existence, either on the turf or at the stud. With Birdcatcher at each side of his pedigree—both his great-grandsire, and his great-great-grandam, having been by that horse—two strains of Touchstone in the middle of it, and Melbourne for his dam's grandsire, Minting's blood is surely good enough to please any reasonable breeder.

THE ELECTION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE election of a full member of the Royal Academy in the place of Mr. Pickersgill, who has resigned, took place at the end of last week, and resulted in the promotion of Mr. Hamo Thornycroft from among the Associates. It was generally expected that a painter would be elected, as the customary number of sculptors was already full. It seems, however, to have been felt that Mr. Thornycroft's claims, strengthened as they were on the present occasion by his beautiful statue of "Medea," should no longer be overlooked, and he has had the honour of passing over the heads of twelve Associates senior to himself. He is, if we may trust the compendiums of such information, by several years the youngest of the forty, and we congratulate the Royal Academy with having strengthened its governing body by adding to it so vigorous an artist. It is distinctly to the advantage of art throughout this country that there should be young blood on the Council of the Royal Academy.

We must defer to a later occasion our account of the "Medea" and of such other contributions to the exhibited sculpture of the year as Mr. Thornycroft has made. But we are glad of an opportunity of saying a word about the progress of sculpture in this country. The election of Mr. Thornycroft closely follows on two interesting events—the unfavourable, but inevitable, decision regarding the Chantrey Bequest, and the impassioned praise of sculpture which was the notable point of Sir Frederick Leighton's speech at the Academy banquet. It emphasizes the novel respect with which sculpture is treated in this country. A very few years ago the art received all the kicks and none of the halfpence that were going about. Now it still is sadly in lack of halfpence, but at least it gets no kicks from quarters where kicks would be dishonour. The British nation, and especially the average M.P., is still strangely in the dark as regards all plastic things, and ever will be. But the observant and cultivated part of the public has waked up to the fact that we have in England a school of sculpture which is now one of the most remarkable in Europe, and that certain of our most attractive younger artists are sculptors. Of this conscientious and original school of modellers Mr. Thornycroft is in some sort the leader. He was the first to come to the point; it is he who is still best known to the public; and the fact of his early election to the full honours of the Royal Academy is a proof, no less than the recent election of Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Onslow Ford to be A.R.A.'s, of the recognition of this new kind of sculpture by the official body. We have so often been obliged to desist from sparing the rod in dealing with the Royal Academy that it is a pleasure, as it is bare justice, to say that it has always been very generous in its treatment of sculpture. Nor should the sculptors forget how much they owe to the personal care and enthusiasm of one who is a very distinguished sculptor himself, Sir Frederick Leighton.

ISSUING SHARES AT A DISCOUNT.

A WEEK ago we discussed a decision of the Court of Appeal which had fluttered Stock Exchange and banking circles; to-day we shall call attention to another case in the same Court which concerns a larger class—all, indeed, who are interested in limited liability Companies—for it declares illegal the issue of shares at a discount. Until recently it was commonly supposed that, where the memorandum and articles of association permitted it, a Company could dispose of its shares on any terms it pleased. Lately, however, a decision was given contrary to this view, and the judgment in the Court of Appeal last Thursday, in the case of the Almada and Tirito Company, goes to establish that it is illegal under any circumstances, to issue shares at a discount. The facts of the case are as follows. The Company was in need of money, and in July last resolutions were passed for an increase of capital from 210,000 shares of 1*l.* each to 420,000 shares, also of 1*l.* each, the additional shares being credited with 18*s.* paid up. The new shares were offered to the shareholders in the proportion of one for each old share held, and an agreement was subsequently registered, containing in a schedule the names of the applicants for the shares. Some of those to whom the new shares were allotted desired to cancel the allotments, and they took proceedings to have their names struck off the list. The application was formally decided against the applicants by Mr. Justice Chitty, and was then taken to the Court of Appeal, where the three judges unanimously decided that the application must be complied with, since the Directors had acted *ultra vires* in issuing the shares at one-tenth of their nominal value. It seems to be admitted on all sides that the Directors had acted in good faith. They wanted more money, and were well aware that they could not issue new shares at par. They offered the shares to the old shareholders—that is, to persons who were already interested in the Company and were supposed to know its actual position; and doubtless they believed that, in offering the shares at 2*s.* each, crediting the allottees with them as fully paid up, they were conferring a benefit upon the shareholders. The judges however, in assigning reasons for their decision, declared that, even though the money was required by the Company, yet it was contrary to the Act of 1862 for the Directors to issue shares at a discount. The judgment cannot fail to check a practice which has become a very great abuse ever since the Companies Acts were passed. Respectable Boards of Directors have always refused, indeed, to sell at a discount shares which were offered to the public at par, though under exceptional circumstances even respectable Boards have sometimes issued their shares at a discount when they had previously obtained the consent of the shareholders in general meeting. But unscrupulous Boards have constantly resorted to the practice. They bring out a Company with an excessive capital, well aware that the public will not subscribe for the shares in full; they sell the shares to persons in collusion with them at a very great discount; and these persons, having the means of influencing unwary investors, gradually sell them to widows, spinsters, country clergymen, professional men, and others who are not in a position to obtain accurate information as to the real condition of the Company. It would now appear that unwary investors of this class, had they really known their rights, might have applied to have their names taken off the register, and thus defeated the unscrupulous Company promoters; but, unfortunately, unwary investors are seldom aware of their real rights, while in too many cases they learn the condition of the Companies in which they invest too late to obtain redress.

The decision, as we have just said, will throw obstacles in the way of these unscrupulous promoters and directors; but, unless the payment of excessive commissions is also declared illegal, a way will be found of avoiding the decision. A broker, or a person acting as a broker, may be given so large a commission for placing the shares of a Company that practically the shares will be sold at a considerable discount; but of course every abuse cannot be

reached by a single legal decision, and it is important to have it declared law that the issuing of shares at a discount is illegal. The decision at the same time raises many embarrassing questions, and places several Companies and multitudes of shareholders in a very difficult position. As we have said, it has been until lately almost universally held that shares could be issued at a discount, and in multitudes of cases they have been so issued. From the judgment of the Court of Appeal it now appears that the original allottees of those shares are liable for the amount with which the shares have been credited. In the case, that is to say, in which a pound share is allotted as fully paid up, when in fact the amount paid upon it is only two shillings, the original allottee in case of the winding up of the Company would be liable for the full 18*s*. But what is the position of a purchaser without notice from an original allottee? The share is credited as fully paid, and the purchaser has no notice that it was issued at a discount; indeed, where the issue took place years ago, there are no means of discriminating between those shares which were issued at par and those which were issued at a discount. In what position then, would the purchaser for the current market value of such a share find himself? Could he be called upon, suppose the Company went into liquidation, for the full amount which had not been paid upon the share? It would seem clearly inequitable that he should be held liable, since he had no notice of the way in which the shares were originally allotted, and since, so far as he was concerned, it would be very difficult indeed to distinguish between the shares issued at par and the shares issued at a discount. Yet, if the ruling of the Court of Appeal is to have any practical effect, either the original allottee must be held to be liable, even though he has sold the shares perhaps years ago, or the present holder of the shares must be so held, though he may have had when buying no notice that the shares were issued at a discount, and no means of acquainting himself of the fact. Perhaps it will be found in practice that the question will arise very seldom. The Companies so placed that are wound up and have to make a call upon the shareholders are happily not very numerous. In any case, if it should be found necessary, doubtless Parliament would interfere to prevent hardship, for both the issuing of shares and their acceptance by allottees were in ignorance of the law. Another question of importance raised by this decision is as to the position of contractors and others who consent to accept shares in payment for goods or for services rendered. What is the position of such persons in case of a liquidation? If the shares have been accepted at par we presume no question could be raised, but in the majority of instances we should think that contractors and others would hardly consent to accept shares at par, especially where the Company was newly established, and the probable value of the shares could not be accurately estimated. Suppose, then, that a contractor undertaking work for an industrial company consented to accept part payment in one pound shares with ten shillings credited as paid, could the contractor, if the Company failed, be held liable for ten shillings upon the shares so allotted?

Perhaps, however, the most usual form in which the question would arise regarding shares issued at a discount is that of reorganizati n. A Company has suffered heavy losses which have swept away the greater part of its capital, and it is decided to wind-up the old Company and transfer its business to a new one. The new one may consist of the old shareholders almost exclusively, who consent to pay one or two shillings for the pound share, and are credited with eighteen or nineteen shillings; or the business may really be sold to a new Company, the new shareholders bringing working capital and paying off the debts of the old one, and the old shareholders being granted deferred shares which are credited as fully paid, except as regards sixpence or a shilling or two shillings. In either case there is a large issue of shares at a discount. What is the position of the allottees of those shares? It has been argued that the decision of the Court of Appeal does not apply to the case. The old Company is completely wound up, and its assets and liabilities sold to a new Company, the shareholders in the old Company receiving as purchase-money shares which are credited as fully paid, upon which, however, they are called upon to pay only a fraction of the nominal amount. The holders of these shares, then, seem to be in the position of the holders of vendors' shares. It is a quite common thing, for example, for patentees and others to accept in part-payment of what they have to sell vendor shares, which are credited to them as fully paid, but on which they in fact pay nothing. Whether they pay nothing at all, or whether they pay a shilling or two shillings, it is contended, does not seem to be material, and therefore it is inferred that the decision of the Court of Appeal in the case of the Almada and Tirito Company does not apply. But the question which we are now discussing, it is to be recollected, was not before the Court, and how it would be decided is thereore problematical. Certainly the language of Lord Justice Cotton was wide enough to cover the issue of shares at a discount upon reorganization. Very often, no doubt, these reorganizations are as dishonest as any of the malpractices of unscrupulous promoters and directors; but happily that is not always the case. In very many instances reorganization is rendered necessary by circumstances beyond the control of the Board which proposes it, and it is the only means that can be adopted for preserving a business, which is really sound, but which at the same time never can make any adequate return upon the old capital that has practically been lost. New capital is absolutely required, and yet it would be difficult to induce the old shareholders to part with their property entirely without consideration. If there was a compulsory winding up and a forced sale the property would be entirely wasted. If, on the other hand, the winding up were voluntary, the business could be kept together and might be nursed into a handsome paying concern. The shareholders could be induced to consent to a voluntary winding up only by giving them a chance of at least a contingent profit. It is on this ground that in the *bonâ fide* cases of reorganization the shareholders in the old Company are offered shares issued at a large discount but credited as fully paid, and it would be unfortunate in many instances if such an arrangement were rendered impossible in the future.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

II.

FACING Mr. Hacker's work in the west gallery of the Grosvenor hangs another large picture in high, bright tone, "A Noble Family of Huguenot Refugees shipwrecked on the Suffolk Coast" (30). Mr. W. F. Britten has drawn and modelled his figures with more care than Mr. Hacker, but he has not found so pleasant a scheme of colour or of composition. The wish to show their sufferings has led him to give these people most wretchedly dirty flesh tints. The sunshine, if there is any, would give their skin at least some unity of effect. However, though we see shadows on the ground, we see no sign of sunlight on the figures. He might, also, have displayed more ingenuity in adapting the arrangement of the waves to the composition; his lines of foam are hard, stiff, and undecorative. He has fallen, in fact, into the wrong kind of realism, the realism of storytelling and illustrative incident, instead of the realism of effect. In his large "Smugglers" (59) Mr. John R. Reid takes an ordinary subject from the most frequented pastures of realism, and lavishes on it all the decorative bravura which the Old Masters reserved for scenes too rich or too imaginative for common treatment. It is curious to see an everyday open-air village incident, ragged figures, the familiar fisherman and peasant girl, street stalls, and shop windows, treated with all the pomp and extravagance of colour which only the richest stuffs, the grandest composition, and the most heroic subjects can justify. This violence, unfortunately, bears no relation to the scene, and instead of elucidating, buries it in a scheme of contradictory decoration. It is painted in first-rate imitation of the grand style of accessories in some great picture by Rubens or Veronese; but then where is the picture? A great artist like Vollon understands the scope of his tastes and talents, and frankly gives you his still-life without surrounding it with the "repoussoir" of an incongruous and pretended account of a story. Mr. Reid was right to abandon realistic treatment; it is dull if not done with more subtlety of observation than he could bring to bear on it. Will he not also abandon the pretence of realistic stories and subjects? When not true the matter of realism is still duller than the manner, and can only hamper a man with his fine and genuine feeling for colours, stuffs, textures, and brushwork. Mr. Jacomb Hood in his "Triumph of Spring" (170) has taken perhaps the best and sanest view of the task imposed by a large canvas. He has found a telling division and grouping of colours and figures, light and shade. His picture is high and bright in tone, and neither black nor weak. In a few places he has a little overcharged the realism of details, but in large questions he has decided rightly as to the amount of obviousness with which truth may be presented in an imaginative work. Amongst other notable figure-pictures of smaller size we may mention the "Piazza d'Erbe, Verona" (118), of Professor Menzel, a sort of first-class *Graphic* illustration, full of action, character, and lively grouping; but, as a picture, sadly in need of the unity of effect which could be given by a few broad touches of light in the foreground; Mr. E. M. Hale's "In the Temple Gardens" (175), an effect of light sincerely observed and painted in good value, though somewhat hardly; Mr. W. E. Lockhart's "Pompeiian Picture" (44), excellent in the expressions of the faces and the attitudes, and coloured with a regard for truth, if with a somewhat disagreeable coldness; Mr. C. N. Kennedy's pleasantly-toned canvas, "The Mermaid" (20); Mr. Kennington's meaningless but well-drawn "Water Nymph" (47), and "A Song without Words" (1), a harmoniously coloured small canvas which does something to justify Mr. Pettie's reputation. Mr. G. D. Leslie has set his figure "Rosebuds" (90) against an open-air background, just as Mr. Clausen has set his "Ploughboy." Note the conventional wire of laky red with which the Academician makes a mouth, his flesh stippled in hot colours, his sienna shadows, and his spotty background, and then turn to the work of the young man who is ruined by imbibing the principles of French technique. We have said something of Mr. Clausen's picture in a previous article; we will do no more than point to the subtle modelling of the mouth and eyes, the truly aërial way in which the boy's head, hand, clothes, and whip are relieved from the background, and the elegant but properly subordinated treatment of the landscape itself. Mr. Leslie is not an unfair example; he draws better and feels things more genuinely than half of the Academicians. A true regard for the art of the country should lead us to welcome an improvement in technique from wherever it may spring. Let us have no false patriotism in art; it does not matter where good technique can be best learnt at present; it was, at any rate, invented centuries ago, and neither in France nor England. Amongst portraits we

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have specimens of the work of Sir J. Millais, Mr. Holl, Mr. Herkomer, and Mr. Richmond, which call for no special remark. Less easily seen, "His Honour Judge Collier" (61), a rather dry portrait by Mr. John Collier, is perhaps the most firm and decided piece of modelling in the gallery. Sounder form than usual underlies Mr. J. J. Shannon's dashing style in "Henry Vigne" (151). Other good portraits are Mr. Solomon's easy and clever, but not very refined, "Rev. Dr. Löwy" (180); Mr. T. Graham's very sympathetic and expressively touched "W. Q. Orchardson, Esq., R.A." (85); 173, by Mr. T. Benham, which seems in its lofty position a finely modelled head; and a fresh, lively-looking work—"Mrs. Monckton" (144)—from Mr. Stuart-Wortley.

In landscape from Mr. W. J. Hennessey comes "Spring" (181), most fairylike in the delicacy of its brilliant tone, in the silvery softness of its sky and apple-blossoms, and in its exquisite but logical mystery of air, which leads you from trunk to trunk into the depths of an enchantingly suggestive distance; from Mr. Mark Fisher, "Winter Fare" (165), a study of naked trees, sheep, and distance, in which a free and beautiful manner conceals so much form and value that the work may serve as an eternal protest against niggling; from Mr. A. Lemon "A Breezy Day" (189), a romantic-looking place, treated with romantic breadth and nobility of style; from Mr. Edwin Ellis a bold and majestic chalk promontory, "Full Summer, Flambro'," with a splendid breadth of foreground and a blue sky which would be none the worse for being a little more atmospheric, and from Mr. Leslie Thomson a dark rich "Moonrise" (48), and two lovely little compositions, "Essex" (301) and "Morning" (283). These are perhaps the best; but, in addition, Mr. A. Stokes has given us a well-drawn and atmospheric study of pines in "When the Bracken rusted on the Marge" (32); Mr. Rattray a fine sky in "When the Wavelets kiss the Pebbly Shore" (42); Mr. J. Aumonier an admirably harmonious scheme of colour in "Silver Night" (6); Mr. Henry Simpson a fresh, bold, and true account of "A Winter's Day, Morocco" (28), in which the difficult values of a southern middle distance are by no means scamped; and Mr. J. E. Christie a very graceful representation of a girl in a boat, "The Old Boat House" (55). We have not space to give a detailed account of good work by Messrs. Napier Hemy, Alfred East, Anderson Hague, Henry Moore, F. Hind, Hugh Wilkinson, J. H. Snell, W. E. Norton, and several others.

DRAMATIC RECORD.

MRS. BERNARD-BEERE'S Peg Woffington, which she is playing for a series of matinées at the Opera Comique, shows a distinct improvement on her previous assumption of this interesting and effective character. Unfortunately, however, the very nature of the part enables her to indulge in all those restless and fidgety habits which go so far to spoil what otherwise would be so charming in her acting. She is so well endowed by nature with exceptional gifts that we are surprised to find her persistently neglecting one of the greatest of all histrionic arts—repose. Her sense of humour was well displayed throughout in *Masks and Faces*, and it would be difficult to dance the famous jig with greater spirit. In every detail of the scenes with Triplet and his hungry family Mrs. Bernard-Beere was excellent, and the Triplet of Mr. Neville is a very natural and effective piece of acting. He carefully avoids the "cant" in which most actors who play this particular part usually think fit to indulge, and is manly and interesting, even if he is hungry and generally "grubby." Miss Kate Vaughan was a bewitching Mabel, and was notably excellent in the scene in which she forces the jealous Peg to yield to her persuasions. There is not much to be said for the Sir Charles Pomander of M. Marius; but Messrs. D. Denison and William Farren, jun., were capital, especially in the last two acts. Mr. William Herbert was a refined and sympathetic Vane.

That most affected of plays, *The Lady of Lyons*, was given on Tuesday afternoon at the Olympic, with a view of introducing Miss Annie Rose (Mrs. Horace Nevill) in the part of Pauline Deschapelles. She has evidently placed herself under very able tuition, and if her Pauline was far from perfect, it was in many ways admirable. Her voice was soft and melodious, and her elocution distinct and varied. She moves with ease and grace, and has acquired a very rare art among English actresses, that of repose. She, at least, can stand still in an easy and dignified attitude, and her general knowledge of technique is excellent. In the earlier scenes she manifested the possession of unusually poetic feeling, but the two scenes in the cottage were beyond her strength, and her enunciation became a trifle monotonous. Mrs. Nevill had the good sense to surround herself with a capable company. Mr. Forbes Robertson made a decidedly good Claude Melnotte. Mr. Fernandez vulgarized Damas, and there is nothing to be said in favour of the impersonators of M. or Mme. Deschapelles. A word of praise, however, is due to the pleasant Widow Melnotte of Mrs. H. Leigh.

A special matinée was held on Wednesday at the Criterion for the production of two new plays by Mr. J. H. Campbell. In *The Viper on the Hearth* the author has endeavoured to tell in one act the story of a girl who treacherously intercepts the love-letters of her friend and rival. Inasmuch as her [illegible] affect the happiness of [illegible] persons, and the interests of [illegible], who are all introduced into the play as leading characters, the limits of the piece do not admit of an adequate explanation of the plot. The confusion is made more irritating by the stilted dialogue, which is altogether too melodramatic for a piece of this kind. *The Deputy*, a three-act farcical comedy, might, on the other hand, be compressed into one act. Mr. Campbell has followed the lines of *A Man with Three Wives* and other plays of the same kind with which Criterion audiences are familiar. He entirely lacks, however, the skill to create a humorous dramatic situation, and his conception of appropriate dialogue is not more happy than when he is handling a pathetic subject. Both plays were exceptionally well acted and mounted, but it cannot be said that they justified their production.

TWO EXHIBITIONS.

THE Italian Exhibition, of which we have heard a great deal during the past few months, and which owes its origin entirely to the initiative and energy of an Englishman, Mr. J. R. Whitley, was opened on Saturday afternoon last by the Lord Mayor in State. Although far from complete, the Exhibition is even now extremely interesting in every department. The picture galleries are magnificent, and contain many works of exceptional merit, and very few which are entirely bad. The prevailing tone, as a rule, is high, and some of the pictures speak well for the progress which Italy has made in art since the completion of her unity in 1870. The immense works representing subjects in Roman and Sicilian history by Signor Sciuti, which fill one room, are likely to attract considerable attention. They are very fine, and are painted with a power and a brilliance of colour which, unfortunately, is almost unknown amongst our own artists, and notwithstanding their huge proportions they do not offend, a defect so frequently found in works of art of such unusual magnitude. There is certainly enough to see in these picture galleries for several days, and whilst we think that the Italian artists might take a lesson from our own in carefulness of finish, there is no question but that they in their turn can teach us a great deal. The portraits, however, we noticed in our somewhat casual visit are, as a rule, inferior. In the statue gallery the most remarkable group sent is Monteverde's of Jenner vaccinating a child. This is singularly powerful. The exhibits, which number nearly three thousand, have been very well classified by Mr. Whitley so as to represent the various provinces, and the decorations of the building are in good taste and unpretentious. The carved furniture, glass, wrought-iron, bronze, and other articles of a like description have never been surpassed at any previous exhibition. The furniture strikes us as being not only handsomely ornamented, but admirably finished. The most remarkable feature in all these objects for the embellishment of the house is the originality of their designs. The specimens of Venetian lace sent are magnificent, and the silks and brocades are quite up to the mark of the many specimens we still possess of those for which Italy was celebrated in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In short, many pleasant hours and even days can be passed in this Exhibition with profit; there is so much to see that is of value and interest.

The gardens have been beautifully decorated, so as to recall somewhat vaguely perhaps those which are so common in Italy, in which architecture takes up quite as much space as horticulture. There is a large panorama of the Roman Forum, by Signor Liverani, which would be all the more realistic if he were to darken the shadows, so as to make its architectural features stand out in bolder relief. As we see it now it appears a little flat. The switchback runs through snow-capped Alps, and beneath one of the rustic bridges there is an excellent representation of the "Blue Grotto" at Capri. The large theatre will not be opened for another fortnight, and then the marionettes and fantoccini will doubtless delight the multitude. The immense section to be devoted to what are called comestibles, groceries, wines, candles, &c., is the least advanced part of the Exhibition; but in a few days, like the rest of the building, it will be in perfect order. Messrs. Bertram & Roberts have made arrangements with certain Italian cooks of note, who will ere long arrive, and who will prepare for us "Maccheroni alla Napolitana" and "Risotto alla Milanese," and other national dishes, and these we shall be able to wash down with Chianti, Falerno, Lacryma Christi, or sparkling Asti. We hear nothing definite relative to the arena, where Buffalo Bill and his Indian friends disported themselves last year. Surely it will soon open its portals for some entertainment or other which shall recall the pastimes of Italy in days gone by, and for which this vast amphitheatre is so well suited? At night the Italian Exhibition gardens, which are charmingly illuminated and made gay with music—including, by the way, a clever troupe of Neapolitan singers—will form one of the most attractive lounges of a season which threatens otherwise to be one of the dullest on record.

To celebrate the Silver Wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and with a view of assisting Her Royal Highness in her endeavours to suitably endow the British Home for Incurables at Clapham—a charity which is associated with her name, since it was the first to which she gave her patronage a few weeks after her arrival in England twenty-five years ago—an Exhibition, called the Anglo-Danish, has been opened in the gardens of the Horticultural Society at South Kensington. The inaugural ceremony was performed by the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by several members of the Royal Family, and, thanks to the energy of Mr. A. J. [illegible] and others, it was made truly impressive. It took place in the Albert Hall, and

Mme. Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home," and Mlle. Otta Bronnum, a Danish young lady, who wore the Amager costume, sang a very pretty national song, the words of which are by Hans Christian Andersen. She has a peculiar Northern voice, with exceptionally sweet high notes. The Exhibition itself is arranged in the quadrants which surround the gardens, and is not of great importance, and is chiefly remarkable for the paucity of Danish objects it contains. There is, however, an excellent gallery of Danish pictures, to which we shall return on a future occasion. In the gardens there is a Danish village, said to be an exact reproduction of Amager, which is picturesque and well contrived. There is a switchback railway, too, which runs through very high mountains of canvas, above whose snowy peaks the "cloud-capped towers" of the Natural History Museum appear as imposingly as if in a vision by Martin. A toboggan slide, a representation of Ophelia's well, recently discovered by that venturesome traveller, Sarah Bernhardt, and Hamlet's grave, are also objects worthy of visitation. We must not forget the theatre, which has been built of pinewood, possibly imported from Denmark, in the Court so long associated with China, and which alone of all the aggregation of buildings which formed the bygone exhibitions remains intact. Here some exquisitely grouped *tableaux vivants*, representing scenes from Hans Christian Andersen's stories, have been arranged by Mr. Savile Clarke, who, as all the world knows, is a past master in the art of organizing entertainments of this kind. These will prove one of the chief attractions of an exhibition which, after all, is but a charming disguise assumed by charity to assist one of the most amiable of Princesses in furthering a good work.

STAGE SCIENCE.

VI.

THE art of "making up" for the stage is much more difficult to acquire than most people imagine, and it is also one which as a rule is, unfortunately, very little understood in this country. English actors usually paint their faces very carelessly, indeed coarsely, and the present general use of grease-paint, or *crayon gras*, is detrimental, if not to the health, certainly to the acting itself. Mlle. Clairon, the famous French actress of the last century, makes the following observations in her well-known but little-read *Mémoires* :—"I was always of opinion," says she, "that the less paint or powder an actor or actress employs the better. Some of our histrions cover their faces with preparations of grease so thickly that it is impossible for them to give expression to the more subtle emotions. How can they do so when all the lines of their faces are filled up with oily paste? For my part, I never used when acting anything but a little *poudre de riz*, rouge when necessary, and burnt cork mixed with *crème de Ninon* [evidently a preparation of cold cream of the eighteenth century and so called], with which to darken my eyebrows and eye-lashes; otherwise, no actress of my time used less of those numerous preparations which are now so greatly abused upon our stage." The chief result of this scant acquaintance with the materials which over-fill the "make-up" box was possibly the celebrity Mlle. Clairon obtained as being an actress of singularly subtle expression. The skin of her face, not being clogged with grease and other cosmetics, remained flexible, and she was able to display a variety of delicate shades of emotion which those actors whose faces are concealed by a mask can never hope to express. To come to another instance nearer our own time, Mlle. Rachel, it is a well-known fact that this transcendent actress scarcely used powder or paint at all. She darkened her eyebrows and eye-lashes, and that was about all; but her skin was naturally sallow, and looked deathly white by gaslight. When she wished to appear particularly haggard, she was wont to take burnt cork and rub a little of it softly into the hollows of her cheeks and temples. Of course, in many characters it is absolutely necessary for an artist to use the *fard* or grease—as, for instance, when playing such parts as Othello, Aïda, or Azucena—but even in these it should be used sparingly, and the greatest care taken to efface the shiny look it often produces. When *The Winter's Tale* was recently revived, one of the principal actors rendered himself ridiculous by neglecting to tone down the "gloss," and the consequence was that he shone, as was impertinently remarked rather loudly by an occupant of the gallery, like a novel kind of fly-catcher. Men have undoubtedly to "make up" a great deal more than women, who usually play young characters, whereas it very often occurs that a young man has to impersonate an old one, and not unfrequently *vice versâ*. The great Frédérick took many hours to "make up" his face. It is recorded of him that he would take a picture of the part he was to play with him into his dressing-room as early as two o'clock in the afternoon, and not finish his preparations until it was time for the curtain to rise. In one of his most celebrated impersonations, that of Warner in *Trente Ans*, his make-up was so astonishing that Charles Dickens tells us, in one of his letters, that it absolutely amazed him to see how gradually he appeared to grow older and older until the last act arrived, in which the prematurely aged gambler meets his horrible fate. But Frédérick was so extremely careful that even at a distance of two yards it would have been difficult to detect the paint and other accessories with which he transformed himself from a young to an old man. Another great artist who devoted much time to disguising her face was Mme. Ristori, whose regular features enabled her to assume with extraordinary success an idealized likeness to the heroic and historical personages whose parts she generally acted. Nothing could exceed the minute care and delicacy with which she worked to make herself strikingly like Mary Stuart, for instance. Seated in front of a looking-glass, with all her boxes of powders and pastes and her brushes systematically arranged on the toilet-table, she would literally copy upon her own face all the lines which she saw in a fine picture of Mary Stuart which was placed close by her. Her most striking "make-up," however, was that of Elizabeth. She had purchased, at great expense, when in England, several excellent original pictures of Queen Bess, taken at various periods of her life, and also a great number of engravings, and when she played Giacometti's tragedy, she had all her pictures with her, and between the acts, with surprising rapidity, painted according to them, so that the spectators saw her grow old from act to act, and in the last scene, in which she died, her reproduction on her own face and figure of the ravages of remorse was quite appalling. "It is so important," Mme. Ristori once remarked, "for an actress to be careful in this matter. I have seen a fine situation destroyed by the slovenly way in which a wig has been put on, the joint across the forehead being so perceptible as to completely destroy all illusion. I remember once assisting at the performance of one of the greatest actresses of our time, who was, however, very negligent of her 'make-up.' She was playing *La Dame aux Camélias*, and, notwithstanding all her genius, spoilt all the pathos of her part because she had forgotten to take the rouge off; so that she looked quite blooming to the end of the piece." But Mme. Ristori perhaps carried her talent for "making up" occasionally a little too far, for in the last scene of Elizabeth she used to blacken her teeth by means of pieces of sticking plaster, which, although realistic, was horribly ghastly. The late Miss Charlotte Cushman's Meg Merrilies was another instance of perfect "make-up." This lady was frequently engaged the entire afternoon in preparing herself for her evening triumph. She had a very clever theory that, in order to appear old upon the stage, the wisest thing was to carefully study the lines indicated by nature on one's face, which, she very rightly remarked, time would deepen only too soon. Anybody older than twenty-five may see in a looking-glass a number of lines and wrinkles which will deepen imperceptibly as time goes on. If they frown or pretend to cry, these will be emphasized at once. It is into these that the darkening material should be introduced with great skill and care if a realistic picture of age is to be produced. Most actors paint lines to indicate age quite independently of those which nature traces day by day in every human countenance, and a double set of wrinkles is frequently the unsatisfactory result. Three contemporary actors deserve the greatest credit for their exceptionally careful study of the art of making up—Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Brookfield, and Mr. Beerbohm Tree. They at least take care that even the strongest opera-glass shall not destroy the illusion they intend to create. Many of our best actresses paint most carelessly. They usually redden their lips with a hideous cherry paste, which often looks quite revolting. The white is put on carelessly, so that the natural colour of the flesh is left behind the ears, and they rouge either too much or too little. The black about the eyes is put on so thickly as at times to quite clog the eyelids and to kill all expression, save that of the idiotic stare of an ill-made waxwork. Without entering into further particulars, we will make one concluding observation, and it is, that the artist would do well if he were, when "made up," to ask some friend to carefully see that the audience has not a chance of detecting where the "make-up" begins and ends, and, above all, that there is no crease above the forehead where the join of the wig can be seen, as was recently the case with M. Coquelin when he played in *La Joie fait Peur*, a piece of negligence on the part of so great an actor which can only be accounted for by some untoward circumstance. With regard to costume, this is a subject which all artists ought to study much more minutely than they do. There are innumerable books on costume, of which possibly the best are Planché's, and the more recent work by Racinet; but even these are not sufficient, and a clever artist will discover in the works of the old masters many valuable hints for costumes of past times. The paintings of the early Italian school, from Fra Angelico to Pinturicchio (so admirably reproduced by the Arundel Society), will enable him to select costumes of infinite beauty, grace, and distinction of colour of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; and in the curious pictures of Botticelli he will find endless hints for effects which are ignored by the ordinary costumier, who is apt to have very broad and general notions of costume, usually derived from vulgar fashion-plates. The pictures of Holbein, Titian, Paul Veronese, and the other masters of the sixteenth century will suggest, not only beautiful patterns, but splendid designs. And for that very picturesque period which has been so much neglected by the stage, and which is known among artists as the "Vandyke," the paintings of this great master, especially the earlier ones executed in Genoa, will afford admirable models; and so will the delightful prints of Holler, most of which have been reproduced, or the originals of which, together with endless others, are to be found in the Print-room of the British Museum. As we have said in a previous article, it is not for the costumier to select the dress, but for the real artist to dictate to the tradesman what materials he should choose and how they should be "made up."

RICHTER CONCERTS.

DR. RICHTER has been induced this season, in consideration of the weakness of British flesh, to change the hours at which his concerts begin from eight to half-past eight. This having been conceded, it is painful and humiliating to have to record the fact that the first number in the programme is still as heretofore regarded by the audience as a sort of voluntary—an aptly furnished excuse for the exchange of friendly converse, and an appropriate stimulant for persons with jaded nervous systems, kindly provided to enable them to cope with the stowage of their hats and shawls. Such an attitude on the part of a large audience is irritating enough when the "Kaiser Marsch" is played, but becomes simply unendurable at a concert opening with the *Egmont* Overture. Of the "Kaiser Marsch," broadly regarded as a composition, we can say nothing differing from our already expressed opinion; but it was invested with majesty and pathos by Dr. Richter's wonderful handling of it on May 7th, when the present season of these concerts was opened. We have more than once had to complain during former seasons of this great conductor's leaning towards the adoption of *tempi* of a dangerous and excessive speed. It is probably owing to a more perfect reliance upon his orchestra that this perhaps originally unavoidable defect has now totally vanished, with a very marked result in the magnificently impressive rendering of the Fifth Symphony at the first concert this year. We may say in particular that we have never heard the scherzo and finale so marvellously played on any former occasion, with such unerring precision, strong passion, and noble control. The programme included Pagner's Address from the *Meistersinger*, Berlioz's *Carnaval Romain* Overture, Hagen's "Wacht" from the *Götterdämmerung*, and that wild creation of devilry and forest fire, Liszt's Fourth Hungarian Rhapsody, played in a true spirit and with faultless perfection, and on which we can bestow no higher praise than that unconsciously conveyed by an austere person in blue spectacles who remarked that "It was not music to bring forward at a respectable concert." There was a slight tendency towards heaviness in the rendering of the *Carnaval Romain*, of which Dr. Richter has given more brilliant interpretations on former occasions. Speaking of the overtures of Berlioz, it is much to be regretted that the Overture to *Benvenuto Cellini* is not more often to be met with in concert répertoires; it is indisputably one of the great musical creations of the present century, and never fails to make a profound impression when it is adequately interpreted. Pagner's Address and Hagen's "Wacht" were alike admirably sung by Mr. Henschel; but the latter excerpt, full of beauty and interest as it is, suffers great injury in being nakedly presented without the context.

Of the execution of last Monday's programme it is difficult to speak in terms of sufficiently high praise. It included the *Egmont* Overture, the Introduction and closing scene from *Tristan und Isolde*, the *Walküren Ritt*, and the closing scene from the *Götterdämmerung*. The second half of the concert was devoted to Mr. Stanford's Irish Symphony, faultlessly played, concerning which further comment is not now necessary. Perfect enjoyment of the most masterly and poetic interpretation of the *Tristan* Introduction which Dr. Richter has yet given us was somewhat marred by the ominous uncertainty of the strings at the commencement; but the conclusion was in every way admirable, and the "Ritt" was played with a majesty and fire which cannot be forgotten by those who were present on this occasion. Brass, strings, and wood wind were alike perfect. Dr. Richter has never afforded a more striking instance of his incomparable power of playing on the orchestra, and all the delicate tracery of the orchestration which seems to have been woven out of driving mist and the sheen of spears was developed with exquisitely balanced discretion and power. It would not be easy even under more favourable conditions to secure a more adequate performance of the closing scene from the *Götterdämmerung*. This scene is so complete in itself, and consists to such a considerable extent of a recapitulation of what has gone before in the Cyclus, that it suffers comparatively little by being transferred to the concert-room, and we know of no grander example of Wagner's later work that could be put before those who have not the opportunity of hearing the opera in its integrity. Great praise is due to Miss Pauline Cramer for her excellent achievement in the difficult task of singing Brünnhilde's music on the concert platform. Of the broad and noble style in which the Beethoven Overture was interpreted it seems almost unnecessary to speak, while it appears doubly urgent to protest against the indecency of interrupting such music by laying tardy siege, carried out in a dire spirit, to the seats in St. James's Hall.

REVIEWS.

CELTIC MYTHOLOGY.*

CELTIC mythology has ever been of all mythologies the most obscure. Even the learning and patience of Professor Rhŷs, in his Hibbert Lectures, do not seem to make the Celtic faiths and legends much more intelligible. In Celtic a bard and an idiot have always been persons whom slender boundaries divide, and their handling of legend is as confusing as it is often picturesque and imaginative. The sources of Celtic myth are three. First, we have the records of Cæsar and references in Lucian, Lucan, and other classical writers. They studied Celtic religion when it had already begun to identify its gods with the departmental deities of Rome, a process which the Romans naturally abetted. This in itself is fatal to clearness. Before the Romans and Gauls were much in contact, it is certain enough that the latter, like most races in the higher barbarism, had assigned natural departments—war, love, commerce, meteorology, and so forth—to their divinities. On meeting the Romans they would find similar Latin gods of divers departments. They would thus identify the deities of the two faiths, just as Herodotus identifies Greek gods with those of Egypt, of Scythia, and of other countries, just as Sahagun found a Mars, a Ceres, and the rest among the Aztecs. But the identifications would be incomplete, naturally. Hence confusion when we find a Gaulish Jupiter or Hercules or Mars with what seem inappropriate symbols. It is evident that both the classical descriptions of gods and the notices in the second source of information—Gallo-Roman inscriptions in temples, on altars, on jewels—must be made perplexing by this habit of identification. Nor does the philological analysis of Gaulish divine names help us very much more than usual; for all such analyses, with their interpretations, are more or less conjectural. We may think that Professor Rhŷs's conjectures are ingenious and plausible, but we can hardly say that they do more at most than raise a presumption in favour of his hypothesis in each case. An author so candid and so open-minded will probably be the first to acknowledge this. Then we come to the third source of knowledge—the wandering, chaotic Sagas of early Welsh and Irish literature. These, as we possess them, are Christian in form, and they are severed by a great gulf of time and change from even the half-Romanized religion of Gaul in Cæsar's time. How much do the Sagas contain of pure Celtic divine mythology? Can we regard these vaporous heroes, locally seated in Ireland, Scotland, or Wales, as late forms of old Gaulish gods? Professor Rhŷs tries to disengage the elements of more ancient divine myth from much more recent heroic myth. But he seldom wins an assent to his conclusions, and we are not persuaded that the Nuds and Gwydions and Diarmaits, with their ladies, were ever Sky or Sun gods or heroes or maidens of the Dawn. In fact, considering Professor Rhŷs's partiality for the anthropological school of mythologists, it is amazing to find how he still lingers with Sun heroes and Dawn maidens. Not that the anthropologist denies the existence of such beings; but he does deny that they are so thick on the ground, and that they take such numerous disguises. In truth, the Irish and Welsh heroic tales (as in the *Mabinogion*) are much more like highly irresponsible novels of the early middle ages, with isolated pieces of very old folklore, than like Aryan sun-myths and dawn-myths of any sort or degree. However, the stories are very good reading, if the prodigality of superfluous and rather puerile fancy be allowed for. They are less like dreams than like nightmares of genius, and many an English reader who never met them before will thank Professor Rhŷs for the introduction.

Much the most satisfactory part of the Lectures is the first division, where Cæsar and the Inscriptions have driven some piles into the quaggy bog of Celtic antiquities. Professor Rhŷs begins with a summary of what Cæsar says about the gods he found in Gaul, and then checks that summary and a few other Latin texts by the Inscriptions, elucidating the whole by his learning in Celtic etymology. This is the shortest and far the most solid part (though doubtless not the most amusing part) of a massive volume. We start with Mercury—the Mercurius Artaius of an inscription found among some Roman ruins near Beaucroissant, in the Isère. What is "Artaius"? Did the god take his name from a place (*e.g.* Artay) or give to a place his name? Professor Rhŷs prefers the latter hypothesis; "for one can hardly be wrong in associating with Artio's name such a Celtic word as the Celtic *âr*, 'plough land,' whence it would seem by no means improbable that Mercurius Artairus was the Gallo-Roman title of the god called Mercurius Cultor in an inscription from Würtemberg." It may be—

We can but say it may be so
To every theory propounded—

but it may also be a place-name, or anything else. Again, when we read "Vasso Galate" as the name of a temple, in Gregory of Tours, Galate *may* be the Caleti of a Rhenish inscription, and Caleti may be the genitive of an adjective meaning "hard," and Vasso may be "equated" with the Welsh word *gwas*, Irish *foss*, Sanskrit *Vastu*, and *Vasso-calet* (*Vasso Galate*) *may* have meant "the hard mansion, or hard palace, perhaps one should rather say the hard temple." But when Professor Rhŷs says that it "must" have meant this, then one can only regret that the methods of philology do not appeal to us with this constraining force. The building in question was thick, the walls were thirty feet thick, but was it called "the *hard* temple"? As in trying to find a meaning for the word "Ogam" (p. 19) we advance no further than plausible guesses and analogies which the first rival philologist who comes along may meet with different guesses, not less plausible. However, it is most interesting to learn that our old friend Theodoric may have attracted into his legend (as distinct from his actual history) stories really belonging to "the Gaulish

* *Celtic Mythology.* (The Hibbert Lectures for 1886.) By John Rhŷs, Professor of Celtic in the University of Oxford. London: Williams & Norgate.

Apollo," one of whose names he bore. Toutiorix was the Gaulish Apollo, and the word "can only mean king of the people." The notion "is borne out by the general similarity between the mythic statements made about Dietrich and what is known in Celtic literature about Celtic Sun-gods."

Perhaps a yet more unexpected equation is that which (in a roundabout way) connects Camelot with Ouranos, if Camulodunum be Camelot. Camulodunum is "the stronghold of Camulos." Now Camulos must (Professor Rhŷs says "must") "be equated with the old Saxon *Hímil*, and the German word *Himmel*, heaven or sky, which etymologists refer to a stem, *hem*, Aryan *Kam*, inferred to mean 'curving, vaulting, or covering over.' . . . As a personal name, Camulos has its etymological equivalent in that of Cumal, King-warrior of Ireland and father of the great Finn, whose doings occupy so much room in Goidelic story. The name is to be compared in the first instance with that of Οὐρανος, or Uranus, and the Sanskrit Varunas; but as that of a Celtic Mars one should undoubtedly regard it as a synonym rather of the Greek Zeus or Italian Jove, both of which names were expressive also of the idea of the sky or the heavens. . . . There is further evidence to prove beyond doubt the identity of the Teutonic Tiu with the Celtic war-god under another name than Camulos, but the discussion of it must be postponed." Professor Rhŷs infers that the Celtic Jupiter had functions which in Roman religion belong rather to Mars. He compares to Pluto, or Dis, the Celtic Cernunnos, and here his ingenuity seems a little too fertile. Why did Cernunnos squat, and why had he horns? Professor Rhŷs thinks him akin to the Norse deity, Heimdal, who has two names, "which are said to mean a ram," and rams have horns. But whence was the idea of a horned god of the nether world derived? "As the first in point of order in space . . . he may have been originally pictured as a huge elk or a gigantic urus sitting quietly under the weight of the world." He *may*; but the conjecture is too aerial. So Professor Rhŷs tries another guess. "Having due regard to the god's connexion or identity with the earth—that is to say, with the solid ground—one should rather suppose the horns with which the god was endowed to be the mythical exponents of the hills and mountains which diversify the surface of the globe."

Each theory could not possibly be more hypothetical. Meanwhile we have the analogy of the Ram-god of Egyptian Thebes, who appears to have inherited the attributes of the beast locally worshipped and locally never eaten except in a yearly solemnity. We have no guess at all as to why Cernunnos was horned; but perhaps not to guess is an attitude as scientific as to invent hypotheses incapable of being tested or demonstrated.

The greater part of Professor Rhŷs's lecture is concerned with the heroic legends of Ireland and Wales. It is his opinion, and perhaps the majority of the learned agree with him, that the mythic kings of Britain and Ireland are shadows of the elder Celtic gods. We confess that we are not inclined to believe, *à priori*, that this has been the rule of mythical development. These wild legends in early forms may have been current about heroes even while, before Cæsar's time, the gods retained their honours. In any case, so very much local incident and colour has been introduced into the Welsh and Irish legends that we never could feel any certainty as to what elements, if any, are ancient and theological, what are recent and fanciful. For example, Nuada of the silver hand, King of the Fir Bolg or Bagmen, had lost a hand in war. Tiu also lost a hand in the mouth of Fenris's wolf, and Zeus had his tendons cut by Typho, and the lady in M. Fortuné du Boisgobey's *La Main Coupée* had *her* hand cut off, like the girl in the old French *chanson populaire*. But we cannot agree with Professor Rhŷs that because Tiu had his hand bitten off and Zeus had his tendons cut, therefore "the stories, you will see, differ considerably, but they are sufficiently similar to make it in the highest degree probable that the Irish Nuada is to be equated with Tiu and Zeus—in other words, Nuada may be safely regarded as a Celtic Zeus or Jupiter." No; we see neither the probability nor the safety of such inferences; above all, as Nuada's case is connected with a law which denied the crown to any maimed man. Other proofs turn on the hypothesis that Eogan Mor is a "Sun-hero," which we do not feel tempted to concede. Nor, if Irish fable has a tale of a man who carried about a fair lady in a glass case (p. 145), are we at all led to hold that he is the sun any more than the geni with the lady in the glass case in the *Arabian Nights* was the sun. But Professor Rhŷs is very bold, and says that the glass case "seems to be a sort of picture of the expanse of the heavens lit up by the light of the sun; and in the Mac Oc, going about with his glass structure, we have a representation of the Aryan Zeus in his original character of god of the Sun and Daylight." But how early did the Celtic branch of the "Aryan race" become acquainted with glass, not in cups and dishes, but in quantities large enough to box a lady up in? To us the tale seems a mere romantic invention, as in Grimm's fairy tale of the pretty girl in the sepulchre of glass.

We differ endlessly with Professor Rhŷs; but about his learning, candour, and frankness there can be no difference. His "must be's" do not always appear even "may be's" to us; but, if he has theorized beyond what may be known, all that is actually known he sets forth in a very attractive form. The book is excellently printed, has a capital index, and is rich in old stories of the romantic age in Ireland. It is extremely readable, even if we cannot believe in the Sun-heroes, and the Dusk-maidens, and Dawn-maidens.

NOVELS.*

If any person should entertain the idea of reading these three novels consecutively, he is recommended to take them in the reverse order to that in which they are here considered. After a conscientious perusal of such works as will be presently discussed it is a treat to read so good a novel as *The Blacksmith of Voe.* Approximately speaking, it is everything that an everyday novel ought to be, and nothing that it ought not to be. It is not a work of genius inculcating moral principles, and worthy to be read again and again until it has become part of the lives of the cultivated, and until some degree of familiarity with its personages and events is a necessary element in a genteel education. Nor is it a disguised pamphlet about anything. It is just a straightforward ordinary story, told with animation and humour, in which we sympathize agreeably with virtue, and contemn the blackness and injudiciousness of sin. It interests, it amuses, and it does not teach. It is arranged with a suitable degree of skill, and written in good English. If there were more like it, it would be good for circulating libraries, and the vituperative talent—be the same greater or less—of reviewers would be less frequently exercised. Having justly signified so much in Mr. Cushing's favour, we may fairly point out to him that in his "prologue" he tells a falsehood. The miller of Voe having dropped a big stone on the head of his brother, the shepherd of Voe, whereby the latter has tumbled down a cliff, is said to "make his way down to his murdered brother." This is a definite assertion that the shepherd was dead, and that assertion is not true. It is legitimate for a novelist to deceive his reader, but he must deceive him by telling the truth in an artful manner. A convention of long standing has secured to novelists the right of describing as "lifeless" people who are not really dead, but their license goes no further. In this instance there is nothing to suggest Mr. Cushing's untruthfulness. Murders are often committed in prologues, and if Abel Boden had actually perished as he is here said to have Mr. Cushing would have been quite equal to the task of making a story out of the consequences. Without overlooking the sinfulness of deliberate deceit, we may acknowledge that the author does what he can to minimize his offence by confessing it immediately after the outset of his story. The shepherd of Voe comes back in twenty years, and becomes—nominally—the blacksmith of Voe, his identity being promptly revealed to the reader, but of course withheld for a time from the inhabitants of the village. The period of his absence has been sufficient for his son and his wicked brother's daughter to grow old enough to be interesting; and the blacksmith, the miller, and their respective offspring are obviously equal to the exigencies of three volumes. There is only one adventure, and nothing very startling in the way of complications. Two other personages substantially make up the caste—a cultured gentleman of leisure and his sister, rejoicing in the astonishing names of Balthasar and Janoca Phythian. They are both extremely good company, Balthasar, who is a rambling sort of philosopher, being the more amusing, and Janoca the more attractive as a human being, though each is favoured in both respects. The worst personage, in all senses of the word, is the miller. His remorse and his reflections concerning his crime are depicted with a reiteration of small symptoms which is a little tiresome; but the blacksmith, without being very new, is at once estimable and good company; and the young people and their affections manage to deserve the sympathy of the well-regulated without becoming dull. The scene of the romance is Derbyshire, the landscape is dealt with adequately and often, the local colouring is kept within proper bounds, and there is a rather good second villain, called Am Ende, to whom ultimately nothing happens. Mr. Cushing, by the way, is not happy in his nomenclature. To call a bad man Am Ende, and make small jokes about the desirability of his am-ending his conduct, is unworthy of the merits of the story. We have said that Mr. Cushing's English is good. His French—at least "un mal quart d'heure"—is not good; but there is very little of it. The conclusion of the whole matter is that the story is good, and deserves to be read.

The Parting of the Ways is rather mad. No particular ways part in it, but the slovenliness of its title is perhaps the least of its faults. It contains two principal characters. Mr. Rapham, at the opening of the story, appears, out of the African parts of the Ewigkeit, with boundless wealth, which he has amassed there by slave-dealing. Subject to the disdain with which his friends, and the author, regard that branch of commerce, he is the ordinary *parvenu* millionaire of contemporary fiction. He "lives by contract," which means that his house, his food, his carriages, his men-servants and maid-servants, and everything that is his, are supplied by somebody in the nature of Mr. Whiteley; and much heavy fun is made out of the circumstance. The other important personage is Miss Norrice Bee, who presently marries an imbecile politician of ancient lineage, bearing the patrician name of Villedieu. Before doing so she has invented a machine, she being a mechanician of no ordinary skill. How it worked is not explained; but it is made too apparent that she devised it at the

* *The Blacksmith of Voe.* A Novel. By Paul Cushing, Author of "Misogyny and the Maiden" &c. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1888.

The Parting of the Ways. A Novel. By M. Betham-Edwards, Author of "Kitty" &c. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1888.

Miracle Gold. A Novel. By Richard Dowling, Author of "The Mystery of Killard" &c. London: Ward & Downey. 1888.

special instigation of Professor Stokes, and to the great displeasure of Mr. Karl Pearson, and, moreover, against the peace of mind of Sir William Grove, his fame and dignity, and contrary to the law of the conservation of forces in that case made and provided. It was nothing less than a machine for abolishing weight. It enabled mothers to carry their babies, soldiers to carry their knapsacks, slenderly framed young ladies to carry arm-chairs containing portly officials from the War Office, without feeling any weight whatever or incurring the least fatigue. It was a simple arrangement of straps and buckles, and either had or had not, at some stage in its activity, something to do with an electric battery. It was generally agreed that this invention would turn the world upside down, and indeed no reason appears why the first purchaser of it who felt disposed to do so should not have picked up this entire planet and walked away with it, whistling the Boulanger march; but it is not recorded to have produced any very startling results. Profits arose from its sale, and were cruelly appropriated by the ex-slave-merchant, and subsequently restored to the injured heroine; but that might have happened with her second great invention, which was nothing more startling than a mechanical washerwoman. This sort of absurdity is an insult to the reader. A novel can have no merit unless the things related can be imagined as having really happened. Therefore, a novelist who should make his hero jump over the moon or drink up the Serpentine would be justly condemned as a writer of mere nonsense, and Miss M. Betham-Edwards must on the present occasion be reluctantly relegated to that dismal category. Apart from the invention the story is dull, and written with a strangely uncertain hold upon the mysteries of the British tongue. A less novel, but hardly less objectionable, phrase is achieved on the death of the wicked slave-merchant when we are informed that "the spirit of the liberticide passed away." The "Conclusion" contains a wild digression about the "diabolical wickedness" of vivisection when it is performed "with the object of alleviating human suffering," and we are philosophically asked, *à propos* of a marriage based more on convenience than on affection, "If, instead of personal attributes, belongings, surroundings, circumjacencies are fallen in love with, may not the promise of wedlock be equally fair?"

If *The Parting of the Ways* is mad, *Miracle Gold* is madder. It is mainly about one Oscar Leigh who was a lunatic. He was also a "hideous, deformed, monstrous dwarf." His habits were disgusting. He had a particularly odious practice of pouring eau-de-cologne into his hands, taking it like snuff, and rubbing the dregs of it over his face. He was always saying "Hah!" and puffed, panted, groaned, and snorted with distressing frequency. He was, moreover, a fertile and inveterate liar. His lunacy took two active forms. One was the construction of a most marvellous clock. It told you most things, and wound itself up, sometimes with the assistance of a dummy figure of its inventor. The other was a scheme whereby he proposed to amass an enormous fortune by making imitation gold, to be called "miracle gold," and selling it a little below the market price of gold, from which it was to be indistinguishable by any known test. Here, however, he deviated into sanity. His method was to be simple. He had found a receiver of stolen goods, who had received a quantity of gold from a burglar, and was prepared to sell it cheap. This was to be the miracle gold. His insanity came in again in his having failed to consider how, after he had got his invention before the world, he was to keep up the supply. Eventually his clock was burnt, and he died, like T. Mivins, "of disgust." Among the persons who were privileged, in the course of the events narrated by Mr. Richard Dowling, to make the acquaintance of this nasty and futile person, were two lovely girls, no relation to each other, but so much alike that Leigh, when he first saw Dora, mistook her for Edith, with whom he was in love, and Hanbury, when he first saw Edith, mistook her for Dora, with whom he was in love, and to whom he was engaged to be married. The accidental likeness serves no purpose except to bring together Hanbury and Leigh, who might just as well have been left apart, and to make it more natural for Hanbury, when Dora jilted him, to become engaged to Edith in a week or so. Hanbury was the lineal personal representative of Stanislaus II., the last King of Poland. When Dora had persuaded him, much against his will, to take her for a walk through a slum, he dressed for the occasion "in a black frock-coat and low black felt hat." He was a man of the highest fashion. He had lucid intervals, but was dull while they lasted. The women in the book are naught. So is the story. It would be interesting if it were possible to ascertain whether there is more than meets the eye in the coincidence that *The Parting of the Ways* and *Miracle Gold* are both bound in gilt covers.

PHILOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.*

THERE is some temptation to a reviewer of Principal Drummond's elaborate treatise on *The Jewish-Alexandrian Philosophy* to enter upon a discussion of the whole subject rather than to examine the author's treatment of it. Were there no other objection, the two stout volumes before us show how futile were such a task. Dr. Drummond has been most minute and thorough in his work—so thorough, indeed, that much of the material which he has collected may be used against himself. Philo's confusion and inconsistency of thought are such that he lends himself to many interpretations; and, when we remember that each of his modern critics is apt to approach him from a special dogmatic standpoint, the difficulty of arriving at his probable meaning in particular cases is by no means lessened. The present author has endeavoured, not "to criticize Philo's philosophy, but simply to ascertain and expound it"; and, although he has been generally successful, there is now and then apparent a kind of bias in his work. Philo is made to appear at his best, and as more consistent than he really was. Before coming to the philosophy, Dr. Drummond gives an account of the circumstances in which it grew up and of the two great influences which helped to mould it. His picture of the state of Alexandria at the time when Eastern religion, become mystical, met Western philosophy, become sceptical, is at once true and graphic; while his portrait of the philosopher himself brings distinctly to light the different phases of his intellectual character. A Jew free from the narrowness generally associated with Judaism, a follower of Moses ready to avail himself of the culture of the Western schools, a believer in the one God, yet almost a Pantheist, an eclectic, but still an earnest man, Philo occupied a unique position. His influence upon the development of Christian theology was great; but we are glad, on the whole, that in the present work that matter has not been discussed, since we have escaped from the danger of theological controversy. In considering the Greek philosophers whose influence upon Philo is most apparent Dr. Drummond follows Heinze with regard to Heraclitus's conception of the Logos. He thinks it was "the rational law apparent in the world," and supposed to be analogous to human reason. "It is true what was subjective, conscious intelligence in us was objective, unconscious reason in the world." This is possible, but, even with the limitation of the last sentence, seems to go too far. Heraclitus never got beyond the materialistic conception, and the distinction between subjective and objective could not very well have been made by him. The Stoics, who adopted his physics, made the distinction visible, especially in their ethics, and their insistence upon it is the principal defect in their philosophy. Even with them, as our author admits (i. p. 83), the Logos was looked upon as something quite as material as Heraclitus's fire, although known under the new name of ether. At the same time, they seemed to rise above this in various ways, as in their notion of destiny and in the higher one of purposeful government of the world. The latter idea of itself is suggestive of the second great influence which bore upon Philo—namely, that from the religious side. As might be expected Dr. Drummond discusses this part of his subject with sympathy and intelligence. If too much of his discussion is taken up with examination of the theories of Gfrörer and Dahne without giving to them any very conclusive reply, the reason probably is that their doctrines as to Neoplatonic influence upon certain of the Hebrew writings are plausible, though as a rule somewhat arbitrary, and supported by quite insufficient evidence. In the Old Testament itself Philo could find quite enough material which, by his method of interpretation, might be harmonized with the prevalent Greek ideas. At first sight this would appear impossible. In face of the stern Monotheism of the Jews it seems difficult to conceive of their system of religion as having any kinship with the Pantheism of the Stoics. Yet the closer examination of the Old Testament reveals that there are certain points of relation which must not be overlooked. In Monotheism, no doubt, it is the negative relation between God and the world upon which most stress is laid. Still, the possibility—nay, the fact—of communion between God and man was ever in the thought of the writers; and, as Dr. Drummond indicates, their phrase "the angel of Yahveh" prepares the way for the Neoplatonic doctrine. "Their minds followed the religious tendency, and adopted language which satisfied the religious need, without submitting every expression to the analytical scrutiny of thought. But in any case we may discern here the dim feeling that that in God which is capable of manifestation is distinguishable from his transcendent and incomprehensible essence." Our author directs attention also to the phrase, "The word of God" in the Old Testament, although he wisely shows that the expression is related to the Alexandrian philosophy, more closely in phraseology than in thought. (It is worthy of note, in passing, that the same phrase is used by most Scottish Calvinists as referring to the Scriptures, and never, but in the most exceptional circumstances, in the sense suggested by the Fourth Gospel.) In the same way, when treating the Book of Ecclesiasticus, Dr. Drummond is disinclined to allow that it contains any elements for whose origin we must look to Alexandria. The *onus* of proof lies upon those who say that there are such elements; and no one acquainted with the book would venture to assert that they are predominant, or even [illegible], in it. There are none of the traces which we should naturally expect of either Greek speculation or Greek culture. "It must be shown not only that the phrases and sentiments which are appealed to were to be found in Alexandria, but that they cannot possibly be indigenous to Palestine. This has [illegible] been attempted, or, when attempted, has [illegible] conviction." To a certain extent these words (from i. p. 150) seem rather like

* *Philo Judaeus; or, the Jewish-Alexandrian Philosophy in its Development and Completion.* By James Drummond, LL.D., Principal of Manchester New College, London. 2 vols. London: Williams & Norgate. 1888.

The Morality of Nations: a Study in the Evolution of Ethics. By Hugh Taylor. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1888.

A Student's Manual of Psychology. Adapted from the "Katechismus der Psychologie" of Friedrich Kirchner by E. D. Drought. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1888.

an invitation to prove a negative; but the author's real point is that what was specially prominent in Alexandrian speculation is conspicuously absent here. So far as the LXX is concerned, it can scarcely be denied that it bears traces of its Alexandrian origin which might be construed as having been derived from the prevalent philosophy of the place. The fault of those who are attached to this view is that they usually endeavour to prove too much, and, by their too ingenious exegesis of certain passages, throw doubt upon the character of their whole argument. The conclusive reasoning of Zeller, which is favoured in Dr. Drummond's work, is to the effect that there is no need to look for outside influence at all, since, the more civilized the Jewish community became, the more would they be anxious to substitute for the early and imperfect form of their religion one more spiritual, especially in its conception of God. There are many points in the admirable chapter on the Book of Wisdom which we should have liked to notice. It must be sufficient, however, to draw attention with approval to our author's remark that here the incomprehensibility of God is not insisted upon so much as his self-revelation, and with dissent to his endeavour (i. p. 213) to read into the book what is an entirely modern notion. Bretschneider may or may not be right in supposing that it teaches the doctrine of the annihilation of the wicked; but it is going quite beyond the circle of the ideas prevalent at the time when the book was written to say that "we might fairly speak of the soul's death when we refer, not to its extinction, but to the forfeiture, through sin, of its highest life." We may add that Dr. Drummond—perhaps for the sake of securing in this book a direct passage to the Logos doctrine—lays undue stress upon its philosophical character. Many of the controverted points are more readily explicable if we leave that aside, or, at any rate, if we allow it more or less of poetical indefiniteness. In the case of Philo himself, most students are likely to think that Dr. Drummond has made him out to have been more of a systematic thinker than he really was. Without exactly altering the material upon which he has been working, the commentator introduces a more perfect system and sometimes higher ideas than his subject possessed. He admits that "in Philo, notwithstanding the width and freedom of his culture, the practical and religious interest was supreme, and formed his standard of estimate for all the departments of human study," but in certain parts of his second volume he seems to forget that this was the case. It was exactly because the religious interest was supreme that Philo was unsystematic. The eternity of matter, the pervading notion of that as evil, the confusion of the idea of God as τεχνίτης with a wider and almost contradictory conception, the conjunction of Jewish religious notions with the prevalent philosophical ideas of the Stoics, the many different applications of the Logos—all these show that, however possible it may be to extract a system from them by abstraction or elimination, the confusion in Philo's mind was such as to prevent his formulating an orderly philosophy of the universe. Eclecticism never succeeds without a principle; when it has a principle it loses its character as eclecticism. Our view is that Philo was in this sense unprincipled. Dr. Drummond is more favourable, yet he is compelled to talk of Philo's "vagueness of treatment," to admit contradictions, and to speak of certain passages as having probably been written in "careless haste." Nowhere is the difficulty of an expositor more manifest than in the endeavour to reconcile popular language with scientific ideas; and in the present case, the task is well nigh impossible. We are told *e.g.* that Philo "rejects as impious both anthropomorphism and anthropopathism," yet we know perfectly well that he continually uses anthropomorphic language—"for the instruction of the mass of mankind," as he himself says. Again we find Dr. Drummond asserting, "with some degree of confidence," that Philo thought of God as incapable of being confined within the limits of any locality, and "altogether exempt from the conditions of space," while at the same time God is spoken of as a "boundary," and as containing all things "in a circle." Taking another example, Dr. Drummond says—and the expression is most unhappy—that in Philo's view of a particular case "the dependence of the correlative terms is not mutual, but is all on one side," though how two terms can be correlative, while one is dependent and the other independent, is somewhat of a puzzle. The chapters upon "The Divine Powers" and "The Logos" are able and elaborate attempts to show that Philo's position involved no contradictions. In the former, Dr. Drummond sets himself a hard duty—that of explaining why and in what sense Philo speaks of the Powers. He does not, however, meet the criticisms of Zeller or of Gförer effectually. If the Powers are manifestations of the unknowable Eternal, we are no better off than before, for we must ask what is the relation between them and the Eternal, and between them and the world. If, as Dr. Drummond says, they are identified with the Divine nature, why is that said to be unknowable? Even supposing that Philo did not believe in the personality of the Powers, the difficulty is not removed. On this as on many other points, especially in connexion with the Logos chapter, our author must expect to meet with considerable hostile criticism. We cannot go into further detail in criticizing his most valuable work, but we can safely prophesy that from foes as well as from friends the author will receive due thanks for the great care, judgment, and ability which characterize it throughout.

If Mr. Hugh Taylor had been at pains to study his subject a little longer, and to follow out certain lines of thought which are suggested in his book, *The Morality of Nations* would have probably been a work of quite conspicuous merit. As it is, we have a very suggestive and interesting essay, marred only by the presence of views which are abstract, and therefore partial. The author is one of those, only too common among writers on ethics in the present day, who hold fast by the doctrine of evolution, without quite fully examining or understanding it. He applies his doctrine to ethics; and it is one of the best signs of his work that he is quick to note that there are certain limitations and changes necessary when we pass from the field of pure naturalism to that of spirit. Still, he does not see all that this change involves. He objects, it is true, to Mill's individualism (pp. 67, 69), but he does not see fully what is implied in the position which he himself takes up. He understands and insists upon the fact that "the morality of the whole is not the combined morality of the parts" (p. 66), and he is easily able to prove his thesis by a reference to the facts of history; yet he treats of the whole and the parts separately and abstractly, and consequently misses the valuable results to which he might otherwise have attained. Wherever he seems to have clearer insight—and there are many passages suggestive of this—it is only for a moment, and the imperfect view returns. When we read (p. 109) that "man, as a social being, requires, for the full development of his individuality, a vivid consciousness of the good of the community as distinct from, though involving, his own," and that individual activity "has never been developed to any extent when a national consciousness has been absent," we feel as though the author had reached the principle of which he is in search; and yet, when we read on, we find that he has not fully grasped it. In the chapter on "Morality and Force" Mr. Taylor is especially tantalizing. Throughout there are glimpses of the truth; but these are imperfect and unsatisfactory. In considering individual and organism he writes as though they not only could be, but actually are, separated the one from the other, losing sight of the fact that the individual, merging—as Mr. Taylor seems to admit he does—his own selfish individuality in the organism, receives therefrom a higher personality. By losing he finds himself. It is quite true that the law of individual development becomes subordinate to the law of social development (p. 103); but a better way of stating the truth would be to say that the latter is found to be the essential condition of the former. The individual, *quâ* individual, cannot develop at all. Since our author does not clearly see the process which we have indicated, it is not surprising to find him laying stress (p. 91) on the social sanction, and (p. 139) on Hobbes's idea of a coercive power. He tells us that "the instinct of self-denial derives much of its value from the stress laid upon it by society," and that "it is the force of the social sanction which reverses the self-destructive influence of altruism, and in a way identifies the opposite results of egoism and self-denial." This is quite a false way of looking at the matter. There is no morality in a self-sacrificing act which is done merely for the sake of approval; and there must be some rational ground for what Mr. Taylor here calls an "instinct." Altruism which is that and nothing more, self-sacrifice which has no end but itself, is valueless. Its negation, or renunciation, is of infinite worth only when it is looked upon as a step in a process—the denial of the natural which leads to the attainment of the spiritual. As to the reference to Hobbes and a "coercive power," Mr. Taylor again makes the mistake of trying to conceive of the individual by himself, and of a cluster of individuals who are every one isolated from every other. Any power which could coerce these must be external, arbitrary, and unnatural. The first part of the book is devoted to the "law of antagonism" between individuals, and shows how that disappears when the individual identifies himself with the organism. The second part dwells on the same law as between organisms, and leaves us there. Most evolutionists have the courage of their opinions so far as to prophesy; but Mr. Taylor confines himself to a hint and a hope. He has so strongly insisted upon antagonism that, even when he writes that it may only be a "phase" in moral evolution, he does not further pursue his thought. Had he done so carefully he would not have spoken of bare "identity" as the end to be reached, nor have called that "the greatest of all harmony." If he continues to study his subject, he will do well, in the first place, to abandon his ultra-empirical standpoint, and to learn that when reason goes to history the latter is sure to present a rational aspect. He will find that an absolute separation between the universal and the individual, as well as between individuals, is impossible, and that the end to be reached is that of the highest identity through and by the widest differences. He will then see more truth in Sir Henry Maine, and will recast his ideas both of justice and of the sacredness of property. His studies will also teach him that there is a way of looking at the question of freedom which is neither that of scientific fatalism nor that of the advocates of the liberty of indifference, so that he will cease to talk of "the lingering fiction of free-will." In short, he will discover that between the intuitionist moralists and himself there is another and a better way. We wish him well in his search for it.

The translation of Kirchner's *Student's Manual of Psychology* will be specially useful to those who study the mental phenomena from a physiological standpoint. To them Part II. will be the most interesting; for, even where its conclusions are assailable, the collection and arrangement of facts in support of them are of considerable value. In this part the sections upon the Freedom of the Will and upon Mental Diseases may be mentioned with approval. Such approval, however, cannot be given to the first portion of the book, wherein the influence of Herbart and—to

some extent—of Lotze is very apparent. Kirchner wishes to avoid spiritualism as well as a one-sided empiricism, and the result is by no means satisfactory. A single sentence will serve to show what his "ideal-realism" means. He says (p. 130):—"We reject both the dualism of matter and force, and the one-sided supposition of a material or immaterial principle, but we regard as the *substance of the cosmic order* the *spirit who is vitally active* under the form of *matter*." It is not easy to understand the complacency with which the author looks upon this position as a relief from difficulties. To explain spirit by a category which it requires spirit to explain is an old, but has never been a successful, trick. It is true enough that by losing all differences in self-identical "substance" you avoid subjective idealism and materialism alike; but how are you to get a step beyond the abstraction in which you seem to have found security? The philosophy of Spinoza—here cited—is surely the best historical example of the difficulty, which is not in the slightest degree lessened by saying that there is "no matter which is not somehow *pervaded by spirit*, no spirit which is not *manifested in matter*." Are matter and spirit, then, to be looked upon as upon the same plane? If they are, the difficulties return. If they are not, we require some more satisfactory non-dualistic explanation than Kirchner gives. But the whole of his psychology is defective, and it is needless to dwell upon individual faults. Even the short "History" at the beginning is imperfect, and from its very condensation tends to become misleading.

IRISH WONDERS.*

"GO where you will in Ireland," says the author of *Irish Wonders*, "the story-teller is there, and, on slight provocation, will repeat his narrative; amplifying, explaining, embellishing, till from a single fact a connected history is evolved, giving motives, particulars, action, and result, the whole surrounded by rustic imagery, and told with a dramatic force that an actor might envy." Mr. M'Annaly has collected his materials for the presentation of this phase of unwritten Celtic literature "during a recent lengthy visit, in the course of which every county in the island was traversed from end to end, and constant association had with the peasant tenantry." The result of this labour of love is fourteen chapters, in which stories well known to the folklorist appear in the most modern Irish setting—*e.g.* when the mythical lord of the castle now covered by the waters of Lough Conn, in County Mayo, determined to make a fish-pond on the site of his village, we are told that he carried out the eviction of the inhabitants "wid process-sarvers, an' bailiffs, an' constables, an' sogers, an' polis." One of the evicted knelt upon the ground and cursed the chief, praying that "the throut pond 'ud be the death of him." The prayer was promptly answered; the waters rose, nor ceased to rise till they reached the battlements of the castle, where the chief was "down on his hard-hearted knees, sayin' his baids as fast as he could, an' bawlin' at all the saints aither to bring him a boat or taiche him how to swim quick.' As may be expected, the saints disregarded his appeal, and sent him to "where he naded more wather than he left behind him, an' had the comp'ny av a shwarm av other landlords that turned the poor out to starve." The unconscious anachronisms of this story remind us of Mr. Plowden's description of a picture in an Abyssinian church, representing the passage of the Red Sea, where the Egyptian soldiers of Pharaoh's host are represented as holding their muskets over their heads to keep them dry. Scepticism, we grieve to state, seems to be making progress among the Irish peasantry, although Mr. M'Annaly found "a boatman on the Shannon, a respectable man," who told him how Lough Ree was made, with the preface "sure that's no laigend, but the blessed truth as I'm living this minnit, for I'd sooner cut out me tongue be the root than desave yer Anner, when every wan knows there's not a taste av a lie in it at all." We learn for the first time that the "Phooka" has been tamed, and no longer indulges in the pranks about which we used to read in Croker's delightful *Crookened Back* and *Daniel O'Rourke*. There seems to be a good and a bad Banshee, the picture of the latter closely resembling a Japanese Bogy in one of Mr. Andrew Lang's books; but no mention is made of the pride which a true blue-blooded Irish family takes in the possession of a Banshee. We well remember an aristocratic old lady observing with scorn:—"No, my dear, the O'Gradys have a Banshee, and the O'Neills have a Banshee; but the ——'s! the idea of their setting up to have one!" There is a short and rather disappointing chapter on "The Polis," an "Irish Wonder," we suppose. It is, moreover, most unsympathetically written; indeed, though no clue is afforded to the author's nationality besides his name, his writing, when not in the Irish dialect, has a strong American flavour. From a hint let fall in this chapter we conjecture that the American labels on his portmanteau or some peculiarity of dress or manner attracted the attention of the "polis," to whom, indeed, his wanderings must have appeared mysterious in the extreme. The illustrations are of very unequal merit, some of the landscapes being exceedingly pretty, while most of the large figures—for example, the lady throwing some nondescript object like a large cocoanut out of the window of a Round Tower—are simply absurd. The page, moreover, is of an awkward shape, and the type somewhat fatiguing to the eye.

* *Irish Wonders.* By J. R. M'Annaly, Jun. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

THREE CLASSICAL TRANSLATIONS.*

OF the two volumes of Bohn's Classical Library before us, the first requires less notice than the second. Of the Four Platonic Dialogues (produced in carrying out Messrs. Bell's useful idea of still further popularizing Bohn's various libraries by subdividing the volumes or issuing new ones at a less price) nothing more need be said than that those selected are the "Apology," the "Crito," the "Phædo," and the "Protagoras," that these four are undoubtedly best suited for him who is commencing Platonist, and that if he be so exceedingly unfortunate as not to be able to read them in the divine language of the original, the commencing Platonist must, no doubt, put up with a translation.

The second volume also requires no long, but it requires a little longer, mention. It must have been, from its preface, dated March 1 in the present year, the last work of the late Mr. King, who, judging from the frequent misprints, can hardly have corrected it for press; it is illustrated with reproductions of some of the gems he loved so well, it is busied to a great extent with that theosophy to the study of which his study of gems led him, and it is a good example of his considerable faculty for translation. But in substance it is rather what is called in not quite translatable French a *livre factice*. Instead of giving all Julian's own work, Mr. King has only given the short tractates "Upon the Sovereign Sun" and "Upon the Mother of the Gods," and has filled up more than two-thirds of the volume with Gregory Nazianzen's somewhat prolix attack on Julian and with Libanius's intolerably long-winded apology for him. No doubt, as Mr. King says, it is a curious and a rare thing to get *pro* and *con* stated in this way by contemporary persons of unusual information and talent. But, then, the worthy father and the worthy sophist are both so very long for any amount of fact that they have to communicate! Gregory was a man of great ability as well as sanctity, and Libanius, if not a saint, was very far from a fool. But they both preach; and a preachment a hundred pages long (it is fair to Gregory to say that his is two preachments) is rather too much of a good thing.

The third book is even more of a *livre factice* than the second. Mr. Clode must have taken nearly as much trouble with his actual fashion of arranging his book as if he had simply translated it from the original, and the result is very much less satisfactory. About half is taken, "with some slight alterations," from L'Estrange's *Seneca's Morals by way of Abstract*, which was itself not even a loose translation, but a kind of hash—a "digest," as the eccentric author calls it. The rest is taken from the still earlier work of Lodge, the dramatist-physician, with "alterations sparingly introduced." Thus we have two different varieties of not too scholarly archaism placed side by side, each deprived of such genuine archaic charm as in its purity it might possess by "slight alterations." Such a proceeding is neither just to Seneca, nor to Sir Roger, nor to Lodge, nor, we may add, to Mr. Clode himself. It has, indeed, produced a by no means unreadable book; for Lodge's work is often delightful, and L'Estrange's has a good deal of raciness and of unkempt vigour, which Mr. Clode has wisely abstained from "altering" too much. But we cannot commend his method.

MINERALS OF NEW SOUTH WALES.†

THE mineral wealth of the colony of New South Wales is great, but in regard to this the amount of exact scientific information which is to be found is not so large as might have been anticipated. Hence the present volume is a welcome addition to our knowledge, especially as it has been prepared by one whose authority as a man of science is already so great. The book, as we are told in the Introduction, had its origin in a paper read before the Royal Society of New South Wales in December 1874. This was afterwards augmented and included in the *Mineral Products of New South Wales*, issued by the Mining Department of the colony in 1882, and we have in the present volume a separate, enlarged, and practically re-written treatise, containing a considerable number of analyses of minerals and rocks, with much interesting information relating to their occurrence. Indicating, as the book does, the remarkable progress and the hopeful future of the colony of New South Wales, it has been appropriately published in the centennial year.

The first place in the book is given to gold, in which metal the colony is so rich. On the cover and on one of the pages is depicted a mass of gold, showing crystals of unusual size, which belongs to the Museum of Science and Art at Edinburgh, and is believed to have been obtained from New South Wales, though the exact locality is unknown. This specimen, Professor Liversidge states, is "perhaps one of the finest in existence," for well-developed crystals of gold are extremely rare, and never of large size. They seldom exceed a quarter of an inch in diameter, and generally are imperfectly developed, the faces being ordinarily

* *Four Dialogues of Plato.* Translated by H. Cary. London: Bell & Sons. 1888.

Julian the Emperor. Translations by W. King. London: Bell & Sons. 1888.

The Morals of Seneca. Edited by Walter Clode. "Camelot Classics." London: Walter Scott.

† *The Minerals of New South Wales, &c.* By A. Liversidge, M.A., F.R.S., Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy in the University of Sydney. London: Trübner & Co. 1888.

more or less cavernous. In this specimen some of the crystals appear to surpass the above-mentioned magnitude, and to be well developed. An account of the more important New South Wales nuggets follows; several of these ranged between 100 and 300 ounces, but one of the largest weighed about 1,272 ounces. The history of the discovery of this extraordinary mass is given at some length. It is a curious instance of what is sometimes called "beginner's luck." It was found by a young native Australian in the service of a Mr. Kerr, among a heap of quartz on a creek on the river Turon, about fifty-three miles from Bathurst. The youth had been brought up at the Wellington Mission, and could thus understand the cause of the excitement which already existed in the colony. So he had taken a tomahawk—certainly not a very convenient substitute for a geological hammer—and had gone out "prospecting" over his employer's run:—

His attention was first called to the lucky spot by observing a speck of some glittering yellow substance upon the surface of a block of quartz, upon which he applied his tomahawk and broke off a portion. At that moment the splendid prize stood revealed to his sight. His first care was to start off home and disclose his discovery to his master, to whom he presented whatever gold might be procured from it.

The gold in the nuggets is never quite pure, but is always alloyed more or less with silver, together with traces of copper, bismuth, iron, and other metals. Thus the colour varies in different specimens. As a rule, the New South Wales gold is a fairly deep yellow, darker than that from Southern Queensland, but rather lighter than that from Victoria. Elaborate tables of analyses are given by Professor Liversidge, from which it appears that the average fineness of New South Wales gold is 22 carats 1·875 grains, or 93·5 per cent. gold and 6 per cent. silver, the residue consisting of various metals. Victorian gold is slightly finer, containing about 96 per cent. of that metal; while Queensland gold contains on an average only 87·25 per cent. Poorer still is the Maryborough gold, which has only 85 per cent. gold, with as much as 14 per cent. silver. The richest gold is from Mount Morgan, where it is practically pure.

An interesting summary is given of the history of gold discovery in New South Wales, a subject which has led to considerable controversy in Australia. From this it appears pretty clear that gold had been found more than once, though in small quantities, by convicts between the years 1814 and 1825, but that for obvious reasons the quest was more than discouraged by the authorities. Indirect evidence of its occurrence was, however, twice or thrice obtained prior to the year 1839, when gold was undoubtedly discovered *in situ* by Count Strzelecki; but he also refrained from publishing the discovery in consequence of the representations of the Governor, who argued that, if the colonies were known to be gold regions, the maintenance of discipline would be impossible. Two years later gold was again found *in situ* by the Rev. W. B. Clarke; but the first person to obtain it in remunerative quantities appears to have been a shepherd named Macgregor, in the year 1843 4. Gold was systematically worked and its existence in great quantities in various parts of the colony was demonstrated by Mr. Hargraves in 1851. In that year, the first included in the tables published by Professor Liversidge, 144,121 ounces were obtained. Since that date there have been considerable fluctuations in the amount produced. The largest was so early as 1852, when 818,751 ounces were obtained. A rapid fall then occurred, but after 1857 another rise began, until, in 1862, 640,622 ounces were procured. There was then a more gradual decline, followed by a rise to 425,130 ounces in 1872, since when there has been a slow but almost uniform decline, the quantity recorded in 1881 being 101,417 ounces.

A considerable quantity of silver is obtained in the colony. The native metal is very rare, but its compounds occur, and many ores of other metals are argentiferous. The quantity produced shows of late years a rapid increase, more than a million ounces being recorded in 1886. Platinum has been obtained in small quantities. The colony is rich in the ores of copper, lead, iron—those of zinc, tin, arsenic, antimony, with the very local metals bismuth and mercury, occur in considerable quantities—but nickel, cobalt, and even manganese are uncommon. Besides other of the less familiar metals, some of the rarest, such as osmium, iridium, and cerium, have been found. Altogether, in the produce of metallic minerals of commercial value New South Wales stands third among our colonies, being only surpassed by Victoria and the Cape of Good Hope.

Diamonds have been known to occur in the colony since 1851, and there are workings at two places—Mudgee and Bingera—each of which is estimated to have produced about six thousand specimens. The diamonds seem to be generally of small size, the largest recorded weighing about 5·625 carats. All have been obtained from alluvial deposits. Professor Liversidge avails himself of the prevalent laxity among mineralogists to include coal in his volume, though of course it has no right to be classified as a mineral, being really a rock. This, however, is excusable under the circumstances; and we accordingly obtain a valuable summary of facts relating to the New South Wales coal-fields. It is estimated that the seams which are now being worked underlie, within a readily accessible depth, 3,328 square miles, or nearly half of the area of the coal-fields of Great Britain. None of the shafts are at all deep as compared with those of the mother-country, many seams, indeed, being worked by adits. The strata also, as a rule, are either horizontal or but slightly inclined, which of course much enhances the value of the deposits. From the analyses given the New South Wales coals appear to contain a little more ash than the average English coals. Considerable quantities of material allied to torbanite or "kerosene-shale" have been found, the value of that obtained in 1886 being nearly 100,000*l.*

Several minerals in request for ornamental purposes are found in the colony. Opals of good quality occur, but are not common. These differ markedly from the well-known deep-coloured opals procured from the Bulla Creek, Queensland. Sapphires are not uncommon, especially in the auriferous districts. The ruby is much more rare. The colourless, yellow, and brown varieties of crystallized alumina have also been obtained. Beryls are rather common, and emeralds have been found. Zircons are frequent, especially in the auriferous drifts, some of them being "very beautiful gem stones of a hyacinth-red colour." Topaz is comparatively abundant all over the granite region of New England, especially, as is ordinarily the case, in the stanniferous districts. Garnets are as usual common in districts where granitic rocks or schists occur, but it is not said that, any of them are of value as gems. Various forms of spinel are also found, but these do not appear to have been polished as gems. On the ordinary minerals, quartz, felspar, mica, hornblende, and the like, it is needless to dwell, but it may be noted in passing that the colony, according to Professor Liversidge, contains good marbles. Mineral springs occur, but these at present are little known.

An appendix, which occupies nearly one-third of the volume, contains a series of papers written at various times by Professor Liversidge, which, as stated in the Introduction, are republished here, as being out of print. Some relate to geology rather than to mineralogy, and more than half of them refer to places which cannot be included even in the continent of Australia, as New Guinea, New Britain, New Ireland, and New Caledonia. We think, however, that, although this is giving a liberal interpretation to the "etcetera" of the title-page, Professor Liversidge has done well to reprint these papers, because they include the results of much careful chemical work, and the student is thus enabled to refer to a number of interesting analyses without the trouble of searching up and down periodicals not always readily accessible. Some, however, of the papers are germane to the main purpose of the book, such as an account of the Bingera Diamond Fields, and notes on meteorites, two from New South Wales and a third from Queensland. Figures are given of all these, and of the first, the Denliquin or Barrata meteorite, an enlarged microscopic section is represented; this meteorite is composed essentially of ferro-magnesian silicates (olivine and enstatite), with nickeliferous iron. The other meteorite from Bingera is of small size—weighing only a little more than 240 grammes—and is almost wholly metallic, containing 93·76 per cent. of iron and 4·39 per cent. of nickel. The Queensland meteorite, which appears to have been of large size, but of which only a fragment was forwarded to Professor Liversidge, is also one of the metallic group

The book, as will be inferred from our summary, is not one likely to attract the general reader, but it will be of great use to the scientific student, as containing so many analyses of minerals and rocks, and so much precise information. On this account also it will be very valuable to all interested in the economic progress of the colony of New South Wales. It includes the results of much independent research, as well as of careful compilation, and cannot fail to add to the high scientific reputation which Professor Liversidge has already obtained. Among other recommendations of the book are full indices, and an excellent map, showing the distribution of the principal minerals in the colony.

TRAVELS THROUGH ENGLAND.*

BY printing this instalment of Dr. Pococke's *Travels through England* the Camden Society shows that it is willing to extend its labours to manuscripts of a later date than those which generally engage its attention. And no one who reads the volume before us is likely to regret that the Society has included it in its publications; for it is full of interesting matter. Pococke, a Hampshire man by birth, held the office of precentor, first at Lismore, and then at Waterford, about the middle of last century. He was promoted to the bishopric of Ossory, and died in 1765, shortly after his translation to the See of Meath. Before he became a bishop he spent much of his time in travelling, and published two volumes of his travels in Egypt, Syria, and other countries. His tours in England are recorded in transcripts from letters addressed to his mother, and these are now being printed by the Society for the first time; the original letters, the editor tells us, have perished, the transcripts are in the British Museum. The present volume begins with a tour made in the summer of 1750. Pococke landed in the Isle of Man, where he was entertained by Bishop Wilson, crossed to Liverpool, visited several places in Staffordshire and Cheshire, travelled about in the Lake country, again entered Lancashire, crossed into Yorkshire, where he was a guest at some great houses, and then journeyed to London by Newark, Stamford, Huntingdon, Cambridge, and Waltham. Next comes the record of a tour through Devonshire, Cornwall, and Somerset, and, lastly, some notices of another

* *The Travels through England of Dr. Richard Pococke, successively Bishop of Meath and of Ossory, during 1750, 1751, and later years.* Edited by James Joel Cartwright, M.A., F.S.A., Treasurer of the Society. Vol. I. Printed for the Camden Society. 1888.

journey chiefly through the midland counties, undertaken in the spring of the following year. Pococke describes the places he visited with considerable care, and, as he was an intelligent traveller, his letters are full of welcome information. He was a man of various tastes. He evidently collected fossils, and was interested in all matters of natural history. Considering the terms in which mountain scenery was then generally described, the admiration he expresses for the beauties of the Lake country is certainly creditable to him. At the same time the kind of scenery which evidently pleased him most was that presented by an "improved" pleasure-ground, with water flowing from one basin into another, and finally into a "fine [artificial] serpentine river," and a temple at the summit of an artificial mound, "with three or four vistos, one terminated by some Dorick building," and he gives full descriptions of "improvements" of this sort at Bramham House, Wentworth Castle, Stowe, and other famous places. All ancient monuments delighted him greatly, and his letters contain many notices of barrows, standing stones, and camps, and many copies of Roman and other inscriptions. He was not insensible to the splendour of noble buildings, and often recognized their special points of beauty or interest. His knowledge of architecture, however, may be gauged by his describing the columns of St. Joseph's Chapel at Glastonbury as "a sort of Gothick-Corinthian pilasters." In his account of Glastonbury, by the way, he makes a mistake that ought to have been explained in a footnote. The smaller parish church (St. Benedict's) has, he says, "Bishop Bevis [?] cypher and mitre on it"; the editor might as well have noted that the initials and mitre belong to Abbot Beere, who restored the church, and whose rebus, a beer-jug, appears on some of the battlements. The most valuable parts of Pococke's letters are his observations on the condition of the towns he visited, and on the trade and industries of the country generally. Only a few examples of these can be given here. Liverpool he finds much increased in size since his last visit; the people were building a fourth church, "have a great trade to the West Indies, send some ships to Guinea, and, I suppose, are the next town in trade to Bristol. They have no less than eight manufactories of glazed earthenware, which is reckoned among the best in England." At Halifax, which he likens for situation to Jerusalem, were, it was thought, eight thousand souls, of whom a few were Quakers and some Presbyterians. There he saw the stone stage on which "they used to execute with the maid, after the Scotch custom"—a mode of execution which was, he believes, adopted when the woollen manufacture was first established in the town, in order to prevent the colliers from stealing the cloth. The situation of Nottingham reminded him of some part of Constantinople; "it begins," he writes, "to be much frequented by gentlemen, some who retire to it from their country-houses, others who have left off trade, and many gentlemen of the neighbourhood have houses here for the winter." Doncaster chiefly subsisted "by being a great thoroughfare." He gives an account of the manner of making earthenware, stone-ware, and china in Staffordshire, describes the Cornish tin-works, has a good deal to say about the foul air in coal-mines, and notices in many small towns and villages the existence of manufactures which have now wholly, or almost wholly, been absorbed by larger places. As his editor remarks, he does not tell us much about the condition and habits of the people. Still, we get some interesting particulars, which are quoted in the Preface, as to the mode of life among the small farmers of Lancashire. He was struck by the "civility and obliging behaviour" of the inhabitants of the pottery villages of Staffordshire, and in Cornwall found the "common people much polished and ready to do all kind offices, especially among the tinners." In the western parts of Cornwall he says that the parish feasts—the wakes that Laud was so careful to preserve—were kept "with great prophaneness and debauchery," and mentions the habit of wrecking, "even to the breaking up of vessels." He tried to meet with some one who spoke Cornish, but declares that those who pretended to be able to do so only knew "a few common expressions" and the "derivation of names of places."

FOUR BOOKS ON TEUTONIC PHILOLOGY.*

IN the four works named below, Professor Skeat has given to the world the results of his labours during some twenty years in four different, though closely allied, spheres of knowledge. In 1868 he published under the auspices of the Philological Society a *Moeso-Gothic Glossary*, with references to all the extant works of Wulfila. It was an excellent idea to follow this up by an edition of a single Gospel, with a short grammar and glossary especially adapted for the use of beginners, and procurable at a small cost. No one who is interested in the history of the English language has now any excuse for not knowing at least the elements of Gothic, so necessary for the student of English philology. Gothic enables us, as it were, to get behind the phenomena of our own language, and to see causes at work which even in the earliest monuments of the English tongue had already produced their full effect. Moreover, by tracing English words back to their Gothic forms we are often enabled to establish their identity with corresponding words in other languages, though the original similarity may have wholly disappeared in the course of time. We take one or two examples almost at random, as they happen to meet our eye in turning over Mr. Skeat's pages. When we find, for instance, that the Gothic for "net" is *nati*, we see at once the reason for the form of the English word. *Nati* is a neuter *ja* stem. The termination has got worn away in the course of ages, but it has left its mark in the modification of the broad vowel *a* of the root into the narrow vowel of "net." So when we find that the Gothic for "tooth" is *tunthus*, plural *tunthjus*, we see not only the reason for the vowel change in the English plural "teeth," but also the identity of English *tooth* with Greek ὀδοντ- and Latin *dent-*. Again, the word for "mightier" in Mark i. 7 is *swinthoza*. This, with loss of *n* before *th*, as in *tunthus*, and change of *z* (*i.e.* voiced *s*) into *r*, gives us the A.-S. comparative swiðor, so often used where we say right, "the right hand" &c.—*i.e.* literally the stronger hand; a fact which in turn confirms the proposed identification of the root of *sinister* with that of *senex*, the common idea being that of weakness, and *sinister* being like swiðor a comparative in form. Having thus given some indication of the interest of Gothic to the intelligent student of English, we have only to say that Mr. Skeat's work is excellently adapted to the end he had in view in writing it; the paradigms are clear, the notes short and to the point.

There is a story told of a man who read a dictionary (we forget in what language) straight on end, and when he had finished, he is said to have observed that it was an interesting book, but a little disconnected. To obviate this want of connexion, Professor Skeat has, in the second work on our list, brought together the results arrived at in his Etymological Dictionary under the heads of the processes and principles which they illustrate. He has produced a useful, and in a sense a interesting, book—that is to say, it is a book which contains many interesting things. Two chapters are devoted by Mr. Skeat to the subject of spelling and spelling reform. We confess we do not see that the subject is much advanced by sentences like the following:—"It is surely a national disgrace to us to find that the wildest arguments . . . . are constantly being used even by well-educated persons, whose ignorance of Early English pronunciation and of modern English phonetics is so complete that they have no suspicion whatever of the amazing worthlessness of their ludicrous utterances" (p. 296). That is surely what Mr. Matthew Arnold calls "a style as far removed from urbanity as possible." It is not often that Mr. Skeat mislays his temper in this way. We do not propose to discuss the question as a whole, but one or two remarks we are tempted to make. The old scribes, says Mr. Skeat, spelt as they pronounced. And the consequence is that they all spelt differently. That is often very interesting to us, as it may enable us to tell the dialect or province to which the scribe of a manuscript belonged. But is Mr. Skeat going to "restore the heptarchy" in literature? Education, locomotion, centralization do away with many interesting local traits; but we do not therefore propose to reverse the progress of the century. And as it was inevitable that the invention of printing should substitute uniformity for local variety, so it was inevitable that it should stereotype that uniformity when once it was attained; just as the codification of unwritten customs arrest their further development by practice.

Among the works projected by the late Mr. Kemble was an edition of the Gospels which should show in one synoptic view the earliest and latest forms of the West-Saxon text (MSS. C.C.C.C. No. 140. Bodl. Hatton No. 38 [formerly 65]), the interlinear Northumbrian gloss of the Lindisfarne Gospels (Cotton MS. Nero D. iv.), and the similar gloss, partly Mercian and partly Northumbrian, contained in the Rushworth Gospels (Bodl. Auct. D. ii. 19). Mr. Kemble died before the completion of St. Matthew, which was finished by his colleague, the Rev. C. Hardwick, and appeared in 1858. The remaining three Gospels were edited by Mr. Skeat, and appeared in 1871, 1874, and 1878 respectively. The re-issue, therefore, of St. Matthew by Mr. Skeat gives us a homogeneous edition of the whole four Gospels, and is on that and many other grounds thoroughly welcome. The standard of accuracy in editing MSS. has advanced considerably since Kemble's day, and Mr. Skeat claims to have secured greater exactness in this respect. In order to test this claim we determined to collate a chapter in Mr. Skeat's edition with the two Oxford MSS. (Hatton and Rushworth) which furnish two out of his four texts. As regards the Hatton MSS. the result may be very briefly dismissed. We chose almost at random the twentieth chapter of St. Matthew. The only errors which we detected were that in v. 12 the MS. seemed to us to have *werhtan* for Mr. Skeat's *worhtan*; in v. 13 it certainly has *wyrcende* for his *wyrcende*, while in v. 29 *Iericho* is spelt with an initial capital. We should in one or two cases differ from Mr. Skeat as to the divisions between words and syllables, and, indeed, we think generally that the plan adopted by Professor Earle of representing the spacing of the MS. by corresponding spaces in printing is very preferable to Mr. Skeat's plan of inserting hyphens.

* *The Gospel of St. Mark in Gothic according to the Translation made by Wulfila.* Edited, with a Grammatical Introduction and Glossarial Index, by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Principles of English Etymology. By the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, Litt.D. First Series. *The Native Element.* Oxford: Clarendon Press.

The Gospel according to St. Matthew in Anglo-Saxon, Northumbrian, and Old Mercian Versions, synoptically arranged. New editions. By the Same. Cambridge: at the University Press.

The Vision of William concerning Piers the Plowman, in Three Parallel Texts; together with Richard the Redeless. By William Langland. Edited, with Preface, Notes, and Glossary, by the Same. 2 vols. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press.

An eye accustomed to the look of an Anglo-Saxon MS. resents the presence of a hyphen as a modern and incongruous element. More important is, that its insertion sometimes begs questions which ought to be left open. As regards the Rushworth MS., the result of our inspection was less satisfactory. In v. 22 the scribe at first wrote "þa ondswarede," he then smudged out the "þa," and inserted it *after* "ondswarede." The reason of this was that the scribe began to write in the natural Saxon order, and then altered it to suit the order of the Latin which he was glossing, "respondens autem." So in v. 23 the scribe had written "ge iarwad" (gl. paratum), but the "ge" is smudged. Now, we are not sure that this was not unintentional, and that the form was not meant to be ge-iarwad parallel with the ge-gearwad of the Lindisfarne text. Anyhow, as Mr. Skeat professes to mention all the corrections of the text, these facts ought to have been noted. More important is that in v. 27 the words "betwix eow" after "wile" are omitted altogether (Kemble here omitted nearly a whole verse); while at the beginning of v. 33 a ⁊ (and) is inserted which is not in the MS. In this text also there are questions of word-division on which we should be inclined to differ with Mr. Skeat. But the inspection of the Rushworth MS. has suggested to us a more interesting question than that of Mr. Skeat's exact accuracy. The Lindisfarne gloss is, as we have said, Northumbrian throughout. The Rushworth gloss on St. Matthew is Mercian, and moreover is much freer in character. For whereas the former is an interlinear version on the Hamiltonian method, each Saxon word being written above the Latin word which it translates, regardless of Saxon order and syntax, the latter is much freer, and though influenced, as we have shown, by the Latin order, approaches more nearly to the character of an independent translation. But with the beginning of St. Mark the character of the Rushworth gloss changes; it becomes Northumbrian, and follows so closely the Lindisfarne MS. that it must have been copied, either from that or some closely related MS. Soon after the same point—namely, at Mark ii. 15—the hand of the scribe changes; and, with the curious exception of three verses in St. John (xviii. 1-3), where there is a reversion to the former hand, and to the former Mercian and freer style of gloss, this continues to the end. From notes in the MS. we know who these two scribes were—namely, Færman, a priest of the monastery of Harewood in the West Riding, and a scribe named Owun. How is the difference in their work to be explained? Dr. Murray's view, adopted by Mr. Skeat in the preface to St. John, is that Færman made an independent version of St. Matthew; that he then became acquainted with the Lindisfarne gloss, and began to copy it; but, wearying of the work of mere transcription, handed it over to Owun to complete. Against this view, plausible and ingenious as it is, the following facts may be noted (we confine ourselves still to the twentieth chapter of St. Matthew). In the latter half of v. 6 the gloss runs, "gemette oþre standende," *i.e.* he met with others standing; the Latin under this passage originally stood "uidit alios stantes"; but *uidit* has been altered *by the glossator* into *inuenit* (which is the reading of the Lindisfarne text) in order to bring it into harmony with the gloss. In the same way, in v. 21 the glosser has inserted the word *dic*, which was not in his Latin text, because the Saxon version has cwæþ. In the same way, *meam* is inserted in v. 23. Mr. Skeat has noticed these alterations of the Latin text, but he has not, we think, mentioned, what seems to us abundantly clear, that they are in the same hand and ink as the gloss. Hence the conclusion seems inevitable that the gloss to St. Matthew is not the original work of Færman, but was copied by him from some glossed MS., the Latin text of which did not agree exactly with that of the MS. into which he copied the gloss; and so he had to alter his Latin text in order to bring it into harmony with the gloss. A curious little fact confirming this view is the following. In v. 13 the scribe, instead of "be dinero dæglicum," "for a daily penny," *i.e.* "for a penny a day" (*dinere* being the Latin *denarius*), wrote at first "be dinere dægullicum," *i.e.* "for a secret penny." Now the adverb "degullice," *secretly*, actually occurs a little lower down, in v. 17, as a gloss to *secreto*. It was easy for a scribe, copying mechanically, to confuse *dæglicum* and *dægullicum*, especially if his eye caught the word *degullice* lower down in the page; but it is inconceivable that an independent translator should have written such nonsense as "a secret penny." We are driven, therefore, to the conclusion that the difference in the Rushworth MS. between the gloss on St. Matthew and that on the other three Gospels is due to the fact that they were copied from two different MSS., and not, as Dr. Murray and Mr. Skeat thought, to the fact that the one was and the other was not the independent work of Færman himself.

We have departed slightly from the chronological order of publication in our list, in order to observe the principle of keeping the best till last. In the two handsome volumes published by the Clarendon Press Mr. Skeat has brought together the results of twenty years' untiring labour on the text of *The Vision of Piers the Plowman*. These results have been known and appreciated by scholars as they appeared from time to time in the publications of the Early English Text Society. But those publications, though invaluable to students, are not very accessible to the general public, nor very acceptable to those who care for books as books, and not merely as literary tools.

For the text Mr. Skeat has done almost everything that could be done, having collated all the more important of the forty-five MSS. at present known to exist; nor is it likely that even the discovery of other MSS. would seriously affect the results arrived at. It is curious that of these forty-five MSS. only *one* contains the poem on Richard II. (Richard the Redeless), which is almost certainly by the same author. The fact is a striking illustration of the insecurity of the times, and of the danger supposed to attend the possession of literature bearing directly on current politics. The notes are a perfect mine of illustrations, historical, social, literary, and philological to the text of the poem. The French proverb says that everything comes to him who knows how to wait, a saying which is eminently true of literary research. We can easily imagine the pleasure of Mr. Skeat in coming upon some of the apt parallels which he has brought together from so many sources. Our only regret is that Mr. Skeat has not combined these illustrations into a general view of the relation of the poem to the history, life, and literature of the times. In return for this we would gladly have surrendered the copious extracts which he has given us in his Introduction from Whitaker and Milman. There are just a few points in the notes on which we are inclined to differ from Mr. Skeat. We will just mention one or two of the more important of these, in order to show that we are not oblivious of the first duty of a critic. On pp. 119 and 175 of vol. ii. the expressions "bothe the lawes," and "the two lawes" are interpreted as meaning the duty to God and to our neighbour. We are inclined to think that the reference is, in accordance with common mediæval usage, to the civil and canon laws, a combination which still survives in the title (borne by Mr. Skeat himself) of *Legum Doctor*, and the corresponding phrase *Utriusque Juris Doctor*. On pp. 143, 240, we think Mr. Skeat has gone wrong through not observing that the word *moillere* is the legal phrase *mulier*, meaning legitimate. The word *mulier* occurs, for instance, in this sense in Fortescue's tracts on the Succession. We believe, moreover, that this is the meaning of the word in *all* the places in which it occurs in *Piers the Plowman*; though in some cases the sense of "lawful wife" which Mr. Skeat assigns to it is not absolutely impossible. On p. 268 the phrase "to paye" is wrongly explained as meaning "to please"; the use of the word two lines lower down in the poem, and in Passus 23, 308, shows clearly that it is here to be taken in its usual sense. On p. 248 we are inclined to suggest that the phrase "lened me to a lenten" is perhaps to be explained by the parallel passage 11, 64, as meaning "I leaned against a linden tree"; while on p. 303, in the phrase used of some of the members of Richard II.'s packed Parliament of September 1397, that they had "supped with Simon over-night," the Simon meant is probably not Simon Peter, as Mr. Skeat thinks, understanding it as a symbolical expression for the clergy, but Simon Magus; and the whole phrase is a humorous way of saying that they had been bribed. But even if in these and a few other cases Mr. Skeat has really gone wrong, these are but slight blemishes on a very important work.

The historical interest of Langland's great poem and the light which it throws upon the social and ecclesiastical life of the time have often been recognized. The passages which have naturally attracted most notice are those in which he attacks the clergy, their non-residence (p. 8), their secular employments (pp. 18, 97, 127, 169), and secular garb (p. 444); their avarice and hardness (pp. 37, 444, 471), their want of learning (pp. 376, 386); his bitter remarks on the rival popes, their failure to make peace among kings and between themselves (pp. 129, 379, 473, 577), and their unlikeness to their spiritual ancestor St. Peter when he said, "Silver and gold have I none" (p. 403); his still more bitter denunciations of the friars which occur at almost every turn, and in which he shows his affinity with Wycliffe. On the strength of these passages he has been claimed by the Reformers. Fuller, *e.g.* in his *Worthies of England*, says "he may by Prolepsis be termed a Protestant." It is now beginning to be recognized that a mediæval writer may denounce the abuses of the mediæval Church without necessarily being a Luther or a Zwingli "born out of due time." Even in regard to Wycliffe himself, Dr. Shirley long ago remarked that, had he only abstained from attacking the doctrine of Transubstantiation, he might have been honoured as the founder of a new Order in the Church, and his "poor priests" might have taken their place by the side of the Dominicans and Franciscans. How far our author was from being a Protestant in the popular sense may be seen from the following doctrines and practices of which he distinctly approves; although, like all true moral and religious reformers, he places right intention and right conduct, love to God and love to man, far above all external observances, however sacred. We take the points in the order in which they occur in his work—Prayers to Saints form the pillars of Truth's abode (p. 187); the embroidering of "chasubles for chaplains" is urged on rich ladies as a charitable work (p. 195); purgatory (p. 239); the Pope has power "pardon to grant To people without penance to pass into Joy" —in other words, to grant indulgences (p. 249); virginity is set above marriage (pp. 368, 483); the clergy, "what so [ever] they do themselves," are nevertheless God's anointed (p. 373. Contrast Wycliffe's doctrine of "Dominion founded in grace"). Thomas Becket, the special object of Reformation fury, which erased his very name from the Calendar, "was slain . . . in salvation of man's soul," and "is an example to all bishops and a bright mirror" (p. 475). On p. 549 the poet says to his wife and daughter

> Arise and go reverence • God's resurrection,
> And creep on knees to the Cross • & kiss it for a Jewel—

a practice expressly condemned at the Reformation; while on

p. 573 the doctrine of Transubstantiation is put into the mouth of Conscience herself:—

Here is bread y-blessed · and God's body there-under;

where the word "there-under" exactly represents the theological *substance* of Transubstantiation (*cf.* p. 505). All these passages are from the latest recension of the poem; so that they represent the author's maturest views, who cannot, we fear, be acquitted of adherence to "the deplorable Roman religion," as Thackeray with his "wonted irony" calls it in his recently published letters. But it is not ecclesiastical abuses only that raise Langland's wrath. He is strong against the secular evils of the time—purveyance, livery, and maintenance—those standing plagues of the later middle ages, the corruption of judges and juries, the overbearing of law by force, the oppression of lords towards their tenants (p. 457), and of tradesmen towards the poor "that parcel-mele mote biggen"—*i.e.* who are forced to buy in small quantities (p. 69). He is as stern as Thackeray against the monstrosities of the marriage market (pp. 279 ff.), and denounces idle and fraudulent beggars with the zeal of a Poor-law reformer (pp. 204 ff.) Langland is emphatically one for whom "facit indignatio versum." He is very different in this from his great contemporary Chaucer, whose genial and worldly humour takes vice and imperfection for granted. And among his most beautiful lines are those which describe (pp. 230-1) the lawyer who uses his legal knowledge, not, as so many, for oppression, but to "see that such as are in need and necessity have right"; and the account of charity (pp. 446-9).

Besides being a moralist at once indignant and tender, the poet is a humourist of a very high order, full of keen and caustic observation. Mr. Skeat has rightly drawn attention to the number and interest of Langland's references to London, where he lived for a long time. But he had also lived in the country. Indeed, the line which in the latest or C-text runs

I have lived in London · many long years,

is in the B-text

I have lived in land [*i.e.* in the country] quoth I · my name is long Will.

And the air of the country breathes in some of the most musical lines of the poem. This note is struck at the very opening:—

In a summer season · when soft was the sun, &c.

And there is another very similar passage, pp. 257-9:—

I went forth wide-where · walking mine one [*i.e.* alone]
In a wild wilderness · by a wood-side.
Bliss of the birds · abide me made,
And under a linden in a lawn · leaned I a stound [*i.e.* a while]
To list to their lays · and their lovely notes.

Very beautiful, too, is the description (too long to quote) of what Kind (*i.e.* Nature) showed to the poet in the "Mirror of Myddelerde," or Earth (pp. 359-361).

We trust we have said enough to show that, apart from the high historical and philological interest of Langland, his literary value is extremely great. Any one who reads to live and does not live to read, or, to put it differently, any one whose interest is literary rather than philological or historical, may be well content, if he have mastered Chaucer and Langland, to give the rest of Middle-English verse the go-by. At the end of the preface to the last volume of *Piers the Plowman*, published by the Early English Text Society, Mr. Skeat expresses the hope that his work may prove as useful as that of the Northern Farmer, who was well content to make it his boast that he had "stubb'd Thornaby waäste." We heartily congratulate him on this conclusion of his most important work. It is a perfect monument of patient industry and sound learning.

THE VIRGINIAN CAMPAIGN OF 1781.*

THESE two solid volumes are, in the first place, witnesses to the painful interest taken by Americans in their history. Painful, that is, in the old sense of the word, for it shrinks from no labour, and it publishes the results of its toil regardless of expense. A fair and safe way of showing what these volumes contain—and withal an easy way, which is no small merit—is to quote the voluminous title-page, whereon Mr. Stevens, "of Vermont, temporarily residing in London, England," amplifies the short title given on the back of his book. "The Campaign in Virginia, 1781. An exact Reprint of Six rare Pamphlets on the Clinton-Cornwallis Controversy; with very numerous important unpublished Manuscript Notes by Sir Henry Clinton, K.B.; and the omitted and hitherto unpublished Portions of the Letters in their Appendixes added from the Original Manuscripts. With a Supplement containing Extracts from the Journals of the House of Lords, a French Translation of Papers laid before the House, and a Catalogue of the additional Correspondence of Clinton, and of Cornwallis, in 1780-81: about 3456 Papers relating to the Controversy or bearing on affairs in America." Here is a title-page nearly as long as a preface, but carefully descriptive and thoroughly trustworthy—nay more, most commendably modest. Mr. Stevens not only gives all this, but more also. His reprint of the pamphlets with Clinton's notes is supplied with an elaborate set of finger-posts, so to speak, and cross references, so that no one who uses them has the smallest excuse for not knowing where to find all the pros and cons of the controversy. Mr. Stevens has also got his book up in a style deserving of much praise. The volumes are larger than human indolence can like, but paper and print are capital, and the type varies in size in proportions pleasing to the eye. It must have been a happy morning that in which Mr. Stevens arranged his title-page, adjusted its lines, and balanced its type.

From the nature of the case, Mr. Stevens's share of the book is largely beyond the reach of criticism. Unless one had the rare pamphlets covered with General Clinton's notes before him how shall he tell whether Mr. Stevens has copied those jottings accurately? Again, without going all through the straggling correspondence of the parties in the original, how shall he say whether it is carefully reprinted? These remarks we make as defining our own inevitable limitations, not as meaning to imply that Mr. Stevens has failed in any way to discharge the duties of a good and faithful editor. On the contrary, there is abundance of internal evidence that he has laboured strenuously, and missed nothing. Texts, notes, references, elucidations, and quotations from contemporary newspapers and magazines are all given. The result is a work which must be exceedingly useful to all students of the American War of Independence. Further, Mr. Stevens's own observations are thoroughly sensible in tone, and he sums up the merits both of the Virginian campaign and the quarrel between the English generals very soundly. Any doubt we have as to the value of the book is due entirely to the nature of the subject. It is not because the Virginian campaign of 1781 ended in the surrender at Yorktown that we find a thousand pages of print more than it deserves. That disaster can be now remembered with great equanimity, but the relative importance of the thing does not justify so much talk. Perhaps an Englishman may be prejudiced in this matter. In a history which has lasted for eighteen hundred years, more or less, and is so incomparably full and varied, one campaign of one war must have a very subordinate interest. Even while it was going on the Virginian campaign was, for England, only a part of a great and complicated whole. It had to be watched along with the diplomatic struggle with the Northern Powers, and open war with our neighbours across the Channel and the North Sea. Hood and Rodney were keeping the lists against all comers in the West Indies; Gibraltar was standing its famous siege; and in the East we were wrestling our last pull with France. Amidst all this the campaign in Virginia, in spite of its real importance, is considerably overshadowed for us. From the American point of view, which takes in so much less, it is more conspicuous, naturally; but even there it can hardly be worth two weighty volumes. After all Mr. Stevens's labour there is nothing new to be said about it. That Clinton and Cornwallis, though good officers and honourable men, were neither of them great soldiers, that they were far too weak in force for the work they had to do, that they were mistaken in dividing their army before the enemy, and that one of them was crushed by weight of numbers, were known facts, and cannot be made any more certain. In its details the campaign was not picturesque, and has no military significance. Therefore we cannot help thinking that Mr. Stevens has imposed upon himself a work of supererogation.

The merits of the controversy between the generals have also been already judged, and most admirably. Nothing more completely adequate can be imagined than the judgment given in their own time by the *Monthly Review* for January 1783, and quoted by Mr. Stevens, on the first of the pamphlets. "It had," said our esteemed ancestor in the press, "been happy for this country [we are to write now in the preter-pluperfect tense] that the conduct of our commanders had been so clear and decisive as to save them the trouble of penning narratives and defences. Ill-success is the parent of accusation, exculpation, and recrimination, and in this detail Sir Henry Clinton acquits himself of all share in Lord Cornwallis's misfortune, leaving that general to answer for misconceptions of the orders sent him, and for the choice of the post which he was reduced to surrender. A counter representation may probably follow from the other side, and such is all the satisfaction we have, and are likely to have, for the loss of America." The Monthly Reviewers were duller men than some rivals, according to Dr. Johnson, but this Monthly Reviewer was not a dull man. He turned out a neat piece of prophetic criticism and said all there was to say. Taken together, the pamphlets prove that neither of the generals had a definite practical military scheme in his head, that they went along from hand to mouth playing the extremely difficult game of co-operation from widely distant centres, and in their correspondence leaving much to be understood, and implying a great deal which ought to have been stated with precision. Finally, they were beaten because the united force of the enemy, more by accident than good management, fell upon one of them while they were divided. To be sure it must be said for them that they had to fight under conditions which would have tried Napoleon or Gustavus.

* *Clinton-Cornwallis Controversy, growing out of the Campaign in Virginia, 1781.* Compiled, collected, and edited by B. F. Stevens. London: 4 Trafalgar Square. 1888.

TWO BOOKS ON LATIN LITERATURE.*

THE altogether disproportionate attention which, from at least the middle of the seventeenth century to the first quarter of this nineteenth, Roman literature received at the expense of Greek

* *Society in Rome under the Cæsars.* By W. R. Inge. London: Murray. 1888.
Roman Literature and Roman Art. By Rev. Robert Burn. London: Macmillan. 1888.

in England naturally brought about a certain reaction, and until recently Greek has certainly attracted (we shall not say more than its share, having a strong opinion on that point, but) more than Latin. Of course there have been isolated exceptions, such as the great work done on single authors by the late Mr. Munro and the living Mr. Robinson Ellis, and the excellent study of the literature, as a literature, by Professor Sellar. Quite recently, again, there seems to have been a fresh set in the Roman direction, and the two books before us are instances of it. Whether they are capital instances will appear better when we have examined them more in detail.

It is never well to be harsh to the young, and when the young are instructors of others yet younger *maxima debetur pueris* has a double meaning. Besides, Mr. Inge, who is a Master at Eton, and a Fellow of King's College as well, displays good gifts in more ways than one. He has evidently had the virtue as well as the good taste to read what he is writing about. Indeed, his book shows a really creditable acquaintance with Latin literature, especially Latin poetical literature, from Lucretius to Juvenal, beyond which his period does not go. The essay is a well-written essay, and, we doubt not, quite deserved the Hare prize which it got at Cambridge two years ago. But whether it deserved publication is another matter. Nobody who remembers his own undergraduate or early graduate days has much right to throw stones at Mr. Inge for the faults here observable as faults in a prize essay. Anybody who did not publish his own essays, prize or other, at such a period may perhaps have a little right to throw a pebble at this published book. Most men can remember the ingenuous way in which they "got into logical coaches," and rode to their destination, charmed with the smooth rolling of the vehicle, and quite careless of other considerations; the bland indifference with which they arrived at contradictory conclusions, the gravity with which they picked up and gave out as new the ideas of popular text-books and popular coaches, or (it comes to very much the same) with unheard-of audacity attacked these ideas. One may praise the composition of these little exercises, through which only, in most cases, a man comes to sound and original thinking; but one cannot praise the publishing of them. For instance, we should like Mr. Inge to compare two statements of his which occur at no greater distance than at pages 4 and 10 of his book:—

The righteous indignation with which Lucretius attacks the fables about Hell current among the vulgar seems to show that belief in a future punishment was strong enough to cause considerable unhappiness in the minds of many.

Let us, to be absolutely fair to Mr. Inge, mention that in a previous sentence he refers to the "apparent incredulity of educated persons" in such fables; but still the sentence just quoted seems to ring oddly in the memory when we come six pages later to the following:—

The belief in immortality was openly ridiculed in Cicero's time. Hardly an old woman could be found, if we believe the writer, who trembled at the fables about the infernal regions.

This again is safeguarded just afterwards by a caution not to accept the statements of authorities too strictly, to remember that expressions like Cicero's are hastily made, &c. But as Cicero's time and Lucretius's time coincide pretty exactly, it surely would have been better not to hazard at short distances general statements which directly contradict each other. The truth, of course, is that nothing can be more rash than to found any positive conclusion upon the language of a poetical and philosophical recluse like Lucretius or a rhetorical speaker and writer like Cicero. And this rashness, though, as the two provisos just referred to show, Mr. Inge really tries to guard himself against it, is the main fault of the book. The writer does not sufficiently remember that elaborate literature of the belles-lettres kind is the most dangerous of all texts to judge social matters from, and that in both the classical literatures, but especially in Latin, the quantity of literary evidence that we have, not of this kind, is wofully small. Suppose Marston's satires with little or nothing else had come down to us as evidence of the social state of London, what should we think of the generation of the Armada? Would Mr. Inge take the doleful descriptions of British impiety in Gildas as gospel?

There is another sign of youth in Mr. Inge's arguments; he mixes up his times. What is the use of quoting Cicero and Celsus, writers separated by some two hundred years, as giving contrasted evidence about belief in the superstitions of Paganism? You might as well quote *Essays and Reviews* and Hobbes as if they had reference to the same state of things. This lumping up of all classical writers is, no doubt, a very common fault; but we should hardly have expected it from an evidently well-read young scholar. "If we may believe Juvenal and Apuleius" is not so bad; but it is quite as bad as "if we may believe Fielding and Thackeray." Indeed, we should much like to know what Apuleius has to do with "the Cæsars" at all. Yet, again, Mr. Inge falls into that peculiar vice of which Macaulay and the late Mr. J. R. Green are the capital examples—the vice of generalizing from a single example or a small number of examples. He refers to a well-known scandalous story as to the abuse, in a particular instance, of a temple for purposes of seduction. But this is a terribly narrow foundation for the sweeping statement—"Even religion lent itself to be the ready minister of vice, and the temples of Isis were constantly used for the vilest purposes." The sentence before this—"Art lent itself to depict *shameless and suggestive* scenes"—is a very odd hendiadys; for the poor blessed word "suggestive" has surely nothing wicked *per se* about it. But it is chiefly in generalities of this kind that Mr. Inge is peccant, and when we come to the detailed accounts of manners and customs the book is nearly always careful and good. Its fault is an insufficient power of weighing and arranging evidence—a power which scarcely ever comes very early.

We can hardly speak so well of the other book before us, except as an album to turn over for the sake of its admirable illustrations. The author of *Rome and the Campagna* has Roman art, especially architecture, sufficiently near his finger ends, and his examples of them are well chosen and admirably rendered. But from this to writing a book on Roman literature in relation to Roman art is rather a long way, and to writing this book in the form of a comparative and philosophical history of Roman tendencies, character, and so forth, is a still longer. We own that we do not think Mr. Burn has reached even the shorter journey's end in a satisfactory manner. To begin with, the book is factitious in composition; the longest chapter, nearly one-third of the whole, is, the author tells us, slightly altered from his former work. It gives, indeed, a very interesting and minute account of Romano-Greek architecture, but an account which has in at least great part of its bulk absolutely nothing to do with the general subject. Then, too, Mr. Burn's fashion of arguing is very odd. "The characteristic tone," he says, "of Materialism which we see pervading all ancient Roman work is diametrically opposed to the spiritual and upward tendency expressed by Gothic architecture, and we are, *therefore*, prepared to find Roman art and poetry deadening the elevated tone of Christianity for many centuries." Anything stranger of its kind than this "therefore" we never had the honour of meeting. Roman art and literature were deadening and materializing, and, *therefore*, we find them deadening Gothic. One would imagine from Mr. Burn's words that Gothic was first, and then Roman art and poetry came and deadened it. Perhaps he does mean this, and refers to Renaissance and Palladian art. But, then, how about the many centuries? In plain language, though we have no doubt his meaning is right, his expression is a mere muddle. Nor do we wonder so much at this when we come to other expressions on particular points. Whether some anti-Jingo has got hold of Mr. Burn and inoculated him with venom we know not, but he has got into his head the certainly original notion that the overweening patriotism of the Romans was prejudicial to their literary power. We will give any one a dozen, a hundred, or, if he likes, a thousand guesses at what Mr. Burn sees in the magnificent passage—one of the few in which even lukewarm admirers of the Mantuan acknowledge him to have reached poetry high, if not the highest—"Excudent alii" with its climax "Tu regere imperio populos." Mr. Burn sees in it (we should really like to have a page turned here in order to give the full effect) "an almost menial worship of Imperial power." This extraordinary sentence is well followed by another, which, unless its meaning is hopelessly confused, calls the Æneid "in great part prosaic and lifeless." Now there is a kind of fashion at the present day, no doubt, of assuming certain esoteric preciousnesses and perfections in Virgil which the profane vulgar cannot see, and against this tendency it is well to make a stand. And we shall not say that Virgil was of the first order of poets. But if a poem which begins with the storm and the meeting of Æneas and his mother, goes on with the story of the fall of Troy and its sequel, continues with the whole fourth book, and, after this, gives us the games, and the descent into hell, and Nisus and Euryalus, and the visit to Evander, and the deaths of Lausus and Pallas, and Mezentius and Turnus—if this poem, giving all this and more in one of the most perfectly harmonious of poetical styles is prosaic and lifeless, then we will very gladly take a whole *corpus poeticum* of such lifeless prose as soon as Mr. Burn will write it for us. Indeed, any one who can say that any part of the Æneid is prosaic must be perfectly insensible to poetic form. However, very likely Mr. Burn did not mean this; indeed, we are under the impression that throughout the book he did not know very clearly what he meant, and did not know at all how to express what he meant. This, no doubt, is a pitiable, not a criminal state of mind; but it is a state of mind by no means conducive to the writing of a good book.

But study brings all things good, and now that people have begun to read Latin once more, they will no doubt some day begin to know something about it, if only they do not allow themselves to confine their attention to In-khorn and Ta-phouse, nor, as a great scholar adjures them, try to find out, not what was meant, but what was written only.

THE EARTHLY INFERNO.*

We wish we could introduce Mr. William Morris, the poet, to Mr. William Morris, the political revolutionist, between whom there has long been alienation. The one might learn a great deal from the other. The author of the lectures printed under the title of the *Signs of Change* would find his dreams—half idyllic, half bloodthirsty—rebuked in advance by the more truly inspired wisdom of the poem the title of which, by a happy irony, he appends to his name at the front of this work. Mr. Morris, like the wanderers whose illusions and sufferings and

* *Signs of Change.* Seven Lectures, delivered on various occasions. By William Morris, Author of "The Earthly Paradise." London: Reeves & Turner. 1888.

failure he told in noble verse, has himself set out in search of an earthly paradise. Like them, having passed through much affliction, he would find, if he had his way, that he had arrived at a place very different from that of his dreams. He might find himself in an earthly inferno. "So," as a poet he knows sings, "with the failing of our hoped delight, we grew to be like devils." Mr. Morris, in the volume before us, describes a state of things which does not exist, and proposes, as a cure for it, a state of things which could not possibly exist. With a certain artistic sense, in which he is not likely to be wanting, he darkens his picture of the present in order to heighten the charms of the dream of the future which he displays before his own duped vision. He writes as if the disclosures which have been made before the Lords' Committee on the sweating system gave a true picture of our industrial organisation, though they really apply only to four trades subject to very special conditions.

Society, according to Mr. Morris, is divided into two classes; robbers and the persons whom they plunder, masters and slaves. These two classes are commonly called employers and labourers, or capitalists and workmen, but their moral relation is, in Mr. Morris's view, best expressed by the terms which he uses. Labour produces everything, and is, therefore, entitled to everything. But as labour cannot be set to work without capital—which supplies it with the means of livelihood while the products on which it must subsist are in the process of creation, and with the instruments, such as tools, machinery, buildings, in and by which it works—it is absolutely under the control of capital, and must submit to the terms which the capitalist imposes. As the capitalist, too, must live, and as he cannot eat spinning-jennies nor clothe himself with steam-engines, it might occur to Mr. Morris that he is as much in the power of the labourer as the labourer is in his power, and that the terms master and slave, plunderer and plundered, might be converted. The number of the labourers, and their competition with each other for work, compels them, in Mr. Morris's view, to accept such wages as are compatible with bare and comfortless existence. But competition is not entirely on one side. If the competition of labourers tends to lower wages, the competition of manufacturers tends to lower prices, and the labourer, who is the maker of one thing and the purchaser of many, finds the good and evil at least balanced. It further tends to equalize wages in different employments, which, as Mr. Mill points out, is a result of competition in harmony with the Socialist ideal. Further, there is a competition of employers for labourers, of which the result is to raise wages. That competition leads to adulteration and the production of articles cheap and nasty is true; but there is a competition also in excellence of quality as well as in vileness, and the action taken by the State through armies of inspectors in the protection of the purchaser and in derogation of the maxim *caveat emptor* enforces this better competition.

These are truisms, but it is necessary to re-state them when they are questioned by sciolists or denied by demagogues. The grave fact, however, remains. Are the English labouring classes in the position of starved, ill-clad, miserably housed, over-worked, and mentally impoverished destitution which is alleged? There is some incongruity in bringing Mr. Giffen's facts and researches into juxtaposition with Mr. Morris's dreams. Mr. Morris speaks of over-production for the sake of profit to the employer leading to exhausting over-work on the part of the labourers. Mr. Giffen has pointed out that a relative decline in the material productions of English industry is due in some degree to the success with which the labouring classes have enforced shorter hours of labour, and their disposition, to use his phrase, "to take things easy," a state of mind which is in some degree in harmony with Mr. Morris's socialistic ideal. So far are things from going from bad to worse that of late years an increase of population has been accompanied by a decrease of pauperism; the deposits in savings banks and the number of depositors—chiefly working men and the tradesmen depending upon working men—have greatly increased. As these savings represent a surplusage of earnings over spendings Mr. Morris's theory of starvation wages, or wages little above starvation point, is scarcely in harmony with the facts. Mr. Morris advocates his socialistic reconstruction of society, which is mostly borrowed from Fourier, for this reason, among others, that the organization of labour would leave leisure for the innocent recreations and elevating pursuits of life. Mr. Giffen has pointed out that there is a steady increase among the self-supporting population of the country of the classes devoting themselves to art, science, literature, amusements, and education. This fact exhibits a tendency in the direction of Mr. Morris's desires.

The fact is that, under the system of competition, the evils which Mr. Morris would abolish by Socialism are gradually curing themselves. To this fact Mr. Morris carefully shuts his eyes, or, when he cannot shut his eyes, he closes his mind. He denounces gradual reforms as leading men away from his own remedy of violent revolution. He looks forward, as possibly "the best we can hope to see," to a time when "the struggle, getting sharper and bitterer day by day"—it is becoming less sharp and less bitter day by day—"will break out openly into a slaughter of men by actual warfare instead of the slower and crueller methods of peaceful commerce. If we live to see that, we shall live to see much; for it will mean the rich classes grown conscious of their own wrong and robbery, and consciously defending them by open violence; and then the end will be drawing near."

Like some of his predecessors of the French revolutionary period, Mr. Morris mingles with his bloodthirsty aspirations dreams of a land flowing, not so much with milk and honey as with milk and water, of a society in which fellowship shall supersede mastership, in which men shall play at work and work at play, and society shall be dissolved in a sickly, spoony, and languid sentimentality which would probably issue in a hate like that of the soliloquist in the Spanish cloister. This, of course, is not his statement; it is our rude but faithful translation. For ourselves we believe that he entirely mistakes human nature. Sir William Grove's speculations are not necessary in order to show that antagonism is the law of the world, that conflict and competition are essential to the development of an energetic manliness of character, that the relations of men to each other are naturally and necessarily those of leaders and followers, masters and servants, of rivals and not of fellows in Mr. Morris's lackadaisical sense of the term—a sense incompatible with real comradeship and hearty goodwill.

In conclusion, may we commend to Mr. Morris his own earlier wisdom:—

> Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
> Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?

He has endeavoured to build "a shadowy isle of bliss amidst the beatings of a steely sea," unconscious of what he once knew, that "its ravening monsters mighty men must slay," if they are to be slain, "not the poor singer of an empty day."

ARTISTIC ANATOMY.*

THERE are several works on Artistic Anatomy in English, French, and German. Our great work, of course, is the classical Marshall, which we have already reviewed, or rather we have attempted to do so. Before us is an outcome possibly of his work—at any rate, a most excellent practical treatise on the matter in hand. Our author is an accomplished artist, anatomist, and teacher, and finding, as he tells us in his preface, that there is no work on artistic anatomy which gives with sufficient fulness what the artist requires, has most certainly—without either extreme minuteness or, on the other hand, superficiality—given the art student exactly the necessary details for following out his work. Mr. Sparkes must most clearly have studied in the dissecting-room, or he could not have told us what we are so desirous ourselves of inculcating, that, besides knowledge gained by lectures, plates, models, casts, and reading, the art student should follow the example of such masters as Michael Angelo and Da Vinci, in careful attendance on and drawing from dissections, or indeed, if possible, making them himself. Every facility is given in London; the two great art schools, the Royal Academy and South Kensington, as also the lectures at University College, are illustrated by practical dissections in addition to the lectures, and the magnificent collection at the Royal College of Surgeons is open to all. The chief object of dissecting-room anatomy, of course, is to verify statements made in lecture, and to make the art student accurate.

Mr. Sparkes is to be much congratulated on having produced the most readable, accurate, and useful work for the English art student which has yet been placed before him, and it is a credit to South Kensington teaching and to English art literature.

DOCTORS AND DOCTORS.†

THE subject-matter of this work has been that of not a few others, but the author has certainly succeeded in imparting a freshness and interest which render it eminently readable. Written by one who is not in the ranks of the profession, it is strictly impartial and free from professional egotism, while exhibiting the greatest sympathy for physicians, past and present, in their many trials and disabilities. The thoughtful Englishman who takes a pride in his country's past history may well ponder the lessons here told, which should act as a wholesome tonic to complacent boasting, demonstrating as they undoubtedly do the gross ignorance and bovine stupidity of every rank of society in days not so very long gone by, days of which a not insignificant afterglow yet lingers amongst us. After the wreck of the old pagan civilizations, in which the science of medicine had held an honourable place, the Church devoted its energies, with all too much success, to the hampering, hindering, and smothering of this most beneficent of all the arts or sciences. Every effort was made to suppress the Jewish and Arabian physicians, who during the dark ages kept in some sort the traditions of a more enlightened epoch. How well the Church understood the nature of the duties which it thus arrogantly assumed may be gathered from the injunctions of Popes Benedict IX. and Urban II., which forbade the higher clergy to practise medicine at all, contemptuously relegating the art to the lowest of the priesthood, and endeavoured to prohibit surgery altogether, upon the ridiculous pretext that the Church abhorred the shedding of blood. Thus vilified and abused, medicine and surgery sank to a point at

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* *A Manual of Artistic Anatomy.* For the use of Students in Art. Being a Description of the Bones and Muscles that influence the External Form of Man. By John C. L. Sparkes, Principal of the National Art Training School, South Kensington [illegible] Department). Illustrated. [illegible]

† *Doctors and Doctors.* By Graham Everitt. London: [illegible] Sonnenschein & Co. 1888.

which they could certainly not be regarded as either a science or an art; and poor humanity was ruthlessly abandoned to the tender mercies of charlatans and impostors.

The Reformation in England wrought but little improvement, although Henry VIII. condescended so far as to elevate surgery to the dignity of a tradecraft by granting a charter to the Barber Surgeons in 1540. A charter had previously been granted to physicians living in or within seven miles of London giving them a quasi-monopoly of metropolitan practice. But beyond this nothing seems to have been done by the Legislature to encourage medical education, or to protect the lives of the lieges from quackery as murderous as it was impudent. The author, quoting from a work dated so late as 1727, states that it was at that time customary for "bishops and their officials" to grant licences as "doctors" to all and sundry illiterate persons who chose to apply and pay for their diplomas. Indeed, this monstrous system survived up to the year 1858, the Archbishop of Canterbury retaining up to then the legal right to confer degrees in medicine at his own discretion. That the profession, humiliated and handicapped by such want of recognition of its fair claims, should have struggled on to its present position speaks volumes for the honesty, devotion, and intrepidity of its pioneers.

Mr. Everett describes very graphically the different epidemics of the black death and the sweating sickness; but surely the statement that the former "is at this moment doing deadly work among the miners in certain parts of the Principality" (Wales?) requires some explanation.

The whole chapter entitled "The Red Cross on the Door" is, however, of thrilling interest; while the "Essay on Humbug" and the pages devoted to "false pretences" are particularly commendable at the present day, when thousands of well-to-do people, who would feel themselves grievously insulted if they were designated paupers, eagerly avail themselves of the all too profuse benefits of purblind hospital charity.

When on the subject of mineral waters the author takes occasion to write the following very candid criticism concerning two well-known towns:—"Unlike Bath, even in the days of its prosperity, Clifton was as dull as ditchwater, if dulness of so impenetrable a character can ever hope to be equalled." Of modern Bath, we are told, "If you wish to see 'provincialism'—that peculiarity of English country society which astonishes foreigners—not, perhaps, at its worst, but in a very advanced form, the reader (*sic*) should seek it at this Western city." This may be sound sense, but the sentence is certainly somewhat shaky. It is a pity, too, that the same person should figure alternately in these pages as "Lord John Hervey" and "Lord Hervey." Such slipshod carelessness is excusable, perhaps, in a French journalist whose fondness for "Sir Harcourt" or "Sir Northcote" is well known, but we expect more accuracy in an English author.

The author is quite right, however, in attributing the languishing state of these, as indeed of nearly all our British spas, to the lack of such attractions as render a temporary sojourn agreeable to a man of culture and travelled experience; to want of enterprise, and to the dog-in-the-manger manners of the dominant cliques. All which things render less startling the assertion that "no strangers visit Clifton, except for the purpose of leaving it with as little delay as possible"—a decidedly Hibernian reason for going anywhere.

Some curious stories are related of medicine-taking maniacs, who, to judge by the fortunes made by advertising quacks, must still in this so-called enlightened age be reckoned by millions.

The criminal folly of these self-constituted experimenters upon their own or their children's bodies is well illustrated in several cases mentioned; while the "Quackery of Modern Miracles" affords an easy task of literary dissection. A chapter on Spiritualism closes the work, which presents on the whole few faults, and affords much information, amusing as well as instructive, if indeed it does not altogether demonstrate that the present average knowledge and intelligence possessed by the public but scantily suffices to raise their minds above the level of barbarism.

NEW PRINTS.

WE have received from Messrs. Boussod & Valadon specimens of a series of *Estampes Miniatures* which they have been publishing. These prints represent fairly the pictures of the several painters from which they have been taken, and they are very elegant little works of art in themselves. Bouguereau, Cabanel, and Perrault may not swing a very robust brush or revel in a very glowing palette, but they thoroughly understand the science of composition and the way to arrange a canvas pictorially. "Calypso," by Bouguereau, makes a lovely print, suave in line and agreeable in tone; and Perrault's naked Nymph, "La Baigneuse," swinging in a hammock slung over a stream, is a little design full of grace and delicacy. Certainly the "Marche d'Esclaves," after Gérôme, has more interest of subject, incident, and possibility, yet it is very lovely, too, in the contrast of the soft-sweeping contours of the female slave to the harsh faces and severe draperies of the buyers and sellers. We have also "Les Pigeons de St. Marc," from Palmaroli; "Petites Maraudeuses," from Bouguereau. The first shows a young girl feeding the pigeons at an open window which looks out on Venice; the second shows a girl of fifteen, who has been holding up a child while it steals fruit from trees near the roadside. There is a variety of colour in these prints. Some are sepia-red, as Cabanel's "La Colombe"; some blue, as De Beaumont's "Les Sirènes"; some grey, as Bouguereau's "L'Aurore" and "Crépuscule," and the greater part a warmish black, like Morgan's "Very Great Secret."

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE more splendid periodical works on the Salon—works which in their splendour English art does not dare to imitate —are as yet not out or not complete; but we have some publications of the kind before us. The *Paris Illustré* Salon number has on its outside a full-size coloured reproduction of M. Brouillet's portrait of Mlle. Darlot (a work more remarkable for skilful handling of faint shades of colour than for charm), and at the end another chromolithograph, from M. Bonnat's "Cardinal Lavigerie," who looks so like a benevolent and polygamous old sheikh that we do not wonder at the popular tradition which ascribes to him more influence than half a dozen generals in the French conquest of Central North Africa. The black-and-white pieces are of unequal effectiveness—the portraits, especially M. Gervex's "Mlle. Jeanne Harding" and M. Henner's admirable "Mme. X.," being by far the best. The corresponding number of *L'Art* appeals less to popular taste, but gives a very full and interesting series of reproductions of sketches and studies by the artists themselves for or from the exhibited works. The English version of the authorized *Illustrated Catalogue* (Chatto & Windus) is also before us. It is impossible to criticize this well-known publication, and sufficient to say that the numerous or innumerable reproductions are fully as good as usual and as well suited to the purposes of such a Catalogue. But it is a pity that the rendering of the titles into English is not entrusted to more competent hands. "Navy infantry" for "Infanterie de marine" is bad enough; but "Milk Street" for "La voie lactée" is really a little too bad.

M. Maurice Bouchor (1) would appear to be both in a productive and an eclectic vein just now. It is but the other day that we noticed a volume of Vedic and other poems by him, and here is a crusading drama, a really authentic crusading drama, in Alexandrines, partly Hugonian, though not of what may be called the ultra-victorious type, but chiefly of a rather old-fashioned and pre-1830 stamp. We do not remember seeing anything of M. Bouchor's in this kind before. The dramatic action, which turns on the seduction of a good young French knight by a wicked Greek princess, is not very strong; but there is some good stuff in it, and the proper names come in with a right "thwick-twhack thirlery bouncing."

M. Jules de Glouvet (2) has contributed a good short story of the Revolution to the curiously unequal little collection entitled "Petite Bibliothèque Française." *La ferme à Goron* (3), in another pretty little series, is one of the unlovely peasant stories which, common for many years, have culminated in *La terre*; while the ever-fertile mine of Tolstoi has furnished M. Henri Olivier with a short and not, to our thinking, specially effective companion volume (4). On the other hand, M. Alexandre Tassart (5) seems to have determined to do his Russian novel on his own profane head, and not on the sacred one of Tolstoi, Dostoievsky, or any other of the fraternity who, if Swift had been living to-day, would have made him call a character of his "Dismalski" instead of "Dismallo." As it ends with the words "Soyez maudits tous les trois!" it will be seen that it is of the right kind.

Fate or accident has kept back M. Hubbard's (6) biography of the present President of the French Republic from our notice till rather late, but any one who is curious on the subject will find in it a brief sketch, with an exceptionally good etched portrait.

We cannot too heartily commend Admiral Maxse's five letters to the *Justice* on the subject of Ireland (7). The unfortunate spectacle of the readiness with which in England itself, and with every opportunity of knowing the truth, the most barefaced falsehoods as to "coercion" government in Ireland are swallowed makes it impossible to feel much surprise at the still greater currency which such falsehoods obtain in France. But it is interesting to find that that civilized world which is "with" Mr. Gladstone founds its argument upon such beliefs as that Irishmen cannot elect their mayors and have no Parliamentary franchise, that eviction is something quite different from the proceeding which is in France itself lawful to and exercised by every proprietor whose tenant does not pay his rent, and so forth. The Admiral's description of Mr. John Morley is graceful and correct:—"Mr. John Morley est un charmant homme de lettres, qui a une terreur féminine des responsabilités du pouvoir et s'est fait le défenseur d'une politique de poltronnerie et de concessions continuelles devant la menace." Yet we do not think that Admiral Maxse is a Tory.

We have here two French books for very young persons, both good.

(1) *Dieu le veut.* Par Maurice Bouchor. Paris: Fischbacher.

(2) *Dans l'Argonne.* Par Jules de Glouvet. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.

(3) *La ferme à Goron.* Par H. Beauclar. Paris: Dupret.

(4) *Le joueur.* Par le Comte L. Tolstoï. Paris: Dupret.

(5) *Le Prince de Karaoulnff.* Par A. Tassart. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(6) *Sadi Carnot.* Par G. A. Hubbard. Paris: Quantin.

(7) *La presse française et l'Irlande.* Par l'Amiral Maxse. Paris: Schiller.

Mlle. Doriot's (8) is for the very beginners of all, with pleasingly fantastic illustrations, divided words, and so forth. Mr. Cormell Price's edition of the pleasant *Bouillie de la Comtesse Berthe* (9) would come in a little later, but very well.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

To yoke together Mr. Henry James's *Partial Portraits* (Macmillan & Co.) and Mr. W. L. Courtney's *Studies New and Old* (Chapman & Hall), in a painter's humour, is more tempting than profitable, though both books are reprints of essays on literary subjects. The Portraits have more finish than the Studies, and this is all that can be said of the relation suggested. And first for the Portraits. If one wants to know what is a partial portrait, there is full satisfaction in reading Mr. Henry James on Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson. This is a sweet and gracious tribute. Mr. James is too good a literary artist to fall into the excesses of those unhappy critics who prematurely exhausted their adjectival enthusiasm and found themselves hard put to for language when dealing with *Kidnapped*. It is with a seductive gradation of manner, which arouses a responsive confidence in the persuasive guide, that Mr. James passes from fond contemplation of Mr. Stevenson's earlier work to the declaration that *Kidnapped* is a classic to be ranked with *Esmond*—that is, that "five-sixths of the book" must be considered "a gallant companion to Thackeray's *tour de force*." So insinuating is the progress, so full of charm and sympathy, that you arrive at this conclusion half acquiescent, or at least indisposed to protest. It is instructive to compare the artistic theories displayed in the interesting paper on the Art of Fiction with the process by which Mr. James separates the one-sixth of *Kidnapped* from the five. Here we find that the novel should be an organic whole; that novels and romances, novels of character or of incident, and so forth, are idle distinctions; that the boundaries of incident, description, and dialogue are indefinable; and that Mr. James professes not to understand what Mr. Walter Besant means by "the story" in the novel. If, as Mr. James says, "a novel is a living thing, all one and continuous, like any other organism," how can Mr. James rank *Esmond* with *Kidnapped*—Thackeray's masterpiece with five-sixths of Mr. Stevenson's organism? It is, no doubt, very kind, though a little blind to the excrescent one-sixth. The truth is Mr. James is above his theories sometimes. He is not without blinkings of Mr. Besant's meaning, for instance, as we see in his amusing discourse on Anthony Trollope, in which he stoops to distinguishing the "main story" and the "under-plot." He knows, also, that the novelist does not merely live upon "putting people into books," despite his profession of faith in the portrait of Alphonse Daudet; and he ought to know English literature better than to say of the short story that it has had a better fortune in America than in England.

Mr. Courtney's *Studies New and Old* are for the most part readable essays, though somewhat sketchy, and narrowed to small issues. They lack Mr. James's delicacy of presentment and over-refining analysis. There is much of the assayer's trim exactitude about Mr. James's method of criticism, whereas Mr. Courtney is at times rough and ready. It is not precisely delicate to ask whether it is experience or morbid fancy that dictates certain of Mr. Swinburne's earlier poems, and to describe those poems as "the recondite ravings of an artificer of impotent emotions" is to emulate a prose style which the writer vigorously denounces in the same paper. Mr. Courtney is not at his best when discussing poets, is not so forcible or keenly perceptive as in tracing the influence of Hobbes, or reviewing Victor Cousin's judgment of Pascal and the late Mr. Cotter Morison's *Service of Man*. In a paper on Emerson there is excellent truth in Mr. Courtenay's strictures on the verse perpetrated by the philosopher of Concord, but his examples and comments are sometimes unfortunate. He thinks that Emerson wrote

> And striving to be man, the worm
> Mounts through all the spires of form

"without, seemingly, discovering that the last line is deficient in a syllable." The couplet is bad, because the thought is confused, the expression awkward, and not because the license complained of is illegitimate. Mr. Courtney might as reasonably object to Keats's

> And thou shalt quaff it, thou shalt hear
> Distant harvest-carols clear;

or Shelley's

> For it had learnt all harmonies
> Of the plains and of the skies.

Mr. Alfred J. Bamford's *Turbans and Tails* (Sampson Low & Co.) is a pleasantly written record of travel from Bengal to Peking, in which man and manners are the study of the genial voyager, and vastly preferable to the agonizing description of everyday sights which most afflicts readers of books of travel. Mr. Bamford does not appear to have gone far afield in China, but he writes with so much gusto of Shanghai and its population as to invest the theme with freshness. He is also a delighted and entertaining student of the Babu and his wondrous ways, and a humorous observer of various Indian birds that never forsake the neighbourhood of a bungalow.

All who love stories of the marvellous, quests after buried treasure, and sea yarns so good that one wishes them to go on for ever, will be grateful for a new edition, with illustrations, of Mr. W. Clark Russell's thrilling story *The Frozen Pirate* (Sampson Low). This is one of the books much reading does not stale. The storm and catastrophe at the outset are among the best of their kind, and the kind is not prolific. The discovery and thawing of the buccaneer is a stroke of genius in a story that is compact of fire and spirit.

The reissue of the new and improved edition of *Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers* (Bell & Sons) has arrived at a tenth part, and advanced midway in the letter S. It is edited by Messrs. R. E. Graves and Walter Armstrong.

Some Oxford Customs, by Bee Bee (Sonnenschein & Co.), is a little book by a lady, who describes the glories of Commemoration and various customs observed at Magdalen, Queen's, and other colleges in Oxford, with clearness and brevity. The result is a readable and useful little guide.

Mr. J. Watson Lyall's *Sportsman's Time-Tables and Guide to the Rivers, Lochs, Moors, and Deer Forests of Scotland* is issued monthly from May to October, is full of the information required by angler, tourist, and shooter, and has an excellent map of the country by Mr. J. Bartholomew.

Among our new editions we note *Anselm*, by Dean Church (Macmillan & Co.); Mr. Goldwin Smith's *Cowper* (Macmillan & Co.); *An Analysis of Wit and Humour*, by Mr. F. R. Fleet (Allen & Co.); the third edition of *Culmshire Folk* (Cassell & Co.); and *The Second Son*, by Mrs. Oliphant (Macmillan & Co.)

We have also received Vols. I. and II. of a *History of the Catholic Church in Scotland*, translated by D. Oswald Hunter Blair, O.S.B., from the German of Dr. Alphons Bellesheim, to be completed in four volumes (Blackwood & Sons); *The Registers of the Parish Church of Rochdale*, from October 1582 to March 1616, edited by Henry Fishwick, F.S.A. (Rochdale: Clegg); *Electricity and Magnetism*, by Thomas Dunman, revised and completed by Chapman Jones, F.I.C. (Ward, Lock, & Co.); Parts 3 and 4 of a *First History of the English People*, by Amy Baker (Longmans & Co.), and *May's British and Irish Press Guide for* 1888.

(8) *The Beginner's Book in French.* By Sophie Doriot. London: Swan Sonnenschein.

(9) *La bouillie de la Comtesse Berthe.* Par A. Dumas. Edited by Cormell Price. London: Rivingtons.

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A PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION (introductory to the Faculties of Arts, Science, and Law) will be held in Owens College, Manchester, University College, Liverpool, and Yorkshire College, Leeds, on Thursday, June 14, and following days.

Notice (in writing) of intention to be present should be sent in on or before Thursday, May 31, to the University Registrar, from whom conditions of entrance and further particulars as to these and other Examinations can be obtained.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,700, Vol. 65. | May 26, 1888. | [Registered for Transmission abroad.] | Price 6*d*.

THE CHRONIC ALARMIST.

THERE are various emissaries of the enemy who combine to make it very difficult to supply this country with a thoroughly well-organized naval and military force. The politician who, not in the least because he is a person of lower morality than his colleagues on the Continent, but because he is a member of the House of Commons, and his nature has become subdued to what it works in, is incapable of thinking seriously of anything but the House and the hustings, is very efficient. So is the politician of whose morality it is politer to say nothing, who is exclusively intent on the big measure which is to bear him in triumph into office. Philanthropists, perfectibility-of-the-species men, gushers, and fadmongers do a world of mischief. We hope we do not underrate their noxiousness, but still we think on mature reflection that the chronic alarmist is the greatest pest of them all. The title is not a civil one, nor is it heard with patience by those to whom it is applied. It has lately, for instance, aggravated Captain PENROSE FITZGERALD out of his old liveliness into sheer rudeness. At times it is unjustly applied to the honest and competent critic who points out that various useful things ought to be done. But, although it is irritating, and although it is misused, it is the perfectly accurate description of a recognizable stamp of man. Definition of him is not altogether easy. The chronic alarmist has this much in common with light and poetry and the English gentleman, that, though we know him when we see him, we cannot find a neat, clear, and adequate formula for him. He must be described in a more or less loose way by negatives and limitations. This is necessarily discouraging to whomsoever tries to measure and estimate him, and yet the attempt should be made; for the chronic alarmist is an important and conspicuous person who has a great deal to say, and is apt to secure a temporary hearing, to our general misfortune.

First and foremost the chronic alarmist is a person who carries the modern practice of shrieking and foaming into the discussion of naval and military matters. We do not say the vice is wholly new, but assuredly it was never indulged in to the extent it has been during the last generation. A general statement of this kind is not particularly profitable, but examples of an illustrative nature are not wanting. The chronic alarmist, for instance, comes forward at a time when the British navy is believed to be hardly equal to the work it may have to do. To say this and prove it would be the work of the critic, and much too tame for the alarmist. So he declares roundly that we could not put six ships in line of battle and have no cruisers. For proof he produces comparative lists in which foreign vessels not yet launched, or built of wood and thinly armoured, are counted, while everything on our side is dismissed as obsolete which does not contain the "latest "improvements." In this way an awful state of things is shown to exist. "Obsolete" is a very favourite word with the chronic alarmist. Guns capable of piercing all armour except the very strongest which is carried by only a very few vessels are pooh-poohed as obsolete because a newer and better gun has been invented. So it is clear that we have next to no guns. The chronic alarmist is greatly attached to certain formulas. One of them is the statement that the sufficiency of the navy must be estimated, not by the strength of a possible enemy, but by the work it has to do. When he is asked what work it can have to do except to fight the enemy, he gives no answer or a very hazy one. He is passionately fond of historical examples, and such historical examples! It is he who gravely rebukes the [illegible] politician by asking him to observe that we spent [illegible] millions a year on our navy between 1805 and [illegible], although we had no enemy at sea but a few American frigates. Trafalgar, and the incessant fighting with French cruisers in all the seas of the world, the Basque Roads, the battle of Lissa, the action at Grand Port, and the rest of it, are so old a song that they are all forgotten, neither does there remain to him any memory of the long vigilant blockades required to pen up the powerful squadrons NAPOLEON continued to keep in a condition to go to sea if the way out was left clear for forty-eight hours. Sir CHARLES DILKE is so very polite to the *Saturday Review* that we are sorry to have to quote an example of the alarmist historical argument from him; but there it is, and it is too good to be missed. Sir CHARLES complains that we were oversharp in our comments on his statement that only the return of NELSON from the West Indies and the battle of Trafalgar prevented NAPOLEON'S invasion. He acknowledges that CALDER'S action was the turning-point, but thinks the difference of no great importance, and even, with a sudden lapse from politeness, suspects us of not knowing that Sir ROBERT was tried by court-martial. The point of the remark escapes us, and we think the difference very considerable. It is just this, that whereas, according to Sir CHARLES DILKE'S view, invasion was averted by something like accident, according to fact it broke down before the strength of the English position. Then, too, does not Sir CHARLES DILKE also overlook a fact or two of more importance than CALDER'S court-martial? He does not say, though of course he knows, that NAPOLEON'S transports were collected by years of work, specially constructed and concentrated at Boulogne with infinite pains. Even if the British fleet had been got out of the way for twelve hours, or twelve days either, it by no means follows that those flat-bottomed row-boats would ever have reached England. The tides and currents of the Channel could not have been drawn off to the West Indies. Naval officers of the time who knew what the navigation of the Channel meant thought and said that the flotillas would have drifted helplessly about, and have run into one another. As for what would have happened if a tiresome breeze had brought a few frigates and seventy-fours down on those tightly-packed lighters, it is delightful to think of. Many thousands of Frenchmen who were to leave their bones on all the roads of Europe from Austerlitz to Moscow would have gone down in the Channel. There is at least a very great probability that the invasion of England would have been an earlier, quicker, and more decisive version of the invasion of Russia. After all, NAPOLEON was not always right. But this other side is what the chronic alarmist never once looks at. It may be safely asserted that he never once asked himself whether any nation in Europe could collect vessels enough to carry an invading army. No doubt if they had years to prepare they could build them; but could they be got together soon after a declaration of war in one port, and enough of them fitted to carry thirty thousand horses or so? For you cannot pack a horse like a bale of cotton. The question of transport is an important one; for really the savage invader could not march over the water like the ghosts of the Japanese warriors who were lately to be seen at the Burlington.

The trade of the chronic alarmist would be gone if he were compelled to look at facts and forbidden to dress up bugaboos. Stated soberly, our position at present is not creditable; but there is nothing in it so very desperate. We have men enough to garrison India and the colonies, to supply a movable army of two corps, and yet leave a force at home capable of maintaining a feeling of security, and making short work of flying expeditions of the stamp of HUMBERT'S in Ireland or the galley-slave invasion of Wales. From want of a little organization and of tools, however, this force is so unhandy that, in case of war, we could not venture to send two corps of regular troops out

of the country, a[illegible] be crippled for offensive operations. Six months [illegible] work and a million could supply the necessary hooks and eyes. We have a number of fortifications in course of construction, but not finished or properly armed. A year would put that right, if well spent. We have a navy quite capable of meeting any probable combination on equal terms, but deprived of the use of some of its best ships by want of guns, and so not manifestly capable of asserting and maintaining complete superiority from the beginning of a war. This is scandalous enough; but it will not be corrected by going mad about it. Here, also, a year of work, and of no pedantry, could put things right. Even if war broke out to-morrow we should go into it as well prepared as we have been before, and, if we fought as well as in old days, could come out triumphant again. No doubt everything depends on that power to fight. If we are to believe the chronic alarmist, it is gone, and English seamen and soldiers can no longer face an enemy unless they know they have an overwhelming superiority in numbers. Now one of the principal reasons why we detest the fellow is just our conviction that he is talking craven and dangerous nonsense. In spite of him, we believe that, when the pinch comes—if it does—this cowardly howling will be quieted. The country will remember that war cannot be made without loss and suffering, that the other side will have to bear its share, and then we shall settle down to give our friend the enemy his kail through the reek. Still, this nervous talk, particularly when coming from naval and military officers, has an ugly sound. It is too like BYNG's whining letters, written when the poor man was working himself into the abject state in which he ran away from his own imaginings. Whether it may not lead up to another Minorca business and a repetition of the historic scene on the *Monarch's* deck we will not undertake to say. In any case it does mischief enough, by sooner or later exciting a feeling of derision, which is an invaluable help to the politicians who want to be bothered as little as may be about the defences of the nation.

THE SOUTHAMPTON ELECTION.

THE Southampton election is a grave misfortune, not only as a triumph of the Separatist Radicals, but as a proof of the incompetence and caprice of the constituencies which now govern the country. The seat is lost to the defenders of the Constitution, not because the Southampton voters desire the Repeal of the Union, but as a consequence of their utter indifference to Imperial interests and to the safety of the kingdom. Paramount importance seems to have been attached to the frivolous question of compensation to publicans; but Mr. EVANS's friends, probably without his authority, pledged their candidate to the main articles of the Socialistic creed. If a newspaper biography may be trusted, Mr. EVANS is a cosmopolitan trader, once a partner or confidential agent of the well-known American capitalist, Mr. JAY GOULD. His sympathy with the so-called Labour cause must be recent, though it may be sincere. The Southampton election has disclosed a danger which threatens not only the cause of the Union, but the continuance of the existing political system; and party government, though it has many serious defects, is not the worst result which may arise from democratic institutions. Election contests have for the last two years turned on a single issue of paramount importance. Conservatives of every shade have unanimously opposed the separation of Ireland, and the Liberal-Unionists have, as the title which they have assumed implies, resolved to suspend the assertion of their special opinions as long as the integrity of the United Kingdom is in danger. The Government, reinforced by the accession of one of the most eminent members of the Liberal party, had visibly gained in strength, and in the confidence both of temporary and of permanent supporters; and, notwithstanding the advantage which an Opposition enjoys in "bye-elections," the large majority which was returned at the general election has not been seriously impaired. The increased acrimony of contests, and the mischievous practice of importing party speakers from a distance, were inevitable consequences of the transfer of power from the middle class to the numerical majority. The admirers of popular suffrage could allege with plausibility that the new constituencies had inherited much of the political aptitude of their predecessors. The alliance of the Liberal-Unionists with the Conservatives at a formidable crisis was a movement in the opposite direction to the capricious multiplication of groups and factions which has disturbed the steadiness and continuity of Republican government in France. The agitation of the temperance fanatics at Southampton, though it was promoted in the interest of a party, has for the first time shaken and divided the Liberal-Unionists. Their local leaders found it convenient at the last moment to release their supporters from their allegiance, on the ground that the constituency cared more earnestly for a trivial and incidental issue than for the maintenance of the unity of the Empire. The question which was supposed to supersede all political controversies was not even whether the sale of alcoholic liquors should be allowed, but whether licensed victuallers should be compensated for the sudden suppression of an industry which had up to this time been as lawful as the trade of a butcher, a baker, or a shoemaker. Officious orators, including in their number a few injudicious ladies, succeeded in communicating to a portion of the populace their own frantic passion for injustice. It is true that the demagogues had ulterior objects in view; but it is not a little alarming to find that any section of the constituency is capable of treating the gravest political questions as subordinate to the desire of gratifying animosity against publicans.

The pretext for diverting public attention from questions of national policy was furnished by the Local Government Bill. There had been grave doubts as to the expediency of introducing the measure; but at first it seemed to have disarmed the opposition of the Liberal party, while it was languidly accepted, in spite of doubt and distaste, by the supporters of the Government. The Liberal leaders promised their best assistance in passing the Bill, having not yet discovered in its provisions any convenient excuse for thwarting the Government. The temperance agitators, concentrating their attention on the clauses with which they were specially concerned, were more astute than the leaders of the Opposition. It was not enough for them that the Conservative party had at last conceded the question of local option. The teetotallers insisted that the choice should be exercised in the form of a popular vote, and not by the representative body which was to control all other local affairs. Their protest commanded little general sympathy, and it seemed likely that the licensing clauses would be considered on their merits; but unfortunately Sir WILFRID LAWSON and his friends had a more formidable weapon in reserve. It seemed doubtful whether the uniform practice of renewing licences in the absence of reasonable objection was directly enforced by law. That the licensed victualler had a vested interest, generally of considerable value, could not be disputed. Parliament had stood by while every day thousands of pounds changed hands on the faith that property in public-houses would be respected in the future as in the past; but the agitators saw the opportunity of converting their enemies into victims, and the Opposition at once joined the movement which it would perhaps not have originated. The possible opportunity of placing the Government in a minority was too valuable to be neglected; but until the vacancy occurred at Southampton it can scarcely have occurred to the Gladstonian managers that the scheme of defrauding the publicans could be more than an auxiliary manœuvre. The fanatics and the intriguers came together on the matter of compensation, and from that time the unity of the kingdom was forgotten by a section of the Liberal-Unionists.

Lord WOLMER, as the official representative of the party, attempted to heal the schism by a questionable concession. With his approval Mr. GUEST, the Unionist candidate, declared that he would not vote for compensation at the expense of the ratepayers, but that the amount ought to be provided from the premiums to be paid on the part of licences. It is not known how far the compromise satisfied the morbid consciences of some of the Southampton voters. Mr. RITCHIE, in his opening speech, and in subsequent explanations, had affixed no such condition to the promise of compensation. On the contrary, he declared that, if the licence clauses, including the grant of compensation from the rates, were rejected by the House, all the clauses relating to the subject would be withdrawn, so that the existing law would remain in force. Mr. GUEST and Lord WOLMER can scarcely have been authorized by the Government to annul a promise formally made in Parliament by the Minister in charge of the Local Government Bill. It may be doubted whether they consulted the interests of the Unionist party in their unexpected pliability. The rights of disestablished

publicans to the value of their undertakings has no relation to the amount of the fund which is, according to Mr. GUEST, to be their only security; but for the present purpose the rights of the licensed victuallers are less material to the controversy than the substitution of the temperance agitation for the struggle to preserve the Union. There is too much reason to fear that the precedent may be followed. Many graver issues may be raised than the dispute which engrossed an exorbitant amount of attention at Southampton. Mr. JESSE COLLINGS's Bill for creating a body of farmers at the expense of neighbouring ratepayers would authorize plunder on a larger scale than the mere confiscation of the property of publicans. If the opponents of Home Rule combine their forces with those of its promoters, they have hitherto wasted their energies. They might as well have in the first instance surrendered to Mr. GLADSTONE the direction of consciences on which no confident calculation can be founded.

The formation of factious knots and combinations in the place of parties united by some intelligible bond would tend to degrade and hamper Parliamentary government; but the tendency will operate more directly on the system of municipal government which is about to be extended to rural districts. There has been much vague talk as to the probable character and station of the members of Local Boards. Anticipations of a preference to be accorded to the gentry, and especially to experienced Justices of the Peace, have been sometimes formed and frequently expressed, perhaps in the hope that a confident prophecy might tend to secure its own fulfilment. It will not be worth while for a qualified candidate to offer himself to the choice of the ratepayers if the election is to turn on the grant or refusal of licences, or on the claim of their holders to compensation. In these elections it cannot be said that in confining their attention to the question of licences the electors will be guilty of so gross a dereliction of duty as that which must be attributed to a section of the Parliamentary constituency of Southampton. The ratepayers may think that no political issue is raised, and that public-houses and the friends and enemies of their occupiers are more interesting than any other subject which is brought before their notice. Their votes will accordingly be given, not to the ablest and most honest candidate, but to the supporter or opponent of the licensed victuallers. The most competent aspirants to local dignities will not be disposed to pledge themselves to the popular opinion, nor perhaps to any judgment on the question. Those who take a more active interest in such matters will be neither the wisest nor the most trustworthy members of the community. The danger was foreseen when the Local Government Bill was first introduced, but when once the Government had conceded the principle of Local Option, it became useless to contend against the demand. The justices form a more impartial and more competent tribunal than any district or county Committee, but it would perhaps not have been prudent to reserve to them an unpopular power when they were deprived of all share in local administration. It is, to say the least, unfortunate that half a dozen clauses in the Bill should be made the instrument of rendering the whole comparatively ineffective. Delegates from the temperance agitators, or from the brewers and publicans, will certainly not be the best possible representatives of provincial interests.

IS IT SANE?

THE Southampton election is a matter upon which Separatists may naturally plume themselves; but, perhaps, it is in no respect a greater advantage to them than in so far as it drops the curtain (or would do so, but for intelligent pulling up of that curtain here and elsewhere) on certain matters that came before. It is delightful to imagine the expression of blank horror, or by no means blank rage, which must have come over the face of any tolerably intelligent Gladstonian reader of Mr. GLADSTONE's letter to an anonymous correspondent on the subject of increasing sentences on appeal. We, with our customary generosity, but it would seem with some rashness, last week admitted that the charge of political folly, at least, could not be brought against Mr. GLADSTONE. Perhaps (and in this case we apologize deeply to his admirers) the incautious limitation of his powers itself provoked this great man on the very same day to show that there is nothing which he could not be. In a well-known passage, but with what truth we cannot say, Mr. THACKERAY tells of a Scotch lecturer who was so bent on ascribing every kind of superlative to his own countrymen, that he produced Scotchmen as examples, not only of the best poet, but of the worst. A still closer parallel occurs in one of our old English comedies—we forget which—in which the bore of the piece asserts his own pre-eminence, not only in all virtues and accomplishments, but also in certain matters not generally thought to be subjects of boasting. To judge from the letter dated "Hawarden, "May 19," Mr. GLADSTONE's frame of mind must have been something similar, or he never would have made a present to his enemies of such an extraordinary splutter of frantic folly. It would be convenient to them, no doubt, that it should be forgotten; but this it shall not be.

It will be remembered that in this matter of increasing sentences on appeal the Separatists suffered last week not one, but two, mishaps of the most humiliating and extraordinary kind. They, from their leader downwards, had exhausted the resources of virtuous and rhetorical indignation on the subject of this practice as an invention of Mr. BALFOUR (in whom, let it be observed, a correspondent of the *Daily News* recently discovered a special representative of the Evil One in person). Then, in the first place, a formal return was prepared showing that this last device of SATAN, this Tory trick, this everything and anything abominable, unprecedented, and nefarious, had been a constant practice under Mr. GLADSTONE's own administration. In the second place, a strong Court in Ireland, composed of judges, two of whom had been repeatedly Mr. GLADSTONE's Irish Law Officers, and one of whom, Chief Baron PALLES, has been over and over again covered with fulsome praise by the Separatists as the justest judge on the Irish Bench, decided that the practice was not only in accordance with custom, but strictly lawful, and justified by the sense as well as the words of the statute. It is impossible to conceive any situation more hopelessly ludicrous than Mr. GLADSTONE's, or one in which silence—complete and utter silence—was more obviously the only resource, unless, indeed, a politician could cease to be a politician and acknowledge himself frankly and nobly to have been wrong. Mr. GLADSTONE cannot acknowledge himself to be in the wrong on a point of conduct, because it is his first principle that on points of conduct he never is wrong; so that silence was literally his only course. Instead of being silent, he burst out, in reply to the existent or non-existent correspondent, with the wonderful deliverance referred to. He "has "censured, and he will" in the teeth of judges and of his own conduct by his own agents "continue to censure, the "practice of enlarging criminal sentences on appeal." He refers (much to the wrath, it would seem, of his supporters in the Scottish press, who would rather have had an advertisement for themselves) to something in the *Scotsman*, which has no special relevance, except to give him an opportunity of remarking that the article he quotes is "worthy of the "defenders of such practices"—that is to say, the practices of his own administration. And then comes the crowning sentence:—"The Government in debate gave us no intima- "tion that there were precedents for this shameful practice, "which is contrary to the plain intention of Parliament, "though adjudged to be within the words of the statute," &c. "We are now," continues Mr. GLADSTONE, "informed "that we have done the same thing; but it was without "our knowledge, and it is with knowledge of things not "directly of executive action that responsibility begins." Still Mr. GLADSTONE rejoices that "the discovery has been "made" of his own disgraceful conduct (he himself uses the word "disgrace"), and he hopes that Mr. BALFOUR will "continue his researches" into other disgraceful practices, other evil usages, so as to give new proofs of the necessity of governing Ireland "in a rational and not as now" (*i.e.* in Mr. GLADSTONE's own administration) "in an irrational "spirit."

If any further proof were needed of the small attention which local voters pay to general politics, it would be found in the fact that electors have been found after this letter to give votes which indirectly might place the man who writes like this in a practically irresponsible control of the affairs of England. For observe. There is no sophistry here, the sentence about knowledge and responsibility, though worded with Mr. GLADSTONE's frequent cloudy verbosity, being hardly capable of deceiving a child. Even a simpleton can understand that, if responsibility is limited as Mr. GLADSTONE wishes to limit it, it practically becomes null. Every simpleton can see that the complaint "the Government gave "us no intimation" is below the argumentative habits of a woman, and below even those of a tolerably sharp child.

A whist player at double dummy reproaching his adversary with "You never told me you had the trumps"; a prisoner in a court of justice upbraiding the Court with the sharp practice of producing his own previous convictions, would be quite dignified and logical persons compared with Mr. GLADSTONE. This is on the face of his letter. But it may just escape a careless reader that an, if possible, greater enormity and absurdity lurks in another passage. Mr. GLADSTONE alludes distantly to the judgment of the Irish Exchequer in the words "ad-"judged to be within the words of the statute." He does not say that the very persons who have thus adjudged it were persons who, under his own administration, were the Irish Law Officers of the Crown, whether they were or were not cognizant directly of the original facts. Either, therefore, Chief Baron PALLES and Baron DOWSE are men of the laxest morality ever represented on any Bench, men prepared to connive at illegality practised in circumstances which they know themselves, and offices which they have actually filled, and to justify it afterwards by throwing over it the mantle of their judicial character—a combination of rascality and effrontery almost impossible to parallel or to believe in—or else the practice in question which has approved itself to their trained judicial intelligence as a natural and proper interpretation of the law must equally have approved itself to those successors of theirs, whoever they were, who, in directing Mr. GLADSTONE'S, as it appears, blindly submissive conscience, afterwards permitted these "disgraceful practices." And, lastly, even Mr. GLADSTONE might have seen the dilemma into which he has thrust himself by the last two paragraphs of his letter. Fantastic historians have sometimes charged the great criminals of history with doing evil that good might come, with straining tyrannical systems and laws on purpose that the strain might be too great for them. Did Mr. GLADSTONE do this when he allowed this "dishonour," this "shameful practice," this "disgrace," to be perpetrated over and over again in Ireland? Or was he merely careless altogether whether dishonour, disgrace, shameful practices, marked his government or not? One or the other solution must be true; and, whichever be accepted, Mr. GLADSTONE is clearly unfit to govern. Yet he writes as one unconscious of all these consequences, even of the actual and direct meaning, without any consequence or inference at all, of his letter. We can only ask, as we had to ask once before, Is this sane?

CRICKET.

ENGLAND really is in danger. The invaders—a friendly force from Australia—seem to carry everything before them. After beating Surrey by an innings, they have taken the same liberty with Oxford and with Yorkshire. Excuses are made, just as if the affair were an election. The wicket at Oxford was more or less a bowler's wicket; but the bowlers were Mr. FERRIS and Mr. TURNER, not Mr. COCHRANE, Mr. NEPEAN, and Mr. BASSETT. Oxford is distinctly weak in bowling, as far as time has yet shown. This makes it doubly to be regretted that a pedantic standard of scholarship has caused (as is reported) an interesting freshman who can bowl to despair of entrance at Oxford, and to matriculate at Cambridge. Thebes doth his green, but not unknowing, youth engage; he'll bowl out Athens in maturer age a few weeks hence. Mr. RASHLEIGH played two excellent innings for Oxford, hit Mr. TURNER over the heads of the multitude for five, and generally maintained his reputation. But he was most inadequately supported, and Mr. McDONNELL alone scored almost as many as the University. The weakness of bowling by the banks of Isis may be gathered from the performances of a team of Gentlemen "with RAWLIN." The University began by making 294—not a prodigious score, considering the bowling against them. Mr. J. G. WALKER'S 99 was the largest score out of 190 on the other side. But in the second innings of the Gentlemen Mr. HENERY made 138 not out, and Captain FRIEND, who seldom plays in first-rate matches, got 72, while Mr. NEPEAN'S bowling was quite ineffectual, and only Mr. FORSTER distinguished himself with the ball, getting eight wickets for 119. This was very creditable, and perhaps it may be hoped that, though Oxford can depend on no one bowler, still out of her multitude one may happen to be "on his day," like Mr. BUCKLAND and Mr. TYLECOTE on former occasions.

Returning to the Australians, they were easy victors over Yorkshire. ULYETT had not the success which was his in the great match at Lord's four years ago. He did not get a wicket, and Mr. BONNOR (whom he caught so magnificently then) made 94, and hit, in that old delightful way of his, over the pavilion and all over the ground. Mr. BONNOR has not been playing like himself for some time, and has not been fielding with perfect safety at short-slip. Perhaps he is returning to his original perfection as a hitter; while Mr. FERRIS remains a wonderfully useful bat, considering he is a bowler; and Mr. BLACKHAM and Mr. McDONNELL are as dangerous as ever. The two famed new bowlers had about equal shares of the Yorkshire wickets. PEEL, Mr. HILL, PRESTON, HALL, and ULYETT batted fairly well; but Mr. JONES proved that he is a capital change bowler when his eminent companions were for a moment at a loss. Mr. TROTT, we think, will seldom prove more difficult to good bats than other bowlers with a very conspicuous twist from leg. There seems little reason to hope that the Gentlemen of England will make much resistance to the Colonists next week, especially if the present members of the Universities are engaged elsewhere, and cannot get leave to come to Lord's. Mr. WALKER, of Derbyshire, seems a useful left-handed fast bowler for the amateurs to fall back on in their need, but Mr. BUCKLAND, of last year's Oxford team, will more probably be played. Mr. NEWNHAM, of Gloucester, may also take a hand. Not much can be learned by taking a "line" as to the excellence of the Australians through their defeat of Surrey and Surrey's defeat of Notts. When they played the Australians, Surrey were out of practice, and LOHMANN had to leave off bowling, owing to an accident. His success against Notts proves that this was a great loss. But Notts, again, played Surrey without the undefeated SHREWSBURY and without ATTEWELL, a most valuable man. GUNN and Mr. H. B. DAFT played admirably, and useful scores were contributed by new men, RICHARDSON and Mr. LINDLEY. This may have more or less made up for the absence of greater names.

The owner of the greatest of cricketing names proved at Brighton, on Bank Holiday, that he is as formidable as ever. Mr. GRACE'S 218 was a splendid Bank Holiday score, and was made with but one chance. As Mr. C. A. SMITH ("Round the Corner Smith," who will play for the Gentlemen) was the most successful of his opponents with the ball, it does not look as if the Sussex bowling was very dangerous. Mr. GRACE played it with his usual patience and coolness, never hitting out except when a loose one reached him, and then hitting his hardest. His playing of HUMPHREYS'S slows was exemplary, and PAINTER showed great vivacity and brilliance. The Sussex fielding was excellent. Unluckily Mr. GRACE did not bowl more successfully than a man generally does after taxing his energies by a very long score. JESSE HIDE deserves the credit of him who does not despair of his country. His 130 was most praiseworthy, and so was the gallant stand made by the last wickets, PHILLIPS and A. HIDE. One can hardly hope, however, that, with their weak bowling, either the Western or the Southern shire will defeat the Australians.

CO-OPERATION.

THE co-operative movement has a legitimate claim to the attention and good will of economists. Its objects and its methods, whether or not they are judiciously selected, are within the competence and the right of independent members of the society. No co-operative Congress has yet copied the lawless doctrines which of late years have been annually propounded by the delegates of the Trades-Unions. The co-operators only propose to deal with their own property, and they are neither legally nor morally bound to employ the middleman whom in their distributive capacity they have largely displaced. The great changes in the conduct of retail trade which have been accomplished at Rochdale and elsewhere, though they must have been ruinous to certain classes of tradesmen, have resulted in a balance of advantage to the community. It is clearly the interest of consumers to buy goods as nearly as possible at cost price, and consequently the founders of the system have been followed in their enterprise by imitators belonging to the upper and middle classes. The stores which supply the wants of many thrifty households are still in fact as well as in name more or less genuine instances of co-operation. It is true that in another aspect they are merely joint-stock Companies, sometimes paying liberal dividends to their shareholders. The real co-operative principle is the simplification of distributive machinery by the appropriation to

the consumer of the difference between wholesale and retail prices. It is natural that the practitioners of a convenient and profitable doctrine should seek to disguise from themselves the wholesomely selfish process of buying in the cheapest market. The speakers at the late Dewsbury meeting dilated on the transcendental merits of dispensing with the costly services of middlemen. Ill weeds, especially of the rhetorical order, grow apace, and the barbarous phrase of altruism has descended from its authors, the French Positivists, into co-operative speeches, not to mention leading articles in newspapers. There is, in truth, no altruism, or otherness, if the word means preference of a neighbour to oneself, in membership of a Rochdale store. If the success of the scheme had depended on disinterested philanthropy, it would long since have resulted in bankruptcy. Love for others is a praiseworthy corrective of some of the defects of human nature; but the desire to save sixpence in half a crown is a much more powerful motive.

For some years past the experiment of co-operation has arrived at a stage in which it makes no further progress. Mr. Neale, Mr. Thomas Hughes, and other benevolent promoters of the system make eloquent speeches in commemoration of their former triumphs and in sanguine anticipation of future victories which seem never to be achieved. There is no doubt that distributive co-operation or the substitution of concert for competition in the supply of general wants has been in many places successful. It is only surprising that the example of Rochdale has not been universally followed. The carriage has run easily down hill, and now it fails to overcome an adverse gradient The preachers of the co-operative creed have never hesitated to assert that co-operation is as well suited to productive industries as to the purchase of the necessaries of life. Year after year they boast of some petty attempt to exemplify their theories; but they have never yet demonstrated by argument, or proved by actual trial, that it was possible to revolutionize either the natural laws which affect capital or the tendencies of human nature. Mr. Neale's frequent appeals to the virtue of altruism were in truth an involuntary confession of defeat. An economic organization which is not founded on self-interest must inevitably fail; and thus far it has been impossible to prove that workmen could permanently co operate in industrial undertakings with advantage to themselves. Mr. Hughes stated that a Co-operative Society at Dewsbury had, by some stroke of good luck, become possessors of a patent which, as he said, was likely to make the fortunes of its owners. If the expectation is realized a score or a hundred of artisans will become joint proprietors of a considerable sum of money. Whether they seek new investments or increase their holdings in the present undertaking, it will be for their interest to conduct business as cheaply as possible. The shareholders in a nominally co-operative factory will perhaps have divergent interests. The larger shareholders will, like other manufacturers, wish to reduce the cost of production to the lowest standard, especially when they come into competition with private capitalists. Other members of the same community will gain more by high wages than they will lose by low dividends. If the richer shareholders can obtain better incomes elsewhere, they will withdraw their money from the undertaking. That the prospect of overcoming such difficulties as these is not brilliant may be inferred from Mr. Neale's pitiful appeals to the unselfish principles of altruism. Several other speakers used the same objectionable word in preference to an English equivalent, probably because they only half understood it. The old-fashioned language of political economy was less pedantic, and it corresponded more nearly with the realities of life.

Nothing appears to have been said at the Congress as to the success of the co-operative cotton mills which have been established in some parts of Lancashire. These undertakings are naturally regarded with jealous dislike by those Trade-Unionists who attribute the depression of industry mainly to over-production; but, if the speculation succeeds, the owners have no need to trouble themselves with the objections of strangers. It may be inferred from the silence of the principal speakers that the cotton mills are not at present enjoying any considerable success. It is probably impossible to dispense in the conduct of manufactories with brokers, with buyers, and with other middlemen. Any man can appreciate cheapness in the commodities which he buys for daily use; but productive industry requires the exercise of skill, and therefore the means of providing remuneration for experts. There appears, as might be expected, that there is a difficulty in finding markets for products. Some of the speakers at Dewsbury proposed to supply the want by establishing a federal relation, as they called it, between distributive and productive co-operating Societies. In this instance also the phantom of altruism was invoked for the purpose of solving an embarrassing problem. It is absurd to appeal to the disinterested generosity of men who are bent on procuring a livelihood for themselves. If the co-operators are asked to prefer the interests of others to their own, they may reply that they were told the enterprise would involve profit, and not sacrifice. The advantage to be derived from the supposed federation must consist in the greater cheapness of the manufactured commodity, or in the high price which is commanded by the producer. In either case there would seem to be no gain which is not counterbalanced by loss on the part of one of the parties to the transaction. The distributive store has no motive for buying from the co-operative factory—unless, indeed, the shareholders in both undertakings are the same. On neither side is there an opening for altruism or gratuitous benefaction. When Co-operative Societies come into collision with Trades-Unions they are sometimes required to practise a compulsory form of altruism. Co-operative artisans or workmen are not allowed to receive lower wages than other members of the same trade, though as partners they can outbid competitors at their pleasure. The Trades-Unions managers sometimes treat the co-operators with affable condescension, but, on the whole, they maintain a distant demeanour.

Much irritation was expressed against one member of the Congress who read a paper for the purpose of advocating the mutual independence of productive and distributive organizations. The offending heretic will probably on future occasions keep his dissent to himself. But he may find consolation in seeing how even an unpopular argument eventually takes the form of a fulfilled prophecy. Productive co-operation will certainly fail if it depends on a kind of protective or preferential tariff to be established by the more prosperous distributive undertaking. Another disadvantage which must press on associations of workmen with little or no capital consists in their inability to contend against bad times. It is possible that the combination of the employer with the workman may tend to encourage soundness and efficiency of labour. If Co-operative Societies acquire a reputation for honest workmanship, some of the obstacles to their success will have been removed. One or two of the Dewsbury speakers denounced with natural indignation the "sweating" system, which has lately excited so much attention. He thought that it would be desirable to exhibit a higher kind of produce as a contrast to the cheap articles which are made by native and foreign workmen in the lowest state of destitution. The proposal was not perhaps deliberately made, and the contrast which was to be displayed would supply no new information. It is greatly to be regretted that neither co-operative industry nor any contrivance of the kind will provide a panacea for poverty. It is scarcely more useful to invoke the interference of customers who would decline to pay excessively low prices for goods. The region of Utopia which is devoted to trade is as easy to regulate as any other part of the same country; but the laws which work smoothly as long as all the conditions of property are satisfied fail to meet the case of practical evils It is for the general advantage that all plausible experiments should be tried. They will certainly not succeed if they rely on altruism; but co-operation has done much, and its possibilities are perhaps not yet exhausted. It is pleasant to find that there are still sanguine projectors in the world. One of the speakers at the Congress foresaw a time in which Parliament would represent only groups of thriving co-operative associations.

CENTRAL ASIAN DEMONSTRATIONS.

THE Odessa Correspondent of the *Daily News*, who has often shown himself to be well informed, and whose paper is not suspected of "Jingo" tendencies, telegraphed on Tuesday last that South Russia was full of rumours, especially among the military and official classes, of approaching Russian movements against Afghanistan. The Correspondent, while asserting that there is no special preparation visible in at least the army of the Caucasus, thinks that a "demonstration" on the Russian part is not at all unlikely. It is, of course, quite possible that these rumours may only be the reflection of the various reports of disturbances on the Afghan-Russian frontier, but they are

certainly worth taking into account. At the same time, Professor VAMBÉRY, whom, though he may be called prejudiced, no one will deny to be exceptionally well informed, renews his warnings and points (it must be confessed, and can be confessed here without any twinges of conscience) to the number of times in which on this subject he has shown himself to be a veritable CASSANDRA of the other sex. Yet, again, it is positively stated that the Russian Government, which is not troubled about trifles, has knocked on the head the reviving commerce of Sebastopol by issuing orders for the exclusive reservation of the harbour there for military purposes. Although this, following as it does on the action recently taken at Batoum, may not amount to a similar reservation of the whole eastern coast of the Black Sea, since new ports are apparently available, it is a step in that direction. And it is by no means sufficiently understood in England that the railways now completed on both sides of the Caspian make the Black Sea not, as it was thirty years ago, merely valuable to Russia for acting against Turkey, but valuable also for acting—it is unnecessary to say against whom—in Further Asia.

All these rumours of wars may, of course, be put down as so much mere "panic"; and, for our part, we have always deprecated, and shall always deprecate, anything of the panic kind. But among the various new readings which have been put upon old words in our time, the identification of preparation and panic is surely one of the oddest. Professor VAMBÉRY'S letter above referred to contains, curiously enough, very much the same suggestion as one which was printed in these columns before his letter left Buda-Pesth—namely, the appointment of more and more trustworthy English agents on the frontier, so that really prompt and valid information may be obtained. The Hungarian savant is anxious especially for English agents at Herat and Candahar, whether the AMEER likes or not. This, however, is obviously a matter which must be left to the Indian Government and the AMEER to settle between them. The well-known objections to Professor VAMBÉRY'S proposal as it stands have been put clearly enough by Mr. GEORGE CURZON in a letter to the *Times*; and the same writer has pointed out the substitutes, also known, which exist at present. Mr. CURZON is certainly right in remarking that the Candahar agency, at least, is unnecessary. For our part, we do not quite see why, as the stay of the English Frontier Commission for years rather than months created no difficulty for any one, and as Russian agents are constantly in force on the frontier itself, some kind of agency, either sedentary or itinerant, should not be kept up between or in the respective neighbourhoods of Khoja Saleh and Maruchak. Objections on the part of Russia would have no *locus standi*; and if the AMEER'S authority has not been injured by the RIDGWAY mission, its English officers and its Indian sowars, it is difficult to see how it could be injured by agencies of the proposed kind. The present arrangement is of doubtful advantage to any one, and of no advantage at all to any one but a determined evil-doer. The constant false or exaggerated reports as to disturbances on the frontier create an uneasy and unfriendly feeling in both the European countries concerned, and it would not appear that the AMEER himself is by any means as well served in the matter of intelligence as he might be. But it is quite possible that the actual stationing of an English agent or resident in Herat itself might do more harm than good; and in any case the requisite information, both there, at Candahar, and elsewhere, could be provided as it is at present, but more fully and exactly, in another way.

The renewal of these disquieting rumours makes the Australian agitation about the Chinese particularly unfortunate; for, though it is the opinion of some persons that China will never be of much use as an ally, no one but a lunatic would deny that, in case of a serious quarrel with Russia in Central Asia, it would be better to have the Celestials as friends than as enemies. Although the recent and still continuing operations of Indian troops on the Thibetan border were absolutely necessary, and have been carried on with the greatest possible respect to Chinese sensitiveness, the traditional policy of the Empire is too much opposed to any such things for them not to have been regarded with some disquiet at Pekin, and the Chinese can hardly be expected to make full allowance for the extremely anomalous and ticklish relations of Great Britain to her colonies. It may be very well seen at Pekin, when all is said and done, that the Australian excitement is nothing but a Trades-Unionist movement against Chinese cheap labour. Still, this is one of the peculiarities of a colonial empire, especially when the colonies are allowed to enjoy practically unchecked the most irrational and the most tyrannical form of government, that of universal suffrage. We must make the best of it. Fortunately, whatever may be the wishes of some lunatics at home, the region on which we chiefly depend for resisting the attacks of Russia is in a happier state than that of democracy. The Indian Empire is still directed by what should be, and for the present very fairly is, the wisdom of the wise few, not the folly of the foolish many, and its resources can, therefore, be disposed of for the good of the whole people, and not for that of a class. These resources have for some time now been most carefully prepared, developed, and arranged with a view to the coming struggle, and, with firm backing from home, they ought not to prove unequal to the contest.

But this firm backing is absolutely necessary, and it may almost be said that, unless a suspicion of its being absent is entertained in Russian quarters, no attempt is likely to be made to disturb the peace. After the conduct of the larger part of one political party in reference to Ireland, it is, of course, useless to place any reliance on pledges. But it is at least well to point out that, with the exception of a very few Russian advocates, a somewhat larger, but still small, party of peace-at-any-price men, and of course the Irish disloyalists, every section of every English political party, is bound to resist the further advance of Russia. There is now no quibble possible about summer pastures and winter pastures, about Old Sarakhs and New Sarakhs, about the question whether Khoja Saleh is Khoja Saleh or something else convenient to Russia at the moment. The delimitation business had, as our readers know, in our opinion uncommonly few advantages; it had perhaps this one, that it made further backing out, except as backing out without any attempt at concealment, thenceforward impossible. It is, indeed, quite conceivable that "demonstrations" will be attempted, and for this simple reason, which might be obvious to any but simpletons. Vast and damaging as have been English concessions to Russia since the time, but a very few years ago, when we might have kept her at distance, it is undoubtedly true that in an actual war at this moment—a war on the great scale—she would strike for India at great disadvantage, and we could parry at great advantage. But with every step in advance her disadvantages and our advantages vanish, and it is therefore of the most vital interest to her to get these steps over without a war—to stalk India, in short, till she is within easy range. It is, we say, nearly certain that the stalking process will be tried, and it will be Englishmen's fault if it succeeds. Whatever may be the boasts of the Russian military party, and however much may have been lost already by permitting the overthrow of the independent Turcoman Khanates and tribes, and the completion of the Transcaspian railway, it is nearly certain that Russia will not go to actual war on her present basis if she can help it, or unless as a necessary step in consequence of her determination to go to war elsewhere. This last rag of advantage we are, if we have any sense at all, bound to keep; and we lose it if we permit demonstrations to advance the Russian frontier in Afghanistan any further southwards.

IN MALWOOD CHASE.

SIR W-LL-M H-RC-RT. MR. CH-MB-RL-N.

MR. C. (*looking round him*). 'Tis indeed a most interesting spot. So it was here that—

Sir W. H. (*with animation*). That stone is supposed to mark the site of the very oak-tree off which the arrow glanced. I have nearly made out the positions of the two men to my satisfaction, but not quite. I am not entirely satisfied about WILLIAM'S.

Mr. C. (*absently*). No? Ah, I dare say not!

Sir W. H. But I think I can place Sir WALTER.

Mr. C. (*suddenly aroused*). FOSTER?

Sir W. H. No; TYRRELL. Why, CH-MB-RL-N, you're dreaming.

Mr. C. (*pulling himself together*). Well, it really would look like it. This lovely afternoon and my excellent lunch have begotten in me a disposition to reverie. My thoughts had wandered—no great distance, indeed, but still to quite a different WILLIAM.

Sir W. H. Oho! not RUFUS, eh?

Mr. C. (*smiling*). Not in the least! I have never seen a sign of it. His warmest friend would not pretend that he ever showed a trace of it.

Sir W. H. (*good-humouredly*). My dear CH-MB-RL-N, your jokes are in advance of your Latinity. WILLIAM RUBER might possibly mean "blushing WILLIAM," but "rufus" is never used, to the best of my belief, except for the colour of the hair.

Mr. C. Which, as I just now observed, shows in your case not a trace of red. My dear H-RC-RT, you're a perfect Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK in the gratuitous fitting on of caps. But why offend the genius of the Forest with our stupid political chaff? Let us agree to taboo even the slightest reference to politics.

Sir W. H. With all my heart. Especially as we are supposed to have met for a political purpose.

Mr. C. Just so; whereas?

Sir W. H. Whereas—well, of course, the mutual attraction of each other's society, and—

Mr. C. Come, H-RC-RT, don't be too modest. Add your own genial determination not to quarrel with old political associates. There is something very attractive in your readiness to forget our points of difference—points on which you are known to feel so strongly—and to remember nothing but our ancient comradeship.

Sir W. H. Thank you, CH-MB-RL-N. Yes. Whatever people may say, I flatter myself I have always known how to distinguish between men and their opinions.

Mr. C. Whatever people may say? Do you mean to say, then, that—well, well, there are people who will say anything. Why, it's your forte. In spite of the complete change in Mr. GL-DST-NE's opinion you recognized him as your chief in a moment.

Sir W. H. Ah! but I pride myself more on recognizing the Unionists as my friends with their present opinions.

Mr. C. Pardon me. Our old opinions; which *were* yours.

Sir W. H. My dear fellow, you *must* know that that only makes it the more difficult to keep up the intimacy.

Mr. C. You mean that there is always a certain embarrassment in meeting a man who has married one's divorced wife. No doubt that is the case to some extent in England; but hardly so, I think, in countries where divorce is more lightly considered. Your own connexion with your political creed, H-RC -RT, was always regarded, if you will excuse my saying so, as a sort of Indiana marriage, and people would not be very much surprised, I expect, at seeing the separated couple come together again. Nor, I fancy, are you yourself unwilling to encourage that belief. Hence it is that—(*pauses*)

Sir W. H. Hence it is that what?

Mr. C. I was going to say, only it would be so very improper a remark from a guest—I was going to say that it was owing to this willingness on your part that I am now enjoying an afternoon at a spot which the tragic death of your ancestor—let me see, he *was* your ancestor, wasn't he?—has for ever consecrated.

Sir W. H. Dear me! Are people putting that construction on your friendly visit?

Mr. C. Not so much on the visit, I think, as on the invitation.

Sir W. H. But surely we divide the responsibility, don't we? Do not the same people say that, unless you yourself had some political object to gain by accepting the invitation, you would not have accepted it?

Mr. C. Ahem! no; not so *many* people. At least, I think not.

Sir W. H. What! Not when you have sent up that *ballon d'essai* from Birmingham in the very week when you have come to stay with me?

Mr. C. I don't quite know to what you refer.

Sir W. H. How stupid of me! Of course you don't. You never read the articles in the *Birmingham Daily Post*, do you?—I mean after the paper has gone to press?

Mr. C. Oh! I understand. You are speaking of the "Sketch of Unionist Policy" which has just been put forward by that most respectable organ. Yes, I have read that—*after* the paper went to press; but you will excuse my saying that I am still unconscious of any peculiar relevance in your last remark.

Sir W. H. Yes? We are to regard it, then, as a mere coincidence that your National Councils scheme, and all the rest of it, has re-emerged at the very moment when you are honouring me with a visit? There was no intention on your part to provoke a little newspaper gossip about—about—

Mr. C. About another round table—a rustic round table to be placed for us under one of these noble oaks? My dear H-RC-RT, what in the world should I gain by arousing expectations only to disappoint them? *We* know perfectly well what the Round Table of last year really meant, and we can neither of us have any object in wheeling out that absurd piece of furniture again. The comedy was well enough for once, but I am not aware that there has been any demand for its repetition.

Sir W. H. No; but for the benefit of the actors, eh? Come, my dear fellow, I think a little more frankness between us two would be as well. You wish to keep open the door of reconciliation with the Gladstonians. I don't wish to close it absolutely between myself and the Unionists. Isn't that a fair account of the matter, and are we not both wise in our generation?

Mr. C. (*smiling*). Perhaps; but I can't pretend to your wisdom in one respect. You have far surpassed me in the forethought of your preparations for a highly probable future.

Sir W. H. As how?

Mr. C. In your choice of this excellent spot for your retirement.

Sir W. H. Ah! CH-MB-RL-N, I would gladly exchange it for your hobby. I have none. Let me advise you, my dear friend, to stick to your floriculture. You don't know how soon you may want the solace, or for how long. But here we are at home, and I dare say you would like a cup of tea. Let us go in.

THE IRREGULARITY OF REGULATORS.

SOMEBODY once advertised a work "Sur l'Incommodité des Commodes," and Mr. THOMAS TOD STODDART writes about "that inconvenient convenience, a landing net." The Irregularity of Regulators has also attracted the notice of American citizens. Among Anglo-Saxon communities there has always been a tendency to "take the law into their own "hands." The law "comes in two in their hands," as housemaids declare that porcelain does, and law is at present quite fragmentary in Indiana, especially near New Albany. The White Caps are a highly moral secret Society who beat to death, or nearly to death, every one whose private or public conduct they do not admire. To tell the truth, many of the persons whom the White Caps whip with hickory rods appear to deserve some punishment. But it is usually thought a smaller evil that men and women should go unwhipped than that they should be condemned, unheard, by a self-constituted court. In part of Indiana life is no more secure than in parts of Ireland. In both countries moralists and patriots are their own judges, juries, witnesses, policemen, and executioners. This, of course, spells anarchy; and in Indiana, as in Ireland, it is hard for the law to reach the patriots and moralists. "To obtain evidence against "the Order, or one of its members, is impracticable; to "convict a White Cap by any ordinary process of law "declared to be absolutely impossible." "The Order has "become a terror to the people." This was written about South-Eastern Indiana, not about Kerry; and it may soon have to be written about places nearer home. Somebody, in all human societies, must be, as the Scotch clergy pray, "a terror unto evildoers." Is that somebody to be an amateur, working his own will in the dark, or is he to be the magistrate? In Indiana he is the moral amateur. He and his friends in Crawford County gave forty lashes (each brings blood) to the wife of PETER DENTON. They informed Mr. DENTON (who appears to have been an interested spectator) that she was whipped for "conduct "unbecoming a virtuous woman." Who is to decide what that conduct is? The moral amateur, editing a journal of espionage in London, or armed with a revolver and a hickory whip in America, is the only person who can settle the question. He has the right to create offences, to try them in secret (the accused being unrepresented), and to punish them. Suicide is a more pleasant alternative than submission to such Regulators. They whipped WILLIAM TONEY for being intemperate and "tough." The tougher TONEY was the better, as they gave him a hundred, much as Mr. PUMBLECHOOK was given a dozen on the occasion when his mouth was stuffed full of flowering annuals. GOODMAN received a beating for being a "drunken brute" who made his family support him. People who attempt to corrupt electors are also to be beaten. A well-known novelist, incapable of guile and withdrawn from the political arena, was once accused of being "the principal briber at

"the Evesham election." Near New Albany they would have given him a hundred lashes "on sight" and found out his innocence later. "The provocation that calls for "such summary punishment ranges from chicken-stealing "to adultery." The rural town of Corydon has been patrolled by hundreds of armed White Caps, who suspected that the public accounts were crooked, and who were prepared to "clear out the town":—

Ah, Corydon, Corydon, quæ te dementia cepit!

Mankind is eternally relapsing. This organization of White Caps is exactly a revival of the Mumbo Jumbo brotherhood which MUNGO PARK found among the negroes. Disguised blacks came into the villages at night, with all manner of mummeries, and whipped women whom they accused, as the White Caps accused Mrs. PETER DENTON. In New Guinea and the neighbouring islands the secret judicial Society is called "Duc-duc," and its members go about dressed like Jack-in-the-Green. We find that the best if not the only thing to do with White Caps, Moonlighters, and their kind is to shoot them on sight. A few shootings will be avenged, as in Ireland; but nothing else, nothing but plucky personal resistance, will restore the confidence of a district. Of course, if people prefer a life of terror, they can have it, and they do prefer it in South-East Indiana and other parts of the habitable globe nearer home.

IRELAND.

LESS attention, we should imagine, than was looked for by its author or authors has been attracted by the recent article in the Birmingham newspaper regarded as the inspired exponent of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S views. This comparative indifference is not difficult to account for. In the first place, there is nothing new in the views themselves; and, in the second place, there is no particular significance in their re-statement on Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S behalf at the present juncture. The public knows all about the purchase scheme which is to vest Irish lands in newly-constituted county authorities, and is to pay their vendors in land debentures, which are not to be guaranteed by the State and yet are to be as good value as if they were. That is to say, the public knows all about the asserted advantages of this scheme, and nothing at all about the—apparently magical—means whereby these advantages are to be secured; and the article in the *Birmingham Daily Post* leaves the knowledge and the ignorance of the public alike unaffected. Perhaps there is in the latest statement a little more particularity on the subject of the "land bank" which is to be created for Ireland than was the case with former expositions of the Birmingham programme; but we can hardly say that the additional light thrown upon the plan is of a dazzling intensity. The "land bank" has a nice substantial "immovable" sound; and may possibly give the dispossessed Irish proprietors some confidence in the solvency of the debtor to whom they are to look for compensation. These debentures will be at least "as safe as the bank" which issues them, and the reassuring associations of that phrase may perhaps work wonders. All we can say is that wonders will have to be worked if the alternative of virtual confiscation by the compulsory tender of depreciated securities as payment for Irish lands is to be avoided by those who, like Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, so loudly proclaim their resolve not to pledge the credit of the nation to the discharge of a national obligation of honour. In the other features of the "Sketch of Unionist Policy" there is even less pretence to novelty of any kind. The "large and liberal expenditure on "public works, drainage, rivers, harbours, fishery appliances, "railway extensions, &c." is not even a specially Chamberlainian or even Liberal item in the policy of the Unionist party. It was foreshadowed in the Commission promised by the present Government in their first Session of office, and it is, and always has been, understood that practical effect will be given to this policy at the earliest possible opportunity. As to the old proposal of Provincial Councils, which has now been engrafted by its author on a projected Local Government scheme for Ireland after the model of Mr. RITCHIE'S measure, it offers even less material for remark. *Cui bono* is, indeed, the only observation which suggests itself on the proposal considered in its abstract or academic aspect. The only thing which could give it actuality and importance would be the concurrence of its revival with some political juncture which should seem to invite an early attempt on the part of somebody or other at the realization of the plan.

This, however, is the very element which is most conspicuously wanting to it. The manifesto of the Birmingham newspaper is *à propos* of nothing, unless it be some personal objects of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN which can only be conjecturally assigned. There is assuredly nothing in the political circumstances of the hour to warrant its promulgation. The mere proposition that the "time is fast coming when "Liberal-Unionists, pledged as they are to remedial "measures, must show that they have a positive as well as "a negative policy for Ireland," is hardly sufficient to show the necessity of putting forward an elaborate scheme of local government for Ireland during the Whitsuntide recess of a Parliamentary Session, the remainder of which will be entirely occupied with the settlement of a scheme of local government for England. The "time" of which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S organ speaks is not coming so fast as all that; nor must such excessive emphasis be laid on the temporal adverb or the companion proposition that a policy of Irish reform must "shortly" be "added to the support "given by the Liberal-Unionists to the steady and fairly "successful enforcement of law and order." We must, at any rate, decline to interpret "shortly" as "next Session," so far as one particular "Irish reform" is concerned. A steady and fairly successful enforcement of law and order for twelve months affords no sort of basis for the proposal to make a large grant of local administration, and thereby of political power, to the very persons in whose despite and against whose furious resistance this steady and fairly successful enforcement of law and order has had to be carried out. The Government, indeed, would be discrediting their character for steadiness, and doing their best to throw away their success, by entertaining any such proposal. Surely the commonest common sense must show the imprudence of re-arming a disarmed enemy who has neither had time nor opportunity, nor has evinced the slightest desire, to become a friend. It would be an act of folly, to which the Government cannot possibly be expected to commit themselves for the sake either of obliging a faithful ally or of silencing a troublesome follower. They cannot consent to wreck their work in Ireland because Mr. CHAMBERLAIN thinks it desirable to propitiate Radicalism in the constituencies, or because Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL promised "simultaneity" in English and Irish local government, and resents the disrespect which, he thinks, is about to be offered to a word of six syllables which has had the honour of being added by him to the vocabulary of politics. With Tory Democrats, however, their own party ought to know how to deal; it is Radical-Unionists who seem to need reminding that the primary purpose and main merit of the alliance between the two English parties on the question of Irish policy were to obviate the necessity for, or rather to remove, the temptation to just that sort of swaying and seesawing between firm government and so-called remedial legislation which has been the curse of Ireland, but which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN still seems to regard as the ideal method of treating it in the future.

Perhaps it would be as well for all Unionists, whether Liberal or Conservative, to be content with one thing at a time. The work of restoring law and order in Ireland is, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN says, going on very satisfactorily; but it is not yet completed, and we prefer to wait till it is before laying out any plans for the future. If things continue, however, in their present course, we shall, no doubt, see the work brought speedily to accomplishment. So far as present appearances go, the discomfiture of the Parnellites by the last blow which has been dealt at the cause of disorder is as profound as ever. Every effort which they make to throw it off serves merely to emphasize and draw attention to it. The latest of these efforts—that of the meeting of the Dublin Corporation, convened by Mr. SEXTON for the purpose of endorsing the resolutions adopted by the Irish members the other day at the Mansion House—was almost pathetic in its impotence. At the beginning of the proceedings a message despatched by Archbishop WALSH from the Irish College at Rome was read to the meeting, and the meeting painfully "made believe to believe" that its contents were satisfactory. Having received it, the Lord Mayor of DUBLIN probably had no choice as to reading it to the Corporation; but Mr. SEXTON, who is at least an intelligent man, must have been acutely conscious of its terribly disappointing character. All that the ARCHBISHOP said was that "it "might be useful to assure the Municipal Council of "Dublin in his name that all apprehensions of political "interference of the Holy See in Irish affairs are absolutely

"groundless. The cause of Ireland has nothing to fear "from LEO XIII. Accept my most distinct assurance on "that point." Alas! that is not the point on which Mr. SEXTON and his friends want distinct assurances. They do not need to be told that the POPE has not definitely enrolled himself as a member of the Unionist party, or that, if Mr. GLADSTONE were to come in again and introduce another Separatist Bill, no Papal anathema would be levelled against him. All that they know; but that, unfortunately, is all that Dr. WALSH says. He does not, and he cannot, say anything to mitigate the force of the fatal condemnation which the Holy See has pronounced on the immoral means employed for the furtherance of "the cause of Ireland." And, since he cannot do that, the Parnellites know very well that that cause, instead of having "nothing," has everything, to fear from LEO XIII.

POOR MALIETOA.

IT is to be feared that the gentleman (or lady) who has contributed a brief in several columns and two divisions to the *Times* on the side of King MALIETOA LAUPEPA of Samoa, in his case against the German Government, will not do his or her Royal friend much good. About Samoa we and the Americans may care a little, but for poor MALIETOA no great interest will too probably be felt. Yet the brief is worth reading, if only because it presents us at the beginning (with a little help from the compositor) one of the most pleasing pictures we have seen for some time. There is, it appears, a worthy family in Samoa whose important duty it is to look after the "scared myths of the "people." What scares a myth—the prospect of being triced up to the sun and getting dozens of interpretations by Canon ISAAC TAYLOR, or the fear that it may be reduced to its proper place by Mr. ANDREW LANG? This worthy family divides its labours in an admirable manner. The boys repeat the prose and the girls the poetry. The old people supply the comment; but this can only be done in public when the king comes to that island. At other times the people are left to guess at their myths and exchange them with one another—a system of barter which, it seems, leads to the form of competition called adulteration. For this a check has been provided. When one Samoan thinks that another is palming off a sophisticated myth he says, "Give me its solo," and a solo is "a poetic composition "which contains references, somewhat occult, to the leading "events of the myth, and which is supposed to settle any "disputes." Who explains the somewhat occult references? Perhaps the old people, who "have the prerogative of ex-"plaining the meaning of the various allusions of the "poetic lines," and do it at length, adding long screeds of comment to single lines of myth—just like a State Paper historian with his rivulet of text and ocean of note. How happy the folklorists would be if they could all be State-aided emigrants to the "largest island of the Manu'a cluster "of Samoa," where this wild nightmare goes on all the time—a consummation most devoutly to be wished.

To return to King MALIETOA LAUPEPA. His history is worthy of the country of scared myths. One STEINBERGER, an enterprising and romancing bagman, came to Samoa in order to identify the interests of his firm with the fiscal arrangements of the Samoan Government. Without the help of an old man from the Manu'a cluster we find this line from the solo somewhat occult; but there is no doubt that STEINBERGER, by diplomacy and other methods, made MALIETOA LAUPEPA King and himself Prime Minister. LUPUA was dethroned. Then MALIETOA found out that STEINBERGER had been saying the thing which was not touching missions from the U.S. Government, and so on, as bad as PIP. So the virtue of MALIETOA rose in wrath, and he packed his Prime Minister off. Then they objected, and MALIETOA was upset, and he also objected, and they had a merry mill, and he broke all their heads, and remained in possession. It is like a sophisticated myth or a solo of occult references, but the upshot is clear. MALIETOA was King, and was duly recognised by England, the United States, and Germany, which all made treaties with him, and promised one another not to annex his country. It seemed as if there was to be peace, and the Samoans were to be allowed to wither away quietly like the Hawaiians. But King MALIETOA was destined to come to grief through Germans. The Germans came, they made a treaty with him. He said he did not want any treaty, particularly not that treaty, and wrote a letter about it to the German EMPEROR. It was no use. The German squadron turned up. Officers landed and put up a target in the principal street, and shot at it with bullets to the annoyance of the Samoans. Then they served out Hamburg brandy and made the Samoans drunk, so that one of them broke a German nose. After which outrage there was, of course, nothing for it but to depose King MALIETOA and make another king—which was duly done. This is the story as told by the King's friend in the *Times*, and, if it is somewhat like the poetic composition called a solo in the occult nature of its references, it does not thereby differ very widely from other briefs. As to the exact merits of the case, we shall suspend judgment with a placid conviction that King MALIETOA has gone the way of LUPUA, whom he contrived to upset with the help of the unveracious STEINBERGER. As regards Samoa itself, the important thing would be to learn whether the setting up of a king who is a tool of the Germans is to lead to an occupation of the islands by them. If so, the United States and England may have something to say—and especially the United States. As for ourselves, we seem, to judge from Sir J. FERGUSSON'S answers to questions in the House, to have decided that it is wiser not to worry the Germans by indiscreet inquiries.

A LESSON TO COSTERMONGERS.

WE know of no reason why a costermonger should not obey the law and respect the convenience of his fellow-citizens using the public thoroughfares, or why, if he obstinately refuses such obedience, he should be encouraged and rewarded by an officer whose duty it is to protect the rights of the public and to administer the law. It seems, however, that on both these points Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS has the advantage of us. He knows of some reason, or at least we must assume so, though he did not disclose it, why RICHARD SNELLGROVE was justified in obstructing foot-passengers in Battersea in defiance of a lawful order to desist from so doing; and he has also, *in gremio magistratus*, some ground satisfactory to himself for rewarding RICHARD SNELLGROVE'S resistance to the order with a donation out of the poor-box. Yet it must be admitted that these secrets of Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS'S judicial mind are hard to penetrate. To judge from the case as presented to the Court by the representatives of the Battersea Vestry, an ordinary unmagisterial observer would have said that the defendant's conduct differed only for the worse from that of his competitors in street trading, and that they may imagine themselves to have possibly some cause of complaint as regards the favour which has been shown him. The Vestry, Mr. YOUNG said, took action owing to the determination of the costermongers to stand in the main thoroughfare, thus causing considerable annoyance and compelling people to walk in the roadway. They were directed to transfer their barrows to the side streets, and "all those who lived in the parish had consented to do so; "but a few others, of whom the complainant was one, in-"sisted on maintaining their former position." As they gave false names and addresses, they could not be summoned; and the Vestry had, accordingly, to proceed against them summarily, under the powers of 57 Geo. III. c. 29, sec. 65, by seizure of their barrows. The complainant's barrow had been thus seized, and he took out a summons in consequence against one of the street inspectors for its recovery. This summons Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS was reluctantly compelled to dismiss on a technical point. But his sympathies appear to have gone out strongly towards the man who thus insisted on a privilege of obstruction which most of his fellow-traders had obediently resigned, and which was, no doubt, of enhanced value to the contumacious costermongers on that account; and, having ascertained that SNELLGROVE had rendered himself liable to a charge of 10*s*. as costs in connexion with the seizure of the barrow, Mr. WILLIAMS gave SNELLGROVE 10*s*. out of the poor-box, described the Act of Parliament and the action taken under it as "cruel and disgraceful," urged the advisableness of proceeding against the costermongers by summons, which he had been already told was impracticable, and suggested that the complainant should proceed against the Vestry for detaining his barrow. We should add that the donation from the poor-box was given to enable SNELLGROVE to buy more flowers, and that it was expressly stated by Mr. YOUNG that he was offered his flowers back again, and had refused.

It is to be hoped that the well-conducted costermongers of Battersea will not have their attention too pointedly drawn to the case which has been thus disposed of at the Wandsworth Police Court. These good fellows are at present a little behind their age, and it is greatly to be hoped, so far as the Battersea public is concerned, that they may continue as long as possible in their state of old-fashioned innocence. When it was pointed out to them by the local authorities that these open-air markets were a nuisance to the inhabitants of the district, and that it must be removed to a less crowded thoroughfare, they adopted the obsolete course of submission. So ignorant were they of the latest and most approved methods of attracting the sympathy of persons in authority, that they obeyed a lawful order. It is really delightful to find such sacred simplicity in these days among any class of men. SNELLGROVE, who is evidently a student of contemporary politics, and has carefully and intelligently watched the tactics of Irish cottiers, Welsh farmers, Scotch crofters, and others—and possibly also noticed the peculiar characteristics of Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS—has gained a truer insight into the "conditions of his environment." He calculated that by defying authority, by allowing his property to be seized, and by taking proceedings for its recovery before a magistrate who has brought the art of "playing to the gallery" to an astonishing pitch of perfection, he might be fairly certain to "score." And scored he has. He has got an advertisement from—or a joint advertisement with—Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS, and ten shillings out of a fund which can hardly, on any view of it, have been intended for such cases as his. It is to be hoped that the law-abiding costermongers will not learn the too obvious lesson of the case; or the Battersea Vestry are likely to have trouble on their hands.

THE BARCELONA EXHIBITION.

UNIVERSAL Exhibitions are not matters on which much remains to be said. The coming French one has a kind of interest, because we all want to know whether the next revolution will happen before it is open or after, or while it is going on. But this interest is extraneous, and, as it were, illegitimate. For the rest, the thing will be a big show, and that is nearly all there is to be said about it. The Barcelona Exhibition is in a happier position; for, in its way, it is a new thing. A Spain in which enterprising gentlemen form bold plans, and, not only form them, but go roundly to work to carry them out, is not the Spain we have known for long. Now this is what has happened. Some months ago certain Catalan gentlemen thought it would be a good thing to have an exhibition in the town of Barcelona. Instead of dreaming about it and writing magniloquent articles to show that it could be done, and ought to be done, they actually set to work and did it. In old times there would have been the talk, and then a postponement of work until to-morrow. Finally, it would have been decided that, in fact, it was as good as done, and no more trouble need be taken. Perhaps it would have been begun, and left in the middle because of "falta de recursos," which is the fatal Spanish equivalent of the old disease called "faute d'argent" by a great doctor. In this case none of these things happened. The scheme was conceived and put into execution with a speed worthy of the United States. When the opening day came the Exhibition was not ready—no Exhibition ever is—but it was far enough advanced to allow of an opening ceremony. After this we expect soon to hear of express trains crossing through Spain at the rate of thirty miles an hour; to be told that use is being made of the canal of Aragon, which was begun by CHARLES V. and was unfinished a few years ago; and to see the Spanish fleet adding new horrors to the life of English First Lords of the Admiralty. All this may happen, and more, if the Spaniards can only keep up the pace for five years or so.

The opening ceremony, too, was a novelty in its way—so much happened to make it striking. No parade on any similar occasion can have been more brilliant and picturesque than the naval display in Barcelona harbour. Upwards of sixty warships of all nations are rarely collected together, and the Barcelonese may reflect with pleasure that they have seen what few have seen. Then the presence of all those squadrons was an outward and visible sign to Spaniards that their present ruler is one whom all the world delights to honour. If they are wise, too, they will look on those ironclads and meditate on the happiness of a people which is not interested in the Eastern question, which has a frontier no one dreams of attacking, which does not lie in the road of any army, which can afford to take no notice of what Russia does in Bulgaria or what France would like to do anywhere. There arose a little cloud out of that splendid review. It was discovered that the English, Austrian, and Italian squadrons could not be even said to be going to cruise together without wounding the susceptibilities of a "friendly Power." To the Spaniards what does it matter who cruises with whom? They can eat their bread with joy, and drink their wine with a merry heart—they have plenty of both and good—they can let their garments be always white, as they like to do in hot weather most wisely. The snarling of friendly Powers at one another's heels does not affect them. As far as they are concerned, all these foreign fighting ships have collected only to honour the QUEEN REGENT, and her solemn opening of the Exhibition gave all Europe an opportunity of noting the return of Spain to a position of respectability. It is a pleasing scene. All Spain needs to do now is not to take the new hotel for a model. This building, needed to entertain the rush of visitors, is to be run up in a few weeks *without foundations.* Now, the Spanish bricklayer and stonemason are clever fellows, and know their business as well as most, and the climate is dry. Still, buildings without foundations are dangerous, and for our part we politely but firmly decline to take rooms in that "hottl.." It is to be hoped that the recent peace and prosperity of Spain are not a temporary show affair also run up for the occasion. England has no reason to wish they should be, but much the contrary.

THE ROYAL WEDDING AT CHARLOTTENBURG.

MANY things concur to render the Royal marriage which has just been solemnized at Charlottenburg an event of peculiar interest to Englishmen. The common kinship of the contracting parties to our own Royal house would of itself, indeed, have sufficed for this; for the nation could not, in any case, have looked with indifference upon a union between two grandchildren of the QUEEN. But the steadily growing cordiality of our political relations with the German Empire, added to the deep sympathy which is felt in this country for the afflicted EMPEROR and his devoted wife, have undoubtedly much enhanced the warmth of the feelings with which the marriage is regarded in this country. The young couple themselves, moreover, have claims of their own upon English regard. The bride may be not inappropriately considered as the heiress of the sentiments which her mother universally inspired in the national mind, and as standing in the place of one of the most beloved of the daughters of England too early lost. And to a race as proud of their history and achievements as Englishmen are or used to be, a touch of romance is unquestionably added to the person of the Princess IRENE by her name, and by the event which it commemorates. As to the Prince, he is a sailor, with the reputation of being a good one; he has learnt his seamanship, if not exactly in a British school, from a British master; and he has already seen his share of service afloat. It is needless, therefore, to say that he is the possessor, other things being equal, of the best passports which a young Prince of any country can have to the good will of the English people. Even the German congratulations of the bride and bridegroom can hardly under the circumstances be more sincere and cordial than our own.

In every mind, however, here or abroad, the supreme interest of the ceremony will centre in the pathetic situation upon which it breaks as with a transient gleam of sunshine. The figure of the stricken EMPEROR must attract and rivet many an eye which would pass lightly over those of the bridal pair. Happily at this moment there is a slight improvement in his condition, and it is possible to forget for a while the hours and days of terrible anxiety through which his family and subjects have passed. But that, we fear, is all that can be said. His astonishingly firm bearing and demeanour during the ceremony was to a great extent probably responsive rather to the state of his mind than to that of his body; and even the most optimistic of the very favourable reports which have been circulated as to the state of his health is not such as to justify any confident hope of his final recovery. But it may possibly [illegible]

shadow, though even on that point it would be rash to speak with too much confidence, a more or less considerable prolongation of his life; and any respite, even if it be only reckoned by months, will be a gain to the country and to the world. In the meantime the solemnization of this marriage ceremony is not only in itself an indication of happy augury, but is one of those which often actually assists in the restoration of the patient's health.

MR. WHISTLER'S TEN O'CLOCK.

MUCH of the matter contained in Mr. Whistler's brilliant lecture has become to a considerable extent common property, and we can hardly suppose that there are many to be found among those who enjoyed the privilege of hearing him deliver it dull enough to have forgotten either the significance or the fashion of the sentences now before us. Nevertheless, he has done well in publishing it in pamphlet form. He will by this means secure a larger audience; and it is good, moreover, that important truths, however patent they may be, should be remorselessly hammered into the understanding of a public which, for the most part, divides its time between hopeless apathy and silly hysterics, but which in either state is slow to hearken to good counsel and to profit by it. The follies and stupidities against which Mr. Whistler's satire is directed are in the main as rampant now as they were when he first spoke, and it is not much to the purpose to note the fact that one or two of the most trivial among them have either modified their outward garb or been relegated to the more obscure circles of the suburbs. For one instance alone, the professional æsthetes—who, while they endured, formed a rather unexpected and mildly interesting variety of the genus Chadband—have been driven by the force of circumstances to betake themselves to other methods in their search after the various muffins which they seek to abstract from the enfeebled grasp of an exhausted community. But the dilettante, the ignorant and pretentious critic, the grossly incompetent teacher, and the half-skilled mechanic trading under the name of artist are always with us; and this being the case, we have often longed that some of Mr. Whistler's sentences could be printed on hoardings and in railway stations, hoping that "le peuple avec son gros bon sens" would seize upon those points that the cultured masses persistently ignore. For it must, unfortunately or not as the event may prove, be conceded that these same masses have persistently displayed their inability to judge of any question of art, either from the artist's point of view—which was not to be expected of them—or which might have been expected of them from the ordinary standpoint of common sense. But Mr. Whistler has himself shown us how this their incapacity has come about. "The people have been harassed with art in every guise, and vexed with many methods as to its endurance." Neither have Mr. Whistler's utterances been taken to heart by those who stand self-elected within the holy of holies. The dilettanti of painting and literature have failed to grasp the truest of his sayings, which must of necessity remain impenetrably hidden from all such as are physically and mentally unable to recognize the perfection and style of his best work in art. His productions afford insecure and treacherous ground for the feet of the hunter in search of the gratification of his own vanity and the plaudits of less knowing friends. The would-be admirer is certain to commit himself before long by expressing an equal measure of delight in the presence of some formless and umbrageous smirch, undistinguishable to the troglodyte from the most exquisitely balanced scheme of dainty colour that he has ever given to the world. It is therefore most desirable that Mr. Whistler should address himself to a wider public. Most admirably he dwells upon the truism that "art happens." No environment can in the long run make or mar it. Yet there is not here set forth, as a careless reader might suppose, any argument against the existence of public studios, in which the initial difficulties of the beginners may be got over. Such institutions may and do save many an artist from years of avoidable and fruitless effort; but they must not be such self-styled "schools" as those to whose existence we have allowed ourselves to become accustomed, where life studies are corrected after the model has ceased to sit, or in which a multiplicity of cooks are suffered to convert what might prove wholesome broth into a deadly pash. Mr. Whistler approaches more debatable ground when he treats of the combinations of untoward circumstances which have landed us in our present pass. The question of supply and demand in matters of art is in a practical world full of difficulties, and is, as he insists, most assuredly incapable of solution by jabber about "leading the artistic life," or the employment of kindred phrases by misguided people, who think it their duty to live in houses which they do not like, and exhaust their minds and muscles in unavailing struggles with coal-scuttles of abhorrent form to compel them to yield their contents. In the sense in which Mr. Whistler employs the phrase it may be true that "there never was an art-loving nation." But that "there never was an artistic period" is absurd saying, which he himself disproves in a most conclusive fashion. The weak point in his lecture is to be found in his conception of the artist as a being wholly apart from other men, living an isolated life totally uninfluenced by his environment. This statement will not bear examination, and Mr. Whistler's picture of the primeval artist making merry with his stick and his gourd is pretty but not convincing. Neither can his theory that suddenly "there arose a new class, who discovered the cheap, and foresaw fortune in the facture of the sham" be admitted. The spread of trade and consequent distribution of wealth has developed a race chiefly remarkable for moneyed vulgarity; hence the demand which has been most ably supplied for works in which all that is most loathsome has been lovingly and thoughtfully wrought up to the desired pitch of revolting hideousness. Hence, this wholly modern phenomenon that men, capable of becoming fairly reputable and successful linen-drapers, have, foreseeing that there was money in it, given themselves over to the production of the art commodity or Academy picture, and, while they bleat with futile hypocrisy of giving their best energies to the advancement of art, prey in shameless security on the fat juices of the unprotected stock-broker. As the lecturer points out another grievous thing came to pass when men of great literary ability made the discovery that pictures were convenient pegs whereon to hang their eloquent discourse, and that many alluring sentences could be penned concerning them. In their eyes "a picture is more or less a hieroglyph or symbol of story . . . the work is considered absolutely from a literary point of view"; and on the unhappy day when they secured the ear of the public, the tribe of pictorial illustrators sprang into flourishing existence—incompetent craftsmen who, striving to transfer the passionate vision of the poet from paper to canvas, produce a meaningless and wanton medley of ugly colour and incorrect form, as discordant and ungracious and as potent to create dismay as ever was the quivering shriek of the uprooted mandrake.

It would be an ill deed to mar the general effect of Mr. Whistler's writing by quoting detached sentences from it. His pamphlet must be read straight through or let alone; and it will amply repay careful reading even at the hands of those to whom his matter is already familiar. This much must be conceded to him, that he has perfectly fulfilled his aim. On the other hand, it must be granted that his aim is not the highest, or his view of the subject in hand by any means the widest. The strict limitations of his art make themselves sharply felt in every word that he utters—but within these limitations he reigns supreme. The mistress of his choice is, without doubt, one of the most fascinating and delicate of spirits, compact of bright caprice and wayward charm, dwelling lovingly by the water's brink at the hour of mystery and tender beauty—but certain to be not often missing at that other hour—"l'heure de l'absinthe" on the city boulevard. Such as she is he will, for her sake, endure no other—neither can he conceive of any other vocation than that of becoming her high priest; to filling that office worthily he has devoted all his fiery energy and incomparable skill. There is an unmistakable ring of genuine passion and heartfelt love in the following sentence, which, in spite of our good resolutions, we cannot abstain from quoting, with one trifling alteration of the text:—

> When the evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry as with a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campanili, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens; and fairyland is before us—then the wayfarer hastens home; the working-man and the cultured one, the wise man and the one of pleasure, cease to understand, as they have ceased to see, and Nature, who, for once, has sung in tune, sings her exquisite song to [Mr. Whistler] alone . . . .

who, we may add, possesses the supreme faculty of preserving it to us as no other artist can. It must, however, be added that he is far from being alone among great painters in his incapacity to tolerate whatever fails to supply him with the materials for which he instinctively seeks, for narrowness of judgment has almost always proved the enforced result of that concentration of endeavour without which no single achievement can be perfectly compassed. His witty, unsympathetic, though in some instances approximately just, attacks upon schools of art, which are essentially alien to his intelligence, have therefore no surprise for us, and may indeed be welcomed for the germs of truth which they contain. This great doctrine, which requires to be worthily enforced in England more than in any other country on earth, he has preached to good purpose, that the conditions under which great works of art may be produced are always with us, and that the riches of art are inexhaustible.

HOW TO LOSE AN ELECTION.

WE deal elsewhere with the unfortunate shilly-shallyings of the Liberal-Unionists in the matter of the Southampton election; and there is the less need to say more about this that nobody is likely to lose more by those shilly-shallyings than the Liberal-Unionists themselves. They are not precisely the strongest party in the present welter of English politics; and, if it is established that they cannot be depended upon, why then, in the eloquent language of Captain Marryat's schoolmaster, it will "end in a blow up"—for them. But, though nothing can be more foolish than to attempt, like the *Times* and some other Unionist journals, to minimize the importance of a defeat in a large town

almost at the centre of the Unionist stronghold, the South of England, there is a good deal more to be said on the matter from a purely local point of view. We have been endeavouring for months, and almost for years, to force on the consideration of the leaders of the Unionist party that in local management lies the secret both of success and of failure. It may, perhaps, be necessary (as an amiable dignitary of the Church has found fault with us for using in a purely Pickwickian—that is, literary—sense a phrase about "perishing everlastingly") to protest beforehand that we mean nothing improper by the following quotation. But a person who has given some attention to political matters for many years in England says, in our hearing, "My dear Sir, local voters at a bye-election do not care a —— for the Union, or for Gladstone, or for anything else of the kind." And while reproving the choice of his expressions, we are inclined to think that, except in certain waves of popular sentiment such as, in different senses, occur about once in six years, and certainly occurred in 1874, 1880, and 1886, he is right. What the party managers in Southampton may have to say to the following remarks we do not pretend to know; but we are pretty sure that, small details excepted, they cannot find fault with our accuracy in matters of fact.

In the first place, Southampton has never been a Tory stronghold. It was till recent years regarded as distinctly Liberal; as late as 1880 two Gladstonians were returned; and the Tory majority at the last election was not four per cent. of the whole voting constituency. In fact, it was like Coventry, distinctly "unsafe." For this there were many reasons. As often happens in country towns, of what may be called medium size, and of considerable (for their size) commercial activity, with no dominant influence of resident gentry or old-established private mercantile firms, two great corporate interests influence most of the working-class votes. These are the Docks and the South-Western Railway. In the present election the successful candidate represented the Docks and the unsuccessful the Railway. Any Southampton man, even if he had not been on the spot, could pretty nearly have foretold the result. Although it has sometimes, in the good old days, carried elections by sheer force, the South-Western has never been popular in its first terminus, and of late it has been more unpopular than ever. Many of our readers may have read in the *Times* that the election "turned on Didcot," and may have wondered what on earth this meant. What it meant is simple enough. A few years ago Southampton was stirred to its peaceful entrails by the tidings that the long monopoly of its railway tyrant (which takes about half as long again to reach it as the Great Western and the Great Northern do to reach Swindon and Peterborough, places at the same distance, or nearly so, from London) was going to be broken up. A Company, backed by the Great Western itself, was about to run a line through Newbury, already connected with Didcot and the North, to Winchester, and by an independent line to Southampton, thus giving a straight course to Liverpool, to the North, to Bristol by fast trains, and so forth. The foolish lovers of the picturesque drew long faces over the proposed obliteration of the most picturesque feature of what used to be not long ago, and still is to some extent, one of the most old-fashioned and remarkable sea-fronts of any town in England. The knowing ones winked their wicked eyes and shook their hoary heads and prophesied that it would never come off. The inhabitants of Southampton invested their money. The fears of the first and the hopes of the third class proved equally vain; and only the second chuckled. The line struggled to Winchester, and then, either for want of traffic, or because the great Companies adjusted their differences, or for any other reason, did not struggle any further. But it may well be believed that, as a correspondent of the *Times* vouches in one case, more than one voter, more than a hundred probably, thought of his vanished "Tenner," and determined to vote, for whomsoever he voted, *not* for a director of the South-Western Railway. Which the party managers might have anticipated.

Again. The present rector of the mother parish, or at least the principal church of Southampton, is Canon Basil Wilberforce. Canon Wilberforce, like his elder brother Reginald, but not like the Bishop of Newcastle, has carefully avoided the display of any tittle of the great intellectual power which his father, Bishop Samuel, showed. But he has inherited some share of what the Bishop would not have utterly detested us for calling his "gift of the gab," and he has (which is much to his credit) worked most diligently among the poor of his parish, which, with its districts, includes most of the poor of the town. Moreover, like other persons who have velleities of prominence with no intellectual power to obtain it, he has identified himself with all the crack-brained fads of the time. Especially he has made himself a "Temperance man," and for long years he has done his utmost to stir up the strange dregs of fanaticism on such points which exist in Englishmen. He has met with such success that, unless local gossip lies more than local gossip is wont to lie, employers of labour have actually given sober and steady workmen the choice of taking the pledge or starving. It is easy to say that a local firebrand of this kind does not count. It does count; and as a proof we may quote what with singular naïveté the *Daily News* correspondent, rejoicing in this victory, says:—

A prominent Conservative strung across the High Street from his house to his neighbour's a large streamer bearing in red letters the words "Welcome Guest." As the sanction of the Mayor had not been given to this it was a contravention of the by-laws, and Canon Wilberforce made an official request for an order for its removal as a possible inducement to disturbance, saying he was confident that, if it was not taken down by the owner, two hundred men would come from the Docks and do it for him. Its removal, at first refused, was insisted on, and the request was ultimately complied with.

That is to say, to put the dots on the i's, an English gentleman by birth and an English clergyman by position threatens (for this is what it comes to) that a body of roughs shall come to tear down a perfectly harmless political emblem, if it is not by a quibble removed legally. Canon Wilberforce has evidently learnt something from his uncle's fellow-priests in Ireland, and his own friends the Nonconformist screw-workers in Wales.

Now this is disgraceful enough, of course, but the disgracefulness of it is not what we are aiming at. The point is that, without better preparation than was made, it was madness to spring an election on a constituency in such a state. The Separatists appear to have managed very well. Taught by their disastrous failure at the next Hampshire borough, Winchester, where a few months ago they imported Irish spouters by the dozen only to be soundly beaten, they carefully avoided running the election on anything like a Home Rule line. They worked the dislike to the South-Western, the Didcot grudge, and the Temperance folly almost exclusively, relying otherwise on a sisterhood composed of the usual Amy Manders and Mrs. Batesons, of "Mrs. Wilfrid Blunt" (as the *Pall Mall Gazette* writes), and of the wife of the now elected member, of whom we at least shall say nothing uncomplimentary. Southampton, being an amiable town, is very subject to these feminine graces. Nor would it appear that anything was gained, while something was certainly lost, by the suddenness of the election. The stupider sort of electioneerers always believe in this kind of cunning, but it never answers. "Mrs. Wilfrid Blunt's" husband probably gained several hundred votes at Deptford, though he did not gain the seat, by his absence; and Mr. Evans, even if he had not been able to telegraph that he was bringing several more steamboat fleets to Southampton without the inconvenience of being subject to heckling on that subject, probably lost nothing by his. Indeed, he must have gained; for, as a man of business, he cannot be a serious Home Ruler, and it might have been awkward if he had been forced to confess the fact.

We have gone into these details merely for the purpose of founding a general conclusion upon them, or rather a fresh application of the general conclusion which we have so often enforced. And that conclusion is twofold. First, it is—except at general elections in a time of excitement, and sometimes even then—hopeless to contest a seat under the present extended suffrage on a merely imperial and general platform. Secondly, the local party managers need continual consultation on the one hand and continual control on the other from head-quarters. What is meant by this last caution can be easily explained. It is not sufficient for the heads of the party to consult this or that local wirepuller, and say "Who is your man?" They ought to go further and inform themselves, independently of the local wirepullers, if possible, what are the questions which excite most interest locally, and what is the attitude or connexion of the candidate on or with these questions. They ought to make sure that the constituency has been well prepared, and that there is no fringe of waverers which can be influenced by a pulpit spouter or a street Duchess of Devonshire. They should never precipitate an election unless they are satisfied on these points, and never hesitate even to precipitate one when they are satisfied. It may be said that all this is superfluous and degrading trouble. We have only to answer that the present state of the electorate may receive as many hard adjectives as anybody pleases. We could add harder if we chose. But we have to deal with it as it is, and not as it is not, and any supposition that it is as it was sixty, thirty, even three years ago, can only result in utter disaster. We have made what those who talk of "Mrs. Wilfrid Blunt" would probably call "a Frankenstein," and we must treat him Frankensteinishly.

THE STORY OF THE LONDON POLICE.

III.

THE merest casual observer cannot fail to have noticed the striking change which has come over the Metropolitan Police within the last ten or twelve years. Organized as a purely civil force, our constabulary has of late been metamorphosed into a semi-military body, with certain points of resemblance to the police of Germany and Russia. In times of great excitement it is not unusual to see the Berlin mounted police lay about them with their cutlasses. This was particularly noticeable during the memorable Einzug—the triumphal entry of troops in the spring of 1871, after the conclusion of the peace with France. The scene of this outrage was Unter den Linden; the heinous offence of the people, that of pressing forward to catch a glimpse of the Emperor William and of the present Kaiser, just returned from France laden with honours. Our mounted patrols, referred to in the superior officers' reports to which we have already alluded, are not unlike the horse police or gendarmerie of Berlin and St. Petersburg. We might prefer the model set by [illegible] the Spanish "Civil Guards," admittedly the most [illegible] body of mounted gendarmerie in the world. Some of our mounted police, it is true, leave little to desire as regards their bearing in the

saddle, and they have had of late ample opportunities of showing what they are made of.

The London police are subjected—and, we are bound to add, sometimes rightly so—to the most hostile criticism. But when we come to consider from what source the force is necessarily recruited, we are bound to confess that it is little short of marvellous that, invested as they are with authority of a most important character, they should exercise their powers in so singularly a judicial and temperate manner. Of course they have their faults—of course they have their weaknesses. Who has not? One of the most dangerous of these faults is the inherent tendency implanted in the constable's mind to "swear up to the mark." As to this the famous John Townshend, giving evidence before a House of Commons Committee in 1817, said:—"I have, with every attention that man can bestow, watched the conduct of various persons who have given evidence against their fellow-creatures for life and death, not only at the Old Bailey but on the Circuits. I consider officers as dangerous creatures, who have it frequently in their power (no question about it) to turn the scale, when the beam is level, to the other side. He swears against the wretched man at the bar; and why? Because that thing (nature says profit) is in the scale; and, melancholy to relate, but I cannot help being perfectly satisfied, he has been the means of convicting many and many a man. I have always been of opinion that an officer is a dangerous subject of the community." Things have happily changed for the better since the celebrated Bow Street runner gave this evidence; but the tendency we have referred to still remains, and always will remain, under the present condition of affairs.

It is a common ground of complaint against the police that there have been, of late years, far too many undiscovered murders —some of them apparently of the simplest character. It is only fair, however, to remember the saying of Edgar Allan Poe, that the difficulties of tracking out a crime are increased in exact proportion to the apparent simplicity of the circumstances. Every detail adds to the chance of finding the true clue. In many cases the details are so scanty that the chances of success must necessarily be extremely small; and it is most unfair to blame the police if luck does not help them to sift mysteries which, without its aid, are absolutely insoluble.

RACING.

WELL-WISHERS to the turf ought to feel satisfaction at observing that the new race-meetings with their enormous stakes have not, except in one or two instances, ruined the old ones. Some little time ago Chester races seemed doomed, and the meeting went down hill until it had become a mere parody of what it had been in former days. This month, however, it revived in a wonderful manner. The attendance was excellent; the racing was good of its kind; and although the field for the Cup consisted of only a dozen, it was the largest that had started for that race for as many years. The fact that 9,000 telegraphic messages were sent from Chester on the Cup day showed that a keen interest must have been taken in the race, for only about 200 more telegrams were despatched from Epsom on the last Derby day. It was satisfactory to see the Chester Cup won by a horse that had trained on till he was seven years old, and was giving weight to all his opponents, two or three of which were of a very fair class. Hitherto Kinsky had been generally looked upon as only a "miler," but he can evidently stay, at any rate over a twisting course. It was the prettiest race for the Chester Cup that has been seen for some years.

The important meeting at Kempton Park on the Friday and the Saturday made the week's racing a very heavy one. Mr. Vyner's Derby candidate, Crowberry, came out for and won the Grand Prize. Much as he was liked, he was not made first favourite, as he had to give 16 lbs. to Mr. Houldsworth's Neapolis, a colt by Springfield out of Napoli, that had never run in public before, but had the reputation of having been highly tried with Briar-root, the winner of the One Thousand. Neapolis is a well-made colt, with good shoulders and strong loins and quarters. He got a capital start, kept in a forward position throughout the early part of the race, and took the lead at the bend. Crowberry, on the contrary, made a waiting race, gradually improved his position from the bend, made his effort inside the distance, and won by a length from the favourite. The immediate effect of the race, so far as the Derby was concerned, was to send Crowberry from 14 to 1 to less than half that price. We dealt with the Jubilee Stakes last week. As a rule, the race which precedes a great handicap or other important race is a very minor affair. This was not the case before the Jubilee Stakes, as its immediate forerunner was the Great Breeders' Produce Stakes, which was worth 1,654*l*. This race was won easily, by three lengths, by the favourite, "Mr. E. Wardour's" Present Alms, a colt that had begun his career by losing two races, and had then won a race on each of two successive days at Newmarket.

Present Alms's victory took place on the Saturday at Kempton. On the following Tuesday the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting began, and we again had Present Alms a hot favourite, or rather a much hotter favourite. It was for the Dyke Plate, and, although he was giving from 13 lbs. to 16 lbs. to everything in the race, 5 to 2 was laid on him. He jumped off in front the moment the flag fell and made the running as far as the rails. On entering them a chestnut filly called Gulbeyaz, that had started at 10 to 1, came up to him, soon got the best of it, and won very easily by a length. The winner, who belongs to Lord Durham, is a beautiful filly by Bend Or, being full of quality combined with ample substance. In the opinion of some critics she is the best looking two-year-old that has been out this season; others consider her a trifle too long in the back; at any rate, she was a cheap yearling at 430 guineas. It would have been well if this had been the only severe reverse which befel the backers. Unfortunately, Lord Londonderry's filly Wenonah, who had won the Mostyn Two-Year-Old Plate at Chester in a canter by four lengths after starting only third favourite at 7 to 1, now came out for a hundred-pound sweepstakes, and odds of nearly 3 to 1 were laid on her; but, to the consternation of the plungers, the filly finished last instead of first, and the race was won by Mr. Lefevre's Hautbois, by Flageolet out of the One Thousand winner, Hauteur. The race of the day was the Payne Stakes, and it was much regretted that the Derby colt Galore was not to be opposed by a better field. Indeed, the form represented by his five adversaries was of a miserable description, and he had only 3 lbs. extra to carry; so to start with 3 to 1 laid on him, and to win in a common canter by three lengths, was no feather in his cap under the circumstances. Nevertheless, he rose several points in the Derby betting after this performance. Probably his increased favouritism for the great race was owing rather to the satisfaction which he gave in the paddock, and his style of going, than to his victory over such a field. Lord Randolph Churchill won another race with his black two-year-old filly, L'Abbesse de Jouarre, by Trappist. She won the odds that were laid on her easily, at last, after she had been unexpectedly pressed for a time by Mr. D. Baird's Clodpole, a great, overgrown, but very promising colt by Springfield, that his owner purchased at the Royal Paddocks last year for 520 guineas. If he keeps well, he is likely to improve very greatly on the form he showed in this race.

On the Wednesday Mr. Benzon's racing stud was offered for sale, and good prices were given for some of the lots. A couple of promising two-year-olds—Barkham, by Foxhall, and Hazlemere, by Galopin—were bought in at 3,100 guineas each. Genuine bids of 3,000 were made for both of them. Last year they had cost 1,500 and 1,100 guineas. Carrasco, a four-year-old with questionable forelegs, for whom Mr. Benzon is said to have given several thousands, pleased the buyers so little that he was bought in for 390 guineas. Guadiana, who had cost 1,750 guineas, only made 175; but, as she has become a bad roarer, it was wonderful that she should fetch so much. The two-year-olds sold well, as one dozen of the dozen and a half which Mr. Benzon had purchased last year from Mr. Peck at 8,000 guineas now made 7,910 guineas. To show the risks of horse-buying, we may observe that Captain Machell purchased one of Mr. Benzon's two-year-olds for 1,000 guineas, and sold it afterwards at a profit to Mr. Leopold de Rothschild. The very next morning the colt split his pastern at exercise, putting a stop to all hopes of his winning races for some time to come. The same morning, another two-year-old, Lord Londonderry's Verdigris, the winner of the Hyde Park Plate of 500*l*. at Epsom, did the same thing. The racing on the Wednesday was of moderate interest; but there were some fine finishes, especially for the Breeders' Plate for two-year-olds, the first favourite, General Pearson's beautiful and powerful chestnut filly Carmine, winning by a head from Mr. Abington's British Prince, a colt of some promise, but scarcely of the highest class. Carmine, however, ran in such excellent style, and with so much gameness, that she was afterwards sold to Mr. Valentine—it was said for 2,000 guineas.

Backers began badly on the Thursday by making Baron de Rothschild's Prudence first favourite for the Flying Handicap, as the battle lay entirely between Sweet Alice, Braw Lass, and Franciscan, who ran an excellent race, Sweet Alice winning by a neck from Braw Lass, who was only a head in front of Franciscan. The winner's victory was the more provoking to backers because they had plunged upon her for the first race of the meeting, when she had been beaten in a canter by half a dozen lengths, by Prelude. Not for the first time did the public lose their money by backing Financier, when they made him first favourite for the All-Aged Selling Plate. He was absolutely last, and the race was won by Lord Penrhyn's Primrose Dame. The unfortunate Financier had won four races as a two-year-old, and, at one time, it was supposed that he was very smart; but he soon took to losing races, and as a three-year-old he never won any; on the contrary he lost six in the course of the season. This year he has already lost three, and so disgusted was his owner with his last performance that he sold him after the race for 25*l*. Mr. Combe's Maxim, who had run well for the Jubilee Stakes, was brought out against Lord Fitzwilliam's Spring Jack for a Plate of 200*l*. The pair had run together last autumn for a Plate of the same value, when Maxim had beaten Spring Jack by a neck, the race being won by Whitefriar. In both cases they were meeting at weight for age. Six to four was laid on Maxim, who won this time in a canter by fifteen lengths, his opponent having been pulled up. Nine horses came out for the Newmarket Handicap. It was generally thought that the 5 lbs. extra which Theodore had earned by the Great Cheshire Handicap would be too much for him, and Shillelagh was made a better favourite. Seven horses were backed at prices varying from 3 to 1 up to 8 to 1, and even the two other starters were backed at 10 and 12 to 1. Very rarely are all the candidates in a handicap of as many as nine horses so much fancied, and it proved the

excellence of Major Egerton's work, so far as theory was concerned. In practice it was not so evenly balanced a handicap as had been expected, as Theodore won easily by four lengths from The Baron, who finished a long way in front of Jersey Lily. A great blunder was made by backers over a Selling Plate for two-year-olds. They laid odds on Dovecot, who ran only fourth, the race being fought out between three horses, against each of whom 12 to 1 was laid. Sir T. Lennard's filly Ringlet, the first of the stock of Lord Falmouth's Ringleader to run in public, won by a head from Agnes Hewitt, who was only half a length in front of Symphony. The last race of the meeting, the Exning Plate of 500*l.*, brought out a very fair field of ten, and it was won by the first favourite, Lord Durham's Gulbeyaz, the winner of the Dyke Plate on the Tuesday.

On the Friday, at Windsor, the May Plate of 700*l.* only attracted five two-year-olds, not one of whom had won a race. Odds were laid on Mr. Abington's Isleworth, who had cost 1,200 guineas as a yearling, on the strength of a reported private trial, while 10 to 1 was laid against Mr. Quartermain East's Kaikoura, who won by ten lengths. On the following day Captain Machell won the St. George's Plate of 500*l.* with the two-year-old, Fair Marion, whom he had purchased three days earlier at Mr. Benzon's sale for 1,550 guineas. She won by a head from Aristos, who had a 7 lbs. allowance, and by half a length from the Duke of Portland's Deschamps, the winner of a race at the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting.

Manchester races began on Wednesday. The opening of a Club Stand and lawn is a decided improvement to that meeting. Lord Penrhyn's Noble Chieftain, for whom he had lately given 3,100 guineas, was easily beaten, for a stake of 100 guineas, by the plating gelding, Lobster. On the other hand, Mr. J. O'Neill's The Rejected, who was commonly considered a dear purchase at 1,450 guineas last December, almost repaid his purchase money in stakes alone, when he added the Salford Borough Handicap of 984*l.* to the 400*l.* that he had won at the Newmarket First Spring Meeting. There was a very fine and close finish between The Rejected, True Blue II., and King Monmouth. This trio jumped off with the lead when the flag fell, and held it to the end. The disappointing Florentine had been the first favourite, but only ran sixth. Between this performance and his defeat for the Jubilee Stakes at Kempton, after starting second favourite, he must have cost his backers a fortune already this season; nor will they have forgotten that he failed them three times, when first favourite, last year. We began this article by noticing the venerable Chester Meeting. Another time-honoured meeting came off this week at Bath. The racing may not have been of its former importance, but the attendance and the weather have been all that could be wished.

DRAMATIC RECORD.

IF melodrama must be played, it is a great thing to find pieces of the variety which, if not entirely, at least to a considerable extent, differ from the set type. *The Ben-my-Chree*—an adaptation of Mr. Hall Caine's novel, *The Deemster*—does not make a particularly good play, its deficiencies being an absence of light to mitigate the persistent shade, a poverty of humour, and that want of real dramatic vigour which must always be felt when plots are founded upon the peculiar customs of isolated people, and not upon the broad and eternal emotions which are common and comprehensible to all civilized humanity. When playwrights deem it essential to add an abstruse "Author's Note" to their playbill, explaining and defending the action of their characters, they make a confession of weakness. The Canon Law of Purgation, the Oath of Compurgation, the powers respectively of the Civil Court of the Barony and of the Ecclesiastical Court in which Manx bishops acted as judges and juries, are all important subjects to the student of jurisprudence; but they require to be very carefully handled when the plot of a drama turns upon them. There is, for instance, a humourous side to the proceedings of some of the chief personages in this new play. The Deemster, a prominent Justice of the Peace, and the Governor, who somewhat resembles a Chairman of Quarter Sessions—the Local Government Bill has not yet destroyed old associations—do not seem to know their powers. They represent, not exactly the cause of vice—but, at any rate, the side with which the audience does not sympathize. The Bishop, on the other hand, aids the cause of hero and heroine, and it is quaint, if not absolutely comic, to see how, when the disagreeable people seem to be having things all their own way, the Bishop arises, and, after making a few pungent remarks about the powers of the Church Courts (concerning which the Deemster's knowledge appears to be, under the circumstances, reprehensibly small), proceeds to circumvent the tyrants. The Bishop, so to speak, always seems to have a trump card up his sleeve. Far be it from us to hint that his lordship does not correctly interpret his rights. The accuracy of the law is vouched for by Sir James Gell, Attorney-General in the Isle of Man, and he is an authority. Our contention is that plays which turn on such complications as these have in them an element of feebleness.

The characters of *Ben-my-Chree* have also too strong a tendency to assume the familiar shape of melodramatic personages. We do not find precisely that well-nigh invariable figure, the hero who has been accused of a crime he never committed; but Dan Mylrea, the good Bishop's son and the nephew of the harsh and vindictive Deemster, is a very near approach to this type. He is, in fact, made responsible for what is not his crime; for, though it is true that he kills Ewan Mylrea, the Deemster's son, his sweetheart Mona's brother, and his own cousin, Ewan falls not only in fair fight, but in a combat which he has provoked and insisted upon. Ewan has seen his sister's bedroom window open and a man escape from it; he has recognized Dan, and he draws inferences which are incorrect, though perfectly natural; so, avoiding action and consequent scandal for the moment, Ewan waits till Dan returns next day from a fishing expedition, and, obliging him to fight a duel with knives, is killed. Thereupon Dan meets the fate of melodramatic heroes in general. His cousin Mona has likewise a familiar part to play, for every melodramatic Jack has his Jill, married or maiden; while the Governor of the island, Mr. Harcourt, assumes the inevitable features of the villain of the play, persecuting the lovers for the old reason that he adores the heroine. Heroes of melodrama always have a faithful low-comedy friend; here he is in Davy Fayle. The audience is induced to cheer for the sympathetic characters and believe in them because of the enthusiasm they create on the stage, and Dan has his attendant crowd of devoted fishermen; in short, in all essentials the old lines are followed, though the fact is disguised so well under an essay on the Law of Purgation, and so forth, that we have admitted the existence of variation from the conventional lines.

Mr. Hall Caine's novel is to a great extent a study of character, but the play is one of incident and emotion. It is briefly indicated that Dan Mylrea has been wild and wilful; except, however, that he relates an ugly story about his passionate slaughter of a couple of oxen that were beaten in a ploughing match, he really does nothing that a hero of melodrama may not do. A leading incident of the piece, the fight upon the cliffs between Ewan and Dan, is very effectively managed, and here Mr. Wilson Barrett exhibits with considerable skill Dan's gradual abandonment of restraint under the taunts and insults of his adversary. We do not remember having seen Mr. Barrett do anything better than this. The scene of the inquest is made somewhat impressive by its novelty. It is held on a spot among the mountains, presided over by the Governor and the Deemster, who take their seats on a rock above the crowd; for all which there is doubtless authority. The Bishop, whose characteristic points we have described, sits by making no sign while witnesses give, or refuse to give, evidence against his son. In spite of her father's threats, Mona will not speak; but suddenly Dan himself appears and confesses his crime. The Deemster is about to take action—whether to pass immediate sentence of death or not Sir James Gell perhaps only knows—when the Bishop arises, and in a manner which might very easily have become ludicrous in the hands of a less practised and expert actor than Mr. John Maclean, motions Deemster and Governor to descend from their pedestal, which they do with no particular dignity; whereupon he mounts the mound, and, claiming supreme power as the only Baron of the Isle, proceeds to pass sentence on his guilty son. He is doomed to be an outcast placed beyond the pale of all human sympathy. The sentence has been described as one of ruthless boycotting, and the incident is made really striking by the earnestness of Mr. Maclean as he solemnly addresses the throng of islanders grouped below him. This, it will be perceived, leads the way to another effective scene, when Dan is found in a lonely fastness of the mountain. Here he has lived, cut off from all human intercourse, till the faithful Davy, regardless of the doom he incurs, tracks his master out. But what follows is feeble in the extreme. We are invited to suppose that the Governor, whose passion for Mona has been described, gives the unhappy girl the disagreeable choice between marrying him and being accused of unchastity; and it is further assumed—indeed asserted—that her father acquiesces in the abominable business; and this is trying our credulity rather too severely. The Bishop, however, is equal to the occasion. He will permit Mona to take the Oath of Compurgation; if she swears she is innocent, and her accuser cannot prove her guilt, heavy penalties fall upon him; and this she does swear; moreover, Dan appears to confirm her asseveration, though by so doing he invites a death sentence which by these odd laws no one can repeal. Does Sir James Gell, we wonder, support this view? If the Bishop has power to bind, has he not power to unbind? If not, can he not lay the case before his monarch with the very strongest recommendation of pardon? We feel, in fact, that Dan's condemnation to death for doing this virtuous action is simply a trick to impose upon us, and therefore we are not in the least afflicted. However, Mona dies of the disease which is always fatal to heroines when their death is considered desirable by the dramatist, Dan is cast for execution, and the wicked Governor is led off to prison by the Bishop's commands.

Points of the acting have been already indicated. Mr. Wilson Barrett is better than usual, less given to pose and preach, more natural, and therefore more effective. Mr. Maclean is very good, and Mr. George Barrett no doubt would be if he had the chance, but his part is a poor one. Miss Eastlake probably carries out the author's intentions. There is no fault whatever to be found with her; only of late years we have seen her in the direst and most unmitigated distress so very frequently that the [illegible] has ceased greatly to move us. Surely Mr. [illegible] the Deemster's cruelty? The scenery is [illegible] moderately well painted, [illegible] of it.

At the Lyceum there has been a [illegible] which does not well exhibit the resources of Mr. Henry Irving's

theatre. Admitting, as we cordially do, that interest attaches to whatever Mr. Irving undertakes, we are constrained to add that, except perhaps as Werner—a part which can scarce be made tolerable by the art of man—he has seldom been seen to so little advantage as now in *Robert Macaire*. We will spare readers variations of the familiar essay on Frédérick, which is almost inseparably associated with the *Auberge des Adrêts*, and come at once to the English Macaire. It seems to us that he strikes a wrong key when he makes his first appearance. He and his wretched little satellite, Jacques Strop, are too preposterously shabby and ragged. Macaire's crownless, battered old hat, the absurdly patched trousers or tights, the torn coat, exceed the limits of farce. Strop is, if possible, worse. He looks as if he had borrowed his attire from a scarecrow. Surely such beggars as the pair seem to be would not be admitted to a decent tavern. Macaire might be ludicrously shabby without going beyond the bounds of reason. His manner is almost as extravagant as his clothes. There is no doubt much genuine humour in the rascal's assumption of superiority and consequence; but this would be none the less diverting if his air and aspect were not so utterly incongruous. The constant reference to Strop as "my noble and illustrious friend" is really irritating in its stupidity, and Strop's tricks, such as getting under the table during the breakfast with the *gens-d'armes*, are too poor for any theatrical entertainment except a harlequinade. We are among the most ardent of Mr. Irving's admirers, but cannot disguise from ourselves the fact that this farce is beneath his dignity, or help feeling a little ashamed of ourselves for laughing at it when, as sometimes happens, his keen sense of humour irresistibly occasions mirth. There is one very striking and beautiful point in Mr. Irving's performance, the moment when he speaks to his son whom he admires, and who does not know him; but this, like the death scene, is too far from the key in which the part as a whole is set. Mr. Weedon Grossmith as Strop has only to look timid, to start in affright at the sound of the creaking snuff-box with which the robuster villain cautions him to put as bold a face as possible on threatening occurrences, and to submit to the kicks and buffets which Macaire showers upon him. The other personages of the play are shadows. There is something almost humiliating in the task of an actor who has to do such work as is here allotted to Sergeant Loupy—to sit at breakfast and take no notice when, at a reference to prison, Strop tries to run away or to secrete himself beneath the tablecloth.

Mr. Calmour's *Amber Heart* is based upon rather a pretty idea; and, considering what a trifle it is, it may be said that the author has not constructed it badly. Miss Ellen Terry plays the part of Ellaline in a way which shows that her sympathetic feelings are deeply enlisted on behalf of the girl who throws away the talisman which guards her from the pangs of love, and so permits these pangs to make inroad into her heart; till at length, when she has tasted the bitterness of unrequited affection, the amulet is recovered from the lake into which she has flung it, and her insensibility returns. There is a grace and poetry about Miss Terry's interpretation which at times makes us almost forget how slight the piece is and dissipates a growing tediousness. A poetical play should be something more than pretty; and, besides, it should be poetical. To describe "eventide" as "dewy" shows a treading in the beaten track, and there are other phrases as far removed from what may now be permitted to pass as poetry. We do not want to condemn Mr. Calmour harshly. He has, at any rate, provided Miss Terry with a part which enables her to display some of her most charming attributes, and to do this is to do much. The expression on Miss Terry's face which gives occasion for the line "Her smile is far more piteous than tears" is an inspiration. The whole, however, is unsatisfying. Mr. Alexander very skilfully falls into the spirit of the trifle in his performance of the troubadour Silvio. His polite indifference to Ellaline's fervid protestations is very well conceived. Mr. Hermann Vezin of course gives to Coranto's utterances all the significance of which they are capable. That is not a convincing speech, by the way, in which Coranto reminds Silvio that to him who stands upon a high cliff the men at its foot seem pigmies; and it is perhaps because he feels its emptiness that Mr. Vezin in his delivery reminds us somewhat too strongly that he has gained reputation as an elocutionist.

The Don at "Toole's Theatre" continues its run with remarkable success. Mr. Cautley, replacing Mr. Gardiner, plays the hero lightly and excellently. His singing of the much-loved "Viva la Compagnie" is capital. The other parts in the cast "remain as they were," but have gained force and insight. It will be curious and amusing to see what the two Universities think of "The Don" *in loco*.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE AND THE NEW TAXES.

THE publication last week of a memorandum by the Board of Inland Revenue explanatory of the new stamp duties applicable to the Stock Exchange caused a flurry of excitement for the moment, which, however, has almost entirely disappeared. It will be in the recollection of our readers that the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his Budget speech announced the imposition of a duty of 1*l.* per 1,000*l.* upon the issue of new capital, whether by new or by old Companies; the imposition, likewise, of a sixpenny stamp duty on contract-notes, and the imposition of a shilling per cent. upon foreign shares, stocks, and bonds. Very little interest was excited by the imposition of the new tax upon the issue of capital, and the interest in the new taxes upon foreign shares and bonds is limited almost to the *arbitrage* dealers—that is, the dealers who buy abroad for sale in London, or *vice versâ*. The chief interest last week was excited by the imposition of a sixpenny stamp duty on contract-notes. Heretofore a penny duty covered every contract-note, no matter how many securities might have been dealt in, or how large the sums expended. Henceforward a sixpenny stamp will have to be affixed to every contract-note, and every security bought or sold is to be regarded as a separate contract-note. Consequently, if ten different securities are dealt in, they may all be recorded in the same contract-note, but the note must bear ten different stamps, or their equivalent, of sixpence each. Further, a sixpenny duty upon every transaction is required when transactions are "continued." As our readers know, purchases and sales upon the Stock Exchange are usually effected for the following settlement. If, however, the buyer is not then prepared to pay for what he has bought, or the vendor is not prepared to deliver what he has sold, the transaction is continued till the following settlement; and these various continuations may go on, settlement after settlement, for any length of time, a sum being paid by the buyer or seller, as the case may be, for continuing. The transaction is usually recorded as a sale and purchase. For example; A. B. buys one hundred shares for the next settlement, and wishes to "carry over" then till the following settlement. His broker on settling-day remits to him a contract-note, in which one hundred shares are entered first as sold for the immediate settlement, and then as bought for the following settlement. This being so, the sixpenny duty would be payable twice on each settlement; so that, if a speculator buys for next settlement, he has not only to pay the sixpenny duty on every transaction now entered into, but he has to pay a shilling duty for the same transactions when the settling-day comes, and at every subsequent settlement until the transaction is finally closed he will have to pay another shilling. The members of the Stock Exchange were at first apprehensive that this increase of taxation would have the effect of checking business; but the fear is now generally regarded as ill-founded. Speculators, it is argued, will not be deterred by so small a duty from operating, when, in fact, they risk every day in their transactions hundreds, or it may be thousands, of pounds. The real objection to the tax is that it is uniform; it falls quite as heavily upon the very small investor or the small speculator as upon the very largest operators in the market. It would probably be replied by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, so far as the small speculator is concerned, that it is desirable to put obstacles in his way; he is not a person who can well afford to gamble, and if he is deterred by taxation from engaging in risky business so much the better for himself. There may be some force in this, although we might retort that it is not the business of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to shape his taxation for the purpose of making people virtuous and prudent; but in any case the reply does not cover the case of the small investor. The small investor who may have only a hundred pounds or so to invest has to pay as heavy a duty as the man who invests a hundred thousand; and the same remark applies to the duty upon foreign shares and bonds. We can hardly regard as serious the argument of the *arbitrage* dealers that so light a duty will materially injure business; but it is undoubtedly an objection that a share which is selling for only, let us say, ten pounds, is taxed as heavily as a share selling for one hundred pounds, provided the two are of the same nominal amount. It is clear that in this case the taxation of the first share is ten times as heavy as the taxation on the second.

Perhaps one of the reasons why interest in the new taxation has so greatly subsided is that business upon the Stock Exchange is less active than it has been for nearly three years. A couple of months ago the conversion of the Three per Cents led to a great deal of business. Many holders of the Three per Cents were unwilling to accept a lower rate of interest. They sold their Three per Cents, therefore, and bought securities that would give them a little higher, or at least an equal, return. This led to a very rapid rise in sound investment securities, and to a very considerable shifting of investments, and the general expectation was that the shifting of investments would go on for a considerable time. Those who sold Colonial bonds and railway debenture and preference stocks, it was argued, would buy something else. They were tempted to sell only by the high prices to which their old holdings had risen, and they would now invest in some other security not regarded as quite so safe, but which would give them a slightly higher return; the persons who sold these securities would in their turn have to look out for some other investments that would give a higher, or at least an equal, return; and so the shifting of investments would go on until it gradually reached the more or less speculative classes of investments, and then, ultimately, the simply speculative would be affected. The argument appeared sound, but, nevertheless, the expectation has not been realized. Investment business has become smaller and smaller, and the rise in securities that was so marked just before Easter has come to an end. Partly this is due to the fact that prices are already so high that many intending investors are keeping their money idle, in the hope that they may be able to buy on more advantageous terms; and they are strengthened in the hope because of the political state of the Continent. If war breaks out prices of all kinds will certainly fall, and even if war does not break out scares may occur which may lead to a lower range of prices. Another reason

THE SALON.

I.

THERE appears to be a very general agreement among the Parisians that the Salon is this year below its usual level in interest and technical excellence. That this is true in some respects is undeniable, seeing that, in addition to such inveterate absentees from the exhibition as M. Meissonier and M. Gustave Moreau, we miss this time such leading men as MM. Puvis de Chavannes and Elie-Delaunay, to say nothing of M. Besnard, M. Béraud, and M. Rochegrosse. Among the distinguished foreign painters for whose work we are accustomed to look we seek in vain for the charming Northern *impressions* of the Scandinavian M. Kroyer, or the naturalistic Bible-scenes of the Prussian Herr Fritz von Uhde. Altogether, the important Franco-Scandinavian section of Parisian art is seen to less advantage than usual; while the Americans who seek, as regards matters artistic, to transform themselves into Frenchmen are at least as strong as on former occasions. England, too, is unusually well represented by Mr. Orchardson, Mr. Jacomb Hood, Mr. Alfred Parsons, Mr. Onslow Ford, and others. Notwithstanding all the *lacunæ* just indicated, the Salon cannot fairly be said to fall below its immediate predecessors in absolute technical excellence; indeed, the general level of merit in this respect may be said to be more than equal to that recently shown; though some few works which would not find a place even in our own galleries have, under existing regulations, crept into the exhibition.

French art to a higher degree than any other takes colour from passing events and from general movements—literary, political, and artistic. Victor Hugo, M. Pasteur, and even General Boulanger have had their day as popular subjects for portraiture, and they are not superseded by President Carnot. One peculiar feminine type seems this year to have especially caught the limners' fancy, and that one remarkable rather for swarthy and expressive ugliness than for the more usual attractions. Subjects partaking of the visionary, the mystical, the enigmatic are in high favour, and have partly superseded, though without banishing, hospital scenes and the usual representations of physical horror and of the female form divine. The great mural decorations —most of which this year, as last, are destined for the new Sorbonne—again form one of the most striking portions of the show, and in these the spirit and the technical system of M. Puvis de Chavannes almost everywhere show themselves. M. François Flameng contributes "Suite de la décoration de l'Escalier de la Sorbonne," a huge triptych in which are represented in a fashion half realistic, half historical, and wholly decorative, typical events in the history of the Sorbonne during the Renaissance. Surely in dealing with important incidents such as these, in a work executed for the State, it is not absolutely necessary to show that they serve as a mere transparent pretext for arrangements of line and colour! The views of old Paris, which form the background of the whole, are by far the most successful part of the decorative scheme. Yet another and a still huger portion of the same *ensemble* is M. Benjamin Constant's "L'Académie de Paris; les Lettres; les Sciences." He, at any rate, is not a *Chavanniste*, and as an oil-painter he is remarkable for the deep and well-controlled splendour of his colour; yet somehow, in seeking to introduce, for his present purpose, brighter and more sharply contrasted harmonies, he has made his decorative scheme a striking, but at the same time a harsh and crude, one. His allegorical figures in the two wing of the triptych, relieved against bright summer foliage and seen between reddish marble columns, have neither much significance nor, to make up for this deficiency, a supreme rhythmical harmony; while the gigantic figures of the doctors of the faculties, grouped in the central division, in their bright-hued but ill-assorted robes, have in them a dangerous element of the grotesque. Yet the whole is, notwithstanding these drawbacks, a surprising example of French skill and French facility; it would be pretty safe to prophesy that it will obtain the *Prix d'Honneur* of the year. M. Guillaume Dubufe's apotheosis of Alfred de Musset, Lamartine and Victor Hugo, called "Trinité Poétique," is a symphony, and a very monotonous and ill-coloured one, in dark cerulean blue; it contains in a high degree of intensity that element of pompous vulgarity which is so characteristic of much of the art of the Third Republic. Yet another vast tripartite work is M. Léon-Commerre's "Le Printemps; le Destin; l'Hiver." Among the loveliest of all the purely decorative canvases is M. Raphaël Collin's "Fin d'Eté," which is to adorn the parlour of the Rector of the Sorbonne. The scene is an exquisite one of flowery meadow and woodland, in which move, under a mild sky of tempered blue, airily-clad nymphs, laden with summer spoils or sporting in the grass. The tone of the whole is that of a deadened opal—a warm and pale hue, enveloping and harmonizing myriads of local tints. This painting is surpassed in striking effect, though not in subtle charm, by M. Duez's large and masterly decoration, "Virgile s'inspirant dans les Bois," which reveals to us the Mantuan dreamily advancing in a solemn wood of huge pines, through the branches of which—filling nearly the whole canvas—are seen glimpses of bright blue sky and tender green foliage. We will not ask too curiously how the red and mauve poppies at the bard's feet have sprung up in such a forest, since these supply just that accent which is indispensable to save the colour-scheme from monotony. We may mention here M. Cazin's large and beautiful landscape with figures, "La Journée faite," in which he appears to have undergone very strongly the all-penetrating influence of M. Puvis de Chavannes; the unsubstantial but well-placed figures might have been painted by the author of the "Pauvre Pêcheur," while the landscape has all M. Cazin's own charm. The picture, which has the drawbacks of its merits, is one of the most poetical and genuinely pathetic works in an exhibition in which qualities such as it possesses do not abound. Among imaginative works proper the first place may be accorded to M. Albert Maignan's "Les Voix du Tocsin." Above a dimly-perceived city, enveloped in smoke and flame, swings furiously in mid-air the huge bell, clustering round and issuing from which are nude forms, chiefly male, typifying the voices and expressing every phase of rage, terror, and despair. The main idea is a very fine and original one, worthy of the author of the beautiful "Matilda with Virgil and Dante" at the Luxembourg. Admirable, however, as is the technical skill displayed in its embodiment, the meaning of the painter-poet is not perfectly or altogether appropriately expressed. These magnificently drawn but over-solid nudities, seen in the most difficult and contorted attitudes, suggest less the embodied voices issuing from the terrible alarm-bell than fine models carefully posed in painful positions, and reproduced with consummate skill together with an added dramatic expression which proves the possession by the painter of much imaginative power. M. Chartran's "Vincent de Beauvais et Louis XI." should be remarked as a happy combination of the historical method of representation with the grey atmospheric colouring proper to the higher modern decoration. A very striking and original, if thoroughly French, version of the often-rendered episode of David's combat with Goliath is supplied by an American painter, Mr. William Dodge; his version of the vanquished giant has novelty as well as virile power and dramatic force. Yet another young American, Mr. Julian Story, shows a great advance upon former efforts in a vast canvas, "The Black Prince before the body of the King of Bohemia." Rarely has M. Bouguereau been more happily inspired than in his "Le Premier Deuil," a grand pyramidal composition, with Adam—a noble figure—holding across his knees the dead Abel, while Eve kneels sorrowing at his side. The work has not perhaps great intensity, but it has style, perfect balance, consummate draughtsmanship and composition; the sombre landscape-background, too, though opaque in execution, has great appropriateness. The master's other contribution is a "Nymphe," of the usual type, leaden-hued, but of exquisitely just proportions. The Academi M. Boulanger has supplied in "esclaves à vendre" what is for him a canvas of unusual charm. These two last-mentioned painters are the favourite butts of the *intransigeants* of modern French art; it is well, however, that they should exist and keep their heads above water, if only as a corrective and barrier to a revolutionary impetuosity which would deny the past as well as help the future. An extraordinary *tour de force* has been accomplished by M. Henner in his "St. Sébastien," in which two holy women robed from head to foot in black are seen tending the martyred saint, whose superbly modelled nude form shows ghastly in a pale localized light, which is not sufficiently accounted for. The painter's triumph, however, is in the manner in which, by means of a subtle balance of values, he has relieved against a sky of the most tempestuous blackness the still more sombre robes of the women. A portrait-study of a girl is both garish and untrue in local colour; it is, indeed, quite unworthy of M. Henner's fame. Another veteran of established reputation—M. Hébert—shows a return to former excellence in the curiously named "Aux héros sans gloire," showing an ideal figure of sombre and mournful aspect, seen in the act of placing flowers on a marble tomb in the foreground of a dense wood. This enigmatical painted elegy is rendered with a certain affectation of ultra-refinement which has always been the besetting sin of the artist; but it has, nevertheless, a real ideal grace, and at the same time a sincerity which cannot be denied.

A large work by M. Agache, entitled "Enigme," attracts great attention, and is among the works which have been acquired by the State. It portrays on a rose-coloured background, partially ornamented with Egyptian hieroglyphics in gold, a female figure of stately beauty and downcast mien, draped from head to foot in diaphanous black veils, through which peeps forth a scarlet under-robe; she holds in her hand huge scarlet poppies, some of which lie also on the steps which she slowly descends. Here is probably no very profound or real mystery to unravel; but the colour-combination is original and happy, and the work altogether, notwithstanding a strong flavour of the vulgarity of the studio, a striking one, which it may be possible to dislike, but not to pass over. M. Detaille, who has made his reputation as a somewhat dry and harshly precise delineator of modern French military life, seeks to appear this time in a new or, rather, a modified part; he sends a vast composition, "Le Rêve," in which is shown, with the artist's usual exactness of representation, a battalion of the French infantry of to-day bivouacking unsheltered in the open country. All lie prone on the bare ground, wrapped in the deepest sleep, while above in the skies passes a shadowy cortège, seen by them in their dreams—a glorious but unsubstantial army, which seems to be that of the First Republic. Somehow, however, the methodical painter is entirely uninspired by a subject so calculated to fire a Frenchman, and he accordingly leaves the beholder cold and unconvinced. Far superior is the power of evocation shown by the modest draughtsman Raffet in his well-known lithography, "La Revue," and he has succeeded in suggesting with limited means that spirit of imaginative military ardour which the child of the latter part of the century appears to have lost with so many other illusions.

THE GLASGOW EXHIBITION.

THAT Glasgow, the centre of Scotch industry and commerce, should be the seat of a great local and international Exhibition must prove of much interest to all classes. It says much for the modesty of our fellow-countrymen on the other side of the Tweed that, in these days of exhibitions, with all their wealth and enterprise, they have not shown any haste in putting before the world the proofs of their unrivalled progress. It is no exaggeration to say that Scotland, considering its limited area, its small population, and its somewhat scanty resources and hard climate, has made by far the most rapid progress of any community in Europe. It has long held, and still holds, the foremost place in the arts of agriculture; it represents the best school of shipbuilding, and possesses one of the largest mercantile fleets; while in the industrial arts, in chemical and other manufactures, it is, on the whole, unsurpassed. In these days the story of such an advance, of such energy and enterprise, carries with it a moral, for all this has been attained, not by the efforts of Scotchmen only, but through the stimulus of the partnership their country enjoys with ours, in that union which means a full share of the resources—natural, commercial, industrial—of the Empire with all colonial possessions and dependencies.

The Scotch have earned for themselves a reputation for being among the best of business-men. The result of their efforts, as shown in the organization of the Glasgow Exhibition, goes far to confirm this as a truth. They have allowed themselves plenty of time to devise and carry out their plan; they have not been chary of expenditure. As a natural result their Exhibition, in the matter of completion at the appointed time, puts all previous Exhibitions to shame. We do not mean to say there are no signs of unfinished work; but that, as a whole, taking into account the gigantic dimensions of their undertaking, the result, with all its varieties of representation, is fully effective, and in harmony with the purpose proposed.

In an Exhibition definitely devoted to the progress of industry in all its developments, it is gratifying to find that not only is prominence given to fine art in all its branches, but also that a special gallery is devoted to the too much neglected art of sculpture. In a gallery of this, not of course so spacious as that of painting, which has its British collection as well as foreign loans, but ample for the purpose, there are no less than one hundred and seventy examples of sculpture by foreign and British artists, many of high repute. The names of Chantrey, Thornycroft, Boehm, Woolner, Onslow, Ford, Leighton, Nelson Maclean, Stirling Lee, Bruce Joy, Tinworth, Poynter, Auguste Rodin, G. Argenti, Jean Gauterin, O. Andreoni, Auguste Bartholdi, and Dalou are among those whose works are exhibited. That men of high endowments and aspirations should give themselves up to an art so little encouraged in comparison with its worth shows how deep is their interest in its capability of excelling all other productions of its kind. Painting is easy of execution, and therefore becomes a drug in the market; sculpture, to be grand and effective, like Mr. Thornycroft's "Teucer"—which is here—which ranks with "The Athlete" of the Vatican, and, with it, surpasses the "Apollo Belvidere," as many think, demands such genius for its conception and execution as scarcely appears in a century.

In Courts 8, 9, and 10 is exhibited the interesting series of chemicals, on the improved production of which our advancement in manufacturing skill so greatly depends. The aniline colours are well represented by Messrs. Bayer & Co., German manufacturers, with houses in Manchester, Bradford, and London; the Newcastle Chemical Works make a good show of the various soda products; Messrs. White & Co., of Glasgow, are strong in their chromium compounds, for which they have a world-wide reputation, and have enjoyed the monopoly; the firm of Garroway, of Glasgow, among other chemicals, exhibits borax, a substance which is little in use compared with the great part it is destined to play, especially as a disinfectant; while the Alkali Works of Messrs. Muspratt & Co., of Liverpool, are well represented. But what one misses in the Exhibition is examples of the wonderful series of soda and potash productions of Stassfurt, the salt-mines of which form the saline contents of a dried-up sea. The great house of Tennant is of course represented, but not in the important instance of iodine, of which they have long been the chief, almost the sole, manufacturers. It would have been agreeable and instructive to have seen a large exhibition of chemical apparatus and of philosophical instruments. Nothing is so needed as a museum of those delicate contrivances through which research is carried out. The manufacturers of these are men of the highest scientific attainment, such as Frauenhofer and Ruhmkorff. As Sir Humphry Davy truly said, it is on the perfection of our instruments that all discovery depends.

An Artisan Section (Court 19) will be amusing to many visitors, if only for its extreme variety, beginning with models of seven steamships, and ending with carvings in wood by tenants on the Lovat estates, under the instruction of Miss Frazer, of Lovat, with over two hundred curiosities between. There are models of passenger-steamers, of yachts, herring-boats; of engines of every shape and kind, agricultural, electro-motor, locomotive; of pumps, of fern-cases, of ploughs, castles, washing-machines, writing-tables, revolving albums, conservatories, and everything else one can think of for his wants, movements, journeys, amusements, indoor and out, by night and by day. But what is more surprising is the Women's Arts and Industries. These, but for the needlework, which in variety is more than an ordinary mind can grasp, include the most masculine productions, and offer a new claim to women's rights. Here we have carved furniture, china figures, bookbinding, locks, keys, bolts, nails, chains, leather driving-gloves and gauntlets, carved oak panels, engraving, copper-plate printing, tea-tables, brass-work, blotting-books, boots and shoes, circulars, periodicals, hygienic clothing, art furniture, flower-pots; though it must be allowed that embroidery and lace predominate. We can only wish that so much lovely and useful work was paid for in proportion to the long labour bestowed upon it.

There are many other points of interest of which, in a limited space, it would be impossible to give any adequate idea. There are sections setting forth the progress made in mining and metallurgy, in sanitary science and aeronautics; in agriculture and horticulture: in ironmongery and cutlery; in furniture and decoration; in education and physical training; in music and musical instruments; in fisheries, in textile fabrics, in pottery and glass, in paper manufacture and printing. To foreign exhibits some fourteen courts are devoted, and these consist for the most part in varieties of ornamental industries from France, Austria, Germany, Denmark, and Italy. There is also a large court entirely set apart for machinery and deserving a notice in itself.

But we must not forget to mention one of the most important industries of all—the wonders of the shipbuilding art—which are variously represented in miniature in the Main Avenue by exquisite models of ocean liners, of screw and paddle-steamers of all kinds, of steam-yachts and sailing schooners, of despatch-boats, dredgers, and tugs. In addition to these, there is a very fine collection of nautical instruments and appliances, such as chronometers and binnacles, compasses, sounding machines, foghorns, sextants, telescopes, and binoculars. This section will have an additional charm for the vast numbers who are keenly watching the movement that has sprung up for the strengthening of our national defences.

Altogether, the Glasgow Exhibition must be pronounced a striking success. The buildings are constructed on a bold and large scale; the grounds are spacious and picturesque. The little river Kelvin running through them, its gondolas and boats, its sloping lawns, the handsome building of the University rising to the south, the Bishop's Castle and the various tasteful kiosks, the dining-rooms, the Indian Tea-rooms, the Ceylon Rooms (a model of a Kandyan structure), not to forget the indispensable Switchback and Fairy Fountain—all these have their separate merits. They lend an air almost of enchantment to the place, such as few who are acquainted with the poorer districts of Glasgow would suspect. That the enterprise will be productive of much good we are sure. The Exhibition itself must serve to quicken trade, and, like the old and now suppressed fairs, help to bring to the notice of the public many an industry, without the baneful intervention of the middle-man. It will do even more than this. It will serve as a pleasure-ground to thousands of the cheerless and overworked poor, and give new life to a city whose industrial population is among the most overcrowded of any in the United Kingdom.

REVIEWS.

DENTON'S ENGLAND IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.*

THIS volume has that melancholy interest which belongs to a book which the author does not live to see published. Mr. Denton died "whilst the last few proof sheets were in his house awaiting revision." The work is complete in itself, but it was its author's design to follow it up with a companion volume, sketching the ecclesiastical state of England in the fifteenth century. For this the materials had been collected, but only a few pages were actually written. A perusal of the volume now published, which deals with the civil condition of England in the same century, will make every reader regret the loss of its ecclesiastical yokefellow.

Like most modern students, the author, though he has traced with care and interest the life of the fifteenth century, does not regard it lovingly or admiringly. He evidently looks upon it as a period of relative or even positive retrogression, culminating in a state of disorder and lawlessness which necessitated and justified the Tudor dictatorship. As far as we have observed, he attributes nothing but evil to the Hundred Years' War. Yet it might be urged on the other side that, in certain stages of a people's growth, it is worth while to pay even a heavy price for the awakening of a sense of vigorous and masterful nationality; and it can hardly be denied that, with all its attendant evils, the Hundred Years' War did foster this feeling of nationality in Englishmen. Mr. Denton, moreover, does not seem to have gone very deeply into the causes of the war. It is treated too much as if it came by spontaneous generation; and, in particular, its dependence upon the Scottish question is overlooked. The Bishop of Chester has given the weight of his historical authority to the opinion, which was also held by Green, that it was the assistance

* *England in the Fifteenth Century.* By the Rev. W. Denton, M.A., Worcester College, Oxford, Author of "Servia and the Servians," "Montenegro; its People, and their History," "The Christians in Turkey," "Record of St. Giles, Cripplegate," &c. London. George Bell & Sons. 1888.

given by Philip of Valois to the Scots which determined Edward III. to war. If this view is admitted, it is no longer "somewhat difficult," as Mr. Denton avers, "to understand, or at least to state the real grounds" of the contest. It is the more strange that he should have omitted to trace its connexion with the Scottish war, because he is fully alive to all the other evils which the latter wrought. Indeed, his fearless and unconventional handling of the Great Scottish Myth is, in these days of national disintegration, positively refreshing:—

> The total defeat of the English army by the Scottish hosts under Bruce at Bannockburn was the source of long misfortune to England and of the most terrible calamities that ever befell Scotland. It arrested the prosperity of England; it destroyed the growing liberties, the civilization, and the material wealth of the crown and people of Scotland. It gave over the conterminous frontiers of the two countries to endless and savage warfare. . . .
>
> At the moment when, unhappily for both countries, an English nobleman, availing himself of provincial prejudices, raised, with the help of the highland clans, the standard of rebellion against Edward, the people of Scotland were advancing materially and intellectually on a par with those of England, and were enjoying an amount of freedom and prosperity such as they never again possessed. . . .
>
> No defeat, however crushing, ever proved half so injurious to any country as the victory of Bannockburn did to Scotland.

One would not willingly dash the happiness of the Duke of Argyll when, according to his Grace's own account, he stands upon the field of Bannockburn and shouts for joy. But to Englishmen one may recommend the opinion here set forth, as having, if not the whole truth, at least a great deal of truth in it. Holding these views about Scotland, Mr. Denton naturally has a warm admiration for the character and statesmanship of Edward I., and regrets, as indeed we all well may, that the great King did not live to incorporate Ireland with England.

To deal with these high questions is, however, not the main object of Mr. Denton's work. It is to produce, by the bringing together of facts from various sources, and by inferences and deductions from them, a picture of the social condition of the country. On some points the views here taken demand notice. Social optimists will find comfort in the conclusion "that the condition of the labourer in husbandry was far worse at the close of the Middle Ages than it is now." In opposition to the commonly accepted opinion, and indeed to the statement in the preamble of the "Statute of Labourers," the author holds—on scarcely sufficient grounds, as it seems to us—that that measure was not, in truth, occasioned by the Black Death. Wages, he tells us, had been rising before that pestilence; and the measure of 1349 was framed to prevent what he calls "the natural rise of wages," though he admits that this rise was due to earlier pestilences. Another point on which he controverts a now usual opinion, is with regard to the supposed beneficent action of the monasteries in mitigating poverty. The extant accounts of monastic houses, he says, do not bear out this notion. In the fifteenth century "the conventual orders were in very many instances heavily encumbered with debt"; and even when not thus crippled, those religious houses which, as was often the case, drew their income from distant parishes, "gave little or nothing to the poor of the parishes in which they stood." The action of the guilds as organized charitable institutions he hardly, so far as we have observed, takes into account. His remarks on the enclosures which towards the end of the fifteenth century excited such bitter discontent and opposition are interesting and judicious. He does not yield to the modern tendency to a sort of sentimental Socialism on this subject, for he sees that the enclosures were "a decided gain to agriculture"; but he also sees the evil wrought by the neglect during the process to consider the rights of the small tenants. There is probably much truth in his remark that the changing of arable into pasture land was due, not so much to the increase in the price of wool as to the exhaustion of the soil by long-continued and unscientific corn-growing. The attention which up to the beginning of the fourteenth century had been paid to marling the ground h... declined during the times of war, pestilence, and famine which made up a large part of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Altogether, the passages relative to the agricultural crisis which followed the Wars of the Roses are well worth reading; and they are illustrated by an interesting letter, of which the original is preserved in the archives of Magdalen College, Oxford. It is from the Vicar of Quinton, in Gloucestershire, to the President of the College, earnestly praying that some College land in or near his parish may be let to the under-tenants instead of to a single farmer. "I remember, sir," writes the Vicar (whose spelling we modernize), "that ye said my lord bishop in his last days and also your Mastership since my lord deceased did stand in manner of a wavering mind whether it were more expedient to the welfare of your place to have one man to your tenant or the tenants of the town. Sir, saving your reverence and your discretion, after my simple reason methinks it is more meritory to support and succour a community than one man, your tenants rather than a strange man, the poor and innocent for [instead of] a gentleman or a gentleman's man" (so in the original as here printed in an appendix, but in the text it is quoted as "a gentleman's gentleman," which has a more modern sound). The Vicar, while admitting that the single farmer will probably give the most, tries to make out that in the long run the many tenants will be the more advantageous. He beseeches that they may have the land for "xxx'i," offering, good man, to throw into the bargain his own grey horse, apparently by way of [illegible]:—"I sall gyf yow to yowr plesure lyerd my horse." The letter has no date of year, but there is evidence to place it between 1486 and 1504.

There are many minor points of interest, of which we will only mention one. In the section on "Manor Houses" we learn that a north-easterly aspect was the one most sought after by early builders. The south wind was condemned as "sickly," and the west as "blustering." "A south-west blow on ye," says Caliban when he curses. On the other hand, primitive wisdom pronounced the north wind to be a "preventive of corruption," and the east wind was held to bring serene weather. The horrors of the east wind were apparently as yet undiscovered or disregarded.

JAPANESE CHILDREN.*

THE realities of Japanese life—we are speaking of the life of twenty years ago—were very different indeed from the pictures usually presented in the books of the day, written for the most part by visitors, or, if by residents in the Reedy Land, by residents who had no personal experience whatever of the Tokugawa régime. That life had a picturesque and, to unlearned eyes, a simple exterior; but, behind the pomp and circumstance of the *daimio*, the swagger of the *samurai*, and the apparent contentment of the *hyaksho* and *chonin* (peasant and artisan), diversified by innumerable festivals of a more or less Buddhistic tinge, lay the grinding tyranny of custom, minute and tedious, from which none escaped. The lord of a province was a puppet in the hands of his Council, who condemned him to fill up his life with the performance of endless and meaningless ceremonial duties; the clansmen were bound by a rigorous routine they were only too glad to leave behind in becoming *ronins* or masterless men; the farmer, merchant, and workman sought safety from their multitudinous oppressors in a cringing servility, and bowed literally the brow in the mud at the dreaded cry of *Shta ni iro* (Down with you, fellows) as each petty official or *samurai* who had the right to ride a horse passed along the street. The foreigner of early days who saw the glitter of the cortège, the colour and variety of the popular festival, who heard the laugh and chatter of the street when no great man happened to be passing by, and felt a new delight in the quaint productions of the Japanese craftsman, saw also the execution ground of Shinagawa, listened to stories told with bated breath of ferocity and oppression, and witnessed the dull monotony of the changeless daily life of the peasant and artisan. But the foreigner, resident or visitor, whose acquaintance with Japan dates from the Restoration, or from a later time, has known nothing of the misery and immobility of the Shogunate, and has heard much of the glory and simplicity of the days when long processions of the feudal nobles kept the highways closed, and aniline dyes, tall hats, and French boots were curios to the people of Dai Nippon. To this ignorance in large measure may be traced that singular idealization of Japan and her ways and works which forms so marked a feature of contemporary Western life, and thrusts hideous travesties of Japanese art amid modern surroundings, to the great contentment of dealers in counterfeit curios and commercial collectors delighted at the continual increase of an ignorant public on whom to palm off their mistaken purchases.

But if latter-day residents know little of the life of *ächtes Japans* they know still less of its child-life. The book before us gives a description of child-life in Japan which is not untrue, but which deals only with its superficial and less distinctive aspects. The domestic life of a people is not easily got at—what do we know of the life of a French *élève*, for instance?—and in eastern countries less easily than elsewhere. Ten or twelve years ago, when the author was a resident in Tokio, there were fewer opportunities of observing child-life than there are now; but, on the other hand, that life, year by year, loses more and more of whatever distinctive character it may have possessed. To the new civilization the world of men in Japan has almost wholly succumbed, the world of women is in process of succumbing, the child-world will be the last to yield. But yield it must, and the process once begun will be more rapid with children than with their seniors, for, after all, the world throughout, their resemblances are greater and their differences less than those of their fathers and mothers. No doubt the Japanese lad with his bare shaven poll and tags of hair, his awkward wooden pattens, or slovenly sandals, and his huddled garments, presents a very different appearance from his Western compeer; but at bottom he is much the same—as fond of dabbling in mud and dust, of alternately petting and persecuting animals, of roaring when he cannot get what he wants, and as little friendly to book or slate. Nevertheless, in some important points he does differ, not in himself, but in his conditions of existence. In her book the author gives the roseate view only of the Japanese *doji*; but in truth, so far as the foreigner sees him—and, as we have said, of the domestic interiors of the middle and upper classes of Japan hardly anything is known even now—he is a sadly neglected being, clothed in dirty, baggy rags, ill-kempt, and dirty, for the normal Japanese never uses soap. He lives a life of careless ease, but which to a Western child would appear monstrously tame. The

* *Child-life in Japan and Japanese Child Stories.* By M. Chaplin Ayrton. With many Illustrations by Japanese Artists. New and cheaper edition. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.

young *samurai* must have found life almost too dreadful; for he began the ceremonial mill-round almost as soon as he could walk, and wore a sword, or had it borne for him by an attendant, before he was in his teens. He was, however, treated as a *Waka-kimi* (young master), and no doubt relieved the monotony of his existence by now and then kicking his *kerai* (retainer) and pulling his sisters' hair. There is, or at all events was, no "social intercourse," as Americans say, in Japan; nothing but extremely formal visits at stated times, and the children of a house had, for the most part, simply themselves to rely upon for amusement. Nothing in the least resembling cricket, or football, or tennis, or paper-hunts, is possible to the Japanese boy; he knows nothing of athletics, of the charms of bird-nesting even he is ignorant, and it may be doubted whether he ever climbed a tree or cleared a fence or jumped a ditch for the pleasure of the thing. In all this he is no worse off, however, than the French boy, whose one amusement some thirty years ago seemed to be the not exciting one of *balle au mur*. Let us see with Mrs. Chaplin Ayrton's help and that of the pretty woodcuts which adorn her book, quaint but not unfaithful, though somewhat flattering portrayals of Nipponese children and their ways—those who want to know more about them should turn over Hokusai's albums—what modes of killing time were at their disposal. They are not many, for the share allowed them at such festivals as that of *Shogwatsu* (New Year) is mainly of a ceremonial character, and their festivals are both reduced in number and shorn of their former interest. What will replace them we know not—ere long Japan will be without a creed of any kind, without traditions, and without other than official festivals. The Restoration has more effectually divided new from old Japan than the Revolution has parted the France of departments from the France of provinces. Looking on the hatted and booted Japanese of to-day one seems to have dreamed of the men in casque and armour of less than a generation back, carrying two swords in their belt and a bow and a quiver full of arrows over their shoulders. However, it is doubtless a good thing they have gone, seeing what went with them. But to return to the children. In the *Nenchu Koji* and other books of the kind a number of games of a partly ceremonial character and not very exciting are mentioned which have entirely disappeared. Battledore and shuttlecock is still played, but the extraordinary dexterity of the Chinese, who, using their heels as battledores, will keep up the shuttlecock for an indefinite time, is not witnessed in Japan. Top-spinning is a favourite diversion, and kite-flying is an amusement indulged in by young and old, but after a much more elaborate fashion than is practised in Western countries. A Japanese author tells us that kite-flying is "intended to make boys open their mouths to expel the feverish humours, and develop the *yang* principle," and says much the same of battledore and shuttlecock, discrediting the explanation that the latter game is a spell against mosquitoes, based on the fact that the shuttlecock (usually made by sticking feathers in the hard fruit of the *mokurenji*, a species of *Celtis*), once had the form of a dragon-fly which feeds upon mosquitoes. In the towns the children have mainly to content themselves with raree shows, the clever exhibitions of toy-sweetmeat makers, the tricks of mountebanks, and itinerant singers, story-tellers, and dancers. They have also several sorts of backgammon and chequers for winter evenings and summer nights. Dolls are common enough, but they are mere effigies, originally of dignitaries of the Mikado's Court, not used by girls to play at mother with. Girls, indeed, seem to have no particular games; but they were taught the *sammisen* (sort of banjo) and the art of making flowers out of paper, in which they often showed marvellous taste and dexterity. The great day for boys was the 5th of the fifth month. They were presented with a set of toys representing the furniture of a *daimio's* procession, and if a son had been born during the year a great paper fish was flown banner-wise over the porch of the house. The fish was a carp, and was emblematic of manly strength, the carp being supposed to be able to swim against a rapid current, and even ascend cascades. The idea is a Chinese one; nearly all Japanese ideas, indeed, are Chinese at bottom. Various card-games, too, were played at New Year's time. In one of the best a number of cards had proverbs written on them each beginning with one of the letters of the Japanese alphabet. A similar number had pictures illustrating the proverbs. The cards were shuffled and dealt, then the proverbs read out, and those who had the answering pictures discarded; the game being won by the player who first got rid of all his cards, and the holder of the last card being the loser, who, if a boy, had his face streaked with ink, if a girl, her hair adorned with a wisp of rice-straw.

On the whole, however, the amusements of Japanese children must be pronounced tame. They lack, as the stories printed in this volume lack, invention and point, give no opportunity to strength or skill, and too often are mere trivial imitations of the ceremonial practices that bound their seniors' lives in a round of tedious and monotonous etiquette. The stories in question are prettily told and quaintly illustrated, and though not particularly interesting, are, in Cervantean phrase, *ejemplares* of the mental pabulum of Japanese children.

GEOLOGY.*

THE first instalment of this work, which appeared in 1886, has already been noticed in these pages. In the present volume Professor Prestwich has completed his labours by giving to students the fruit of his ripe experience as a stratigraphical geologist. The book, indeed, may be regarded as the completion of his work as a teacher, for its appearance is coincident with his retirement from the chair of Geology in the University of Oxford, which he has so ably filled for the last fourteen years.

It might have been thought that Dr. A. Geikie's full and excellent Text-book of Geology, and the bulky volume forming the second part of the new edition of Phillips's *Manual of Geology*, the work of that accomplished palæontologist, Mr. Etheridge, had left little room for a third text-book on a similar scale. Yet, as we pointed out in our notice of the first instalment, Professor Prestwich had given to his book a character of its own, which fully justified its publication, and would make it acceptable to a large class of students. This statement may be repeated yet more emphatically in regard to the present volume. It fills a place which has not been exactly occupied by either of the above-named volumes. That of Mr. Etheridge is a great storehouse of facts and details, collected with patient assiduity, and sifted with critical care, but it is more suited for the teacher than for the learner, its contents have to be macerated in the mental "crop" of the parent bird before they can be assimilated by the fledgling in geology. The stratigraphical portion of Dr. Geikie's volume also presents some difficulties of its own to the learner. As a summary of information, terse, and careful, it is unequalled; and the abundant references with which its pages are furnished make it an invaluable guide to the advanced student who is desirous of consulting the original sources, or of minutely studying special questions of stratigraphy. But a criticism has been made, which is not wholly without foundation, that the author has occasionally written too much in the spirit of an advocate who has been retained to defend the work of official geologists against the criticisms of presumptuous amateurs. Moreover, in this part of Dr. Geikie's book that literary skill which is usually not its least excellence is less conspicuous than elsewhere. Probably this is due to the fact that so large a portion of his life has been spent in Scotland, where the fossiliferous rocks not only occupy proportionately a far smaller area, but also are much more incomplete as a series than in England. Hence we note sometimes the usual defects of a summary—a tendency to degenerate into a catalogue of details and a little want of that light and shade which help the student in forming a picture which is imprinted on his mind. That some inequality of treatment should exist in any important text-book of geology has now become almost inevitable. The science has advanced of late years with such rapid strides and in so many directions, very diverse one from another, that accomplishments as varied as those professed by the proverbial Greek are needed in an author if he is to handle every branch of geology as a master. Thus in several parts of his first volume it was evident that Professor Prestwich was no more than the careful and conscientious compiler. In this second volume, however, he is on ground which to a far greater extent he has made his own, for it would be difficult to find any one better qualified than he for writing a manual of stratigraphical geology. Almost his first contribution to science related to the Carboniferous series; his papers on the various groups of the Tertiary period will be for long reckoned among geological classics; while his earlier investigations into the water supply of London and his later work as a Professor at Oxford have made him familiar with the most typical representatives of the Mesozoic strata of England. Besides this, in the course of his researches he has had to follow many of the English formations across the Straits of Dover, and thus counts among his personal friends many of the leading geologists of Western Europe.

It is possible, of course, for one who has been led into lines of investigation slightly different from those of the author to find a few blemishes even in the volume before us. In the present state of geological science we must all plead for mutual forbearance. Professor Prestwich, for instance, evidently is not quite at home in writing on the Archæan series, carefully as his compilation has been executed. Hence too much prominence has been given to the subdivisions which were proposed some years since by Dr. Hicks, two of which have been shown to rest on over-hasty generalization from incomplete knowledge, and should accordingly now be mentioned simply as matters of history, not retained as if still of classificatory value. In like way the arrangement proposed by Dr. Sterry Hunt for the Archæan rocks of North America is quoted without any indication that part of it has been repudiated by several careful investigators of Canadian and American geology, and has not been allowed to pass without protest even on this side of the Atlantic. Again, in dealing with the Trias Professor Prestwich seems hardly to have kept abreast with the literature of the subject, or to write as one who has been enabled from personal investigations to appreciate the arguments in cases of controversy. The sandstones and conglomerates of the Lower Trias of Central and Northern England are assumed by him, almost tacitly, to be of marine origin; and no intimation is given of the physical difficulties which, as it has been shown, exist in this hypothesis, or of the analogies

* *Geology: Chemical, Physical, and Stratigraphical.* By Joseph Prestwich, M.A., F.R.S., F.G.S. Vol. II.—Stratigraphical and Physical. Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 1888.

which have led some recent authors to regard them as being in the main fluviatile deposits. It would also have been well, in indicating the southern limits of land-ice in Britain during the period of its greatest extension, to have added that some authorities dispute the inferences drawn from the facts, and place it many miles further north. Professor Prestwich, also, in his speculations as to the origin of chalk and flint, appears to be not quite at his ease, and to be too much influenced by a theory of chemical precipitation, which indeed was in high favour in the days of his youth, but is now, with good reason, as we think, generally held to be improbable. The book, in short, more than once is influenced by a spirit of scientific "conservation," which, though often useful as a protest against "extremist" views, is apt to exercise a debilitating influence.

But these, and a very few still more trifling blemishes, are after all little more than rare shadows which throw into higher relief the general excellence of the work. Let us turn, in conclusion, to the more welcome task of indicating a few of its distinctive characteristics. As has been intimated, the description of the various formations is singularly lucid, the author bringing out with unusual clearness the points, whether physical or biological, on which the attention of the student should be concentrated. Very good, also, is the description of foreign equivalents of British groups of strata; it is condensed without being dry; it is brief, but is sufficient and suggestive. The summaries of the life history in the great periods of geological time, the characteristics of the dynasties in the animal world which have risen, ruled, and vanished in their turn, are admirably executed, and will be invaluable guides to the student, who can ascertain from the perusal of a very few pages the exact state of our present knowledge concerning the genealogical tree of the living denizens of the earth. No less valuable, also, are the comparative tables of formations, where those of England are correlated with the equivalent deposits in Belgium, France, Germany, and Switzerland with North Italy. Further, the classified lists of formations in India and the adjacent territories, in North America, in Australia, in New Zealand, and in Southern Africa, to each of which are attached brief notes of the characteristic fauna and flora of the several subdivisions, appear to us excellent both in plan and in execution. In type, paper, and press-work generally this volume, like the former, leaves nothing to be desired. The woodcuts scattered liberally throughout its pages are generally good, though some few are hardly worthy of their companions. But in addition to this the book is enriched by sixteen plates drawn on stone by Miss G. Woodward. These depict some of the fossil invertebrates most characteristic of the different epochs of geological history. It is enough to say that the selection of these is as judicious as the execution is excellent, so that on this account the volume will be especially helpful to the student. It also contains a very useful map, representing the regions at present covered with snow and ice, the limits of floating bergs, and the probable extension of ancient glaciers. But its most distinctive feature is a geological map of Europe. For this we are indebted to Messrs. Goodchild and Topley, who have compiled and drawn it under the general direction of the author. Though of comparatively small size (about 22 inches by 18), the formations are so judiciously grouped, and the system of colouring adopted is so clear, that the records of the most interesting chapters in the physical history of Europe can be studied with an ease and apprehended with a facility which are hitherto without a parallel. This map alone would secure for the book a cordial welcome from students, even if it had no other claim for recognition.

But, as it has many and yet more important merits, Professor Prestwich may be heartily congratulated on the completion of his self-imposed task. It was obviously one so arduous that he might well have shrunk from undertaking it, because it would seem to demand all the vigour of the middle period of life, and it is no small triumph to have closed it successfully, after the significant epoch of threescore years and ten has been left well behind. His reputation as a geologist was already so high that it had become easier to diminish than to augment it by further work; but this new success has been achieved, and many friends will echo our wish that not a few years of learned leisure may yet remain for its veteran author.

A "SPECIAL" ON HIS TRAVELS.*

MR. W. BEATTY-KINGSTON, "Commander of the Imperial Order of the Medjidieh, &c. &c. &c.," is a representative of a fast-decaying art—the art (or should it be the manufacture?) of special correspondence. This may appear a paradoxical assertion to make in an age when newspapers are cheaper, better, and more numerous than ever before, but it is none the less true. The electric wire has superseded the special correspondent, even as the newspaper itself, plus the telegraph, has to some extent superseded the ambassador. Oddly enough, it is the same agency which has both made and unmade the journalistic emissary, whose rise and fall may be said to date from "l'année terrible." Europe could not and would not wait for "letters" descriptive of the momentous events of '70; the post was all very well for the opening incidents of the war—the "baptism of fire," the reconnoitrings of both armies on either side of the many-coloured Saar, and the mobilization of the legions of France and Germany—but when the conflicting hosts met on the Speickerenburg, at Gravelotte, and at Beaumont, when those military tragedies were followed by the terrible "Schlacht bei Sedan" and the capitulation and imprisonment of an Emperor, nothing less than "full telegraphic details" would assuage the thirst of the natives for immediate information of what had happened; and when, after four or five days' interval, the tortoise-like post brought in reams of additional particulars of this and that battle, the public, sated with the leading facts, which had already been placed before them, merely skimmed the acres of type, or more often "took them as read." Mr. Kingston, whose two entertaining volumes are remarkable for their sustained spirit and plentiful humour, has been long enough in the business to see the revolution which the last seventeen years have worked in the department of daily journalism which numbers him in its hierarchy; and, although he by no means poses as a *laudator temporis acti*, he could not have sat down to pen this interesting story of his European wanderings without feeling sadly conscious that the "good old times" of Special-Corresponding have gone, never to return. Narratives fashioned upon the model of *A Wanderer's Notes* (a sufficiently modest title, by the way) are not seldom disfigured, sometimes even rendered ridiculous, by the constant appearance of the writer's figure on the scene. Mr. Kingston cannot be reproached upon this score. He keeps in the shade of the *coulisses* as much as possible, and is frequently, if anything, a little too much absorbed in his quality of historian. Like graver authors possessed of the courage of their opinions, Mr. Kingston has his likes and dislikes. He is pleased with Heligoland, even to the extent of praising it as the "miniature home of the virtues—a maximum of morality to a minimum of territory," and earnestly recommending it to the attention of our autumn tourists; but he is terribly severe upon Holland—perhaps because his "entry into the capital of the Netherlands was scarcely so triumphant an affair as I could have wished; yet it was not without a certain dignity." He admits that "the Dutch are renowned all over the world for their somewhat meticulous cleanliness" (whatever that may mean), yet observes that if he "had an enemy upon whom he might be permitted to practice vengeance at once the most lingering and deadly that the ingenuity of a fiend could devise," he thinks (only thinks, though) that he "would condemn him to lifelong travelling about Holland in the steamers provided to that end by Companies" whose names he will not essay to spell. Mr. Kingston's repugnance to the Dutch themselves extends to the Dutch river steamers, and not only to those tubby craft, but to the scenery. "Scenery, quotha!" he bitterly remarks; "it is no worse than melancholy—so utterly null—that the most joyous temperament must succumb to its baneful influence upon the spirits." He even falls foul of the harmless inoffensive windmills, has "ceased to wonder at Don Quixote's onslaught' on them, and asks, "What man with a touch of artistic feeling in his nature would not, after traversing Holland, laugh a grim laugh of savage enjoyment if he heard that they had all been razed to the ground—to the water" he "should say; for it is but little ground they have to stand on in the Low Countries, save where, as in Rotterdam, they wave their wings, like pre-Adamite dragon-flies, in the middle of a crowded thoroughfare." The Rotterdammers, thankful for small mercies, will, we are sure, be pleased at even so slight a compliment as this. Then, "dear me!" says the still bitterly aggrieved "Wanderer," "what a lot of water there is in Holland! The whole realm is a huge *aquarelle!*" He "feels so bad" with regard to the water that he descends to a pun, hinting that, as "The Pays-Bas must be the region of rheumatism; their capital, with the aid of a little Cockneyism, might appropriately be called The Ache." As with Mr. Dick and his memorial, so with Mr. Kingston and the Dutch windmills—they are never out of his head. There is Dortrecht, at which you arrive when you have quitted "the crawling train for the filthy steamer"—"Dortrecht, a quiet little town, &c."; but Mr. Kingston "would not have any one think that it is short of windmills, oh! dear no, quite the contrary." Worst of all, however, is the unkind assertion that Holland "is chiefly composed of slop." The satirist does not even spare Schevening, "spelt," as he facetiously remarks, "in three ways":—"The place, when I first made its acquaintance, possessed a very respectable sea, one or two large hotels . . . . a long brick promenade, and no end of sand. . . . Were not extreme opinions out of fashion, I think I should feel tempted to aver that Schevening is the very dullest place out, except, perhaps, Sandwich on a hot day, John o' Groat's in a Scotch mist, and the town of Lille at any and every time!" Another page is headed, "Dutch torments," but we had not the heart to continue the perusal of the indictment, our own idea of Holland being so very different from Mr. Kingston's. Ostend ought to be greatly obliged to the "Wanderer" for his flattering notice of the place, and more particularly of the costumes of the fair *baigneuses*, from which Mr. Jan Van Beer, or some member of his happy family, might easily paint one of his quaint anatomical studies. But Blankenberghe gets almost as badly snubbed as Schevening. Our author proceeds to Liége, which "appeared to me to possess one institution, in its way, quite unrivalled in Europe." This sounds well for the Liégeois, but it is only Mr. Kingston's artful method of leading us on, for he proceeds, more scornfully than ever, if that were possible:—

But then its way was an exceptional one—namely, the absolute non-fulfilment of the promise contained in its title, and of the [illegible] for which

* *A Wanderer's Notes.* By W. Beatty-Kingston. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1888.

it was called into existence, and that was the Garden of Acclimatization. . . . . The only thing it had succeeded in acclimatizing—and that imperfectly, for it was very bad—was Vienna beer. As for the sparse, melancholy, and attenuated illustrations of natural history confined miserably within its limits, all that could be said about them was that their arrangement was a triumph of incongruity—that sort of systematic antithesis, or series of anomalies, that would have caused the virtuous Buffon to blaspheme, and driven Cuvier to seek eternal oblivion in the family water-butt.

The vein of pleasant irony running through the volumes will greatly tend to recommend them to most people, for the satire, even when grimmest, is never unkind, and serves as a *sauce piquante* to the heavier chapters, albeit there are very few indeed of them. Arrived at Berlin, Mr. Kingston was doubtless tempted to be didactic, for he knows the Kaiserstadt *au fond*; he avoids prosiness, however, and tells us a great deal about military matters and soldier life which will be new to nine out of ten readers. Very agreeable, too, are the chapters painting with Meissonier-like minuteness the life of Homburg, Baden-Baden, Ems, and Spa of twenty years ago, in the old gambling days, when the "hells" of those notorious resorts were most appropriately named, for most of the scoundrelism and blackguardism of the world congregated at "the tables" of MM. Blanc and Benazet, who got their final marching-orders in 1872. With Eastern Europe Mr. Kingston is almost as well acquainted as with West Hampstead, and the abundant information concerning the moral and material progress made by Roumania and Bulgaria of late years deserves, and will probably secure, careful perusal at a moment when the war-storm seems about to burst once again. Mr. Kingston sketches all he sees lightly and gracefully, and with no little humour. To say that he is seldom dull might be to pay him a dubious compliment. We can safely say, however, that most people will laugh heartily over his stories and enjoy his descriptions of many familiar and unfamiliar places and people. Once take up the book and you are bound to go on with it, and when you have finished the "Notes" the chances are that you will want to begin them again from the beginning.

THE GOTHS.*

TO tell the "Story of the Goths" as it should be told demands a minute and critical knowledge of some of the obscurer parts of history, the power of writing with spirit as well as with scientific exactness, and a considerable acquaintance with philology. Short as the book before us is, it contains many things that prove it to be the work of a scholar fitted in every respect for the work he has undertaken. Among the philological matters of which Mr. Bradley treats are the signification of the name Goths, which he derives from a word found only in compounds, such as Gut-thiuda, "people of the Goths," and signifying "the (nobly) born," the derivation of the Runic alphabet, which, in common with Dr. Isaac Taylor, he traces to a corruption of the old Greek alphabet, and the character and value of Wulfila's Gothic Bible. He begins his story with the division of the Goths, while settled on the northern shore of the Black Sea, into Thervings, or Visigoths, and Greutungs, or Ostrogoths; notes the curious coincidence that these latter names, West Goths and East Goths, "continued to be appropriate down to the latest days of Gothic history"; and gives a rapid sketch of the wars of the Goths with the Eastern Empire until their overthrow by Claudius at Naissus. The importance of this battle is well pointed out. Had the Goths been victorious, the South of Europe would have lain at their mercy, and "many ages of civilization would in a great measure have been blotted out." When the day of their triumph came they had already accepted Christianity, and were to some extent civilized, and they appear as the "saviours of the Roman world" from degradation and misgovernment. After bringing down Ostrogothic history to the end of the period of Hunnish sovereignty and to the birth of Theoderic, the "child of victory," on the day of his uncle's triumph over the Huns, Mr. Bradley follows the relations between the Visigoths and the Roman Emperors, describes the folly of Valens, who allowed the Goths to enter the Empire, and then "let them be goaded into rebellion," and gives a spirited account of their victory over him at Hadrianople. After this calamity, the only hope of saving the Empire lay in the policy of "unreserved confidence" adopted by Theodosius, whose "seeming rashness was the truest prudence." The effects of his wise policy were wiped out by the short-sighted conduct of the Roman Government under his successors. For a while the successes of Alaric were checked by the victories of Stilicho; it again seemed possible that the Visigoths might become useful allies of a Roman Emperor, and again, after the death of Stilicho, the Romans wantonly provoked them. Rome received their answer when, to quote Gibbon's words, "at midnight the Salarian gate was silently opened, and the inhabitants were awakened by the tremendous sound of the Gothic trumpet." Conquered as Rome was, she nevertheless gained a victory over her barbarian conquerors; for Atawulf declared that he was "convinced that the Goths were too rude and lawless to be capable of ruling the world"; he sought an alliance with Honorius, and the ceremonies observed at his marriage with Galla Placidia signified the power that Imperial Rome exercised over his mind. Difference of religion was, however, an endless and fruitful source of discord between the Goths and the Romans, and the Visigothic kingdom, which took in Spain and nearly all Gaul south of Loire and west of the Rhône, was weakened by theological hatred. The Goths were Arians, their Gaulish subjects Catholics, and though the Goths were generally tolerant, the Church in Southern Gaul fell into a state of disorganization under their rule, and "this excited the bitterest indignation both in the kingdom itself and among Catholic Christians in all the neighbouring lands." In spite of the mediation of Theoderic the Ostrogoth, Clovis took advantage of the Arianism of the Visigoths, made war on them as heretics, and drove them out of nearly all their Gaulish dominions. Mr. Bradley's account of the life and reign of Theoderic is excellent as far as it goes. The subject has been so thoroughly worked by Mr. Hodgkin that it is probably impossible to add anything to what he has written on it. At the same time, it is a gain to have his conclusions presented in a short and popular form, and by an author who has evidently studied the *Variæ* diligently on his own account. In the remarks on Theoderic's policy of religious toleration some notice should have been taken of the power of the Roman Church, and of the political influence that the theological disputes of Constantinople exercised in Italy, and more emphasis might well have been laid on the nature of Theoderic's blunder, which arrayed all the might of the Church in opposition to the Gothic rule and on the side of the Emperor. The long war which began with the siege of Naples by Belisarius, and ended with the extinction of the Ostrogothic nation, is admirably told. A necessarily brief record is given of the somewhat obscure history of the Visigothic kings of Spain, and the volume ends with a notice of the last traces of the once mighty nation of the Goths.

* *The Story of the Nations—The Goths.* By Henry Bradley. London: T. Fisher Unwin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1888.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION.*

THE proposition that no scheme of national education is complete unless it embraces the teaching of handicrafts is prominently considered in all three of the interesting volumes before us, despite certain modifications of view which are in each instance the result of experience rather than of tenacious faith in theory. Mr. Leland and Professor Woodward alike urge the importance of industrial art or science training in Government schools, and their books are records of practical experience. Though Mr. Leland is principally concerned with the development of industrial art instruction, and Mr. Woodward's scheme of manual training is chiefly scientific, the tendency of both books is the same. They revolutionize the pedagogic ideal of education. Their aim is the fuller equipment of the young for the competitive struggles of life. Their method is uncompromisingly objective. They would train the eye and the hand by practical acquaintance with technical means, mechanical appliances, and so forth, instead of merely cramming the youthful brain with facts and figures drawn from books. Mr. Leland is not more convinced of the exceeding value of object lessons than Mr. Woodward is of the advantages that spring from the collateral instruction of class-rooms and workshops. Miss Margaret Smith's excellent translation of Herr Seidel's discourse on industrial instruction introduces a remarkable work to English and American readers. Herr Seidel is something more than a theorist, steeped in the ideas of Rousseau, Jean Paul, Pestalozzi, Froebel, Rosmini, and other educational apostles, and he is altogether free from the dogmatism of a reformer with a theory of his own. He has long been an observer—and, as his book shows, an enlightened observer—of the practical outcome of public education in Europe, whence the movement in England and America in favour of technical education has directly sprung. If he makes no reference to English or American activity in this direction, it is—and Mr. Woodward acknowledges as much with respect to his own country—because Germany, France, and other Continental countries were first in the field. Herr Seidel is chiefly occupied in this little book in combatting objections to industrial instruction in primary schools. He concludes with an eloquent panegyric of labour, but he is careful to distinguish between the labour of little hands in the course of training and that of adults in the markets of the world. Though we are told he was first attracted to educational problems by the writings of Karl Marx, he approaches the subject from the standpoint of his own experience as teacher, and not wholly from that of the Socialist or economist. It is clear from his supplementary *résumé* that Herr Seidel's advocacy of hand labour in schools is inspired by the strongest conviction of its preparative virtue as a means towards development and a safeguard against idleness, "the beginning of all crimes." He does not regard the introduction of manual labour in schools with favour wholly, because, as Karl Marx says, it will increase the "productiveness of the community." The phrase is liable to serious misapprehension when used in connexion with this subject. It is one of the commonest objections to industrial training in schools, when such training goes hand in hand with the practice of handicrafts, that competition with certain trades or arts is excited that may

* *Practical Education.* By Charles G. Leland. London: Whittaker & Co. 1888.

The Manual Training School. By C. M. Woodward. Boston: Heath & Co.

Industrial Instruction. By Robert Seidel. Translated by Margaret K. Smith. Boston: Heath & Co.

prove dangerous. Herr Seidel declares that this can never arise while schools are schools and factories remain factories. No school in which manual instruction is given can compete with the manufactory, with its skilled workmen and machinery. Any attempt to push the legitimate uses of industrial training beyond the true sphere of education would be "in no way educative, but, like factory labour, would be stupefying in its effects." Mr. Woodward writes in the same spirit of the aims of the Manual Training School, connected with the Washington University, at St. Louis, Mo. "We do not claim to teach trades," he says; "everything is for the benefit of the boy. He is the only article to be put upon the market." He repeatedly observes that there is no competition, attempted or possible, between the workshops of the school and manufactories, machine works, and so forth. Each of the three divisions of the school is occupied daily with one hour of drawing and two hours of shop work, while a minimum of three hours is devoted to mathematics, literature, languages, and science, with "enough private study," as Mr. Woodward rather vaguely remarks, "to learn those lessons." The Manual Training Schools in America, of which the St. Louis school is a type, are therefore much more than preparatory to technical institutes. The result aimed at is certainly not mean. "The cultured mind, the skilful hand"; this is their motto.

The moral of these volumes is one, and sufficiently obvious. No scheme of technical education can be productive of large and beneficent results to the nation that is not based on elementary training. It must begin with primary schools and continue, not supersede, the first objective training of youth. When bad times and the disconcerting progress of science overtook our laggard farmers, it was seriously suggested that the Royal Agricultural Society should set about the business of teaching farmers how to farm profitably. Quite recently it was proposed to establish training colleges for intending emigrants, in order that they should not land on foreign shores entirely destitute of chemical knowledge and the handling of implements. This would be an excellent scheme, if those to benefit by it were children, which is precisely what agricultural emigrants seldom are. Mr. Leland tells the story of a very great artist, who, when complimented on his skill, remarked, "I began to draw at fourteen; and every day of my life I realize the fact that I should draw twice as well if I had begun at seven." There may be something in this of the self-depreciation of genius; but there is no doubt about the truth of Mr. Leland's corollary. "From seven to fourteen years of age a certain suppleness, knack, or dexterous familiarity with the pencil or any implement may be acquired which diminishes with succeeding years." And so it is with memory and the perceptive faculty, in proof of which Mr. Leland has much to say concerning his own experience when director of the Public Industrial Art School at Philadelphia. As becomes its title, Mr. Leland's book will be found extremely interesting to teachers, for it is almost entirely founded on practice. Its educational scheme owes very much to Froebel, it is true; but, while Mr. Leland supports it by much wholesome evidence of good fruit, as well as persuasive reasoning, he is keen to detect the faults of the Kindergarten system. There is great force in his remark on the monotony of certain mental exercises or "games" in Kindergarten schools, which have too much of drill or discipline in them to be really recreative and pleasing. Mr. Leland's fundamental aim is to develope the power of learning. Before learning children should acquire the art of learning. And if the ready reader should assume that this is rather the teacher's province, and nothing but the art of teaching, a few pages of the book will soon convince him that Mr. Leland's ideal teacher is not to be picked up in the street or in any Board School.

Naturally, Mr. Leland devotes considerable space to his introduction into American schools of the minor arts and industries, and he has much to say of the marketable nature of the art work produced. He is not at all shy on the subject of competition with the manufacturer and shopkeeper. There is, he thinks, and there ought to be, such competition. He declares that home-made art can rival machine-made work even in price, and he makes certain statements with regard to the metal work of the schools of the Home Arts and Industries Association that ought to render middlemen uneasy and manufacturers agog to reply. But art in Mr. Leland's schools is productive, it would appear, of nothing but beautiful things and fit. It is far above the German brooms and brushes, the Swiss toys, the wooden platters, the straw rugs, and other humble articles of industry mentioned by Herr Seidel. Mr. Woodward's volume is admirably illustrated by diagrams and plans. It comprises a brief but clear sketch of the Manual Training School movement in America, and a full account of the course of study and method of administration pursued at the St. Louis establishment. No one who cares for the cause of technical education can afford to overlook so interesting a record of an interesting experiment.

HISTORY OF AMERICA.—VOL. VI.*

ALTHOUGH this volume of Mr. Winsor's History is in no way inferior to its predecessors either in accuracy or in the critical treatment of authorities, the inconveniences attendant on his plan of historical co-operation are more apparent than they have been before. What we have here is not a history of the American Revolution so much as a series of papers on different phases of it, and this piecemeal method of writing history, which answered well enough when applied to voyages of discovery or the domestic affairs of the various colonies, is ill suited to a subject that requires comprehensive and orderly treatment. While the work of each writer generally leaves little to be desired, the volume as a whole fails to satisfy us. Some subjects of extreme importance receive very inadequate notice. Little, for example, can be gathered, and that only with much labour, as to the feelings with which the mass of the inhabitants of the various colonies regarded the revolutionary struggle at different periods. Financial matters are almost wholly neglected, and the reader is left to find out from other sources how money was raised to meet the expenses of the war, though lack of funds was one of the most serious difficulties that confronted the leaders of the revolutionary party. The scanty notice that is given of the fluctuations in the value of the currency, and the prevalence of questionable or decidedly dishonest dealings in money, merely comes in as a sort of introduction to the account of Arnold's disgrace. While the details of each campaign are recorded with a minuteness that is sometimes tedious, the alliance with France is only mentioned allusively. As the next volume is, we see, to be devoted to the diplomacy of the war, it will no doubt receive due attention there, but it exercised so marked an effect on the events of the war, that it should certainly not be altogether separated from them in a "Narrative History." And this is by no means the only case in which the arrangement adopted here strikes us as clumsy and confusing. For the purposes of cartographical illustration it may be convenient to treat the two campaigns on the Hudson in a single article, but to follow Washington's movements until his retreat into New Jersey, then to give the whole story of the campaign in the North, and after recounting such a decisive event as the Convention of Saratoga, to call the reader back to the winter of 1776, is not the way in which the history of the war should be written. Again, in the paper on the "War in the Southern Department" we are told that "in the early autumn D'Estaing, who after leaving Newport had been cruising with some success in the West Indies, now turned northerly." This is the first mention that we have of D'Estaing, and the reader has to go through more than a hundred pages before he finds out who D'Estaing was or what brought him to Newport. The volume opens with a temperately-written paper by Mr. Chamberlain on the causes of the Revolution and the events that immediately preceded it. His arrangement, however, strikes us as somewhat faulty, and we cannot agree with all he says. Although it suited Franklin and others "to take high prerogative ground," the doctrine that the colonists were "the King's subjects" in any other sense than the inhabitants of Great Britain, and were, in virtue of their relationship to the Crown, in any way exempt from the authority of Parliament, is utterly vain. There is no evidence of such exemption either in their charters or their history, nor was it within the power of an English sovereign to place any number of his subjects outside the dominion of Parliament. The "alleged necessity" for taxing the colonies was not a mere pretence. Troops from England had not only been used in the war with France, and later for the protection of the colonists, who had shown some unwillingness to defend themselves against the Indians, but were needed in order to strengthen the Executive and to enforce the observance of the commercial laws. No doubt these laws were as a whole prejudicial to the interests of the colonies, though, as is frankly allowed here, they afforded them some compensating advantages. Still, whatever may be thought of them, it was clearly the duty of the supreme Government to check the lawless disregard of them that had become prevalent during the late war. But, like the people of the mother-country, the Americans had no love for a standing army, and greater prominence should have been given to the influence of this feeling on the progress of discontent. In common, we imagine, with a good many other people, Mr. Chamberlain thinks that the Riot Act rendered it unlawful in any case for soldiers to fire on a mob without the order of a civil magistrate, and he astonishes us by announcing that Burke was "not acting in good faith" when he brought forward his resolutions condemning the policy, or rather lack of policy, pursued by Lord North's Administration with respect to American affairs, on the ground that some one or other observed that he was acting not so much for the good of the colonies as in the interests of the Opposition. Mr. Chamberlain ought to know that Burke's good faith is not to be impugned on the strength of observations of this sort, and would do well to learn what is implied by government by party. The editor's narrative of the early events of the war is fairly interesting, and his critical essay exhaustive and admirably illustrated. It is followed by a rather unsatisfactory paper on the "Sentiment of Independence." The author—who, by the way, believes that an English bishop is a "lord both spiritual and temporal"—says that "it is rarely when so large a measure of the responsibility for bringing about a signal revolution in the great affairs of a nation can, as in this instance, be charged upon an individual, and that was his Majesty George III." To this remarkable sentence the editor appends a footnote, pointing out that the King was not individually responsible for the outbreak of the war. This is well enough; but Mr. Winsor should not have printed the author's foolish remarks on this subject in the text of a work for which he is responsible.

Major-General Cullum contributes an excellent account of the

* *Narrative and Critical History of America.* Edited by Justin Winsor, Librarian of Harvard University. Vol. VI. The United States of North America. Part I. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1888.

"Struggle for the Hudson," and adds some sound criticisms on the mistakes committed by Howe and Burgoyne. In his accoun of the Northern campaign he warmly defends Schuyler from the unfavourable judgment pronounced on him by Mr. Bancroft, and contends with good reason that he prepared the way for Gates's success by baffling Burgoyne, who was already in great difficulties when Schuyler was most unfairly superseded. He devotes a long note to the breach of the Convention of Saratoga, and decides that "neither party was scrupulous in carrying out its obligations." We are unable to see that Burgoyne's hesitation, which, after all, came to nothing, as to finally signing the Convention, or his hasty remark when complaining of the ill-usage of his troops, or such trifles as the non-surrender of the cartouch-boxes, in any degree justify the refusal of Congress to allow the troops to embark. General Cullum allows that the resolution of Congress was "disingenuous and contrary to the principles of international law," and it is a pity that he tries to find excuses for it by endeavouring, as we think most unsuccessfully, to show that it was provoked by the conduct of the British. The causes of Burgoyne's failure are clearly exhibited. Even if Lord George Germaine had not added to his other iniquities by neglecting to order Howe to co-operate with the army in Canada, it would have been almost impossible for him to have done so effectually; for the bases of the two armies were separated "by four hundred miles of wild, hostile, and thinly populated country." Burgoyne had no adequate means of provisioning his troops, and his army was often on reduced rations; he made more than one serious mistake in tactics, and when he might have followed up his early successes by pressing vigorously on a "demoralized foe," gave the Americans time to recover confidence. In his chapter on the "Struggle for the Delaware,' Mr. Stone takes up the story of Washington's operations at the moment of his retreat through New Jersey, when the fortunes of the colonists were at their lowest ebb. He shows how by the exercise of extraordinary skill and courage, seconded by Howe's inactivity, Washington succeeded in proving that the cause of the rebels was not hopeless; for, though they were defeated at Germantown, "the moral results of the battle were in their favour," and he describes the deplorable condition of the army at Valley Forge, and the attacks made upon Washington by a jealous faction among the other generals, who contrasted the small apparent results of the Southern campaign with Gates's success in the North. A few details are given of the gaieties in Philadelphia during the British occupation, and the narrative is brought down to the evacuation of the city and the failure of the attempt to cut off Clinton's rear-guard at Monmouth. Besides adding a valuable note on the sources of information, Mr. Winsor relates and examines the story of Arnold's desertion and the execution of André. That André's execution can be defended by the rules of war is, of course, generally allowed; indeed, as far as technical grounds are concerned, the only point that can be urged in his favour is that he was not aware until too late that Arnold was bringing him within the enemy's lines. As we have, in an article to which Mr. Winsor does us the honour to refer, already discussed the question whether Washington acted in a manner worthy of his high character in delivering over this gallant young officer to a shameful death, we shall not return to the subject. We must, however, express our regret that Mr. Winsor has thought it seemly to end his note with the remark that "the power to face death with a calm and graceful courage may, indeed, be mated with the moral lightness that belongs to an intellectual popinjay and a debased intriguer." If he does not mean these epithets to apply to André, the sentence is simple bunkum; if he does, it proves that he is incapable of fulfilling one of the first duties of an historian. Mr. Channing, who writes on the "War in the Southern Department," points out how far Clinton and Cornwallis differed as to the plan of operations, considers that Cornwallis is not to be held responsible for the fortification of Yorktown, and acquits both Clinton and Admiral Graves of negligence in delaying to relieve him on the ground that the fleet had suffered so severely in the recent encounter with De Grasse that it could not put to sea until the damage had been repaired. The chapter on the "Naval History of the American Revolution" is confined to notices of privateers, such as Paul Jones and Wickes, and of the few ships that were fitted out by Congress. While privateers sailing under the rebel flag undoubtedly did much harm to English commerce, every attempt the Americans made at combined naval action was completely unsuccessful; and until a French fleet came to their assistance their naval operations had no effect on the progress of the war. The border warfare of the whole period, from the outbreak of Pontiac's rebellion to the Peace of Versailles, is separately treated by Mr. Davis, who makes it perfectly clear that the rebels were the first to employ Indians in the war, and that they would undoubtedly have employed them far more largely than they did if they had been able to bring them over to their side. The maps and plans with which this volume is liberally supplied add greatly to its value, and are of much service to the reader. At the same time, some of the fac-similes of proclamations and the like that are given in the narrative portions of the work interrupt the text in a rather annoying manner.

WILLIAM III.*

AMONG Mr. Morley's commissioners for the purpose of biographizing "Twelve English Statesmen," no one, perhaps, has a subject more clearly marked off and mapped out beforehand than Mr. Traill has had with William the Deliverer. Almost the only possible danger in this direction was that to which Mr. Freeman has partially succumbed in his dealing with the other William—the danger of bestowing too much space on the early and non-English years of his hero. But a writer practised, like Mr. Traill, in more periods than one of history, and more branches than one of literature, is exceptionally free from this risk. He has kept the general purpose and purport of the series steadily in view, and prefacing only so much as was necessary to put the reader in a proper position to judge, has devoted himself mainly, if not wholly, to his title-subject of William III. as an English statesman.

To only one class of persons—the devotees of Macaulay *per fas et nefas*—is his dealing likely to be other than satisfactory; and that, alas! cannot be helped. It is now a well-established rule, broken in no single instance, that whenever a patient, intelligent, and impartial student comes to rehandle in detail a subject which Macaulay has treated, he has to fall foul of that very brilliant and singularly untrustworthy person. No matter what the subject is—Bacon, Dryden, Claverhouse, Marlborough, William, Impey—the result is quite sure to be the same. The newcomer may rashly and remorselessly shock and upset Macaulay's conclusions, or he may delicately and gingerly remove them and put others in their places, protesting all the while that he thinks Macaulay a greater writer and a greater historian than Gibbon and Thucydides rolled into one, or he may (which is rather Mr. Traill's way) indicate, without either hard or soft language, where Macaulay is wrong. But so long as he is honest and competent the actual result of his investigations is sure to be generally the same. He will find, and he will have to let his readers know, that Macaulay's probably unique combination of the qualities and defects of the special pleader and the rhetorician has made his estimates, whether favourable or unfavourable, constantly untrustworthy, and sometimes, though no doubt not intentionally, yet positively, deceptive. Mr. Traill's contribution to this extensive and as yet unfinished work is a remarkably useful one, for the precise reason that it is quite uncoloured by any kind of passion, even the passion of the counter-advocate. Although he writes pretty obviously as a Tory in most points, he does not display the least leaning to Jacobitism; he is thoroughly convinced that "the Revolution settlement" was the right settlement for England, and his estimate of William's character is decidedly favourable, and, as regards the Deliverer's political honesty, almost enthusiastic.

He speaks accordingly with the greater authority when he points out that the sublime and areopagitic foresight and wisdom of the founders of the above-mentioned settlement is a "Whig legend"; and that the discovery of rigid Party government as rapturously made by Macaulay and nailed down, if not exactly to day yet to year—the years 1693-1695—is a mare's-nest and an anachronism by about half a century. On this latter point the facts are too clear to admit even of discussion. On the former, though Mr. Traill is quite right as against Macaulay and the legend-mongers, we are inclined to think that even he has been rather too merciful to this second B. R. or Blessed Revolution. While pointing out that all the actual parties were illogical and unconstitutional in their contentions, he omits to point out that the very Convention itself was, as a constitutional body, without a leg to stand on. The analogy with its predecessor the Convention which invited Charles II. from Breda will not hold for a moment. Nobody regarded this earlier Convention as a *Constituante*; the King was there ready made; it had only got to invite, to welcome him, and to receive his already authoritative acceptance and approval of its acts. The later Convention had not only no authority to assemble, but it had none to separate or to transform itself into a Parliament, for the necessary Royal assent was only given, and could only be given, by an authority which the Convention itself had created—an authority which, according to the most obvious rules both of law and of logic, could be in no sense superior to that of its source. Further, such vague and shadowy authority as the Convention did possess, derived from the previous Congress of the members of Parliament, was hopelessly flawed by the exclusion of just those persons who were in a sense representative—the members of the Parliament of James II. All this does not, of course, make against the "settlement" viewed as a *coup d'état* (which it was in fact, though not in form or origin), perfectly lawless in origin, but beneficial in consequence; nor does it make against Mr. Traill's milder, but not wholly dissimilar, view of it as "a dispute of preferences between alternative candidates for the throne." On the contrary, it illustrates still more forcibly an excellent sentence of his own:—"All our great constitutional precedents are the parents of principle rather than its offspring; we deduce our theories from accomplished facts, themselves determined by no theoretical considerations, but by certain practical exigencies of the moment."

Another excellent test-passage is that in which Mr. Traill deals with the Glencoe business and Macaulay's singular excuse for William. The matter is so complicated that probably no absolutely

* *Twelve English Statesmen—William the Third.* By H. D. Traill. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

certain result as to all points of it can ever be arrived at. But Mr. Traill's supposition that William did entertain, as almost any seventeenth-century commander would have entertained, the idea of the Macdonalds being extirpated as a military necessity, though he certainly did not entertain the idea of the treacherous scoundrelism actually committed, is certainly more reasonable than Macaulay's supposition that one of the most businesslike of rulers first signed general death warrants without looking at them, then "forgot" to inquire into the matter when the Scotch Parliament actually set inquiry on foot, and, lastly, took no steps to punish Dalrymple for what, if this theory be accepted, was a most atrocious and insolent abuse of the King's confidence and the King's power. And in the same way the various questions requiring treatment are handled throughout—that is to say, with a perfect absence of prejudice, and with that faculty of judging evidence which the historians of special periods and special persons in our day display perhaps less often than any other quality. The general narrative is also good, and though Mr. Traill does not pretend to deal with military matters with any extreme minuteness, his handling of them is judicious and thorough. He is, we think, quite right in holding that in the wars which were ended for a time by the peace of Ryswick, William was distinctly out-generalled, though he is not ungenerous enough to draw the moral that "the little gentleman in black velvet" is sincerely to be thanked for having let in a better commander to conduct the final struggle. But, though he does not do this, he does take occasion, and we are very glad of it, to denounce and expose the modern delusion of Radicals and historicasters, that the efforts of William and of Marlborough were productive of no good to England. Of all the historical events of the last three hundred years, three things have done most, have done indeed almost everything by themselves, to make the greatness of England; and these three things are—the struggles with Spain during the sixteenth century, and the struggles with France at the beginning and end of the eighteenth. Of the various heroes who conducted these on the English side, Mr. Traill has had to do with the least personally engaging. It is true that William's inviolable honesty (at least as to his bargain with the English people and Parliament) and his steadfast heroism enable one to regard him, if not exactly with admiration, at any rate with respect, and Mr. Traill has skilfully availed himself of this. Indeed he is rather kind to the unquestionable ingratitude and duplicity of William's conduct towards his father-in-law before the actual landing at Torbay. But, on the whole, his estimate and sentence are just as well as generous; and his summing-up is worth quoting as an excellent piece of historical writing:—

Nor in what has been written in criticism of the Whig legend would I for a moment be suspected of undervaluing the debt which Englishmen owe to William of Orange. It is not necessary to exalt him into a divinely inspired progenitor of the British Constitution in order to recognize fully the greatness of the services which he rendered to it. He was not "Father of the Constitution" in the sense in which the poet is the father of his poem, or the philosopher of his theory; but assuredly he was so in the sense in which we say that a child has found a "second father" in an upright guardian, who, while not, it may be, comprehending his character, or in sympathy with his spirit, or foreseeing his future, has yet been his vigilant protector through the perils of childhood, and has accounted for his patrimony to the uttermost farthing. That William stood in this relation to our modern English polity thoughout his too short reign, and that he loyally discharged its obligations, is indisputable. The virtues which enabled him to do so were mainly three, which are essential to all good and faithful guardianship, whether of children or constitutions—the virtues of good sense, self-restraint, and honesty. And the greatest of these three is honesty. William's practical wisdom always told him the moment when to yield in a struggle with his Parliament; and when that moment arrived his naturally passionate temper never failed to answer to the rein. But even at those moments there would often have been an evil alternative open to him, from which the fundamental integrity of his nature always turned aside. He scrupled not to use all the arts of political "management" which were sanctioned by the lax morality of his day; he exerted his prerogative freely to gain his ends; but he knew that the compact between him and his people was that in the last resort the will of the people should prevail, and this compact he never attempted either to violate or to evade. Here he was as emphatically a *Re Galantuomo*, a "King Honestman," as was Victor Emmanuel himself.

"Hos ante effigies majorum pone tuorum,
Præcedant ipsas illi, te consule, virgas."

Rulers who have earned this name may justly rank it, if only for its rarity, above every other title of honour—even though, themselves the creators or regenerators of nations, they can look back upon the splendid achievements of the Counts of Nassau, or the long ancestral glories of the House of Savoy.

If we add a short phrase of happy irony from an earlier passage—

Fate made William of Orange a Whig hero, and in arranging his preliminary condition ordained also by inevitable sequence his exposure to some measure of the polemical resentments which his votaries have never failed to concentrate upon themselves.—

we shall have shown to some extent the goodness of the manner in which Mr. Traill has set forth matter unusually sound and good.

GEORGE EDMUND STREET.*

It is well that a record should be published of the life and work of an architect of such eminence as the late Mr. Street; and we cannot but think that the author of the volume before us has been well advised in restricting his pages as much as possible to an account of his lamented father's public career. The private life of Mr. Street was marked by events which brought upon him a somewhat larger share of personal sorrow than falls to the lot of every one. These passages are but briefly detailed. With his success as an architect, and his gradual rise to the head of his profession, his biographer is much more concerned, and his many faithful friends will welcome this memorial of one who deserves to be recalled with warm regret. The seven years which have passed since his sudden death have thinned the ranks of those who knew him best and loved him most. But enough remain to recommend his career as one worthy to be studied by the younger members of his profession. The example he set of thoroughness in his work deserves to be widely known. His "infinite capacity for taking pains," coupled with an eye for beauty of form and line, gave him the best chances of success; and, though the largest of his works are not the greatest, it must be allowed that it is where external interference, not any fault of the architect, marred the original designs. Street was probably one of the most indefatigable workers who ever lived. His biographer quotes a passage from his diary showing what he got through on three successive days. One of them is as follows:—

Design for reredos for York Minster. Ground plan for new church at Barnsley. Wrote to Mr. Roe with estimate for the completion of Christ Church, Dublin. Altered design for altar-cloth, St. Paul's, Rome. Drew large gates and railings, Marlborough College.

Some great men show their ability in finding and directing others to do their work. This was especially the case with a very eminent architect a little the senior of Street. His pupils were many and served him well, while they rapidly acquired skill in design. But it was not Street's way. Whatever issued from his office had gone through his own hands, and bore the impress of his own mind, and no one else's. Whether this is well or ill we cannot undertake to say. It had at least two drawbacks. The first was, that the pupils and assistants obtained less practice and knowledge than if there had been more entrusted to them; and the second was still more serious. The architect himself was worn out. He was only fifty-seven when he died of a second attack of paralysis, brought on by private sorrow, no doubt, in some degree, but chiefly by incessant labour, prolonged through whole days and into the small hours. Like many other men of delicate artistic perceptions, he was very fond of music, and had he not turned architect would assuredly have been a remarkable painter. His sketches were often finished pictures, and the rapidity and ease with which he drew were only exceeded by his accuracy. One of his friends had a photographic album, on a large page of which she had put Mr. Street's photograph. One day while chatting in the middle of the family he drew on this page with pen and ink the picture of an old village inn, the signboard being the *G. E. Street's Head*. His son reports of him on a sketching tour that, after travelling by train all night, he would begin drawing on a bitter spring morning with his pencil as steady and as agile as in midsummer. "He drew just as well and firmly whether he supported his book on his knee or merely held it in his hand as he stood." His advice to young sketchers always turned on the importance of self-reliance, and he never carried indiarubber.

Two things must be taken into account in estimating the merits of Street's great building, the New Law Courts. One is the constant and unnecessary interference of members of the Government with the design. The other, Street's failing health, and the final removal of the master's hand when the building was approaching completion. Compared with the only other two great Gothic secular buildings of our time in London—the Houses of Parliament and the St. Pancras Hotel—it stands very high both in picturesqueness and suitability to its purpose. Scott's Hotel shows us what he would have liked to do at the India Office, and, bad as the present building in Whitehall is, it might, we see, have been worse. The Palace of Westminster is designed on Classical, not on Gothic, principles. The New Law Courts, with much originality in detail, are essentially mediæval in treatment. Street entered on his work imbued with Gothic feeling and Gothic fervour; and had he not been thwarted and mortified, and the best features of his design nipped off, one by one, we might have had a worthy building at Temple Bar, one which might have solved for us the question between Gothic and Italian, which still remains unsettled.

Street's life very nearly "synchronized" with the rise, culmination, and decline of what is known in history as "the great Gothic revival." He describes in a lively letter the turn of the tide in the Institute; and his remarks, few and not ill-natured, on Sir William Tite give us a clue to the real bearings of the whole controversy. In 1841, when he began to study, Palladian architecture was dead. The prominent architects of the previous generation had, unfortunately, taken to "Grecian," of which it was not possible to know much at the time. Hardwick and Burton were men who would have succeeded in any style, and their comparative success in "Grecian" had a fatal effect on the old Italian, or Palladian style of Wren and Inigo Jones. It is quite possible that the mathematical or archæological difficulties which beset the path of the student of the so-called Grecian style turned the minds of the new school towards Gothic. Proportion was thrown to the winds, yet the old superstition about balance remained; and while Thompson of Glasgow was on the point of revealing a phase of Greek architecture which would have satisfied the requirements of the picturesque and classical schools equally, the "great Gothic revival" burst upon us. The Exhibition of 1851 and the Manchester Exhibition of 1857, with their

* Memoir of George Edmund Street, R.A. By his Son, Arthur Edmund Street. London: Murray. 1888.

attempts at modern imitation of the great thirteenth-century models, and their manifestation of the wonderful works of the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, did much to foster the Gothic revival. On the top of the tide which flowed in for some twenty years we most frequently meet with the names of Scott, Street, and Burges. Of these Scott showed the least signs of original artistic genius, and Burges showed the greatest; yet the race was not to the swift nor the battle to the strong. Scott seldom came into competition with the other two, who were in fact his pupils; but Street repeatedly distanced Burges, who was heavily handicapped by his short sight. Scott suffered, but in a minor degree, from the same disadvantage; and Street, who had the eye of a hawk, or who, as Ben Jonson said of John Stow, had "most monstrous observation," no doubt, when anything was in competition, had much the best of it. But, except in few cases, and those, as it happened, cases of considerable prominence, Street avoided competitions. He took warmly to "restoration," and did many things of which he afterwards repented. His son is rather inclined to draw a veil across some of these atrocities; but it is known that during the last few years of his life Street sympathized with the objects of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. He strongly disapproved of the Vandalisms perpetrated at St. Albans Abbey; and had probably learnt in his long experience that it is not possible to restore a church or any other building to the condition in which it stood so many years or centuries ago; while the greatest part of its historical or picturesque interest would be sacrificed in making the hopeless attempt.

In his eighth chapter Mr. Arthur Street details the course of the long controversy about the New Law Courts, and his narrative is characterized by great moderation and fairness, considering the way things were managed, especially by Mr. Ayrton, who "professedly rega.ded and spoke of architecture as a trade of the same dignity as the market-gardener's." From February 1866 to February 1874, when at last the contracts were signed, Street was worried by every kind of great and little annoyance that could be put upon him. He "was the subject, more or less continuously, of bitter and personal attacks by the self-elected upholders of the canons of art," and was not supported as he should have been by the Office of Works—where, indeed, he received little countenance or encouragement. The petty delays caused by Mr. Ayrton's false and unreal attempts at economy were very costly. Prices were going up every day; the interest on the value of the site was accumulating rapidly. The rates and taxes on the empty land amounted to 9,500*l.* a year. Still Mr. Ayrton continued and protracted the controversy. Even long after work was begun a strike caused many months' delay, and, as Mr. Arthur Street justly observes, the amount of actual physical and mental work which the architect underwent in the execution of his task must have been a severe strain even to so robust a constitution. "My father," he says, "was constantly harassed day and night by his efforts to get the work through without a stoppage. He was successful, but it cost him his life."

We may remark, in conclusion, that this very interesting biography is badly in need of a table of contents and of chapter headings, and may note among the omissions that it contains no account of the church of St. Philip and St. James at Oxford. There should have been some notice of this remarkable building. Mr. Arthur Street does not apparently understand heraldry—an odd omission in the education of a Gothic architect—and in his first chapter speaks of a monument whereon "the arms of the Streets and Austens are quartered," when he should have said "impaled." These are small matters. The *Memoir of George Edmund Street* is a very charming book.

TENNYSON AND BROWNING.*

THE first volume of the convenient new edition of Browning's works contains *Pauline* and *Sordello*. When, in 1867, Mr. Browning, for the first time, included the former among his collected works, he did it in some sort under compulsion, being satisfied that, if he neglec ed to reprint it himself, some one at least of the existing transcripts would receive the honours of type at other hands. He then issued it without changing a syllable, and introduced it with "an exculpatory word" to the effect that "it was a "crude preliminary sketch," made at a time when good draughtsmanship and right handling were beyond his power. Now, twenty years after, to leave it still unaltered has seemed intolerable, and "the helplessness of juvenile haste and heat" has been crutched and controlled by the aid of experience. Solecisms have been removed, metre mended, phraseology strengthened, and to the long prefatory quotation from Cornelius Agrippa is appended a footnote in square brackets emphasizing the fact that it refers to and implies, not the fragment which is now *Pauline*, but the non-existent whole of which *Pauline* is actually a part. Some of the alterations consist in the breaking up of the piece into shorter metrical paragraphs, and there are many metre-mendings like the following;—

> As on the works of mighty bards I gazed,

for

> As I gazed on the works of mighty bards,

which is certainly (as George says of the beer in the *Old Curiosity Shop*) "more flatterer than it might be." Elsewhere the replacing of

> For ever by those springs and trees fruit-flushed,

by

> For ever 'neath those garden-trees fruit-flushed,

corrects an original slip of the pen. There is not much in the way of actual addition, except that a broken line consisting of the single word "Smiling . . ." is made up by the addition of "Oh, vanity of vanities!" which can scarcely lay claim to great novelty as an utterance. At the same time a comparison of the parallel texts shows that the revision has been close and thorough. Whether it will have the effect of extending the study of this curious mental record beyond the inner circle of Browning students, to whom, we gather, it has always presented more than the average amount of "wild and whirling words," is matter of opinion. But, as Mrs. Sutherland Orr points out in her admirable handbook, while admitting it to be "*the* one of Mr. Browning's longer poems of which no intelligible abstract is possible" (rather an unwise phrase, by the way, to fling among the Philistines!), it contains much that throws a light upon the individuality of the poet himself. For example, there is the fine passage at page 14 beginning "I am made up of an intensest life"; there are the references to Plato which illustrate his early studies; and there are the tributes to Shelley, an invocation to whom as the "Sun-treader" concludes the fragment. The mention of Mrs. Orr reminds us that the other piece in the volume can scarcely now present its first asperities to those who, seeking for something craggy to break their spirits upon, take *Sordello* in combination with her skilful summary. But why are the old characteristic headlines omitted? And if "metre-mending" is to be the order of the day, surely one might plead for some readjustment of the curious line at page 288—

> Like the chine of some extinct animal—

which only the most indulgent vocal coaxing can utter rhythmically.

Those who recall the appearance in 1864 of the plain green volume containing *Enoch Arden*, *Aylmer's Field*, *Sea Dreams*, *Tithonus*, the *Northern Farmer*, and the welcome to that gracious "Sea-kings' daughter from over the sea" who has since celebrated her silver wedding, will perhaps lament the unfamiliar arrangement which, careless not only of chronology but time-honoured association, pairs, in the fifth volume of Lord Tennyson's Works, the first-named poem with the *In Memoriam* of fourteen years before. But publishers take little count of the sentimental grievances of elderly persons in the forties who loved their Laureate when he was not yet a lord. They would probably bid them console themselves with better type, and Mr. Stodart's delicate vignette after Whattey of the little old-fashioned Clevedon church, between its rounded grass-grown cliffs, where, "by that broad water of the west," sleeps the body of Arthur Hallam:—

> And then I know the mist is drawn
> A lucid veil from coast to coast,
> And in the dark church like a ghost
> Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn.

How well one remembers words, epithets, stanzas in that wonderful measure of which so many "have got the seed!" By-and-bye will come the "copiously annotated" edition, whose readers will know all about the "bar of Michael Angelo," the "sea-blue bird of March," and the old *cruces* of the early students, perhaps even about

> him who sings
> To one clear harp in divers tones;

although it has (we believe) been stated, "on the highest authority," that no such person exists. But will they ever read *In Memoriam* as we did—"we that are very old," as Steele says—will they ever watch with Enoch

> The blaze upon the waters to the east;
> The blaze upon his island overhead;
> The blaze upon the waters to the west:
> Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
> The hollower bellowing ocean, and again
> The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail—

as watched we, to whom these poems of well nigh a quarter of a century ago have grown part of our experience and our expression? Let those who follow read them better; at least we read them first.

* *The Poetical Works of Robert Browning*. Vol. I. *Pauline—Sordello*. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. *The Works of Alfred Lord Tennyson*. Vol. V. *Enoch Arden and In Memoriam*. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

THE STORY OF CREATION.*

TO compress Darwin and Spencer and something more into 240 pages is a task for which few are competent and fewer still would care to attempt. This is what Mr. Clodd undertakes to do in the little volume before us; and, judging by the result, probably no one could have done it better. It is a service for which many serious people will be thankful, both among those who are inclined to accept Darwinism and those whose attitude to the new gospel is hostile. Not many have the time, even if they had the requisite training, to steer their way through the many volumes in which Darwin and Mr. Spencer have elaborated their systems. Yet it is absolutely necessary for every one who desires to be abreast of his time to have some clear, if elementary, know-

* *The Story of Creation: a Plain Account of Evolution*. By Edward Clodd. London: Longmans & Co. 1888.

ledge of the theory of the universe which is connected with the names of these two potent thinkers and writers. Mr. Clodd, then, who is already known to many by his attractive and simple *Childhood of the World*, seeks in this new volume to trace the development of the universe from its elements on the lines of evolution. It is not necessary for us here to discuss the merits of the doctrine as an explanation of the origin and course of things; our business is simply to show what Mr. Clodd has done and how he has done it.

After a brief introduction Mr. Clodd treats in the first chapter of the Contents of the Universe, which he tells us are Matter and Power, and in the present state of our knowledge no one can gainsay him; nor need the most orthodox fear to accept the position as a starting-point. The origin of Matter and the origin of Power are unthinkable without a cause. The real nature of Power is as much a mystery as the origin of Matter; all we can say about it is that it is invariably accompanied with motion of some kind. Mr. Clodd insists on the doctrine of the Indestructibility of Matter, and explains with great clearness Mendeleef's beautiful grouping of the elements, and the "periodic law" in which they are embraced. He points out that it is many years since Prout formulated the theory that the atomic weights are all multiples of the atomic weight of hydrogen, "the primordial element, the *materia prima*, from which the others are formed by successive condensations." But it is Mendeleef who has been able to adduce something like scientific proof as to the common origin of all the elements.

With Mr. Clodd's statements about Matter it would be difficult to find any fault; but when he comes to deal with "Power" it seems to us as if his usual clearness and grasp had been in abeyance. We all know the trouble that most writers—except Professor Tait—get into when they use the terms Force and Energy. Mr. Grant Allen endeavoured to get rid of the ever-recurring difficulty by using the term Power for the one activity which is at the bottom of all forms of motion, and deciding to call one set of results Force, and another set Energy. Mr. Clodd has unreservedly followed Mr. Grant Allen, and, as expounded by him, the new application of the terms seems to us quite arbitrary, and to make confusion worse confounded. "Force," according to Mr. Clodd's conception, "is that which produces or quickens motion, binding together two or more particles of ponderable matter, and which retards or resists motion tending to separate such particles. Gravitation, molecular attraction, or cohesion, and chemical attraction, or affinity, are given as examples of Force. "Energy," again, "is that which produces or quickens motion separately, and which resists or retards motion binding together two or more particles of matter, or of the ætherial medium." Mr. Clodd then refers to kinetic and potential energy, giving examples—a stone on a roof or a mountain, a clock wound up, &c., having potential energy, which becomes kinetic when the stone falls and the clock goes. The persistence of Force and the conservation of Energy are grouped under a common phrase, the Indestructibility of Power. Attraction between masses, or gravitation, is classed under Force, and of course includes the attraction between the moon and the earth. But the attraction between a falling stone and the earth is kinetic energy. Supposing, then, the stone fell from the moon, or, let us say, a bit of the moon itself fell, would that still be kinetic energy or only force? Again, "Attraction between atoms" is force, but "atoms rushing together to form molecules" is kinetic energy. Is not this really a distinction without a difference? We hope Mr. Clodd may be induced to revise this section for a new edition, and reduce it to the simplicity and clearness of the rest of the book.

After a chapter on the "Distribution of Matter in Space," Mr. Clodd deals with the geological record and the past life-history of the earth. This is an admirable chapter, in which the gradual development of life upon the earth from lower to higher forms, from that doubtful creature *Eozoon Canadense* up to man, is traced with an articulation and clearness that must convince any open-minded reader. The judiciously selected illustrations to this chapter are a great help, and include that insoluble crux to anti-evolutionists—the series showing the development of the horse's foot. The longest chapter in the book is that on present life-forms, in which the cell-theory is clearly expounded, and the analogies and difference between plants and animals explained. While Mr. Clodd shows that the two have much in common, and probably have a common origin, he cautions the uninformed reader against imagining that the animal is derived from the plant, that the one is a highly developed form of the other. These, however, are points which are brought out in detail in the second part, where Mr. Clodd shows that plants and animals are developed collaterally from a common centre. The first part is a succinct and trustworthy statement of the facts of creation on evolutionary lines, so far as investigation has gone. The whole is summarized, so far as life-forms are concerned, in a tree-like diagram, the root of which is protoplasm-plus-chlorophyll.

The second part of Mr. Clodd's volume is headed Explanatory, and here he endeavours to show how the facts of the first section are accounted for on the principles of evolution. The problem to be solved is thus succinctly and clearly stated by Mr. Clodd:—"Given Matter and Power as the raw materials of the universe, is the interaction of Power, under its two forms of a combining force and a separating energy, upon Matter sufficient to account for the totality of non-living and living contents of the universe?" The limits within which science feels herself competent to deal with the problem are so stated as to leave beyond an infinite field for conjecture. "Of the beginning, of what was before the present state of things, of what will follow the end of it, we know nothing, and speculation about it is futile. Science is concerned with the universe as we find it; the mobile vehicle of ordinary succession, the Evolved or Unfolded, *das Werden*, as the Germans say, or the Becoming; not less wrapped in mystery because we describe it as a mechanical process, and do not fall back upon unknown agencies or assume unknown attributes of Matter or Power to explain it." The starting-point of science on the lines of evolution is thus stated:—"Since everything points to the finite duration of the present universe—for what it now is it once was not, and its state is ever changing—we must make a start somewhere. And we are therefore compelled to posit a primordial nebulous, non-luminous state, where the atoms with their inherent forces and energies stood apart from one another."

On this basis, then, and within these limits, Mr. Clodd traces the evolution of the universe, and more especially the evolution of our own system, and our own earth in particular with all that it supports. His aim is to expound the views adopted by advanced evolutionists, and in this task he is completely successful. The only serious leap which he is compelled to take is from the inorganic to the organic, from dead matter to living forms, and here it is that moderate evolutionists will be inclined to part company with Mr. Clodd. He himself is evidently convinced that there has been no break in evolution; that when Matter and Power were launched on their career they were endowed with unlimited possibilities of development, and from that moment no interference whatever has been necessary to accomplish any of the manifold results which constitute the universe with which we are familiar. At the same time Mr. Clodd admits that the origin of life is a profound mystery; no more profound, however, than the origin of crystals, or the origin of water. "It does not seem, after all, such a far cry from the crystal to the amœba as from the amœba to Plato and Newton." Still, "the gulf between consciousness and the movements of the molecules of nerve-matter, measurable as they are, is impassable; we can follow the steps of the mechanical processes of nerve-change till we reach the threshold which limits the known, and beyond that barrier we cannot go. We can neither affirm nor deny; we can only confess ignorance." It is not our business here to discuss these insoluble points; we can only say that Mr. Clodd states the position with perfect fairness and clearness, and it is difficult to see how any one who accepts the doctrine of evolution can admit any break in continuity between the inorganic and the organic. As to the place in which life originated, Mr. Clodd, with Buffon and some of the best modern authorities, is inclined to locate it in the polar regions; "as the globe cooled these regions would be the earliest to reach a temperature under which life is possible."

In the chapters on the Origin of Life-forms and on the Origin of Species, the cell-theory and other somewhat abstruse doctrines are explained with welcome clearness, while in a subsequent chapter the proofs of the derivation of species are marshalled with convincing force. In these chapters the theories connected with the name of Darwin, and the data on which these theories are based, are brought within the comprehension of any one of average intelligence, so that ignorance of what "Darwinism" and "Spencerism" are is henceforth inexcusable; and it is wonderful how common such ignorance is, and how widely accepted are the grossest misrepresentations of what is meant by "natural selection" and the "survival of the fittest."

The chapter of greatest interest to the general reader will no doubt be that on Social Evolution. Here problems have to be faced which bring the hard-and-fast evolutionist, who has a firm belief in the beneficial results of Nature's unfeeling methods, to a standstill. Mr. Clodd's explanation of the evolution of mind is a natural outcome of what has gone before. It is when he comes to deal with the evolution of society that we are introduced to problems which seem at first sight to require the help of extra-scientific factors for their solution. If Nature's method of the suppression of the unadaptable, the unfit, the weak, is the method which makes for progressive evolution—shall we say for "righteousness"?—then what about the outcome of the most advanced stages of evolution? What about our hospitals, our insane asylums, our doctoring and coddling of our weak progeny, our efforts to raise the unsuccessful and the wretched, Nature's castaways, who, if she had her way, would be allowed to go to the wall? On the other hand, are we ourselves not part of Nature's material, and is not the entire conduct of life of higher humanity in accordance with her promptings? It may be; but at the same time there seems here to be a wide opening for those who maintain that there is an element to be taken into account undreamed of in evolutionary philosophy. If we were to take pattern from Nature's method of work, the method followed by Spartan selectionists long ago, how large a proportion of our progeny would "not be reared," including our Newtons, our Popes, and our geniuses generally; for is not genius after all an abnormal or morbid development, which would become impossible in a perfectly sane or healthy race? These and similar questions are suggested by Mr. Clodd's thoughtful treatment of the problems of social evolution. The fact is, as he points out, we may follow Nature's methods and yet retain our humanity; there is no reason why we should not allow those feelings which are among the noblest outcomes of evolution to have free play; yet all the more, on this very ground, it seems to be our duty to take measures to prevent the transmission of [illegible]. With all our precautions many succumb in the struggle for existence. "It is computed that more than seven hundred millions of human

beings are every century pounded back to nothingness without knowing that they ever lived, to which have to be added the vast number that die in early childhood, and the wholesale destruction of communities by wars, pestilences, famines, and catastrophes." If Mr. Clodd means by the seven hundred millions per century that "are pounded back into nothingness" the still-born, surely he takes an exaggerated estimate; seven million still-born children per annum is a percentage surely far in excess of reality. Mr. Clodd goes on through successive sections on the evolution of society, the evolution of language, the useful arts and sciences, evolution of morals, and evolution of theology, to illustrate the action of the great principle in the highest stages attained by Nature's noblest product, on earth at least. To any one wishing to have a succinct and intelligible, as well as attractively written statement of the doctrine of evolution and the results of its application to the universe, we commend Mr. Clodd's book without hesitation.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE death of M. Charles Monselet removes from the ranks of French men of letters a writer of the most amiable talent and personality and of great literary taste, though not perhaps of any very strong or original genius. Born sixty-six years ago, M. Monselet belonged to the same generation exactly as Baudelaire and as M. de Banville, and was, if we are not mistaken, a friend of both. Indeed, though he was not much known by his own writings in England, every one who has read a little miscellaneous French must remember friendly references to him by other writers. He was a poet and a dramatist in his way, as well as a tolerably fertile poetical and dramatic critic; and he also wrote novels, no one of which can exactly be said to have "made fortune." But his true department was miscellany writing, especially in ways a little out of the common run. He more than any one else directed, now more than thirty years ago, attention to the curious, and for some half-century quite neglected, work of Restif de la Bretonne, and in his subsequent *Oubliés et Dédaignés* he practically founded that fancy for the eighteenth century out of which the brothers Goncourt and others made more reputation than he did, but which no one cultivated with greater taste and absence of charlatanry. He was also quite the best gastronomical writer recently living, and, though no single original work of his is very likely to live, he will always hold a place in the memory of literary students.

There have been many books by foreigners on English education, and they have not, as a rule, been flattering, precisely because they have almost always looked at the thing from a pedagogic instead of an educating point of view. M. de Coubertin's volume on English Public Schools and Universities (1) takes quite the opposite line, and the author, though he protests that he is no "anglomane," blesses us altogether, or very nearly so. This is because he regards education as a thing for training men, not making machines. In his pleasant accounts of Oxford, Cambridge, Eton, Harrow, Westminster, &c., it would, no doubt, be possible for experts in each case to trace a few trifling errors; but, on the whole, the picture is as accurate as it is flattering, and might make our modern pedagogues pause in their anxiety to destroy exactly the characteristics which M. de Coubertin admires. The one thing that he professes himself unable to understand is not a little amusing. He offers "10 schellings à qui expliquera pour quel motif les étudiants de Cambridge piquent une tête dans une urne argentée entourée d'une serviette blanche." We will trouble him for that half-sovereign. The magic explanation is TRING. Yes; but he retorts, "S'ils boivent, pourquoi boire si lentement?" Why marry thus. If you try to drink quickly out of a large cup, you will, as M. de Coubertin will find if he experiments, pretty certainly send the liquid in a wave over your chin, neck, and shoulders. But is it really possible that they have no cups in France? Now we come to think of it, we never saw one there.

The writer who calls himself "Joseph d'Arçay" (2), and who has already published certain rather vulturine reminiscences, now devotes a book to M. Thiers, of whom he was, it seems, a kind of connexion by marriage. If anybody wants a little very small scandal (such as that Thiers's birth and his parents' marriage were chronologically related much in the same way as similar events were in the case of Susannah Shakspeare, that he did not give his own mother as large an allowance as he ought, that his mother-in-law was a "petite bourgeoise parvenue," and so forth), he can read this book. For our part we should say that such tittle-tattle throws no new light on Thiers's well-known faults and weaknesses, and certainly does not in the least obscure his great qualities.

It is a pity that M. de Bonnières, who has no small ability, should let himself be carried away by the detestable habits of "Society journalism" (3). To describe Baudelaire as "an Englishman born at Marseilles" is altogether luminous and happy. To say that Mlle. Clémence Royer dresses badly and smokes, or that M. Léon Say is fat and has dropping cheeks, appears to us—vulgar. M. de Bonnières is fairly often in the better vein; unluckily he is sometimes in the worse.

The Essays and Fantasies of "Arvède Barine" (4) are varied, well written, and not without originality. Not a few of their subjects are English, and rather out-of-the-way English, too; for we certainly should not have expected a paper on *Mark Rutherford* in a French book.

M. Emile Blavet's reprinted *chroniques* are now well known, and are undoubtedly good of their kind. Some interesting things will be found in the present volume, notably an account of "Marcellin," the famous founder of the *Vie parisienne* itself (5); but we should like it better if it had not on its cover a mâle and a female Parisian grinning horribly.

Even Frenchmen, who have comparatively few books of travel, must, we should think, be getting tired of books on the United States. M. Moreau's (6) has no very distinct features, except that it is rather ill-tempered.

Dr. Lagrange's book (7) on the Physiology of Exercise is exceedingly careful and good; especially the part dealing with *courbature*—a thing for which, oddly enough, the most athletic country in the world has no complete single name.

A reprint of the late M. Albert Duruy's (8) articles on the French army at the date of the Revolution is made more interesting by a very well written life of the author from the pen of his brother George.

(1) *Education en Angleterre.* Par P. de Coubertin. Paris: Hachette.
(2) *Notes inédites sur M. Thiers.* Par Joseph d'Arçay. Paris: Ollendorff.
(3) *Mémoires d'aujourd'hui.* Par Robert de Bonnières. Paris: Ollendorff.
(4) *Essais et fantaisies.* Par Arvède Barine. Paris: Hachette.
(5) *La vie parisienne, 1887.* Par "Parisis." Paris: Paul Ollendorff.
(6) *Aux Etats-Unis.* Par F. F. Moreau. Paris: Plon.
(7) *Physiologie des exercices du corps.* Par F. Lagrange. Paris: Alcan.
(8) *L'armée royale en 1789.* Par A. Duruy. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

WHEN the world is of one mind as to what is meant by evolution, and what is implied by the vague phrase religious thought, it will be possible to pronounce definitely on the argument and conclusions of Professor Joseph Le Conte's *Evolution and its Relation to Religious Thought* (Chapman & Hall). As it is, there is much likelihood of the author's interpretation of evolution and its relation to religion being assailed on both sides. Briefly put, Mr. Le Conte's book is an attempt to show that the teachings of evolution are generally misconceived. Evolution does not "destroy the possibility of all religious belief by demonstrating a pure materialism." There are many excellent people who fondly yearn for the reconciliation of science and religion, and find it soothing sweet to follow Professor Henry Drummond. They will sympathize with Mr. Le Conte's aims, and possibly derive consolation from his book. For our part, we confess to remaining as unmoved as a Puritan who had witnessed some courtly pageant of Pleasure reconciled to Virtue. Two parts of Mr. Le Conte's book are devoted to an exposition of evolution, its laws and evidences. A third division unfolds the author's views on the tendencies of evolution and its relation to religion. Of the first portion, the scientific demonstration, it is unnecessary to say more than that Mr. Le Conte is an ardent evolutionist, and his statement is clearly put and of fair exactitude. At page 19 we have a diagram that gives a rough representation, by curving lines, of the evolutionary scale in the geological periods. As each organic class becomes dominant in the various periods the point of culmination rises successively higher, in Molluscs, Fishes, Reptiles, and so forth, and proportionately declines. Man alone does not so decline, but crowns the scale still ascendent. Now, the good evolutionist may well marvel why man is not subject to the law that governs all other organisms, seeing that he is derived through them. Moreover, Mr. Le Conte declares (p. 294) that the spirit of man was "developed out of the *anima* or conscious principle of animals." He refrains from formulating the next evolutionary phase or pointing out the inevitable successor to man. He does not dot out man's declination and his successor's line of ascent, because "certain it is that with man there begins an entirely new form of evolution," and "certain it is that with man evolution is transferred from the organic to the social plane, from the material to the psychical." By this arbitrary process the obvious difficulty we have indicated is evaded. Nor does Mr. Le Conte's subsequent excursion into the field of ethics reconcile us to his strange abandonment of the position. For this, it seems to us, is what his abrupt transition from the scientific standpoint amounts to. And here we may leave him with the evolutionists. He himself suggests an excellent reason why the religious person should not be greatly perturbed by the supposed conflict of religion and evolution. After declaring that the whole inductive basis upon which the modern theory of evolution has arisen was laid by Agassiz, he commends that eminent geologist for rejecting evolution because he considered it antagonistic to more certain truth—*e.g.* "the existence of God." "There is something to us supremely grand in this refusal of Agassiz to accept the theory of evolution" (p. 45). Now if Agassiz was justified in refusing to build on the foundation he had laid, the religious person, of whatsoever creed, is justified in rejecting the so-called evidences of evolution. If it was admirable in Agassiz by so doing to refuse the position of "leader of modern thought," it is admirable conduct also in any Christian of scientific proclivities to resist the temptation of posing as a terrible evolutionist in his little circle. But, says Mr. Le Conte, Agassiz made a mistake in thinking evolution led to materialism (p. 45); and if he had been a greater man he would have risen superior to

the "universal mistake of his age." But in that event Mr. Le Conte would not have written the present volume.

Every one knows the value of a good memory, though many there be who know not how to preserve it. Twenty-two rules, framed to this desirable end, are given in the second and practical portion of Mr. F. W. Edridge-Green's *Memory: its Logical Relations and Cultivation* (Baillière, Tindall, & Cox). They are somewhat hard to master, but will repay study if the illustrative matter appended be carefully followed.

Sacred Song (Walter Scott) is a comely volume of selections from poets, past and present, edited by Mr. Samuel Waddington. The term "religious verse" in the title-page fairly accords with the nature of the anthology. The selection is wide in range, and representative of every description of poetry that may be justly said to possess the lyrical quality of inspiration. There is also a goodly proportion of poetry that is neither devotional nor hymnal, that is rather of a philosophic or meditative cast. Perhaps it scarcely accords with the editor's ruling, which excludes merely popular hymns, to present so slight a gathering from Crashaw, Vaughan, and Herbert; poets little read, it is true, but of the first rank in sacred song.

The two volumes of *A History of Scotland, chiefly in its Ecclesiastical Aspect* (London and Edinburgh: Grant), by M. G. J. Kinloch, are rather readable than valuable. The author writes like a lady and a good Catholic; she has consulted great numbers of authorities, and made great quantities of quotations; she is a devout believer in Mary Stuart, Sir William Wallace, Robert Bruce, and other uncovenanting heroes; and she covers the years between the introduction of Christianity and the death of James VI. in capital style and at a far better pace than might have been expected. But her capacity is scarce equal to her good will. She has not the historical mind; her grasp of facts is loose and hesitating; of those great streams of tendencies which mould the destiny and shape the character of a nation she does not appear to so much as suspect the existence, she is altogether addicted to the substitution of details for results and the sentimental treatment of heroic individuals. This being the case, it will be seen that those who take up her *History* will learn little from it of the growth and development of either Scotland or the Church. They will find, however, plenty of amusing reading, a vast amount of curious quotation, and—though the English is sometimes inexact and not often really expressive—not a little easy and pleasant narrative.

In Pursuit of a Shadow (Trubner & Co.) is the lively record of "A Lady Astronomer"; a diary full of keen observation and animated comment, descriptive of a voyage from Hull by way of Christiania, Stockholm, St. Petersburg, and Moscow to Kineshma, in the heart of Russia. The traveller's intent was to spy the solar eclipse of last August. The result was disappointing. There was a fleeting glimpse, a mere peep, at the coronal light, and that was all. Not a shadow of this grief, however, falls on the bright pages of this little book. It is full of pleasant things, pleasantly recorded.

Mr. Herschau Liscomb is one of the right sort of sportsmen who would preserve, not exterminate, big game. With this object, and also as a guide to Anglo-Indians, he has compiled a capital little book entitled *Astór, Kashmir Territory* (Mussoorie: Mafisilite Printing Works). Mr. Liscomb's "Journal of Sport and Travel" ought to satisfy the most inveterate hunter that Astór, the land of the Dards, is the true sportsman's paradise. Even the bear cuts something of a figure in this spirited account of adventure and big bags, of thrilling tracks after the ibex and the markhor. The envious shooter may find his way to Mr. Liscomb's paradise without difficulty with the help of this handbook and its map. When there let his motto be sport, not slaughter.

Martin Revel, by Edith Hill (Wyman & Sons), is a rather colourless story about an unfortunate young man whose knowledge of the world is extremely limited, and whose temper is truculent. He is very properly punished for want of tact and heat of temper. And that is all that the reader desires. *Mavis*, by M. Bramston (S.P.C.K.), seems to have been written to illustrate the evil of the *mariage de convenance*. It is not particularly impressive.

Among our new editions we have Mr. Hall Caine's *The Deemster* (Chatto & Windus); *The Wizard's Son*, by Mrs. Oliphant (Macmillan & Co.); a third revised edition of Dr. John Macpherson's valuable descriptive handbook, *The Baths and Wells of Europe* (Stanford), and Mr. Charles Lunn's *The Philosophy of Voice*, sixth edition (Baillière, Tindall, & Cox).

We have also received Wordsworth's *Prelude*, annotated by Professor A. J. George (Boston: Heath); *Geology for All*, by J. Logan Lobley, F.G.S. (Roper & Drowley); *Lesson Pegs* (Relfe Brothers); *Seaside and Wayside*, by Julia M'Nair Wright, "Native Readers" series (Whittaker); *The Mysore Gold Mine*, by "A Permanent Shareholder" (Effingham Wilson), and an *Illustrated Guide to Geneva* ("Tribune de Genève" office).

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We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,701, Vol. 65. June 2, 1888. [Registered for Transmission abroad.] Price 6*d*.

GERMANY AND FRANCE.

THE reasons, or at least the symptoms, of the uneasiness which, after a temporary lull, has been again exhibited during the last week as to the prospects of European war are three. There is the tightening of the frontier regulations between Alsace-Lorraine and France; there is the TISZA speech; and there is, according to M. DE BLOWITZ, a terrible gun, the best in the world, which has powder that "neither explodes nor smokes," but which "shoots its "bullet with perfect directness several thousand metres." The gunpowder which neither explodes nor smokes is due to the great LEBEL; the gun which has abolished trajectories altogether is the invention of the great TRAMOND. TRAMOND and LEBEL between them have placed France, or rather replaced her, in her natural position at the head of the universe. Germans and Austrians know it. Money must be had to get something to cope with the fearful wildfowl of TRAMOND-LEBEL. Scares must be had in order to get money. Hence, according to the most amusing, if not the most serious, representative of combined politics and journalism, the present disturbance. Persons who, unlike M. DE BLOWITZ, do not exactly see how powder can propel a bullet without, at least in one sense, exploding may be less confident of this simple explanation. Undoubtedly the modern competition of improved armaments has sometimes seemed likely to become something like a mania, or at least like an endless game of brag, in which the players never show their hands at all. But, in fact, there always comes a point when they do show; and then armaments, though an important, are a subordinate, matter. It was not the needle-gun, but what was behind it, that conquered in 1866; and it was not the mitrailleuse, but what was against it, that conquered in 1870.

The French irritation as to the Hungarian Premier's speech is not likely to be lasting, but has no doubt for the time a good deal of reality in it, more perhaps than seems to be quite understood by all newspaper correspondents. For some years past there has been a kind of flirtation between a certain section of Frenchmen and a certain section of Hungarians, the most curious symptom of which was a quaint pilgrimage of *gens de lettres*, not perhaps quite vanished from the memory of newspaper readers. Mme. ADAM and other persons then convinced themselves that Hungarians hated Germans desperately, loved France very much, and were themselves as near being Frenchmen's equals as the arrangements of immutable destiny make it possible for any people to be. To have all this pleasant dream disturbed by a polite but decided intimation from a Hungarian Premier, and a popular Hungarian Premier too, that Hungarians had better have nothing to do with a certain French ceremony is of course painful, if only for the moment. It is painful, not merely to those Frenchmen who are decided devotees of the Revolution legend, but even to others who, with an amiable, if not very logical, patriotism, try to pride themselves equally on JOAN of Arc and the Septembriseurs, on Saint LOUIS and SAINT-JUST. No harm is likely to come of this, and it is just possible that some good may come of the reminder from two persons and two places so different as Lord SALISBURY and M. TISZA, London and Buda-Pesth, that the Revolution legend is a legend, and nothing more. Neither of these distinguished politicians, no doubt, intended to give a political lecture, or gave one; and the polite explanations of Count KALNOKY and M. TISZA himself were a matter of course. But indirectly, and owing to the clumsy sensitiveness of the other side, they have called attention to facts known to every historical student except a few confirmed crotcheteers. These facts are, first, that the so-called blessings of the French Revolution are in some cases mythical, in others had nothing to do with the Revolution, and in all might have been attained in infinitely better ways; secondly, that the chief certain result of the Revolution itself was the sterilizing, with no hope as yet of recovery, of French political capacity for a full century. That such reminders should at once extinguish the cult of '89 in France is not to be expected; but it is a good sign that some French protests have been apologetic, and that a distinction has been attempted to be drawn between the *Conquête Jacobine* of the later and the bastard constitutionalism of the earlier revolutionary time. This we say is good; for when men begin to argue in this way they may come before long to ask themselves whether the state of things represented by the butchery of September is much less happy in its representative than that distinguished by the mobbing to death of the helpless Invalides of LAUNAY.

Enough of this, however; it can be taken up again when the models of the *Lanterne*, which are doubtless being prepared, come to actual exhibition. The German frontier matter is, if not more interesting, somewhat more serious. For the new regulations amount not merely to a distinctly unfriendly act, but to something like a confession of weakness, in that respect following a similar confession, the awkwardness of which was noted here at the time of the Emperor FREDERICK's accession proclamation. Semi-official newspapers in Germany have been instructed or permitted to admit that "the feeling of the French population in the "provinces continues to mark the extreme point of national "hatred towards Germany." That is not the kind of statement likely to discourage or lessen the feeling which has made such an impression on the persons it was intended to impress. The new passport arrangements make sojourning in, or even passing through, Alsace-Lorraine nearly as troublesome as sojourning in Austrian Italy during the most annoying days of the METTERNICH régime; and they have led to the dislocation of the most important through train services in France. They are described by the German intelligencer as "only one of the internationally justified "means which we apply in order to promote the historical "process of the re-Germanization of those German countries, "and their deliverance from their connexion with France." Alas! so many people in the past have endeavoured to "promote historical processes" only to find that historical processes promote themselves quite independently of interference. And re-Germanization, too!—we do not like that "re." Restorations are proverbially unlucky; the wise man who cannot afford silver never has his spoons re-plated; and there are at least two opinions about the value and durability of re-covered umbrellas. In historical processes of evolution, as in others, you may get some better, or worse, future; but you will not get back the past.

The wisdom, however, of the German excuses, or even of the German proceedings, is less a matter of interest than their probable results. These results, if not for the moment very important, can hardly be other than an increase of temperature in the present quite sufficiently hot ill-feeling between the two countries. Such a measure as is proposed secures, by the very endeavour to prevent it, the continuance of Alsatian-Lotharingian hankerings after France. The political condition and the state generally of France are not at this moment so prosperous that a man should, out of free will, desire to become a Frenchman, even for the inestimable privilege of wielding a TRAMOND-LEBEL rifle, which smokes not neither explodes, but sends its bullets perfectly direct. But forbid him to become a Frenchman, take precautions which show that you are desperately afraid of his becoming a Frenchman, and of course he will instantly burn to be one. On the other hand,

reprisals, not official, but unofficial, in France are not a little to be feared. Uncompromising devotees of the Republic assert that Germans in France have never been and are never molested. We can only say that this assertion is in direct contradiction to the evidence of well-informed and impartial observers on the spot, and that the present state of things is certainly not likely to act as a sedative to the French *voyou*, who, if not the most dauntless, is certainly the most brutal, and probably the most excitable, variety of rough known. And it is further to be remembered that since England began to construe magnanimity in the new fashion there is not a country in the world which insists on the *civis romanus* doctrine to the same extent as Germany. All the coolest critics of the state of European uneasiness which has now existed so long have agreed that, though the great causes of dissension may continue harmless, some popular outbreak may at any moment kindle a blaze extinguishable only by war. The more irritation there is between France and Germany, the more danger there is of such a blaze, which will hardly be quenched by pride in the Tramond-Lebel rifle on the one hand, or by fear of it on the other.

PRIVILEGE FOR LIBELLERS.

THE letters to the *Times* of Mr. Justice STEPHEN, Mr. WHORLOW, and a verbose person signing himself "An "English Barrister," come opportunely to remind the House of Commons and the country of what the former is being asked to do, and has to a great extent done, with an amount of complaisance only to be explained on the ground of inexcusable negligence. The modest proposal which the House of Commons has sanctioned in principle to the extent of going into Committee without a word of discussion upon the Bill designed to effect it is, in three words, that newspapers should have an absolute right to report verbatim anything which anybody chooses to say at any public meeting. There are other equally audacious proposals in the Bill, but this is the one upon which the controversy principally turns, and about which Mr. WHORLOW, his patrons, and their instigators, are probably most in earnest. On this point it will be almost enough to state the substance of the proposed change in the law, the objections to it pointed out by Mr. Justice STEPHEN, and the replies made to his objections.

The present law is that a report of what was said at a public meeting, lawfully convened for a lawful purpose, is privileged, if it is fair and accurate, and if its publication was for the public benefit. It is proposed to substitute for this a provision that any report shall be privileged if it is a fair and accurate report of what was said at a public meeting, whether or not such meeting was lawfully convened, or for a lawful purpose, and whether the publication of the passage complained of was or was not for the public benefit. The use which may be made of this is obvious. Any reporter carrying his pencil and note-book into the park on Sunday might easily collect in an hour a column or two of hideous slanders against individual members of the aristocracy and the public generally. These slanders in themselves do not do the least harm to their victims, because neither they nor any one to whose good opinion they are sensitive ever hear of them. If they did harm, a great part of them—such as baseless accusations of immorality which is not criminal—would not be actionable, because of having only been spoken and not written, and because such slanders are not recognized as wrongful by the law in the absence of special damage. Under the existing statute any mischief occurring from their publication in the press is remediable at the expense of the person who caused it—the editor with an appetite for scandal. Under the proposed law that remedy would be taken away. The report would be fair and accurate, and the meetings are as public as anything can be. The reporter would earn enough to make his afternoon profitable, and the report would be privileged. It would be impossible to prove malice, because the editor would publish the report not necessarily in order to injure the persons libelled, but primarily in order to satisfy the low curiosity of his readers and fill his own and his proprietor's pockets. The victims would, therefore, have no redress whatever, and the man who had profited by doing them a horrible injury would go on his way rejoicing. Some discussion has been raised as to what is a public meeting. There is no difficulty about it at all. A meeting is where two persons or any larger number come together. If that meeting takes place so that any person who likes can join it, it is public. If a slanderer meets a reporter in the middle of Hyde Park and addresses him in a fairly loud voice, there is a public meeting. It is proposed to enable newspapers to report with impunity—so long as the report is fair and accurate—any slander he may, under those circumstances, choose to utter.

It is not necessary to dwell at length upon the objections to such an alteration of the law. It is, however, instructive to observe the replies to them offered by the "Honorary "Secretary to the Libel Law Reform Committee" and the "English Barrister." The former contends, in the first place, that a pothouse gathering of irresponsible slanderers is obviously not "a public meeting." This is nonsense. It is obviously a meeting, because the people meet, and is obviously public if any passer-by is free to come in. If the promoters of the Bill had intended to privilege reports only of election meetings, town meetings to consider social or political questions, or the like, it would have been perfectly easy to define the sort of public meeting to reports of the proceedings of which privilege was intended to be given. They could have inserted provisions that so many people must be present, that such and such notice must have been given of the intention to hold the meeting, and so forth. But they did nothing of the kind. They used the widest words they could in order to make the privilege as wide as possible. But the main argument, used alike by Mr. WHORLOW and the "English Barrister," is that editors of newspapers would not be so wicked as to publish anything which was not for the public benefit, and that therefore they ought to be set free to do so. "Why "assume, too," he asks in the tone of injured innocence, "that the Press of this country is simply waiting for a "loosening of the reins to rush headlong into a wholesale "and objectless dissemination of scandalous libels"? If the word "objectless" is struck out of this question, on the ground that the dissemination of sufficiently scandalous libels is always profitable and therefore never objectless, the answer to it is plain enough. Because "the Press of this "country" includes newspapers of widely different sorts. There is the *Morning Post*, which belongs to the introducer of Mr. WHORLOW'S Bill, and which no one suspects of being especially scandalous. There was also—we select a defunct example in order to avoid offence—a newspaper called the *Bat*. Its editor, having suffered one term of imprisonment for a gross libel on a private person, is now enjoying a Continental sojourn, which enables him to avoid service of a warrant issued against him for another gross libel on another private person. It is perfectly notorious that there are newspapers, the dissemination by which of scandalous libels is checked—so far as it is checked—simply and solely by the provisions of the law. Let any one who thinks those provisions of no avail read one number of any ordinary newspaper published in the United States, where the law of libel is practically a dead letter, and judge for himself whether Mr. Justice STEPHEN'S forebodings of the degeneration of the press into a "purveyor of scandalous gossip" are not amply justified. Mr. WHORLOW is in this dilemma. Either nobody wants to publish libels consisting of reports of slanders uttered at public meetings, in which case his Bill is superfluous, or somebody does, in which case it is pernicious. Nobody who gives careful attention to the Bill itself need remain in doubt as to which branch of the alternative is true.

The "English Barrister" further insists at enormous length that the original law of libel was the same as that of slander, and that the remedy for libel is founded on malice, and not on the damage to the plaintiff, who ought therefore always to be obliged to prove malice affirmatively. As to the first of these contentions, it is enough to say that, by his own admission, libel has been distinguished from slander ever since the accession of CHARLES II., and that he does not propose a reversion to what he chooses to consider the earlier practice. As to the second, he is simply wrong, as he might have discovered by reading a judgment of Sir JAMES MANSFIELD in the old case of THORLEY *v.* Lord KERRY, upon which alone he relies for his first proposition.

Another thoroughly objectionable clause in the Bill is that which gives absolute privilege to every report of everything said and done in courts of justice. Mr. Justice STEPHEN points out the absurdity of enacting such a provision at the very moment when Parliament in its wisdom is seeking for means to curtail the liberty now enjoyed by newspapers in the reporting of matters which used to be considered "unfit "for publication." Mr. WHORLOW replies that his Bill can

very well be amended or qualified by a "few words" to the effect that the "absolute privilege" is not to be an absolute privilege. It is difficult to discuss patiently the proceedings of people who draft proposed Acts of Parliament in this happy-go-lucky style. In a similar spirit has Mr. WHORLOW's draftsman conceived the splendidly audacious clause requiring every plaintiff who happens to be a poor man to give security for costs unless he can affirmatively satisfy a judge in chambers that he ought to be allowed to go on without. Why in cases of libel more than in any others? There is ten times as much extortion practised on railway, tramway, and omnibus Companies by plaintiffs who cannot pay if they lose, and with whom it is, therefore, often the best policy to make terms, as there is on owners of newspapers. No doubt railway Companies who break their customers' bones would be delighted to stop them from suing unless they can give security for costs. Why not they, just as much as other defendants? Will any member of Parliament kindly make the proposal, and see what Sir ALGERNON BORTHWICK, and the other respectable members who have backed Sir ALGERNON's Bill, will say to it? Almost every line of the Bill provokes destructive criticism, but the question of reports of public meetings is the most important. There is reason to believe that the proposed alteration of the law in this particular originated in a manner not universally understood, and that if it were carried out we should see results which the ostensible promoters of it do not expect and—to do them justice—would by no means appreciate. But it must not be allowed to pass in its present form, or anything nearly resembling it.

OUR NAVAL POSITION.

ANY ONE who wishes to see in a convenient form the exact difference between the persons whom we propose to continue to call the critic and the chronic alarmist can hardly do better than compare Admiral HORNBY's speech on the "Defence of Merchant Ships in Case of War" with well nigh anything (except the very similar address of Admiral COLOMB) recently said by naval officers on the condition of the navy. These gentlemen are naturally vehement, as their predecessors in the last century were naturally censorious according to RODNEY. When they speak about the navy it is with great zeal and manifestly honest conviction, but unfortunately also with a looseness of assertion and a lavish employment of generalities which make their comments as barren as the north wind. They are amply kept in countenance by other gentlemen on shore. *Pace* the *St. James's Gazette*, there are many dismal pictures drawn of the defenceless state of the country, and much wild talk goes on about it. There is folly in being scared because some of HER MAJESTY's ships are "obsolete," if only on the ground that some vessels of foreign Powers are in the identical position. It is silly to talk of 25- and 35-ton Woolwich guns in words which would be an accurate description of an 18-pounder carronade; and it is done. Worse than talk of this kind—which, after all, deals with matters of detail—is the nervous craven spirit shown in so much of the "chronic alarmist" writing and talking. Not one, but a round score, gentlemen on that side seem habitually to take it for granted that the enemy will be our superior in sense and courage; that he will be everywhere at once, and will always succeed; that the disabilities which weigh on us will not weigh on him; and, worst of all, that the people of this country are so sunk in spirit as to be unable to bear the strain of a disaster. It is right to prepare against such a misfortune, unquestionably; but it is equally right to take it for granted that, if it did happen, it would be borne manfully. At least, that is not the worst way of preparing to behave properly at a crisis; it is certainly better than doing your best to establish a funk before the bowling has even begun. We seem to have seen in contemporary evening prints doleful pictures of the English people going mad at the first blow. If that is to happen, the game is up. We are doomed to defeat, even though Great Britain were suddenly to acquire the powers of the island of Laputa. No wealth of weapons is in the long run of any avail to cowards and fools. Unhappily it is true that panics have been needed to stimulate our War Office and Admiralty, but it is not the whole truth. To complete the statement, it is necessary to add that they have been followed by reactions of disgust and fatigue, which have done more than proportionate mischief. Much of the neglect of the navy was undoubtedly due to the reaction against the absurd panic set going by Sir E. REED when the Russians launched the boasted *Peter the Great*—now a floating workshop and avowed failure. After that "sell" people would not listen to any more about the subject.

Admiral HORNBY's contribution to the general discussion is wholly free from the usual vague generalities. It is a thoroughly business-like attempt to settle a practical question. Given that we were at war with the next strongest navy in Europe, how many cruisers would be needed to protect our commerce, and where ought they to be stationed? This is the problem which Admiral HORNBY undertook to consider. His examination is almost equally valuable whether we accept his figures or not. Sir GEOFFREY would not himself assert that they are final. He knows, and took care to point out, that the introduction of steam has so greatly altered the conditions of war as to make it somewhat unsafe to argue exclusively from old experience. We can only discuss probabilities. But the Admiral has done excellent service by setting the example of leaving general declamation aside, and we trust his example will be followed by other officers. After some reasonable amount of discussion we may then attain to as accurate a knowledge of our needs as it is possible to possess without actual experience of war. There is one part of his speech which might well serve as a text for any competent writer who wished to contribute to the public instruction. It is the passage in which the Admiral comments briefly on the effect the use of steam is likely to have on naval warfare. As he showed, its influence will certainly be to shorten cruises and localize war. The Admiral takes, among others, the question of the protection of our trade on the line, or in the South Atlantic, against an enemy starting from Goree. He points out how the absolute necessity of renewing their coal will compel our cruisers to return at brief intervals to port; and, therefore, we shall be compelled to keep three vessels with their headquarters at Sierra Leone, in order that two may always be on a given cruising ground. This is only one example of what will be taking place all over the world, and must be allowed for in estimating the number of cruisers we may need. In future no admiral or captain will dare to go further from a safe port than his coal will take him back. Admiral HORNBY, who was dealing with one question only, and in a somewhat confined space, could do no more than touch on the question of the influence of the need of coal, and it will stand longer treatment. We see no reason why it should be an unpleasant subject for Englishmen. If need of fuel will tie down our cruisers, it will have exactly the same effect on the enemy. He also will have to return to port for coal, and, as he has fewer ports and they are more scattered, he will have the further to go and be the less able to keep the sea. No future BAILLI DE SUFFREN will be able to run down to Acheen before the monsoon, and lie hid for months in a quiet bay, collecting wood and water till the weather allows him to come to sea again. He will have to take care to make for a place where there is coal. We have more ports and more coal than anybody, and therefore hold the best hand of trumps in the game, according to the new rules. The necessity of keeping to his point probably accounts for the Admiral's omission to deal with what seems to us by far the best method of protecting our commerce in distant seas—by the capture, namely, of the enemy's ports. It would surely be better in every way, easier, cheaper, and safer, to go and take Goree at once than to keep cruisers painfully patrolling in front of it. Here, again, is an opportunity for the naval essayist. Might he not show how the best possible use to be made of the armed merchant ships would be to fit them as transports, fill them with soldiers, and employ them as flying columns to co-operate with war ships in clearing out the hornets' nests? All the experience of the old war is in favour of this view. In spite of our unquestionable superiority at sea, it was found impossible to prevent privateers and cruisers from annoying our trade in the Indian Ocean until a series of combined expeditions had mastered the Dutch and French islands. Perhaps as good a way as another of keeping hostile cruisers quiet would be to begin the war by a thorough sweep out of their hiding-places, after the fashion of the vigorous cruise of Sir R. HOLMES against the Dutch on behalf of the Guinea Company. This resource would not be quite so available on the enemy's own coast; and in the Channel, no doubt, we shall always be compelled to rely on the blockading fleets and cruisers as of old—with an occasional interlude in way of attack on a port. Cherbourg lies very handy for the purpose.

It is unquestionably true that our power to take these or any other measures to defend our commerce depends on the number of our ships and guns. Whether we have enough of either is not such an easy thing to settle, for it depends on the strength of the enemy. The work the navy has to do is to defend our commerce, and must needs be greater or less according to the numbers of the assailants. If we require, as Admiral HORNBY thinks, 185 cruisers, all of over 16 knots speed, it must be because the enemy has vessels enough of the same speed to cruise on all our five-and-twenty stations at once, and supply reliefs to his cruisers. Is there any such enemy? If not, what smaller number will do? Perhaps by carefully working on the same lines as Admiral HORNBY we may arrive at some conclusion. For the present nothing seems to be proved except that we could certainly find employment for more—even many more—swift cruisers than we possess. Much has been done within the last three years to add to the strength of the navy; but it has not been so strengthened as to be manifestly equal to all calls. Even as regards the guns it ought not to be forgotten that 238 were delivered in 1887; some of them had to be strengthened, it is true, but the work is being steadily done, and before the end of the year several of the new heavy guns will be delivered. After all Germany also is re-arming and will find it a long job. Lord GEORGE HAMILTON was perfectly justified in making the most of the energy recently shown in construction. Much has been done, and he has shown a very real desire to put the navy on a proper footing. Still the obvious sincerity of his administration only makes it the less easy to understand why he does not either give his reason for thinking that enough is being done, or else come forward and ask for the means to do more.

ROSS NEIL.

MISS HARWOOD, who has just died somewhat suddenly, did not long survive her father, Mr. PHILIP HARWOOD, late editor of the *Saturday Review*, whose career and characteristics were discussed in these columns on the occasion of his decease in December last. His accomplished daughter was known to the world of readers—beyond literary and artistic circles—as ROSS NEIL, the author of poetical dramas that are rightly held in high esteem by the judicious. To this disguise Miss HARWOOD continued faithful. All the volumes that comprise Miss HARWOOD's dramatic works, issued by Mr. ELLIS, by whom much poetry and good has visited an unworthy world, bear on their title-pages the name ROSS NEIL. The name is as familiar to the student of modern poetry and the contemporary stage as the dark slate-blue binding favoured by the Bond Street publishers. ROSS NEIL's first volume appeared in 1871, and was instantly accepted as the production of a poet—a poet, moreover, with a decided dramatic capacity. The book contained two plays founded on history, in the treatment of which the author's strong predilection for romance and the method of the romanticists was clearly divulged. In *Lady Jane Grey* the engaging freshness of ROSS NEIL's handling of a much-handled theme is notable indeed, and the same quality distinguishes the companion play, *Inez; or, the Bride of Portugal*. This last, under the title of *Loyal Love*, was produced only last August on the Gaiety stage, with Mrs. BROWN-POTTER, Mr. WILLARD, and Mr. KYRLE BELLEW in the cast. If the results were not altogether encouraging, it is only fair to recall the general disapproval of the acting version of the original play. In 1876 were published the charming fairy drama *Elfinella*—subsequently produced at the Princess's—and *Lord and Lady William Russell*. ROSS NEIL's second volume (1874) comprised three plays, among them the effective drama on the well-known legend of ROBERT, King of Sicily (*The King and the Angel*), a subject suggested to the author by a rather curious passage—curious, as criticism, we may say—in LEIGH HUNT's *Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla*. A fourth volume appeared in 1879, and a fifth—*Andrea the Painter, &c.*—in 1883.

No one who studies the whole sequence of these delightful plays can fail to be struck by the unfailing gift of pure and limpid fancy which was prominent in the author's poetic endowment. Nor is the imaginative faculty, though less frequently called upon, less distinguishable in scenes of tragedy. The blank verse of ROSS NEIL, facile and elegant for the most part, is peculiarly individual in the later plays. The lyrics are at times exquisitely bird-like in spontaneity, and now and again serve the dramatic purpose with a felicity that is magical in effect. We are the more sensible of the loss sustained by poetic literature through the author's death because it is her last volume which we regard as the highest and truest expression of her gifts, both as poet and dramatist. *Finis coronat opus* is a reflection that comes with a sense of tardy mitigation of loss. That playwrights in these days are seldom poets, and still more rarely literary artists, is a matter it were vain to deplore. In the best of all possible worlds managers might do well with *Claudia's Choice*, and a theatrical public purged of base yearnings for *spectacle* and farcical romping might rejoice in the exquisite fancy and refined humour of *Pandora*. Even now there are some few and sluggish signs of a turning tide. But the wise ask not for signs, nor is it meet occasion here to discuss vexed questions of the relations of literature and the stage. The divorce of poetry from the drama is an old and troublous matter; the divorce of both, when presented in rare conjunction, from the stage may move the regrets of some few; but it touches not fastidious managers. For all this, sharing the exile of the poetic drama of our day, the plays of ROSS NEIL will continue to appeal to a goodly audience, and not vainly.

CRICKET.

THAN Mr. BONNOR opening his shoulders no more noble spectacle is offered by Aryan man. Visitors to Lord's on Tuesday afternoon had this sight to console them for being nearly frozen. After playing Mr. SMITH and Mr. GRACE with discretion, Mr. BONNOR suddenly conceived a violent desire to hit every ball of Mr. RADCLIFFE out of the ground. He did not always succeed in doing more than reach the ropes; but the ball which flew over the flag on the left of the pavilion, and the other which alighted among the members, proved that Mr. BONNOR has not only an ideal—he can attain it. In some respects it was a pity that Mr. KEY, with the sun at his back, misjudged a lofty catch near the ropes. If he had held it, the chances are that the match would still not have been finished, for the bowling of the Gentlemen in the second innings was far from being formidable. But about a hundred of Mr. BONNOR's 119 would not have been made. He had other pieces of luck in the long fields, and may have owed them to the icy wind which froze the fielders' fingers. But he has often let off British batsmen at short-slip, and a good deal of consideration in this way was courteously repaid to him. His innings was a beautiful display of relentless hard hitting.

The match could not in itself be very interesting, as the Derby Day enforced a closure. What the judicious had prophesied weeks before came true; the Australian bowlers were mastered on a good wicket at Lord's. Yet the chief Australian bowlers, Mr. TURNER and Mr. FERRIS, got all the ten wickets in a score of 490. The score of the Gentlemen might probably have reached 700 if they had not been anxious to get the Australians in and to try to win the match. Probably, if the proposed new rule had been law, the English Eleven would have declared their innings over, with several wickets to fall. As it was, Mr. SMITH, Mr. BUCKLAND, Mr. ROLLER, and others of the later wickets had apparently orders to hit at almost every ball, and so bring the innings to a close. In pursuit of this policy Mr. SMITH made some very fine strokes on the off side. This recklessness offered the only chance of winning, and when the Australians got in for the second time they had to make 320 to save a defeat by a single innings. They had still 107 to make when time was called, and they had only lost one wicket, Mr. BONNOR's, while the defence of Mr. BANNERMAN and Mr. JONES appeared impregnable. Thus the Gentlemen can only be said to have secured a draw slightly in their favour, for we know what the Colonial bowlers can do when runs are to be kept down in the last innings. However, the affair was more auspicious than had been expected, especially when we remember that no man of the present University elevens was able to play at Lord's. Mr. NEWNHAM hardly justified his selection, and Mr. BOWDEN, who kept wicket very well, had no chance of scoring. The honours on the English side were, of course, with Mr. GRACE, whose 165 against such excellent bowling outshines his great score at Brighton. Mr. SHUTER also played excellently. Mr. READ was lucky in getting his 109, for Mr. BLACKHAM was hardly so quick and sure behind wickets as usual. As for the English bowling in the first innings, Mr. SMITH proved as successful as he sometimes did in earlier days for Cambridge. On the whole, the moral of the match is that wickets may be too good for any bowling

Yet only last week BURTON, a slow bowler, got rid of a Yorkshire team for forty-three runs at Lord's.

The flag of Surrey has been lowered at Leicester, but Surrey played, of course, without Mr. READ, Mr. KEY, Mr. SHUTER, and Mr. ROLLER. Oxford made a very poor exhibition against Lancashire, who, thanks to Mr. NAPIER and Mr. STEEL, had just managed to defeat the Australians. Mr. NAPIER, however, did not play against the University. Mr. NEPEAN proved much more useful with the bat than with the ball, and Mr. RASHLEIGH remains the most trustworthy Oxford batsman. Apparently, the Oxford bowling is very weak. Cambridge, on the other hand, find in Mr. FORD a most valuable ally to the freshman Mr. WOODS, and they have beaten Yorkshire by four wickets. The success would have been more important if Yorkshire had not just been defeated so easily by Middlesex. Still, the constant merit of Mr. WOODS and Mr. FORD is of good omen, and Mr. KEMP appears to have recovered his former skill, and to be again the batsman of 1886.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

IT seems that a meeting, probably of persons judiciously selected, has been held in St. James's Hall, for the purpose of affirming the expediency, and even the necessity, of Sir EDWARD WATKIN's Channel Tunnel. The resolutions to that effect which may have been passed derive their all importance from the approval of the scheme which has, not for the first time, been elicited by the promoters from Lord DERBY. Mr. GLADSTONE expressed the same opinion when the Chairman of the Tunnel Company lately opened a railway in North Wales which in his judgment was locally advantageous. Since that time Sir EDWARD WATKIN has at least agreed to waver in his political allegiance; and indeed he has proved his devotion to his leader by proposing that the Local Government Bill should be extended to Ireland. Mr. GLADSTONE's reasons for supporting his plan of the Tunnel are scarcely worth examining, because he would probably regard with indifference any danger which might be threatened by the proposed communication with the Continent. If Mr. GLADSTONE were suddenly to discover that a French protectorate of England would be unobjectionable, the indignation which he might provoke would scarcely be mingled with surprise. A few years ago he described the "silver streak" of the narrow seas as a sufficient security against foreign invasion. It is now proposed, either through mere levity or for the purpose of winning half a dozen votes, to convert the streak of water into dry land, which would render possible the passage of armies. It is much more surprising that a serious statesman, such as Lord DERBY, should retain the opinion which some other eminent persons formed when the project of a Tunnel was suggested several years ago.

It is difficult to believe that Lord DERBY can have been misled by Sir EDWARD WATKIN's attempts to disprove the grave dangers of abandoning an insular position. The whole policy of England has been founded on the assumption that, as long as the navy commanded the seas, an invasion would be either impossible or too dangerous to be undertaken. It is because the silver streak is there that the European system of universal military service has never been introduced into this country. The Tunnel would at once deprive England of its best line of defence and render it necessary either to buy off an invader or to place the whole population under arms. The chief promoter of the Tunnel has often ridiculed an imaginary process which has not been apprehended by any rational opponent of the project. It would, as Sir EDWARD WATKIN has frequently explained, be easy to close the Tunnel to an army marching to the conquest of England. Whether even for this purpose the necessary precautions would be taken depends on the balance of Parliamentary factions. If there were a question of blowing up the northern end of the Tunnel, protests might be made by public meetings at St. James's Hall or elsewhere by denouncing premature interference with the course of trade. Such a measure would be described as a wanton provocation in time of peace, and when war broke out it might possibly be too late; but it may be admitted that a narrow passage might, either by military force or by mechanical means, be rendered inaccessible to an enemy. The mode in which the Tunnel would be used by an invading army would be of a different nature.

During the recent controversy on the naval and military preparations which are required for the safety of the country, all experts have agreed that an enemy might possibly succeed in landing an army, on the South Coast, strong enough to march upon London. The consideration which would make an enemy hesitate to try the experiment would be the difficulty of effecting a retreat. The tidings of an accomplished invasion would bring an overwhelming naval force into the Channel for the purpose of preventing the enemy from communicating with his base, or returning to the Continent. Enormous damage might be done if the enemy could not be met by an equal force; but the invader would incur a serious risk of ultimate surrender. NAPOLEON himself, though he was prepared, if he had crossed the Channel, to cut himself loose from his base, was perhaps deterred from making the great venture by the fear of a naval blockade which might have rendered retreat impossible. His most sanguine hopes went no further than the scheme of commanding the Channel for a few days. After that time he was well aware that the fleets must retire to the French ports from which they were to have issued. The silver streak had not only to be crossed, but to be recrossed; and it is doubtful whether such an operation would be more practicable now than three-quarters of a century ago; but the enemies of England would feel deeply grateful to Mr. GLADSTONE if he had, under the influence of political motives, abolished the silver streak.

An army landed on the coast of Kent might, if it were not strong enough to attempt both enterprises, have good reason, if the Tunnel had been made, for preferring a siege of Dover even to an advance upon London. The English end of the Tunnel might be the more valuable possession, because it would lead to the occupation of the capital, with all its boundless wealth. The shore end would probably have been blown up as soon as the invasion became certain; but the French have engineers who would be perfectly capable of re-opening the passage in a week. Sir EDWARD WATKIN cannot contemplate the final and irreparable sacrifice of the work which he deems indispensable, and the removal of a temporary obstruction would be as easy to a hostile occupier of the site as to a lawful owner. When the Tunnel was once restored, the communications of the invader would be not only safe, but unassailable. Half a million of trained soldiers might be despatched at pleasure for the conquest of London and of England. No attempt has been made to disprove the imminence of danger, if the naval defences of the country were, as Mr. GLADSTONE and Sir EDWARD WATKIN propose, wholly suspended. It may be added that a successful siege of Dover is not the only mode of obtaining possession of the Tunnel. Treason would be possible as well as the exertion of superior force; and the same results would follow from any process by which the English end of the Tunnel might pass into hostile possession.

The alleged commercial necessity of the Tunnel is absolutely fictitious. At the best the trade with France might possibly be facilitated; but the countries beyond would still be more cheaply accessible by sea. The French Legislature might at its pleasure, and without the cost of a single franc, confer much greater advantages on English traders than any benefit which would result from the Tunnel. If it suited French policy to encourage the Tunnel vote, the tariff might perhaps be manipulated for that purpose; but on any occasion or pretext, however frivolous, the duties might be raised against English producers. If a Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed to raise a few thousands of pounds by an extra tax on bottled wines, the French Government would, as of late, cultivate popularity by threatening retaliation; and the traffic by the Tunnel would accordingly be impeded. The anonymous orators of St. James's Hall chose to assert that the necessity of breaking bulk prevented English traders from competing with foreigners on equal terms. It had formerly been supposed that the insular position of England was peculiarly favourable to mercantile intercourse. It cannot be denied that the shareholders of the South-Eastern Railway might profit by the prolongation of their line to the opposite shore of the Channel. No other industrial undertaking is likely to share the advantage which might be purchased at the cost of national ruin.

LIGHT VERSE AND COMIC VERSE.

AN enormous quantity of "light," or "drawing-room," verse is written at present. The reason is not difficult to find. The knack of verse-making with readiness and ease has become common; the imitation of various foreign

forms and metres has increased the facility. Meanwhile the "makers" are conscious that they have nothing very deep, or moving, or important, to say. There seems to be no harm in their industry, unless we are to regard verse as a kind of holy vehicle, not to be profaned to purposes of amusement and bantor. This theory seems to be held by some critics, of whom it may suffice to say that such powers of rhyming as they possess would be better employed on trivialities than on grave topics. It is worse to fail in epic and serious lyric or narrative than to succeed in triolets, though we are far from imagining that the aforesaid critics would succeed in anything.

But, while light verse is common, and while the camp-followers of Mr. AUSTIN DOBSON are a cheerful set of stragglers, comic verse is very rare indeed. Probably no man has ever chuckled heartily and visibly over Mr. DOBSON'S or Mr. LOCKER'S pieces; they may win a smile, they do not provoke an explosion of mirth. Mr. CALVERLEY, on the other hand, made his readers laugh, and BON GAULTIER made them laugh yet more heartily. So did INGOLDSBY; but the manner of INGOLDSBY, though easily imitated, always misses its effect in the hands of the *servum pecus*. Since Mr. CALVERLEY'S death, in fact, we can hardly recall a single writer of comic as distinct from mere "society" verse. But such a "maker" has appeared in Mr. ANSTEY, the author of *Vice Versâ*. He was not a writer to whom one looked, perhaps, for skill in verse; but he possesses it in a degree scarcely less than Mr. GILBERT, whose *Bab Ballads*, of course, should never be forgotten when funny poems are in question. Mr. ANSTEY has found a new field, and in *Burglar Bill* (BRADBURY, AGNEW, & Co.) he tills the field with amusing industry. Always inclined to satire, he mocks the amateur reciter. He produces poems in all the moods of that terror of drawing-rooms. He has the touching domestic note, the dialect note, the chord that resounds to the sorrows of beasts and birds, the sporting chord, the sea-going or shipwrecking note—in fact, *toute la lyre*. Perhaps the example of the "Melodramatic Weird" (using "weird" as an adjective) is the most ingenious of all, or not the least ingenious. There is a touch of SHERIDAN LE FANU in the description of "The Conscience Stricken":—

> Two slippers wrought in faded wools hid his ungainly feet,
> And he danced a grisly polka-step all down the silent street.
>
> [*You might just indicate this, if you think you can do so in a sufficiently ghastly and impressive manner; otherwise—don't.*

The stage directions just hit off the idiotic reciter and his methods, with his attempts at "maiden archness," and other difficult effects:—

> A drifting sand had veiled the moon, and sicklier she shone
> As he began, "You never knew, methinks, my uncle John?
> A better, aye, a bulkier man this earth has hardly seen,
> He was the first that over burst a 'Try-your-weight' machine."
>
> [*A melancholy pride as you mention this.*

As usual, Mr. ANSTEY delights in comic predicaments which border on the tragic, as when the young lady cannot answer her lover's proposal because

> (*In a confidential aside*)
>
> Like a limed bird her fluttering tongue is clogged with caramel.

The parody of the sporting poem is exquisite, the very names of the horses—"Polonia's Pride," "Trombone," and "Golden Crock"—are happily chosen, and the satire is that of *Dandy Dick*, put short. The cruise of Nuremberg NOAH in the steamship *Puffin* is a splendid parody of all the terrific Lifeboat poems that appear, like Mr. ANSTEY'S own poems, in *Punch*; while the author seems to be laughing at himself in the mock pathos of "Positively the Last Performance." The stage directions throughout are only too good, and the result will be the reverse of what Mr. ANSTEY seems to desire. His burlesques will be recited everywhere, for a while, instead of their serious models. We may get as tired of Burglar BILL as of that eternal pointsman whose baby occupied the permanent way in the track of the express, like the infant TELEMACHUS in front of the plough of ODYSSEUS. The pointsman was more consistent than the son of LAERTES. But reciters will find a difficulty *here*:—"As you come on there should be a general suggestion in "your manner that you are supposed to be the director of "an itinerant Cat and Canary Troupe." "A Coster's Con"version" is not in very good taste, and might be omitted, with some better piece to take its place, in a new edition. If there are no poets who can move us with serious verse (and nobody but Mr. LECKY has been moved much lately by divine and recent minstrelsy), at least it is something to find in Mr. ANSTEY "a merry bard." He only aims at a very flitting folly; he cannot expect to last like THACKERAY; but while it lasts the fun is good. But reciters will be revenged, and the new comic poems will be hackneyed by their assiduities.

THE TRANS-CASPIAN RAILWAY.

THE opening on Sunday last of the furthest branch for the present of the railway somewhat vaguely called Trans-Caspian is, of course, an excellent opportunity for journalism of the pictorial kind. MACAULAY, who, to judge from an early Cambridge skit of PRAED'S, must have invented the fashion in his boyhood, would have revelled in sentences about "Samaria and Samarcand" (Samaria would have done as well as anything else); and the kind of journalism referred to is more than indebted to MACAULAY for its tricks and manners. We shall not ourselves endeavour to compete with it in flourishes about the "city of TAMERLANE" or in reminiscences of the *Arabian Nights*. The simple and sober facts are quite sufficiently important. Nor, indeed, has the particular terminus now reached, except for purposes of appeal to the imagination—on the spot, it is true, as well as elsewhere—much to do with the matter. The really serious part of the task of the Annenkoff Railway, as it is sometimes, and not unjustly, called, was performed in the main when the line reached Merv, and still more when it reached the Oxus. At the former point Russia came into full possession of uninterrupted means of transit by rail (except by a brief steamer junction-link) from every one of her arsenals and recruiting grounds in Europe to her rallying point and basis for the famous march on India. At the second point she joined a second line of communication, not so rapid, but still more convenient, not only northward and westward, but also southward and eastward, by means of river and lake steamers. England, also, has a railway terminus looking towards Central Asia, and somewhat nearer to the actual debateable ground, the probable battle-ground, of Afghanistan than Russia's. But, whereas her terminus is reached, as has been said, direct from Europe, ours connects itself only with Indian sources, and in order to send any reinforcements by it to the cockpit of Asia the long journey to Kurrachee or Bombay must be completed by sea precisely as of old. The actual military value of the Trans-Caspian line is, like most things in this world, matter of dispute. Reasonable people may hesitate almost as much to accept the picture of a Russian mobilization in force on the Afghan frontier effected by the Trans-Caspian railway in a few days as they hesitated to accept the pessimist views of some considerable Russian authorities in the other direction. We shall content ourselves with repeating an argument which we have more than once urged, but which we may put in a new form. The respective advantages of Russia and England for a fight in Afghanistan, as differentiated by this railway, are very much what the respective advantages of France and England would be, supposing that there were war in Navarre, and that the French could send men and material straight by rail from Paris, while England had to send both round by sea to Lisbon or Corunna, and then through the peninsula by train. If any one thinks this no advantage to France, then he may think the other no advantage to Russia.

It is, however, natural that a good deal should be said about other uses and other purposes of the railway. No doubt it has other uses, if not exactly other purposes. As it could never have been made but for Russian conquest in the very recent past, so it may be taken as certain that it would never have been made except in the hope of more Russian conquest in the not very distant future. Still, waggons will carry peaceful goods as well as warlike goods, and the Trans-Caspian waggons, no doubt, do so. We are not greatly disturbed at the effect which this may produce on Indian trade. It is a kind of competition which must have been anticipated sooner or later, and which is not of itself very dangerous. But it seems that some busy and perhaps honest fanatics of the scheme hope for extensions hither and thither, for the joining of "Calais and Calcutta," for a peaceful meeting of English and Russian civilization, "exchanging the clasp of the iron hand" (that is the proper claptrap, we believe), and so forth. If such an idea were possessed of a little more sobriety itself it might be soberly pointed out in return that Afghanistan and the No Man's Land about the Himalayas are not like Turkestan and the Khanates, for the most part level desert; that England is not like Russia, in the happy position

of being able to expend any number of millions with no check except military advice or despotic fancy; and that, as Russians themselves admit that a Tashkend branch (it is odd that there happens to be nothing to conquer in that particular direction) would not pay, so much more, also, would not a Merv-Herat-Cabul-Candahar system pay. It is, however, hardly necessary to take things of this sort seriously. That considerable advantage might accrue to England from the construction of a very different system of communication—that is to say, of the long-talked-of line across Syria to the Persian Gulf—is indeed perfectly arguable. And it may be observed that in previous cases, where long lines of railway communication have been thrown in this way across continents, the opening of rival and parallel routes has had a tendency to follow. But however obliging it may be of Russians to suggest the convenience of sending by the Trans-Caspian English officers and English soldiers to India in times of peace, we are inclined to postpone the consideration of those advantages for the present. International courtesy is a charming thing. But we hardly think that Russia can have built, even so cheaply, the Trans-Caspian railway out of pure good nature and desire to save English troops the long and troublesome transport by sea.

There is, however, one matter which deserves, in close connexion with what has been said, attention as close. In the very natural and pardonable exhilaration which attends the completion of a considerable national feat and the acquisition of a considerable national advantage, certain Russians have spoken much more openly than has been usual with them of the designs of Russia in a quarter to which we have ourselves recently invited Englishmen to pay some heed. England is told that all may be very comfortable between her and her almost neighbour provided this and that is permitted. And among the this and that are included a considerable extension of Russian influence in Persia, and, sooner or later, access for Russia in some way or other to the Persian Gulf. Now it is necessary to point out, and at prudent intervals to insist, that this is just the one thing which no English Ministry, unless it was under an even more fatal delusion than those which prompted or permitted the abandonment of the Khanates themselves and of Independent Turkestan, could consent to. Mr. GLADSTONE, of course, is personally capable of anything in relation to matters which he does not understand and in which he takes no interest. But to take an extreme case, and to suppose that the junior member for Northampton became Prime Minister, in which case, of course, gratitude would induce him to offer the Foreign Office to his colleague, we hardly think that even a BRADLAUGH-LABOUCHERE Ministry would open the Persian Gulf to Russia, unless, of course, their Irish allies demanded this sacrifice of Empire unrelentingly. To permit such an access would always have been insane; but since the completion of the Trans-Caspian railway it would be of an almost impossibly obvious insanity. For by so doing the last possibility of independent access by land from the Mediterranean to India would be finally and irrevocably cut off. The commercial no less than the military results of the cessation of the state of things which makes the Persian Gulf an English lake are very easily to be understood, and very well worth the investigation of every Englishman whose notions of politics do not stop at his own rates and taxes, or at the prevention of his thirsty neighbour from the crime of quenching thirst. And to every such Englishman the fresh conditions which this completion of the Trans-Caspian Railway have introduced into this question ought to give it a new interest, while they at the same time considerably simplify the study. There are few "nevers" in politics, but it may be fearlessly laid down that Russia never can obtain an outlet from her Asiatic territories southward to the sea until the British Empire lies prostrate for its enemies to cut up. This was always clear to well-informed politicians; General ANNENKOFF is to be thanked for having made it clear to almost any one.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAITS.

THE alarming, though quite unsupported, rumour to which we referred some weeks ago, and which Sir AUSTIN LAYARD in a letter to the *Times* of Tuesday refers to more distinctly, that the collection of national portraits is to return to South Kensington immediately, has at length roused a show of opposition. Sir A. LAYARD's letter was partly answered the next day by the publication of a brief but pithy petition to Lord SALISBURY, praying that a permanent home may be provided at once. There is no reference to the question of site, and the document, which is extensively signed by all kinds of eminent people, consists otherwise of little more than the words mentioned above. Another memorial is being got up in the House of Commons, and we trust that the move thus made may lead to good results. Mr. SMITH has appointed Tuesday, 5th June, to meet the Trustees, and we have reason to believe that the objections to the South Kensington site, but especially to the South Kensington inflammable sheds, will be fully set forth. There is, just now, a most suitable site to be had. It is close to the Foreign and India Offices, close also to the headquarters of the Trustees in Great George Street, not far from Westminster Abbey, and equally accessible to the visitor from the East or the West End of town. The British working-man, who was expected to take such an interest in the portraits when they were sent to Bethnal Green, has disappointed the expectation and refused to avail himself of the privileges offered him. It is not likely he may be more disposed to go to Westminster; but it is absolutely certain that he will not go to South Kensington. This is a fact which has been demonstrated over and over again; while a visit to the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square will convince the most sceptical that he is quite willing to go there, even in his working clothes. In any case, there is no object in leaving the collection at Bethnal Green, while many weighty reasons exist against taking it back to South Kensington. Another reason for building at Westminster is that the site is at present vacant, or nearly so, and must be "eating its head off" in rates. Other places have been mentioned, but this is by far the most convenient in every way. We have pointed out the appropriateness of the Tower of London as a home for the collection, and there is plenty of room there for the erection of a gallery; but Westminster is still more appropriate, and there is no lack of vacant space.

The Director of the National Gallery of Ireland, in Dublin, has formed a collection of portraits of eminent Irishmen and others connected with that island; but there are strong objections against any similar conjunction in Trafalgar Square. Naturally, portraits are not always—perhaps we should say not often—good pictures. Some of the most fashionable portrait-painters have been but poor artists. We talk of REYNOLDS and GAINSBOROUGH, but against them must be put a host consisting of such men as HUDSON and BRIGGS. KNELLER probably painted as many eminent people as either VANDYCK or LELY. Sir FRANCIS GRANT certainly did so. The Director of the National Gallery must think of the art of a picture first. It would be a great pity that the question of art should trouble the Director of the Portrait Gallery. Moreover, the requisite space is wanting in Trafalgar Square; for, though the barracks still exist there, we must hope that at some future time the pictures will oust the soldiers, and the sooner that time comes the better. The memorial to the Government will have had at least one good effect. It will have called attention to a matter of serious importance—one which should, as the memorialists well and truly say, be settled "without any further delay." Unfortunately, however great the speed with which the objects of this petition are carried out, there must elapse many months, including a winter season, before the collection is properly housed. In the interval it is difficult to say what should be done with it. One thing, however, is very clear; it should not be sent back to run the risks of fire at South Kensington.

IRELAND.

WE are glad to perceive that the Irish Unionists have laid to heart the stimulating counsels addressed to them a few months ago by Mr. GOSCHEN, and have taken an important public step towards the promotion of the political alliance which was then so eloquently recommended to them. The meeting recently convened by the Liberal Union in Dublin was intended to include Irish Unionists of all political colours, and the character of the response to the summons gives us every reason to believe that the league between parties for the defence of the Union will be as firm and harmonious in Dublin as it is at Westminster. The meeting in the Molesworth Hall was not only large and enthusiastic, but it seems to have been as happily varied in

its political composition as could be desired. To say that it was representative of all the professional and commercial strength and repute of the local community is only the same thing as saying that the invitation of the Irish Liberal-Unionists was successful in inducing the supporters of the Union among the professional and commercial classes of the Irish capital to demonstrate the overwhelming strength which they have always possessed. Parnellism has never really secured the countenance of more than an infinitesimal fraction of those Dublin citizens who have anything to lose by misrule and intelligence enough to foresee it. The mischief hitherto has been that an overwhelming majority of men of these classes have been content to abide in their armchairs—or, to be more just, perhaps in their offices, counting-houses, chambers, and consulting-rooms—and merely send their good wishes to the Unionist cause; whereby their more active and wholly unscrupulous opponents have been emboldened to represent them as secretly favouring the Separatist cause. A few such gatherings as that which was addressed last Tuesday by Mr. WODEHOUSE and Mr. CRAIG SELLAR will render this assertion so conspicuously absurd that even the Separatists perhaps will be glad to let it drop.

The speeches of the two English guests were vigorous and to the point, and that of Mr. WODEHOUSE in particular is to be welcomed as indicating the view of all the sounder and steadier portion of the Liberal-Unionist party in Parliament on the question of extending local government to Ireland. To this section of Lord HARTINGTON'S followers, no doubt the great bulk of them, as to their leader himself, the line so indiscreetly taken up—to give it no worse description—by Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL does not in any wise commend itself. On the contrary, we find, and we rejoice to find, this representative Liberal-Unionist entreating his Dublin audience not, "for heaven's sake, to be drawn "into any pedantic regard for identity and simultaneity." "What analogy is there," he very pertinently asked, "between local elective centres in England and those in "Ireland, where every new power would be used to advance "Home Rule and to obtain a national Parliament and "Executive?" And he concluded by adjuring his hearers not to accept the good results of Mr. BALFOUR'S firm administration as "reasons and excuses for the introduction "of new local arrangements in Ireland, which would destroy "the good done, lose the ground won, plunge the country back "again into the cauldron of disturbance and disorder, and "leave the loyal party in Ireland without adequate protection "against the National League." Plain speech of this sort from Liberal-Unionists may perhaps set a much-needed example to a certain order of so-called Conservatives—those, to wit, who are never easy except when actively bidding, or seriously meditating an active bid, against the Gladstonians in respect of what is very unaptly called "remedial legis-"lation" for Ireland. As a matter of fact, Ireland could take no better remedy for the worst of the diseases from which she has suffered for the last dozen years or so than that which Mr. BALFOUR is so patiently and, thus far, so successfully administering to her; and those who are already beginning to talk of changing the treatment for the mere sake of "dishing" the rival practitioner by appropriating one of his nostrums ought to be sternly discouraged. Decentralization of a certain kind may very well be tried in Ireland. There is plenty of room for it, as Mr. CRAIG SELLAR pointed out—and as every business-like Englishman used to admit until he saw the unfair use which was being made of his admission—in connexion with the system of private Bill legislation. Irishmen have undoubtedly a right—as, of course, have Scotchmen, and, for the matter of that, English provincials also—to demand such a change in this system as will save distant localities the trouble and expense of representation at Westminster, in order to obtain Parliamentary sanction for any local work; but this specific grievance is separable with perfect ease from the general demand for extended powers of local government in Ireland, and the former can and should be treated without any reference to the latter. The House of Commons might well employ itself next Session in devising some such new arrangements as were suggested by Mr. CRAIG SELLAR for localising inquiries into the subject-matter of private Bill legislation; but that is something very different from the rash experiment for which "Tory Democracy," in emulation of a certain section of Radical Unionists, appears just now to be hankering.

The resolution adopted by the meeting of Irish Catholic prelates at Clonliffe College is another heavy blow to the Campaigners; while the endeavour of the Parnellite party on the Cork Municipal Council to rival the not too impressive protest of the Dublin Municipality against the Papal Rescript has had an absolutely ludicrous issue. A special meeting of the Council was to have been held the other day for the purpose of endorsing the Dublin Mansion House resolution; but only eight of the fifty-six members who compose the Council attended, and as it requires fifteen to constitute a quorum, this business for which the meeting was summoned could not be transacted. The MAYOR announced that a secret meeting of the Roman Catholic members of the Council privately convened by him had been held that morning, at which the resolution passed by forty members of Mr. PARNELL'S Parliamentary party had been adopted. At the last Council meeting Alderman SCOTT had reminded the MAYOR that he could only convene a section of the Council in his private capacity, and this view having been confirmed by legal advice, the MAYOR proposed to summon the entire body. Subsequently, however, it was decided to resort to the original idea of confining the meeting to the Roman Catholic members, "lest Alderman SCOTT should attend, and by his "opposition provoke the Catholic members into using "language in reference to Monsignor PERSICO and the "POPE which they would afterwards regret." The private meeting was accordingly held by the MAYOR "in his private "capacity," and the conclave being, in Masonic language, "tiled in," we can only presume that nobody said anything either about Monsignor PERSICO or the POPE which he has since regretted; though, on the other hand, as the unreported proceedings cannot possibly influence any one, we must also conclude that nobody has said anything on which he can very proudly congratulate himself. To complete this truly comic story, we should add that afterwards, when the above-mentioned public meeting of the Municipal Council was actually held, the dreaded Alderman SCOTT did not put in an appearance at all. He was one of the forty-eight members of the Council who absented themselves; so that, if in the result no opinion on the Papal Rescript has been had from the Corporation, the MAYOR can still reflect with pride that, if such an opinion had been obtained, it would have been unaccompanied by regrettable language.

In the meantime even the two or three agitators who still carry on the nefarious game are constantly making clumsy admissions that it is lost. Mr. O'BRIEN, for instance, "paid an unexpected visit" the other day to Glensharrold, a remote district in West Limerick, and addressed the DELMEGE tenantry, who, having been refused a reduction of 51 per cent., adopted the Plan of Campaign last autumn. Evictions were successfully carried out on this property at that time, and, as more are now threatened, no doubt the tenantry require keeping up to the mark. But Mr. O'BRIEN had not a very encouraging "way wid him." He told them that "undoubtedly a heavy blow had been "struck at their combination by the letter of the Bishop of "LIMERICK"; and he went on to say that that letter "gagged and shackled" the local priest, Father AMBROSE, and "deprived them of his guidance." Priests like Father AMBROSE, he admitted, might be silenced and bound by their superiors, but all the world knew their sympathies; so that "he did not fear for the Campaigned estates, but "rather for those tenants who had not adopted the Plan." But, if the tenants who have not adopted the Plan will hesitate to do so because their priests stand aloof, the tenants who have adopted it are likely to waver in their adherence to it for the same reason. And, indeed, Mr. O'BRIEN'S intimate consciousness of this fact is perceptible enough in his uneasy endeavours to persuade the world that he and his associates hardly feel the blow under which their whole organization of fraud and terrorism is so manifestly reeling.

THE EDGWARE ROAD FIRE.

THE fatal fire in Edgware Road was unhappily distinguished by a painful novelty. Part of the loss of life, if not all, may be directly attributed to the fault of the Fire Brigade—not, indeed, to any want of zeal or courage on the part of the men, but to apparently defective organization and unreadiness. Otherwise the disaster belonged to a well-known type [illegible] it has been proved over and over again that the nar[illegible] and lofty business houses now so common in all parts of London burn with the most dreadful rapidity. Their staircases and lifts serve to let up a draught which carries the flames from story to story. It is obvious

that the longer a staircase is the more liable it is to be cut by the flames. When the upper story is inhabited, the occupants are almost certain to be shut in if the fire has gained head; and even when they are warned at the beginning their only chance is to rush out at once. The dismal story of the five women who were burned is one of a long series. In many cases within the last few years a delay of a few minutes to put on clothes or save a piece of property has been enough to deprive some unfortunate person of a chance. Only the nerve and good sense of a French dressmaker prevented the loss of life from being much more serious. As a coroner's inquest will be held, it is early to express any opinion as to the cause of the fire. Whether it was due to the throwing away of a lighted match or not, it is however perfectly clear that the spread of the flames was extraordinarily rapid, and is one more proof of the dangerous character of so many hundreds of London buildings.

The question how to remove such a source of danger has been often put, but never thoroughly considered. It is obvious that an attempt to enforce internal structural changes, which would practically necessitate the rebuilding of a considerable part of London, at a cost of millions, would be doomed to instant defeat. Neither is it probable that any internal changes would suffice. The remedy may be best sought for in the supply of an outside staircase. There are various difficulties in the way, no doubt—some of them structural, others due to considerations of convenience. It would be necessary to see that the staircase did not become a roosting-place for tramps, or supply the burglar with an extended field of operations. At present he is forced to make his entry by the ground-floor, and would be greatly aided if he were able to reach the upper stories comfortably. But these obstacles to the use of the exterior staircase could be overcome by due arrangements; and in new buildings, at least, this chance of escape might be supplied. The failure of the Fire Brigade is a smaller matter, and easier to remedy. It happened because the fire broke out just while the men were removing the fire-escapes from the night to the day post. As it was the first day of the summer routine, the removal was made an hour earlier than is the rule in winter. This in itself was a cause of confusion and its indirect evil effects. Several men were necessarily told off to trundle the fire-escapes from their night to their day station, and were therefore not available for the general work of the Brigade. Obviously this story suggests several considerations. Is it necessary that the fire-escape should occupy different places by day and by night? If so, is it necessary that the hours of removal should vary in summer and winter? In any case, is it right that an appreciable part of the Brigade should be told off to trundle the fire-escape along? To the second question, we imagine most people will answer "No" at once. Londoners do not make much difference in their hours of getting up between summer and winter. The first question is more complicated. There are places in London at which a fire-escape would be an obstruction to traffic during the day, and would yet be excellently placed at night. The front of the Exchange is such a place. But surely the night and day station should be the same whenever it is possible. The third question is really another in disguise. It is the inquiry whether the Fire Brigade is strong enough. On this point our opinion—and we should imagine the opinion of all who have looked into the matter—has long been made up. The Brigade is not strong enough. Ten months ago, when the fire at WHITELEY'S broke out, it is notorious that all the fire-stations of London, even to the south of the Thames, were swept to collect engines. While the fire was at its height, the whole London Fire Brigade was collected in the neighbourhood of Queen's Road. If another fire, such as this last at Messrs. GARROULD'S, had broken out, there would have been no force at hand to deal with it at all. Captain SHAW has called attention to the weakness of his Brigade repeatedly, but no serious attempt has been made to strengthen it. The Edgware Road fire ought to compel some attention to the subject. The story shows clearly that the Brigade cannot spare men for routine work (which we will suppose for the moment to be necessary) without weakening itself to a very serious extent. Obviously the mere shifting of ladders from one place to another ought not to leave the stations shorthanded. That it should do so is, however, not the fault of the Brigade, but of its paymasters. Whether errors in organization which might have been avoided have not had something to do with the Edgware Road disaster is a question which does touch the credit of the Brigade. It will be a subject of inquiry in the coming inquest, and for the present we may abstain from noticing accusations which have not been checked. There will certainly be no wish that the decision should be adverse to a force which has always done its work with gallantry and, for the most part, with judgment.

THE GORDON BOYS' HOME.

THE second annual meeting of the Council of the Gordon Boys' Home, presided over by the LORD MAYOR on Tuesday at the Mansion House, heard and adopted what most people must consider a very satisfactory report of progress from the secretary, Colonel BEATY-POWNALL. The funded capital amounted to 32,685*l.* on the 1st of April last, showing an increase of 800*l.* in the year. The subscriptions for the year were 1,772*l.*, against 1,115*l.* for the previous fifteen months; and the sum of 12,724*l.* represents the total receipts during the year. The LORD MAYOR paid a well-deserved tribute to the good work already effected by the school and home. Sir HARRY VERNEY was convinced that the institution was being administered in the spirit that General GORDON would have desired. Lord THURLOW, General HIGGINSON, and others among the influential persons present were equally agreed that the aims of the Gordon Boys' Home merited the warm support of the public, and only required to be known. The new buildings at Chobham are, according to the Report, practically complete and in full occupation. Provision is made for the necessary staff and a number of boys collected from the homeless waifs and strays for whom GORDON'S heart and purse were always open. For the present the number is limited to 160. But it is felt that no memorial worthy of GORDON'S name should stop here. The Council appealed for funds to maintain the Home and develop the scheme. Ample testimony from many quarters demonstrated the large amount of good done and the yet larger amount that was attainable. Altogether, we have never known a better cause, nor one better pleaded.

And here the matter might have rested, with the Report, in the hands of all sensible people, to bear good fruit. But the carping voice of a baseless remonstrant is heard from a Correspondent in the *Standard*. Cause and effect, all philosophers allow, are intimately related, though the process of causation may sometimes be difficult to follow. Nothing but confusion must come of any attempt to discover a logical sequence between the Report of the Gordon Boys' Home and the wonderful and cavilling letter of an "Annual Subscriber to the G. B. H." The professional grumbler, though sometimes a notable bore, is generally a harmless person. He is easily known, and his grievances are discounted. The "Annual Subscriber," who writes from the Athenæum, declares he does not cavil at any of the statements in the Report. He only wants to know how it is possible that the G. B. H. can be said to be conducted as GORDON would have approved when there is no mention of a church or chapel in the Report. And he qualifies his remarks by convenient phrases, such as "so far as I "know" and "as I presume." When he presumes there is no church in the neighbourhood of Chobham he is presuming indeed. Still more does he presume when he asserts that GORDON would have rebuked the Council for not providing church or chapel before all else. Are not dormitories, workshops, gymnasia, swimming-baths, essential to a Home and school for homeless boys? Apparently the "Annual Subscriber" would have started with a memorial church and then appealed for assistance from the public. But that would be no better a way of establishing a Home than the "Annual Subscriber's" way of promoting the interests of an institution that claims the sympathy and support of the whole country. If he is doubtful whether the Report represents "sober facts" or mere "swagger," why does he not run down to Chobham and inspect? If he thinks a church or chapel needed he might possibly endow chapel and chaplain, or at least head a new list of donations for this end. Now is the time for good examples. Being what he describes himself, this "Annual Subscriber" can have no desire to injure the institution he promotes, though his letter may easily prove mischievous, and is certainly a strange backing of friends.

LONDON HOSPITALS.

THERE have lately been two letters in the *Times*, in small type and modest places, which concern most Londoners more than they probably think. The subject of both is the condition and management of the London hospitals. A very considerable majority of the inhabitants of this city are directly or indirectly concerned in the condition of these institutions. Most Londoners can never hope to secure good medical help and proper nursing except in hospitals. Many more, who might perhaps rely on family help, have to live by the side of others less fortunate. Only a minority could hope to be properly nursed at home, not only with comfort to themselves, but with safety to others. The hospital is, or ought to be, on proper terms, the resource of the majority. It follows that the condition of the hospitals is a matter of general interest. Of the two letters in question, one makes a statement as to their condition which, unless it is utterly unfounded, is serious. The other describes an attempt to conduct an hospital on what seems a very sensible principle. The first, by Mr. W. HENRY KESTEVEN, asserts that there have been too many new hospitals started within the last nine years, whereby the subscriptions of the public have been split up among too many houses, so that most, if not all, are in pecuniary difficulties. He also declares that many who are able to pay abuse the power of going into an hospital for nothing, and implies that the authorities permit the abuse out of their natural desire to be able to say they have treated the greater number of patients. It is, of course, impossible to decide out of hand what amount of truth there may be in a general statement about the condition of a large and varied body of public establishments, but there is nothing intrinsically improbable in Mr. KESTEVEN's statement. It is known that the number of hospitals has increased, and the constant appeals made for help show that most of them are confessedly pressed for money. The second letter is by Sir E. H. CURRIE. It briefly states the fair success of an attempt to conduct the Metropolitan Hospital in Kingsland Road, E., on what he rightly calls provident principles. The managers of this establishment seem to have aimed at securing the subscriptions of the workmen's medical clubs. The nature of these bodies and the good they do is known. A number of workmen subscribe a small weekly sum. Out of this a retaining fee is paid to a doctor, who in return attends the members of the club. The Metropolitan Hospital secures these subscriptions, as we gather, attends the members of the club as out-patients, or in serious cases receives them as in-patients.

These two letters, taken together, show the existence of an abuse, and its obvious remedy. It is a misfortune that the number of hospitals should be increased unless they are properly supplied with funds. It is also utterly wrong that people who can pay even a little should avail themselves of the gratuitous treatment which ought to be given to the very poor only. Nothing can be more proper than that the number of paying wards in London hospitals should be increased, and that people who can pay for the use of them should not be allowed to use the others. At the same time the adoption of the "provident system" should be extensively advocated. Its advantages for the working class are obvious; but there is another, and a large class, of Londoners who would equally benefit by its wider use. This is the great class of poorly paid clerks of both sexes (for there are now many women engaged in this work), and of shopmen and shopwomen. Tens of thousands of them live in lodgings in which, in case of serious illness, they cannot hope to be properly nursed. For them the certainty of being able to obtain proper treatment in a hospital on decent terms would be an immense gain. The payment of two or three pounds a week which is charged in a paying ward is a heavy burden for people whose earnings fall short of a hundred a year; but the payment of a small regular subscription would be well within their means. How much the extension of the system would be for the good of all London will be obvious to any one who remembers that infectious fevers are largely propagated by the difficulty, or rather the impossibility, of properly isolating patients in crowded lodging-houses. Like other national interests which it is hardly necessary to specify, the hospitals are apt to suffer from neglect, except in times of panic. When there is an epidemic they are much talked of, and we bestir ourselves. When the death-rate is low the philosophy of the good lady who married Ancient PISTOL is in popular use. We hope there is no need to trouble ourselves with any such thoughts yet. What is needed here, as in the other matters, is a definite system of administration which will prepare for dealing with any possible risk.

THE CHANTREY PURCHASES.

IT is matter of notoriety that this year's additions to the CHANTREY Gallery are regarded with great disfavour, and have been the occasion of uncommon bitterness and discontent. It had been hoped that the precedent set by the purchase of Mr. SARGENT's very novel and brilliant experiment would pass into a tradition, and that in course of time the reproach addressed to the CHANTREY Collection—that it attracted to itself, as by an irresistible force of gravitation, the most commonplace of all the pictures of the year—would, of necessity, be burned and purged away; and when it was found that the Trustees of the CHANTREY Fund had again determined on the presentation of a valuable and pleasant testimonial to a friend and fellow-Academician, the excitement was so considerable that there was some talk of making a Star Chamber matter of the affair and expressing the general discontent by means of a petition. What the petition was to set forth, and to whom it was to be addressed, does not appear. What is certain is that it could hardly have been received by the Academy; and that the public, albeit it is in their "interest" that the so-called "purchases" have been made, are more or less indifferent as to the rights and wrongs of the whole affair. Very properly, therefore, the proposed petition has been allowed to lapse. The discontented are many, but they are practically powerless and voiceless. The matter is in the hands of the members of the Royal Academy; and as they have chosen—for the twentieth time, perhaps—to inflict upon their posterity the sight of a third-rate picture, there is little to be said, and nothing whatever to be done. A work conventional in ambition and design, and manifestly inferior in technique, has been added (at the cost of a masterpiece) to the national treasures. It is nothing to the purpose that some twenty or thirty better pictures might have been bought for the same money. The Trustees are masters of the situation. They have kept the law to the very letter, and against the contract they have made no sort of appeal is possible. Yesterday "The Pool of London" was only one of many things for sale in the greatest of all the picture-bazaars of the year; to-day it is a national heirloom; and, the England of CONSTABLE and TURNER—to say nothing of Cox and DE WINT, of HOOK and GAINSBOROUGH and CROME and COTMAN and GIRTIN!—has received the news of her good fortune with an indifference so complete as to suggest the possibility that the half of it has not been told to her.

It is fair to add that, while "The Pool of London" is, by reason of its enormous costliness, the most flagrant and conspicuous proof of the daring good-feeling of the Trustees of the CHANTREY Fund, its companions in their good books are by no means of the quality which the disinterested spectator is accustomed to associate with either eminence in art or a share of the line in a representative and national collection. Mr. LOGSDAIL has done infinitely better work than the hard and styleless piece of "realism" which the Academy has selected to perpetuate the memory of his virtues as a painter; and so, for that matter, has Mr. ADRIAN STOKES, whose picture, when all is said, is far less characteristic of the artist himself than it is suggestive of JACOBUS MARIS. And this brings us to the consideration of what is, after all, the main point in the discussion. What right and title have the Academicians to a place in the national collection for these "self-presented testimonials" of theirs? By the terms of CHANTREY's will it is lawful for them to purchase (under certain conditions) whatsoever seems good to them; but we know of no provision which enables them to foist their mistakes upon history and the public, "in perpetuity," as the best things of their several years. Their right is indisputable as far as it goes; but the public right, albeit less strictly defined, is indisputable too. Their position as buyers and dispensers is unassailable; but the position of the authorities at South Kensington—who are nothing if not the custodians of the national honour and the national artistic conscience—is in its way as impregnable as theirs. What the former have to do is to purchase and present; and, as we know, they do their work indifferent ill. What

the latter have to demand, in the public interest, is that whatever is bought shall be good of its kind; and, as we see, they do it the reverse of well. The question of price is immaterial. In France, it is true, a painter who sells to the State is content with the honour (which is, being interpreted, the advertisement) and a sum of from one to four or five thousand francs; and in France both buyer and seller are satisfied. In England it is otherwise. The Critic of the Future will find himself puzzling over two questions. Why (he will ask himself) were the authorities of the past so idle or so ignorant as to accept so many things that are poor in invention, poor in technique, and poor in style, as worthy of the nation's acceptance and regard? And why, the recipients being thus indifferent to the well-being and honour of that posterity whose agents they were, was none found among the general public who was bold and intelligent enough to attack the buyers in their stronghold, and seek, by Act of Parliament, or Royal Commission, or any means to his hand, to introduce some sense of responsibility?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN is so good a judge of local votes and opinions that his judgment may be trusted when he asserts that his Caucus is more than a match for the Gladstonian Caucus at Birmingham. No other Liberal-Unionist can boast of equal success. The victory, if it has really been achieved, must be attributed partly to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S personal influence, and in a greater degree it proves the fidelity of the Conservatives to their new political alliance. It may be assumed that they are now, in consideration of their support of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, to be admitted to a place in municipal administration from which they had long been excluded. This is apparently the meaning of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S statement that, as members of the Town Council, they will now not be opposed to the local policy of the Corporation. If Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has not deceived himself, he has done good service, not only to Birmingham, but to the country at large, by removing the interdict which had been placed on an important section of the population of Birmingham. His immediate object was to counteract Mr. GLADSTONE'S influence on the rank and file of the Liberal party. It is natural that he should dwell on the supposed conversion of the present Government and the Parliamentary majority to the opinions which he has himself consistently held. Some exaggeration of the concessions made by his allies is not inexcusable. They might in turn quote Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S satisfactory denunciation of the policy and character of the Separatist party. He would "rather," he said, "make concessions to men who at "all events are animated, as he hopes he is himself, by "patriotic aspirations, and who are proud of the greatness "of the United Kingdom, than to the men who are the "promoters of disorder everywhere—the propounders of "the Plan of Campaign, the instigators of the riots in "Trafalgar Square, and the enemies of England in all "parts of the world." It would be unwise to criticize too curiously the motives and opinions of the most loyal supporters of the Unionist coalition. There is no doubt that, although antagonism to Home Rule is the nominal ground of the alliance, the new combinations and divisions of parties have disclosed many political sympathies which had been almost unconsciously entertained. Disapproval of the Trafalgar Square riots, which were at first encouraged by the Separatist leader, has no direct connexion with hostility to Home Rule. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN would have condemned the Plan of Campaign, even if it had not been associated with schemes for the repeal of the Union.

In his speech at Birmingham he virtually acknowledged his responsibility as author of the legislation for Ireland which has been proposed in the columns of the *Daily Post*. The scheme is liable to the fundamental objection that it would practically incorporate the branches of the Land League, and legalize or greatly facilitate their machinery of plunder and oppression. The Provincial Councils would be gratuitously dangerous innovations, and the Central Board or Assembly which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN offers to convene at Dublin would, in spite of all prohibitions or restrictions, assume to itself the character of an Irish Parliament. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN truly asserts that some plan of the kind has been at different times countenanced by the language of considerable English politicians, including the questionable authority of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. Lord HARTINGTON, whom Mr. CHAMBERLAIN mentions, has within a few days protested against the present introduction of measures which would organize and strengthen the party of disaffection and disorder. It is true that he would be willing to make large concessions if resistance to the law were finally abandoned; but in this case the condition is more important than the proposal which it limits or overrules. It will be found that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN also would postpone the institution of his complicated system of Councils till the same remote period. In some mysterious way the landlords are to be bought out by Irish funds, which will be forthcoming for the purpose. When this operation is completed, there would perhaps be no longer any agrarian discontent, and a golden age of County and Provincial Councils will be crowned by the assemblage of a loyal substitute for a Parliament in Dublin. In this case also the condition must be satisfied before the grant of local independence will be obligatory on its theoretical supporters. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, who has lately proposed to extend the Local Government Bill to Ireland, was much rasher than Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. If all the land in Ireland was owned by the occupiers, they might perhaps be safely allowed to levy and expend the rates to which they would be the sole contributors.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, like many less weighty speakers, perhaps committed a rhetorical mistake in taunting Mr. GLADSTONE with the concealment of his Home Rule plan. The explanation of his silence probably is to be found in the non-existence in his own mind of any scheme which would satisfy all his present supporters. A demand on the part of his opponents for the announcement of a measure seems to imply the possibility of a satisfactory answer. It would perhaps be more judicious to rely on the conclusive objections which would be raised to any of the alternative solutions of the problem. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN apparently thought that some controversial advantage would be gained by anticipating Mr. GLADSTONE in a constructive policy. It is not to be regretted that the Nationalists and their English confederates at once condemn and reject an offer which is not made from the proper quarter. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has consequently had the opportunity of vindicating his personal convictions without doing harm to the common cause. His late speech was addressed *urbi et orbi* to the electors of Birmingham and to the Liberal-Unionists in all parts of the kingdom. If he justly estimates his position in his own town, Birmingham will probably be imitated by some other centres of the Caucus. Mr. SCHNADHORST studied in concert with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN the art of municipal and political organization. Both are masters of their business; but now that they have separated, MR. CHAMBERLAIN has an advantage over his former coadjutor. Mr. SCHNADHORST'S methods are purely mechanical, and he can appeal only to the instinct of partisans. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has proved that on sufficient occasion he can detach himself from the machinery of faction. From the time when Mr. GLADSTONE betrayed his trust as leader of the Liberal party, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has been a vigorous champion of the national cause. The cheerful tone of his Birmingham speech is a proof that he has not repented of his choice.

It fortunately happened that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was enabled to denounce Mr. GLADSTONE'S latest display of preference for all things which are of evil report. The unnatural alliance between the Temperance fanatics and the Home Rulers has been formally ratified by the Separatist leader. It cost him little to violate one more pledge. In common with the honester part of the community he had formerly held that the suppression of a lawful industry on alleged grounds of public expediency created a right to compensation. Even in one of his most characteristic attacks on constitutional propriety, Mr. GLADSTONE declined to confiscate vested interests which had been acquired with the sanction of custom, though not of law. The extra payments for commissions which had been made with the connivance of the military authorities and of successive Governments might have been disregarded when Purchase was abolished on more plausible grounds than those which affect the goodwill of public-houses. Mr. GLADSTONE, probably judging that an unjust adherence to the letter of the law would then have been condemned by public opinion, recognized the right of officers to the extra price of their commissions. It is difficult to explain his repudiation of public liability for compensation to the holders of licences,

except on the ground of his hope that an opportunity has arisen for dividing the Unionist party. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, when he recommended the Gothenburg system, or the acquisition of the right of dealing in alcoholic liquors by the local authorities, had always proposed to effect the transfer of the business by purchase. He is therefore consistent in supporting the claim of the licensed victuallers to compensation when their business is suppressed by the new County or District Councils. As the Radical wing of the Liberal-Unionists will probably follow Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, the Government may reasonably expect, notwithstanding the perversity of the constituency at Southampton, to redeem its pledge by carrying the licensing clauses through the House of Commons. It would be better to withdraw the clauses after a defeat than to yield tamely to menace. If the predatory and revengeful doctrines of the Temperance agitators prevail, perhaps at some future time vegetarian mobs may demand the robbery and punishment of butchers.

The domestic politics of Birmingham would have had little interest for Mr. BRIGHT if he had been able to speak at the meeting, as he had intended. The universal regret which is felt at the cause of his absence is as much personal as public; but his compulsory silence at the present time is a serious loss to the country. No other Unionist-Liberal has, from the first beginning of the crisis, spoken so openly, so vigorously, and with so utter an indifference to factious misconstruction. At Birmingham he would, as on former occasions, have denounced treason and resistance to law. Himself a consistent advocate of abstinence from intoxicating liquors, he would not have made the merits of temperance an excuse for promoting the disruption of the Empire. Mr. BRIGHT'S plain and manly language would have presented a pleasant contrast to the ridiculous exhibitions of Hawarden.

THE WIMBLEDON RIFLE RANGES.

IT is to be regretted, we think, that in the debate on the proposed removal of the Wimbledon rifle ranges, which was raised at the meeting of the National Rifle Association, the most satisfactory, if only it be an attainable, solution of the existing difficulty should have been so summarily dismissed. No one can doubt, we imagine, that, supposing it were reasonably possible, as Major MCKERRELL suggested, to buy up the land affected by the Wimbledon meeting, so as to be able to retain the ranges for their present use, this course ought to be preferred to any other. Lord WANTAGE urged two objections to it of very unequal weight. The cost, he declared, would be enormous; and even if the necessary funds could be raised, it would be a breach of faith on the part of the Association to remain at Wimbledon after having pledged themselves to the Duke of CAMBRIDGE as far back as 1860 to leave when requested by him to do so. Of course, if the financial operation is a hopeless one, there is an end of the matter. But, before assuming that it is so, it would surely be as well to obtain some approximate estimate of the cost and to ascertain what, if any, assistance could be procured from the Government, whose intimate concern in the question is a little too much overlooked, towards the realization of such a scheme. As to the pledge given to the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, it need not surely be assumed that, under the circumstances supposed, His Royal Highness would hesitate to cancel it. His request has only now been made because the increase of population and dwelling-houses on the land adjacent to the ranges has rendered them a danger to the public; and, as this danger would of course cease if the land in question were acquired by the Association, it is reasonable to suppose that the DUKE'S request would in that event be withdrawn.

On the assumption, however, that a new site must be sought for the ranges, it is necessary to consider the alternative localities which have thus far been proposed. And here we cannot but regard it as most unfortunate that so signally unsuitable a spot as Richmond Park should have suggested itself to any one, and still more that HER MAJESTY'S well-meant assent to the proposal should have thrown upon the DUKE, as Ranger of the Park, the invidious duty of interposing his veto. His decision on the point, however, was in our opinion not more invidious than sound. We must confess, indeed, to some surprise at Lord WANTAGE'S apparent approval of the suggestion, and to still greater astonishment at his reasons. Richmond Park, he said, possesses in a pre-eminent degree all the advantages we now enjoy at Wimbledon, with more space, and the great additional attraction of being one of the finest Royal Parks in England. Surely a better reason for *not* approving of the proposal it would be difficult to find. The Duke of CAMBRIDGE'S objections to it, that it would entail interference with the privileges of free access to the Park now enjoyed by the public, and that its proximity to dwelling-houses would render it a dangerous spot for rifle practice with the new weapon about to be issued, hardly go to the root of the matter. To plant rifle ranges in Richmond Park would do something more than endanger the lives of the neighbouring householders, and something worse than limit the free access of the public. It would go far to destroy that which makes such access mainly valuable, and would certainly impair the title of the Park to be considered "one of the finest Royal Parks in England" for the future. Lord WANTAGE seems to have forgotten that, if there is "more space" in Richmond Park than there is on Wimbledon Common, the former is entirely wanting in those geographical features which so well fit the latter for the purposes of the Association. The steep declivity on the western side of Wimbledon Common in the Kingston direction in itself contributes not a little to render the ranges safe, and to prevent them from being too serious a disfigurement to the spot. How is it proposed to supply the place of this natural ravine in the case of Richmond Park? By excavations extending a little matter of a thousand yards or so in length, or by the erection of some hideous screen of brick or other material, like that which at this moment deforms Sheen Common, just outside the Park walls? But the Richmond proposal hardly bears discussion at all. We are as anxious as any one can be to procure a suitable site for the Rifle meeting—which need not, as was pointed out at the meeting, be identical, as at present, with the ground chosen for the annual exercises in camp—but we protest against the precipitate assumption that this cannot be obtained without spoiling "one of the finest Royal Parks in England." It is surely not necessary, as Lord WANTAGE seems to think, that the site chosen should be pre-eminently "attractive" in the sense of exceptionally picturesque, though, of course, the more pleasing the spot selected the better. Its only indispensable requirements are that it should be healthy, extensive, and easily accessible to London; and, of the various sites mentioned, that in the neighbourhood of Brighton, with that on the Berkshire Downs as a competitor, less taking at first sight but perhaps not less suitable, appear to us the most eligible. But we cannot for a moment believe that, in the enumeration of possible sites for the new ranges, anything like the last word has yet been spoken.

WANTED—A NICKNAME.

WITH what excellent results might CARLYLE have been induced to apply his picturesquely epigrammatic system of double nicknames to English as well as to French revolutionary politicians! And what an admirable subject he would have found to begin with in Mr. LABOUCHERE! We dare not ourselves attempt to compeer with the wand of the magician, and must decline the attempt to find the twofold designation which would best fit the senior member for Northampton. But clearly the two names should unite the ideas of the Merry-Andrew and the mock MARAT, and combine association of purely impish mischief-making with those of stern, and even truculent, political determination. It is difficult to decide which of these two elements in the character predominates in his latest performance in the House of Commons; but, perhaps, the former is a little the more conspicuous of the two. The particular occasion selected for the attack on HER MAJESTY'S Government in connexion with the French Exhibition of next year is such a marvel of untimeliness as to suggest, in this instance at least, the maximum of malicious jocularity and the minimum of serious intent. On Thursday afternoon last a French Minister was gravely replying in the Chamber of Deputies to the irritating speech of a foreign statesman on the very subject—a speech which has, and not unnaturally, left a good deal of soreness behind it. Republican France has, no doubt, received something like a rap on the knuckles from M. TISZA, and while they

are still aching it has occurred to Mr. LABOUCHERE that this moment is favourable for endeavouring to persuade Frenchmen that they have been served in exactly the same way some time back by the Government of his own country. HER MAJESTY'S Ministers, he said, had "inflicted a de-"liberate insult upon France." They had "joined in "boycotting" her. They had refused to allow England to be represented at the Exhibition of next year merely because "it happened to be the centenary of the taking of "the Bastille," an event which had been of immense "benefit to France," as would be denied only by "some "fossils of the Faubourg St.-Germain"—a "glorious event" which had been "quite distinct from some atrocities which "had taken place after"—with more to the same effect.

It would be interesting to get from Mr. LABOUCHERE an exact account of the character and specific mode of operation of the "immense benefit" which accrued to France from the taking of the Bastille, and particularly to learn from him in what precise way the destruction of a fortress almost wholly used for the detention of a superior, not to say an aristocratic, class of purely political prisoners could have conferred any more advantages on the French proletariate than they derived, say from the burning of Newgate a few years before by the GORDON rioters. But, though interesting to inquire into these points, it would be quite superfluous; for the simple reason that next year's happening to be the centenary of the fall of the Bastille is not the cause of the refusal of HER MAJESTY'S Government to be represented at the Exhibition. Mr. ROBERTSON, better informed or more candid than Mr. LABOUCHERE, admitted this in his remark that "the beginning of the business was "a disgrace to the late Liberal Government"; inasmuch as it was Lord ROSEBERY who had "instructed our "Ambassador to find out whether it was the fact that the "Exhibition was intended to celebrate the French Revo-"lution."

It was because the result of these inquiries left no doubt that this *was* the intention that HER MAJESTY'S then Government declined to take part in it. Mr. LABOUCHERE and his friends may or may not approve of the decision; but there is no pretence for saying that it has given the slightest umbrage to the French Government; the force of mischief-making could hardly go further than the insinuation that it has.

HISTORIC GLASGOW.

"A FISHING town on the Clyde." Such is the bald description of Glasgow, before the Union, given in one of the latest and most popular of English histories. No one reading this sentence would suppose that Glasgow was one of the oldest and, looked at historically, the most interesting of the cities of the Northern kingdom. It was as the seat of a cathedral and a university that Glasgow took rank in Scotland, not as a mere fishing centre. Thus it has a history quite unlike that of the other great commercial capitals of the world—as unlike as its quaint armorial bearings are unlike the heraldic devices of these other seats of commerce, yet these very emblems on the city shield recall the earliest chapter of the city's history. The salmon supporters might be thought by strangers symbolic of the fishing interest. But they have no such meaning; they recall the pious Kentigern, the first founder of the church which later grew into an archbishopric, and beneath whose fostering care the town gradually grew into a burgh. It seems a singular anomaly that a city now wholly given over to the matter of fact realities of money-making should perpetuate in its insignia the most mythical of monastic legends. Each of the emblems on the shield records a miracle wrought by the popular saint, best known by the familiar name of Mungo. It seems difficult at first sight to connect Kentigern and Mungo. The latter was a pet name given to Kentigern by St. Serf, and does the greatest credit to his disposition. It is a combination of two Celtic words, "mwyn" mild and "cu" dear, which, softened into gu, became mungu, and later Mongo, in the popular spelling. Tradition says that Kentigern, who on the mother's side was descended from the early British kings, spent his diaconate under St. Serf at the Cistercian settlement at Culross; and, despite the discrepancy of the dates pointed out by modern scepticism, we must stick to the tradition if we want a coherent explanation of the city arms. The tree has grown, like the city, from a small beginning. It was originally a frosted twig, and commemorates a scrape the young saint got himself cleverly out of. Left one winter's day to watch the sacred fire, Mungo fell asleep. His companions put out the fire. But, on awaking, the saint relighted it by breathing on a twig white with rime plucked from a neighbouring bush. These graceless lads afterwards tore the head off St. Serf's pet robin, and threw the blame on the good boy, who quickly restored the bird to life. This is the bird surmounting the tree. The salmon bearing the ring belongs to a later period of his ministry, when the Queen of Cadzow, having got into trouble through the loss of a ring, appealed to the Saint for help, and it was found in the first fish taken out of the river. The bell was given to him by Columba when they met on the banks of the Molendinar, at a place which in its earliest written form appears as Glaschu. The bell was square, like the early Irish bells, and was in use in the town as the "deid bell" till the seventeenth century. Here at Glaschu, on a site hallowed long before by Ninian, Kentigern founded what is called by courtesy a monastery—that is, a group of wattle huts, one of which was used as a church. Here he is described as ploughing with deer and wolves out of the forest which surrounded the little settlement.

After thus standing out in the history of the sixth century Glasgow sinks back into the mists of obscurity that hang over the annals of the kingdom, and is lost sight of for six centuries more. Not until the twelfth century does it again put in an appearance on the stage of history, when David restored the bishopric. The confusions of the country had destroyed all traces of Kentigern's foundation. David caused inquiry to be made into the possessions of the Church and all the lands which had been conferred upon the Church to be restored to it. He appointed John, his former tutor and future chancellor, the first bishop. He replaced the old church by a new one, probably of wood, as it was burnt soon after. But the cathedral as it now stands was begun by Joceline, formerly abbot of Melrose. The crypt was consecrated in 1197, and the eight days' fair was instituted in honour of its foundation. Joceline died two years later, and his work was continued by Bishop Bondington. To raise funds special indulgences were promised to all contributors, and the choir was finished about the middle of the century. The building was still proceeding during the War of Independence. Bishop Wishart, the sturdy champion of the commons of Scotland, begged timber for the spire from Edward of England during his short overlordship. The King sent him sixty oaks from Ettrick Forest, which the Bishop turned into catapults and mangonels for the siege of Kirkintilloch. The next step in the progress of the city was the founding of the University in 1450. It was the second founded in Scotland. The first was under the protection of the Primate at St. Andrews. The Scotch Universities were founded on the model of the University of Paris. Their students were divided into nations, and had privileges of exemption from the jurisdiction of legal tribunals like those on the Continent, had the same mode of teaching and examining, and used the same text-books. Above all, it had that *sine quâ non* of a real university, a papal bull for its foundation. His Holiness granted this to Glasgow "on account of the healthiness of its climate and the plenty of victuals and of everything necessary for the use of man."

The first College building, called the Schools, had previously been used as a Chapter-house in the Rotten-row. Grants of land were made—the first by James Lord Hamilton on condition that regents and students should twice a day pray for the souls of himself and his wife. On this ground the old College was built. To this Queen Mary added part of the lands of the Preaching Friars. The faculty held its chapter either in the cathedral or the Bishop's Castle. They claimed absolute authority over the students, even in criminal cases. A case is on record of a student who was tried by the faculty on a charge of murder. A verdict of Not Guilty was returned. At another time the faculty resented the interference of the magistrates, and demanded the repayment of certain fines which had been levied on the students.

Other important buildings were the Convents of the Minorites and of the Black Friars within the city, the Bishop's Castle hard by the western door of the cathedral, the ruins of which were standing until the end of the last century. At first it was only a fortress, but it expanded into something more like modern ideas of an episcopal palace. The last of the archbishops was walking in the inner flower garden of his palace when the citizens came to ask him to elect the new magistrates. James IV., seeing the advantage to the Crown of having two rival archbishops, dunned the Pope till he sent the pallium with the right of bearing the Cross and all other dignities of an archbishop to the bishop of Glasgow. The see was thus raised to an archbishopric with the suffragan dioceses of Dunkeld, Dunblane, Whithorn, and Lismore. Had the Pope foreseen the result he would not have been so unwilling to grant the dignity. The claims of the conflicting archbishops were a new element of discord in the much-distracted kingdom. They carried their disputes to Rome to be settled by the Pope till an angry statute was passed by the Estates to stop these appeals. Up to this time the bishop had squabbled for precedence with the mitred abbot of Paisley, the royal abbey lower down the Clyde. The abbot stoutly resisted the claim of superiority set forth by the bishops. And one bitter night, in the depth of winter, it stands on record that the envoy of the bishop was kept waiting outside the abbey and refused admittance until the episcopal legate renounced the claim. The rival claims of the two archbishops being denied the peaceful resource of an appeal to Rome, led to a free fight within the walls of the cathedral. Beaton, of St. Andrews, was a cardinal and papal legate as well. In virtue of holding these offices and of being primate, he attempted to take precedence of the Archbishop of Glasgow. But Dunbar was Chancellor of the Kingdom, and

in his own cathedral would yield to no one. The two cross-bearers had a tussle for precedence in the nave of the church. This began, as the graphic historian of the time tells us, in glowering and shouldering, and finally came to blows. They thwacked each other with their crosses, chaunting the psalms the while, till both crosses were broken, and the two retinues followed their example. Then, as the chronicler tells us, began "no little fray, and yet a weary game, for rochets were rent, crowns were knapped, side gowns might have been seen wantonly to wag from the one wall to the other." It was only the sanctuary which prevented wholesale bloodshed. Thus Dunbar tried to recall the fact that he had been a bishop when his rival Beaton was not even an abbot. But the Cardinal never forgave the affront. The Patriarch of Venice was a witness of this disgraceful scene; but his presence was no restraint on the excited feelings of the combatants. It seemed the fate of St. Mungo's Church to be the theatre of party strife. But the next time that it echoed to the clang of arms the fight was outside, not inside, the walls.

The burgh of Glasgow was entirely dependent on its bishops, to whom it owed its corporate existence. This dates from the charter of William the Lion, which grants to Joceline and his successors for ever that they shall have a burgh at Glasgow and a weekly market. The privilege of holding a fair soon followed. This fair was one of the largest in the kingdom, both for native and foreign wares. As early as the fourteenth century French gloves could be bought there. The next step in advance is the grant to Bishop Turnbull, raising his city from a burgh of barony to a burgh of regality. The bishops, too, appointed the bailies and the provost. If the city had a difference with another, the suit was carried on in the bishop's name. All the fees for the erection of the different trades or the upsett of Freemen were appropriated to the repairs and upholding of the Cathedral. When the last of the archbishops of the old church, Botoun, took refuge in Paris, the Council for the first time elected their own magistrates. It was not until the reign of Charles I. that it was raised to rank among the royal burghs. As a matter of fact, however, in material prosperity it ranked much higher than the larger number of these, for the bishops and the Bishop's Court and the University brought a great influx of strangers to the city. We find, as might be expected, that the citizens were not zealous in the cause of reform, and preferred even a "tulchan" bishop to no bishop at all. With the provost at their head they invaded the presbytery which proposed to abolish that dignitary, "put violent hands on the moderator, smote him on the face, pulled him by the beard, knocked out one of his teeth, and put him in the Tolbooth."

The immediate result of the Reformation was the impoverishment of the whole community. The Church lands passed into the hands of rapacious owners who proved very hard landlords, and quite disregarded the feus granted by their predecessors, and the feuholders had to make good their titles by heavy payments. All that part of the city, too, round the cathedral which had been kept up by the concourse of resident clergy fell into decay, the inhabitants being too impoverished to pay for the needful repairs

The cathedral itself was saved from the destruction which overthrew most of the sacred piles of Scotland by the energy of the craft guilds. The magistrates, stirred up by the harangues of Andrew Melville and other ministers, had reluctantly given their consent to the work of demolition. A day was set, and workmen were about to begin to deface the church. Then the crafts gathered with arms in their hands "swearing with many oaths that he who did cast down the first stone should be buried under it." No one being found willing to enjoy this form of martyrdom, the stones remained untouched. And when an attempt was made to punish this defiance of civic authority, the King forbade the ministers who brought their complaint before him "to meddle any more in that business," as too many churches had already been destroyed. The stones were left standing; but, unhappily, the crafts were unable to save the internal decorations and the stained windows from the spoilers' hands. And it would seem as if the roof had been injured, for before many years had elapsed we find the citizens agreeing to a tax to repair the said kirk and hold it waterfast. The next event of note connected with the cathedral, henceforward to be known as the High Church, was the memorable Assembly of 1638 which met within its walls. It was summoned at Glasgow as being in the Hamiltons' country. The church was swept and garnished for the occasion, and it is in great part due to the repairs then made that the state of ruin caused by neglect into which it was falling was stopped. The vaulted roof that had rung with the brawls of the heads of the old church now echoed the harangues of the apostles of the new church. This Protestant synod was the most important ecclesiastical council held in Scotland since the Reformation. It also takes a prominent place in the history of the Civil War. It was the first public defiance of the King, as it continued to sit and passed an Act abolishing episcopacy after Hamilton, the Royal Commissioner, had withdrawn. The tumult was so great that the Principal of the college declared if they had made such din and clamour in his house as they did in the house of God he would not have been content till they were all thrust downstairs. It was William I. who raised the town to a burgh for the benefit of the bishops. It was William II. who raised that burgh to a level with the Royal burghs. Not until the Act of 1690 had the citizens the right of electing their own magistrates without interference from the bishop or his lay representative. The removal of these restrictions gave a great impetus to trade. When the Darien scheme was floated Glasgow was a wealthy place; 56,000*l.* of shares, more than a sixth of the whole amount assigned to Scotland, were taken up there. Some of the ventures ran as high as 1,000*l.* This was counted a large amount for a commoner, the Duke of Hamilton, the highest on the list, having only 3,000*l.*

It was to the tobacco trade that Glasgow first owed its importance in the world of commerce. This trade began in 1707, and seventy years later we find Glasgow importing more than half the tobacco consumed in Britain. The "Tobacco Lords," as they were called, the merchants who had made fortunes in the trade, gave themselves such airs that the meaner citizens durst not walk on the same side of the street with them. They strutted there alone in all the glory of bushy wigs, and long scarlet cloaks, while their still more gorgeous footmen fluttered about with powdered heads and full-dress liveries, with lavish display of gold lace and exaggerated buttons and buckles. The great rise in the price of tobacco after the Declaration of American Independence led to the realization of great fortunes. When tobacco had risen to the enormous price of sixpence a pound most of the merchants realized their stocks, thinking it could rise no further. One farseeing trader bought out all his partners, and held his stock till the price rose to three-and-sixpence. The motto on the city arms is not taken like the emblems from the bishop's seal. It is a contracted form of the inscription on the great bell of the Tron Church—"Lord let Glasgow flourish through the preaching of the word and praising Thy name." It first appeared as a heraldic motto in connexion with the city arms in 1699. The choice has proved a lucky one, for the city has flourished beyond all precedent since it took for its device "Let Glasgow flourish."

A WEEK'S SELF-SACRIFICE.

ON Saturday last certain excursionists visited Hawarden, and, as an entirely exceptional thing, were informed by Mr. Gladstone ("'Tis Mr. Gladstone that owns that station, Which for misinformation cannot compare") that he made a rule never to make speeches there. The *Daily News*—a paper conducted with considerable ability—judiciously curtails this passage; but, unluckily, the other reporters are more generous. "He made an exception, and addressed them," says the *Daily News*. The other papers—less concerned for that *virginité à la Marion*, Mr. Gladstone's consistency—give the disclaimer at much greater length. However, it seems to have been with Mr. Gladstone as with others; it was only the first breach of the rule which counted. He addressed the visitors of Saturday—we again quote the *Daily News*—"because they came from Rochdale." It is not said that he addressed the visitors on Monday "because they came from Hull"; but no doubt that was the reason. The visitors of Tuesday he could not address because, as far as advices inform us, they were not within addressing distance, or, in other words, there were no visitors. But the visitors of Wednesday had the benefit of positively the only exception to the general rule but two in three days. They were addressed because (we still suppose) they came from Blackpool. These particular recipients of the ten thousand additional lamps had also, if we may trust some reporters (for here again the *Daily News* is unaccountably reticent), the honour to be asked by Mrs. Gladstone, "Was not Southampton jolly?" The doubtful or double sense of the word "jolly" will cause great grief to the Reverend Basil Wilberforce, who would almost rather see Southampton Tory than "jolly" in the good old English sense. But Mrs. Gladstone clearly did not mean this. She spoke as the youthful poet sang in the greatest poetical effort of the late Charles Dickens:—

Oh! landsmen are folly,
But pirates are jolly.

Pirates, too, were, according to historians, not unfrequently "jolly" in the unholy and anti-Wilberforcian sense. But doubtless the youthful bard and Mrs. Gladstone merely meant to express general approval of pirates and Southampton.

Our business, however, is no more with Mrs. Gladstone's opinion of the jolliness of Southampton (though, in truth, it is a pleasant place enough) than with the extremely interesting and pertinent assurance of another lady at Southampton itself that she loved Mr. Evans and that Mr. Evans loved her, by which the Southampton election is supposed to have been partly won. Liberal ladies, it seems, do these things; and if the husbands of the Liberal ladies like it, that is their affair. The husbands themselves we can tackle in other fashion; and Mr. Gladstone, in the three exceptions which he made in four days to his invariable rule of never speaking to any one at Hawarden unless he, the any one, comes from the place from which he comes, will find us an ample subject. On the first and longest occasion (*cuvée exceptionnelle Rochdale*) Mr. Gladstone had two reasons for breaking his rule. First of all, they came from Rochdale; and, secondly, he was not in the least afraid of what might happen there—which obviously was a reason for deprecating it. Rochdale, it seems, "at once discerned the great principle" of going for Mr. Gladstone, whatever Mr. Gladstone says or does, in 1886, when unluckily other constituencies did not discern that principle—in fact, turned their blind eyes to it in quite a [illegible] manner. And at Rochdale lives John Bright, [illegible], a bad man. Still, "to ask me whether," even at the bidding of John Bright, "Rochdale will" [illegible] Potter is to ask me "whether [illegible] himself."

Turn we from this loathsome and impossible notion and go we to Southampton. "Southampton," says Mr. Gladstone, "is full of interests which are by no means favourable to Liberal principles"; and this, no doubt, it showed by returning two Liberals to support Mr. Gladstone in 1880, and by now giving a Gladstonian a "thundering majority." And then Mr. Gladstone went off into those details about the licensing clauses which have shocked Mr. Chamberlain, a man not used to be shocked. They don't shock us, who happen to know our Mr. Gladstone at tolerably long hand. The licensing clauses are not more sacred than Protection, than the Church, than the Union—all of which, with many other things, after adoring them, Mr. Gladstone has burnt comfortably at different times to warm himself when his knees got cold with kneeling. And the exceptional Rochdale excursionists further heard that Mr. Gladstone was "not going to retract" anything that he said to the Nonconformists. Again we are not surprised. There was no lawyer's letter sent to Mr. Gladstone, no Colonel Dopping on that occasion. Why should he retract?

The next exception was made on Monday, being, as they would say, in dear old Scotland, the next lawful day. "The weather was not so favourable as on previous days" we read, which seems to mean that Mr. Gladstone made a shorter speech. Still, he "came out together with Professor Stuart," and it is not easy for any one to give greater evidence of wholeheartedness in certain directions than coming out together with Professor Stuart. And he said he "was very happy to see them," and they said, with that delicate flattery which Mr. Gladstone enjoys so much, that "He was the attraction." Whether the distinguished speaker can be said to have a little led up to this compliment by remarking that "it was a long journey, and a great compliment on their part that they should think this park worth being visited," is one of those questions which, of course, readers must settle for themselves. Fishing, we shall only observe, is a noble sport. Then Mr. Gladstone observed that to get sunshine for them was not in his power—a remark which differentiates him at once from the blasphemous monarchs of fable, and shows a combined humility and generosity of mind suggestive (to those who know it) of a famous story of Victor Hugo. And then he talked about the licensing clauses, and about Southampton, and about "getting Ireland out of the way" (an admirably statesmanlike phrase which seems to be growing in favour), and so forth. So much for the Hull exception; the Blackpool exception (next day but one) was a little more remarkable. Mr. Gladstone, perhaps taking the cue of "Was not Southampton jolly?" remarked that he supposed "they were all pretty much of one way of thinking" (which, by-the-bye, when you come to examine it, makes these demonstrations slightly valueless), talked with miraculous novelty of metaphor as to the "flowing tide," said, like Mr. Dowler, that "it was a painful thing" to reflect that malefactors in Ireland are (as, by the way, they are in England) "governed by force," protested against "nonsense being talked" (*Mais que messieurs les assassins commencent!*), asked "What is Mr. Balfour?" was very wroth with the Liberal-Unionists as usual, and with Birmingham as usual, and with the licensing clauses as usual; and so an end.

"How like a fawning publican he looks!" Or, if that is too brief, take once more the famous passage which the greatest writer of all time seems to have writ express for Mr. Gladstone, and

> Observe his courtship to the common people,
> How he did seem to dive into their hearts
> With humble and familiar courtesy,
> What reverence he did throw away on slaves,
> Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles
> And patient underbearing of his fortune,
> As 'twere to banish their effects with him.
> Off goes his bonnet to an oyster wench,
> A brace of draymen bid "God speed him well!"
> And had the tribute of his supple knee,

but, apparently, were not told that they had it as an exception, because they came from Rochdale. The application of the passage to Mr. Gladstone is, of course, old enough; we have made it ourselves a ten year, look you, come Lammas. But note how it improves with time, how thoroughly Mr. Gladstone lives up to it; how much more and more is Shakspeare justified of this his child (as of all others) as the years go on! "You are the chief attraction," following the innocent remark that it was very good of the Hull oysterwenches, or the Blackpool draymen, or whoever it was, to "come so far to see the park." Imagine, to name no living persons, and to go no further back than the present century, the Duke of Wellington, or Lord Grey, or Lord Melbourne, or Lord Palmerston, or Lord Beaconsfield himself, bandying compliments in this Mrs. Bardell and Mrs. Cluppins fashion! Think of a man who, with what right does not matter, has obtained a station among the five or six most prominent statesmen of Europe, "making an exception" on Saturday, and a further exception on Monday, and a further still on Wednesday, like a draper in the New Cut who gives "positively the last remnant" or "absolutely the last day of sale price" to the good wives of the neighbourhood. Fortunately there is one relief to the disgust which such things occasion. Most people know some other people who, without being absolute rascals or absolute "smugs," are of the Gladstonian party; and it is very pleasant to talk to them in the grave, chaste, and consolatory manner as to these performances of Mr. Gladstone's. The average Gladstonian, not possessing or not daring to show any humour, cannot carry it off cynically as one of these Tories might do. If he could he dares not; for how if Mr. Wilfrid Blunt were in company, and made it known that a false brother had been jesting at the most sacred feelings of Gladstonian nature? So he writhes, and makes some sport in writhing.

Yet not enough, perhaps, to save the feelings of an Englishman or (to save those of some excellent, though rather incomprehensible, persons northwards, let us say) of a Great British- and Irishman. For it is upon Englishmen (or Great Britons and Irishers) as a whole that the shame of this kind of disgraceful conduct on the part of a prominent politician falls. In decent modern English language it is difficult, if not impossible, to find even metaphorical language fit to express the coarse caresses, the insolent blandishments, of such courtship of the populace as this. It has been done perfectly in Latin by the most gifted, if the least voluminous, of the Roman poets; but the obscurity even of a learned language would hardly carry off that quotation.*

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

THE performance of Mr. Augustin Daly's version of the *Taming of the Shrew* at the Gaiety on Tuesday fully justified the remarkable favour bestowed upon it by the New York public when produced last year. Hitherto Londoners have, for the most part, enjoyed small opportunities of estimating the powers of the Daly Company of Comedians, individually and as an artistic society, in the class of drama most congenial to them. In the lighter Shakspearian comedy and in the comedy of the Restoration they have achieved the highest distinction. The *Taming of the Shrew* is not perhaps one of those plays which Charles Lamb had in mind when he insisted on the divorce of the ideal from the stage, and circumscribed the art of the actor who aspired to Shakspearian parts with a quaintly determined *ne plus ultra*. Nevertheless, there is a large element of poetic illusion in the *Taming of the Shrew*, sufficient, indeed, to test the artistic capacity of the Daly Company in this direction, and it must be admitted that it is hard to conceive the reader of Shakspeare, however exalted his standard of excellence, who would not recognize in Tuesday's performance an interpretation that transcended his ideal. It was altogether a complete vindication of the player's art. Here and there arose points, of course, that were of questionable value or gain; but they do not in the least affect the merit of the representation as a whole. Mr. Daly's acting version is in many respects a Shakspearian restoration, though there is nothing of the restorer, as he is commonly known, in the skill and good taste that distinguish it. Nor will any student of Elizabethan literature fail in commendation of Mr. Daly's inclusion of the Induction scenes and his introduction of a musical interlude in the admirably designed banquet scene of the last act. The chorus of boys, led by Miss St. Quentin, who sang Bishop's "Should he upbraid" from a balcony overlooking the festive hall, was perfectly in accord with tradition; and the character of Bishop's music—which was charmingly sung, by the way—is sufficiently akin to that of the Elizabethan madrigalists to propitiate sticklers for propriety. No defence of the Induction is needed. It belongs to the play, and ought never to have been allowed to lapse from its presentment. The old playgoer, who is nothing if not retrospective, might reasonably find the Christopher Sly of Mr. William Gilbert a little too alert, a little deficient in the characteristic humour of the toper who never drank sack. Only a simple, slow-witted creature, as Sly undoubtedly is, would be quite so readily fooled, so swiftly convinced of his "amendment." Mr. Gilbert plays the part of the awakened tinker with a febrile activity, and shows almost a preternatural intelligence until he accepts the situation. In this he departs from stage tradition. On the other hand, nothing could be more humorous than his bearing towards the courtiers and the page who masquerades as his wife; while his acting as an uninterested spectator of the play is excellent. He does not forget that the play's the thing, to which the Induction is but the curious vestibule; and he is careful not to exaggerate into distractive elements his grunts and snores, his odd waking starts and objurgatory glances, his occasional slidings to the floor and awkward stumblings to his seat. Considering the injunctions of their host to the players, it is natural that the actors should not altogether ignore him. The situation is completed by the whimsical and entirely judicious by-play of Mr. James Lewis as Grumio.

To translate into the measured language of criticism the impression of the fire, the strength, the versatility of Miss Ada Rehan's impersonation of Katharine is not possible, if the chill of a most unjust reserve is to be avoided. Analysis of an impression so rich and complex inevitably leads to bafflement. In storm and in calm, in the later scenes of submission, and during the process of being schooled by the stings of Petruchio's fantastic humour, Miss Rehan's Katharine was a marvellous demonstration of art. The very excellence of her fellow-comedians—markedly of Mr. John Drew's Petruchio and Mr. Charles Fisher's Baptista—seemed rather to enhance the unique force and charm of her acting in the second and third acts, and supplied a striking proof that the actor who dreads this form of competition, or succumbs to it, has nothing of the artist in him. Thus the supreme moments of Miss Rehan's acting—if such may be cited from a performance so exquisitely in keeping, so vitally consistent—were precisely those where Miss Phœbe Russell, as the sweet and gracious Bianca, Mr. Charles Fisher, and Mr. John Drew were also ascendent. Of course these are chiefly what are

called "situations," as in the lively scene where Katharine flouts Bianca and Baptista interposes, and where, subsequently, Katharine's gibing at Petruchio culminates in defiance. But the whole wooing of Petruchio, and the grotesque scenes between the two in Act IV., on the return to Petruchio's house, were equally convincing and delightful. Miss Rehan very happily suggested throughout that temperament, not mere "temper," was the source of Katharine's shrewishness. Under all her splendid pride of bearing and freakish outbursts of passion the innate womanliness of her nature was apparent. Petruchio worked no miracle, save in the eyes of the faint-hearted suitors and the general vulgar. Mr. John Drew's Petruchio completely responded to Hazlitt's conception of the part. It was played in the spirit of masterful self-confidence, with untiring vivacity, and a flow of animal spirits that ceased not until the final triumph, when Katharine is commanded to appear before Lucentio's guests. The slight touches that showed Petruchio to be a sly detective of the progress of his experiment were given with delicate art, as also was his sense of the humour of it. The Baptista of Mr. Charles Fisher was excellent in all respects. The humour of the serving-man Grumio found a representative of original method in Mr. James Lewis, whose dry enunciation of a point and diverting by-play were alike admirable. The Gremio of Mr. Charles Leclercq was in some respects a pleasant variant from the conventional race of stage greybeards. The amusing speech in Act III., descriptive of the wedding, was a notable example of picturesque utterance. For the rest, Mr. Otis Skinner was an agreeable Lucentio; Mr. Frederick Bond, as Tranio, was spirited; Mr. Joseph Holland, as Hortensio, was a good representative of the fervid lover, and Mrs. Gilbert—it is needless to say—was all that is desirable in the small part of the housekeeper Curtis. The play is elaborately mounted, the final scene especially being a beautiful example of effective painting and arrangement, and Mr. Henry Widmer's orchestra, with an excellent selection of music, merits commendation.

SCULPTURE IN 1888.

We do not remember a year when the sculpture has been so copious at the Royal Academy, and the average of quality nevertheless so high as it is at the present exhibition. After one or two years in which the show of sculpture, though good of its kind, was rather meagre, we have at last a highly interesting and still more distinctly a promising collection of English work, which is full as well. The new school of sculptors is as much to the front as ever, and we have the pleasure of welcoming no less than three young men of very remarkable talent whose names are new to us, or nearly new. These are, let us say at once, Mr. W. Goscombe John, of whom we know absolutely nothing, but who, not in one specimen only, but in three or four examples, leaps at once to a place among the few very best modellers in the country; Mr. Henry A. Pegram, who to an accomplished touch adds something rarer than modelling power—namely, imagination; and Mr. George G. Frampton. We think it but a duty to point out how excellent is the work of these three young men. At the same time, we bid them remember that a great reputation is not built in a day, and we invite them to look at the sculpture of Mr. Frederick Pomeroy. A year or two ago we greeted him as we now greet Messrs. Frampton, John, and Pegram. But he has already disappointed us. His work this year shows neglect of nature, the facile exchange of a conventional prettiness for real observation and study. Let us add, before we come to the discussion of detail, that the sculpture was never presented to us so tastefully as it is this year. Little pedestals of coloured marbles, careful bronzing of plaster statuettes, various little touches show the increased sensitiveness of English sculptors to general beauty of effect. It is partly, we suppose, because the level of accomplishment is so high that we seem never to have been so much offended as this year at the badness of some of the pretentious and highly-wrought marbles of the old school. It astonishes us that, now the English sculpture is so good, the Council of the Academy has not the courage to reject such pretentious German and Italian pieces as 1927, 2061, 2065, and 2066.

The Central Hall contains several remarkable public monuments. Nothing could be more interesting to a student than to see Mr. Alfred Gilbert's "Queen" (1940) placed between Mr. Woolner's "Sir Stamford Raffles" (1915) and "Dr. Fraser" (1929) and Mr. Birch's "Earl of Dudley" (1936). It is a page out of the artistic history of our time; for here are the two schools—the old and the new—in the act of duel; it is war between them to the knife. The new was never seen so audacious, so carelessly triumphant as in this masterpiece of Mr. Gilbert's; and, if Mr. Birch is rather timid in defiance, the old school finds an unflinching partisan in Mr. Woolner. We are afraid we cannot pretend to doubt on which side victory lies. We desire to do all honour to Mr. Woolner's intentions; we see that in keeping his design so cold and poor, in removing all traces of picturesqueness, in avoiding all the accidents of truth, he is working consciously up towards a supposed sculpturesque ideal. But we cannot pretend to go back to this colourless type. Mr. Thornycroft and Mr. Gilbert have opened our eyes to living possibilities, to splendid varieties in sculpture, and Mr. Woolner's smooth abstractions of humanity speak to us in vain. Mr. Gilbert's "Queen" is a magnificent success. There is no colourlessness here; this sumptuous work—the figure in which is only the centre of a pomp and prodigality of appropriate ornament, voluminous drapery, jewel-like detail of every kind—positively glows with colour. We have no hesitation in saying that this is the most original, as it is obviously the most opulent and magnificent, of English public statues, and Winchester is to be warmly congratulated on so rare a possession. Can a whisper be true which has reached us, to the effect that the Corporation of that city has not yet learned to estimate the value of Mr. Gilbert's work? After the Winchester "Queen" the best public monument at the Royal Academy is Mr. Brock's "Sir Bartle Frere" (1922), a vigorous and picturesque statue. But are not the legs a little too exuberant in development?

Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, whom we have already congratulated on his election as a full Academician, is easily first in the department of ideal work. His "Medea" (2062) more than supports his reputation, and adds another to the list of his great poetic statues. It is a pleasure, too, after a succession of male studies, to find Mr. Thornycroft, whose Muse has threatened to bring forth none but men-children, returning to that chaste and austere type of womanhood with which he first won popular favour. The Medea of his imagination stands erect, with the great ivory lyre in her hand, and as she strikes it with the plectrum, the winged snake, which has tightly bound her in its coils, begins to loosen and fall backwards. The proud pose of her filleted head, the action of the neck and of the right arm, are exceedingly fine. It is, perhaps, in profile, from a point opposite the right elbow, that the full beauty of the design is best seen. There is no large statue which can be compared with this of Mr. Thornycroft's. It is among the statuettes that we look for work to place next to his. On the whole, we are inclined to give second rank to one of a series of groups, four in number, called "An Act of Mercy," and evidently the result of last year's competition for the gold medal. It is hard to believe that No. 1934, by Mr. G. G. Frampton, is the work of one who is still technically a student. There is no statement in the catalogue to inform us which of these groups gained the medal, and, if we ever knew, we have forgotten. But we can hardly doubt that it was Mr. Frampton's. It seems to us that modelling can hardly be more true and delicate than this, or sculpture be wrought out with a greater conscientiousness. The surface is almost pre-Raphaelite in its minute fidelity to nature. The beautiful way in which the girl's head is worked up in shadow is worthy of a great painter. Next to Mr. Frampton's "Act of Mercy" we should place Mr. John's (1920); this is not quite so complete, yet in some respects remarkably good. The body of the wounded Amazon, who is being tenderly borne from the battlefield, is beautifully true to nature. Mr. Nesfield Forsyth's group (1918) of a man and a youth is weaker, but the action is pretty. There is something analogous to these groups, but grander in feeling and more heroically carried out, in Mr. Pegram's large group of "Death liberating a Prisoner" (1968). The design is somewhat awkward, but very impressive. Death—a tall, veiled figure, holding a vast scythe in rest—stands over a nude youth, who beckons to Death as he falls back, expiring. The scythe, very boldly introduced, binds the composition together with originality and success. We should like those old Academicians, if there are any, who deny merit to these younger men, to model us a torso which shall approach in nature and beauty of workmanship to that of the dying man in Mr. Pegram's group.

We must now rapidly indicate a number of ideal works in succession. Mr. George Simonds has not entirely lost his bad Roman manner, and his style is still rather small and affected, but his "Fortune" (1913) is the best statue he has made. Why is the surface of the face so rough? Miss Beatrice Brown's "Foster-Mother" (1915), a child with a nestling, is pretty in design. Another lady, Miss Emily Fawcett, deserves commendation for a careful statue of a nude boy, called "Rustic Music" (1938), but the legs are poorly modelled. In the Lecture Room yet another lady, Miss Edith Gwynn Jeffrays, has done well. Her "Psyche" (1981), a very pretty and simple nude study, is the most accomplished woman's work in sculpture of the year. Miss Jeffrays is advancing in skill. We cannot highly praise two statuettes by Mr. Pomeroy, which, nevertheless, it is needless to say, are above the average of such work. There is graceful feeling and a sculpturesque sense of design in Mr. George Lawson's "Cassandra" (1995); the outline is tragic and noble, and the sculptor shows himself affected by the modern spirit. It is, however, our old quarrel with Mr. Lawson that he will not carry his work far enough. Mr. John's "Reaper whose name is Death" (2040) is not worthy of his other contributions; it is conventional. Mr. Fry's ambitious marble statue of "Hero" (2060) marks an advance; the drapery is excellent, the flesh not so good. A careful and praiseworthy nude study from life is Mr. H. C. Christie's "Scout" (2067). In the centre of the Lecture Room stands Mr. Lawes's very ambitious colossal group of a woman bound on horseback (2070); it is not without merit, but lacks style. The worst group in the Royal Academy is "The Gladiator's Farewell" (1991), by Count Gleichen; if it were not so bad as it is we would pass it by, but there is a point where to be silent is almost a scandal. "Il y a des morts qu'il faut qu'on tue."

The Academy is rich in good busts, signed by names still [illegible]. The best of the year, in our opinion, is the exquisite "Portrait of a Lady" ([illegible]) by Mr. W. [illegible]. This is closely rivalled by Mr. [illegible] "[illegible]" ([illegible]).

which has all that science and delicate refinement which we are accustomed to look for in his work; it is placed on a charming Renaissance pedestal. Mr. Boehm is very unequal, as usual; his "Anthony Froude" (2018) is one of the finest busts of the year; but his "Alfred Gilbert" (1970) seems to us a failure, and we do not question the badness of his "Lord Rosebery" (2021). Mr. Pegram's bronze head of "Harry Dixon" (1957), so vivid that it kills everything near it, is an exquisite piece of work. There is very careful and thorough workmanship in Mr. Brock's marble heads of "Isaac Pitman" (1967) and "Sir Erasmus Wilson" (1969). Mr. John excels again in his "Samuel Poole" (2014), so full of delicate and laborious study that it is almost overdone. Mr. Onslow Ford's brilliant and spirited sketch of a bust of General Gordon (2028) must not be overlooked. We must simply mention a series of busts, each worthy of commendation; these are Mr. Charles May's "Lord Tollemache" (1923), which is, however, too uniformly chiselled; Mr. Herbert Nye's "Age" (1949); Mr. Pomeroy's "Study" (1958); Mr. W. T. Frith's "Thomas Lloyd Baker" (1972); Mr. Rhind's "Millie" (1979); Miss Edith G. Jeffrays's vivacious "Study" (1994); Mr. Montford's "F. R. Pickersgill" (2016), and Mr. George Lawson's bust (2033). The record of the year in iconic sculpture is high.

In miscellaneous work we have Mr. Thornycroft's fine low relief of "Justice and Mercy" (2022), part of his national memorial to General Gordon, and Mr. Pegram's very pretty bronze panel "Charity" (2039). These two artists, the pupil worthy of the master, understand remarkably well what is so rarely grasped in modern sculpture, the just accentuation of relief. There are two good animal figures in the Lecture Room, Mr. Briton Riviere's very careful "Anatomical Lion" (2064), with the skin left on the face, and Mr. Robert Stark's "Rhinoceros" (2002). Miss Alice Chaplin, always a popular favourite, contributes a terrier repenting the impertinence with which he has thrown a lively cat upon her back (2057). Mr. Boehm's best contribution to the show is his statuette of "Richard Cœur de Lion" (2071). This is very accomplished and charming, quite in the style of Mr. Alfred Gilbert; nothing is more remarkable than Mr. Boehm's variety and versatility. Speaking of Mr. Gilbert, let no one miss seeing the Collar he has made for the Corporation of Preston (1985), a triumph of the ingenious use of plain materials. This splendid ornament is found on examination to be constructed by simply bending flat bits of metal and wire into the shape the artist's fancy has dictated.

THE DERBY.

THE history of this year's Derby might be divided into two parts, one describing the winning of the race by Ayrshire, the other the lamentable collapse of Friar's Balsam, perhaps the hottest autumn, winter, and spring favourite ever known. It may be objected that an accident to a favourite is no very rare occurrence, and that for a horse to meet with a mishap three or four weeks beforehand is both less remarkable and less disastrous than a breakdown during the race. It may be so; yet we venture to predict that the Derby of 1888 will be almost as memorable for the Friar's Balsam fiasco as for the victory of Ayrshire.

The earliest betting on a Derby is, as it were, the beginning of its story. Yearling books have long since become obsolete, and the first wager of any consequence on the late Derby took place last summer, when Friar's Balsam was backed at 10,000*l*. to 2,500*l*. When Ayrshire had won the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, he, too, was introduced into the betting, and the pair were backed together at 5 to 2. At the end of the week four more colts were backed in one lot at 2,000 to 500—namely, Crowberry, Caerlaverock, Galore, and Ossory; and a day or two later Galore was backed alone at 12 to 1. It is not a little remarkable that every one of these bets could since then have been splendidly hedged. On the morning of the Middle Park Plate, Friar's Balsam stood at 5 to 1; but after the race he was readily backed at 6,000 to 2,000, and late in the evening 3,000*l*. was invested on him at 5 to 2. When the racing season was over—that is to say, early in December—he was scarcely so strong a favourite, a fraction over 3 to 1 being laid against him, while Orbit stood at 7, Ayrshire at 9, Hazlehatch at 12, Ossory and Crowberry at 16, and Galore at 50 to 1. When racing began again in March, Friar's Balsam was a firm favourite at a fraction over 2 to 1; Ayrshire had risen to 7½ to 1, Orbit had gone down to 11 to 1, Hazlehatch to 20 to 1, while Galore had risen from 50 to 1, offered, to half that price, taken. At the Newmarket Craven Meeting, Friar's Balsam stood at the short price of 5 to 4, and at the same time Ayrshire had a determined party of backers at 5 to 1. But a revolution in the betting was at hand. When people took up their newspapers on the 3rd of May they found that Ayrshire stood at 6 to 4 and Friar's Balsam at 6 to 1. At the start 6 to 5 was laid on Ayrshire.

We told the melancholy story of the Two Thousand last month. We reminded our readers that, after beating all the best form of his year and winning all his races easily, Friar's Balsam had ended his first season without so much as being pressed in any of his half-dozen races, and with 8,666*l*. to his credit. We repeated the already often told story of the breaking of an ulcer in his jaw on the way to the post, and his inability to obtain even a place in the race. The sporting papers have told all the world how Herr Loeffler, the celebrated horse dentist, performed an operation on the patient and extracted a piece of bone; but that his condition after such treatment did not admit of his being properly prepared for any of his immediate engagements, and that on the 11th of May, precisely at twenty minutes past two o'clock, the pen was put through his name in the entries for the Derby, the Epsom Grand Prize, and the Grand Prix de Paris. Possibly many of his backers may regret that he was able to be trained for the Two Thousand, or that, at any rate, his abscess should not have manifested itself at some other date than that fatal 2nd of May.

So far as the Derby is concerned, there is nothing more to be said of Friar's Balsam except *requiescat in pace*, and it is necessary that we should turn our attention to his successor in favouritism. The Duke of Portland's bay colt, Ayrshire, by Hampton out of Atalanta, by Galopin out of Feronia by Thormanby, granddam by Stockwell, great-granddam by Touchstone, won five races worth 6,565*l*. last year and lost two. In one of his defeats he was beaten by Briar Root and Caerlaverock, and in the other by Friar's Balsam and Seabreeze. He subsequently beat Caerlaverock at Doncaster. His first appearance in public this season had been at the Newmarket Craven Meeting, when he went through the form of a race with the roaring Disappointment, whom he beat by twenty lengths; but, if the truth must be spoken, his appearance did not altogether please the critics. He looked well and muscular, and he moved with great freedom. What they objected to was his "want of scope" about the neck and shoulders; some said, also, that he had "not improved in the slightest degree" since last autumn, and others considered him light of bone below the knee, and "queer looking" about the fetlocks. When he had won the Two Thousand very easily by two lengths, they changed their minds, nor have we, whose privilege it is to prophesy after the event, any right to blame them for so doing. The critics now declared that he was a charming colt, and that they had always said so.

Some six weeks ago, Mr. Vyner's chestnut colt, Crowberry, stood at 20 to 1. Last season he had been beaten by Ayrshire; and his form on four occasions, at wide intervals, had certainly been very bad. Yet he had won five races, in some of which his worst form appeared to be more than contradicted. In the race for the Two Thousand, Johnny Morgan, Orbit, and Crowberry, who ran second, third, and fourth, were only separated by heads. This running, again, seemed contradictory, for Johnny Morgan had been unplaced to Crowberry, at Manchester last November, when receiving 2 lbs., and had been beaten by two lengths by Orbit at Newmarket, in October, when receiving no less than 16 lbs. At Kempton Park, on the 11th of May, Crowberry won the Grand Prize, giving 16 lbs. to Neapolis, a colt that was said to have been tried very highly, and started first favourite. One of Crowberry's forefeet is perhaps a trifle smaller than the other, and it may be that there are racehorses showing more quality; but he has a great deal of bone, power, and "reach." He won nearly 2,000*l*. in stakes last season, and at Kempton this year he added 850*l*. to that. If his sire, Rosebery, is not the most fashionable of stallions, Crowberry is, take him all in all, a very highly bred colt, having in his veins three strains of Touchstone, three of Birdcatcher, two of Emilius, one of Bay Middleton, and one of Blacklock. The Duke of Westminster's Orbit, a chestnut colt by Bend Or out of Fair Alice, although a winner of three races last season, had run very badly in two others. This season he had won the Craven Stakes, but Cotillon apparently made a fair fight with him, and Cotillon was not considered anything like a Derby trial-horse. For the Two Thousand, although he only ran third, Orbit had appeared to be gaining ground at the finish; it was generally thought that he ran like a stayer, and there were plenty of people who entertained the idea that he might beat Ayrshire over the longer and more tiring Derby course. He has fine shoulders; looked at from behind, however, he has his faults, being flat-sided and, to use a vulgar but expressive phrase, "split up." "Mr. Warblington's" Galore, a bay colt by Galopin out of Lady Maura by Macaroni, granddam by Stockwell, had both lost and won races last year. As we have already said, at the end of last racing season, he stood at 50 to 1, offered, for the Derby. This spring, after starting second favourite for the City and Suburban Handicap, he was unplaced, yet by the middle of May he was backed at 6 to 1. On the 24th of April he had been at 33 to 1; but when he came out on the 1st of May to run for the Hastings Plate at the Newmarket First Spring Meeting, he pleased backers so much that they made him favourite, and he justified their choice by winning very easily by a length and a half from Hazlehatch. He soon went up to 10 to 1 for the Derby, and when he had won the Payne Stakes in a canter from a very moderate field, at the Second Spring Meeting, he rose to 6 to 1. He had been bred by the Duke of Portland and passed on to the Duke of St. Albans, who sold him last April to "Mr. Warblington." He is a magnificent mover and very handsome, although exception was taken by some to his want of substance. Mr. Rose's Van Dieman's Land had shown moderate form as a two-year-old; this season he had lost two races, in one of which he was beaten by Crowberry and Chillington. Mr. J. N. Astley's Netheravon, a chestnut colt by Avontes out of a mare by Mortemer out of Highland Lassie, had lost all his races as a two-year-old; so also had Lord Bradford's bay colt Chillington, by Chippendale.

Although there were only nine starters, they were late in coming out and still later in getting off. Chillington broke away four times, running some distance on his own account, on each occasion. More than forty minutes after the proper time the

little field got away in rather straggling order. Mr. Vyner's Gautby made the running for his other horse, Crowberry, and before reaching the top of the hill he was joined by Van Dieman's Land. Half way down the hill Gautby gave up the running, and Van Dieman's Land led round Tattenham Corner, with Orbit and Ayrshire in close attendance; then came Galore, and, at a wide interval, Crowberry. A quarter of a mile from home Ayrshire passed Van Dieman's Land, and gradually increased his lead to the distance, where he held an advantage of three lengths. In the meanwhile, Crowberry, who had been making up his ground in a wonderful way as he came up the straight, passed Van Dieman's Land and Orbit. On reaching the Grand Stand he looked very dangerous, and then he began to tire. Ayrshire, was, therefore, able to maintain his lead to the end and to win by two lengths, while Crowberry finished five lengths in front of Van Dieman's Land. F. Barrett rode the winner and J. Osborne the second in the race. So far as public form is concerned, the result of the Derby is satisfactory enough, although Crowberry improved immensely on his Two Thousand form with Orbit. Van Dieman's Land's position surprised many people; but when a horse finishes a bad third, with others close to him, his performance ought not to be overestimated. The stakes of the late Derby were exceptionally poor, being only 125*l.* more than those of the Two Thousand; the Duke of Portland, however, has little to complain of on the score of paucity of stakes, as in five races this year, with two horses, he has won considerably more than 14,000*l.* in stakes alone.

The fields for the Derby have been lamentably small of late. Ten years have passed since twenty horses have gone to the post; yet for a long period thirty or more was by no means an uncommon field. It was the more disheartening to see such a small field last Wednesday, because it was apparently owing to a scarcity of average Derby horses, and not, as in Ormonde's year, to the presence of one horse of very exceptional merit. Can it be that the new monster stakes are beginning to tell their tale upon the Epsom fields? It may be well worth the while of the Epsom authorities to consider this question. They could, we venture to think, well afford to make a rich addition to the stakes for the Derby; and, even if they were only to offer a few extra hundreds for the second and third in the race, it might have the effect of materially increasing the number of horses at the starting-post.

In the Free Handicap, published a few days before the Derby, Ayrshire and Friar's Balsam are placed on even terms. We do not think that every handicapper would have put the pair on an equal footing. The general opinion is that Friar's Balsam's form in the Two Thousand ought to be totally ignored, and on their two-year-old form—the only other guide—Friar's Balsam would appear undoubtedly the best by a good many pounds. Yet due credit—and that in the substantial form of some pounds in weight—has to be given by a judicious handicapper to a three-year-old who has proved himself to have at least retained, if not improved upon, his two-year-old form, so in this instance it is probable that no mistake has been made.

THE INDIAN EXCHANGES.

THE value of the Indian rupee continues to fall steadily. In March of last year the Indian Finance Minister expressed the belief in his Budget statement that the India Council would be able to sell their bills in London at the rate of 1*s.* 5½*d.* per rupee. During the year the price steadily fell, and in March last it was only about 1*s.* 4½*d.* per rupee. In the course of the year, therefore, there was a fall of about a penny in the rupee, or nearly 6 per cent. Since March there has been a further fall. A fortnight ago the Council sold its bills at only 1*s.* 4⅜*d.* per rupee, the lowest price that had ever up to that time been accepted by the Council. Subsequently there was a slight recovery; but on Wednesday the Council accepted 1*s.* 4$\frac{1}{32}$ per rupee for its bills, and the probability seems to be that there will be a further fall throughout the year. Indeed, it is not easy to understand on what grounds the Finance Minister last March based his expectation that the Council would be able to get for its bills nearly 1*s.* 5*d.* per rupee during the current year. That was the average obtained during the past financial year; but, as stated above, at the time the Budget was published the price was nearly a halfpenny lower. The fall in the rupee is due to a variety of causes. Where two countries trade with one another, and have the same standard of value, the only thing which can bring about a disturbance of the exchange value of the coin of one country measured in that of the other is what is called the balance of trade. If, for example, country A buys from country B more than it sells to it, then there is a balance of debt which sooner or later must be settled in cash by the former. The merchants of country A, seeing this, try to avoid as far as they can sending cash. They buy up the bills held by residents in their own country which are drawn on country B, and which, in plain language, are neither more nor less than orders to pay specified sums at specified dates; but, by the hypothesis, there are fewer bills *on* country B held in country A than there are bills drawn upon country A held in country B. After a while, therefore, the bills of country B held by country A rise rapidly in price. In other words, the exchange becomes unfavourable to the debtor country and favourable to the creditor country. Where, however, the two countries have different standards of value another cause of perturbation comes in. For instance, the standard of value in England is gold, and the standard of value in India is silver. Silver for many years past, as our readers are aware, has been depreciated relatively to gold, and therefore the Indian exchange has fallen, not only because of the adverse balance of trade as regards India, but because also the Indian coinage is worth less than it formerly was in English coin. At the present moment there does not appear, however, to be any fall going on in silver, taking the world at large. A few months ago there was a very general expectation that silver would rise, and even now the larger holders of silver appear to be of opinion that a recovery in price is more likely than a further fall. It seems to follow, then, that the steady decline in the Indian exchange is due, not to the continued fall in silver, but to the fact that there is an adverse balance of trade against India.

India has to pay every year for her imports of goods and treasure; she has to pay also what are called the home charges—that is, the interest on her Debt held in Europe, the salaries and pensions of her officials, and the purchase-money of stores and materials. Lastly, she has to pay considerable sums in the form of profit on investments in India, and in the form of remittances by persons resident in India on account of their families resident in Europe. All these various charges may be classed together broadly as imports, since they are things for which India has to pay. Now, the means with which India has to pay these various charges are:—first, the goods and treasure which she exports; secondly, the securities she exports—in other words, either the new Debt that she incurs or the old evidences of Debt which she sells; and, lastly, bills drawn upon Europe for such expenditure as that of ships' crews in Indian ports. Classing together as exports all these various means of payment, it is obvious that the imports and exports must balance one another somehow. There are no accurate means of ascertaining the amount of the remittances from India for profits and family requirements; but it is found by experience that where the whole value of the exports do not exceed the whole value of the ascertainable imports by about three hundred lakhs of rupees the Indian exchange falls. Therefore, it is inferred that the remittances on account of profit and family requirements amount in round figures to about 300 lakhs of rupees per annum. But, at the present time, so far from the value of the exports exceeding the value of even the ascertainable imports there is a very considerable balance the other way. Consequently, the opinion seems to be well-founded that in the immediate future the tendency of the Indian exchanges will be downwards, always assuming that the India Council draws bills to the amount estimated for in the Budget, and that there is no considerable rise of prices in regard to Indian exports. Owing to the large investments of European capital in India, the opening up of the country by railway, and the fall in the rupee there has been a very great expansion of the Indian export trade of late years. The wheat trade, for example, is almost entirely new, and the tea trade has of late grown very rapidly. Unfortunately, the advantage to India of this great expansion of her export trade has been largely neutralized by the fall of prices in Europe. Had prices remained as they were twenty years ago, and had the export trade expanded at the rate at which it actually has grown, the purchasing power of India would be enormously larger than it is. The fall in prices, however, has restricted very greatly her purchasing power. At the same time, owing to the improvement in the export trade and to her fortunate escape for so long a time now from famines, the imports of goods into India have increased very largely, and at the same time the home charges are constantly growing. It is the growth of these home charges that is the real cause of the fall in the rupee—apart, of course, from the depreciation of silver. The home charges amount annually to between sixteen and seventeen millions sterling. By one device or another—that is to say, by borrowing or by using the money that comes into its hands on account of the railways and the like—the India Council is able to avoid drawing bills for the whole of this vast amount. In the past financial year, nevertheless, it had to draw bills which realized in sterling not far short of fifteen and a half millions, being about three and a half millions sterling more than it drew for the year before. It was this increase in the drawing of bills, coupled with the fact that the export of wheat from India last year was very small, that caused the fall in the value of the rupee of about 6 per cent. In the current financial year the Budget estimate is that the drawings of bills will amount to fourteen millions sterling. That is, no doubt, a sensible decrease compared with last year; but it is a very considerable increase compared with the year before, and if the whole amount has to be drawn the probability seems to be that the rupee will fall still further.

If the Council can avoid drawing so much, there may be a recovery in the exchange. There will also be a recovery if there should be a marked rise in the prices of Indian exports. For example, the Government returns show that at the beginning of May the winter wheat crop throughout the United States had suffered very severely. Before harvest arrives there may be a great improvement; and it is very probable, moreover, that the spring wheat crop will be large. The fears now entertained may, therefore, be entirely groundless. But, if there should be a failure of the American crop, and if at the same time the wheat crops of the rest of the world should not be exceedingly good, there will be a great demand for Indian wheat, and the price also will probably rise. In that case the greater value of the exports from India will

counterbalance the large drawings of Council bills, and may keep up the exchange. So, again, if the hopes so widely entertained at the end of last year were to be realized, and there were to be a marked revival in general trade in Europe, leading to a considerable recovery in the prices of other grains, tea, indigo, and generally of articles of export from India, the increased drawings of the India Council would be neutralized, and the exchange might rise instead of falling. But if there is no marked increase either in the value or the quantity of the exports of goods from India, while the India Council has to draw the full fourteen millions sterling in bills, then it seems inevitable that the exchange must fall. It has been suggested that the Council should borrow; but that is merely putting off the evil day, for every new borrowing adds ultimately to the home charges, and, therefore, increases the drain upon India which is forcing down the exchange. The Council is as well aware as the rest of the world of the effect of these large drawings upon the exchanges; but up to the present it has been able to discover no remedy. Obviously the Debt charges and the pension charges cannot be reduced, and it seems equally clear that the policy of the Indian Government in developing the resources of the country and strengthening its fortifications cannot be reversed. That being so, it seems inevitable that the home charges must increase, and every increase in the home charges displaces a certain amount of goods and silver which otherwise would be sent to India, and consequently cripples the purchasing power of India so far as trade is concerned. But India being now the one great remaining market for silver, when her power of purchasing silver declines the price of the metal tends downwards. Therefore, every increase in the Council drawings of bills not only tends to turn the balance of trade against India, but tends at the same time to limit the market for silver, and, therefore, to reduce the price of the metal. In both ways, consequently, the growth of the home charges acts most unfavourably upon Indian finance.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR AT OXFORD.

AS Mr. Adderley, in a pleasant little sketch (*The Fight for the Drama at Oxford*. By the Hon. and Rev. J. G. Adderley. With a Preface by W. L. Courtney, M.A.), opportunely reminds us, the fight for the drama in Oxford has been no less arduous than prolonged. But even the donniest of Dons, the most self-righteous of reactionaries, must at length sorrowfully admit that the issue of the struggle is no longer doubtful. The battle, though a tough one, has been crowned with victory. The undergraduate dramatically inclined need no longer seek a field for the exercise of his patronage in the rickety—and now happily abandoned—"Vic," nor scope for his histrionic talents in third-rate farces and burlesques, played to fugitive audiences in hole-and-corner retreats. The revolution, due mainly to the persistent efforts of Canon Scott Holland, Mr. Jowett, and Mr. Courtney, is undeniably complete. Vance and Jolly Nash have made way for Euripides; Maddison Morton has given place to Shakspeare. Let those who regret the change continue to do so; they must still admit it. So complete, indeed, is the revulsion of taste and temper, that nowadays not to have seen the latest production of the O. U. D. S. is no less of a reproach to "Doctors and Proctors, and all other heads and governors of Colleges and Halls," than to the freshest of Freshmen and to the most charming of his cousins "up for the Eights."

During the past week academic dignitaries, freshmen, and notable visitors have all alike been jostling for places, in the pretty little Oxford Theatre, wherefrom to view the latest—and as we may at the outset say—the most emphatically successful production of the O. U. D. S. After a departure for one year to Attic drama, the Society has returned—and as we think wisely—to Shakspeare. Successful as the production of the *Alcestis* was, admirable as was much of the acting, there can be no question that a much better field for the display of the peculiar resources of the O. U. D. S. has been found in the *Merry Wives*.

To deal with individual successes. So much depends on the Falstaff (though the comedy is full of good parts) that the Society must be cordially congratulated on having secured the co-operation of their veteran ally, Mr. Arthur Bourchier. His Falstaff is brimful of the richest and most unctuous humour. Mr. E. F. Nugent's Slender is excellent. Ford and Dr. Caius are in experienced hands. Mr. W. J. Morris plays the part with which Mr. Frank Benson has lately been identifying himself in the provinces with a scholarly finish and a reserved strength worthy of his high reputation. Ford is a good part, but rather an ungrateful one. He never has the audience thoroughly with him; it is essential, therefore, that the part should be entrusted to an actor who has sufficient self-control and sufficient experience to dare to despise applause won by resort to inartistic tricks. Mr. Morris is equal to the task.

In their ladies the O. U. D. S. are fortunate. Of the two rules laid down by the late Vice-Chancellor for the future government of the Society, one was that it should play nothing but Shakspeare; the other was that under no circumstances should men assume women's parts. The latter rule, regarded originally as something of a restriction, has proved to be the salvation of the Society, and one of the main causes of its success. Rarely has it been more lucky in this respect than in the present revival. The amusing scene between Mistress Ford and Mistress Page are excellently played by Mrs. Jameson and Mrs. Charles Sim, while Mrs. Copleston brings out in clear relief the many excellent points in which Mistress Quickly's part abounds. Sweet Anne Page is entrusted to the skilful hands of the Countess of Abingdon.

CANADA.

LORD LANSDOWNE as Governor-General of Canada has proved himself a popular ruler, amply provided with tact, and has evinced a considerable amount of firmness and administrative capacity. Such business as the Governor-General has to transact he has carried through with ability and all attainable success; and it is not necessary to impute the slightest degree of mismanagement or want of purpose to Lord Lansdowne to express a doubt whether he has left Canada more closely united to England than it was three years ago. After all, the practical influence of the Governor-General over Canadian politics is not absolute. It lies with two parties to unite our American colony more securely to the mother-country—with the Conservative party in the Dominion, under the leadership of Sir John Macdonald, and with the Conservative party at home, under Lord Salisbury. On the other side is arrayed the Yankee-Canadian coalition, whether for the expressed purpose of commercial union, with Mr. Erastus Wiman as preceptor, or for complete union between Canada and the United States, of which section the leader best known to the English public is Mr. Goldwin Smith. The professed aims of this coalition are alternately directed to independence and to a fusion, either complete or for fiscal purposes only, with the American Republic; but their tendency is ever to a final separation of the Dominion from the British Empire. Nor do the body of Canadian Separatists lack ample support from the example, if not from the direct sanction, of the Gladstone-Parnellite coalition on this side of the Atlantic.

This demand for separation from the Empire, which at present it is convenient for Dominion agitators to cloak under the formula of Commercial Union, is of comparatively recent date. But during the last three, and more especially during the last two, years it has been gaining adherents and quasi-adherents to a perilous degree. No expression of dissent is generally heard at the public gatherings of the supporters of Commercial Union when the orators hint at something beyond a mere combination for commerce with the United States; and when two or three of this persuasion are gathered together to discuss in private the affairs of the nation, the advantages of any connexion at all with England are disparaged root and branch.

It is true that Sir John Macdonald's Ministry has since the overthrow of Mr. Mackenzie and the adoption of the scheme under which the Canadian Pacific Railway has been constructed managed to hold on to the reins of government. But the warmest partisans of separation would admit that the Canadian people are not just yet prepared to accept wholly the policy they commend. It must be remembered, also, that the economy of the political arena of the Dominion is not that to which we are now accustomed at home. The protected manufacturers throughout Canada are almost to a man against Commercial Union. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company is no half-hearted partisan of the Minister who has supported it from its beginnings, and of the English Government which has granted to it a substantial subsidy. Both the body of manufacturers and the railway syndicate have considerable influence. Indeed, it is difficult for Englishmen to understand the immense leverage which is possessed by railway directors throughout the continent of North America. But their wealth is more than commensurate with their influence. A good sum of money will go far to carry an election when it can be employed as a personal inducement to an elector; and the promise of a new line of rail to a province or city which has not hitherto enjoyed this advantage has been known to supply any deficiency in canvassing. Added to these very considerable factors, we have Sir John Macdonald's past prestige and great personal popularity, his admirable Parliamentary experience, which might bear comparison with that once exerted by Sir Robert Walpole, and the further consideration that he is reputed not to be adverse to pursuing certain winning methods which the great English Minister of the first Georges carried to a high state of perfection.

But Sir John Macdonald is well stricken in years. The Liberal party in the Dominion Parliament and in the provincial Parliaments is gradually adopting the new creed. The large but injurious French interest is gravitating in the same direction. The money of vested interests is not inexhaustible, and there is a growing feeling against its employment for electioneering purposes and against those who employ it. The extravagance of the present Administration, and its lavish creation of berths for those who support it, has excited a certain amount of discontent in the country. The cry of Commercial Union times in well with discontent; and the present move of the Liberal coalition is to arouse a popular feeling in the Dominion against the Ministry of the National party, and, if this succeeds, it seems probable that the new Government would be to a great extent pledged to the policy of Commercial Union.

Nor is it unlikely that the requisite amount of public feeling will be aroused. The time Mr. Goldwin Smith can spare from ably defending the cause of the Union at home he employs in fomenting separation in our colonies with equal ability. Imperial ideas, however valuable in reality, are not sufficiently attractive

in themselves to divert practical men in a new country from primarily regarding their own immediate interests. England in fiscal matters does not discriminate in favour of Canada. The lumber trade of the Dominion has been seriously injured by the withdrawal of the duty which we formerly imposed in its favour against foreign lumber. No apparent advantage, therefore, accrues to the majority of Canadian industries through the union with England. On the other hand, by combining with the United States, the duties imposed by the States against Canadian goods would be removed. Many Canadian manufacturers would lose position and profits, absorbed by American producers. But the main strength of industrial Canada lies in its agriculture and forests and natural riches. These last especially demand capital to develop them. English capital is slow to aid our colonies; but upon a union with the States enterprises would spring up on all sides. At present the greatest field for agitation is in Manitoba and the adjoining territories of the North-West. For there, in close proximity to the territory of the United States, with the Inter-Oceanic Railway running within a score of miles from the boundary line, the farmers of the Dominion are mulcted in what they consider to be excessive rates for the carriage of their produce to be shipped for England; while once a union accomplished, they might convey it by cart or rail to an inexhaustible market almost adjoining their holdings. In spite of the compromise which has been fortunately arrived at, the irritation caused by the Imperial veto upon the provincial Red River Valley Railway scheme still exists. The results of the British North America Act have not yet satisfied either Manitoba, Vancouver, or, we believe, Nova Scotia; and the argument of the Separatists as to the natural union between the two divisions of North America is not without force.

The arguments of Commercial Unionists are the arguments of the Separatists. The two persuasions are one. Even regarding their attitude from a view purely of Canadian interest, we do not for a moment admit its validity or reasonableness. As regards the interest of England, the result which it approves would be baneful beyond measure. But it is imperative that we should understand the real political condition of our American colony, that we may be enabled to take such action as is possible before it is too late—before we are either perforce compelled to be active or to resign ourselves to an irretrievable disaster.

THE STORY OF THE LONDON POLICE.

IV.

IT may be appropriate at this juncture to consider not so much the general efficiency of the Metropolitan Police as the desirableness, or, as some would say, the necessity, of increasing the numerical strength of the force. With every wish to criticize the guardians of the peace and custodians of our lives and property in a spirit of the most complete impartiality and fairness, we must admit that there is no gainsaying the fact that at the present moment a general feeling of insecurity is abroad. We cannot honestly say that we are surprised at the fear which has come over the metropolis, inasmuch as it is the natural consequence of the ill-luck of the police in failing to apprehend the perpetrators of crimes which seem to many to be of a particularly atrocious description. Almost before the murder of the poor woman (Mrs. Samuels) in Kentish Town—considerably more than a year ago—was forgotten, came the tragic and inexplicable tragedy at Canonbury, and the slaying of the prison warder at Oldham by the convict Jackson. Up to now the perpetrators of both crimes remain undetected; albeit, in respect of the Canonbury case, no one can reasonably accuse the police of idleness, as more than a dozen innocent persons have been apprehended "on suspicion" and immediately discharged from custody. We do not remember to have seen any explanation offered of the conduct of the constable who was put on special "point" duty at Canonbury for the express purpose of watching the house which was so soon to be the scene of a revolting crime; it would have been well had an official statement been promulgated with a view to showing how it was the officer in question exercised his specially imposed *surveillance* over the residence of the poor woman to so little effect. Concerning Jackson's long immunity from arrest we shall speak, perhaps, later on, when we may deal with the organization of the provincial police.

In a previous article we detailed the numbers of the Metropolitan Police Force, and showed in what manner many of them are employed—how some are engaged in the various Dockyards, others at the Royal and other Palaces, and others, again, on private business premises. Of the 11,957 constables comprising the force in the year 1886, only 10,561 were, as we pointed out, available for service within the metropolitan area; in reality, however, the exact number on duty was but 8,465, one-fourth of the force being, on an average, and with certain exceptions, daily on leave, under the regulation which permits each constable to absent himself one day every fortnight. There were, it seems, absent from duty during the year, owing to casualties and illness, no fewer than 520 constables, reducing the number of total effectives, as has been said, to 8,465. It will be interesting, more especially in view of recent circumstances, to see exactly how and where this little army is employed. As might be supposed, night duty absorbs the larger proportion. Between ten o'clock at night and six in the morning 60 per cent. of the total number of available constables are detached for street duty; while the remaining 40 per cent. are employed between 6 A.M. and 10 P.M., in the proportion of four "reliefs" in the town districts and two "reliefs" in the country districts. In the day the "ordinary" beat duty of the whole of the metropolis devolves upon some 1,478 men; there are also (we are quoting the Report for the year 1886) 457 constables on "fixed points," and 78 at cab-stands from 9 A.M. to 1 A.M. We had a word or two to say in a former article with regard to the mounted police, and on this important section of the general subject it may not be inappropriate to make a brief reference to Mr. Superintendent Dunlap's report of the working of the A (or Whitehall) Division in 1886. Mr. Dunlap tells us what we are very glad to hear—namely, that the mounted branch has been augmented and a "reserve" of those trooper-constables placed on the divisional strength; giving him "increased power to patrol thoroughfares, which is done every evening on certain well-defined beats, so that the inhabitants have the benefit of horse patrols frequently passing through their boundaries." This experienced and valuable official also notes the gratifying extension of the telegraph, which, as the reader will remember, was first brought into use for Metropolitan Police purposes in the "Great Exhibition" year, nearly four decades ago; and here it is interesting to note from the N (or Islington) Division alone there were despatched in 1886 not less than 24,554 telegrams, all of them being so satisfactorily transmitted as to cause Mr. Superintendent Sherlock to express the natural hope "that a further extension of the telegraph system will be carried out shortly." An item to note here, too, is the same Superintendent's reference to "double patrols." These, it appears, have been abolished in the exterior districts, thus affording him "an opportunity of shortening some of the long beats and recommending the establishment of additional fixed points"; and he adds, "the change has worked satisfactorily, inasmuch as the public have had the benefit of more police protection in places where it was much needed; notwithstanding this, *a substantial augmentation of police is still required in the outer districts.*"

In the X (or Kilburn) Division, says Mr. Superintendent Skeats, "an augmentation is much needed for the efficient working and protection of lives and property"; while Mr. Superintendent Huntley, of the Y (Highgate) Division, remarks, "the fact cannot be concealed that a considerable increase in the number of police available for ordinary duty is indispensably necessary, and a more efficient system of supervision by inspectors patrolling is urgently needed; the latter, moreover, can in my opinion only be provided for by means of an augmentation of the numbers of the rank in question." We have but to turn to the very elaborate and interesting Report of Mr. Superintendent Fisher, of the T (or Hammersmith) Division, to find additional proof, if any were needed, of the correctness of our argument that an immediate increase of the existing police force is absolutely necessary, especially in the suburban districts. The strength of the T Division has, it appears, been considerably reduced, owing to the redistribution of the force, and the formation of two new divisions during the year 1886. It is true that in March, 1886, the division in question was increased by the addition of three sergeants and twenty-nine constables, but (says Mr. Fisher), "Although the strength of this division may look large on paper, it is not sufficient for the full and proper protection of the district. This want of sufficient strength," he proceeds to point out, "has a bad effect upon the police, as, if a constable is placed upon a beat which is too long for his efficient supervision, he naturally feels that he cannot be held strictly responsible for the proper performance of the work. . . . I shall be very pleased," he adds, "to see a considerable augmentation both of constables and officers during the ensuing year, as I feel that improvement in this direction is an urgent necessity."

Again, although the J (or Bethnal Green) Division (total strength 590) was only formed on the 2nd of August, 1886, Mr. Superintendent Keating "cannot help drawing attention to the fact that in parts of the division the beats both day and night are far too long for police to have proper guard over property; as a consequence offences are of frequent occurrence. I therefore consider that an augmentation is absolutely necessary."

To the dweller in town any proposal to increase the Metropolitan Police Force will doubtless savour of panic, or something akin thereto, accustomed as he is to encounter a policeman at almost every step; the suburban resident, however, views the matter in another light, and will, we are sure, be profoundly grateful for small mercies in this direction. As Mr. Fisher pithily remarks, London "continues to extend still further into the suburbs every year." It is not only "the masses," but "the classes," who, either from inclination or necessity, decide to take up their abode in the fresher air of the outlying districts, where huge mansions rise with mushroom-like rapidity, and where the "household gods" of the wealthy residents offer, as we have lately seen, an irresistible temptation to the predatory gangs always "on the prowl" when the policeman is "out of sight," though by no means out of mind.

THE PROPOSED REVISION OF THE ITALIAN PENAL CODE.

IT is announced from Rome this week that Leo XIII. is preparing an energetic protest addressed to the Nuncios against the new laws affecting the clergy, for which Signor Crispi is so pertinaciously soliciting the countenance of the Italian Parliament, and which, it seems, will be passed with unanimity before many days are over, there being no Conservative party at Monte Citorio to offer any resistance. The Italian Premier appears determined to try his hand at settling the Roman question by sheer force, for several articles included in the revision of the Penal Code are of Draconian severity. No. 101, for instance, punishes by imprisonment with hard labour for life any bishop or priest who may venture to write or speak in public, or even in private, in favour of the restoration to the Pope of any part, however small, of his former territory—a punishment far greater than that which Italian justice administers to a murderer caught red-handed, who, except under very exceptional circumstances, is rarely doomed to more than twenty years' penal servitude. Article 104 treats of stringent measures for the suppression even of what is termed "moral influence in the family" in favour of any solution of the Roman question not in accordance with the views of the Italian Government. This means that, if a bishop or priest is found guilty of expressing an opinion on the Roman question antagonistical to that of the Government, even in a private assembly, if the charge can be proved against him, he will be condemned to terms of imprisonment varying from three months to six years, to pay fines varying from 300 to 6,000 francs, and to the perpetual loss of his salary. As may be expected, these proposed laws have created a profound sensation at the Vatican, and the Italian bishops have already addressed a series of protests to Parliament, which Signor Crispi assures them in the *Riforma* of May 18 "was a very useless action on their part, and, moreover, an offence which, if the said laws were already promulgated, as they are sure to be before many weeks pass by, would expose them to the unpleasant necessity of regretting their presumption in prison," doubtless with hard labour, for the rest of their days. Were the Roman question already settled by an official arrangement between the Italian Government and the Papacy, it might possibly be deemed necessary to frame rigorous measures for the suppression of any discussion on the subject, either from pulpits or in the press, on the part of the bishops and their subordinates. But since the Head of the Church refuses to recognize the so-called Law of Guarantees, this proposed Italian edition of the Kulturkampf is liable to make martyrs of the minor clergy, and give the Pope an excellent opportunity of rousing the indignation of the Catholic world against Italy; for Signor Crispi has, to use the expression, "given himself away," and, should these laws be promulgated, the Pope will have considerable ground for complaint; and should they not, on the other hand, meet with the approval of representatives of the nation, the mere fact that they have been submitted to Parliament will enable His Holiness to assert that the Italian Premier is so opposed to him that he has actually asked Parliament to pass laws, framed by himself and directed against the Pontiff and the Italian clergy, of so tyrannical a character that this very anti-clerical Assembly was ashamed to give them its sanction. But, even if the new laws do receive official recognition, and are eventually carried into practice, does Signor Crispi imagine that by silencing the Italian bishops and priests he will muzzle the Pope? The very constitution of the Roman Church obliges Governments to deal directly with its chief, and not with his subordinates. It was not, for instance, with the German prelates that Prince Bismarck discussed the Falk-laws, but with the Pontiff.

It requires, therefore, very little political acumen to predict what will most probably occur should Signor Crispi's plan of campaign be carried into practice. The Pope will issue orders to the Italian bishops and priests to maintain a prudent and dignified silence. The other bishops throughout the world will receive contrary orders, and be commanded to agitate the question as much as possible, and the voice of the Pope will be heard more loudly than ever above the din, proclaiming the absolute necessity of his independence being secured to him by foreign intervention. The passing of these laws, moreover, seems to us to offer a danger to the Italian people which they may not realize just at present, and Signor Bonghi himself has lately declared them to be contrary to the constitution and a dangerous precedent. The Republicans and Socialists have within the past fifteen years formed an ever-increasing and certainly, so far as the Italian monarchy is concerned, very dangerous party. Throughout last winter we have heard almost constantly of rowdy manifestations which they have made in the various provincial cities, and indeed in Rome itself, in direct opposition to the interests of the Italian King and the form of Government over which he presides. Thus, for instance, only a few days ago, when the King and Queen of Italy proceeded to Bologna to inaugurate the Exhibition, a hostile demonstration against them was organized by the Democratic students at the University, and resulted in a very unpleasant riot. Last week at Chiavari the Royal arms were torn from the centres of certain flags carried by working-men in a procession in honour of Mazzini; and, indeed, scarcely a day passes without witnessing some hostile display against the Italian Monarchy in one city or another, from Milan to Palermo. Now it is precisely the Republic and Socialistic parties which are urging Signor Crispi to pass these obnoxious laws. May it not come to pass that, in the near future, fresh decrees may be invented, this time directed against these self-same clamorous Republican agitators, and equalling in severity those which Signor Crispi deems necessary for the repression of the Clerical party? There can be no question that these new laws are tyrannical in principle, since they aim at the freedom of the press and liberty of discussion, the two main objects for which Italy demanded and obtained her liberty and unity. It is an unfortunate fact that since Signor Crispi has come to power, he has contrived to create a feeling of exasperation in both the Liberal and the Clerical camps, which may bring matters to an unpleasant crisis when least expected. Signor Bonghi, in a letter addressed last week from London to the *Perseveranza* of Milan, says that "he foresees at no distant period the possibility of the Pope being obliged to quit Rome, and of the renewal in that capital of the lamentable scenes which disgraced the funeral procession of Pius IX." We trust he is wrong; but we feel quite sure that, should Signor Crispi persevere in his present violent hostility to the Vatican, he will create difficulties for himself and for Italy, the magnitude of which will be felt throughout the Christian world, and which may lead to deplorable complications both for Italy and the Roman Catholic Church. Be this as it may, it seems evident to us that Signor Crispi must have some just ground for fearing the influence of the clergy, and that he, perhaps unwillingly, reveals to us the fact that the Clerical party in his country is stronger than we imagined it to be; for, if the bishops and priests had no real influence, surely they might be left in peace to preach the restoration of the Temporal Power as it were in the wilderness. We must not forget, however, that some of the richest presents sent to the Pope on the occasion of his Jubilee were the gifts of Italians, and that the pectoral cross forwarded to the Vatican as the gift of the City of Florence was subscribed for by no less than 56,000 of its inhabitants. As we have said before, whether these new laws are dictated by fear or simply proposed to vex the Vatican, we fail to perceive what end they can serve, save that of rendering the chances of reconciliation between the head of the Roman Church and the Italian Monarchy more difficult and distant than ever. Is this a consummation devoutly to be prayed for? For our part we think not. Those who are best acquainted with the condition of morals in Italy at present do not hesitate to attribute their low condition to the prolonged antagonism which exists between Church and State—an antagonism which is fanned by an essentially Atheistical press and by the emissaries of the innumerable Socialistic societies which honeycomb Italy and are undermining her loyalty and her Constitution.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

[Mr. GLADSTONE, who was again loudly cheered, said—I am very glad that you have been able after the broken weather last night to find your way here in tolerable comfort, and although we want more rain for the country, yet I hope it will hold off for a few hours until you get comfortably back, and then let it come down again.]

WHAT! another! and another!
Scarce can I my feelings smother;
Each fresh tribute seems the mother
Of a legion more.
See! to-day a deputation
Capping yesterday's ovation,
As did that the adoration
Of the day before!

Brave twelve hundred! All together
Faring through the broken weather,
Nobly reckless of shoe-leather,
O'er the weary way.
Welcome! with delight I meet you,
Graciously will I entreat you;
Hawarden decks herself to greet you
In her Spring array.

How the incense of your praises
My dejected spirits raises!
How the fountain of my phrases
Bubbles at your cry!
'Eighty-six is clean forgotten,
From my memory's page outblotten
(Though the Bill is dead and rotten—
That we don't deny).

Yes! the way in which you hear me,
And the noise with which you cheer me,
And the crowd that struggles near me
When I rise to spout,
Prove to perfect demonstration
That your ringing acclamation
Is the utterance of a nation—
Perish all who doubt!

When, in craving your attention
To some Parnellite invention,
Mr. B-lf-r's name I mention,
Some one bawls "Oh! Oh!"

When I ask if he's succeeded
In enacting what is needed
Most for Ireland's good, as we did,
Some one halloas "No!"

When I cry, with deep aversion,
"Ireland yield to mere coercion!
Who believes in that assertion?"
Some one echoes "Who?"
When I ask what politician,
Heaven-born, owns the obvious mission
To her ills to play physician,
Some one bellows "You!"

Wherefore, as by signs not feigning,
Know I that my cause is gaining;
That my enemy's star is waning,
And my triumph nigh.
So farewell! my faithful votaries!
Silencers of Tory *coteries*
(Let the local journals' notaries
Mark my warm good-bye).

Test again your stout shoe-leather,
Faring through the broken weather;
May, oh! may it hold together
For your homeward stage!
Then, in lightning, rain, and thunder,
Let the storm-cloud burst asunder;
You'll have safely seen the Wonder
Of the Brazen Age.

REVIEWS.

SCIENTIFIC RELIGION.*

"IN this world, the isle of dreams," a constant succession of visions and theories pass, vanish, and return again. We are certainly a mystery, dwelling in the midst of mysteries, moral, material, and spiritual. It is natural that men should go on guessing about these riddles, and natural that their guesses should follow and resemble each other. Just as the belief in official religion is waning in Europe, just as the Christian faith, as commonly held, is ceasing to be as powerful as of old in governing the world, people come forward with a variety of fresh proposals and patent religions. The peculiarity of these is that they satisfy the persons who introduce them, and the peculiarity of the persons who introduce them is that they think this an adequate proof of the correctness of their ideas. In a recent novel one particular shade of Theism was demonstrated correct because it was good enough for the hero, and it was good enough for the hero because it was good enough for his college tutor. Mr. Laurence Oliphant's *Scientific Religion* is an extremely obscure statement of ideas, which are good enough for him, of dreams which have haunted Yogis and Medicine-men, Rabbis and Mystics, and Mr. Harris. Of Mr. Oliphant's book it is necessary to speak with the respect due to one who has made sacrifices for his ideas, who is honest and ingenious, if all too inadequately learned and inadequately critical. He sees with perfect clearness the excessively unsatisfactory condition of the world. If we all lived lives of ideal excellence, no such condition of things could exist; and, to live lives of ideal excellence, an adequate religion is the only possible general motive. Observing this, Mr. Oliphant has also remarked a vast agitation in what he thinks is an actual invisible world, the world of unseen agencies, spirits, if we are to use the word, which he supposes to be pressing on us from all sides. About fourteen years ago "The consciousness of the sympneumatic presence was first awakened in the organism of a devout pure-minded woman of about sixty-five years of age . . . . . as the inauguration of a new revelation on the subject . . . . . Almost immediately on the sympneumatic descent, above alluded to, taking place, many persons, myself and wife among the number, became conscious of it." We do not profess to understand what a "sympneumatic descent" may be, except that it is the introduction, from without, of moral atoms, which are sentient beings, into the human system. Apparently, Mr. Oliphant's own invaders are "exquisitely formed bisexual beings," which were distributed after the death of Christ, though "their existence was one of the secrets known to the ancients." If we do not misunderstand Mr. Oliphant, the proper inspiration which is the secret of religion can only be attained by man and woman through joint efforts. The training, he says, is severe, "as, for instance, when two young people, who are both in quest of this pearl of great price, and who are passionately attached to each other, feel that they must marry if they would win it, and yet never know in this life what the marriage relation, as commonly understood, is." We shall endeavour to be serious; in dealing with Mr. Oliphant it is only the courtesy of criticism. "Or the discipline may consist in intimacies which, though pure and innocent, are calculated to arouse jealousy in quarters where it would be legitimate under ordinary circumstances." Perhaps this kind of discipline had better be avoided. At all events, the man who is perfect in this discipline ceases to know what it is to be in love. He (and she) are now in a position to begin the reconstruction of society, and, what is more important for us, are able to discover and communicate the secret of scientific religion.

Scientific religion, then, is the secret which Mr. Oliphant communicates. The manner of the communication is what he calls "inspirational." The pages in which this is explained are of some interest. The public is very curious about methods of composition. All that most authors can tell the public is this—they conceive an idea or a situation, then study it; they think it out; they accumulate materials by reading and observation; they arrange the whole mentally; they then sit down and write. The brain being stimulated by the exercise of composition, new ideas enter it as if given from without. When these are fresh, numerous, true, and harmonious in expression, the result is called a work of genius, as if it were composed by some separate spiritual entity which dictates to the writer. Of course "genius" is a mere way of talking, and the sense of having ideas "given" is only the result of their swift unexpected development in the thought. So, at least, most authors would think, but Mr. Oliphant's method and theory are quite different. We quote his own statement:—

> I had been conscious for some months in the summer of 1882 that a book was taking form within my brain, though I could obtain no clear idea of its nature—and indeed the same experience has preceded the pages I am now penning—when I decided one day to attempt a beginning, and trust to the inspiration of the hour to carry me on, as I am now doing. I had scarcely written the first sentence and begun the second, when the ideas which had presented themselves on taking up my pen, suddenly left me, and my mind became a sheet of blank paper. I remarked upon this to my wife, who was sitting in the room, and reading what I had written, asked her if she could finish the sentence: this, without a moment's hesitation, she had no difficulty in doing. I now most laboriously began another, but soon the same difficulty presented itself, which was solved in the same way. I found it hopeless to try and write another work. I therefore said to my wife that it was she evidently who was intended to write the book, and begged her to continue to dictate to me. To this at first she objected, on the ground of a want of literary practice, of material, and of capacity to treat properly so profound a subject; but she finally consented to try, and for a couple of hours dictated to me slowly, but without hesitation or correction.

Mr. Oliphant's new book was written in the same fashion. But Mr. Oliphant, feeling that "a book was taking form in his mind," felt it necessary to withdraw to a house on Mount Carmel, and to work in the room where Mrs. Oliphant died. His thoughts (or her thoughts) were then "projected into his mind with the greatest rapidity."

We regret that the inspirational method of writing is not justified by its results. The sentences are inordinately long and often obscurely complicated, as Mr. Oliphant himself seems to be aware (p. 54). The arrangement is as good as no arrangement at all. Mr. Oliphant constantly insists that the religion of the future "will be founded on personal experience and personal revelation." To get these revelations, and to get them *right*—for wrong revelations will be suggested by "infernals" on the loose—will prove to every man and woman a most difficult task. So we read in pp. 213, 214, and we expect to be told exactly how to set about securing personal revelations and what "efforts of verification" we are to make. Not at all. Mr. Oliphant leaps (p. 219) to a chapter on "The Generation of Universes." This is an example of the chaotic method, or lack of method, which makes this book so unreadable.

Another objection to the "inspirational" style we would offer. It is independent of knowledge, of scholarship. Mr. Oliphant occasionally touches on the science of religion. He takes the "Hibbert Lectures" seriously. His remarks on Professor Sayce's ideas about Babylonian religion are wholly untainted by an acquaintance with M. Oppert's objections. This would not be odd if Mr. Oliphant were not an "inspirational" writer, because M. Oppert's censures had not been published when *Scientific Religion* was composed. But then an inspirational writer should know more than other people—should know what M. Oppert knows. Otherwise, as the man in Voltaire says, "Is it worth while to have a guardian spirit," and private information?

Mr. Oliphant's whole work depends on his private information. There may be moral atoms, there may be "infernals" and "celestials" all around us; there may be people whose sensations give them knowledge to us quite unknown. That knowledge may be correct. But one thing undeniably certain is that the source of inspiration, whatever else it knows, does not know Greek. Mr. Oliphant's is "Lady's Greek, without the accents." He criticizes the rendering of the Lord's Prayer, and yet this is how he quotes a line from an Orphic hymn:—

Ζεῦς ἄρσην γενετο, Ζευς αμβροτος επλετο νυμφη.

"Igsplain this, men and hangels," as Jeames demands. Mr. Oliphant makes a great deal of old myths about the original bisexuality of man. He remembers Plato, but forgets the Chippewa legend. Once there were no women, and the Chippewas were as jolly as the day was long. They never quarrelled, naturally they had no problem of population, and they decorated their long tails and frisked about. But the great Manitou, vexed by their impiety, sent a Manitou who cut off the tails and changed the frisky decorative things into women. Since then the Chippewas have scarce known a happy hour.

The great objection to Mr. Oliphant's scientific religion must be manifest to all. It cannot be "scientific" if it depends, in each

* *Scientific Religion.* By Laurence Oliphant. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons. 1888.

The Science of Religion. By Emile Burnouf. Translated by Julie Liebe. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1888.

case, on personal revelation and experience. Everybody who can afford it will have his private revelation. They will differ considerably. Moreover, only a very few people will be able and willing to afford the "discipline," the sacrifice of time, money, affections, natural impulses, which is necessary first for obtaining experience and then for verifying revelation. What are the multitude to do? They will have to do without personal experience, and to settle on some form of faith and practice which rests on the testimony and authority of others. We personally cannot accept Mr. Oliphant's revelations, because we know for certain that his Greek is unsound, and we have a perfectly different theory of myths from that on which he bases a doctrine of the universe. As for his theory of Christ and of sentient moral atoms he offers no proof, he sets it out as an hypothesis. How are we to know whether this *causa* be *vera causa*? How are we to distinguish sympneuma from hysterics? We like not Mr. Harris's security, nor Mme. Blavatsky's. We distrust Mr. Oliphant's mystical interpretation of the letter of Scripture, just as we mistrust Porphyry's mystical interpretation of the letter of Homer. Mr. Oliphant's remarks (p. 194) are much on a level with the *De Antro Nympharum*. There is a place in his system for all old fancies and new, Bryant, Porphyry, Mme. Blavatsky. Professors of every degree, the Psychical Society, the guesses of savages at the origin of things, all come in, all blend in a theory undemonstrated, uncritical, based on subjective experience, real or imaginary, or mixed. When we have studied Mr. Oliphant we find ourselves as we found ourselves before, "in this world, the isle of dreams," with no guide but the moral consciousness, with no true guardian spirits or inspirers but faith, hope, and charity. We have no "sensation of the respiratory motion, which we have learned to recognize as a sympneumatic descent." But we have as high an appreciation of Mr. Oliphant's courageous and devoted attempts to reach truth as we have a low opinion of his erudition and his logic.

M. Burnouf's *Science of Religion* is a work of little value, so translated as to be sometimes scarce intelligible. The author is actually inclined to see a philological connexion between Agni (Fire) and Christ in Agnus Dei (pp. 149, 153); and he fancies that Sanskrit was known to the authors of the Orphic hymns. Nobody who seriously cares for the Science of Religion need linger over this book, which may be left on one side, like the effusions of Anglo-Israel.

NOVELS.*

IN *A Woman's Face* Miss Warden has succeeded in weaving a web of intrigue worthy of Gustave Flaubert himself. The young doctor, Frank Armathwaite, when he gets into the wrong train, and instead of going on to Glasgow is carried to the quiet Lake-country valley of Mereside, little knows into what an atmosphere of mystery, mesmeric influence, and reckless passion he is intruding himself; but it is not long before he begins to grasp some of the threads, while putting the severest restraint upon himself, in order to be able to tread safely the mazes of the "egg-dance" which life in that apparently peaceful vale turns out to be.

There is a certain Lord Kildonan, the chief landowner, who is an elderly student of retired habits; there is his brilliant and beautiful young wife, whose face gives the story its name, and makes all men more or less her slaves; and there is a Mr. Crosmont, the agent for Lord Kildonan's property, who was a playfellow of Lady Kildonan when they were children, and who now spends his time chiefly in driving about the country with her dressed as her groom, and committing a thousand other compromising escapades. There is also Alma Crosmont, the agent's wife, who is mild, gentle, interesting, and in every way fitted to sing contralto to Lady Kildonan's soprano. Alma is, perhaps, the character who most attracts the reader's attention from the very first, when she mysteriously appears in the snowy night, and warns the hero that his next step will be into the lake. Her husband, who is a strange compound of good and evil impulses, treats Alma with incomprehensible indifference, sometimes with absolute unkindness; yet, in spite of his potations and rudeness, one feels that he is no mere boozy North-country boor, but a man who, if freed from the evil influence which has blighted his life, might rise to better things.

A pleasing contrast to the inmates of "The Crags," and of the agent's house, is afforded by old Dr. Peele, his charming, ugly daughter, and his grenadier wife, who apparently is drawn from Mrs. Yorke, in *Shirley*. From an artistic point of view it was a mistake to represent such a lady as trying to skate; ladies of her age and opinions notably never skate, but consider it most indecent for any one else to do so. They also wear sausage-curls on each side of their faces, and white muslin caps with lavender ribbons—such being the absolutely necessary costume of the British provincial middle-class female of a certain age. Without these marks none is genuine.

It is a little surprising to find that not only the gentle old doctor, but also his strong-minded wife, are aware of Lady Kildonan's vagaries, and both do their uttermost to shield her from the consequences. We may add that when the day—or, rather, night—of retribution does come, the reader will infallibly be startled to find how far his own conjectures have been from the truth; and this says a great deal for the ingenuity with which the story is written. We cannot call it a pleasant story. Fond as the novel-writers of the present day are of the supernatural, Miss Warden has, we think, surpassed them all in the amount of hypnotism, mesmerism, psychic force, presentiments, and telepathy which we meet with in *A Woman's Face*. Whenever Alma Crosmont requires aid, Frank Armathwaite immediately is warned of it by the pricking of his thumbs, or whatever its modern equivalent may be. Once when some one says, "You did not expect to find Mrs. Crosmont here," he has the greatest difficulty in checking the answer, "Yes, I did." Lady Kildonan compares herself to an Æolian harp, but really every prominent character in the book more or less resembles that dreary instrument, so that we think regretfully of Miss Heald, the doctor's daughter, in *Two Years Ago*, who "had only nerves in the sense in which a sirloin of beef has them."

Robert Holt's Illusion is the name of a collection of three short stories by Miss Linskill, besides being the title of the first of them. It contains a capital breezy word-picture of a fishing town on the North-east coast:—

A distance of blue sea, blue changing into dark stormy-looking purple near the horizon; dotted with ships and herring-boats, white sails and red ones. All along the north-east wild dark clouds flying; overhead white clouds shining and glittering. Fitful gleamings of sunlight on the white-washed red-roofed cottages that cling to the sides of the rocks like so many swallow's nests. Dark, stern-looking cliffs with bold irregular outlines on the right and left; huge fragments of black rock standing high out of the white angry little waves. A wide sandy beach stretching right across the bay, and in the middle of the beach, just in front of the little townlet, half-a-dozen bright busy picturesque groups of fisher-folk.

Chief among these is Robert Holt, fish salesman. He is engaged to be married to a vague golden-haired woman who dwells with a blind mother in a half-ruined cottage upon the hills. We are told of Hester that "the merest stranger passing in the street, if he had a soul, knew that another soul spoke to him as she passed." However, Hester did not live in a street, but in a sequestered mountain glen. Robert Holt was in the habit of walking out to see her, and the two would then talk a strange mystic dialect, such as we may conceive Kant and Hegel use whenever they meet in the happy hunting-grounds; at any rate, it is quite unlike the talk of any possible sempstress and fish-salesman on this earth. Weary and dazed with colloquy sublime, Robert falls an easy prey to an airy, coquettish butterfly of a creature who sings songs in character, and flirts with him in a manner which completely dumbfounders him. How he goes to Hester and explains that he wants to marry somebody else, and the experiences which they both undergo before everything comes right, as it does in the end, must be left to the author to tell.

"Godwyn," the second story, is longer and more ambitious. We are introduced to a species of "Jane Eyre" teacher in a girls' school in the country, who is proud, reserved, and much given to self-communing, introspection, and analysis. She craves passionately for human sympathy and friendship, but after trying in vain to find a kindred soul among her fellow-mistresses, consoles herself with work, with communion with great authors, and with the reflection that "Dante was very bad company and was never invited to dinner; Michael Angelo had a sad, sour time of it; and Columbus discovered no isle so lonely as himself." After much indulgence in this morbid brooding, Joanna Woodvyl one day during the summer holidays meets her affinity, Miss Godwyn Barry, in a pony carriage. They swear eternal friendship, and take long drives in the pony carriage, "under the hedgerows, condensing a poet for a text, or inhaling the more stimulating ether of some favourite philosopher." When Joanna's school reassembles, there appears a fascinating drawing-master—Rivers the name of him. Godwyn elopes with him; and Joanna mopes so terribly at her disappearance that she leaves the school and goes to keep house for a feeble clerical cousin with a helpless lackadaisical wife and six children. One winter's night Godwyn, now a widow, reappears most melodramatically, with several children. She fascinates and marries the man who had intended to marry Joanna; but we are happy to say that Joanna also finds consolation.

It will be seen from this brief outline that Godwyn is the central figure of the story; but unhappily we are given no means whatever of forming any estimate of Godwyn's character. Macaulay says of Byron's Lara that we are not given any specimens of his short answers, and so it is with Godwyn. We gain only a negative idea from her words:—

I have had art-dreams from childhood. I do not remember the time when I was not conscious of a longing to express my inner self in some outward and tangible form. But it is a longing I have never been able to satisfy. I have tried poetry; I can write one line; the second eludes my grasp altogether; and as to art, I have never yet drawn a straight line without a ruler.

This confession reminds one somewhat of the Scotch minister, who when riding over the moors used to conceive ideas "of a sublimity far beyond anything that Shakspeare or Milton ever imagined," but who, unfortunately, was never able to formulate them in words. Except that she used to drive a pony carriage "very carefully and slow," and drop her shawl out of it, we know nothing of Godwyn's personal habits; for her conduct in sending a half-naked dumb child at nine o'clock on a cold November evening to walk some miles to a place which it had never seen, to climb a wall there on

* *A Woman's Face.* By Florence Warden. London: Ward & Downey.
Robert Holt's Illusion. By Mary Linskill. London: Ward & Downey.
Led from Afar. By Mallard Herbertson. London: Remington & Co.

the chance of a lady whom it had never seen being in the garden, and to show her a cross, and point whither she must follow, when a note sent to the front door would have done so much better, must have been due to fever and over-fatigue. "Godwyn" is disappointing; yet it does not come far short of being interesting.

The last story, "Rath Wyke," is a pathetic account of a drowned fisherman, of his wife's frantic love, and jealousy, and grief when he returns no more, though she will not allow the door to be locked, lest he should return and find himself shut out. The story should be compared with Mr. Bramley's treatment of the same theme in this year's Academy.

Led from Afar is a story of telepathy—that is to say, the hero, Hugh Trevelyan, while lying in a tent in Egypt, sees a vision wherein the lady whom he adores, but who has married "another," is brutally informed by her husband, a ruined gambler named Darcy, that he is tired of her, and would gladly be rid of her, and that she is not an honest woman, for he has a previous wife living. Hugh sees the furniture and nick-nacks of the room in which this scene takes place so distinctly that he is able afterwards to recognize each individual *bibelot*. The room is furnished in the French style; yet there are a few things, such as brass trays with faint Arabic inscriptions, and ostrich eggs, which give it an Oriental character. Hugh starts for France straightway; but, from information which he receives on the steamer which carries him to Marseilles, leaves that place as soon as he reaches it for Algiers. Two French officers whose acquaintance he has made at Marseilles introduce him, at the club at Algiers, to the fire-eater who charged Mr. Darcy most truly with cheating at cards, and when he denied the charge shot him in a duel. His wife Ethel, it appears, quitted him three days before his death, and Hugh now starts upon her track. He is much helped by an American friend whom he met in Egypt. Mr. Ephraim C. Slack is the conventional "Wal, I guess" American who is becoming rare in actual life, but who still abounds on the English stage and in the works of lady novelists. Between them the pair discover Ethel's retreat—a lodging in London which she had once occupied when a schoolgirl—for, remembering her husband's words, she considers herself to be disgraced, and unworthy to go home to her father, a clergyman in the North of England. Both she and Hugh display a somewhat irritating amount of "sensibility." Hugh proceeds to hunt up all the past life of Mr. Darcy, in order to set Ethel's mind at rest as to her having been his lawful wife. He has no more visions to assist in the accomplishment of this task, but has such truly remarkable luck in his search that he does not really need them. He is always overhearing scraps of important conversations, and he has an able coadjutor in Ephraim C. Slack, who supplies some of the comic element which the story needs, and finally brings the two lovers together by telling Ethel plainly that Hugh is dying of love for her, but is too shy to say so. Hugh, of course, overhears him, and all ends happily.

In spite of the masculine sound of "Mallard Herbertson," the book is evidently written by a lady. If the writer wishes to conceal her sex, she should speak with less enthusiasm about the institution of afternoon tea. The intense solicitude, too, which Ethel displays as to the exact date of the death of Mr. Darcy's first wife seems to us essentially feminine. A man would suppose that her thankfulness at being rid of such a scoundrel would outweigh all other considerations. Ethel, however, feels it impossible for her to return to her father's house while there is any doubt about the lawfulness of her marriage, although she herself had acted in perfect good faith.

The book is just a little thin; there is not enough plot to reach over the two volumes without being spun into a very fine thread. As soon as Darcy dies and Hugh finds Ethel the story is at an end, and at that point it should have ended. It is very carefully written, and great pains have evidently been taken with the American language of Mr. Slack, the Welsh language of Mrs. Jones, "The Lamb," and the inhabitants of Ystrad y Rhedyn, the village from which the first Mrs. Darcy came, with the Marseilles merchant, proud of his Cannebière, the French officers, and the descriptions of the scenery of Egypt, Algiers, and the North of England. Unless we are mistaken, better work than *Led from Afar* may be expected from "Mallard Herbertson."

THE BASTILLE.*

ALTHOUGH Captain Bingham's volumes owe much to paste and scissors, it is impossible not to feel kindly towards them. He has chosen an attractive subject, and no one will quarrel with his book on the score of dulness. If, as we are of opinion, it is too long, it is at least excellent to dip into, while the conscientious reader who goes steadily through it will find that it contains ample information as to the part the Bastille played in the history of France, its internal economy, and the experiences of the most notable, and indeed of a good many not especially notable, prisoners who were confined there. It is founded on the seventeen volumes of the *Archives of the Bastille*, edited by the late M. Ravaisson, who spent twenty years on the work, and died when he had all but completed it. After the surrender of the ill-garrisoned and antiquated fortress, the mob among other spoils carried off a large number of the documents that contained its history, and left heaps of others exposed to the weather in the courtyards. An attempt was made to collect the stolen documents," and this produced a good many restitutions, especially in the way of registers and *lettres de cachet*." Beaumarchais, for example, who "had plundered not a little," was called on to give up his share of the spoil. Nothing, however, was done towards setting the papers in order, and their very existence seems to have been forgotten until M. Ravaisson lighted on them in the library of the Arsenal. His work begins at 1661. The earlier part of Captain Bingham's story, which begins with the building of the Bastille in the reign of Charles V., has been put together from various sources. He quotes in a truly catholic spirit, and makes little attempt to work up his materials. When he wishes to convey to his readers the method of torture by the "boot," he imports into his text the description in *Old Mortality* of how Macbriar was tortured before the Council, and in doing so mutilates and garbles the passage in a manner that rouses our anger. His next page consists of an extract from Burnet, the next of one from Jardine; this is followed by a couple of pages from the *Curiosities of Literature*, and these by some sentences from *Frederick the Great*. All through his book he seems overweighted by a mass of facts; he has no power of arrangement, and is given to repetition. Nevertheless his history is both amusing and valuable. He is generally careful and accurate in what he states on his own authority, though he is mistaken in saying that when the Princess of Condé left the Bastille with her husband on October 20, 1619, she was shortly about to become the mother of "a son who is now known to fame as the Great Condé"; for the Great Condé was not born until September 8, 1621; indeed, the Princess had been delivered of a daughter not two months before the Prince's release. Nor do we understand why he speaks of the story of the Chevalier de Jars as "enveloped in mystery." The intrigue for which he was punished is perfectly intelligible. And, though De Jars was a pleasant companion, he can scarcely be said to have "inspired interest in the heart of Charles I."; for he got into trouble through attempting to forward a scheme that was contrary to the King's wishes. He worked on behalf of the Queen and her mother, and Henriet . Maria, after some ineffectual efforts, succeeded in obtaining his release. Captain Bingham's account of the forms observed in committing a prisoner to the Bastille, and of the constant supervision that was exercised over the treatment of its inmates, disposes of the popular idea that "the simple signature of the King to a *lettre de cachet* was a sufficient formality to procure incarceration," and that the prisoners were forgotten and left to the mercy of their gaolers. Still, we fail to see that the counter-signature of a Minister necessarily implied any restraint on the arbitrary action of a French monarch. The prisoners were, of course, treated differently according to the cause for which each was imprisoned, whether on some serious criminal charge, or for the purpose of "correction." A good deal is told us about the infliction of torture both before and after condemnation. This was a recognized part of the French criminal process in capital cases, and was not peculiar to the Bastille. The two methods of torture practised there were the questions by water and the boot. Although the question was not wholly abolished until the Revolution, no instruments of torture were found in the prison when it fell into the hands of the mob. The small chambers under the foundations of the towers, which were said to be *oubliettes* of a peculiarly horrible kind, have been pronounced by Viollet le Duc to have been nothing more than ice-houses. At the same time the Bastille, like most if not all prisons everywhere until a late date, contained some loathsome cells, which seem to have been used for the punishment of the refractory. An Englishman imprisoned in 1691 for tampering with French naval officers was, as a punishment for interrupting the chapel service, placed in a cell "infested with rats, spiders, and toads, and there contracted a mortal disease"; and Latude, who escaped in 1756 and was retaken, spent forty months underground. Several other prisoners made their escapes at different times, and among them "an interesting young Englishwoman, named Vion," who was imprisoned in 1686 for helping to send the children of Protestant parents out of the kingdom—a crime always punished with severity.

As a rule, those who were imprisoned for the purpose of "correction," and not for any serious crime, were treated with extraordinary indulgence. In its later years the Bastille contained a library of seven hundred volumes, and on the arrival of one of these prisoners the Governor sent him a catalogue, that he might choose the books he wanted. When Dumouriez, who had been a prisoner there, found that one of his aides-de-camp, the Duke of Chartres, afterwards King Louis Philippe, had not read Statius or Silius Italicus, he said:—"Ah, it is clear that you have never had time to read. It is because you have not been in the Bastille." The food was excellent; there were always five dishes for dinner and three for supper. Wine was supplied without stint. And this liberality was not confined to people of rank; for De Renneville, a man of no particular importance, who was arrested in 1702, records that he was allowed two bottles of champagne or burgundy for dinner, and one for drinking during the day; and sixty years later Marmontel, after making a very fair dinner on the first day of his imprisonment, was surprised to find another and more sumptuous meal set before him; the dinner he had eaten with some satisfaction had been intended for his servant. People were shut up in the Bastille for

* *The Bastille.* By Captain the Hon. D. Bingham. 2 vols. Illustrated. London: Chapman & Hall (Lim.) 1888.

all sorts of reasons. Young men of good family were imprisoned for debauchery; and occasionally a husband who was dissatisfied with his wife's conduct procured a *lettre de cachet* on her behalf. When, "through the kindness of His Majesty," M. d'Esclainvilliers had got his wife imprisoned for immorality, he wrote to the Governor of the Bastille, "May I dare to beg you to ask Mme. d'Esclainvilliers what has become of my two cravates of point lace, with the sleeves? I shall be very much obliged to you, for I cannot find them." We hope he never did. Captain Bingham tells us numberless stories of prisoners of all degrees. He gives a full and interesting account of the "Man with the Iron Mask." Our old friend D'Artagnan appears in command of a body of Musketeers, protecting his prisoner, Fouquet, from the fury of the mob. A page or two further on we are told how Lauzun, who in after days treated "La Grande Mademoiselle" with such brutal ingratitude, was imprisoned for treading on the hand of the Princess of Monaco, as she and the other ladies of the Court were sitting on the ground, "the floor being very clean," playing for a jewel. Captain Bingham ought not to have pandered to the morbid taste some people have for horrors by importing into his book the account of the tortures inflicted on Damiens; the affair does not belong to his subject, for, as he remarks, Damiens was not committed to the Bastille, and so revolting a story should not be repeated needlessly. When the Bastille was attacked it had ceased to be used as a State prison, and was of no military importance. The mob gained nothing by its destruction; it had never been a prison for poor people, and it had been largely used in repressing the violence of the aristocracy. Even the rascals who demolished it felt this, and the day after its fall one of them asked the Abbé Rudemarre for money to drink his health, on the plea "It is not for ourselves we are working; it is for you. We don't taste of the Bastille; they cram us into Bicêtre." And Marat told the Parisians that they had destroyed "a monument of tyranny which was used only for the punishment of their oppressors." Next year the French will celebrate the centenary of the fall of the Bastille, and much nonsense will probably be talked and written about it. We recommend any one who is inclined to believe that a great nation has cause to look back with satisfaction on the events of the 14th of July to read the contemporary narratives of the attack on the Bastille, and the murders that took place after its surrender, to be found in Captain Bingham's work. They will enlighten him as to the exact amount of danger faced by the mob, the number and temper of the garrison, and the condition of the guns of the castle. De Launay had neither ammunition nor provisions; his handful of men fought unwillingly, and had had no rations served out to them for forty-eight hours, and only one of the guns on the towers could be pointed. Frenchmen surely will scarcely remember with pleasure how the mob attempted to burn a young lady alive, and slaughtered men who had surrendered in due form and on a distinct promise that their lives should be spared. The true character of the events of the 14th of July is admirably expressed in a sentence of M. Léon de Poncin's that is quoted here:—"An ill-defended fortress opening its gates to the rabble; scoundrels taking advantage of a capitulation to massacre unarmed men; there was nothing more."

BOOKS ON DIVINITY.*

IN his thick volume on a portion of the New Testament Dr. Vincent claims to have supplied a want. He thinks the English Biblical student wants something midway between the exegetical commentary and the grammar and lexicon which will give him the native force of Greek words, with their etymology, history and usage, and he adds that he writes first of all for those who are ignorant of Greek. Yet he is very often a commentator and very seldom gives an etymology, unless the component parts of an obvious compound are to be so called—*e.g.* συναγωγήν, from "σύν, together, and ἄγω, *to* [*sic*] bring," and his book seems to presuppose a knowledge of Greek throughout. He is right in saying that it is neither a commentary nor a lexicon. It might have been a better book if it had been decidedly one or the other; and if he had made up his mind to write either for Greek or for English readers, he might have spared the one class some of his needless derivations, and the other from being perpetually reminded of their inferiority by the intrusion of a language they do not understand. Dr. Vincent is great on the tenses, but all is not known about them yet, and it is not always safe to stickle for an aorist, or to conclude that the A.V. is always wrong when it does not give the grammar rendering of an imperfect. "The nicely-calculated force of that potent little instrument—the article," as well as the significance of its omission, we venture to think, are beyond Dr. Vincent's scholarship, as they are perhaps beyond that of better scholars, and he misses the opportunity of accounting both for its presence and its absence in Mark i. 1—υἱοῦ τοῦ Θεοῦ. But the book has merits of its own; notably the use made by the author of his wide knowledge of Scripture in giving the comparative uses of words, and those who know a little Greek will find him a suggestive and not uninteresting companion in their study of the Gospels and Epistles.

It is a pleasure to be able to speak with less qualified approbation of Dr. Vincent's *Sermons* than we were able to accord to his *Word-Studies*. They have the great merit of being true to their intention. Written to correct the errors, to solve the difficulties, and to relieve the depression of religious people, they are marked throughout by sympathy.

Dr. McCook has the rather uncommon advantage as a preacher of being (as Sir John Lubbock describes him) a "most patient and loving student" of nature. This is indeed an inadequate account of his qualifications for dealing with such a subject as the *Gospel in Nature*, for Mr. Carruthers, who writes a short introduction to the volume, speaks of him as opening "the book of nature and the book of grace with the hand of a master." Expectation is naturally raised by such an introduction, and those who are led to expect sermons rather above the level of the ordinary evangelical type, brightened by illustrations from nature, by one who knows his subject, will not be disappointed.

If however Dr. McCook wishes to see what is wanting to complete his design in writing, he cannot do better than study *Faith and Conduct*. The anonymous writer wisely limits the scope of his inquiry to verifiable religion—religion, that is, which may be tested by the application of reason and science, as distinguished from religion based on authority, and to that portion of verifiable religion only which relates to persons, and not that which relates to societies. It would be an inadequate description of his book to say that it is an argument for the Divine government of the world, derived from the facts of consciousness and from the meaning and necessities of conduct. But he is aware that arguments so derived are, or are thought to be, just as much exposed to objections based on science and on history as the edicts of authority, and he accordingly devotes his earlier chapters to meeting them. Dismissing the theory of a crude and harsh materialism as explaining neither the generation nor the sustentation of the world, and as demolished by the progress of science itself because it explains nothing, and demonstrating (while he gladly accepts the theory of evolution) in how many ways it is controlled in good and wise directions by a power from without, he passes on to the question of history. With his invariable candour he admits that, though beliefs may be shown to have aided morality in the past, this is by no means the same thing as showing that there were any grounds for them. So he turns to conduct, and, regarding it from without, comes to the conclusion that the action of natural selection and the survival of the fittest would hinder rather than help the higher principles of action, unless some superhuman force were added. The book is a valuable contribution to *religio laici*.

The only fault to be found with Dr. Maclaren's *Colossians and Philemon* is its description on the title-page as a contribution to the Expositor's Bible, when, in fact, it is a volume of sermons, evidently written to be preached, and we are bound to say well worth preaching. In a well-compounded blend of comment, paraphrase, and exhortation the writer enlarges on the familiar thesis of the letter to Colossæ with its practical inferences, in pulpit language of course, but he is rarely florid, and often illustrates what he has to say with very appropriate figures and apt similes.

A reviewer need hardly do more than notice the fact that Mr. Stopford Brooke has published another volume of sermons, by no means because all his sermons are alike, but because they are all such full-length portraits of himself. His varied accomplishments, no less than his various attitudes towards society, thought, and institutions, stand out in every one of them, and what is true of his previous volumes holds good of his latest, *The Early Life of Jesus*.

Jesus Bar Rabba or Jesus Bar Abba? is a book which is true throughout to the riddle of its title-page, and we hazard, with much misgiving, a conjecture about the author's aim. As far as we can understand him, he seems to think that man was meant to lead a purely natural life, and that our great mistake has been that we have not led it. We were going on very well until we were tempted by "Spirit"; but who or what this Spirit is, whether good or bad, of this world or the next, is the pervading

* *Word-Studies in the New Testament.* Vol. I. By Marvin R. Vincent, D.D. London: Nisbet & Co.

The Covenant of Peace. By Marvin R. Vincent, D.D. London: Nisbet & Co.

The Gospel in Nature: Scripture Truths illustrated by Facts in Nature. By Henry C. McCook, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1888.

Faith and Conduct: an Essay on Verifiable Religion. London: Macmillan & Co.

The Expositor's Bible—Colossians and Philemon. By Alexander Maclaren, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

The Early Life of Jesus. By the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke. London: David Stott. 1888.

Jesus Bar Rabba or Jesus Bar Abba? By Henry Pratt, M.D. London and Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate.

The Faith of the Gospel. By Arthur James Mason, B.D. London: Rivingtons. 1888.

Love the Fulfilling of the Law. Extracts from the Writings and MSS. of the late Norman Macleod, D.D. Selected and arranged by his Daughter, A. C. Macleod. London: Burnet & Co.

Sermons. By the late Rev. William Binnie, D.D. London: Macmillan & Co.

Honey in the Comb: Homespun Homilies. By J. Jackson Wray. Second series. London: Nisbet & Co.

A Manual for Confirmation Classes. By the Rev. W. Frank Shaw, B.D. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co.

Papers on Preaching. London: Nisbet & Co.

Hear the Church: Lectures on Church Principles. By George Edward Jelf, M.A., Canon of Rochester. London: Smith & Innes.

A Manual of Confirmation. By Daniel Moore, M.A. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

mystery. Anyhow he brought death into the world and all our woe, and, when Jesus came to win men back to the natural life designed for them by God, then, to mar his work, the Spirit Christ personated him after His death and introduced again the old dominion of Spirit, with all its consequences of Church and Creed, belief in future punishment, and all the spiritual influences which concentrate their pressure on the soul to wean men from the true life dictated by their circumstances and in accordance with their nature. This is the secret of the title. It is put in the form of a question. Like Pilate, the author asks "Whom will ye" have—Jesus Bar Rabba, the son of the robber, the personator who appeared as the risen *Christ* and founded (through the baneful instrumentality of Paul) a "spiritual Christianity," or Jesus Bar Abba—the Son of God—who made men children of nature and intended them to find salvation by following its suggestions? We submit this guess about the author's teaching with genuine humility, and with the sincere conviction, begotten of experience, that we are not of the number of the initiated "who can receive it," to whom alone the volume containing it is inscribed.

The Faith of the Gospel is an able and honest attempt to exhibit a Christian philosophy from a strictly orthodox point of view. It is addressed to English church people, and presupposes no qualifications in its readers but an average English education and a devout mind. The writer's purpose is set forth in a preface conspicuous for the modesty, earnestness, and reverence of its tone; he writes in a spirit of genuine liberality to Christians who differ from him, and in a style that is simple and clear. It is obvious that his primary aim involves a consideration of all the relations of God and man from the beginning to the end of time, so that there can be no pretence of exhaustive treatment in a volume of 400 pages. But enough probably is said for such readers as are expected, and the purpose of philosophic treatment even of the greatest subjects is wisely kept in view.

It may be said without disparagement of either that no two books by Christian ministers could well be more different than *Love the Fulfilling of the Law* and *The Faith of the Gospel*. It would be a very inadequate description of Canon Mason's religious attitude to say that to him Christianity was a creed, and of Norman Macleod's that to him it was a temper; but such, perhaps, may be said to be the dominant aspects of their faith to the several men, and the title selected by Miss Macleod for her book, designedly representative of her father, is an implicit confirmation of this estimate. There is some advantage in a book of extracts. Its composite character best represents a man; it brightens up the reminiscences of those who knew the author and his writings and his talk, and it brings his many sides together as no unaided memory could, nor any study of all his "Remains." Norman Macleod was a conspicuous figure. His physique aided the impression of his masculine and expansive nature, and his portrait helped to explain his sermons to those who had never seen him. So that, in reading the table of contents of this volume of extracts, it seems possible to be quite sure what he would say on every subject, whether it is asceticism or a Highland manse. But those who have only heard of the author will find more love and humour, more pathos and common sense, than they gave him credit for; and those who knew him and his way of looking at things will welcome a volume that keeps his memory green.

It is only fair to give a lenient consideration to posthumous sermons, because it is impossible generally to say how far the writer is responsible for their publication. In the case of Dr. Binnie's a reviewer is exempted from any such obligation, as the piety of his friends only gave effect to his known intention. It is to be regretted that they did not trust his reputation to the memory of his hearers, for this volume is not likely to enlarge it. The sermons are what is called well worked out. They look all round a text, and give point by point all that it implies, with much pious feeling and large knowledge of Scripture. They are dull to read, though possibly the voice and manner of the preacher may have made them better to hear. But even from the pulpit they must have seemed wanting in eloquence, fervour, and exhortation. They lack the essence of a good sermon—namely, a dominant idea in each. The writer's force is frittered away in divisions of his subject, and there is a want of summing up and concentrating all his arguments in a final appeal to the feelings of his audience. They are thoughtful, devout, and irreproachable; but they do not move.

We plead guilty to having read very few pages of Mr. Jackson Wray's *Honey in the Comb*, for the first four pages of his first sermon convinced us that his ignorance (we do not charge him with reliance on the ignorance of his hearers) absolved us from the duty of reading any more. It will scarcely be believed that he takes such a very doubtful text as Jacob's prophecy about "Shiloh," without a hint of its many interpretations, though he might have seen that the Revised Version gives two various renderings in the margin, one not in the least favouring, and one wholly inconsistent with, his exposition of it as a Messianic prophecy, and that the Septuagint Version has no Messianic allusion at all. He goes on to say, "Shiloh. This is the Messiah . . . every Jewish scribe will tell you that." Yet he does not say what the ablest Christian students and critics of the Old Testament tell us. But there is worse to come:—"David, of the tribe of Judah, and Judah's posterity succeeds to the throne of Israel right down the centuries, down to the very day the Shiloh" (*i.e.* Messiah according to Mr. Wray) "comes." Is Mr. Wray ignorant that the last king of Judah—not of "Israel"—died five hundred years before "Shiloh" came, and that for at least five hundred years after the Captivity there was no king in Judah or Israel, and that Herod was an Idumæan? These are schoolboy facts to remind a popular preacher of; but, unless we have misunderstood him, Mr. Wray appears to be ignorant of them. A preacher owes the duty of research and conscientiousness even to the most ignorant audience.

As Mr. Shaw's *Manual for Confirmation Classes* is a volume of 150 pp., it may be inferred that it contains a good deal more than the usual questions, instruction, and exhortation addressed to candidates. Perhaps an extract will enable our readers to conjecture how the pages are filled, which by no art of expansion could have been necessary for a genuine manual for confirmation classes. "The altar should be vested in white and the clergy should have white stoles. . . . No stole at all is better than a black one. Lay the list of candidates on the altar. See that there is Hymn-book for the Bishop and (i.) seats, (ii.) kneelers, and (iii.) books for the clergy," &c., with much more that savours rather of a manual for the verger than for the confirmation classes.

The various authors of *Papers on Preaching* have hit some common blots and given some useful hints. Bishop Baldwin thinks that preaching is, as a rule, deficient in courage and outspokenness, and so does Mr. Allen. Principal Rainy, though "Topics" is his subject, discourses on the general character rather than the special topics of sermons. Mr. Burnett, in the best paper of the series, writes about what he evidently understands—namely, preaching to rustics. His article is full of apt quotations and good stories, and he notes that agricultural labourers are much oftener deaf than townspeople—a fact worth knowing to country clergy. Mr. Vernon, at needless length, tells a story of a clergyman who was "courageous" enough to go to an actor to be taught to read, and came away with the mischievous notion that emphasis was the thing to cultivate, as if most hearers did not suffer more from hearing the Bible and the Prayer-book mangled and vulgarized with emphasis than from any other fault in the performance of Divine Service. Mr. Sandlands goes into the Physiology of Tone, and says the clergy would not be so exhausted on Mondays if they knew how to manage their voice on Sundays; and Dr. Campbell, Dr. Fisher, Mr. Hastings, and Mr. Williams contribute short papers on Manner, Study, Repetition, and Effect. Something may be gathered from the volume as it is; but it would be more useful if the longer papers were reduced to the brevity of the shorter (and better) ones.

Canon Jelf's *Hear the Church* is, as may be conjectured from its title, a confident restatement of "decided Church principles," on the chief rites, the Creeds, and the organization of the Anglican Communion. People in general like to hear their own views confidently restated, and to such his volume will be acceptable, but it is difficult to share his hope that it will contribute to a reunion with the Greek and Roman Churches, or that it will increase the attraction of the Church for English Christians outside it. It is because the principles he asserts are Church principles that they are outside it.

Mr. Daniel Moore's *Manual of Confirmation* is not, as might be imagined from its title, a syllabus for the use of clergymen in their preparation of candidates; but an address, preparatory to preparation, to the candidates themselves. It is admirably adapted to the more intelligent and older among them, being a sober, orthodox, and sensible instruction in the history, meaning, and obligations of the rite, maintaining an elevated tone of spiritual feeling throughout, but free from overstrained or artificial sentiment, and from impossible requirements.

CARICATURES IN FRANCE.*

IN connexion (it would seem) with the exhibition of caricatures which is now on view at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, M. Armand Dayot has edited, and M. Quantin has published, a volume of reproductions, in colour and in black and white, of works by the greater and earlier caricaturists of modern France—the Daumiers, the Gavarnis, the Grandvilles, the Monniers, with whom the art was born, and with whom it has, to all appearances, become extinct. This volume—in an edition called "du *Figaro*"—is now before us. The reproductions are satisfactory; and M. Dayot's introductory essay, if a trifle breathless and hurried, is lacking neither in discretion nor in enthusiasm. At times, indeed, he goes over the score, and we find him (for instance) equalling the "art" of Gavarni—whose interest is rather literary than plastic—with the "art" of Honoré Daumier, in whom the literary interest is not far from being non-existent, while the technical quality—the elements of observation and expression—is merely prodigious. All this to the contrary, M. Dayot's essay is easily read and not soon forgotten; is, indeed, as good and suggestive an introduction to the subject as need be. The fault of the book is that the hundred or so of caricatures of which it presents us with reduced facsimiles are accompanied by not so much as a word of commentary, but are left to appeal to the public on their bare merits as works of art. This is unfortunate enough, for the essence of a caricature consists in its actuality and intelligibility. It is not always—it is, indeed, infrequent—that the caricaturist is a great draughtsman, and that his work is good enough to challenge opinion as an achievement in expression merely. What is wanted nine times in

* *Les Maîtres de la Caricature Française au Dix-neuvième Siècle.* Paris: Quantin. London: Hachette. 1888.

ten is, that the spectator should be *au courant* of the times of which the thing was born—that he should have this or that scandal within his reach, and be able to think of this or the other personage as of somebody not altogether unknown. A case in point is the caricature of H. B. It is pleasant, it is not inelegant, it is gay and cheerful, it is altogether gentlemanlike and decent; but, unless one has the originals by heart, there is scarce an experience in the range of comic art that is (we do not scruple to say it) to be matched for mournfulness and tedium with that which comes of turning over the sheets wherein H. B. delighted his contemporaries. Gillray himself is scarce above the same reproach; he is saved to a great extent by his admirable imagination and the fact that he dealt as often as not with great historic characters and issues. And even of him there is much that needs elucidation to be apprehended at all; while there is scarce any but comes home to the student with greater intensity and directness with the aid of a certain amount of commentary. What is true of Gillray and H. B. is true—and that in France and England alike—of Grandville and Traviès and Philipon. The average Frenchman is, no doubt, the most intelligent of created beings; but it is not to be believed that he has at his fingers' ends the allusions with which *Les Maîtres de la Caricature Française* is fraught. The citizens of "la Ville-Lumière," indeed, are tenfold more sagacious, and a hundredfold more cultured, than we suppose them to be if they take the half of the hints which are here suggested to them.

Caricature in France attained, like all the other arts, a culmination in the great age of Romanticism. Honoré Daumier, the prince of caricaturists, may be said, indeed, to have occupied the same place in comic and satirical art as Hugo in poetry, Delacroix in painting, Berlioz in music, Frédérick and Dorval in acting, and Dumas in drama. Like these he is a *sommité*, and like these his genius and accomplishment were inventions of his own. Like them, too, he came at the beginning of things, for—as M. Dayot is careful to note—the origins of caricature in France date back no further than 1830, and the foundation, by the undaunted and the irresistible Philipon, of *La Caricature*, the strongest, if not the earliest, of French satirical prints. Daumier, it may be surmised, was not primarily a caricaturist. He was a prodigious draughtsman, with a plastic instinct of the grotesque of the strongest and the most abundant type; but it is probable enough that had his *milieu* been other than it was—had the years of his initiation into life not been the years of savage and desperate warfare between authority on the one hand and the press at bay on the other—he would have distinguished himself in other ways and expressed his genius in other terms than he did. There exist of him, M. Dayot tells us, "plus de deux cents toiles riches de couleur comme des peintures de Delacroix, de Decamps, de Millet, et souvent dignes d'être signées par ces grands maîtres"; his black and whites, his *fusains* and his water-colours are numbered by the thousand; he was the most indefatigable of workers, and (for he was a draughtsman of the type of—to say the least—the Millet of *Le Semeur* and *Le Berger au Parc*) he left his mark on everything he did. But his function was not the production of "painted literature." His intelligence—his Mephistopheles—was the redoubtable Philipon. His legends were the work of Philipon, and—it seems probable enough—as often as not the ideas of his political satires were Philipon's likewise. Nowadays the literary element in his work has ceased to have much interest save for the student. What one considers in a work of his is, not the legend underneath—not the jape which, if it rejoiced the hearts and quickened the understandings of a certain number of millions of Frenchmen some fifty years since, has for us of to-day a cryptic significance, like an inscription in cuneiform or a jest in Japanese—but the admirable sense of form, the extraordinary gift of exaggeration, the incomparable power of expression, the leaven of genius and style, which are apparent in the design to which the aforesaid legend is appended. In *Les Maîtres de la Caricature Française* there are included some thirty specimens of the work of this great and puissant master; and there is scarce one that we could wish to be without. They are mostly political; and, as we think, it is not in this section of his achievement that Daumier is to be seen and studied to the most advantage. His power is enormous; his ferocity is almost as that of Gillray; he brands, he bruises, he fustigates; he stamps his victims ridiculous, or hateful, or both, for all time. But good art is hardly to be divorced from good nature. Daumier is most himself when he is dealing with, not the individual but the species, not a particular offence but offensiveness in general, not the hatefulness of Thiers or Royer-Collard but the meanness and silliness of a whole division of society. M. Dayot divides his work into a dozen sections, and only one of these is political. What is wanted is a fairly representative selection from the other eleven. The time will come, no doubt, when there will be a Salle-Daumier in the Louvre, and his immense achievement will be reproduced in such *publications de luxe* as are consecrated just now to (say) Rembrandt and Moreau le Jeune. Meanwhile, his lithographs are difficult to get, and the fact of his pre-eminence is not easily demonstrable to the general.

Daumier was by no means the eldest of the battalion of caricaturists who served under Philipon's orders. Grandville and Gabriel Decamps, both born in 1803, were his elders by seven years; he was six years younger than Traviès, the artist of the *Liard*, the creator of the abominable little hunchback Mayeux, who was himself the junior by five years of Henri Monnier, the creator of the immortal Joseph Prudhomme. Decamps was rather a painter than a caricaturist, but, like all the artists of his time, he was a master of lithography, and his attacks upon the Government are lacking neither in savagery nor in wit; while Monnier was, for one thing, too careful of his liberty, and, for another, too keenly interested in the absurdities of the *bourgeoisie*, to addict himself steadily to politics. In this department Philipon's best hands, after Daumier, were Grandville and Traviès. Both were good haters, and both—the former especially—were capable on occasion of quite terrific work; but neither is adequately represented in the present book. Grandville, it must be noted, was a stronger man than Traviès, who was only now and then a good expressive draughtsman, and whose humour is too often either venomous or merely indecent. Some of his portraits, however, are superb, as his savage grotesques of Charles X. as a pastrycook—"*Charlot*, Premier Pâtissier de la Cour"—and Soult, here reproduced, will show. Grandville's most famous efforts—the terrible lithograph entitled, "L'Ordre règne à Varsovie," and "L'Ordre règne aussi à Paris"—are not given. The best specimens of his peculiar talent quoted by M. Dayot are, perhaps, "La Résurrection de la Censure," which is shockingly effective, and "Les Ombres Portées," a grotesque the cruelty of which almost amounts to genius. Gabriel Decamps is represented by "Le Roi Pieu"—Charles X. as a post—which is fair hitting enough; by a brilliant fantasy in which the benches of the Legislature are shown to us sufficiently peopled, not with their human tenants, but with the wigs, the shoes, the umbrellas, and so forth, with whose possession their human tenants are familiarly associated; and by the scandalous picture of Charles X. "chassant au tir dans ses appartements"—blazing away, that is to say, with a toy gun at a toy rabbit which his Chamberlain is trailing past him at the end of a string. The best of the Monniers are certainly the majestic full-length portraits of M. and Mme. Prudhomme. Charlet was never a caricaturist in the sense that Daumier and Decamps were caricaturists; he was far too good-tempered and too amiable; what interested him were the humours of linesmen and troopers, and his sketch of Hutinet ("fusilier de la 3me du 2me du 43me"), in act to scale a hill in heavy marching order, is as good a specimen of his buxom and cheerful talent as could have been chosen. "Quand il a fait des montagnes, le Père Éternel," says Hutinet, "bien sûr que s'il avait pris l'sac sur le dos y n'zaurait pas fait si hautes." Charlet has heard and enjoyed the reflection, and he makes us hear and enjoy it fifty years after date. His great contemporary, Raffet, was of sterner stuff. The fantasy in which he pictures the advent of the cholera—"Les Polonais se battent, les puissances font des protocoles, et la France . . . !"—is like a page of Gillray. There are fourteen or a dozen Gavarnis, all from the series called *Par-ci, Par-là*; they are well chosen, for they give a very favourable idea of the artist's vigour and touch of expressiveness of line; the best perhaps—the most suggestive certainly—is the strange and dreadful morality entitled, simply, "*Phèdre* au Théâtre-Français: Débuts de M. Paul de Trois-Étoiles dans le rôle d'Hippolyte." First among the Daumiers is a magnificent grotesque of Hugo—with the most ultra-Shakspearian forehead ever beheld of man—considering the comet outside the Théâtre-Français, which is decorated with a playbill of the *Burgraves*:—

> Hugo, lorgnant les voûtes bleues,
> Au Seigneur demande tout bas :
> Pourquoi les astres ont des queues
> Quand les *Burgraves* n'en ont pas.

Other admirable portraits are those of David d'Angers, Wolowski, Royer-Collard ("en vieille marquise de l'ancienne Cour"), Louis Philippe as Macaire, and Henri Monnier as Joseph Prudhomme, engaged in uttering the immortal declaration, "Jamais ma fille ne deviendra la femme d'un écrivassier." To the plate quoted from the *Macaire* series we should have preferred the hero's funeral oration over the *Commandite*—the greatest and finest realization of Tartufe which we know; and for the cruel and offensive "Cortège du Commandant-Général des Apothicaires" we should certainly have substituted the epic and dreadful "Rue Transnonnain"—a design which, as M. Dayot notes, is better than Goya's best, and which to our mind is the most tremendous achievement in pictorial satire which has yet been compassed. We may note, too, that among the political caricatures are reproductions of the famous "Primo saignare, deinde purgare," &c., and the awful "Fantôme" (of Ney), and that the choice from Daumier's world of social subjects is by no means a happy one.

Isabey and Carle Vernet are represented, each after his kind, by a number of *Merveilleuses* and *Incroyables* and dandies; Giraud by capital portraits of Ste.-Beuve and Flaubert; Durandeau by his admirable "Frédérick Lemaître"; Gill by a fairly good selection, which includes the excellent grotesque of Thiers as Clairette; Cham, by a set of three, among them "La République." Then there are specimens of Hadol, Philipon, Benjamin, Hugo, Doré, and Edouard de Beaumont, and—to conclude—a choice of four anonymous caricatures dating from the brave days of 1830-1848, and quite worthy of their epoch.

THE OGLANDER MEMOIRS.*

SIR JOHN OGLANDER, deputy lieutenant of the Isle of Wight in the reign of Charles I., and the representative of a family that had been settled at Nunwell, in the parish of Brading,

* *The Oglander Memoirs: Extracts from the MSS. of Sir J. Oglander, Kt., of Nunwell, Isle of Wight.* By W. H. Long. London: Reeves & Turner. Portsmouth: W. H. Long. 1888.

ever since the reign of Henry I., appears to have left a considerable mass of papers on various subjects. Portions of these papers were transcribed early in the present century, and from these transcripts the "Memoirs" before us have been extracted. The editor, Mr. Long, does not tell us whether the original manuscripts are still in existence, or whether there is reason to believe that they were in existence when Sir Richard Worsley, who refers to the knight's papers, wrote his *History of the Isle of Wight*, published in 1781. The most interesting part of Mr. Long's volume consists of Sir John's notices of events that concerned the island from 1627 to 1632, together with his account of the coming of the King in May 1647. There is a curious record of the scare occasioned by the appearance of some Dutch ships off the island in 1627. Word was sent to the Court that a Spanish fleet was making for Portsmouth, and "all London and most of England had a fielinge of itt, and possessed with feare or armes." The war with France caused considerable uneasiness, and Sir John notes that he "was the first that after the Rochell voyge provided a howse for [his] children in the mayne, and sent them thether." He dwells with much indignation on the troubles that followed the billeting of a Scotch regiment, "a people insolent by reason of theyre unanimous holdinge togeather, and the weaknesse of theyre commaundors, as beinge most unexperienced sowldiors, and farthoringe all thinges on a nationale raunkle;" and, in spite of his attachment to the King, he warns his "counterymen ever hereaftor, seeinge the bilettinge of sowldiors is contrarye to the lawe, and libertie of freemen, nevor to suffor anye moore att anye tyme to come into the Island, but raythor with the daunger of theyre lives to hindor them att the landinge." He afterwards suffered fine and imprisonment for his adherence to the Royal cause. The circumstantial narrative of the murder of Buckingham adds nothing to our knowledge, and represents the Duke as living "not above half an hower" after he was stabbed, though it seems certain that his death was almost instantaneous. Sir John laboured hard to persuade the Council to put the island in a state of defence. The King came over and took some interest in his plans, and, though money was scarce, something was done towards carrying them out. Of Lord Conway, who as governor of the island was his official superior, he had no high opinion. "He wase," he writes, "a mere verbal man." Conway was exceedingly unpopular on account of an attempt he made to secure the nomination of one of the members for each of the three boroughs at the election of 1628. His nominees were rejected, and his two lieutenants Dennis and Oglander were returned for Yarmouth, "whyche thinge he tooke verie ill," professing himself "noe frynd to the Island in generoll, or his liftennants in particular." When Charles landed in 1647 Hammond sent for all the gentlemen of the island to come to Carisbrooke, made them a speech, and allowed them to pay their respects to the King. Sir John wrote his account of these transactions the next day, and two days later Charles visited him at Nunwell. Besides a good many notices of the social condition of the island, his Memoirs contain some lively remarks on the characters, and especially on the failings, of his neighbours; and his description of the habits of James I., though it tells us nothing new, is worth reading as the work of a contemporary; for Sir John was born in 1585. Mr. Long has written a careful, but needlessly long, introduction to the Memoirs, and has supplied some useful foot-notes.

WOOD-CARVING.*

It is but a very few years since the amateurs of wood-carving in England were few and far between, and its professional followers generally regarded as a species of carpenters—as artisans, perhaps, but not artists. When an art is very little cultivated by amateurs there will be no general familiarity with it, and no interest in its specimens. "The children of Holland," says an old rhyme, "take pleasure in *making* What the children of England take pleasure in breaking." Here we have, in brief space, the whole history and philosophy of art-eras. It is only where arts are practically pursued that there is any popular appreciation of their value.

The work before us is one of the results of a great and sudden change. There is every indication that ere long the minor arts—that is to say, design, and the ability to develop it in modelling, wood-carving, and other decorative forms, will form a part of every child's education, as a preparation for more practical work. Within the past four years the Home Arts and Industries Association alone have established over Great Britain more than two hundred schools and classes, in most of which wood-carving is taught. In the People's Palace for the Poor, in the East-End schools of London, in innumerable societies of workmen, carvers are beginning to revive the old reputation of their ancestors as "chisellers." Meanwhile, in the higher schools of the art, as in the South Kensington, there is a correlative advance. Many thousands of ladies and gentlemen can now carve with skill, as our nobility did in Danish and Saxon days; for there is many a chance anecdote in Sagas and chronicles which indicates that even princes were given to the "carvers' worke," which in Anglo-Saxon was *ceorfan*. It is not unusual now to see young ladies at watering-places with panels and little kits of tools working by the seaside, even as others embroider. And if parents only knew the ease with which children, by the aid of Major-General Seaton's shilling manual and a few shilling's-worth of tools, can learn to carve; and if they could realize how far superior carving is, even to carpenter's work, to give deftness or skill to the fingers and awaken the constructive faculty, it would ere long form as essential a part of every education as drawing, or even writing itself.

To all who are interested in this beautiful and useful art the book under our notice will be very welcome. It is a folio with clear illustrations, fit to use as working copies, of many authentic specimens of antique carved furniture and woodwork, dating from the fifteenth to the eighteenth centuries, which specimens, as the author assures us, are "at present in the possession of private collectors, and taken from such other sources as are accessible only to the few." Mr. Marshall is evidently sincere in his desire "to enlist the sympathies of the public in favour of an art which has been somewhat"—he might have said "very"—"inadequately treated in English literature," and has shown his fitness to do so both by his text and illustrations. "The old furniture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries," as he remarks, "was characterized by simplicity and stability of construction, adaptability, and the successful conversion of objects of utility into those of beauty." We cannot quite agree with him in attributing its introduction to England to the Flemings, though there was a great influence of the kind from the Low Countries in those days when a burgher of Ghent was more magnificently lodged than a king of England. There was always in this country a deeply-seated devotion to carving, both in stone and wood, and the perishable nature of the latter is the reason why so few specimens of work in it survived ages of storm and chances of burning. Few, indeed, were the chairs in those good old times which never figured in a free fight; rare, indeed, the tables whose "legs," like those in the American ballad, were not occasionally wrenched out to serve as weapons, nor were there many "Standarde" or "trussyng-Chestes" which were not in the long or short run knocked in to make them give out their treasures. In the sieges of towns and castles, furniture which a duchess would pray for in these days was burned as fuel to a terrible extent—perhaps the wonder is not that so little, but that so much still remains.

It is not generally known or acted on, but it is a fact fully proved by thousands of instances, that mere children, if properly taught, can be quite as well employed on making such cabinets, credences, and other furniture as are given in Mr. Marshall's book, as in whittling out and sawing little trifles of no value. The writer has seen in Philadelphia, and still more in Budapest, Gothic chests, armchairs, cabinets, and other furniture carved by pupils of from twelve to fourteen years' of age; all pupils in the public schools, whose work was fully equal in every respect to anything set forth in this book. The deduction is, that it may be sincerely commended to the hundreds, perhaps thousands, of evening and other classes all over the kingdom as very far superior for subjects to study and copy than the vast majority of the frivolous, petty rococo trash which is generally followed. For these fine English models, whether they be of the old settle at Retford, the screen of Wilne, the combination cabinet of Charles I., or any of the old chairs, are all large and liberal in design, and very easy as regards manual execution. In fact, the great majority of the actual tool-work on all this furniture, and on all that of its time, is often very inferior to the carving executed to-day by schoolboys who have had a few lessons. Yet the general effect is very far superior indeed to that of the sawed-out by machinery and glued-on trash of modern furniture, though the latter is by far more "finished," or what the vulgar suppose is "artistic." For the breadth or largeness of the old designs gave them an advantage as regards effect which all the machinery finish in the world can never approach. It has been said that almost any building is of superior character if the walls are only thick enough. We may add that almost any piece of furniture which is very substantially made, and decorated with designs in which the pattern does not cover more than one-third of the ground, belongs to the aristocracy of *meubles*. It is a lesson which not a few modern manufacturers of wall-paper and wood-carving patterns may study to advantage in the better work of the olden time, that when ornaments are so crowded together that a great general design is lost sight of, weakness and frivolity begin. It is idle to waste time on what might as well have been a mere background, diaper-pattern. It is folly to reduce all ornament to foliage.

Mr. Marshall has given altogether fifty plates of whole examples, or details of old-fashioned furniture; and if every wood-carver in England would study them carefully and catch their spirit, and reproduce them *as a whole*, there would be an incredible improvement in all our household goods or gods. Unfortunately the majority of carvers are not, as yet, capable of really understanding the patterns or the advice. Again, it is very often urged that these old designs are not in accordance with the age. But the truth is that all that is in them which is worth retaining is precisely what the age most needs—that is to say, freedom from conventionalism, freshness, vigour, and strength. It is needed in social life, in art, and in politics. This may be a far cry from furniture; but "honest in one thing, honest in all" applies well enough here to him who sees it; and "the first departure" in art, and in all things, if it be not characterized by simplicity and power, will be to something worse.

Mr. Marshall seems to be inspired with the proper spirit of his vocation, since he cites with small-capital reverence the lines:—

'Mid all the lights a happier day has brought,
We work not [illegible]

* *Specimens of Antique Carved Furniture and Woodwork, Measured and Drawn.* By Arthur Marshall, A.R.I.B.A., Architect. London: [illegible] & Co. 1888.

and he deserves the assurance that his own work will go far among the craft of those "cunning in wood" to rehabilitate what was good of yore. It would form a very welcome present to a carver, and may be appropriately placed in the library of every technical school, or awarded as a prize to pupils excelling in the graceful art of which it treats.

SOME MINOR POETS.*

THERE is enough variety in this sheaf of poesy to afford at least a whimsical sort of interest in their juxtaposition, however little encouragement is yielded to the hopeful student of contemporary verse. The range of subject is considerable. There are historical drama, epic, lyrics both true and nondescript, a little timid didactics, and the tender bleating of the superfluous amorist

> Who says that fictions only and false hair
> Become a verse!

Apparently, not a few. The poet, as here represented, is, for the most part, the feigner, rather than the maker, with somewhat less of the poet than the verser, to use the Jonsonian distinction. Even Mr. Michael Field is less intent on re-creating history, and making great personages live again in dramatic action, than in presenting pyschological problems, and tracking the slow-working of spiritual influences. No one would dispute the subtlety of the author's characterization in *Canute the Great*. Canute and Emma are both delineated with remarkable skill and power. You are made to feel the least circumstance in the environment of each with an acuteness that stirs sensibility to the utmost. And this is admirable, indeed, so long as the process of self-revelation accords with and vitalizes the action. Unfortunately at times the voices we hear become merely ghostly; the visual scene fades, and nature is replaced by over-refining analysis. Emma, Canute, and the rest are possessed of the poet, whose method is one of research into heart and conscience, whose speech is non-natural and purely introspective. All the persons in the play are too much given to a highly ornate language. It is, in fact, Mr. Michael Field in possession. The character of Canute is probably suggested by a passage in one of Professor Freeman's essays. We see the Viking spirit subdued to softer influences, among which Anglo-Saxon civilization and the Church are of course potent. But Mr. Michael Field is perfectly justified, for dramatic purposes, in tracing the alienation of Canute from his fatherland and its faith to the influence of a woman. "Strange," says Hardegon, the untamable old Dane, "you should have taken to fretting, and all since the siege of London." And Canute replies:—

> All, all since then. Ah, yes! Above me bent
> A sweet, soft-shouldered woman, with supreme
> Abashing eyes, and such maturity—
> The perfect flower of years—such June of face. . . .
> So ceremonious, and yet so fearless
> In passionate grace, that I was struck with shame,
> And knew not where I was, nor how to speak,
> Confounded to the heart. She made me feel
> That I was lawless and uncivilized—
> Barbarian!

The influence here indicated is developed too far in the second act. It is extremely doubtful if any woman, even Emma, could have so wrought on the nature of Canute as to make him the vacillating sentimentalist represented in the second scene of this act. There is much, however, in the fine scene at Glastonbury between the two, at the end of the drama, that lessens the force of this objection. *The Cup of Water* we cannot prefer to the simpler form, merely suggestive though it was, in which Rossetti left it. If the execution of this little drama were not in itself sufficiently convincing, we should have thought that the choice of such a theme was not only unhappy, but almost incredible.

An epic poem, and in a new metre, is at any time a novelty, and notable indeed in these days, when great ventures are scarce, and our poets mostly exercise their wits, like allotment holders, within the congenial limits of the Parnassian *petite culture*. Mr. J. F. Rowbotham has chosen a high theme and made a bold experiment in his romantic epic. He sings in unrhymed catalectic octometers

> The glory of Roland, the peerless Paladin, and the great rout at Roncesvalles.

In an interesting note on the recitation of epic poetry he sets forth the constituents of his metre and the reasons for his choice. He rejects pentameter and heptameter because they are not compatible with that equality of phrasing which is essential to musical rhythm. He wanted, in fact, an even-footed verse, and doubled the four-foot ballad measure. Why, however, did Mr. Rowbotham reject the hexameter? The reason must be given in his own words:—

> The rhythm of the hexameter was constituted agreeably to the phrasing of Greek music, which normally ran in pairs of phrases of three bars or feet apiece. A line of six feet was therefore the exact representative of the common musical sentence in Greek music; but in the dominion of modern music is archaic and unnatural, since no such phrasing of three bars in pairs is in fashion to-day. . . . Modern music normally proceeds in pairs of phrases of four bars or feet, and the octometer is therefore the most perfect representative of the common musical sentence of to-day.

This learned explanation certainly accords with Mr. Rowbotham's very modern treatment of the *Chanson de Roland*, and it does not seem to have been given because the author feared, like Chaucer, that the reader would "mis-metre" him. Of course there are gifted souls who could not do so, just as there are young people who can read the most difficult music at sight; but they are only a portion of those who sing or play, or read poetry. Not every one could translate into Mr. Rowbotham's metre at sight the following seven verses printed as prose:—

> Thus cried Oliver, and Roland replying cried, "Nay, Oliver, what mean'st thou? Thou who erstwhile with such emphasis pressed me to wind this very horn, now in deprecation standest, forbidding me to do't. What mean'st thou?" "What I say, brother. Early this morning thou should'st have done it, or not at all. Then the emperor would have heard thee. Only some miles in front of us were he and his regiments then; and welcome aid had saved many a brave. Thou should'st have done what I told thee, Roland, and when. But now it is too late."

We fear there are not a few who would find the task suggested as thorny as the ravine of Roncesvalles proved to Roland and his brave Franks. Despite occasional vagaries in the employment of optional feet in the first six of his octometer, Mr. Rowbotham has on the whole justified his experiment. Apart from this, we confess to having read his poem with considerable pleasure. It is often extremely spirited, moving, and picturesque, and always unconventional and spontaneous. Mr. Rowbotham's use of simile is profuse and elaborate, as befits an epic subject, and if it is frequently homely or familiar to contemporary ears, he may cite Dante and other great exemplars. That he can emulate the heroic with success is shown in not a few vigorous passages, such as the Homeric contest between the Saracen leader and Roland (93–94). When he likens the sudden appearance of the Saracens to the Epsom racecourse after the finish, or to the Paris rats foraging at night, the simile is both natural and enforced with effect; but he provokes a smile when the dusky multitude is compared to smaller deer, *e.g.*:—

> As when one in a London kitchen, entering with candle late at night;
> Some hours the light has been extinguished, and on the floor black beetles crawl,
> Thick as sawdust, over each other in moving masses upon the ground.

Mr. St. Clair Baddeley's volume is as handsome as type and paper can make it. The contents are of blank verse and sonnets chiefly. The former is smooth and a good deal cloying. The latter do not arrive at any especial distinction, though there is one poem in the sonnet sequence, "Costanza; or, Love in the Shadow of Death," that is Elizabethan both in fervour and hyperbole. Herein the poet's heart is said to take fire "phœnix-like," most unmiraculously, "each day,"

> Fanning the tender flame of deep Desire,
> Yet pointing heavenward where Devotion springs.

Dr. Weir Mitchell has the accomplishment of verse, if he is not altogether the poet born of nature. Probably he does not pretend to any such claim. His "Masque of Death and the Miser" is a quaint concept skilfully presented; his legends in blank verse are good of their kind, and his book altogether is as elegant as anything and everything put forth by the Riverside Press of Boston. We must note as excellent in point and neatly turned the stanzas of greeting "To George Bancro, aged 86," on a decanter of Madeira aged 86. This form of courtesy is becoming almost as rare as the wine it celebrates. We sincerely trust the wine was as good as it proclaims itself in the poet's verse:—

> The days that went have made you wise,
> There's wisdom in my rare bouquet.
> I'm rather paler than I was;
> And on my soul you're growing grey.

Of Miss May Kendall's *Dreams to Sell*, "merry and sad to tell," to quote her title taken from Beddoes, we should greatly prefer to buy the former, the humorous, the quaint, and the whole sections labelled "Science" and "Art." These have a flavour all their own. The remainder are graceful, ingenious, pretty enough, it is true; but the piquancy of humour and fancy that belongs to those of our choice is a very individual quality. The evolutionary lyrics are delightful. It would be shameful to spoil them of a stanza for quotation purposes, and unhappily we cannot give the whole of that diverting lyric, "The Conscientious Ghost," or the poet's feeling aspiration for "liberty and ease" and the blameless life of a simple Trilobite "in the Silurian seas." Such things were too good for a dull world if the wise knew not how to value them.

Raygarth's Gladys was a lovely maiden, "svelte was her form," her "brow and neck a slack-drawn bow," and Gertrude, her blonde rival—for Gladys was brunette—was not less lovely.

* *Canute the Great—The Cup of Water.* By Michael Field. London: G. Bell & Sons.

The Death of Roland. An Epic Poem. By John Frederick Rowbotham. London: Trübner & Co.

Lotus-Leaves. By St. Clair Baddeley. London: Trübner & Co.

A Masque; and other Poems. By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.

Dreams to Sell. By May Kendall. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

Raygarth's Gladys; and other Poems. By James Saunders. London: T. Laurie. 1888.

Fires of Green Wood. By Francis Prevost. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.

Poems. By Joseph McKim. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1888.

Penelope; and other Poems. By the Author of "Edward the Confessor." London: Trübner & Co. 1888.

Between the two Raygarth has a terrible time of it. Gladys wins, however, and Gertrude, it is satisfactory to know,

> was won
> By Clerk in Holy Orders, virtuous, whole.

It all comes of Gladys going "a lady's mile" from the seashore, and getting in deadly peril on the throbbing breast of ocean—"that hoary Charteris"—whose "myrmidons" (? the waves) stifle her cries, when down comes Raygarth and rescues her from the rude embraces of the libertine sea. Then came the doctor, and tries all his "chymic lore" and "surgeon's craft." And still he labours, until "the evening sun," as might his Grace of Portland,

> Enters its Welbeck subterranean.

She revives, however, by the blessed inspiration of Raygarth's breath:—

> Her lips part! and that alabastrine cheek
> Incontinent the rosy nard reveals.

What more? Not much; except to say, of course, he marries Gladys, jilting the faithful Gerty, who comfort finds at length, and loves, we hope, her virtuous curate whole. Only Mr. Saunders, perhaps, could surpass this. He does so, triumphantly, however, in "A Dreadful Moment" and "The Leper-Man." The opening stanzas of each are enough to show the unconscious humour of the poet:—

> That is the House; long years agone,
> When we dwelt there, my aunt and I,
> On reaching home, our school-work done,
> We brooded o'er a mystery.

And now for "The Leper-Man"—

> O Loathsome Leper-man, begone!
> And wail "Unclean!" through all the coast;
> No rest for thee in Jewry's host;
> O Loathsome Leper-man, begone!

Mr. Francis Provost is a serious, if not a very original, bard. In a fragment of a drama, *Heristal of Mortain*, we read:—

> Who tends a flower
> Has touched the skirts of God, who helps a man
> Has kissed His hand.

The last stanza of "Life Marks" runs thus:—

> Till in the shuttle's ceaseless spin
> That weaves God's skirts you lost the cries
> Of light wares from the world-fair's din—
> And I re-found your eyes.

After the obscure Mr. Prevost, the simple art of Mr. McKim is almost pleasing. Various lyrics "from the opera *Eulalie*" show a distinct aptitude in the author for libretto poetry. In "William the Silent," an historical ballad, Mr. McKim is more independent and more successful than in the operatic line. The author of *Penelope* has obviously studied the *Faery Queene* assiduously, with results common to copyists of the masters. Temperance, Fear, Jealousy, Devotion, and the rest of the abstract personalities that figure in the author's gallery of portraits are somewhat thin and ghostly. Many poets have essayed to imitate Spenser in their youth, but in each instance in the humour of an artist or with a technical aim, and not as an allegorist.

DOMESDAY STUDIES.*

EVER since there has been any systematic study of English antiquities Domesday Book has been a puzzle to antiquaries. For a long time before that it was not a puzzle only because no one thought of trying to understand it at all. There has not been, since the thirteenth century at latest, any continuous use of the book, though it has now and then been referred to for evidence of the ancient rights of the Crown, still less any traditional interpretation. Only within the present century has the full text been made public, and only within its latter half has something like an *apparatus criticus* been gradually formed. Now, indeed, not only is the text to be found in every good public and corporate library in England and many private ones, but the facsimile published by the Ordnance Survey is as easily accessible and more easily procurable. It is hardly less important that we have now in print a considerable number of mediæval surveys and extracts from records which deal with the same matters as Domesday, though not altogether for the same purposes. References to many of these authorities are conveniently collected at the head of the opening chapter of Mr. W. J. Ashley's *Economic History*; a chapter, we take this opportunity of saying, which, though not long, represents a great deal of careful work and selection, and will be found an excellent general introduction to the history of the English manor and "village community." If Mr. Ashley's book were here directly before us, we should no doubt have to take exception to this and that statement or inference, especially with regard to the relative weight of legal and economic documents. But he will send students, in the main, to the right authorities and in the right way. Those authorities, including many which were practically inaccessible forty, thirty, or even ten years ago, will not enable us to understand Domesday Book without further trouble; very far from it. They will enable us, however, to avoid certain kinds of obvious errors, and to concentrate work on the really promising lines.

A good opportunity for such concentration of work, and for forming a nucleus of permanent interest in it, was afforded by the Domesday Commemoration Meeting of 1886. The volume now published shows that the opportunity has been well used. It is true that the scholar's first impression may be of something like despair. For the main part of the volume consists of detailed and laborious discussion contributed by those learned persons Canon Isaac Taylor, Mr. J. H. Round, and Mr. O. C. Pell; certainly there are no other three men in England who have read Domesday more diligently or with more searching comparison of the facts and documents capable of illustrating it; and on the first reading it is hard to see that these three learned persons, or any two of them, are completely agreed on any point save one, which is that there is still very much to be learnt. We may find, however, that things are better than they look; and meantime the reader may turn to Mr. Stuart Moore's introductory essay on the study of Domesday Book. It will be found as readable as the subject admits of, and the only thing we have to complain of is a certain excess of zeal in defending the Conqueror's memory. There was no need to administer a solemn rebuke to the English chronicler for allowing himself his grumble about Domesday. Englishmen have always grumbled at taxation and official returns of every sort, and probably always will. And English learned persons, when not in office themselves, have always looked on official interference in the matters of their learning with a certain mixed affection of fear, suspicion, and contempt. Lord St. Leonards used language about the imposition of Succession Duty not less violent than that of the English Chronicle, though, one would think, on less provocation. Mr. Stuart Moore further omits to point out that the grumble of a monastic writer—"growl of the unintelligent, unthrifty Saxon monk," as he is pleased to call it—proceeds from the landlord's point of view, not the labouring tenant's. On p. 4 the "Dialogus de Scaccario" is, by an unlucky misprint, ascribed to the latter part of the reign of Henry III. instead of Henry II. Towards the end of his paper Mr. Stuart Moore (having properly observed that Domesday Book is not a survey at all in the modern sense of the word, and does not assume the existence of one) argues that, if we ever have a new Domesday for the purpose of registration of titles, it "must be based on cadastral survey on elaborate and accurate plan." Mr. Moore, it would seem, is of opinion that the 25-inch Ordnance map, with which of course he is acquainted, is not good enough or not full enough to be taken as a basis. One would like to know more of the grounds of this opinion.

With regard to the matters discussed by Canon Taylor, Mr. Round, and Mr. Pell, we shall not attempt here to follow out the details of their investigations. Every one who means really to work at the subject must check those details for himself and exercise his own judgment; and those who are not prepared to do this would find little or no interest in a mere statement of evidences and inferences which would have to be interrupted at every turn by doubts, exceptions, and qualifications, if it were to represent our existing knowledge with tolerable accuracy. We prefer to give, on our own responsibility, a summary of those results which we believe to be now either accepted as certain, or at least rendered highly probable by the labours of the learned contributors to *Domesday Studies*.

The primary object of the Domesday inquest was to ascertain the contributions on which, according to existing law and custom, the king could count for maintaining the armed force of the country. Part of the king's revenue was in the nature of rent, derived from lands of which he was lord. But rent (*gafol*) due to the king as territorial lord must be carefully distinguished from the public tax (*geld*) due to him in his political capacity.

The taxpaying capacity or liability of land was assessed in terms of units of superficial measure, which were the *hide*, generally speaking, in the southern or properly English counties; the *carucate* or *ploughland* in the northern counties, where Danish influence had been strong. These measures of surface had a real and definite value—that is to say, a hide or a carucate meant, in a given district, a certain number of acres. We need not here and now consider whether they had always been definite. Perhaps we might find that the native English *hide* began as a term of vague description, and only by degrees acquired a numerical meaning; whereas the *carucate* is more likely to have come in, so to speak, ready measured. It is certain that the number of acres in a hide or a carucate, and also the actual dimensions of the acre itself, might and did vary from district to district, and there might be different customary acres even in different fields within the same township. Mr. Pell's elaborate research has collected a mass of tabulated materials which will henceforth be indispensable for reference and verification on this head, whether the student does or does not accept all his conclusions. Further, the number of hides or carucates for which a given manor is assessed is not necessarily equal to the actual acreage, any more than the modern rateable value of land or a house is necessarily or usually equal to the full rental. In many cases the assessment is plainly small in proportion, not only to the total amount of land, but to the extent of cultivated land. This may be well seen by turning to any of the royal manors in Devonshire; a task which the excellent parallel edition of the Exchequer and Exeter texts of the survey now in course of publication by the Devonshire Association enables us to apply with peculiar convenience. Local and personal considerations of policy [illegible] favour procured here and elsewhere an assessment which might be greatly below the real value. No fixed [illegible] between the

* *Domesday Studies; being the Papers read at the Meetings of the Domesday Commemoration, 1886.* Edited by P. Edward Dove. Vol. I. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1888.

assessed or "geldable" value and the actual area can be assigned. Further, it seems probable that even where the assessment was intended to correspond with the actual extent of cultivated land, only the land which was under cultivation at one time was counted—in other words, the fallow was not counted. Thus, under the two-field system of mediæval tillage which held its own long after the Conquest, only half the ploughland would be reckoned; under the three-field system, only two-thirds. We owe this suggestion to Canon Taylor, who has worked it out in detail for many parts of the northern counties, and has made it explain many apparent anomalies. Among other things, it accounts at once for the hide being sometimes called 120 acres (the taxable quantity) and sometimes 240 (the full acreage of both the tilled and the fallow fields in a two-field course). In a three-field course the 180 acres assigned to a ploughland by Fleta give for the taxable area the same number of 120 acres.

Although the hide, carucate, and so forth had various customary values in different parts of the country, there is a good deal of evidence that at the time of the Conquest there was a tendency to a mean or normal value, and that for the hide this was 120 acres (or a long hundred, according to the method of counting then so popular as to be called "anglicus numerus") divided into four virgates or yardlands. The carucate was normally of the same acreage as the hide, but divided into eight bovates or ox-gangs, implying that the carucate was fixed with reference to the quantity of land which a full team of eight oxen (*caruca*) could till in the year. How far and where this eight-ox team was an existing fact, and how far and where an ideal common denominator used by the surveyors for the comparison of different areas and qualities of land, is one of the questions which seem still to demand further and more minute examination. The phrase "aratra fortissima in dominio," which occurs several times in the Burton Cartulary, should be noted in connexion with it. Many other questions of detail arise, which we purposely do not specify.

The hide was commonly divided into four yardlands, but we meet with a division into six, pointing perhaps to a change from two-field to three-field tillage, and also (as Mr. Stuart Moore has pointed out) with an odd and puzzling division into five. When the number of acres in the virgate is not the normal number of thirty, it is generally a multiple of twelve, such as forty-eight or thirty-six. These cases may be evidence of a two-field system; in the Worcester Register virgates of thirty-six acres are expressly said to consist of "xviij. in utroque campo." But it must also be remembered that thirty-six of the ordinary decimal reckoning is thirty in the duodecimal system, or "anglicus numerus," of which the long hundred is only one example. It appears from the Ramsay Cartulary that sometimes Danish influence displaced the measurement by hides and virgates, without putting measurement by carucates in its place. As to the dimensions of the local acre, it may always be conceived as formed by a strip of a furlong (=40 rods or 10 chains) in length and four rods in breadth. The result varied according to the length taken for the rod, which might be less or more than the statutory rod of 15½ feet. Thus the "forest acre," constructed with the rod of 18 feet, was in use for measuring woodlands in relatively modern times. Many of us have wondered from our youth up why such a seemingly irrational number as 5½ yards should make one rod, pole, or perch. Mr. Pell suggests that the standard measure was fixed at this value as a kind of compromise among the many customary measures.

For the present we omit mention of Mr. Pell's ingenious connexion of land "extra hidam" and "sexlond" or "sexacra" with the Norman application of decimal reckoning to districts where "anglicus numerus" had prevailed; and also of his still more ingenious and elaborate identification of the divisions of land with the divisions of the pound of silver; these being points which do not admit of concise explanation, and do still, to our mind, require further consideration.

Finally, Domesday was a survey of estates and their taxpaying capacity, not of population for its own sake. Inferences as to the actual numbers and personal condition of the dwellers on the land must therefore be made with caution. A second volume of these Studies is to follow. If it contains anything like such good work as the first, historical scholars will be eager to welcome it.

WOFFINGTON.*

THE usual good fortune of Peg Woffington has attended her in the matter of her biography. She has, it is true, had long to wait. When, however, the first serious memoir appears Peg once more distances all competitors. It is permissible to imagine how the cheek of the actress would have glowed could she have foreseen the noble monument to her fame which was to be erected by a foreigner, and reach her or us from over-sea. Peg has received in full measure the tribute ordinarily awarded women of her position. She has been a constant theme of elegy and lampoon. Fancy pictures of her amours with "persons of the first rank" have been drawn, and imaginary dialogue with her enemies or her rivals has been put into her mouth. She has, moreover, been the heroine of a romance which is more than half a memoir, and a memoir which is more than half a romance. That she has outlived all these dignities or indignities, and retains a recognizable individuality, is due less to her self-constituted biographers than to the friends and associates who have preserved traits and anecdotes concerning her. Peg's grace, beauty, and vivacity have warmed the most commonplace scribes, and garrulous old Tate Wilkinson, who began life by imitating and offending her, praises her with the eloquence of a second Colley Cibber. Genest, even, the soberest and most trustworthy of chroniclers, goes into what in his case may almost be called raptures, and declares that she "was perhaps the most beautiful woman that ever appeared on the stage." His evidence on this point, however, can scarcely be of much value, since Peg died in 1760, and Genest can only in his childhood, if at all, have seen her in her decline.

The chief lesson taught by Woffington's conspicuous success is the value of hard work. Her piquant Irish face was accompanied by a harsh voice. Horace Walpole describes her at the outset of her London career as a "bad actress," but adds that "she has life"; to Conway she only appeared "an impudent-faced Irish girl," and Campbell, speaking of course at secondhand, declares that "she used to bark out 'The Fair Penitent' with most dissonant notes." Her voice appears to have remained obdurate. Over other difficulties she triumphed. She had the wisdom to avail herself of the teaching of Garrick, and of the opportunities which her close intimacy with him afforded. To her many brilliant qualities she joined a common sense that in her profession is one of the rarest of gifts. Thanks to this, she had few of the vapours of her occupation and her sex. She did not deceive or disappoint the audience by feigned pleas of illness, and she resorted to none of the whimsies which in her day were looked upon almost as badges of her profession. She could hate, however, with fervour, and her quarrels with Kitty Clive and George Anne Bellamy stand forward among the fiercest and most prolonged of stage feuds.

Of Mrs. Woffington's varied career Mr. Daly writes sensibly and eloquently. It may be urged in favour of those who have romanced concerning Peg that she presents herself under fugitive aspects, and is not much more easy to depict than a bird upon the wing. Mr. Daly has aspired to "fix the identity of this visionary face, to catch the glance and smile of this popular favourite." As much success as was to be hoped in so difficult a task has been obtained, and the presentment of the actress is spirited. Mr. Daly's method contrasts favourably with that of his predecessors. Instead of placing imaginary dialogue in the mouths of those surrounding Peg Woffington, of whose real words no recorded syllable survives, he supplies an animated and an accurate picture of the life in the midst of which she dwelt. To do this well requires tact and research. The opening chapter shows the method on which the biographer has proceeded. It contains a good account of the public amusements of Dublin at the moment when Peg first came before the world. For the opening pictures of the Aungier Street Theatre under the management of the Elringtons and of the booth in Fownes's Court—Mr. Daly calls it Fawnes's Court—in which, under Mme. Violante, Peg made her début as dancer and singer, and that in George's Court, in which she played Polly Peachum in a representation by children of *The Beggar's Opera*, Hitchcock's *History of the Irish Stage* is principally responsible. From more recondite sources, indicated with commendable fulness, are however drawn the particulars of the infant Woffington's earliest appearances, when she was carried on the tightrope in a basket attached to the ankles of Mme. Violante. Between this period and that at which, in a juvenile cast comprising Isaac Sparks as Peachum, Bensley as Lockit, Barrington as Filch, and Betty Martin as Macheath—all of them to be heard of hereafter—she won her first recognition as an actress, Peg sold watercress to the students at Trinity College, or fetched from the river the water necessary to her mother's occupation as a washerwoman. From the earliest period Peg showed herself anxious to benefit by counsel, and from one or other of the Elrington brothers she obtained her first knowledge of the mechanics of acting and the rudiments of elocution.

"From Lilliput to Ophelia" Mr. Daly heads the chapter in which he describes how, under the teaching of Charles Coffey, the author of *The Devil to Pay*, Peg won acceptance, and then favour, in Dublin. In 1733, when she was fifteen years of age, according to Mr. Daly, she first appeared at the Aungier Street Theatre, acting comic characters, and even, strange as it may seem, obscuring her juvenile charms and playing such old women as Mrs. Peachum and Mother Midnight in Farquhar's *Twin Rivals*. Not, however, until she appeared in the "breeches parts," for which her fine figure admirably qualified her, did Peg Woffington obtain a complete hold over the public. Sylvia, in *The Recruiting Officer*, which she took for her first benefit, and in which she dresses as a youth, and Sir Harry Wildair, in *The Constant Couple*, carried Dublin by storm. So firm a grip did she take on the latter character that Garrick is said to have abandoned it to her. It was in this that Hogarth painted her, and it was in this that in subsequent years she provoked the repartee of Quin, who, when she said, after some more than usually fervid demonstration on the part of her admirers, "I have played the part so often that half the town believes me to be a real man," consoled her with the assurance that the other half knew to the contrary. In London, where Peg appeared playing in 1740 at Covent Garden, she became *instanter* the rage; and Macklin, who is quoted by Mr. Daly, declares that she "represented the gay, good-humoured, dissipated rake of fashion, with an ease and elegance of deportment that

* *Woffington: a Tribute to the Actress and the Woman.* By Augustin Daly. Printed for the Author.

seemed almost out of the reach of female accomplishments." The relations between Garrick and Peg Woffington are treated with a light hand, the biographer naturally espousing the side of his heroine. Upon the handsome provision that the actress made for her mother and her sister, and upon her generally charitable disposition, Mr. Daly lays some stress. He espouses her cause warmly against her rivals and enemies. Miss Bellamy he characterizes as "an unamiable little minx" and "a spiteful and artful woman." Mrs. Cibber and Mrs. Pritchard were Peg's "most envious rivals," and Kitty Olive is said to have had "a coarse vulgar nature," and to have been "a perfect mistress of invective." For the last accusation there is perhaps some foundation. Lee Lewes, from whose Memoirs Mr. Daly constantly quotes, says that, "to a conceit inconceivable, Clive joined a passionate temper that knew neither government nor reason; with a volume of language such as is only given to her sex; and a command of vituperation that was not hindered by delicacy nor confined by art." In the case of Peg Woffington's other rivals, and even in that of Clive herself, it is conceivable that Peg was not seldom the aggressor. A full measure of masculine admiration is reconcilable with dealings with her own sex that are not wholly angelic.

Mr. Daly's indignation is, however, mainly directed against the anonymous author of *Woffington's Ghost*, a broadside in verse, published in 1761, and purporting to be a vindication. Some very vapid passages from this "scurrilous screed," as Mr. Daly calls it, are published in the appendix, and some more vigorous lines are with much ingenuity turned against the scribe himself.

It is, of course, impossible to follow Mr. Daly in his description of Peg Woffington's brilliant and notable career. Concerning her stage triumphs and the marvellous popularity that raised her to a position, unique in its class, of President of the Dublin Beef-Steak Club, he has collected interesting and curious information, much of it not easily obtainable. It is difficult to add to the pathos of the statement of Tate Wilkinson, who had previously charged her with blighting his early prospects, concerning her last appearance upon the stage. After speaking as Rosalind a part of the epilogue "I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me," "her voice," says Wilkinson, "broke, she faltered, endeavoured to go on, but could not proceed—she screamed out in a voice of tremor and tottered to the stage-door, where she was caught. The audience, of course, applauded till she was out of sight, and then sank into awful looks of astonishment, at seeing a favourite actress struck so suddenly by the hand of death (for so it seemed) in such a situation of time and place, and in her prime of life, for she was then only forty-four." This was, in fact, her last appearance. She recovered to some extent, but acted no more, and lasted for two or three years "as a mere skeleton." The story is told at more length in the new biography, without, however, being rendered more impressive. Mr. Daly has written a useful, a pleasing, and a scholarly work, which is a valuable contribution to theatrical biography. Its appearance meanwhile and its illustrations are such as render it one of the most covetable of possessions, and will secure its becoming a bibliographical treasure. So reverently have, indeed, the pages of the goodly volume to be turned that the task of mastering its contents becomes difficult. Its lovely illustrations include a reproduction of Hogarth's fine picture of Peg as Sir Harry Wildair, which serves as a frontispiece, and twelve other portraits representing Peg in various characters or at different epochs of life. The beauty and interest of these can scarcely be overpraised. There are besides pictures of the Woffington Almshouses, the little church at Teddington, and the tablet to Woffington therein, together with a facsimile of her autograph. The book is, indeed, a worthy tribute. Not the least of its recommendations is a full index.

TROPICAL AFRICA.*

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND has been on a visit to the Lake Nyassa district of Central Africa, and, as a proper and natural consequence, he has written a book. It will, however, be as well to remove any apprehensions that may arise in the jaded minds of readers of history of travel by saying at once that it is a charmingly written book. Nor do its merits end there, for it is also short and instructive. Professor Drummond has not inflicted the entire contents of his note-books upon a long-suffering public; he has been content, with valuable and suggestive results, to compress the sum of his observations into a few well-weighed and well-written pages. But sporting readers are warned off; there are neither shooting nor other great adventures to be discovered here. Our author does not seem to have sought them; he sauntered along the banks of the Zambesi, observed the ways of ants and men, and, when opportunity occurred, caught beetles. Africa has still much to teach the student of our human history. This is what Professor Drummond forcibly tells us in a passage which we will quote, both on account of its truth and as a specimen of his style:—

> It is a wonderful thing to start from the civilization of Europe, pass up these mighty rivers, and work your way into that unknown land—work your way alone and on foot, mile after mile, month after month, among strange birds and beasts and plants and insects, meeting tribes which have no name speaking tongues which no man can interpret, till you have reached its secret heart and stood where white man has never trod before. It is a wonderful thing to look at this weird world of human beings—half animal, half children, wholly savage, and wholly heathen—and to [illegible] come back again to civilization before the impressions have had time to fade and while the myriad problems of so strange a spectacle are still seething in the mind. It is an education to see this sight—an education in the meaning and history of man. To have been here is to have lived before Moses. It is to have watched the dawn of evolution. It is to have the great moral and social problems of life, of anthropology, of ethnology, and even of theology, brought home to the imagination in the most new and startling light.

How true this is and how well put! Professor Drummond, after spending some time in the Lake Shirwa and Shiré districts, passed on towards Lake Nyassa. On the banks of the Shiré he found the *Illala*, a little steamer that plies between the Upper Shiré and Lake Nyassa, taking supplies to the missionaries on the western shore. In due course he reached the Livingstonia mission-station and walked up to the manse. Everything was clean and well ordered, there were the books, there lay the crockery, but nobody was to be found. He passed on to the school-house, looked at the benches and the blackboard, but still found nobody. A similar experience awaited him in the blacksmith's shop and in the other houses. At last he arrived at the graveyard, and there beneath some oblong heaps of earth he found the missionaries. They were all dead of fever, the awful malarial fever that is a stronger enemy to the white man and civilization than all the savages and wild beasts in Africa. Professor Drummond has a good deal to say about the slave-traffic, which is now flourishing with renewed vigour in the Great Lakes Region. He points out what has been too much overlooked, the intimate connexion that exists between slave-hunting and the ivory trade. Slaves are necessary to buy the tusks with, then more slaves to carry them to the coast. When the elephant is exterminated in Africa a great blow will have been dealt to the traffic in human beings. As it is, the Arab trader's method of slave-catching is at once simple and effective. He settles in some quiet district, and for a long while behaves exceedingly well, doing an honest business in ivory. When he has enough to load a caravan, he picks a quarrel and organizes a slaughter of the people among whom he has lived. This is successfully carried out, enough only being spared to carry the tusks. Then he marches to the coast with the merchandise, and on arrival sells both the tusks and those who bear them, or rather so many of the latter as survive the horrors of the journey. Professor Drummond's remedy for this awful state of things is the old and only effective one—extension of British influence, the English being the only power that really discourages the trade in human beings. Perhaps the pleasantest part of this interesting book is that which deals with the habits of the white ant and other African insects. From the observations there set out we learn how, in the economy of Nature, the white ant does for Africa what Darwin showed the earth-worm does for Europe. No ground is too hard for it to plough, and it is owing to its humble efforts that the surface of the whole interior is continually renewed. Even more remarkable are the facts given about mimetic insects, which for their protection from enemies are fashioned by the working of the great principles of self-preservation and survival of the fittest into the most extraordinary imitations of inanimate objects. Thus Professor Drummond found creatures exactly resembling a leaf, a bit of moss, a dry stick, a crumpled stalk of hay, and even a bird dropping. We must, however, venture to differ with him when he attributes the fallen leaf colouring of the puff-adder to the fact that it is "essentially a forest animal." The puff-adder is by no means an exclusive habitué of woodlands. Upon the bare South African veldt, and among sun-scorched rocks, the traveller may find more of these deadly reptiles than he will ever wish to see again. It would, however, be interesting to learn whether the markings of the forest puff-adder vary from those of the veldt puff-adder.

Professor Drummond closes his book with a political warning which is sadly needed. When on his return he reached Quilimane he was requested by the Portuguese authorities to pay a "tax for residing in the interior." On inquiry he found that Portugal claims the whole of Africa stretching inland from the coast province of Mozambique, including the vast territories of the Upper Shiré, the Shiré Highlands, Lake Shirwa, and Lake Nyassa. As a matter of fact the Portuguese flag is not to be found in these regions, and at this time only one Portuguese had set foot in the country, and he did so under English auspices. Professor Drummond refused to pay; but as other travellers may not be so determined, it is well to record the attempt to secure recognition of a purely imaginary sovereignty. In reflecting upon the question it is also well to remember that Portugal is no enemy to the slave-trade, that whatever has been done for the civilization and improvement of the Nyassa district has been done by English missionaries, and that their path of progress is marked out by a chain of English graves.

* *Tropical Africa.* By Henry Drummond, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1888.

FINANCE AND POLITICS.*

IN an autobiographical dedication and preface, if we may use the phrase, these volumes explain their origin and character. *Mantua me genuit*, &c. Sir John Lubbock suggested them, Mr. Sydney Buxton composed them, and Mrs. Sydney Buxton supplied indispensable help and encouragement. The work, on the whole, justifies the suggestion, the labour, and the encouragement. It has in some slight degree the defect inseparable from books written for the sake, and in the act, of acquiring the information which is to be communicated to the

* *Finance and Politics* [illegible] By Sydney Buxton, M.P. 2 vols. London: [illegible]

reader. Facts are raked in perhaps somewhat too copiously, interspersed indeed with intelligent comment. But the book is not animated throughout by principles; the grouping and arrangement of details are not subordinated to ideas from the first clearly conceived. *Discit docendo* is, with certain limitations, a good maxim; but, as a rule, the learning should precede the teaching by an appreciable distance of time and thought. Mr. Buxton writes a little too much as if he were the sole member of a self-improvement society. Mr. Buxton's original design was to continue Sir Stafford Northcote's work, *Twenty Years of Financial Policy*, by adding the survey of another term of twenty years—from 1862 to 1882. But he soon saw the expediency of enlarging the scope of his work and extending the period which it reviews. The twenty years grew into a century; and Mr. Buxton found it inconvenient to separate finance from politics. The revenue of the State, said Burke, is the State. Lord Beaconsfield expressed another side of the same truth when he said that expenditure depended upon policy. The accidental circumstances which, until recently, have given the rank of Prime Minister to the First Lord of the Treasury, and the association, up till 1841, of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer with the latter office when it was held by a commoner, have in England led to a closer recognition than can be found elsewhere of the essential interdependence of policy and finance. The Minister who dictated the end found the means. When the Chancellor of the Exchequer is not also the head of the Government his functions are more limited. He has simply to solve a problem set him by others. Being required to raise a certain sum, he has to determine how it shall be raised. Hence the phenomenon, which has been sometimes exhibited, notably by Mr. Gladstone in Lord Palmerston's Government, of a Chancellor of the Exchequer raising sums which he considers to be excessive, for the carrying out of a policy which he but partially approves.

Mr. Buxton, as we have seen, has extended the limits of the period which he originally intended to review a long way backward and a little way forward. Instead of beginning with 1862, he begins with 1783. Instead of stopping with 1882, he has gone on to 1885. He would have done better to have begun still earlier. The period of politics and finance in which we live has its origin, not with Mr. Pitt, but with Walpole. He was a great Prime Minister mainly because he was a great Chancellor of the Exchequer. The abolition of duties on imports and exports, the reduction of the National Debt by the operation of a Sinking Fund, the device of borrowing economically by means of Exchequer Bills, the introduction of the warehousing system, and the project at least of an Excise—these things contain in germ the financial policy which subsequent Chancellors of the Exchequer, from Henry Pelham to Mr. Goschen, have more or less boldly and completely developed. Mr. Pelham, to whose sober, if timid, good sense, history, occupied with the glaring follies of his brother, has done scanty justice, anticipated Mr. Goschen, and some of Mr. Goschen's predecessors, in the simplification of the different branches of the National Debt, and the reduction of the interest to a lower and uniform rate. The financial measures of the younger Pitt during the peace period of his administration were really based upon the doctrines and practice of Walpole and Pelham. Mr. Buxton's work would have been logically and historically more complete if he had included the sixty years which intervene between the formation of Walpole's Administration and that of the younger Pitt. The statement of Tucker—not Abraham, who pursued the Light of Nature, but Josiah, Dean of Gloucester, who anticipated the doctrines of Adam Smith—that Walpole was the best commercial Minister this country ever had was by no means extravagant. With the exception of Montague, Walpole was the first and only commercial Minister England in Tucker's time had had. Tucker's praise is probably true still. Taking into account circumstances, opportunities, and the economic ideas of his time, Walpole may perhaps still be counted the best commercial Minister England ever had. Pelham, the younger Pitt, Huskisson, Peel, and Mr. Gladstone have done little more than develop and apply the principles on which Walpole acted. They raised the flower, but they got the seed from him.

It is not merely by the omission of Walpole and Pelham that Mr. Buxton's survey of finance and policy is deficient. The elder Pitt was not a Minister of peace or of commerce; but the expansion of England which he effected, in the foundation practically of our Indian and the enlargement of our Colonial Empire, the supremacy which he secured for English influence in Asia and America, had vital effects upon the commerce of the country, and strikingly indicate that interdependence of policy and finance which is Mr. Buxton's theme. This period is also marked by the mechanical inventions of Watt, Hargreaves, Arkwright, Crompton, and others, the development of which has revolutionized the industrial character of England. Not less instruction might be drawn from the petty meddling of Grenville, to whom, as Burke said, regulation was commerce, and the mistakes of Lord North, as to the connexion of finance and policy.

It may seem scarcely fair to speak of what Mr. Buxton's work does not contain rather than of what it presents to the reader. But the omissions are vital, and deprive the book of the organic character which it ought to have. Practically, in spite of the title-page, it begins with Sir Robert Peel's second Administration. The sixty years between Pitt and Peel are dismissed in about forty pages. The twenty years which followed are the twenty years of which Sir Stafford Northcote has kept the financial record. Mr. Buxton gets upon the ground which is proper to himself after the middle of the first volume, which is devoted to what with substantial accuracy may be called the later Gladstone period of our financial history. It would be unjust to say that Mr. Gladstone is to Peel what Pelham was to Walpole and what Huskisson was to Pitt. His capacities infinitely excel those of Pelham, and his opportunities were greater than those of Huskisson. But it is true that, while Peel was in practical statesmanship the re-originator of a sound commercial policy, Mr. Gladstone's merit lies in having with thoroughness and variety of resources developed and applied it. The two principles by which he has been guided are "to lighten the springs of industry," as his phrase is, by relieving it from a vexatious complexity of taxes, and to simplify the sources and cheapen the collection of revenue by drawing it from a few articles of general consumption. Mr. Gladstone's great financial work was done under the Ministry of Lord Palmerston, when, much complaining of extravagance, he had to meet a comparatively moderate expenditure. It is strange, and illustrates the connexion of finance and politics, that as Prime Minister he has imposed upon a Chancellor of the Exchequer of his own the necessity of providing for an expenditure of 91,000,000*l.*—a sum greater than has ever been reached before or since. Mr. Gladstone is often wise in the parsimony which is itself a revenue; he has often been guilty of the unwisdom which, shrinking from the outlay required by an immediate emergency, ensures its recurrence, doubled or trebled, at an interval of a few years. Sober opinion will probably pronounce that his most useful work for England was done when Chancellor of the Exchequer under Ministers of truer statesmanship than his own; that his finance aided their policy; while in later years his policy marred his own finance. The materials for a judgment on the fiscal controversies of our recent history are carefully and skilfully brought together by Mr. Buxton in these volumes, the possession of which will save the political student and disputant from much weariness of research in Parliamentary papers and debates.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

A CARPING critic might object to the Duke of Broglie's *Marie-Thérèse Impératrice* (1) that, though it is in two stout volumes and does not deal with much more than two years, there is, especially in the first volume, not much about Maria Theresa in it—certainly less than about Frederick, and a great deal less than about Belleisle, Louis XV., the Duchess of Châteauroux and D'Argenson. This, however, is only a matter of nomenclature. In this, as in his former volumes, M. de Broglie's real aim has been to set in what is certainly a new and, what he thinks to be a true light, the French policy, in relation to Germany, of those wars and alliances in the middle of the last century which gave, indeed, to France the almost solitary glory of Fontenoy, but which ended by stripping her of her colonial empire, disorganizing and disgracing her army, landing her in bankruptcy, and exhibiting something like a complete breakdown of her executive and administrative system. This aim the Duke has followed with immense industry, with considerable acuteness, and with an historical faculty which is only a little the worse for employing a style which is sometimes rather dry and more than sometimes rather diffuse. We own, as we have owned before, that to his general idea we can by no means subscribe. That general idea is that during these wars France, so far from deliberately and discreditably planning the dismemberment of Germany, was following, it is true in a blundering fashion and with frequent incapacity, a noble and chivalrous policy. Hence, whether he is talking of Frederick, of *Rex Noster Maria Theresia*, or of anybody else, he has always one eye on his own country. There are some inconveniences in this; but they are, we think, compensated by the advantages of composing the historical picture from one definite point of view. For our friend the general reader the most interesting passage in the present volumes will probably be the account of Fontenoy, which is very good. Full justice is done to one of the most miraculous feats (though it ended in defeat, not victory) that an army ever performed, the famous onslaught of the English column; and perhaps rather more than justice is done to Cumberland's generalship. But we are sorry to see the disparaging tone of the note in which the Duke remarks of Carlyle, while acknowledging his value in this particular instance, that "Cet écrivain ne se fait aucun scrupule, pour rendre son récit plus dramatique, d'emprunter le détail des faits à son imagination." We are afraid that the Duke has not forgiven "Broglie the War-god," and other Carlylisms more picturesque than flattering to his own ancestors, and that this has made him guilty not merely of injustice (into which we all fall now and then) but of something like stupidity, which is certainly not usual with him. Carlyle, we grant, has more imagination than some other historians, of whom perhaps we need not go very far for an example. But to say or to insinuate that he invents his details is altogether a blunder. No historian ever lived who took such patient care to ascertain details to the uttermost jot and tittle. What Carlyle does and others do not is to weave these carefully ascertained details into a connected whole by supplying links the origin of which every intelligent reader can perceive, and which no such reader is likely to confuse with the actual documentary facts. However, it is probably impossible for a Frenchman to understand Carlyle. Let us only add that the finale of the Duke's remarks on Fontenoy as the sunset of the

(1) *Marie-Thérèse Impératrice.* Par le Duc de Broglie. Tomes I., II. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

Ancien Régime is an excellent piece of writing, combining the sober sense of his usual style with a touch of feeling which he seldom shows.

M. Louis Ulbach has rather a wondrous tale to tell in his preface to the unfortunate Gérard's newly-discovered *Prince des sots* (2). Readers of the *Histoire du Romantisme* can hardly have forgotten Gautier's picturesque and regretful indication to "Romantic" book-hunters of the MS. of a Mystery Play of Gérard de Nerval's under this title—a MS. of which he gives a careful description. Now M. Ulbach publishes a *Prince des sots*, which he says he bought in 1866—that is to say, eleven years after the luckless author's murder or suicide. But this *Prince des sots* is not a drama, but a prose romance; it is not, as Théo assures us the other was, all clean-copied by Gérard's own hand and illustrated by him, Gautier, but a copy by an ignorant amanuensis, heavily corrected by the author; and the whole thing is said to have been in such a mess that its condition deterred its purchaser from investigating or publishing it during the last twenty years. All this is a little incomprehensible; but of course when a serious person like M. Ulbach, who knew Gérard and his writing well, assures us that the MS. is "perfectly authentic," we have nothing more to say in that direction. We must, however, say in another direction that some disappointments await those who open the book as it is. Whether in any case Gérard could have written a sustained mediæval romance may be doubted. He certainly had the knowledge; but more suitable employment can be imagined for the fantastic, mysterious, intermittent genius which flashes and fades alternately in the pictures of the *Voyage en Orient*, and the sketches of the *Filles du feu*. But certain it is that, whatever be the history of this *Prince des sots*, it is by no means a precious possession. In fact, we should say that it is not above the capacity of any tolerably ready literary apprentice who knew his Hugo and his Dumas, and we have looked in vain for any touch of Gérard's hand.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

MINGLED with some rather unnecessary information of the guide-book kind, there is much that is entertaining concerning the natives of our West African coast settlements in Mr. G. A. Lethbridge Banbury's *Sierra Leone; or, the White Man's Grave* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) The pleasing little ways of Kroomen, Mendis, and Timanehs, the odd customs, fetish lore, alligator, "palaver," noted by Mr. Banbury, certainly do not blend successfully with the oft-told story of colonial enterprise, administration, and so forth. It is but fair to acknowledge that Mr. Banbury is decidedly amusing, though he does not altogether forget to be tedious. He tells some capital stories, and tells them well, and is not superior to the humour of a yarn that tells against himself. Like the immortal Tartarin in the suburbs of Algiers did Mr. Banbury and a companion go forth one night after wild game—leopards to wit—for which they had set cunningly a tethered kid for lure. After an insufferable time they heard an encouraging bleating, saw the dark shadow of the bloodthirsty foe bound across the narrow space, and blazed away in an ecstasy. The cruel morning showed them nothing but the dead kid and a dead goat, over whose bodies the sportsmen proceeded to bind themselves to silence anent the horrid deed. Mr. Banbury got more fun out of alligators. He explains why a dead alligator is as unlikely a sight as a dead donkey; how an alligator becomes "demonized" and works the wicked will of a witch; and why you cannot surpass the abuse implied by the epithet "nonsense foolish fellow," when slanging a nigger. "Massa, dat bery bad word," said the author's boatman; "you can call me anything you like—idiot, jackass, n'a fool—damn fool—nigger; but, massa, nebber say me 'nonsense foolish fellow.'" This same boatman tells a good story of a bewitched alligator. There were a man and a woman who, after living together "country fashion," determined to have a wedding in Freetown, having put by enough money in the old kettle to celebrate the occasion. Unhappily the man was induced to change his mind by another woman he had met in Freetown. He has a warm time in his native village where the "country wedding" is recognized as binding, but is not to be frightened. There is nothing for it but witchcraft. The witch arrives, and makes a ring round the ill-used woman and the old kettle, just as is shown in Mr. Waterhouse's picture, and instructs the woman to blow a piece of lighted charcoal, saying between each puff, "N'a ju-ju—n'a ju-ju—come cuss dis man." The kettle is found to be empty of money, and the woman is avenged. The gay deceiver is haled into the river by a demoniac alligator while on his way to Freetown, and everybody agrees he was rightly served for running counter to country fashions.

Mme. de Gasparin has probably as large a reading public in this country as in France, and her last volume—*Sunny Fields and Shady Woods* (Sampson Low & Co.)—is not likely to diminish her popularity. Some of these sketches of peasant life in the Jura country are extremely pretty and charming, though the characteristic idyllism of others is impaired by the somewhat forced introduction of evangelical sentiment and a didactic aim needlessly pointed.

Mrs. Marshall's *Bristol Diamonds* (Seeley & Co.) is a story of the last century, the Hot Wells of Clifton in part the scene of it, Edmund Burke and Mrs. Hannah More some of the high historic personages introduced in it. The local colour is more striking than the historic, perhaps, for it is a dubious gain to a very pretty and interesting love story to thrust Burke, with odd violence, upon the sentimental reader. By the way, we know from anecdotes collected concerning William Combe that Mrs. Hannah More was not unwilling to shine among the fashionable folk at St. Vincent's Rocks before she took up practical education.

The Planning of Ornament (Batsford) is a useful and lucid addition to Mr. Lewis F. Day's series of text-books of ornamental design. The nature, development, and artistic application of border or frame ornament are admirably dealt with in the opening chapters. Like its companions, the book is profusely illustrated, after designs by the author, and text and plates are in every instance mutually illustrative.

A useful compilation, both as a reference book for students and a guide for tourists, is the *Handbook of the Italian Schools in the Dresden Gallery*, by C. J. Ff. (Allen & Co.) Dr. Richter contributes a short preface; the pictures are described with sufficient fulness under an alphabetical arrangement of the artists represented; the various schools are fairly well classified; and there is a good index both to subjects and numbers. The few illustrations do not make us regret there are no more of them.

Mr. Charles M. Kurtz's *National Academy Notes* (Cassell & Co.) is quite up to the standard of the last seven years, and affords a good general survey of the New York Exhibition. Not a few of the illustrations are remarkably good—superior, indeed, to similar catalogues of London galleries.

The decorative ornament in relief on plaster known as pargework or pargeting is the subject of a brief but interesting paper by the Rev. E. S. Corrie, printed in the current *Transactions of the Essex Archæological Society* (Colchester: Wiles). Those who know the originals depicted in the photo-lithographs of Mr. Corrie's paper will agree with the writer's praise of this lost art.

Perhaps the most interesting item in the tenth *Journal of the Derbyshire Archæological and Natural History Society* (Bemrose) is the "Rhymed Chronicle of John Harestaffe," printed by permission of Lord Vernon, and edited by the Rev. Dr. J. Charles Cox. The MS. is inscribed "John Harestaffe's Poetry while he lived at Sudbury, 1635, of the Vernon family and concerns." It is certainly curious reading and interesting, though verbose rather than poetical. The local antiquarian and historian is favourably represented by the work of Mr. Arthur Mee—*Llanelly Parish Church*—which deals with the history, records, registers of Llanelly, and is issued from the *South Wales Press* Office.

We have received the *Report of the Minister of Education* (*Ontario*) for the year 1887 (Toronto: Warwick); the *Annual Report for* 1887 of the Royal Humane Society; the *Proceedings of the Bi-metallic Conference at Manchester*, 1888 (Effingham Wilson), and the *Civil Service Calendar* for 1888 (Allen & Co.)

Among new editions we have the second of the *Politics of Aristotle*, translated by J. C. Welldon, M.A., Head-master of Harrow (Macmillan & Co.); the thirteenth of the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen's *Theory of Foreign Exchanges* (Effingham Wilson); the third of the Rev. Dr. Hatch's Bampton Lectures, *The Organization of the Early English Churches* (Rivingtons); the third of Messrs. A. H. Dyke Acland and Cyril Ransome's *Handbook of the Political History of England* (Rivingtons); the late Rev. W. G. Humphry's *Commentary on the Revised Version of the New Testament* (S. P. C. K.); the third of Mr. Eustace Smith's *Summary of Ecclesiastical Law* (Stevens & Haynes); the seventeenth of *The Tourists' Church Guide*, 1888-9 (English Church Union); and the second of Mr. Henry J. Swallow's *The Catherines of History* (Elliot Stock).

We have also received Mr. E. C. K. Gonner's *Political Economy*, an elementary text-book of "the dismal science," by no means dismal, but clear and readable (Sutton & Co.); *Elementary Physiography*, by John Thornton (Longmans & Co.); *Elements of Logarithms*, by W. Gellatly (Hodgson); *Redress by Arbitration*, by H. Foulks Lloyd (Effingham Wilson); *Land and Work*, by Warneford Moffat (Sampson Low & Co.); *The Three Principles of Book-keeping*, by J. G. Chaplin (Sampson Low & Co.); *Natural Laws and Gospel Teaching*, by Herbert W. Morris, D.D. (Religious Tract Society); *Through Lent*, edited by the Rev. W. Kerr-Smith (Wells Gardner & Co.); *Plain Readings in the Minor Prophets*, by Robert Fisher (Heywood); *Foreign Missions of the Protestant Churches*, by J. Murray Mitchell, LL.D. (Nisbet); *The Religion of the Cross*, by the Rev. H. B. Chapman (Swan Sonnenschein); *Four of Our Lives on Earth*, by the Rev. C. H. Grundy (Wells Gardner & Co.); *The Belfry Bell: Thoughts for Every Hour*, by Emily C. Orr (S.P.C.K.); *The Golden Sceptre*, a book of texts (Marcus Ward & Co.); *One Body: the Story of the Church of England* (Wells Gardner & Co.); *Solomon Maimon: an Autobiography*, translated from the German by J. Clark Murray, LL.D. (Alexander Gardner); *Infant Feeding and Infant Foods*, by Dr. James McNaught (Heywood); *Monkey Island*, "freely translated" from the French of Léon Gozlan—*Les Emotions de Polydore Marasquin*—by Charles S. Cheltnam (Warne & Co.); *Shod with Wool: a Mystery*, by Ernest Netherby, and dreadful of its kind (Arrowsmith), and *Miss Varian of New York* (New York: Dillingham).

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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(2) *Le Prince des sots*. Par Gérard de Nerval. Avec une préface de Louis Ulbach. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

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Printed by SPOTTISWOODE & CO., at No. 5 New-street Square, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London; and Published by [illegible] at the Office, No. 38 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of Middlesex.—Saturday, June 2, 1888.



THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,702, Vol. 65. June 9, 1888. [Registered for Transmission abroad.] Price 6*d*.

FAD AND FUNK.

THE advocates of free-trade in disease boasted beforehand that the result of the debate on Mr. McLaren's Resolution was a foregone conclusion. It is probable that few of their opponents were of a different opinion, considering the present tone of the morals of the English Parliament. Of the degradation of that tone during the last few years, few, perhaps no, instances could be produced more decisive than the history of the repeal or suspension of the Contagious Diseases Acts. Science, common sense, and charity very seldom join hands in approving any set of legislative enactments to such a degree as in the case of the enactments which have been now, as it is boasted, "finally overthrown" by a combination of ignorance, folly, and the cruelty that affects to be merciful, humane, and religious. It was inevitable that in such a matter defects of administration should occasionally occur, and that proceedings requiring unremitting care and something of self-sacrifice in their conduct should sometimes go amiss. But the evidence of any serious abuse either at home or abroad was, after all the busy malevolence and all the lavish expenditure of fanatics and fools, almost null; the evidence of good done was considerable, and the argument from all the three sides above mentioned was impregnable. Even so notorious a person as Sir Balthazar Foster was, it seems, compelled to admit the other night (his medical knowledge and conscience being apparently above his political) that "at one time [he "did not say whether the time had ever ceased] the medical "profession was very much in favour [not merely of the "maintenance but] of the extension of these Acts." The religious objection is not only not shared by the best and wisest representatives of any church or sect, but is absolutely confined to a few weak-minded, though well-intentioned, persons, and to a somewhat larger number of pestilent agitators who, on one theory of leprosy, would probably have charged the Prophets, the Apostles, and their Master with "encouraging vice" because they cleansed the lepers. From the side of mere sense and reason, avoiding science on the one hand and religion on the other, the argument for the Acts, especially in India, is stronger still. We send at vast expense thousands of mere boys to a foreign land where they have few occupations and fewer pleasures. We keep them in a state of enforced celibacy. We throw them among a population by which anything like general or vagrant amours would be, and is, looked upon with the intensest disgust and indignation. In many cases we keep them and, for imperious reasons of necessity, must keep them remote from towns, in situations where a sort of artificial village of camp-followers is sure to be formed. And hitherto we have, not perhaps with perfect wisdom in detail (it is only the faddist who is perfectly wise), endeavoured to minimize the evils which, since they are men, and there is folly and disease in the world, must result from this state of things. We have tried to preserve health as much as possible, order as much as possible; and to a considerable extent we have succeeded, and might succeed further. Radicals and faddists may be referred to the very Radical and very faddist town of Leicester as to the principle of forcibly isolating and stamping out contagious diseases.

Some years ago the shriekers and the tubthumpers, by the same means which have now obtained what is called the "final victory," procured, as is known, the suspension and repeal of the Acts at home, with the result that garrison towns, which were being slowly purified, are now once more sinks of loathsome pestilence which spreads from them to every part of the country and every section of the community. [illegible] agitators were wise enough in their generation, and they would have been impossibly foolish in any [illegible] conceivable generation if they had ceased to play the card which had already won the former trick. Argument, they know, there is none to bring forward; and even such declamation as they have to bring is not of the kind which will bear the atmosphere even of the present House of Commons. To represent to thinking men enactments which are a message of health and, if they choose, of reform to thousands of miserable women as an insult and an outrage to the female sex, to saddle the religion of charity and healing with the responsibility of bidding the sinners rot in their sin, to argue gravely that the scanty forces of this country ought to be exposed to losses as immediately weakening as, and often more permanently disastrous than, those of a general engagement, would hardly have much effect even on the not Solomonic wisdom of a British senator. So they began at the other end, worked on a certain portion of the abundant supply of fools in each constituency, constructed in each the "margin" which can, or at least may, turn an election, and trusted in that arm of flesh. The result may be seen in the debate of Tuesday, and a most edifying result it is. Persons like Mr. Stuart, Mr. Wilson, Mr. McLaren, Sir B. Foster require, perhaps, no pressure to put them on the side where they naturally would be found—the side of anything that is false and foolish. Good silly folk like Sir R. Fowler, who talk about "what is "morally wrong not being politically right," and forget to take the slight preliminary trouble of showing where the moral wrong comes in, might be found beside them. But look at other speeches. The vast majority of men of sense salved their consciences by not speaking, and perhaps by the collapse of the counter-amendments. Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, who dared to talk rationally, surrendered his own amendment for Sir Richard Temple's, and was only saved the disgrace of running away because the honourable member whom he had chosen for leader gave him no opportunity of fighting. Sir Richard himself, after saying almost everything (except a few quite unnecessary tributes to the "motives" of mischievous fanatics) that should have led him to fight the thing tooth and nail, "ventured not to move" his amendment. Sir Roper Lethbridge seems to have understudied Sir Richard Temple's part of humble hinter at difficulties, and to have over-studied (if there is such a word) his part of the shocked and virtuous person who "will not countenance "anything that can be regarded as immoral." All which, silence as well as speech, hushed voices as well as withdrawn amendments, means this, and nothing more:—"Of course "we know the Acts are logically, politically, and morally "impregnable. But there is the Reverend Jabez Jumper, "who swears he will denounce us from every barrel-head in "Camberwell or Bungay, if we vote for them. One can't "afford to offend the Reverend Jabez nowadays."

And the Government? Except for its bated breath, which is part of the same ignoble comedy, Sir John Gorst's speech was simply decisive in favour of the Acts in general, putting details aside. He showed that the Opposition was utterly wrong and confused in its facts. He showed that it was asking the House in fact, if not in form, to do what is *ultra vires*. He frankly acknowledged that he, a member for years for a great garrison-town and a seaport, believed neither in the maladministration of the Acts nor in the existence of any real public feeling against them. He went so far as to say that "the generality of the "public strongly regretted the suspension." He mentioned that one at least of those admirable persons who devote their lives to rescue the fallen, while the Rev. Jabez and Mrs. Jellyby are disseminating filthy pamphlets, laments that suspension as a grave obstacle to rescue work. He protested against the "gross slanders" of the shriekers. In short, he said nearly everything that ought to be said. Yet the practical part of his speech was, in fact, that he and the

Government he serves were the very humble servants of the House (that is to say, of the Reverend JABEZ and the fringe of shriekers who can turn an election); that, though it would be a little strong to repeal the Acts over the head of the Indian Government, they should be, were, had been already, suspended; and, in short, that, in order to please, say, at a liberal estimate, a few thousand voters scattered over the country, a good work should be undone, a foul plague let loose, and an act of impolicy, cruelty, and positive political crime which is condemned by all the science, the sense, the charity of the country, committed.

And this is the stuff of which we make members of Parliament, Governments, and Ministers in the happy days when the *ultima ratio* of politics is the Reverend JABEZ on his barrel-head.

THE COMPENSATION CLAUSES.

THE late meeting, or, as it is called, "demonstration," in Hyde Park was perhaps a little more respectable than some previous assemblages of the same kind. Knots of blue riband are less objectionable than hop-poles, and fanatics are often in a certain sense well meaning. The Temperance Societies probably neither invited nor desired the participation of the disorderly classes in their agitation; but no Hyde Park meeting could illustrate more plainly the unfitness of multitudes to exercise the functions of government or legislation. Even the hop-pole mob, and the rioters who several years earlier broke down the Park railings, though they were both ignorant and violent, supported a simple and intelligible movement. Mr. BEALES's followers clamoured for the institution of household suffrage in boroughs, and Mr. GLADSTONE's adherents four or five years ago made similar demands in the name of the rural labourers. The "demonstration" of last week proposed to dictate to the House of Commons on the clauses of a Bill which require the most careful and dispassionate consideration. The question of compensation to owners and occupiers of public-houses, which may be disestablished without fault of their own, is not to be solved by a series of identical resolutions passed without debate or reflection by disciplined groups of partisans. That the apparently unanimous opinion of the crowd was erroneous and unjust is only a secondary argument against the whole method of proceeding. It is intolerable that the authority of the Legislature should be superseded by a promiscuous audience excited by the declamation of irresponsible agitators. As in the similar case of so-called plebiscites, those who settle the issues to be submitted to a popular vote have the control of the ultimate decision. The speakers at the various platforms took it for granted that the Government Bill would confer a boon on the holders of public-house property, who on their part would gladly be exempt from legislative interference. No explanation of their grounds for claiming compensation would have been tolerated. Usurpers of the powers which ought to belong to Parliament never encourage free discussion. A mob is incapable of understanding that there may be two sides to a question.

In their speeches at the Hyde Park meeting and elsewhere the agitators relied chiefly on the statement that Parliament was about to create a vested interest or estate which would afterwards have a claim for compensation. The assumption that the holders of licences have no legal right to renewal is itself an afterthought. Only a few months ago it was generally believed that the justices had no right to refuse renewal except for definite cause. The SOLICITOR-GENERAL made an elaborate speech in the House of Commons to the same effect, and his conclusions were not generally repudiated by the profession, though the question might still be regarded as open. Within three or four weeks the Irish Court of Common Pleas, consisting of four judges, has, after consideration of the English cases, unanimously affirmed the right of renewal; and thus far no distinction has been suggested between the English and the Irish law on the subject. A divisional Court of two judges has still more recently affirmed the contrary proposition that the justices have a discretion in the matter. According to previous cases, the licensing authorities were bound to act on special grounds, and were prohibited from refusing renewal on any general principle. It was, for instance, expressly laid down that the justices could not withdraw the licenses because they might be of opinion that the remaining supply of public-houses was sufficient or excessive. It may be doubted whether so strange a restraint of judicial discretion can be found in the whole compass of the law, and it seems not impossible that a Court of Appeal may arrive at a different conclusion; but the law is undoubtedly for the time settled by the judgment of a Court of competent jurisdiction. The Irish judgment is not binding on an English Court, but it is entitled to respectful consideration. It is notorious that justices of the peace have believed themselves to be compelled, in the absence of specific misconduct, to renew every licence. If they were in the wrong, they may have been misled by a clause in one of the Licensing Acts, by which applicants for renewal of licences were exempted from the necessity of attending the Brewster Sessions, except when notice of opposition had been given. It seemed incredible that Parliament should have at the same time excused applicants from attendance and exposed them to risk of ruin if their licences were refused during their absence.

For the present purpose it is unnecessary, as it would in any case be useless, to contend that publicans have a legal right to renewal. Until and unless the late judgment is reversed on appeal, it may be literally true that, by granting a right to compensation, Parliament might be said to create a legal estate where it had not before existed. The real objection of the Hyde Park mob and its instructors was entirely independent of the legal position of the proposed victims. The agitators protested against compensation as loudly as at present at a time when they must have believed, in common with the rest of the world, that law in this respect coincided with long-established and universal custom. They then objected to the recognition of a legal right, not as invalid, but because they thought fit to regard interest in the sale of liquors as immoral. Since a court of justice has decided that all parties were mistaken as to the right of renewal, the fanatics and their guides have become the champions of the letter of the law, irrespectively of all equitable conditions. It is true that Sir WILFRID LAWSON and his friends have for many years denounced the existence of a kind of property which offends their sentiments; but Parliament, having repeatedly listened to their arguments, has thought fit to stand by while enormous sums were paid for the goodwill of public-houses and for the right of dealing in alcoholic liquors. The High Court would at any time either have ordered the specific performance of a contract for the purchase or occupation of licensed premises, or would have awarded damages for non-performance of the covenant. The vast amount of capital which is invested in the business has lately been urged as an objection to the licensing clauses of the Local Government Bill. It is true that, on the assumption that all public-houses are to be suppressed, the amount of compensation to be fixed will assume alarming dimensions; but the estimates of the amount which have been formed furnish a convincing proof both of the greatness of the injustice which is threatened and of the legitimate title of the present owners of the property. If it is true that the amount of compensation would reach three or four hundred millions, it is impossible to deny that the whole community must have been a party to the accumulation of so great a sum. That a capital equal to more than half the National Debt has been invested by an oversight would be a paradoxical proposition. The opponents of compensation are apparently indisposed to make any sacrifice for the attainment of their objects. They provide the ethics, the eloquence, and the virtuous complacency. The brewers, the distillers, and the publicans will have to find the money. It might have been thought that moral and religious enthusiasts would be willing to pay something for the opportunity of compelling their neighbours to practise the abstinence which it is their own pleasure to preach. The refusal of compensation is dictated partly by avarice, and to a large extent by a spirit of revenge. If all the rhetorical nonsense which has been talked on the subject were true, the country at large, not the dealers in beer and spirits, is responsible for practices which might have been prohibited by law. The great and infallible people, supposed to be represented in Hyde Park, has frequented and maintained the establishments which are now regarded with sentimental horror. The contributions of the publicans to the rates have not offended the moral olfactories of parochial authorities.

The political importance of the Hyde Park meeting was inconsiderable, except as far as it showed that the agitation against public-houses has numerous supporters. The speakers, including two or three injudicious Conservatives, were of little weight. It was impossible to distinguish the processionists after they entered the Park from the neutral spectators who only came for amusement. The beginning of

June is the most beautiful season of the year, and last Saturday was the finest day up to that time of the summer. The trees and the grass and the sunshine were in the highest degree attractive, and the teetotal meeting supplied something to hear and to see. If Mr. GLADSTONE had not already thought it for his interest to change his opinions on the subject of compensation, he would probably have made the concession as a tribute to the number of attendants at the meeting in the Park. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has acknowledged the justice of compensation, and it was at one time understood that the Liberal-Unionists had agreed to support the licensing clauses, with or without some modification. If a large section of the majority is prepared to vote with the agitators, the Government may perhaps be forced to withdraw the clauses. Mr. RITCHIE is pledged not to pass the clauses, but to make the powers of the County Councils conditional on the grant of compensation. If the Government finds itself in a position to press the clauses, it will not be alarmed by the amount which must be paid. The necessity of paying off all the holders of licences at once is altogether imaginary. The reduction in the number of public-houses, and the consequent obligation to pay for a partial suppression, will be occasional and gradual. There is undoubtedly some connexion, though it has never been satisfactorily explained, between the number of public-houses and the intemperance of the neighbourhood. The justices, if they had been at liberty to consult only the public interest, would sometimes have refused the renewal of licences on the ground that they were not required. The County and District Councils will be able to act with greater freedom, and probably the number of licences will for a time slowly diminish. The agitators have not sufficiently considered the question whether local voters will be generally inclined to deprive themselves of their favourite form of accommodation. It has not been remembered that in the majority of cases a disused public-house will cease to be an inn. The profit which is derived from the sale of liquors is perhaps in the majority of cases the principal inducement to conduct the business of a victualler. It may possibly be found expedient to fix a limit of time beyond which no claim to compensation would accrue. The question could, of course, never arise when new licences were to be granted. The Government must act on its own judgment, for there seems to be no chance of effecting a reasonable compromise.

THE RECEIPT OF FERNSEED.

TO walk invisible is an accomplishment which all have coveted—especially in childhood. The gentleman in Mr. PAYN'S new story, who inherited the receipt of fernseed, did not make the most of it (*The Eavesdropper*: SMITH & ELDER). His narrative is in some places exciting, and in others diverting; while here and there it may be doubted whether the joke is not too practical or too verbal. A confusion of ideas between "aster" and "asterisk" "do not "over-stimulate," and this joke occurs twice. The scenes between the young literary hero of Mr. PAYN'S tale and the agricultural uncle who was literary, too, in his way, might make the famous cat of Mr. MARK TWAIN explode with laughter. But the things achieved by the hero when once he gets his pot of fernseed (which he treats as if it were a mere pot of marmalade) are not very original nor exciting. He overhears his doctors conversing about his case; he sees his maids and men making love, for none of them, naturally, see *him*; and he overhears the conversation of his friends at the club. But he never becomes involuntarily visible all of a sudden, which an inexperienced person tampering with fernseed would be nearly sure to do, and he never uses his discovery for the benefit either of himself or his country. The fun to be got out of a sudden appearance at an unexpected place has not escaped Mr. PAYN; for when his invisible hero does but tilt a chair at a club, one of his boon companions (one of the hero's boon companions, that is) nearly faints. But this man had a bottle of champagne before him at luncheon. The nerves of a person who drinks a daily bottle of champagne at luncheon are not of a sort on which even the Psychical Society could stake the credit of a spook. But suppose that the three boon companions had all seen the hero suddenly in their midst, and beheld him vanish, then their security for the apparition would have been valid, unless it was a very fast club indeed. Even in that case, it is improbable that an alcoholic hallucination would have taken the same form to all three at the same moment. The coincidence would have been too strong for the most incredulous to believe in, and, in the way of coincidences, the incredulous can stand a good deal.

It is plain that much use might be made, in fiction as well as in fact, of the secret of walking invisible. This obvious truth did not escape the notice of the very earliest romancers, in an age when the art of fiction had probably not disengaged itself from the mere habit of mendacity. Sir JOCELYN'S wishing-cap was not the only head-covering of story. One is actually surprised that the old cap of darkness (*Nebelkappe*) has not been borrowed and brushed up by some other writer of tales fantastic. Really the notion is almost too good to throw away in a mere suggestion, and it might be wiser to advertise it in the *Athenæum*:—

TO NOVELISTS.—The Advertiser has an OLD IDEA—as good as new, or better. An eligible opportunity to Comic Writers is now offered. No "Half Profits" need apply.

The cap or helmet (κυνῆ) of darkness, as everybody who has read his APOLLODORUS knows, was in the possession of the Graiæ, and was extorted from them by PERSEUS. Later it came into the possession of JACK the Giant-killer, and there is no doubt that it still exists somewhere or other. He who wore the cap on his head was invisible, and he became visible when he took it off. Hence the obvious embarrassment of the polite PERSEUS of Mr. BURNE-JONES'S picture in the New Gallery. He meets poor ANDROMEDA entirely unclad and padlocked to a stake. Naturally, he wants to ask what he can do for her. Now, if he keeps the helmet on, his wandering voice, unaccompanied by any bodily appearance, will only frighten her. And, if he takes the helmet off, as he naturally would do in accosting a lady, why then the position becomes most distressing—to ANDROMEDA. However, Mr. BURNE-JONES'S PERSEUS takes the helmet off with a graceful flourish, and the result proves that he was right. For ANDROMEDA is as impassive as GRISELDA GRANTLEY in Mr. TROLLOPE'S novel, and is equally unmoved by the apparition of the hero and by his tussle with the conger-dragon.

BALZAC could have made a good thing out of the cap of darkness—the finding of it and the wearing of it. No French novelist will overlook the advantages which such an accoutrement gives an enterprising admirer of female beauty. An English writer is more restricted; but even he can revel in detecting conspiracies and in attending Cabinet Councils. What a chance the cap would be for an enterprising journalist, and what "disclosures" and "revelations" in public and private life he would be able to publish! Mr. PAYN has chosen to employ his fernseed on a small, jocular scale; but what an opportunity he had if he had taken it more seriously!

CONSTITUTIONALISM IN PRUSSIA.

WHAT it has pleased the newspapers to call the Prussian Ministerial crisis of the past week is a very interesting matter—interesting to gossips and quidnuncs, no doubt, in one way, and to other people in another. As usual, the actual facts are matters rather of inference than of positive knowledge, and, as usual also, the inference can, with the requisite understanding, be drawn pretty close. Beyond it fringes of possible and exciting conjecture may be added to any breadth that the political imagination pleases, but these, as a lamented mentor of the English nation would have said, are "facultative." What is pretty certain is, that a certain difference of opinion—which may have been anything from a perfectly amicable disagreement to a sharp dissension—has existed between the EMPEROR-KING and his Ministers; who are, being interpreted, Prince BISMARCK. It has seemed good to this last corporation—which is so very like a corporation sole—that the period of life of Prussian Parliaments should be extended; but, more timid than our Whig rulers in the last century, they have made the extension, not from three years to seven but only from three years to five. It is asserted by one side, and tacitly admitted by the other, that this measure was not altogether agreeable to the present FREDERICK of Prussia, though he signed it; and that the delay in its promulgation or publication—a formal act without which the mere signing fails to transform the measure into law—was either owing to this dislike itself or to an effect of it in the shape of a royal letter to Herr VON PUTTKAMER—the Minister chiefly concerned with electioneering, and reported to be a very old hand at that game—in which the use of Government influence

at elections was either strongly deprecated or in the more peremptory Prussian fashion roundly forbidden. Hence delays, hesitations; hence visits of Prince BISMARCK to his master; hence insinuations that the cruel CHANCELLOR was once more taking advantage of that master's ill health to force his will upon him. And hence, last of all, and most unmistakable of all, a curious constitutional homily on the rights and duties of Ministers and Ministries from the *North German Gazette*.

There is nothing at all improbable in the report of the difference of opinion itself. The Emperor FREDERICK—or, as we are talking of matters purely Prussian, it would perhaps be well to say King FREDERICK—is a prince for whom, putting his physical sufferings entirely aside, all Europe feels respect. With a determination to do his duty to his people at least equal to that felt by any of his ancestors he is universally understood to unite another determination to exert his kingly rights as little as possible, and to encourage what is called the growth of freedom in every possible way. But it is also generally believed that his ideas of the duty of a constitutional sovereign are based upon, and derived from, a school of political thinking which is not perhaps favoured by the acutest and strongest political heads of this present time. It is the school of latter-day Whig constitutionalism which flourished in England for some time before, and for some time after, the passing of the first Reform Bill, and which, fortunately or unfortunately for Europe, was triumphant exactly at the time that most European countries took to constitutions. According to this school, if you gave a people the British Constitution of 1832, or something as near it as might be, and then religiously left them alone to exercise their rights, all must be well. Even at the time there were murmurs against the doctrine, though with us at least they were looked upon as the murmurs of blasphemers. It was pointed out that the thing itself had never been tried, and that nothing like the thing had ever succeeded, in any country of the world except one. It was further pointed out that it had only succeeded in that country for a very short time. And it was pointed out, last of all, that in this happy land it was during the season of its flourishing surrounded, checked, and conditioned by so many other forces—strong hereditary aristocracy, Established Church, rotten boroughs (some wicked folk said these last were the essence and the salvation of the system), and so forth, that no conceivable inference could be drawn as to its working when these conditions were removed, either in its own country or, much more, elsewhere. But the true constitutionalists of the old doctrinaire kind never could give up their faith in "Liberal principles," and of such, it would appear, the Emperor FREDERICK is a kind of survivor. On the other hand, Prince BISMARCK's sentiments on the subject of constitutions of all kinds are known to approach the almost unimaginable profanity of the late Mr. CARLYLE's, as expressed, according to legend or record, in reference to a certain *History* of England. The PRINCE labours under the idea—a blasphemous heresy according to some, the mother-idea of all political wisdom and national prosperity according to others—that Government is not made for constitutions, but constitutions for Government; that popular rights, freedom of election, and all the rest of it, are only means to an end, to wit, national welfare; and that if you as governor see the nation you govern faring not to well, but to ill, it is your duty by speed of dog or force of crook to get that sheep out of the wrong road into the right, however loudly it may baa that it is only exercising constitutional rights. Between two persons thus minded—the one the strongest person in the kingdom by position and prerogative, the other the strongest by ability and deserts—there is certainly likely to be at least amicable dissension now and then.

We need not trouble ourselves much about the interesting discussion in the pages of our German contemporary on Ministerial responsibility—a discussion, however, which may be commended to Mr. GLADSTONE on one side and Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL and Lord CHARLES BERESFORD on the other. The interest in these matters is, as we have endeavoured to show before, something different from a mere constitutional one. It is the uncomfortable doctrine of some persons that constitutionalism of the type we have been noticing has a distinctly weakening effect on national prestige and power. It would be a pity if this doctrine were illustrated and confirmed afresh in respect to Prussia and Germany. For eighteen years that country (for it is simpler to speak of it as one) has been practically free from any difficulties of the kind. There have been Opposition parties, no doubt, and crises of more or less gravity over May Laws and what not. But the Sovereign and the Minister have always been at one, and the chief of all their points of agreement has been an agreement that, while the acknowledged particular rights of the people were to be guarded with strict and scrupulous care, those particular rights by no means included a general right of unlimited self-government, or a privilege in virtue of which the shepherd and the dogs can do nothing but obediently follow wherever the sheep choose to go. On at least two occasions, if not on three, during the present brief reign the sheep have beheld the shepherd and the dogs debating this very point, and at variance with each other upon it. For the moment the dispute appears to have been compromised by the publication of the law without the letter, but with an understanding that a Royal rescript to the same effect is to follow later. Whatever may be the final result of the debate, either in this instance or in others, one result we fear can hardly fail to follow on the repetition of disagreements of the kind—and that is, the increased concentration of Prussian, that is to say German, political attention upon the idle disputes of domestic and theoretical politics, instead of upon the great practical matter of the national power and prosperity. Such a result would be bad for Germany, but it would be worse for Europe. For there would then remain only one Power of the first rank which was in a condition and temper to mind its own business for its own advantage, and the businesses of other people, not for their advantage at all, and it is scarcely necessary to say that this Power would be Russia. Therefore, it is very devoutly to be hoped that the KING and the PRINCE will be able to come to some understanding which may obviate even the rumour of dissension between them; for in such cases the rumour of dissension is very nearly as bad as the dissension itself.

A PLATONIC FRAGMENT.

(Picked up near Hyde Park Corner on Saturday last.)

WHAT, I asked, is the meaning of this immense procession of people? For they seem to me to be going to the sacrifices.

On the contrary, replied HYDROPOTES, we are going to protest against them as altogether excessive. No such fine, we think, should be exacted from the State as the price of enforcing temperance.

With that he was about to follow the procession which was already entering the Park, when I laid hold of his coat-tail and detained him.

Do not stop me, SOCRATES, he exclaimed; for I have a speech to deliver at Platform No. 8.

Not so fast, my good sir, I said. You have first a speech to deliver here—or, at any rate, an explanation to give. For, tell me, what sort of a virtue is this enforced temperance, and what is the fine you speak of as the price of enforcing it?

I have no time now, he replied, to explain it to you. But there sits some one who is of all men the fittest to instruct you in the matter: I mean GRANNOMANTUS, the oldest and greatest of the Sophists.

I looked in the direction in which he pointed, and there truly I saw the man of whom he spoke. He was seated on an obol-chair at the foot of the Statue of ACHILLES, not the one which PHIDIAS modelled, but the work of some less famous sculptor, whose name I do not remember; and there were other chairs round him, for he had been giving a sort of audience that afternoon, as his practice is, to his disciples. He welcomed me very warmly, and inquired what I wanted of him.

Come, then, GRANNOMANTUS, said I, since HYDROPOTES has bequeathed to you the duty of explaining his strange language—what, pray, is the meaning of enforcing temperance, and of the price which is to be paid for it by the State?

Say, rather, which is not to be paid for it, SOCRATES, he replied; for we are resolved to get it for nothing.

I am still in the dark, I said. I entreat you, O best of men, to be more explicit.

We intend, he continued, to close as many of the taverns of the wine-sellers as we can, in order to prevent the citizens from intoxicating themselves, and a decree has been proposed in the Ecclesia for buying up their interests. This, however, we will have none of; and we insist that they

shall be compelled to give up their rights of wine-selling, and forfeit the money they have expended in purchasing them from one another.

But is this, I said, your idea of justice?

To this he returned no answer.

It seems to me, I continued, that your conception of the virtue has now fallen below even the imperfect definition of SIMONIDES. For he defined justice to consist at least in speaking the truth and paying your debts, and you would have the State do neither.

Still he remained silent and appeared wrapped in meditation.

You may remember, I said, that it was from this point that we started our inquiry at the house of CEPHALUS into the nature of justice.

Yes, he replied with a smile; but, as you too may remember, it was also at this point that CEPHALUS found he had the sacrifices to attend to, and took leave of the argument.

That is very true; but POLEMARCHUS and others remained.

Undoubtedly they did, said he, still smiling; but with what result? I delight in your conversation, SOCRATES; no one more. But I cannot undertake to let myself in for the whole ten books of the *Republic*.

Nor do I desire it, GRANNOMANTUS, I answered. I will make no attempt on this occasion to penetrate into the essential nature of justice.

I applaud your forbearance, he said. It will be better, I agree with you, to confine the inquiry within narrower limits.

We will do so. I will ask you, then, whether your definition of justice, be it what it may, should be consistently or inconsistently applied?

Consistently, of course.

And your measure of justice, whatever its length, should be a rigid measure, should it not?

Undoubtedly.

Or should it be a Lesbian rule, which can be bent in any direction that we may prefer?

I have admitted that it should be rigid.

So that if justice consists in discharging our debts, we ought to satisfy all claims upon us alike; whereas, if it consists in not paying our creditors, we shall not be acting justly unless we bilk them impartially all round?

That would seem to be so.

In which, then, of these two forms of conduct, do you yourself hold justice to consist?

The question is an idle one. In paying our debts of course.

Oho! we have got thus far at any rate. I am beholden to you for that admission.

I wish you joy of it, SOCRATES.

Now tell me, GRANNOMANTUS, do you consider that if the State permits the citizen to acquire property under the protection of the law, it should, if it deprives him of that property, indemnify him?

I do, as a general principle.

And the right to carry on a lawful trade is in the nature of property, is it not?

No doubt.

And should be paid for if it is taken away, should it not?

Yes; provided that the trade is moral as well as lawful.

What? Does the State, then, ever sanction immoral trades?

It *may* have done so; and the eyes of the ruler may be afterwards opened to the immorality of what he has permitted.

I see. Then in that case no indemnity would be due?

No, not in that case.

Nor, I suppose, in the case in which the State has never sanctioned the acquisition of the property?

Yes, we must exclude that case also.

As, for instance, if an officer in the army has paid a larger sum of money for his commission than is prescribed by military rules. You would say, I imagine, that the State had not sanctioned the acquisition of that property, or not at the sum paid for it? Would you not?

That admission, he said very reluctantly, appears to be unavoidable.

And that if the State dispossessed him of it, he ought not to be compensated at its full value. Would you not say that?

Yes, if I were in Opposition, he replied.

What, again, I asked, is your opinion of property in slaves?

I have known many excellent persons who possessed such property, replied he.

But do you consider it more immoral to own slaves than to sell intoxicating liquors, or less so—I mean according to the notions of the day?

It looks as if it would be more immoral—does it not, SOCRATES?

It does, By the Plane tree, I replied, for a specimen of the platanus was growing near where we sat. I suppose, then, GRANNOMANTUS, that, on your own principles, and indeed by the stronger reason, you only partially indemnified your military officers, and gave your dispossessed slaveholders no indemnity at all?

Nonsense, SOCRATES, he cried, impatiently; you suppose nothing of the kind. You know as well as I do that both the military officer and the slaveholders were indemnified in full. And what is more, you are perfectly acquainted with that rule of justice of which you pretend to be in search. You are well aware that it is simply the will of the majority, and that that will is ascertained by assuming it to be in favour of our policy whenever we are in office, and hostile to that of our adversaries whenever we are in Opposition.

I was desirous of pressing him further on this point, but he (for it is an art in which he possesses wonderful skill) evaded the argument.

Excuse me, he said, I must break off our conversation here. I see HYDROPOTES returning at the head of a procession, and I wish to ask him what has passed at the meeting.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

THE periodical excitement of the Presidential election seems of late years to have in some degree abated. The Democratic Convention which has been sitting at St. Louis during the present week has only attracted a moderate share of public attention. It is true that the circumstances explain in some degree the general indifference. A large majority of Democratic delegates, including the seventy-two representatives of the State of New York, brought with them instructions to nominate Mr. CLEVELAND, and he was accordingly chosen by acclamation. Little is known of the candidate for the office of Vice-President, though the sinecure office which he seeks has on several occasions been exchanged for the Presidency. The managers of parties naturally assume that their candidate will live to discharge the duties of his office. The selection of Mr. CLEVELAND by his party is a remarkable event. The Republicans have more than once been equally unanimous in their choice; but Mr. LINCOLN's appointment for a second term and General GRANT's first election were the work rather of the nation than of the predominant party. Mr. CLEVELAND has no pretension to the merit of similar services in the Cabinet or in the field; nor is he either a popular orator or a conspicuous party leader. Four years ago he was elected by a coalition of Democrats with a section of the Republicans on the ground of his high character and of the justice and purity with which he had conducted the administration of New York as Governor of that State. During his Presidency he has maintained his reputation for political honesty, and he has consistently maintained and extended the principles of Civil Service Reform. His career may not have excited public enthusiasm, but it is approved by those who are most competent to judge of his conduct. The Democrats, who have given him their undivided support, must have been the principal losers by his discouragement of political interference with the distribution of patronage. After twenty years of exclusion from power, they not unnaturally hoped to share in the spoils of victory, and under Mr. CLEVELAND's Presidency their hopes have been only partially gratified. Their choice on the present occasion is probably due to their belief that their nomination will be acceptable to moderate Republicans and to neutral politicians.

The Republican Convention at Chicago will be expected with a stronger feeling of curiosity. Up to the date of the latest accounts no candidate for nomination has been definitely preferred to his competitor. More active efforts would have been made by their respective partisans if the managers had not generally anticipated the candidature of Mr. BLAINE. His friends, and even his family, took it for granted that his refusal of the nomination was either insincere or not final. In all probability he wished to keep the

question open till he had ascertained his prospects of success. It was known that his health, to which he had attributed his retirement, had been completely re-established, if, indeed, it was at any time affected. His friends confidently asserted that his resolution would be overcome; and they justly thought that in ability and in general popularity he would have an advantage over his rivals. On the other hand, although Mr. BLAINE was a favourite of many Republican politicians, his nomination would have been distasteful to a considerable section of the party. Mr. BLAINE has been always regarded as a typical practitioner of arts which no longer command approval or respect. The election of the Democratic candidate in 1884 has always been understood as a protest against the methods and traditions which are exemplified in Mr. BLAINE. It may be plausibly conjectured that the same feeling still exists, and that the chief Republican orator and wire-puller would repel as much support as he would earn. Accordingly, with laudable fidelity to his party, and probably at the cost of severe disappointment to himself, Mr. BLAINE has formally assured his friends that he was in earnest when he rejected the nomination in February, and that his intentions have not since undergone any change. The Republican State Conventions have consequently, for the most part, appointed "delegates at large," or representatives who are at liberty to exercise their own judgment in the selection of the party candidate. There will be no difficulty in finding a presentable nominee. None of the probable competitors are disqualified, as has happened at some former Conventions, by invidious pre-eminence or notoriety. Among the names which are commonly mentioned are those of Mr. SHERMAN and Mr. CHAUNCY DEPEW, but at present the course is open to all comers. Mr. BLAINE will probably have much to say in the secret councils which control the Convention. Notwithstanding his refusal of a claim to the Presidency, he has not intimated any purpose of retiring from public life, and it is not improbable that he may expect the post of Secretary of State if a Republican Cabinet is formed. According to some reports he favours the nomination of Mr. DEPEW; but in all probability he is not definitely pledged to the cause of any candidate. It is satisfactory to be assured that the approaching contest will be confined to the two great parties. The Labour faction has apparently abandoned its intention of contesting the election, and it would have found itself almost as powerless as the Woman's Suffrage Association.

In framing a platform or declaration of principles the position of the two parties in respect of the nomination is oddly reversed. The Democratic party, having only one nominee, has no need to waste its energies on the comparison of personal claims. The Republicans will have a similar advantage at Chicago in the definite and intelligible nature of their policy. The Democrats have not been able to agree on any fiscal scheme, and the Republicans will pledge themselves as one man against sound economic doctrines. Mr. CLEVELAND's leaning to some system of trade which would be more or less free was plainly intimated in his Message to Congress; but, being evidently hampered by considerations of prudence, he added a reservation of the supposed duty of protecting American industries. He probably understands that his Message was inconsistent, inasmuch as a reform of the tariff would necessarily impair the monopoly of American producers. The majority of Democrats incline to a comparatively liberal policy; but they are afraid of injuring their party, which is already divided on the question. The Republican minority in the House of Representatives has lately obstructed Mr. MILLS's Bill for the reform of the tariff, and Mr. RANDALL has put himself at the head of a considerable body of protectionist Democrats. Mr. CLEVELAND apparently cares rather for relieving the Treasury of its superfluous accumulation of money than for the benefit of consumers of foreign produce; but he has not concealed his opinion that a system of taxes which exceeds the amount of expenditure by twenty millions sterling is both oppressive and absurd. He will be under a disadvantage in the contest with adversaries who propose a simple and definite doctrine. Mr. BLAINE lately delivered an eloquent speech in which he idealized Protection much as Mr. COBDEN or Mr. BRIGHT may forty years ago have described the abolition of the Corn-laws. With the adroitness of a practised orator, Mr. BLAINE assumed the character of a martyr suffering for the avowal of an unpopular truth. He moved the hearts of his audience by pathetic protests against any possible negligence of the supposed interests of the working-man. The profits which are incidentally acquired by protected capitalists are always left in obscurity by the disinterested champions of the labourer and the artisan. The contributions of manufacturers to the funds which are raised for purposes of elections are, it would seem, charitable contributions to the necessities of the oppressed workman. On the whole, the Republicans are more in harmony than the Democrats with popular prejudice. Hereafter they are more likely to lose than to gain by the discussion of economic questions. Even in the political controversies of democratic communities it is a disadvantage to be wholly in the wrong. The cause of free commercial intercourse has made a certain advance since the great parties are more and more divided on the issue of Protection. No other part of the platform either at St. Louis or at Chicago will create so strong an interest.

The Chicago platform will almost certainly contain denunciations of the Fisheries Convention and of the supposed concessions which were attributed to the American Commissioners. The authors of the St. Louis confession of faith could scarcely condemn an arrangement which has the unqualified approval of their chosen nominee. A hundred years of vituperation have hardened peaceable Englishmen against the censures of American orators. The Chicago platform will be studied, not for its facts or arguments, but on account of the temper which it may display. It is believed that Mr. BLAINE has courted the Irish vote for his party not without success. In the United States, and especially in New York, the Irish have hitherto allied themselves with the Democratic party. If they transferred their votes to the Republicans, they would expect consideration for their support in the form of unfriendly relations between England and the United States. It is impossible to avoid occasions of collision. At this time American cruisers are seizing English fishing vessels in Behring's Sea. The Senate is still engaged in the examination of the Fisheries Treaty; and probably it may be convenient that the decision should be postponed till the Presidential election has been finished. Of the present disposition of the Senate some notion may be formed from the fact that it has circulated five thousand copies of the adverse Report of the Foreign Affairs Committee. Some of the speeches which have been delivered are as extravagantly abusive as if they had been made at an Irish Land League meeting; yet every Senator is conscious that the English Plenipotentiaries were in the highest degree considerate and courteous, and that the Canadians have agreed to surrender undoubted legal rights. The SECRETARY of STATE and his colleagues on the Commission have repeatedly testified to the good faith and good will of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and his associates; but it is impossible to conciliate adversaries who have an interest in cultivating animosity. After the election the Irish vote will not be urgently required by either party. It may then be possible to obtain the ratification of the Canadian Treaty.

THE LAW OF LIBEL.

IF the House of Commons never spent its time worse than it did last Wednesday afternoon this country would have hardly any history. When the Libel Law Amendment Bill has assumed—if it ever assumes—its final form we may have occasion to estimate the changes in the law which it will introduce. At present it suffices to say that, so far as the discussion of the Bill in Committee has gone, it has been, and promises to be, pruned of its dangerous extravagances in a reasonably satisfactory manner. The great question of reports of public meetings has been settled by the retention of the existing enactment that, in order to enjoy the advantages of "privilege," the defamatory matter reported in the course of business must be such that its publication is for the public benefit. This salutary amendment was accepted by Sir ALGERNON BORTHWICK at the instance of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who made it a condition of his support, and that of the Ministerialists generally, of the clause repealing the corresponding section in the Act of 1881. With this, and the other provisoes introduced into Clause 4, the law will be put on a not less satisfactory footing than that established by the former Act. It will afford a protection against the danger that the characters of individuals might be defamed by the irresponsible reporting of slanders uttered by irresponsible persons at insignificant public gatherings, and it removes the gravest of the objections enumerated here last week to the Bill as it then stood.

The question of reporting legal proceedings has also been properly dealt with. The effect of the original proposal would have been to make it lawful to print and sell in pamphlet form the most indecent or the most blasphemous evidence given in any trial, contemporary or historical. The effect of the clause as amended will be to give privilege to fair and accurate reports of the evidence given at trials, published at the usual time, and not containing blasphemous, indecent, or scandalous matter. This is in effect an enactment in express and reasonably clear words of the substance of the existing law, and, subject to the possibility of unsuspected flaws being discovered in it by experience—in which case it can be amended—it is quite unobjectionable. The astounding proposal that in one particular class of actions impecunious plaintiffs shall not be allowed to sue without a preliminary test trial in chambers has not yet been reached, but practically it has gone where very bad clauses go. It is much to be hoped that it will be accompanied to that or some limbo nearly as remote by the fifth clause, which proposes to entitle the proprietor of a newspaper who has published a libel without malice and made an apology for it to recover a verdict without having paid money into Court. On this point the law ought to remain as it is. In such a case there must be some compensation due, for subsequent apology can only diminish, and cannot altogether wipe out, the wrong admittedly done. The merit of the present law is that, if the sum paid into Court is not what the jury think enough, the plaintiff can go on and get more, and, if they think it enough, the plaintiff has only his own avarice to blame for not having taken the money out of Court and taxed his costs. The only remaining point in the Bill which may give rise to some difference of opinion is the proposed enactment that no one shall be criminally responsible for a libel unless he was "party or privy to the "publication of the libel." Suppose a person keeps a newspaper of which violent attacks on the moral characters of private persons are a distinguishing feature, and employs subordinates to supply him with as much and as correct information as possible of that exciting kind; suppose that on one occasion such a defamatory story is published—its truth or otherwise makes no difference in a criminal prosecution—without the principal's knowledge, at a time when he has gone for his holiday. Is the editor or proprietor to escape the consequences because he happened to be out of town when the libel was published, or because he reasonably left the conduct of his paper to some one else? Surely he is just as reasonably held accountable for the consequences of the institution he conducts as the owner of a ship is held responsible, and criminally responsible, for allowing it to go to sea in an unseaworthy condition, whether he knew, or had the means of knowing, anything about its unseaworthiness or not.

The tone of Wednesday's debate was, on the whole, eminently satisfactory. The Attorney-General, Mr. Kelly, and other lawyers who discussed the provisions of the Bill showed that, if they had been somewhat tardy in turning their attention to the Bill, and had wanted considerable reminding to make them do so, they at least understood the subject, and were capable of keeping the public interest in view as the main thing. Of the members more or less intimately connected with journalism, Mr. Bradlaugh combined a creditable breadth of view with some knowledge of the subject; and, if Mr. Jennings found it impossible to consider the project from any point of view but that of a potential defendant in a libel action, Sir Algernon Borthwick proved by his candid acceptance of necessary amendments the sincerity of his protests that he at least nourished no dark designs against the reputation of individuals. No one ever suspected Sir Algernon of being anything but an honourable gentleman; but if he had not taken advice, and had succeeded in passing intact the Bill which bore his name, he would have conferred an inestimable service on some people who are nothing of the sort.

THE TWENTIETH FALL OF GENERAL BOULANGER.

MINISTERS come and go in France, but one thing turns up with unfailing regularity under all of them. It is the obliteration of General Boulanger. As Commander in Tunis, as Minister of War, as General at Clermont-Ferrand, as independent politician, it has been his uniform fate to be destroyed once and for all. Whatever happened to him the comment was always the same. Now he is done for, now he will drop into his native obscurity, now we shall hear no more about him, was ever the substance of what French newspapers and English correspondents had to say, with very few exceptions. It was, therefore, quite a matter of course that the result of his motion in favour of revision should have ruined him in the opinion of sagacious observers for the twentieth time. The General appeared and read his paper, while the Chamber howled and gesticulated. From the dignified elevation of the Presidential Chair the virtuous M. Méline japed at him; M. Jolibois struck attitudes; M. Félix Pyat foamed at the mouth; M. Paul de Cassagnac bellowed. Other deputies imitated these great exemplars. Meanwhile the General went steadily on with his reading, answered not a word, wiped his handsome moustache at intervals, and did nothing to disturb the set of a well-cut frockcoat. When he was finished the diversions of the bear-garden went on for a time, and then a crushing majority disposed of his motion, and there was the General dead and buried at last.

There are three chief reasons given with the utmost solemnity and emphasis on both sides of the Channel for believing that the General ought to be and is dead. Firstly, because by reading a paper he showed he was no orator; secondly, because the paper was rather contradictory and tolerably full of platitudes; thirdly, because he had but a meagre programme. We really, after careful consideration, fail to find these reasons conclusive. As to the first, it is to be observed that the General did not become popular because he was an orator, but because his supporters were sick of orators, and wished to see quite another sort of person at the head of affairs. His deficiency in one kind of the gift of the gab (only one kind, for he can be fluent enough on occasions) may hurt him in the Chamber; but his friends want to be rid of the Chamber, and his failure in it will hurt him little in their estimation. As to the platitudes and contradictions of his address, they are patent. But where are we to look for wisdom and coherence in French politics? If anybody will produce an equal amount of printed matter more full of empty phrases and more destitute of meaning than the speeches of MM. Floquet and Clémenceau we will give him his wine. Yet they are thought serious politicians by people who sneer at the General. As for the meagreness of his programme, that also is tolerably manifest. But who has got a better - indeed, who has an alternative? The vote against the General was purely personal. It was against him, not against the revision. The majority of the Chamber has already decided to recast the Constitution. M. Floquet agrees with the General in disliking the Senate and despising the Presidency. When the question comes to be put before the country, it will be a personal matter there also. The policies being essentially the same, the choice will be between some M. Floquet, if not this one, and the General. There is nothing to show that the country will prefer the civilian to the ex-soldier. For the rest the General's address was not so destitute of solid political sense as the great chorus of wiseacres is pleased to suppose. There is distinct substance in his contention that, if France is to have a President, he must be one on the American model. He must be independent of the fluctuations of the Chamber, and capable of exercising some moderating and controlling influence. It was undoubtedly meant that he should; but the removal of M. Grévy has shown that a President elected by the Chamber is a mere figure-head. Unless the President is to continue to be a mere King Log, which the holder of the office has never been in America, he must have some source of authority independent of the Chamber. In this contention General Boulanger will have the support of many who like him no better than do the Parliamentarians of the Chamber. The Royalists and Bonapartists, who have their own axes to grind, are with him for the time, as well as the large party which has been called, with some wit and great sense, "autre-chosiste," the people who simply want a new thing, and believe that the best *autre chose* for the time being is General Boulanger. What will come out of the fermentation no sane man will undertake to prophesy. It is, however, very clear that the alternative for France is either the temporary supremacy of some one man—the General or another—or a continued welter of irreconcilable factions. He may end by becoming one faction leader among others very possibly. If so, France is sentenced to a still longer spell of division, weakness, and the neglect of all administration. The mind of man can,

by refusing to look at the evidence, just conceive the possibility of the formation of a moderate party capable of governing France wisely. If such a time happens, however, it will be a greater miracle than if General BOULANGER were suddenly to become modest, simple, a profound thinker, and a great statesman, and were to retain his popularity in spite of his metamorphosis.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, in the pages of *Scribner*, has been searching for the gentleman in fiction, and made other discoveries—as sometimes happens to the zealous—than the object of his quest. Very much in the manner of a certain Justice of the Peace known to readers of SHAKSPEARE, he has delivered judgment on the works of HENRY FIELDING. There is something of the manifesto about Mr. STEVENSON'S paper, and not a little that is suspiciously like a journalistic interview. It suggests a curious relationship to the "boom" now in progress—to judge from the American press—which is to set the great American people to the right Stevensonian tune. But it is fishing with "melancholy bait" to denounce *Tom Jones* as "dirty, dull, "and false," and if intended for the edification of the American public it is likewise exquisitely superfluous. They do not read FIELDING in America, and they do read Mr. ROE. Here Mr. STEVENSON'S characteristic ingenuity appears to have deserted him. The amusing assumption of the judge, the air of the superior person, as who should say, "I am "Sir Oracle," may mitigate the rawness of judgment, but the critical method is somewhat trite and discredited. The thing is only too easy. Thus does the *enfant terrible* flutter the domestic circle that has forgotten his existence by some sudden aspersion of the family hero. Thus does the bright young man of promise and paradox crush some suburban society of letters and science with the proposition that SCOTT is tedious and NEWTON an impostor. It was only the other day that Mr. STEVENSON very solemnly recorded his opinion that NAPOLEON, BYRON, and the author of *Adam Blair* were cads. It was expected, perhaps, that a breathless world would be shaken to its centre by this enormous utterance. And that the humour of it should not be swallowed up in the enormity, there appeared in the *Athenæum* a serious and gentlemanlike protest from a too sensitive friend of the late Mr. LOCKHART. Possibly this small encouragement may incite Mr. STEVENSON to fresh ventures. Curious is it, indeed, that anybody should think it necessary to testify to the good manners and breeding of that admirable writer, JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, or that persons of intelligence and taste should be in the least perturbed by Mr. STEVENSON'S vagaries.

Not in this direction will Mr. STEVENSON on "Some "Gentlemen in Fiction" be found interesting. The attraction for us lies in the source of these odd, perverse antipathies. How do they arise? that is the problem. Perhaps they come of unkind laudation, too lavishly bestowed on Mr. STEVENSON'S own writings, good, bad, and indifferent. If you class a writer—yet young, and in the first flush of successful production—with a genius like SCOTT, what is more natural than that he should give himself airs, assume the god, and turn a critical eye on his new equals? He begins to doubt—not his position, but theirs. THACKERAY commended FIELDING for his *Tom Jones* in that he had dared to paint a Man. Mr. STEVENSON looks obliquely at the portrait and declares it is not that of a gentleman, though he admits LOVELACE—"in spite of his abominable misbehaviour"—to his company of select gentlemen in fiction. There is no reason why this opinion should not be held by any gentleman. It is innocent enough, and unlikely, one might think, to commit one to any kind of frenzy. But Mr. STEVENSON is not content to miss the gentleman in *Tom Jones*. He must profess nicer and newer views of FIELDING than SCOTT did, or BYRON, or THACKERAY. For them FIELDING was, before all, the author of *Tom Jones*. Mr. STEVENSON regards only the author of "the engaging, truthful, kind, "and clean" *Amelia*. It was that "dirty, dull, and false" *Tom Jones* which those three misguided and darkened souls declared to be the masterpiece of its author—*Tom Jones*, a book which Mr. STEVENSON says is found by the "respect-"able" to be even more blackguardly than dull, while the "more honest" find it too dull to make its blackguardism acceptable. Well, it is an excellent thing to be on the side of the respectable, but if it leads Mr. STEVENSON into this common way of scolding—"dirty—dull—and false"—his friends may well wish him back in his native land. For most of us there remains the philosophy of Mr. TOOTS. "Thank'ee! It's of no consequence."

IRELAND.

WE welcome, as a piece of good fortune which does not every day befall us, the opportunity of expressing our sympathy with sentiments expressed by a leading member of the Parnellite party. The speech delivered by the Lord Mayor of DUBLIN at the opening of the Irish Exhibition did credit to his personal taste and good feeling, as well as to the dignity of his office. No mere formal observance of the understanding that political differences were to be put on one side for the purposes of the occasion would have sufficed to animate Mr. SEXTON'S speech of Monday last with the spirit that pervaded it. It is no difficult matter for any speaker, and still less for one of Mr. SEXTON'S oratorical skill, to smuggle the contraband article of partizanship into his utterances without any open or assignable breach of the prohibitory rule; and there are plenty of ways, too, of showing, even while the rule is respected, that the respect paid to it is reluctant. The Lord Mayor of DUBLIN yielded it a manifestly willing obedience, and showed himself unmistakably pleased with the opportunity of addressing an English assembly in words which every Englishman, without distinction of party, could applaud. His cordial tribute to the services rendered by Lord ARTHUR HILL, as a member of the Executive Council, struck an excellent keynote at the commencement of his speech, and gave it a tone which it preserved to the end. It is not, of course, to be supposed that its amiable generalities would be provided by Mr. SEXTON with quite the same set of particular illustrations with which we should ourselves be disposed to furnish them, if either he or we were called upon to perform that delicate task at the present moment; but, fortunately, there is no such call just now upon either of us. We have our own opinion as to the particular nature of what he calls "the prejudices which are at the root of the "misunderstanding between the peoples of Great Britain "and Ireland." But we can cordially agree with him that, in so far as they exist—on either side—they are not "rooted "in malice," and that they can be "removed by earnest "effort." We shall also thoroughly share his satisfaction if one result of the Exhibition should be to enable Englishmen and Irishmen to "know each other better"; though, of course, we shall retain our own opinion as to which of the two races it is that most requires instructing in the other's character. For though there may be a grain or two of truth in the hackneyed assertion that the English do not understand the Irish, we must venture, on the other hand, to remark that the whole course of our political history for generations past has been a uniformly working agency for the stereotyping of a totally false estimate of the English character in the Irish mind. It would be hardly too much to say that the general election of 1886 gave Ireland her first opportunity of discovering that the Englishman and the English party politician are not exactly convertible terms.

It is not the most pleasant of duties to turn from Mr. SEXTON at Olympia to Mr. O'BRIEN at Cork Park; but, as Mr. O'BRIEN regards himself, and is declared by our own Gladstonians to be, a representative Irishman, it is reasonable to infer that the English will not be able to "know the "Irish people better" if they leave him out of view. Mr. O'BRIEN, it will be seen, is still so exercised about a matter which, according to his own account, is not of the smallest importance that he can talk of nothing else. We know that the effect produced upon cerebral tissue by a very minute particle of foreign matter is most serious, and that may perhaps account for the extremely disturbing results which have been produced upon the agitator by having "Papal Rescript on the brain." Not content, moreover, with incessantly recurring to one matter which he had much better let alone, he abounds in references to another and later incident which it is even more to his interest to pass by. If anything had been needed to show how completely the Rescript had achieved its object, the desired demonstration would have been supplied by the recent meeting of the Irish Bishops and the resolutions adopted thereat. Mr. O'BRIEN, however, is no more able to leave these matters alone than he is able to keep clear of the Rescript itself. "We all know, he said, that the Irish Bishops

"could not say in print everything that was welling up in "their Irish hearts"; but they said not one word that could grieve the conscience of any man who endorsed the Mansion House resolution of the Irish members! We do not pretend to say what amount of episcopal censure is necessary in order to grieve one of the consciences referred to; but we do know that enough welled out of the Irish hearts of the Bishops to cause an ordinary English conscience, burdened with approval of the Plan of Campaign and boycotting, to feel singularly uncomfortable. For the first thing that welled out, as aforesaid, was the declaration that the recent decree of the Holy Office was "intended to affect "the domain of the morals alone, and in no way to interfere "with politics, as such, in this country." And the last outpouring from those same wells was a reminder to the "leaders of the national movement" that the Roman Pontiff has "an inalienable and divine right to speak with "authority on all questions appertaining to faith and "morals." Two more inconvenient propositions for Mr. O'Brien and his friends to meet, or a smaller mercy to be thankful for than their promulgation, it would be difficult to imagine. For the former cuts away the pretence that the Pope has been interfering in Irish politics, and the latter drives home the conclusion that his interference may not be resisted without breach of religious duty by any good Catholic, whether clerical or lay. The Irish Bishops admit, in other words, that Leo XIII. has contrived to condemn the Plan of Campaign and boycotting without exceeding his spiritual functions, and they add that when acting within the limits of those functions he must be obeyed. Mr. O'Brien urges the prosecution of the Plan of Campaign and the maintenance of the boycotting tyranny, and at the same time throws up his hat over the declaration of the Bishops, and rejoices to be able to speak of its authors in "terms of gratitude and affection as warm as ever "moved an Irish heart." Surely even the Irish head, though it is apt to overlook a certain kind of intellectual inconsistency, must perceive a little lack of reference here between the premisses and the conclusion?

A like inability to discuss the subjects which are best let alone is, however, displayed on this side of the Channel. The true friends of Sir William Harcourt, by which we mean those who laugh when he is serious and look grave when he jests—would certainly have told him that Mr. Jesse Collings and the complimentary dinner to be given to Mr. Collings were subjects on which it was not advisable to touch, at any rate in the jocular manner. For, after all, no one believes that a muster of all the character and ability of the Liberal party to pay a mark of respect to a man whom the Rump of that party has made the object of what Lord Hartington truly calls "a very low form of party "spite"—no one, we say, believes that this spectacle is really amusing to Sir William Harcourt. Is it, then, wise to laugh at all when you so plainly show that the laugh is "on the wrong side of the mouth"? We do not suppose that Sir William Harcourt in his secret heart regards the action of the Allotments Association any otherwise than it is regarded by Lord Hartington. With all his turn for rough jesting at men more scrupulous than himself—a trick, indeed, which has become more and more necessary to him in his attempts to outface the humiliation of the Parnellite alliance—he has always, to do him justice, perceived the wisdom of keeping the political conflict with the Liberal Unionists as good-humoured as may be; and he has probably a sincere contempt for the silly rancour which was displayed by Mr. Collings's former allies in agrarian legislation when they expelled him from the presidency of a society for which he had certainly done more than any other member of its body. Of course Sir William Harcourt, though he may despise these spiteful zealots, cannot well condemn them openly, and is bound, if he comments upon their proceedings at all, to find in them some material for ponderous pleasantries at Mr. Collings's expense. But then, why should he comment on them at all? To catch a few cheers and laughs from a Yorkshire audience is surely no sufficient compensation for giving additional prominence to the fact, already conspicuous enough to the rural voter all over the country, that their professed Gladstonian friends are not half so anxious to help them as to revenge themselves on their own personal, and we might almost say private, political enemies. As to the other sallies of Sir William Harcourt's speech, they were most of them, no doubt, less indiscreet. His taunting Lord Hartington, for instance, with "broken pledges and violated professions "of faith," is, though an old and perhaps not too seemly a joke, yet undoubtedly a very droll one. The point, of course, consists in Sir William's complete yet quite unashamed consciousness that the last man who should be charged with political treachery is being accused of it by the very last man who should prefer that charge against the worst of political traitors. Lord Hartington dealt quite seriously with the accusation the other night, and explained, not for the first time, what he actually said as to the extension of local government in Ireland. It is quite right, that he should vindicate his consistency in a speech intended not for his accuser but for the public; but that he should be able to reply with gravity to a charge of political apostasy proceeding from this particular accuser reflects the greatest credit on his command of countenance.

EXPERTS AND TALK AND INVASION.

It is agreed that we ought to listen to our naval and military experts. Everybody says so; and Mr. Arnold-Forster has proclaimed it to the City and the world—to the Lord Mayor and the *Saturday Review*—in a high sniffing fashion. We are heartily glad to get something settled; but, unhappily, this kind of agreement does not carry us much further on, for the question remains—which experts we are to believe. Is it the experts who swore by the muzzle loader till all the world had adopted the breech-loader (whereby our ordnance was put in a position of inferiority), and who have since been cursing the Departments for not listening to expert opinion? Is it the experts who hold that there is no salvation without armoured ends, or those who believe them to be works of supererogation? Is it the expert who wants 185 cruisers, all of over sixteen knots speed; or the other who will be content with 25, and a few more battle-ships? Is it the expert who insists on the necessity of fortifying our ports, in order to leave the ships free; or the other who thinks that, if an enemy can reach our ports, he can sweep up the shipping outside them, and who consistently enough thinks that every penny spent on batteries on shore is wasted till the fleet is strong enough to keep the foe in armour clad at a respectful distance. The loss of the shipping would be disaster enough, and are we to accept it as possible? asks this expert, very sensibly; and he answers, No; let us have navy enough to keep the enemy off, and so supersede the batteries on land. Then is an expert never to be cross-examined? When one declares that the command of the Channel by an enemy would stop our food supply, is no man to point out that there is a road to Liverpool and Glasgow round the North of Ireland? When another shows how impossible it is for thirty-three English battle-ships to watch twenty-nine French, because the Toulon fleet could come into the ocean and join the enemy at Brest and Cherbourg against our Channel forces, is no dog of a non-expert to ope his mouth and ask what the Mediterranean Squadron would be after in the meantime? It can hardly be taken for granted that it should be left to cruise in an empty sea or play lawn-tennis and dance with the girls at Valetta. Experts have made every blunder that can be made. They had the managing of the French army before 1870, and of the Prussian before the Olmütz days, and no civilian could have managed worse. We must choose our expert; and who is to select? Is it to be a gentleman who thinks that England had no enemy at sea between 1805 and 1815 except a few American frigates? That was slap-dash writing, indeed, Mr. Arnold-Forster—it went slap-dash into nonsense. It is really not enough for a gentleman to be full of good intentions—a little young in their ways, and decidedly flustered, but still virtuous—he must also know what he is talking about before he can speak with authority. Not he, but another, must be the chooser of experts.

Then there is another point on which we are all agreed—in much the same fashion. It is on the necessity for increasing the strength of the navy; but, as before, the agreement ends here. There is no general opinion as to what increase is needed, or how quickly it ought to be made. Admiral Hornby wants one number of ships. Lord Charles Beresford wants another—that is to say, he wants them whenever he is not declaring that the desire of his heart is to avoid hasty spending and hasty building, and to get a definite scheme drawn up. He is not only divided against the other experts, but against himself. Lord George Hamilton implies, though he does not expressly say, that

we are adding to our fleet quickly enough. He is absolutely right in insisting that time is needed for the work. Lord Charles Beresford—even he could not get his battle-ships built under two years and his cruisers under one. The question is whether we are going on quickly enough, and that more or less depends on the other question what the navy is to do. Here the general confusion is worse confounded; for not only is there the common doubt as to the expertness of the experts, but nobody knows who is an expert. There are the naval gentlemen who do not much believe in invasion, or who, like Admiral Colomb, effusively thank Lord George Hamilton for "upsetting at once and "for ever the ridiculous 'sudden invasion' scare." There are the Directors of Transports, who inform the First Lord that 480,000 tons of shipping would be required to carry a hundred thousand invaders. Are those gentlemen experts? Their business has been about ships from their boyhood upwards, and they have a claim to be heard. But then come the military gentlemen, who, it turns out, are not of those naval experts' way of thinking. They talk about Julius Cæsar and William the Conqueror (who lived so long ago), and the great Napoleon, who did not invade us after all. Lord Wolseley (see how these experts love one another!) says that the Director of Transports has "misled him [poor Lord George!] in a most "discreditable manner." If they had read *The Soldier's Pocket-Book*—a good thing, gentlemen, and mine own—they would have known that you can carry 100,000 men in 150,000 tons of shipping, though the necessary horses for such an army, a trifle of 30,000 or so, are not included. The exception seems to us considerable, and suggests inquiry whether there are not others. So we are not greatly moved when Lord Wolseley goes on to talk of three-quarters of a ton, and of Russians who pack as tight as herrings in the Caspian—where there are no hostile cruisers. Who is the expert here—the naval man and transport officer, or the Adjutant-General? Neither do the other examples selected by the military gentlemen seem quite conclusive. We shall not stop to discuss the operations of Hengist and Horsa. It is better to keep to times which have been recorded by writers more nearly contemporary than the Venerable Bede. The shocking examples most in favour are Abercrombie's invasion of Egypt and the expedition to the Crimea. Let us throw in the French expedition to Algeria out of the excess of our generosity, and it can be shown that not one of the three is the least to the point. When Abercrombie went sailing half round Europe for months, the seas had been cleared by the First of June, St. Vincent, and the Nile. In the Mediterranean there was not a single French flag flying on any line-of-battle-ship out of Valetta or Toulon. He was able to spend weeks on the coast of Asia Minor in absolute safety, and discover Marmorice Bay at his leisure. When he landed it was against the Brown Bess, and his battle was won by sheer push of pike. If he and Menou had changed places, the invaders would have been bayonetted into the water as completely as they were tumbled out of their field works. The expeditions to Algeria and the Crimea had also no enemy at sea to fear, and their landing was not opposed. Before any invasion of this country is possible, the British navy must be completely destroyed—not merely defeated—in one battle, and when that has happened, we shall be already ruined. There is a difference, too, between those old expeditions and any possible future one which military experts persistently refuse to recognize. It is that they were conducted in sailing fleets, when all fighting operations at sea were very slow and at the mercy of the wind. There was always a certainty then that a covering fleet, unless hopelessly inferior in skill, could get between any enemy and the convoy. If a liner had got among transport-ships—that is to say, not open boats, such as Napoleon was going to use—her way would have been stopped at once, and the damage she could have done would have been comparatively limited. Now ships are propelled by steam an attack can be made with equal rapidity from any point of the compass, and if the poorest ironclad afloat—the Spanish *Numancia*, the French *Reine Blanche*, or the English *Penelope*—got into the convoy with only a steam crew on board, any one of them could go through half the transports in forty minutes or less. An invader would be demented to run such a risk.

We agree, and we imagine that everybody else will agree, with one-half of Lord Charles Beresford in asking time before any further measures, whether of building or re-organization, are taken, a definite settlement should be attained to touching the work the navy and army have to do and the force required to do it. The measure was urged on the Ministry long before it was recommended in speeches on National Defence at the Cannon Street Station Hotel. That Ministers have neglected it is little to their credit, and the only excuse for their neglect we can imagine is the hopelessness of trying to get unity out of the opinions of experts. The excuse is not really valid, but it has a sort of specious force lent it by the wrangling and contradictions of the professional gentlemen. Happily this excuse for dawdling and confusion is capable of removal, and that by the unassisted efforts of the experts themselves. We will show them how. Let these gentlemen adopt the excellent old English custom of doing for yourself what the Government will not do for you. Let them collect at the United Service Institute, or by arrangement with the Committee in a spare room at the Union Jack or the Sash and Marlinspike (military clubs), and there let them work out their idea of a scheme of National Defence. They seem to have ample leisure. Then they can modestly present it to the First Lord and Secretary of State for War. It might also be published, at a moderate price, by subscription. (The *Saturday Review* will take five copies, as a matter of patriotism.) In this way the naval and military experts may do the State more service than by fluent and contradictory jaw at public meetings. There may be persons who think that such a meeting would end in a battle of the Kilkenny—no, let us be serious, in the confusion of the camp of Agramant. If so, of course there is an end of the authority of experts. If not—then why don't they do it, instead of orating at large?

CRICKET.

THERE is some danger that the Australians, after being overrated, may come to be untimely and undeservedly despised. Their early victories were exactly the victories which we wanted them to win that interest might be put into the game. They certainly were not disgraced in the defeat by Lancashire, a very close affair on a difficult wicket. The match with the Gentlemen merely proved that their bowling could be mastered at Lord's; it by no means proved that they are not quite the peers of the Gentlemen. The Players beat them well; but then they lacked their captain, and perhaps their best bat, Mr. McDonnell. His hand has been hurt by a ball, and it should be remembered that we had the same kind of undesirable "rub in the green," as golfers say, when Mr. Spofforth's hand was damaged by a hard return, from Lord Harris we think. These things are the chances of the game, but it is impossible to replace a Spofforth or McDonnell—impossible, that is, for a wandering Eleven many thousands of miles from its base. At Nottingham Mr. McDonnell was still unable to play, and Mr. Jones has been suffering from a chill, and no wonder, considering the weather. Monday, for example, was a lovely warm day at Lord's; but, about six o'clock, a sudden cold wind blew across the ground, and Tuesday was as cold as midwinter. There was a suspicion of ice in the slight showers, and only the excitement of a very close match kept a few hundred enthusiasts looking on.

The Notts match, however, says a great deal for the bowling of Notts. Barnes is, perhaps, the most consistently difficult bowler in England, now that Peate has ceased to play, and Attewell is an excellent ally. To get even a maimed eleven of Australia out for 76 is a considerable feat. In the Notts score of 215 Mr. Dixon did more than amateurs are wont to accomplish for the great Midland county. His 83 and 26 not out (when 38 had to be got to win the match) were capital performances against such capital bowling. Perhaps we may now see Mr. Dixon playing for the Gentlemen, who will need all their strength when they encounter the Players. Mr. Hedley has also been coming out as a bowler, and it seems possible that a little new bowling may be found by the amateurs, especially if Mr. Collins and Mr. Napier can play. Mr. Daft, Flowers, and Attewell were the other chief scorers for Notts; Scotton, Gunn, and Barnes were disappointing, and it looks as if Barnes were not a Celebrity at Home—to slow bowling, such as that of Mr. Trott, Mr. Jarvis, Mr. Blackham, and Mr. Turner all played well in the second Australian innings, and we fancy that, if Mr. Jones had been there, with his [illegible], and Mr. McDonnell to [illegible] and direct the team, Notts might have had little to crow over.

That Yorkshire should beat Sussex is not amazing. The chief thing to notice is the fertility of Yorkshire in bowling. As if PEEL, PRESTON, and ULYETT were not enough, they have discovered new talent in CREIGHTON and WAINWRIGHT. The Middlesex and Lancashire match became really exciting on the second day. Middlesex went in to get 222, and that against the bowling of BRIGGS, WATSON, and BARLOW. They would have won easily if Mr. BUCKLAND had made the catches which he did not make at slip on the previous day. He appeared to let Mr. ECCLES off twice, when Mr. WEBBE went on to bowl, and Mr. ECCLES consequently got 97; the Fates did not suffer him to reach the century. The task of Middlesex was hard, it was an uphill game to play, and seemed hopeless when Mr. WEBBE, Mr. BUCKLAND, and Mr. SCOTT were all out for 20. But Mr. J. G. WALKER and Mr. HADOW played beautiful cricket—indeed nobody cuts harder and more elegantly than Mr. WALKER. Mr. VERNON and Mr. PARAVICINI also hit hard, but Mr. ROBERTSON'S was the great innings. He had bowled pluckily and with very poor luck, he now batted with spirit and gallantry. Probably he might have won the match, but when he had made 42, the strong east wind smothered a hit that should have gone beyond the ropes; it died away like a swipe at golf caught in the wind, and was secured by SUGG. BURTON now felt the responsibility of upholding Middlesex too heavy for him; DUNKLEY (who had bowled well) made no sign, and Lancashire won by 24.

The match between Oxford and M.C.C. is, perhaps, the most promising thing that the University has been engaged in. Though Mr. GRACE got 95 and 29, Oxford was 48 runs to the good in the first innings, yet probably M.C.C. would have won if time and weather had allowed the affair to be played out. Perhaps Mr. CROOME will prove the long-sought-for bowler; but the worst of Oxford bowlers is their want of consistency. You cannot depend on them, though they may show brilliantly now and then. Mr. CROOME also batted well, and Mr. THESIGER is a great addition to the strength of the Eleven. Mr. WRIGHT, as is his invariable practice, enjoyed the Oxford bowling. His average against the University must be goodly. It is too early to guess how Mr. WOOD will get on with the Australian batsmen at Cambridge; but it is already plain that colonial bowling is to the taste of Mr. MORDAUNT.

A POPULARITY-HUNTING MAGISTRATE.

It is nothing less than a public misfortune that the jury at the Central Criminal Court last Saturday should have been unable to agree upon a verdict in the case of Police-Constable RUSSELL. RUSSELL was prosecuted for perjury at the instance of the Treasury because Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS had refused to believe his evidence on a charge of drunkenness and disorderly conduct. Mr. WILLIAMS, to whose behaviour in this matter we have already referred, made such exceedingly strong observations about RUSSELL and his story that the legal advisers of the Crown were almost compelled to direct the institution of criminal proceedings. The result, which every Londoner has cause to regret, cannot be very satisfactory to Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS. For Mr. WILLIAMS treated the question as perfectly free from doubt, whereas the jury doubted so much that they could not arrive at any conclusion. The magistrate stands condemned of the most culpable levity and recklessness in going out of his way to launch accusations which may conceivably be true, but which were certainly not so obviously true as to justify him in making them. The point cannot be left in its present state of perplexity, and RUSSELL will have to be tried again at the next Sessions. But it is a very serious thing, quite apart from the circumstances of this particular case, that magistrates should attack the police without being perfectly sure of their ground. The issue before Mr. WILLIAMS was simple enough, for both sides told a plain tale. RUSSELL said that the defendants, Mr. and Mrs. BAKER, were drunk, and that they endeavoured to rescue their niece, HANNAH WILLIAMS, from his lawful custody. They said that they were sober, that RUSSELL assaulted the girl by slapping her in the face, and afterwards treated them with shocking brutality at the police-station. If Mr. WILLIAMS believed the defence, or if he felt any reasonable hesitation as to where the truth lay, it was of course his duty to discharge the defendants, as in fact he did. It was not his duty, but quite the reverse, to rush at once into the theory that RUSSELL had wilfully forsworn himself. Mr. WILLIAMS might condescend to take a lesson from the practice of the superior Courts. It sometimes, though not very often, happens that at the close of a civil or criminal trial the judge orders a witness to be indicted for perjury. But if he does so he is rightly very cautious and guarded in his language, lest he should prejudice the accused person with another tribunal. The proceedings against RUSSELL at the Old Bailey, if they showed nothing else, showed at least that Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS was hasty and premature. Witnesses unconnected with the police swore that the BAKERS were drunk on the night in question, and HANNAH WILLIAMS admitted, under cross-examination, that she had been in two public-houses that evening. HANNAH WILLIAMS must be presumed to have spoken the truth about herself. RUSSELL'S witnesses may, of course, have been mendacious or mistaken. It is sufficient for our purpose that Mr. WILLIAMS went much too far and too fast.

Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS is a very clever man. In point of ability, indeed, he has few equals, and no superiors, on the magisterial Bench. But he has fallen into a bad habit of playing to the gallery and of truckling to the professional enemies of law and order. The people who think it funny to call the Metropolitan Police "WARREN'S men," and who regard it as rational to assume that a constable is always in the wrong, assailed Mr. WILLIAMS with great bitterness when he was appointed to his present position. He had not been many days on the Bench when he came into collision with the police, he has since engaged in repeated encounters with them, and his old enemies have plied him with fulsome flattery as the people's magistrate. We are quite aware that there is nothing easier in the world than to recommend impartiality, and nothing more difficult than to be impartial. A policeman's evidence is entitled to no more weight than that of any other respectable man. But, on the other hand, the very onerous labours of the London police, and the admirable way in which, as a rule, they perform them, ought to protect them from a license of imputation which, if employed against private individuals, would excite a perfect storm of popular anger. Sir THOMAS CHAMBERS, who presided at the trial of RUSSELL, has administered justice in the Central Criminal Court, first as Common Serjeant and afterwards as Recorder, for more than thirty years. Not one of HER MAJESTY'S judges can boast of so long an experience in the working of the criminal law. The Recorder is, we need hardly say, entirely unconnected with the force over which Sir CHARLES WARREN presides. He was not even appointed by the Government, which has control of the Metropolitan Police, but by the Corporation of London, which has a police force of its own. He says that he has only tried one case of perjury against a Metropolitan Police constable, and then the man was properly convicted. That is a very striking fact, and one which may keep Mr. MONTAGU WILLIAMS more prudent in the future. No punishment can be too severe, none which the law authorizes would be severe enough, for a policeman who deliberately brought a false charge. It is one of those crimes which strike at the root of all confidence in social arrangements, and a body in which it proved to be common would have to be disbanded forthwith as an intolerable nuisance to the community. But in proportion as the offence is a heinous one, the responsibility for imputing it is grave. It would be wrong to say a word which could affect in the slightest degree, one way or another, the second trial of Constable RUSSELL. The fact, however, will remain that a stipendiary magistrate, a trained lawyer, a man exceptionally well acquainted with criminal procedure, has assumed the testimony of a policeman to be clearly and wilfully false, when independent witnesses can be found to depose that it was strictly and literally true. If such indiscretion were common, Sir CHARLES WARREN'S task, always difficult, would become almost impossible.

SIR BARTLE FRERE.

The statue to Sir BARTLE FRERE unveiled by the PRINCE of WALES was assuredly thoroughly deserved. Granted that in the present state of sculpture a statue is the most fitting memorial of a distinguished Englishman, then the Chief Commissioner of Scinde, who showed such noble courage and sound political faculty in the great crisis of the Mutiny, was amply entitled to one. Errors of speech and of judgment at the end of his career may be, and ought to be,

forgotten. His claim to memory is not only his lofty personal character, but the work he did as one of the band of Englishmen who, when they were taken by surprise by the revolt of their own army, saved India by resolute good sense and undoubted courage. The unpopularity he incurred at the end of his life was one of the most curious freaks of the philanthropic and unpatriotic fad-mongers of the day. That they should have hated his courage and devotion to his country was natural; but in attacking him they were attacking one who held their own avowed humanitarian creed in a high degree. If Sir BARTLE FRERE had been what his enemies said he was, a Viceroy merely intent on extending the Empire, he would never have incurred their wrath by trying to break up the "celibate man-killing "machine" which formed CETEWAYO's army. A cold-blooded politician would probably have thought it better to let the Zulus wash their spears in the blood of the Boers and have allowed the whites of the Transvaal to shoot the Zulus, with the certainty that their mutual slaughter would destroy inconvenient rivals and clear the road for the extension of the British power. He did not take this course, because it was offensive to his humanity. He interfered in the Transvaal and in Zululand from the motives which made him zealous in his Zanzibar mission to secure the suppression of the slave trade. The course he preferred would have secured peace and good order in South Africa. He could not foresee the military errors and disasters which were to upset his plans. It was more of an error on his part that he did not fully realize the nature of the change (the temporary change, let us hope) which had come over the spirit and policy of his country since his youth.

There was, however, this amount of justification for the attacks made on him—that he was a survivor and representative of the high-spirited men who made the British Empire in India, and who were naturally hateful to such as fear the dangers and responsibilities of empire. The PRINCE OF WALES reminded his hearers that Sir BARTLE FRERE was the first of the Company's cadets who came out to India by the Overland route. When he reached his post in 1834 he went into a world which has very completely passed away. Only extreme ignorance or dishonesty of mind would cause any man to assert that the British rule in India was aggressive or reckless in its disregard of the rights of the native. Every advance we have made in India since CLIVE defended Arcot has been forced on us by European or native enemies. Still the advance was continuous, and it was directed by men who, being shut off from home, were compelled to act on their own responsibility—supported by the well-grounded conviction that what they honestly did for the good of their country would be approved and confirmed by their masters. In such a school men grew resolute and self-reliant. The effect of the training was seen on all sides in the Mutiny, and nowhere more conspicuously than in Scinde, where Sir BARTLE FRERE was High Commissioner. He and his staff deprived themselves of the troops thought necessary for their defence in time of peace, took their lives in their hands, and ran the risk of massacre in order to reinforce the army of the Central Provinces. It was in the same spirit of self-reliant statesmanship that he made the attack on CETEWAYO, in order to avert what he believed would have been a dishonourable misfortune to his country. But, though he had remained the same, his country had changed. It may be doubted whether England will ever again be served by men of this stamp. English Viceroys, Commissioners, and Governors can no longer act for themselves as they did. They are controlled from home incessantly, and moreover have been taught that they may be thrown over, and sacrificed to serve a party political turn. After this experience men will be cautious, if not timid. The new order may be as good as the old, but it will assuredly be different. Sir BARTLE FRERE belonged to the old order, and as one of its last surviving and best representatives, his memory deserves to be honoured.

MR. MORLEY AT ST. JAMES'S HALL.

A MEETING held "to condemn the Irish policy of the "Government" selects a subject the "possibilities" of which, once no doubt considerable, are now to a large extent exhausted. Even Mr. MORLEY, addressing the London Liberal and Radical Union upon it, cannot be said to have scored a success. There are, after all, only two things which can be said in dispraise of the administrative policy of any Government in any part of the world—that it is censurable on moral grounds, and that it is politically a failure. Of course you may illustrate both these propositions at any length you please, or, if there are no really appoaite illustrations at hand, you may invent as many as you can; but even of this exercise there must some day come an end, and that end is greatly accelerated when it is difficult to get hold of any illustration of the former of these propositions which does not cut your fingers. Mr. GLADSTONE has had to drop a whole series of examples of the administrative wickedness of the Government for just this very unpleasant reason, doing so on the last occasion, indeed, in a mood of such uncontrolled vexation as to expose even the sanity of his proceedings to suspicion. Mr. MORLEY is apparently conscious of his leader's deep discomfiture on the unlucky question of increasing sentences on appeal, and he has been anxiously scrutinizing the Return obtained by one of his officious Radical friends to see if there is any possibility of "distinguishing" between the fourteen cases in which Irish Law Courts enhanced sentences under Mr. GLADSTONE'S Administration and those in which the same course has been taken during the present Government's term of office. As yet Mr. MORLEY has had but little luck, having succeeded only in showing that one out of the fourteen increases of sentence was the mere rectification of an irregularity in the Court below. He has, however, indicated the line of excuse which he and his party are apparently meditating. He wants to know, he says, whether all these cases were increases of sentences of imprisonment by a County Court judge or appeals from a Court of Summary Jurisdiction under the Crimes Act. "That," he says, "was our point." With submission it was not their point, or anything like it. Their point was not that Irish County Court judges harshly or oppressively exercised their judicial discretion to increase punishment in a particular class of cases in which they should have adopted, if they did not reduce, the sentence of the Court below. It was much more than this. It was that they subserviently and almost corruptly strained, if not violated, a "constitutional" principle of general application all through the criminal law. This is a charge which can have from its very nature no association with any particular tribunal. What is unconstitutional in one Court must be unconstitutional in another. So far as the present Government is concerned, the Irish Court of Exchequer has disposed for ever of the absurd "unconstitutional" cry. What Mr. MORLEY, like Mr. GLADSTONE, has still to deal with is the damning fact that the men who pretended to believe that the cry had some meaning had themselves for a score of years past been guilty of taking advantage of these monstrous judicial outrages on the rights of the subject in their own Executive prosecution of offenders.

The attempt or inchoate attempt to get his chief out of a most awkward mess was almost the only novel contribution made by Mr. MORLEY to the great theme of the moral wickedness of the Irish policy of the Government. The rest was made up of the usual complaints, so distressingly unworthy of a man of Mr. MORLEY'S opinions, against the cruelty of treating such prisoners as Mr. DILLON—men who have been welcomed to the houses of the judges of the land and of the great dignitaries of the Church—in precisely the same way as we treat prisoners who have not enjoyed the honours of such distinguished hospitality. It is painful to note the degeneration which the austere Republicanism of "equality" has undergone in the minds of Mr. MORLEY and his school under the corrupting influences of party warfare. They have, indeed, reason for that wish which is father to the thought that the Irish policy of the Government has failed, and that its failure will soon relieve its opponents from a position which seems to be so fatal to all their recognized political principles and traditional political virtues. This point, however—of the political failure of this morally wicked policy—Mr. MORLEY touched on very lightly indeed, in only a few sentences at the beginning of his speech. We have his word for it that the Government are only driving discontent a little deeper "beneath the surface, and that the desire for Home Rule "is not one whit less active or less alive in Ireland than it "was two years ago." Its activity and vitality, as distinct from the activity and vitality of the desire on the part of some Irishmen to possess their neighbours' property, was always a very doubtful point. We shall be quite content to wait and see, which we soon shall, whether there is any connexion between them at all.

PROCEDURE IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

LORD CADOGAN'S motion for a Select Committee "to examine and report upon those Standing Orders "of the House of Lords which relate to the conduct of "business" has been judiciously given precedence of the Bill bearing on the constitution of the House which is to be introduced by the PRIME MINISTER. Some of us, indeed, may be of opinion that the one might well have preceded the other by a considerably greater interval of time than will, in fact, be interposed between them, and that the effect of a reform of the Standing Orders of the House might with advantage have been given time to disclose itself before any attempt was made at a reconstitution, even on the most limited scale, of the House itself. There can, at any rate, be no doubt that, whatever be the character and scope of the PRIME MINISTER'S proposals, they cannot in any wise diminish the necessity of the inquiry which is to be instituted by Lord CADOGAN'S Committee. No one can pretend that the Standing Orders of the House are so framed at present, or are, at any rate, so enforced, as to promote efficiency in the discharge of the duties of that high Assembly; and it is certainly desirable that no such obstacles to efficiency as are completely within the jurisdiction of the House, and easily removable without the possibility of raising any constitutional difficulty, be allowed to remain.

At the same time, we are not prepared to deny that there is force in one or two of Lord GRANVILLE'S criticisms on the speech of the LORD PRIVY SEAL, though the rather grudging tone of the Opposition leader's remarks—accustomed as we are to the fact that on all questions of this kind the most obstinate Toryism may always be found on the Liberal side of the House—is hardly to be commended. We quite agree with him that considerable care will be required in dealing with the question of a "quorum," even if it be, as it no doubt is, out of the question to leave it at the present too modest minimum of three; and we are further inclined to approve what Lord GRANVILLE says about the position of the Chancellor in the House, and the inexpediency, or at any rate the superfluity, of the proposal to give him the powers of the Speaker of the House of Commons. In the Upper House the question of "order," in its sense of highest importance to an assembly graced by the presence of a CONYBEARE and a TANNER, is one of almost infinitesimal concern, and it is scarcely worth while to alter the rule for the mere sake of creating an authority entitled to select between two or more peers in the rare instances of such a competition "for the floor." Lord GRANVILLE'S fears, however, as to the Chancellor's repute for impartiality, if such a power were conferred upon him, appear a little overstrained. His decision in such a case could hardly be less "suspect" of party motives than in his action—of which there has been at least one quite recent example—in moving, when he is one of the competitors, that he shall himself be heard, putting the question from the woolsack, declaring it carried in the affirmative, and delivering the speech accordingly.

The most important, however, of all the subjects of inquiry which the Select Committee can entertain is undoubtedly that relating to the question of attendance. In connexion with this question Lord CADOGAN observed that, "though perhaps some of their lordships might not "be aware of it, it was within the power of the House "to enforce the attendance of its members, not only at "Committees, but also at any other time during the "legislative business of the House." It is needless to point out the power which this rule gives for disposing, in the simplest and least invidious way, of one of the most difficult of all the questions which have arisen with respect to the so-called "reform of the House of Lords." Taken in connexion with the suggestion that a *minimum* of attendances should constitute the right to vote, it suggests possibilities of the utmost value.

CIDER.

IT is surprising that of the three principal European beverages, wine, beer, and cider, so little attention has been paid to cider in comparison with the other two. Wine is ancient and classical, and was no doubt the first invention to cheer the heart of man. It was a simple and natural thing to do, to press the fruit for the sake of drinking the juice, to keep the juice awhile and thus discover that there was a cheerfulness imparted to it, to keep it a little longer and find it vinegar and disappointment, and then to invent the method of staying it at the cheerful stage and preventing it from proceeding to the sour and vinegar stage. The process of distilling must have come long after this, and if it had never been discovered the sobriety of man might not have been alarmed by such a meaningless medley of words as the Blue Ribbon Gospel Total Abstinence Association. To this day grapes are pressed by the naked feet of women dancing on the masses of fruit to the sound of the fiddle and the lascivious pleasing of the lute, a custom which must be very ancient. The proper making of wine is an art demanding great skill, and the juice of all fruit is so delicate, the chemical changes are so subtle, that a long experience and considerable ingenuity are required to prepare it for transport from the place where it is made to other climes. There are few wines that do not taste far better where they are made than elsewhere, and there are many very delicious wines that are never tasted out of their own country. The art of wine-making has been brought to the greatest perfection at Bordeaux, and it is from thence that the pure juice of the grape is carried to other countries and drunk in a perfect state.

What a fine national beverage we should have if the same pains and skill had been bestowed on cider! Cider is an innocent and delicious drink, with a much lower alcoholic strength than most natural wines, and far better than all the common wines below those of a high class. It is in general use in the Western counties, Devonshire, Somersetshire, and Herefordshire especially. It is commonly made and drunk on the premises; that is to say, there is an orchard on every farm, large or small, and the cider is made for the family use, including the men employed. This is what is called rough cider, and the quality depends on the situation and the season. On large farms, or at the squire's mansion, it is often when just made put into an enormous cask, constructed by a professional cooper within the cellar, much too large ever to have been put into or taken out of the cellar, and then drawn off the lees for use; there is no better way of drinking cider than this, a case in which the liquor after having been made is not moved at all; and your real West-country cider-drinker likes his cider with no nonsense about it, sometimes giving a preference to it when it is what he calls *rash*—the word being applied to the cider, and not to the drinker, as the ignorant might suppose. There are many definitions of a gentleman, of which "to set in the chimbley cornder, drink zider, and cuss" is one to be heard of to the westward. Whether it is particularly human to like variety in eating, but to become strongly attached to the accustomed beverage in drinking, we will only hint to the psychologist and physiologist; but certain it is that the fondness for cider in cider countries is extreme, and its alcoholic strength is not enough to make it injurious. It is recommended for gout, and is well known to the aforesaid Westward to be a complete cure for all the ills that flesh is heir to. Two men have been known to sit down before a hogshead of cider and not leave it till it was empty, being none the worse for it. Can anything more be said in the praise of cider?

Mr. H. Stopes has recently published a book on cider; and the Royal Agricultural Society's Journal, 1888, Vol. XXIV., Part I., just published, contains a report on "Recent Improvements in Cider and Perry-making, by Mr. D. R. Chapman," which fully explains the whole process. It would appear by these publications that cider is coming into vogue, and well it may, for there seems to be no good reason why such quantities of low quality wines should be imported from France and Germany, while there is at home what we venture to say is a finer fruit from which a better beverage is made, always excepting the higher class of wines. We have heard of cider, in the early part of this century, made entirely of the golden pippin, a delicious apple, unhappily extinct, worn out by constant grafting, and this cider may have rivalled any wines. There is the cider made for home consumption, and the cider made for sale; and presuming that the cider made for sale is well and honestly made, which is usually the case, there is still a great difference in the two. The orchard affords a very profitable crop, even if a really fine apple season comes but once in three or four years, and in these days of agricultural depression to promote the cultivation of apples and the consumption of cider is a benefit to mankind. The apple-tree takes some years to get into good bearing, and the right sorts are not easily obtained; facts which may certainly account for a great deal of neglect in the growth of this crop. But it is well worth while to plant the trees, well worth while to get grafts from the best sorts, and well worth while to pay more attention to cider-making than has ever been paid before. Mr. Chapman, in his Report to the Royal Agricultural Society, gives a list of the favourite apples in the cider counties used for making cider. They should be apples which ripen towards the end of October, that the temperature may not be too hot or too cold for the fermenting processes. A certain selected variety of sorts is now preferred, but in the case of the golden pippin the finest cider was made from one sort only, and it is probable that the wine-growing countries can correct us in this particular. The orchards of Devonshire, Somersetshire, and Herefordshire are gorgeous to behold twice a year, when they are in blossom and when the fruit is ripe, the branches laden with rich reds, yellows and browns, and the air sweetened with the fruity scent. The fruit should be very carefully picked, or allowed to drop on very soft ground, and placed in small heaps to ripen fully, great care being taken that no rotten apples are used. On some farms rotten apples are used freely, an economical superstition which, like all other superstitions, is wholly condemned

by the holders of the true faith in cider. Another heresy is that a little water improves the cider, which is also an economical superstition. When ready the apples are crushed, and this is best done by the old-fashioned granite-stone roller and trough. In the modern contrivances iron and lead may come in contact with the juice, which is bad for the cider and the cider-drinker. When the apples are well broken up they are placed in large wooden tubs—a wine-butt with the head taken out is a very good receptacle—and allowed to stay twelve to twenty-four hours or more, during which time a scum is thrown up, and the broken apples assume a brown colour, which is imparted to the cider. The broken apples, called "math," "cheese," or "cake," according to the county, are then pressed in a press constructed for the purpose, several layers, separated by haircloth or very clean straw, being pressed together, and the juice as it runs out is caught and transferred to tubs, sherry hogsheads and sherry butts, with the head out being preferred, when the process of fermentation takes place. Small farmers do not keep a press, but take their math or their apples, as the case may be, to a public press, or pound as it is sometimes called. The cider cannot, however, be so carefully made as it is in a press kept by the maker himself. For home use the fermentation is allowed to go pretty far, and the cider so much esteemed by the natives is produced. It used to be freely sold by the publican, and a man could go to a public-house, drink his cider and have his talk, and go home none the worse. But now beer and spirits, adulterated, pay the publican much better than simple cider, making a man more thirsty in lieu of quenching his thirst, and cider has gone out of fashion with him—the more is the pity. The cider which is made for sale, bottled in champagne bottles, and sometimes sold as champagne cider, though sparkling cider would be a much better term, is more carefully prepared. The fruit is selected for the purpose from the best sorts, and the juice after having been pressed out is racked from cask to cask, and treated with sulphur to check fermentation, as all wines are treated at Bordeaux. The use of sulphur is locally and contemptuously called matching, for your real cider-drinker likes his liquor sharp and stringent, despising the soft sweet cider of the stranger. Sulphur has the effect of destroying the vitality of the yeast, and is used freely in making the clarets and the delicious Sauternes of the Garonne. In the following spring of the year, the cider having been pressed the previous autumn, it is ready for sale in casks or bottles. It is sometimes sweetened for the public taste, as in the case of champagne, when the finest sugar is used, and if bottled properly, whether sweetened or not, it will effervesce as champagnes do. Bottled sparkling cider is the best beverage for India, far more wholesome than champagne or pale ale, probably from its lower alcoholic strength, and is very much in demand there. The price is ridiculously low in comparison with champagne, and always excepting the finest brands, which however may be rivalled, it is a better drink. A second Bass should arise in Devonshire and devote his life to making cider for the benefit of man. From the valleys of the Exe, the Dart, and the Tamar, where the best cider is now made, a sparkling liquor might copiously flow which so-called total abstainers might greet with favour, and the heart (or mind is it?) of man might be cheered and not inebriated.

OF TIME AND PLACE.

We are a little afraid that "A Friend of Humanity," who is said to have addressed a letter to Mr. Gladstone suggesting that both the Irish difficulty and the invasion scare might be profitably settled by the institution of a trinity of English, Irish, and French Republics, with a protectorate over the three for France, is not an entirely serious politician. He may even be suspected of being a kind of *farceur*; not that his proposition is much more absurd than many which come weekly from Mr. Gladstone's correspondents* and admirers, but that there are certain characteristics about it which give pause to the suspicious. "Friend of Humanity" is, unfortunately, a term known in history and literature, and other signs which it is unnecessary to particularize lead us to the same conclusion. But, if the "Friend of Humanity" had been a real one, what flames would he, unwitting and unthinking, have kindled in certain perfervid Northern breasts! "Three Republics—France, Great Britain, and Ireland" —quotha! And what is to become of dear old Scotland? what of poor little Wales? Are they to be left to the brutal bondage of a Paper Union with England? The "Friend of Humanity" (if he had been, &c.) would have proved himself deaf to some of the noblest and loudest heart-beats that ever throbbed in a nation's manhood (we think—we modestly think—that that phrase is rather good for mere cynics and Unionists) by this base forgetfulness. But it must be admitted that he would have puzzled his correspondent, who could hardly have helped committing himself rather further in respect of the very interesting prospect of "restoring the Heptarchy" than he has hitherto done, certainly than he has done in his reply this same week to some lunatics, or some patriots, who have been holding a Home Rule meeting for Scotland.

This latter [illegible], which appears to be a genuine answer to a genuine letter, deserves a little study. For Home Rule for Scotland is really a very interesting subject. It was inevitable that, when the question of Home Rule for Ireland was started, the perfervider sort of Scotchman should at once decide their own old Scotland must not be behindhand in the race for freedom. But so it is that your average Scotchman, though in some points, such as Mr. Gladstone, "Liberal principles," and so forth, he show not as much practical wisdom as might be desired, is far from being a fool. And not being a fool, he knows that Home Rule for Scotland, in any sense other than a mere play upon words, means, if not ruin, yet serious loss for his country. And so the wiser heads even of the Scotch Gladstonian party have done their very best to keep this Home Rule nonsense down, or to make it practically meaningless, by assigning to "Home Rule for Scotland" a meaning which would be equally unsatisfactory to the proud descendants of the victors of Bannockburn and unobjectionable to those unhappy sons of the vanquished, who (as we can inform H-s Gr-ce the D-ke of Arg-ll, from our own practice) always burst into tears when the railway carries them past the neighbourhood of that sacred spot. Of late, however, the fools have been, if not getting the upper hand, yet getting to the upper part of the froth, according to their natural specific gravity. The person who is now contesting the Ayr Burghs as a Gladstonian has declared for Scotch Home Rule, with the curious proviso that "they must wait till England"—which, it seems, is "lagging" behind—"comes up"; a somewhat mysterious sentence, which seems to mean that they must wait till England goes into a lunatic asylum. But before this a meeting had been held in London itself on the same subject. Dr. Clark, of the Transvaal Committee, presided, and there were present that ardent Scotchman Mr. Bottomley Firth, Mr. Cunninghame Graham, Professor Blackie, and so forth. Mr. Gladstone had been asked; but Mr. Gladstone thought that his attendance "in his peculiar position" ("in my situation," as Miss Bell Black has it) might "give rise to prejudicial misapprehension."

Now this is a phrase which we like very much indeed. It has not the defects observable in some other phrases, if not of Mr. Gladstone, yet of Gladstonians during the week. On Monday night Mr. Healy spoke of some one "throwing dirty water by a side wind" on a brother member—a phrase which, in our character of critics, we cannot approve. Previously the remarks of Mrs. Costelloe, M.W.W.L.A., and of Mr. Conway, M.P., seem to have been conceived in a spirit or couched in a phraseology open to similar cavil. Mr. Conway said that the Southampton election was "the keystone of the downfall of the Conservative party." How does a downfall have a keystone? and what does that keystone look like? Mrs. Costelloe, M.W.W.L.A. (Member of the Westminster Women's Liberal Association), was, as became a Liberal Westminster Woman, more prodigal of her imagery. "Woman's influence," she observed, "had always been looked on as something soft. Well, a snowflake was a very soft thing; but, if enough snow fell, it could block up cities and break telegraph-wires. In the same sense, one woman could not do much; but, properly organized, women could do anything they desired." *Ce que femme veut*, we all know. Otherwise it would be interesting to know how many women it takes to block up a city or break down a telegraph-wire. Fancy a shower of women, a blizzard of beauty! Fancy a west wind arising and steadily blowing up soft, properly-organized women, till they blocked up cities and broke down telegraph-wires! But we are not quite certain that the fancy is proper; and it must, whether it be so or not, rest on the head, the, we are sure, properly-organized and not at all soft head, of Mrs. Costelloe. Mr. Gladstone, it will be observed, does not indulge in these flowers of speech. He does not throw dirty water by a side wind like Mr. Healy, or point proudly to the keystone of a downfall like Mr. Conway, or conjure up Mahommedan visions of showers, not of frogs or anything nasty, but of soft, properly-organized women, like Mrs. Costelloe (N.B. Charles de Sévigné once had a vision something like this, and his adorable mother does not scruple to register it). Mr. Gladstone is about as plain as Mr. Gladstone ever can be. If in his peculiar position he were to attend a Scotch Home Rule meeting, it might give rise to prejudicial misapprehension. That is all.

No doubt it might; but the full import of the sentence (despite the absence of the distracting graces of such imagery as Mr. Healy's side winds blowing, like the pictures of the winds in the old Virgils, dirty water, and Mr. Conway's Martin-like drawings of keystoned downfalls, and Mrs. Costelloe's streets just blocked with soft, properly-organized women) may still escape the not careful reader. It illustrates a very interesting psychological moment in the History of the Politician. That poor man is simply forced to disregard a salutary proverb, and to show half-done work to a world in which political children are numerous and political fools not much rarer. We all know how Mr. Gladstone, charged with his sudden tergiversation in the matter of Irish Home Rule, indignantly, if not triumphantly, challenged his revilers to find a single passage in which, for no matter how many years, he had definitely pronounced against Home Rule. Had the game gone the other way, had that compact between Home Rulers and Tories which, we fear, does not exist even as a genuine belief anywhere, existed in fact, Mr. Gladstone would have triumphantly referred another set of accusers to his statements of the same number of years, and asked whether there was anything in these definitely pronouncing for Home Rule. And now even the political baby must be beginning to understand the meaning of the "peculiar position" and the "prejudicial misapprehensions." If Mr. Gladstone had gone to the meeting, even if he had written an [illegible] of opinion about its purpose, good-bye to the future possibility of repeating the same little game which has been played in the Irish

matter. He must have been, whatever he said, prejudicially misapprehended in the future, else he must have expressed himself in such a manner as to be prejudicially misapprehended in the present. How much better to hold the tongue of silence and prepare the retort of innocence!

This is what we call considering Time and Place in politics. There are others, we are told, who "call it hellish," or, at any rate, call proceedings of a not very different kind hellish, but not we. What we admire in Mr. Gladstone, and what we regret to see ignored both by his admirers and great part of his dislikers, is the excellent adaptation of means to ends and to circumstances which always distinguishes him. There is, perhaps, no more cruel calumny recorded in history than the popular Gladstonian myth that Mr. Gladstone is a guileless being, overflowing with love of justice and human nature, too too impulsive (as the Elizabethans would have said if they had used the word impulsive), too too eager for the sacred combat. This estimate does gross wrong to a really consummate politician of his own kind. "How perfectly does he discern the fit moment," if we may quote *Hypatia* to the present generation, not indeed for "stabbing Stilicho"—it is the other wing of the party that does the actual clumsy stabbing—but for these equally ingenious, equally important, and much more delicate manœuvres. When the Scotch Home Rulers have got together a sufficient majority of members and of votes, when it is sure that they will not in an unmannerly fashion demand their portion of the goods of the Empire, and a handsome bonus over, till the Irish have been served with theirs, and got rid of, when it is clear either that the English electorate proper is mastered by the foreign elements in its midst, or drugged and doctored by the faddists—then Mr. Gladstone's peculiar position will admit of his appearing and speaking on the subject. But until then prejudicial misapprehension might fasten on his peculiar position, and that would never do. Compare the silence of his last month or so—broken only by a few querulous utterances in Parliament, just to keep the party together—with the torrent of welcome to excursionists last week at Hawarden, a torrent set free by Southampton. Take his conduct on the licensing clauses, the conduct of a man who is more bound than any man in England to give the fullest compensation in such a case. And when any one has taken and compared all this, if he does not agree that Mr. Gladstone is a very clever man, then all we can say is, that we shall consider him in his turn a very uncivil person and a very unfair one.

CANARIES.

THE endeavour to rescue from obscurity the story of the evolution of the various races of domesticated canaries would be at once thankless and impossible; impossible, because of the scarcity of evidence, and thankless, because all theorizing on the subject would be keenly and bitterly disputed. But of the ancestors of our tame birds three facts may be accepted as fairly certain—first, that they were green; next, that they were good songsters; and, third, that they came from the Canary Islands. Although these statements have all been denied, the balance of evidence is decidedly in their favour. Daines Barrington, eager to prove that the songs of birds are not inherited, but learnt, declared, somewhat hastily, his belief that the wild canaries of the islands are mute—an assertion certainly not true to-day, and in all probability not true in his day either. Other writers have maintained that the ancestral birds were yellow, and came from Tyrol; but they have failed to find any still existing wild species of the kind to support their theory. Humboldt remarked, not without an implied inference, that the yellow birds which he saw in cages at Tenerife had been imported from Cadiz and other places in Spain. But all the early writers—writers of the sixteenth century—who have mentioned tame canaries agree that they were green and that they sang beautifully. "Sonus emissus omnino gracilis," wrote Gesner in 1555, "tamque vibrans est ut cum parvos faucium aliquando nervos intenderit, auscultantium aures tereti quasi clangore percellat et obtundat"; and a German epigrammatist of the same date observes that no one need wonder at the enchanting sounds produced by an organ, with its numerous pipes, because

> Plures una sonos avis hæc, nil passere major,
> Gramineis herbis æqua colore, dedit.

The large ungainly woodcut in the *Ornithology* of Aldrovandus, published in 1599, and the neatly executed engraving in the *Uccelliera* of Olina, published in 1622, represent a bird in shape not unlike the wild canary of the present day. Of coloured pictures none have been preserved; but, if further evidence of original greenness be wanted, we have it in the singular fact, well known to breeders, that richness of colouring in any variety can only be increased by an occasional cross with the green birds, which are regarded as the "fountain of colour." There is a fable that the vessel carrying the first instalment of wild birds from the Canary Islands was wrecked, and that the birds escaped to the island of Elba, where they multiplied amazingly until thinned down by capture and domestication. Although we may not be able to accept this romance as fact, on the whole the evidence is tolerably clear that the wild canary is the real ancestor of our pets.

But when we come to consider by what steps the evolution of so many varieties from a single stock has been effected, we have neither records nor tradition to assist us. The story is wrapped in as great a mystery as the Dorian and Pelasgian migrations in the early days of Greece. Whether the modern varieties are entirely due to methodical selection—the view favoured by Darwin—or to the intercrossing of the canary with other species of the Fringillidæ, we only know for certain that the agency which produced the varieties was remarkably rapid in its action. At the beginning of the sixteenth century the canary was unknown in Europe. In 1709 a "new treatise" on canaries was published in Paris by one Hervieux de Chanteloup, who gave a list of twenty-seven varieties. He divided the species into seven main classes—Gris, Blond, Jaune, Agate, Isabelle, Blanc, and Panaché—and subdivided these into minor classes according as the birds had down (*duvets*), white tails, red eyes, and so forth. What colours his names were intended to signify can never be known, because, unfortunately, he added no descriptions to his bare list; but it is possible that the birds with down (*aux duvets*) were those now known as buffs, or mealies, and there is little doubt that the Panachez were birds with crests.

In 1779 the Hand-in-Hand Canary Society published a list of the standard qualities of a variety which was, no doubt, that now known as the London Fancy; and this is the earliest definite record of any variety still in existence. Since those days the taste of the London fanciers has changed. Black legs and black underfeathers, which were then standard properties, are now as rigidly tabooed as the dark mottling, miscalled "spangle," which was once so essential. The London Fancy canary, moreover, is no longer a favourite with breeders; there are not many in existence, and even at the larger shows few prizes are allotted to them.

At the exhibition recently held at the Crystal Palace prizes were offered for forty-seven distinct varieties; and many other varieties could be named which were relegated to the class for "any other variety." The difference between two varieties is sometimes slight and sometimes striking. Roughly speaking, all canaries fall into ten main classes—the Norwich, beloved of fanciers, has rich colour, neat shape, and fine feathering; the Cinnamons and Greens are sufficiently described by their names; the Lizard is a dark bird, with gold or silver spangles and a yellow cap; the London Fancy is a "clear" (*i.e.* yellow) bird with black wings and tail; the Lancashire is a giant among canaries, with somewhat coarse feathers and an erect military attitude; the Yorkshire is extremely long and slender; the Scotch Fancy, a bird of "position," stands with its tail under the perch, resembling in outline the crescent moon, and regularity of the curve is one of its qualifications; the Belgian, another bird of "position," has hunched vulture-like shoulders, and is trained to emphasize this peculiarity in a very singular manner when its cage is tapped or scratched; and, finally, there are the Coppies and Turncrowns, the birds with crests.

These main classes are subdivided in various ways—usually into Green, Variegated (that is, having small patches of yellow), Evenly Marked (that is, having certain symmetrical black marks on the wings and about the eyes), Unevenly Marked (that is, having these marks unsymmetrical), Ticked (that is, having a slight tick or speck of dark colour), and Clear. In these last the underflue, or feathers under the surface, when ruffled by the breath or finger of the judge, must show no spot or blemish. Curiously enough, each variety, even the Green and Cinnamon, has two distinct types, formerly known as Jonques and Mealies, but now called Yellows and Buffs. The names, be it understood, are purely technical, and must not be taken as descriptive. The Yellows are distinguished by purity and depth of colour; in the Buffs the colour is obscured by a kind of down, or white edging of the feathers. This liability to appear in two distinct forms, this singular duality, pervades the whole canary tribe without exception.

That such remarkable diversity has been brought about by the steady accumulation of innumerable slight variations in given directions is not improbable. The two principles of variation (the tendency of offspring to differ slightly from their parents) and inheritance (the tendency of offspring to resemble their parents) are sufficient to account for all. This seems so simple that the task of producing a new strain might be thought an easy one. But it is complicated by all sorts of difficulties. The desired variation first makes its appearance in a single family. It can only be perpetuated by in-breeding, or "sib-breeding," as some prefer to call it. But a long course of in-breeding is injurious to canaries. It causes them to lose feather, weakens their constitution, pales their colour, and makes them unwilling to rear their young. Sooner or later crossing is necessary, and the infusion of new blood entails unlooked-for departures from the desired qualities. Atavism, or the tendency of offspring to resemble remote ancestors, comes into play; and by the law of correlated variation one peculiarity is usually accompanied by another which may not be wanted. Nor need we be surprised at the difficulty of producing a new strain when we remember that the apparently simpler problem of maintaining an existing strain unaltered is in reality quite as difficult. An ardent amateur might suppose that, in order to breed Marked or Clear-crested Norwich, all he has to do is to buy two good specimens at a show and pair them. When he finds that the nestlings present all sorts of varieties, from Lancashire coppy to marked Yorkshire, he is not a little surprised; and when further pairing results in further diversity he begins to learn that, in order to predict the result of a cross with reasonable certainty, he must know the pedigree of the paired

birds. The maxim that "like begets like" is only true with this important reservation. Again, if two crested birds be paired together, the nestlings will probably have—not bald crowns as Darwin erroneously supposed—but superabundant crests. However, superabundance of crest is equally unpleasant from a fancier's point of view, and, to prevent it, crested birds have to be paired with plain heads.

In the year 1871 an important discovery was made with regard to the colouring of canaries. In that year certain birds began to be exhibited which eclipsed all competitors in richness and depth of colouring. For several years the secret was kept, its possessors meanwhile winning prizes wholesale. As the birds were of two colours, the wing and tail feathers being greenish yellow and the rest orange, the liveliest curiosity was excited as to the cause of so mysterious an effect. Foul play was suspected, and the birds were submitted to analysts, only to be reported guiltless of dye. At last the secret was discovered independently by an outsider, who, scorning the gains to be got by illiberal reticence, presented it to the world, and announced that the superb colouring was the result of feeding the birds on cayenne pepper in the moulting season! This announcement, which would doubtless be interesting to Mr. Bates and Mr. A. R. Wallace, also created a dispute as to whether any cruelty was involved in making a bird eat several teaspoonfuls a day of so sharp a condiment. Some asserted that it spoiled their digestions and ruined their constitutions; others maintained that they liked the "K. N. regimen" (as they jocularly called it), and that the *Capsicum frutescens* was the natural food of many wild birds; and the dispute is by no means settled yet.

THE OPERA.

ALTHOUGH there has been a general tendency to make much of the opera this season, it was not until Monday evening, when a great accession of strength arrived in the persons of MM. Jean and Edouard de Reszké and Lassalle, that anything of a specially noteworthy character occurred. The chorus had been somewhat better than of late years, the dresses decidedly fresher, and rather more than ordinary care was perhaps bestowed upon the stage management. We have no great preference for Signor Mancelli over Signor Bevignani. Both are very competent conductors, and there is a close similarity between the orchestras over which both have presided. For the rest we have had a number of familiar impersonations. The want of a tenor had been felt, as usual for many seasons past. M. Etienne de Reims made a brief visit, and yet one that was generally felt to have been too prolonged; he disappeared not a moment before audiences were ready to bid him farewell. All the labour of the tenor parts has fallen on Signor Ravelli, neither the glass of fashion nor the mould of form nor anything in the least like either, but still a competent vocalist, with a real tenor voice. We have seen Mme. Albani play Gilda and Violetta and the Contessa in *Le Nozze*—all very good performances; Mme. Hauk has been seen as Carmen—also very good indeed. Mme. Trebelli has played Siebel, and Mme. Scalchi Azucena. In many respects, it will be perceived, the present season has until lately resembled those of its predecessors which were not very remarkable. We have had some *débutantes*. Mlle. Sigrid Arnoldson was not actually a newcomer, for she sang last year at Drury Lane; but she has been heard so seldom that her position was undetermined, and we regret to find our opinion of last year decidedly confirmed. We were then quite unable to share the something like enthusiasm which the young lady's performances seemed to arouse in certain quarters, and the only alteration we note in Mlle. Arnoldson this year is that, young as she apparently is, she has already lost much of the freshness and quality of her voice. As regards her interpretation of character, we may briefly observe that Mlle. Arnoldson shows even less than the average of intelligence common to the operatic stage. Mme. Melba has valuable gifts, but before we estimate her capacity we must hear her in a less conventional part than that of Donizetti's Lucia. Mlle. Martini, who has played Verdi's Leonora, we heard without dissatisfaction or interest. Criticism should be an exact science, but there are some operatic performers who run the risk of being rated according to the mood of the critic. If he be inclined to make the best of things, to look on the brighter side, such performers are moderately praised; if at all inclined to be captious, he may with justice speak somewhat severely; and Mlle. Martini is the sort of singer who provokes these varying comments. A *débutante* of much promise has, however, been heard. We speak of Miss MacIntyre, a thorough novice so far as the stage is concerned, but an artist of much sensibility and a well-trained vocalist, with a very agreeable soprano voice, fresh, sweet, and sufficiently powerful. Completely ignorant as Miss MacIntyre is of the art of acting, her singing is distinguished by feeling and fervour. She created sympathy for Michaela, and entirely won the favour of the house.

On Monday night, however, the French tenor, baritone, and bass who have been mentioned appeared in *L'Africaine*, and a very high standard of excellence was immediately reached. M. Jean de Reszké has not the mellifluous tones of a Giuglini; a tenor who possesses these, and is gifted also with the declamatory power requisite for a Raoul, a Vasco de Gama, a Guillaume Tell, or a Lohengrin—is vainly looked for. Signor Gayarré charms many by his mezza-voce singing; but in dramatic passages, though he has the actual means, he is far from satisfactory, for he not only shouts, but does not shout strictly in tune. M. Jean de Reszké lacks the soft and tender *cantabile* style which used to draw audiences to Covent Garden to hear Signor Gayarré sing "Spirto gentil"; but in the chief essentials of the *tenore robusto* the French artist is altogether admirable. The part of Vasco has its effective episodes; as a whole, however, in all that does not relate to the discovery of new worlds, this hero is very unheroic; and Don Pedro is, dramatically speaking, even more contemptible. M. Edouard de Reszké is as good as a representative of the part can be; and M. Lassalle is the best of all possible Neluskos. Since M. Faure retired there has been no finer operatic baritone, and, superlatively good vocalist as M. Faure was, his voice at its best was not comparable with that of M. Lassalle. Mme. Nordica made a very creditable Nitika. All that careful and intelligent study can do she does. What she lacks is the inherent power which, when Mme. Lucca at her best was playing Selika, has sometimes enchained the attention of audiences, so that they have watched her with intense earnestness, forgetting, as she made her music the vehicle for the display of emotion, that this was an operatic performance, and absorbed in the action of the savage Queen. Miss MacIntyre sang the music of Inez so charmingly that we readily forgave her inexperience, and were even inclined to think that there might be excuses for making the stage of the Royal Italian Opera the scene of elementary studies in acting. Mr. Harris's stage management was not by any means conspicuously successful in *L'Africaine*. The boarding of Don Pedro's ship was a poor burlesque of the situation.

The tenor and bass of what may be called the great French trio have also played Faust and Mefistofele with the most excellent results. We sometimes—not seldom indeed—see Fausts whose appearance and demeanour suggest that the tempter has cheated them in his bargain. Faust confesses why he is ready to sacrifice all for the return of youth; and, as the Devil, they say, hath power to assume a pleasing shape, it must be inferred that, when he rejuvenates the philosopher, he would not make him ridiculous in aspect or invest him with the ungentlemanlike habit of singing out of tune. Faust, if he is to have his desire, must give the world assurance of a man; and we frequently see Fausts who are very far from succeeding in this. M. Jean de Reszké looks and acts and sings the part in such a way as to imply that the Devil has faithfully observed his part of the compact. The singer's art is made more admirable—conspicuous would have been a wrong description—by the fact that he most skilfully hides all sign of any effort in his singing, though we can perceive on close examination that the high tones are not always produced with perfect ease. The C in "Salve! dimora" is with him a matter of some care and calculation—in truth, we felt a little nervous about it—and there are phrases—that, for one, which introduces the A in the lovely duet "Dammi ancor" of the Garden Act—where M. Jean de Reszké's means are tried; though, on the other hand, the B flats in the fine trio of the fourth act are easily and effectively obtained, this being a *forte* passage, in the delivery of which vigour goes for much. In fact, his voice as a tenor is not nearly as good as that of his brother the bass; but M. Jean de Reszké vocalizes with rare art, and it is an extraordinary thing that hard work seems to benefit him. Since last heard in England he has been playing the most arduous and fatiguing parts known to contemporary audiences; but, if there is any difference, he is singing better than last year. Both brothers are gifted with the true artistic temperament which seems to prevent its fortunate possessors from committing an error of taste. We doubt whether the music of Mefistofele has ever been better sung than by M. Edouard de Reszké; for, though M. Faure was unsurpassable, his natural means were limited, and this must be taken into consideration. In his score M. Gounod has written alternative notes in certain places for the convenience of singers with lighter voices than the part requires if carried out in its integrity, but in no case is this an improvement; in fact, it is very desirable that the music should be sung as first conceived, and throughout a compass of at least two octaves M. Edouard de Reszké has one of the most extraordinarily even voices ever heard. His action and attitude have the great merit of never seeming the result of study, though always expressive and significant. The critical observer will not fail to detect the curious difference between the two French artists and Signor del Puente. The baritone is thoroughly versed in the business of the character he fills; he has a good voice, has played the part of Valentino hundreds of times, and is, as singers go, a very fair actor; yet even in his death scene, where he is necessarily the central figure of a great and impressive gathering, he never commands the stage and compels attention as do both the brothers De Reszké whenever they are present. Mme. Nordica's Margherita is a very intelligent study. It is mitigated praise to say that it is marked by evidence of care, for it should be spontaneous. Margheritas, however, though they often sing the "Re di Thule" ballad with the necessary abstraction, usually fail in the "Jewel Song," and here Mme. Nordica, like so many of her predecessors, is unsatisfactory. As a vocal exercise it is, as a rule, well enough. If singers could not render it in a manner that satisfies a certain scholastic test, they would not be trusted playing Margherita at the Royal Italian Opera; but they do not make it express what M. Gounod intends—the girlish delight,

half vanity, half coquettishness, which the sight of the jewels causes. The ascending scales are not vocal exercises, but ripples of laughter. We can never make out whether *prime donne* do not perceive this or whether it is that they fail in the attempt to realize it; the fact remains that the song is almost invariably disappointing. Nevertheless, Mme. Nordica played the Garden-scene with feeling and a nice perception of its requirements. Mme. Scalchi's Siebel needs no description. The Italian contralto has not quite the beautiful delicacy of phrasing which is so conspicuous in the Siebel of Mme. Trebelli; but to speak of this is perhaps hypercritical, for Mme. Scalchi is a very welcome exponent of the part. Mlle. Bauermeister—who, if our memory serves us rightly, has played Marta to the Margherita of Mlle. Titiens—is as good a dame as we desire to see. A few such performances as that of *Faust* will do very much to revive the reputation and ensure the fortune of Italian opera.

MINOR EXHIBITIONS.

MR. LUIS FALERO'S large figure picture exhibited at the Gainsborough Gallery draws a considerable crowd, many of whom are evidently different from the ordinary gallery frequenter. People of a military or sporting type predominate. In fact, "Nightmare" cannot but interest the common carnal man. One must be solemnly convinced of one's mission to look after other people's moral tone to derive no sort of amusement from this sportive picture. Professors, prudes, and persons entangled in theories of the elevation of the masses by art will find it convenient to study the work in order to condemn the rest of the world for doing the same. Yet there is nothing indecent in the picture, except perhaps to those who consider the human female form a gross error and a barbarous anachronism, good enough for dark ages but quite unworthy of modern taste and refinement. The nude abounds; not helplessly spread on a sofa like the Nanas, Eastern slaves, and lumps of Turkish Delight to which we have been accustomed, but worked up into a big composition with an idea. Most nudes are simply studies of a model with a catch-penny title. This picture, however, is spirited, if somewhat coarse and summary, and the three fine girls swing in contorted poses like a bunch of grapes on a stalk. The serious artist will deplore a lack of subtlety in drawing and modelling; but he will not feel inclined to deny the vigour of the action, the boldness of the lighting, and the concentration of the composition. The monster who is carrying off the women is a fantastic mixture of frog and bat, an altogether disagreeable object even in a dream. No one will try and find out what the picture means; it is evidently an excuse for piling up figures in twisted and strongly marked attitudes under a fierce effect of light. It might be described as a horrible nightmare of Mr. J. Horsley, R.A., the result of an incautious visit to the Salon after dinner.

Messrs. Obach, in Cockspur Street, have got together some fine examples of the late French school. Pictures by the men of 1830 may be seen in one or two galleries in London; but the growing demand for such work has led to the exhibition of any specimen, whether good, bad, or indifferent. In this way several of the great men come to be held in light esteem by those who are unacquainted with their best work. Not to speak of plausible forgeries, Corot's sketches and scraps of all kinds have been raked up from every corner; and, though he was not a commercial artist, many of them are too slight and careless to give any one a just idea of his immense conquest of fresh matter and new style. Diaz, however, worked at times for cheap popularity, and his fame suffers more than any artist's from the endurance of his potboilers. It is pleasant, therefore, to be able to point to one of his most splendid pictures—a scheme of colour as gorgeous as any of Monticelli's, and far more satisfying and significant of air, distance, and other realities of life. "La Descente des Bohémiens" shows a string of picturesquely-dressed figures coming down a wooded forest path, such as could be found in the neighbourhood of the Gorge aux Loups or Long Rocher at Fontainebleau. Diaz's manner of giving breadth to the treatment of speckled light and shadow in a wood has been so often degraded and cheapened in mechanical "pastiches" by himself and others that one would scarcely expect to admire it, even in its pristine vigour and youth. But so noble in style, and so fresh, true, and romantic in matter is this view of the mysterious depths and flickering lights of a great forest that it sweeps away all remembrance of its kinship with meaner representations of the same thing. Nothing could be more romantic and yet more effectively and truthfully broad than the vast gloomy shadow in which one dimly perceives the straggling tail of the procession; nothing richer in suggestion than the handling of trunks, foliage, and tangled ground-growths; nothing more appropriate to the scene than the string of fantastic figures so naturally and happily introduced. This is not the only Diaz in the show, but the others, though good, seem quite insignificant in comparison. Another important canvas is a life-size figure of a peasant woman, holding a baby on her knee, by J. F. Millet. In parts, especially in the mother, we can see, in the somewhat clumsy technique, evidence of that disdain for cleverness which Millet, good workman as he had proved himself in early days, frequently exhibited when searching for the expression of his later and more personal sentiments. Signs of earnest and indefatigable grubbing after truth abound in the picture. The baby's head, on the other hand, has been painted with stylish care and suggestive sureness. Some little pictures by Daubigny, particularly a broad sketch of a rocky country, deserve attention. They show that repose of style and that sober unity of colour which make the works of this school so suitable for decorative purposes, and so eminently qualified to give distinction to any room in which they hang. Rousseau, Troyon, Ziem, and similar men, are more or less well represented by small canvases. Français, the oldest living landscape painter of note, is not very well known in England. A little picture with a bend of river, a knot of graceful trees, and, further back, a hill-side lit by a warm sun, shows his charming elegance and classic beauty of manner. Harpignies, Mauve, Israels, and others, illustrate slightly later developments of art. An excellent example of Mauve, showing a shepherd and sheep under an effect of subdued and hazy light, hangs over the staircase.

THE EDGWARE ROAD FIRE.

WHILE the events of this sad catastrophe are still fresh in the public memory, it is most important that we should endeavour to profit by some of the obvious lessons to be learned from it. There was nothing exceptional in these premises, which, like many others of the same kind, consisted of a shop and show-rooms below, and a dwelling-house above, the shop huge in extent and heavily stocked with goods, and the dwelling containing a large number of human beings. This appears to be a recognized arrangement in these monster shops; but we venture to suggest serious doubts as to its advantages, unless it is accompanied by certain precautions which are not commonly observed. The difficulty with owners of such places, no doubt, is that they desire to prevent the entrance of persons from outside by any way except that in common use. Windows are carefully barred and locked; unnecessary doors are fastened by prepared bolts and cunning obstacles; and, where other buildings adjoin, *chevaux de frise* or other impassable barriers are erected, and windows are armour-plated or otherwise rendered impracticable from the outside. Thieves, no doubt, are aggressive, and servants must be restrained from unauthorized excursions at night; but those who adopt elaborate precautions to prevent irregularities incur a heavy responsibility if they go too far; and it is every day becoming a more serious question whether there can be any justification for a course of proceeding which necessarily involves such fearful risks to human life in the event of a fire occurring.

There is very little doubt that in some parts of London large numbers of human beings are imprisoned every night in such a way that only a very small proportion could by any possibility escape in the event of a rush for life; but we know of hardly any cases in which the persons who take such elaborate precautions include themselves among the prisoners, and this is the point which appears to us not to have as yet received sufficient attention. Where those who have property and persons under their charge share the risks involved by their own precautions, we may perhaps acquiesce in their proceedings, believing that every measure which foresight and prudence can dictate is necessarily adopted; but where those who are responsible do not share the dangers, it must remain a very grave question how far they are justified in placing large numbers of persons under lock and key without providing all reasonable and necessary safeguards.

Of late years buildings have been erected to a much greater height than formerly; but we fail to observe any corresponding precautions for the safety of those who inhabit the upper levels, and we cannot but think that Building Acts and other laws are seriously defective which omit to provide against so great a danger. It has been long since notified to the public by the responsible authority controlling the Fire Brigade that a fire-escape cannot reach a greater height than about fifty feet, and that arrangements should be made for persons who occupy the upper levels of lofty buildings to get down externally to spots within reach of these machines, which are still the only means of escape available from the outside; but we know of very few cases in which this salutary warning has been observed. In some countries—notably America—it is by no means uncommon to find external iron ladders reaching from the roof to within twenty or thirty feet of the ground, and there seems to be no objection of any kind to this arrangement; but the most simple and useful precaution in high buildings is to provide on the outside of every story continuous balconies, connecting with each other by external stairs, and thus enabling the inmates in case of need to proceed instantly to the ground or to some level from which they can be rescued. Some excellent devices have been made during recent years for enabling a communication to be instantly established between two balconies on different levels, or between the lowest balcony of a building and the ground, and it is somewhat surprising that these simple and inexpensive appliances should not be more frequently adopted: but the fear of unauthorized entrance from the outside appears to exert a paramount influence over the minds of those who control these vast concerns. Simple wrought-iron hinged stairs, somewhat of the pattern used for the side-ladders of a ship, are all that is required. These, when not in use, could be kept fastened up by means of a small cord, and when required could be instantly lowered; and, to obviate the risk of unauthorized entrance or exit, a bell could be attached which, on the releasing of the cord, would make sufficient noise to arouse the whole neighbourhood.

Not long since an ingenious inventor proposed that the porch over the exit doors of a theatre, instead of being solid and built at a right angle into the wall, should be hinged at the inner end and fitted with steps on top. In case of emergency the outer end could be lowered by the simple act of releasing a cord, and the porch would be instantly converted into a wide staircase down which hundreds of persons could pass within a few seconds. It would be interesting to ascertain how far this subject has received the attention of those who are in the habit of locking up their assistants, and how far the imprisoned assistants are satisfied with the existing arrangements.

It is quite certain that a few of the most thoughtful firms have done much to ensure the safety of those who work or sleep on their premises. Indeed one enterprising tradesman, whose name in connexion with fires has become historic, has shown an excellent example in altogether separating his personnel and matériel, the whole of the former being domiciled in premises adjacent, but not absolutely contiguous; and, when one of the most astute and successful of his kind finds it to his interest to do this, it may fairly be inferred that, even from the commercial point of view, there is something to be said against the common practice of lodging a large number of persons on the top of a building loaded with inflammable property.

We omit here any detailed reference to the number and position of internal staircases, passages, corridors, and other means of inter-communication within the buildings, because the subject is too large to be treated within the limits of a single article; but we venture to express a hope that those who lock up large numbers of persons in the upper levels of high buildings will look to their arrangements, and put themselves in a position to prove to the public that they have taken every possible precaution for the safety of life in the event of a fire occurring.

JOHN WILLIAM INCHBOLD'S PICTURES.

On Wednesday last the pictures, drawings, and miscellaneous effects of the late John William Inchbold were disposed of by auction at Messrs. Foster's. It was one of those melancholy occasions when the entire life-work of an eccentric and unworldly artist is dragged into the light, covered with dirt and chalked with numbers, with all that is imperfect and unsatisfactory in it cruelly emphasized. In the case of Mr. Inchbold, who had been a solitary and wandering old bachelor, nothing seemed to be reserved from the cruel eye of publicity. His forks and spoons, his watch, positively his umbrellas and his tea-caddies, rubbed shoulders with the canvases into which he had poured the poetry of his aspirations. The auction on Wednesday was, to a very exceptional degree, the rehearsal of the whole tragedy of a life, and it was no small part of that tragedy that the pictures themselves, some of them individually famous in the art-life of thirty years ago, fetched the most languid and inglorious prices. Inchbold was one of those lonely and fastidious men who desire to make a reputation, and yet do nothing to help the world to know them. He rarely exhibited. The queerest stories were told of the subterfuges by which he would mystify and betray an intending purchaser. We ourselves knew an instance in which a fellow-artist, an Academician of great influence and an enthusiastic lover of Inchbold's landscapes, by dint of positive labour brought about an interview between the painter and a wealthy picture-dealer. Knowing Inchbold's slippery ways, the Academician personally conducted the dealer to his friend's lodgings, captured the latter with success, and induced him to set a number of his pictures out on chairs. But while the picture-dealer was examining the works and making his selection, Inchbold faded away like a Boojum. The visitors waited and waited, but he never came back; he had not mentioned his price, and no business could be done. Some days afterwards the Academician met Inchbold and fiercely upbraided him. "Surely," the landscape-painter replied, in his soft voice, "to have stayed would have seemed indelicate!" Such was the visionary and wholly impracticable artist who died last winter enthusiastically admired by a little group of connoisseurs, and wholly unknown to the world.

It was a misfortune for Inchbold that he became early confounded with the pre-Raphaelites, and very earnestly and awkwardly tried to do the same things that they did. Mr. Ruskin praised him in his patronizing way for his mastery of the detail of English spring, and one year, when the sage was blasting the whole Academy with Olympian disdain, he admitted that it was the case that "Mr. Inchbold has painted some wood hyacinths and gentians." Now, nothing is plainer than that Inchbold, a dreamer by nature, was not in sympathy with all the minute and niggling detail of pre-Raphaelite foreground. But he was told that it was his duty, and he did it. There was a daisy-plant, with a church behind it, sold on Wednesday, which was really a pathetic miracle. As a matter of fact, it is difficult to see much to praise in these early pictures which Mr. Ruskin commended. They were hot and heavy in colour, and inclined to be dirty, with sheer excess of manipulation. Inchbold's tones were not good at any time; they were stippled too much, and not massed enough. As to his "White Doe of Rylstone," the most ambitious of all his productions, it looks very queer, dark, and unattractive now. The [illegible] planes of various light, about which the painter took an infinitude of pains, must have suffered some chemical change. The picture is now striking, curious, but not beautiful.

There was, however, one side of his talent which he developed late and in which he is unique. There is no painter, ancient or modern, who has surpassed Inchbold in his marvellous rendering of the blue distance of the shadow-sides of large mountains in clear air. His blues and greens are opalescent, they melt into one another, they possess a purity and a magical transparence which are certainly in the gift of no other recent landscape-painter. Some of the Swiss scenes, sold on Wednesday—the "Lake of Geneva, from Pallans," the "Veptaux Gorge," and several studies of the Dent du Midi—are masterpieces of the English school of landscape-painting, which will probably outlive in value and interest most of what has been produced of a similar kind in the present generation. Inchbold had a strangely restricted gift. He never learned, on the one hand, that the world was full of things which he had no power to paint more than respectably, and he never clearly realized, on the other, that, in face of a distant snow mountain bathed in cold aërial light, of the glassy, iridescent surface of a calm lake at evening, of anything dim and mysterious which took the cool hues of an opal, he was suddenly able to do what was first-rate and excel all his contemporaries. A talent more limited than Inchbold's has rarely been seen in an original painter, and yet no one who is able to judge will deny him a place among the masters of modern landscape.

THE CROP PROSPECTS.

The weather so far this year has not been quite so unfavourable to the crops as it was in the first five months of last year, for during May there was somewhat more warmth and more rain, though both were greatly deficient. March and April, however, were exceedingly severe months, and the result is that the season is extremely backward and that there is a great want of warm rain. The matter is the more serious because we have had an insufficiency of rain during the past fifteen or eighteen months, and if the drought lasts much longer the damage done to all the crops cannot fail to be disastrous. Perhaps wheat has suffered least of all. For the most part it is grown on deep, damp soils, and it strikes its root far into the ground. Growing crops obtain their moisture from the supplies stored up in the earth as well as from falling showers; wheat, striking its roots deep, is thus able to attract more moisture from the soil than other crops when the supply so stored up is as at present very small. It is possible that, even if we were to have no rain until the harvest, wheat on the rich, deep soils would not suffer much—the crop would probably be above the average; but upon thin soils even now the wheat has suffered, as it has likewise upon ill-manured and ill-tilled lands and upon slopes that drain rapidly. The other corn crops are greatly in want of rain. If throughout the present month there is a copious rainfall and warm weather both oats and barley doubtless will greatly improve, though it is doubtful whether even then either crop would be a good one. Peas and beans have likewise suffered, and in some parts of the country the reports respecting the potato crop are likewise unfavourable; but root crops and grasses are the most affected. Roots require much moisture to attain full maturity, and so does grass; and owing to the fact already referred to, that the storage of water in the soil is much less than usual, while the root crops do not strike their roots as deep down as wheat, and are not sown in the kinds of soil that retain the most moisture, those crops are dependent just now upon the rains that may fall. Unless, therefore, we have a heavy rainfall both the root crops and the grasses will suffer. When it is recollected that nearly one-half of the whole cultivated area of this country is now laid down in grass it will be seen how very serious the matter is becoming. We have reached the season of the year when mowing ought to begin; but in only a very few places is this being done, and, whatever may happen now, it seems as if the hay crop must prove deficient. The hay crop was short last year likewise. A second deficient hay crop will inflict much loss upon farmers. Owing to the long winter and to the drought of last year the drain upon all kinds of food-stuffs for cattle has been very great, and the supply of hay therefore has run short. Consequently, farmers have been obliged to turn their cattle rather early upon the pasturages, and the permanent grasses are therefore eaten almost bare. A warm, wet June would, however, soon improve the permanent grasses as well as the green crops, and might completely change the prospects of the cereal crops. All things considered, the damage yet done is less than might have been anticipated; and it has often been proved in former years that backwardness does not imply in the result bad crops. Probably the wheat yield, both in quality and quantity, would suffer from so much rain as is required to improve the other corn crops as well as the roots and the grasses; but, with this exception, a warm, wet June, followed by plenty of warmth and sunshine in July and August, might give a fairly good harvest. It is too late, however, we fear, for any material change as respects the hay-crop.

Our experience during the current year, and last year, ought to warn those who take upon themselves to advise farmers of the extreme danger of too-confident an opinion as to the kind of farming which best pays in this country. A little while ago it was almost universally believed that tillage could not be expected to

prove profitable, and that the best course for the farmer was to lay down his land as quickly as possible in grass. It may be doubted, however, whether last year the wheat-grower did not make more money than the cattle-farmer. No doubt wheat was very cheap, but the yield was large, and, as a general rule, the quality was good. Where good quality and large yield were combined the farmer obtained a fair return for his outlay, for, generally speaking, in such cases the price was higher than the quoted price. But the cattle-farmer had to struggle against the bad hay crop, difficulties of feeding, and the low prices both for meat and dairy produce. Hence some authorities are beginning to advise farmers that, whereas laying down land in permanent pasture was the most profitable policy during the wet cycle, now we have got into a dry cycle tillage-farming is more profitable. It would be rash, indeed, of farmers to act upon this advice. In this country we cannot count very long upon a dry cycle. On the contrary, since the drought has lasted already fifteen or eighteen months, the reasonable inference seems to be that it will not continue much longer. Besides, the farmer should bear in mind that there are many other considerations to be weighed quite irrespective of the character of the seasons. The real inference that should be drawn from our experience during the past year and a half is not that tillage-farming is more profitable than cattle-farming, but that a serious effort should be made to regulate and store up our water supply. During 1879 the country suffered grievous loss because of the excessive rainfall and the over-absorption of moisture in the soil; now we are suffering from an insufficiency of rainfall, and consequently from an insufficient storage of water in the soil. If the drainage of the country were such that in years like 1879 the over-supply could have been quickly got rid of from the soil and stored up for future use the farming community would have escaped much hardship. The regulation and storage of our water supply, however, is a matter which cannot be left to individual effort—it is a national concern, and by national resources alone can it be properly dealt with.

Should the drought continue the question arises whether we may anticipate a considerable rise in the price of wheat and other agricultural produce. As regards wheat, it is to be borne in mind that the crop reports from the United States—the greatest source of our supply—are bad. Undoubtedly the winter wheat crop in the United States has suffered very greatly. It is said that nearly two millions of acres have been ploughed up and resown, so great has been the failure already. But, on the other hand, the Californian crop does not appear to have suffered; while it seems certain that a largely increased area will be sown with spring wheat. Upon the whole, therefore, it is not improbable that the yield may be larger this year than last year. Last year's crop was unquestionably short, and the exports from the United States in consequence have considerably fallen off; but it is too early yet to form any trustworthy estimates as to the probable harvest. Even the winter wheat crop may improve considerably during the time that has yet to elapse before harvesting; while the reports concerning the prospects of the spring wheat crop are undoubtedly good. The Indian wheat crop appears to be considerably larger than last year's, and to be in very good condition; the Australasian crop is likewise larger, and exceedingly good reports are being received as to the prospects of the Russian crop. From all the great sources of our supply, therefore, except the United States, the reports are excellent; and concerning the United States we must always bear in mind that there is still time for a very great improvement. The crops seem good likewise in Hungary and the Danubian countries, although the drought and heat during the past week or two are said to have done damage, especially in Hungary. But in France the season is backward, just as it is in this country. Probably in the South of France the yield of wheat will be as large as last year; but in the North, East, and West it is not expected to be so good. The Italian crop is likewise reported to be deficient, and so is the German. The final result we come to, then, is that there will be an increased export of wheat both from India and from Australia; that the Russian crop will probably be as good, or nearly as good, as last year's, which was exceedingly large; and that the American crop will not be smaller, if, indeed, it is not somewhat larger. But, on the other hand, the demand is likely to be larger in France, Italy, and Germany. Should the French competition become keen it is inevitable that there must be a more or less considerable rise in price; but if the French competition is not keen prices may not move very materially. Last year's French harvest was exceedingly good, and the French demand consequently has since been small. There might, therefore, be some falling off in the yield this year in France without occasioning a very great increase in the demand. But if, as seems probable, there is an increased demand from France, Italy, and Germany, it is almost certain that there must be an upward movement in the price. We must not forget, however, that dry years always are favourable to the wheat crop, and that although the crop is now backward throughout France, Germany, and Italy, as well as here at home, the quality of the grain may prove to be excellent when the reaping time comes; and the quantity also may be larger than is expected at the present moment. Regarding other grains, there does not seem much probability of a material movement in prices; but if the drought continues, it seems almost inevitable that there must be a rise in meat. As we have already said, the want of winter keep compelled farmers to turn their cattle on to the permanent grasses as soon as any vegetation appeared. This has kept down the supply of grass, and, unless there are now copious rains, the bare condition of the pasture fields and the shortness of the hay harvest will make feeding scarce. Copious rains, however, would so change all the conditions as to obviate the necessity for any movement in prices.

MADAME RISTORI ON STAGE SCIENCE.

We have received a kindly letter from Mme. Ristori on the subject treated in our last article on "Stage Science," which was devoted to "make-up." Mme. Ristori says:—"I have always been of the opinion of Mlle. Clairon that the less paint or powder an actor or actress employs the better." It will be remembered that we quoted this famous actress of the eighteenth century, who was so opposed to the use of *fards* and greases, powders and paints, that she scarcely "made up" at all. Mme. Ristori continues:—"I therefore never employed any means beyond those *absolutely* necessary to bring out the characteristics of the personage I was representing." Here we must observe that it has been given to few artists to possess the peculiarly regular and beautiful features of Mme. Ristori, which so readily lent themselves to the ideal representation of heroic and historical personages. Her noble face required but little make-up to give us a complete idea of what a Medea or a Myrrha should be. Indeed, few painters would have cared for a finer model; and so mobile was her expression that the least alteration in her head-dress changed her countenance completely into at least an ideal picture of the character she wished to represent. Thus, as she says:—"With regard to Mary Stuart, when I once had on the traditional head-dress, as she died only thirty-four years of age, but little 'make-up' was necessary." This is true; but Mme. Ristori even off the stage, if she but wore "the traditional head-dress," easily recalled the Queen of Scots, her cast of features being identical with those of Mary as represented on her effigy at Westminster—a fact we were astonished to observe when recently comparing a photograph of her profile with one taken from that of the face of the unhappy Queen of Scotland on her tomb in the Abbey. As Elizabeth Mme. Ristori tells us she was obliged to use more art and skill in her "make-up," but she says "I never used anything horribly realistic." We differ with the great tragédienne in her opinion that "even the placing of dark sticking-plaster over the teeth"—which she assures us she never did in her representation of the last hours of the worn-out Queen of England—is in the least degree objectionable, if it is done for the legitimate motive of helping the artist to be like the personage, according to historians and tradition, he or she intends to represent. But it is pleasant to observe that so great an artist as Mme. Ristori condemns all illegitimate tricks, even those of "make-up," as being contrary to the higher purposes of histrionic art. She is an authority if one were needed, and we quote her with all the greater pleasure because we hope she will not be heard in vain. Our actors and actresses have of late years fallen into a pernicious habit of making themselves up altogether too coarsely and too much. The introduction upon the stage of electrical and other strong lights is now so general, that the careless "make-up" of years ago cannot be tolerated, for it destroys all illusion. At the same time the "make-up" of French actors is even more reprehensible than that of our own. The women rouge too much, and blacken their eyes in such a manner that all expression is taken out of them; and the men follow certain traditional rules so slavishly that, instead of presenting individuals, they only succeed in giving us types of character. One young man resembles another, and the old men are all the immediate descendants of the grotesque old gentlemen who probably adorned the stage in the days of Molière. Mme. Ristori, in concluding her interesting letter, says:—"I am sure you will agree with me that a true artist should resist any temptation to be horribly realistic"; and with this we most heartily agree.

RICHTER CONCERTS.

Two novelties have been brought forward in the course of the last fortnight at these concerts—"An Overture to *Twelfth Night*," by Mr. Mackenzie, and Liszt's "St. Francis of Assisi Preaching to the Birds," transcribed for orchestra by Felix Motl. Dr. Richter's programme on Monday last was too long, and necessitated his leaving hardly any breathing-time between the numbers. Mr. Mackenzie's Overture undoubtedly suffered somewhat by being played immediately after the Introduction to the third act of the *Meistersinger*. We can happily add, however, that it stood the test admirably. It is, as we had a right to expect from Mr. Mackenzie, brilliantly and ingeniously written. The Introduction, which is of a sober character, at once fixes the attention and leads to the quick movement having reference to the jests and mischief of Sir Toby and his crew; the wood, wind, and strings alternate with bright effect, and the whole movement, which sparkles with high light, forms an effective contrast to the Introduction and the Andante which follows, and which would seem to deal with Olivia's love. Much invention and a genuine comprehension of his subject are revealed by the composer in the working-out, wherein pathos and grotesque humour are excellently mingled; but the final burst of hilarity

which brings the work to a close, strikes us on a first hearing as having more noise than merriment, and as lacking spontaneity. In spite of much that is quaint and charming, and of some passages of delicate beauty, we find Liszt's Legend of St. Francis rather disappointing. It betrays no intimate sentiment of bird-life, and the various members of the kindly saint's congregation are suggestive of the aviary rather than of the open wild. All praise is due to Herr Felix Motl for his incomparably skilful and sympathetic orchestration of this work, in which the horn, which appropriately delivers the good warm utterances of St. Francis, takes a prominent and delightful part. We owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Richter for his large and genial rendering of Haydn's Symphony in C, perhaps the happiest and most delightful of all his creations, of which the beauty and genius have been too often handed over to the mercy of inferior conductors, who drag the tempo, and belittle the whole character of this broad and joyous work by the spirit of finikin vulgar sentimentality in which they approach it. Mr. Henri Marteau's first appearance in England was a decided and well-deserved success, but we wish that we could have heard him in anything else rather than in Max Bruch's wearisome and industrious Concerto in G. He plays with correctness and vigour, although his upper notes might be stronger with advantage. Beethoven's Fourth Symphony, faultlessly rendered, brought last Monday's programme to an end. On May 28th, Liszt's "Todtentanz" was played by Mr. Fritz Hartvigson, to whose incomparable execution we called attention when he performed this difficult music at the London Symphony Concerts. We need only add that he was on the present occasion admirably seconded by the orchestra. Mr. Henschel's singing of Sachs's monologues "Wahn! Wahn!" and "Wie duftet doch der Flieder," from the *Meistersinger*, was absolutely perfect, especially in the last excerpt, in which his phrasing was little short of miraculous. It seems to us that Dr. Richter was mistaken in bringing forward the later version of the *Tannhäuser* Overture in the concert-room, for which it is little suited, and where the disastrous vulgarity of the "transparency" music with which it concludes makes itself doubly felt. The programme included Schumann's *Genoveva* Overture, and Brahms's Second Symphony, which we cannot hear too often.

EXHIBITIONS.

THE main building of the Italian Exhibition, which is at last in perfect order, and is 1,400 feet long, is devoted to a demonstration of what Italy can do in the way of artistic furniture. At no previous exhibition have we ever seen a more remarkable collection of delightful objects for home decoration. It is only, however, so long as the artists depend on purely Italian models that they are wholly satisfactory; for so soon as they imitate the Parisians—and they are very fond of the experiment—they not only lose their originality, but become absolutely vulgar, evidently not possessing that *chic* which somehow or other saves the art of the Boulevards from becoming detestably common. It is principally, it appears, at Milan, Venice, Vicenza, Bologna, and Florence that the best modern Italian furniture is manufactured, and it is evidently not merely the work of intelligent carpenters, but of well-trained artists, who in many cases deserve to be called great. Of these perhaps the most remarkable are Signori Toso, Besarel, Rossi, Raddi, Borelli, Minghetti, dal Tedesco, Bauer, Guartara, Focà, Zanetti, Galio, and the Moro brothers, who in various parts of the Exhibition display some marvellous specimens of their art. It is a curious fact that scarcely one of these firms was in existence thirty-five years ago—a satisfactory proof of the progress in commercial importance which Italy has made since her unification. Signor Toso, who has an immense stall entirely devoted to carved wood furniture, has selected some of his models with picturesque effect from specimens of the Italian furniture to be found introduced into the pictures of Carpaccio and Botticelli and other early masters. This is an excellent idea, and one which English artists in the same line might follow with advantage. The Italian wood-carvers seem to understand much better than those of any other country that high relief should be carefully finished and sharply cut. Nothing better of its kind could well be than Signor Focà's work, of which there is an extensive exhibit, close to another of equal merit by Signor V. Aimone. Much of the furniture shown, however, seems modelled on the same lines, the models being invariably those of the latter half of the sixteenth and first of the seventeenth centuries. Signor Boggatti, however, has a singularly original kind of furniture copied from ancient Egyptian designs. His little brackets with Moorish arches are very charming. There are some fine exhibits of inlaid furniture, in the various styles peculiar to Italy and India, whence possibly this fanciful kind of decoration originated; and there are also several good specimens of modern Florentine cabinets, encrusted with gems, proving that this highly decorative art is not lost. The Moro brothers have revived the effective art of gilding and silvering leather for upholstery, and some which they show is exquisite, the leather being so finely silvered that it looks as if it were covered with fish-scales. The various kinds of majolica for which Italy has been celebrated for centuries is shown in amazing profusion. The huge vases and plates, admirably painted in the styles of Faenza, Urbino, Pesaro, Florence, and Naples, are not only remarkable for their size, but also for the beauty of their shapes, colouring, glaze, and the finish with which they are painted. Signori Cantagalli, of Florence, have a remarkable collection of reproductions of Urbino ware and of Lucca della Robbia's Madonnas, with their well-known wreaths of leaves and lemons. The Marquis Ginori, among other beautiful specimens of his famous ware, sends two magnificent vases, painted with masterly copies of Raphael's frescoes in the Vatican, the school at Athens, and the battle of Constantine.

No city in Italy was more celebrated for its majolica than Pesaro in the sixteenth century; but its fortunes fell so low later on that even as recently as 1860 there was not a pottery of importance in the town or its neighbourhood. If we may judge from the fine specimens of this industry shown by the two houses of Malaroni and Cai & Co., we may conclude that this interesting and artistic old town is returning to life, and that commercial enterprise is not wholly dead within her walls. This Pesarese pottery is very decorative, the forms excellent, and the painting singularly strong and effective. It is also very cheap. There are two elaborate exhibits of Venetian glass, one by Sir Henry Layard's Venice Murano Company, and the other in the garden belonging to Commendatore Salviati, to whom the art world owes a debt of gratitude for having revived this exquisite art. The bronzes are superlatively fine, some being of colossal size, and the reproductions of ancient jewelry exquisite. In short, so far as the manufactured objects of art are concerned, the Exhibition is surprisingly fine. We shall have to wait a week or so yet before we can form a just opinion of the purely commercial exhibits which are being arranged in an annexe in the garden, which is not yet in order. The said gardens are now quite charming, and the theatre—a big building, painted externally to resemble the palace of the Podesta at Padua—was opened on Thursday with a performance of very amusing burattini or marionettes.

The Irish Exhibition at Olympia is still in a very chaotic condition. The opening ceremony, which took place early in the week, was, however, a very well managed function, and the heterogeneous collection of notabilities who are wont to assemble on these occasions had little cause to complain this time, for they could not only hear, but also even see, the Lord Mayors of London and Dublin, who performed the ceremony. But the Exhibition is still a thing of the future—of the near future, we are persuaded, for the management is pushing on the works vigorously. The Irish Village is not yet tenanted or even entirely built; the Tower of Blarney rises from the centre of a circle of scaffolding, and the band has to play to an accompaniment of almost incessant hammering. Such of the exhibits as are already in place are very fine and interesting, consisting, namely, of lace, damask, linen, and homespun. The so-called Donegal industries are admirably represented, and Mr. Arthur Cole's trophy of all kinds of Irish lace is superb. The gallery will be devoted to collections of Irish art; but there is very little to see there now. It is a pity this Exhibition opened under such disadvantageous circumstances; for it has a formidable rival in its neighbour, the Italian Exhibition, which is now finished and in perfect order.

DRAMATIC RECORD.

HAWTHORNE'S celebrated romance *The Scarlet Letter*, although distinctly dramatic, is the reverse of theatrical, and hence the failure of all the numerous attempts hitherto made to dramatize it. The characters which are so strongly defined in the story are psychological studies, and therefore become monotonous when they deliver themselves of their interminable monologues before the footlights. Hester Prynne's silent and terrible penance is better left to the descriptive pen of the American novelist than entrusted for stage representation even to so exceptionally interesting an actress as Miss Janet Achurch. Mr. "Alec Nelson" is responsible for the version of *The Scarlet Letter* produced at the Olympic on Tuesday afternoon. There has been a great deal said in theatrical circles about the propriety of this or that writer dramatizing Hawthorne's story; but into this controversy we, for obvious reasons, prefer not to venture, all the more so as neither of the pieces founded on it and produced this week seem to have much chance of obtaining lasting success. Mr. "Alec Nelson's" play is marked, however, by considerable ability in the choice of episodes and in the selection of what is most striking in the dialogue, which, for the most part, has been taken bodily out of the book, and it could not easily be improved upon. The ending, too, is dramatic, and follows closely the story; so that poetical justice is meted out to the wrongdoer and his unhappy victim. On the other hand, the introduction of the witch, Mistress Hibbins, powerfully played by Miss Dolores Drummond, rather confuses than strengthens the plot, and it would, we think, have been wiser to have eliminated her altogether. Mr. Charrington did not appear to advantage as the Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale until the last scene, which he played with considerable force and pathos. The Hester of Miss Achurch is a careful study, but, although graceful and [illegible], wanting in power and sympathy. Hawthorne's Hester is [illegible] in repentance and dignified in her mode of carrying her penance into effect, and these qualities Miss Achurch failed to display. In the scene with Dimmesdale in the forest she was at her best; but in the last scene, at the pillory, she did not—as indeed, might well be imagined—convey that overwhelming sense of grandeur and desolation which this supreme situation demands.

Mr. Fernandez was excellent as Roger Prynne, and scored a distinct success. Perhaps, however, the best piece of acting of all was the impersonation of the child Pearl by Miss Gracie Muriel. There was an impish diablerie in all she said and did which was in perfect accord with Hawthorne's intention. Miss Lilian Milward, by dint of graceful bearing, a pretty voice and manner, made something more than a sketch of a subordinate but useful part.

An extremely pretty ballet called *Antiope* has been produced this week at the Alhambra. It is invented by Signor Coppi, and has an intelligible plot. To relate the story, however, would not prove particularly interesting reading, and to describe the beauty of the scenery and the brilliance of the costumes is superfluous. Mlle. Bessone, as Antiope, surpasses herself in grace and boldness, and her last *pas seul* is so elegant as to quite justify the enthusiasm with which it is received—possibly thus danced Cerito and Elsler in the days when *ballet* was as indispensable as the orchestra itself to opera.

Miss Sophie Eyre now plays the part of Marita in *Mr. Barnes of New York* at the Olympic. Her powerful acting has greatly strengthened the interest of this piece, which is generally well acted and well worth seeing—at least by those who enjoy a good melodrama.

Mrs. Bernard Beere, in reviving *Masks and Faces* at the Opera Comique, has not been altogether successful in her choice of exponents for some of the important parts. As Peg Woffington she herself sustains the varied moods expected of that famous character in the situations in which Charles Reade made her take a leading part. With the same lightness that she formerly displayed she goes through with her impromptu histrionics at Mr. Vane's supper-party when her infatuated lover is confronted by the unexpected presence of his wife; with the same rollicking and impulsive open-heartedness she ministers to the starving Triplet family, and cheers the unrequited playwright with her well-feigned fun; and with the same show of womanly tenderness and self-sacrifice she brings husband and wife together once more. All this and more Mrs. Bernard Beere achieves with sparkling vivacity and humour, under which, however, we miss any deep undercurrent of emotion. Her gestures, as before, are demonstrative, even to being sometimes spasmodic; her voice is not always under control, and is occasionally a trifle grating; but her acting throughout is bold, and often brilliant. We cannot but think that a mistake has been made in giving to M. Marius the part of Sir Charles Pomander, a character essentially that of the Cockney eighteenth-century rake. That M. Marius acts the part with his usual finish and dramatic force no one would deny; but his foreign accent so militates against the true conception of the character that its features seem altogether lost. It is, perhaps, not so much his accent that obtrudes itself as the valiant efforts M. Marius makes to compass our forms of emphasis and pause. We are loth to dwell on this, for M. Marius deserves the position he has gained on the London stage; but it is neither kind to him nor to the audience to put him through this part. Miss Kate Vaughan as Mabel Vane, of course, dominates the grace and feeling department of the play, and Mr. Henry Neville, though hardly an ideal Triplet, is admirable in the portraiture he has adopted as representing his reading of the unfortunate playwright. The remaining characters were neither good nor bad, but within measurable approach of both. The bad clearly falls to the share of the "utility men," but does not take quite so solid a form as such gentry sometimes display, who multiply their utility twice over into itself that they may exhibit it in cubic measure.

There is a vivid description in one of Hawthorne's letters of the violent emotion that overtook the author of *The Scarlet Letter* as he read aloud the final scene of the romance when just completed. It broke his wife's heart, he says, and gave her a grievous headache. The version of *The Scarlet Letter* produced on Monday at the Royalty will certainly break no hearts, nor will the sublimity of it, or the pathos, provoke headaches. To say that Messrs. Stephen Coleridge and Norman Forbes have misrepresented Hawthorne's fantastic romance is to say too much in one direction and too little in another. As adaptors they have been literal enough. Their method is, indeed, absolutely mechanical and unimaginative. Their fidelity to the letter is quite as fatal to the play as is their entirely successful elimination of the spirit—the delicate, wayward, incommunicable charm—of Hawthorne's masterpiece. Nor is it easy to conceive that they have spoiled their work in deference to the supposed bias of popular taste in favour of sweet and happy finales. If they had followed Hawthorne in the fifth act, as in the four previous acts, or tableaux—for such they are—and made Arthur Dimmesdale confess and die, the result could scarcely be bettered. There is not, as we have said above, the making of a drama in *The Scarlet Letter*. Its elements are too ethereal for concrete presentment. Divorced from the remote and rarified atmosphere of their environment, with its metaphysical subtlety and ingenious symbolism, Hester Prynne, Dimmesdale, and Chillingworth no longer breathe. In stage representation there is no possible equivalent to Hawthorne's exquisite literary artistry, and the fascination of *The Scarlet Letter* is largely due to qualities of execution that defy translation. A psychological process, like Roger Chillingworth's long-drawn torture of the young clergyman, can only be suggested by its reaction in the victim. At the Royalty not the faintest insight into the nature of the physician's experiment, or the slow, agonizing sapping of its action, is afforded by the Chillingworth of Mr. Norman Forbes and the Arthur Dimmesdale of Mr. Forbes-Robertson. Chillingworth is a mere vulgar villain, with a spice of cunning. Dimmesdale is a commonplace cleric, with a bad pulpit delivery and hard, unsympathetic voice. The device by which Hawthorne's *dénouement* is altered is inconceivably puerile. Chillingworth is introduced to the prison, in the second act, as a physician to minister to Hester Prynne. Here, after the recognition of husband and wife, he takes from her finger the wedding-ring, and henceforth wears it himself. In the last act the authorities of Boston have received secret information that Chillingworth was the cowardly partner of Hester Prynne's guilt, and in the presence of all but Arthur Dimmesdale he is accused and denies all knowledge of her. The ring with its inscription "Hester Prynne" convicts him of lying—and never was lying more superfluously silly—and the mob forthwith lynch him. Arthur Dimmesdale mounts the scaffold, where Hester Prynne has stood throughout the scene, and proceeds to explain the inexplicable to a heedless mob and a bewildered theatre. Whether he is about to confess, or to announce his approaching marriage with Hester Prynne, mortal ingenuity cannot decide. In the first four acts the bare progress of Hawthorne's story—slight as it is—is followed with fair accuracy. In this, the last, we see what it is to attempt to improve Hawthorne. We would not make too much of the attempt, for playwrights, especially when they are also actors, have never been deficient in this sort of daring. Miss Calhoun plays the part of Hester Prynne with no trace of subtlety, though with decided grace and sensibility in the scenes with Pearl. The actress is, however, but ill supported. Mr. Forbes-Robertson is laboured and monotonous. Mr. Norman Forbes is consistently stagey.

RACING.

THE Thursday at the late Manchester meeting was a day of woe to backers, as not a single favourite won, from first to last. Mr. D. Baird's El Dorado, a dark bay colt by Sterling out of Palmflower, who had been second to Donovan in a field of twenty-five for the Portland Stakes at Leicester, was made a strong favourite for the Breeders' Foal Stakes of 1,800*l.* The second favourite was Sir R. Jardine's Fitztraver, by Fitz-James out of Glee, by Adventurer. This colt won the race by three-quarters of a length from the favourite, and Wenonah ran third. Lord Bradford's victory with his three-year-old colt, Merry Andrew, in the Manchester Cup on the Friday, was a most popular one, although it was not propitious to backers, as the colt has been only sixth favourite. Being by Chippendale out of Jubilant, he is inbred to Emilius and Touchstone, having three strains of each blood, within the fifth degree. As a two-year-old he had only won one race out of ten. The betting on the great Whitsuntide Plate of 5,000*l.* for two-year-olds was much influenced by three previous races at the Manchester Meeting, all of which were won by horses belonging to General Owen Williams. It was reported that his colt, L'Avare, had been tried to be much better than either of these winners, so he was made first favourite for the Whitsuntide Plate, and we may dismiss him at once by saying that he was beaten before he had run half the course. There were eleven runners, and from the distance the race lay between the Duke of Portland's Donovan, Mr. C. Perkins's Chitabob, and Lord Gerard's Bryony. Chitabob held the lead, kept it to the end, and won by four lengths from Donovan. Although a stone would not, as a rule, account for a four-lengths' beating, the question asked among students of public form, after the race, was whether Donovan could have won if he had not been giving Chitabob 13 lbs.; for it was argued that Webb had eased him when he found he could not win. Donovan had already won 7,034*l.* in stakes, and it might be that his extra weight now prevented him from making his winnings considerably over 11,000*l.* Chitabob had started first favourite for the Portland Stakes at Leicester, and only finished sixth. This grandly made and very powerful colt is a golden chestnut, with some white markings. Robert the Devil and Jenny Howlet, the St. Leger and Oaks winners of 1880, were his sire and dam.

The racing on the first day at Epsom was of no great interest, with the exception of the Woodcote Stakes, which was contested by some two-year-olds of high price. Mr. Abington's Freemason had cost 1,900 guineas as a yearling, his Isleworth 1,200, and Mr. D. Baird's Roslin 1,050. Mr. Quartermaine East's Kaikoura, the winner of the May Plate at Windsor, with 7 lbs. extra, represented the only winning form, and in the opinion of some good judges she was the best looking of the party. The first favourite was Mr. Rose's colt by Galliard out of Distant Shore. He had never run in public, but it was rumoured that he had done wonders in a trial. Isleworth and Freemason showed temper at the post. Roslin and Arquebus made most of the running almost as far as the distance, where Prince Soltykoff's home-bred colt, Gold, took the lead, followed by the Distant Shore colt. Opposite the centre of the Stand Freemason joined them. There was then a sharp struggle, but Cannon managed to win with Gold by half a length from Freemason, to whom he was giving 3 lbs., while the Distant Shore colt finished three lengths behind them. Gold is a powerful chestnut colt by Sterling out of the Cambridgeshire winner, Lucetta. He has, therefore, three strains of Sir Hercules's blood, with two of Touchstone, and, like so many of the most successful racehorses of the day, one of Blacklock.

The racing on the Wednesday, with the exception of the Derby, was of no special interest, so we need not notice it. We may, however, observe that we were glad to see that Lord Dudley and Mr. Noel Fenwick had dropped their assumed names of "Mr. E. Wardour" and "Mr. Warblington." None of the Derby horses came out for the Epsom Grand Prize on the Thursday, yet it was an interesting and an open race. The field was exactly the same size as that of the Derby itself. The favourite was Mr. Houldsworth's Neapolis, who had run Crowberry to a length, when receiving 13 lbs. at Kempton Park. The second favourite was the Duke of Portland's Johnny Morgan, a colt that puzzled the prophets, because, after running second to his owner's colt Ayrshire for the Two Thousand, he had afterwards run wretchedly for the Manchester Cup, as we have already observed. Mr. Peck's Socrates was third favourite, although his public form scarcely entitled him to that position, and the next in demand was Lord Bradford's Merry Andrew, the winner of the Manchester Cup. It was one thing, however, to meet Johnny Morgan at 20 lbs., and quite another to meet him at even weights. Toscano, who had beaten Merry Andrew by a neck at even weights, at Chester, was now to give him 3 lbs., so it was to be expected that the pair would now be on an exact equality. Johnny Morgan jumped off with the lead when the flag fell, followed by Toscano, Merry Andrew, and Neapolis. At the top of the hill he had increased his lead, and Merry Andrew was his immediate attendant. In descending the hill, Lord Cadogan's Osric, who, it will be remembered, won the Queen's Plate at Lincoln, raced up to Johnny Morgan's girths. The Duke of Portland's colt seemed put out of humour by this challenge; for, on reaching Tattenham Corner, he tried to bolt, and the pair ran slightly out of their line. Rickaby seized this opportunity of getting to the front with Merry Andrew, and he came over the road with the lead. From this point Johnny Morgan gave up all attempts at racing, and as Merry Andrew came up the straight, Mr. Craven's Scene Shifter appeared to be the only horse he had to fear. Neapolis was now rolling about like a beaten horse, and Warne was hard at work upon him below the distance; but, on reaching the stands, he began to respond in a very generous manner to the whip and to make up ground at a surprising pace. He soon passed Scene Shifter, as if that colt were standing still, and then he raced up to Merry Andrew until the pair were almost neck and neck. It was a beautiful race. Neapolis seemed to have the race in hand almost at the last stride, when he hung a little, and got beaten by a head. This, of course, was a great reversal of Merry Andrew's Chester form with Toscano, as the latter was now only seventh. Johnny Morgan's running, again, was strangely inconsistent with his form in the Two Thousand. His displays of temper, however, made his Manchester Cup and Grand Prize performances of no value as a basis of calculation with regard to either the past or the future. They will probably have the effect of making backers afraid of trusting him. He is just the sort of horse that may come out some day and win an important race when least expected and least wanted. In shape, bone, and quality he was at least as attractive as anything in the race, although exception was taken to his hocks. By winning the Manchester Cup and the Epsom Grand Prize, Merry Andrew landed very nearly 5,000*l.* in stakes for Lord Bradford. This spring he had been underrated by about 23 lbs., for he was put into the Free Handicap at 6 st. 12 lbs., and his victory in the Grand Prize raised him to 8 st. 7 lbs. In winning the Manchester Cup by a neck under only 6 st. 1 lb., and the Epsom Grand Prize by a head, he was perhaps a trifle lucky. His Epsom running does not put him within a good many pounds of the best of his year, as he only gave Neapolis 7 lbs. and a bare beating, whereas Crowberry gave Neapolis 13 lbs. and beat him by a length. Yet some pounds may be allowed for a colt's performance in his first race, and Neapolis did not look nearly so fit when he ran for the first time at Kempton, on the 11th of May, as he did at Epsom on the 31st; so it is possible that Merry Andrew's form in the Grand Prize may be better in reality than it would appear at first sight. Moreover, there is this to be said in his favour—that he won, within a week, two important races over courses of different distances and characters.

Backers were much divided in opinion as to whether Lord Calthorpe's chestnut filly, Seabreeze, or Mr. D. Baird's brown filly, Briar Root, had the best chance of winning the Oaks. The two-year-old form of the former, who won 4,122*l.*, had been, on the whole, far better than that of the latter, who won 4,725*l.*, and Seabreeze was the most admired of the pair. Each of them had beaten the winner of the Derby, so no one could fairly cavil at the field for the Oaks on the score of quality. This season Briar-root had beaten Seabreeze by two lengths for the One Thousand; but Seabreeze's admirers maintained that she had not been herself on that occasion, and that, since she was a better stayer than her opponent, she would be more suited to the Oaks course than to the Rowley mile; moreover, they declared that even at Newmarket she had been gaining rapidly on Briar Root as they came up the hill to the winning-post. Mr. C. Perkins's Belle Mahone, a bay filly by Uncas out of Jenny Howlet, had been a length behind Seabreeze for the One Thousand. Then there was Baron de Rothschild's Her Majesty, a bay filly by Robert the Devil out of Peace. As a two-year-old she won the Woodcote Stakes, a performance which looked as if the Epsom course suited her, and she also won the Prendergast Stakes at Newmarket; but this year she had been unplaced for both the One Thousand and the French Oaks. A hundred-pound Maiden Plate was the only race that had hitherto been placed to the credit of Lord Cholmondeley's chestnut filly, Polydor, by Bend Or. The best that could be said of the form of Lord Falmouth's bay filly, Rada, was that she had once beaten the notorious Fullerton, at an advantage in the weights, and that she had been placed for all her other races. Although well shaped, she is a mere pony in size. There were only these half-dozen starters, and they got off on the second attempt. With Briar Root in the van, the little field ran in a cluster up the hill, and it was not broken until Polydor fell into the rear on going down the incline towards Tattenham Corner. As they came round the turn, Seabreeze and Rada went up to Briar Root, who had thus far held a slight lead through the greater part of the race, and the trio crossed the road in line, with Belle Mahone and Her Majesty immediately behind them. From this point Robinson gradually took a lead with Seabreeze, followed by Rada. At the distance Seabreeze came away by herself, while Briar Root gave up the struggle. Opposite the stand Belle Mahone made her effort, but without even overhauling little Rada. In the meantime Seabreeze was holding her own, and she won easily by a couple of lengths. This, of course, was an upset of the One Thousand form; but, if it be admitted that Briar Root is a non-stayer, the apparent contradiction is satisfactorily accounted for. Indeed, it may seem fair enough that each of these two smart fillies should have divided the principal mares' races of the year between them, the speediest winning on the shorter and the better stayer on the longer course. At the same time one cannot help asking oneself the question why, if Briar Root is known to be a non-stayer, her jockey should have made the running with her? Seabreeze, who is a splendid filly, is inbred to Birdcatcher and Touchstone, having two strains of the former and one of the latter blood on her sire's side, and two of the latter and one of the former on her dam's. She also has that one strain of Blacklock which, as we said above, is now so fashionable. With regard to the rest of the racing, we have only space to observe that the twelve-year-old Laceman won the Walton Stakes for Lord Cholmondeley. This extraordinary old gelding has run in something like eighty-five races, of which he has won the decent proportion of about twenty-five. Let it not any longer be said that no modern race-horse "trains on"!

REVIEWS.

GREEK THE LANGUAGE OF CHRIST AND HIS APOSTLES.*

After patiently going through the elaborate demonstration of Dr. Roberts we are inclined to invert a famous saying, and declare that although his judgment is not good, his reasons for it are excellent. The value of this conscientious piece of work, which every biblical scholar will read with some gain and much delight, lies in its processes rather than in the conclusion to which the author hopes they will lead us. Dr. Roberts is not the first advocate who has marshalled rich stores of learning and argument on behalf of a cause which remains at the end not proved. He pathetically tells us, as he bespeaks attention to his arguments, that it has been "the one great literary labour of his life" to establish the hypothesis that Greek was the habitual language used by our Lord in His public teaching. More than a quarter of a century has passed since he first wrote upon the subject, but "up to this time his endeavours have only been very partially successful." He now tells us that the present volume is his "final effort to convince the world."

He has placed upon his title-page the daring prediction of Jesus Christ, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My words shall not pass away." His book is an exhaustive attempt to prove that "My words" in this passage do not refer only to the kernel and substance, but may be applied to the very husk and form in which the Lord's sayings have come to us; so that in reading the Sermon on the Mount or one of the Parables in the Greek Testament we now actually "hear Him," and possess the very sentences and syllables which once fell from His lips. It cannot be denied that we have here the elements of a revolution of a startling character in textual criticism, as conservative in one aspect as it is revolutionary in another. When the acute Quaker Hebraist, Samuel Fisher, was arguing with the Independent persecutor of the Quakers, Dr. John Owen, he forced the latter scholar to concede that the infallibility of the Scripture text was a thing of degrees. St. Paul, for instance, as the original author of an Epistle in the Canon, was divinely inspired, and guarded by the Holy Spirit from committing the least error; the writers at St. Paul's dictation may have been also divinely prevented from mistakes; the transcribers of copies were not inspired; the translators of these copies into Latin, English, or any other tongue were still less inspired. All the Puritan sects—Presbyterian, Independent, and Baptist—realized that the conflict against the Quakers on behalf of the infallibility of the letter was a battle for life or death, since every one of them was built exclusively upon the mere text of the Bible. But it never occurred to either of their respective champions—Owen, Baxter, or Tombes, who each joined in the controversy with Fisher—to assert that in the Greek Gospels they were in the possession of the very words

* *Greek the Language of Christ and His Apostles.* By Alex. Roberts, D.D., Professor of Humanity, St. Andrews. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1888.

spoken by the Lord. The hypothesis of the Neapolitan Diodati, which Dr. Roberts has indeed modified in one direction, but which he has wonderfully amplified in others, did not occur to any scholar, Jew or Christian, during the controversies of the seventeenth century whether the ever-living Saviour and Teacher, or the written and printed Bible, is properly "the Word of God." They never dreamed that they had more than a translation into Greek of the words which the founder of the Church spoke in Aramaic. It need not be said that Dr. Roberts still has against him both historical tradition and the belief of all scholars save a handful. In this most interesting book, which is crowded with extra-biblical and biblical evidence of the wide prevalence of Greek as a vernacular language amongst all those to whom the Lord and His Apostles spoke, Dr. Roberts appeals "to the reader." It is hardly an appeal, like Fox's and Fisher's, to the reader against the scholar, for it is impossible for any but the scholar to accompany him throughout the process of his argument.

We are surprised that so zealous an inquirer as the author, whose eyes seem to be kept open to almost everything that can affect his "one great literary labour," should have ignored Professor E. Kautzsch, of Tübingen, whose name and works as an Aramaic scholar can scarcely be unknown to him. Kautzsch's unique *Grammatik des Biblisch-Aramäischen*, with its critical discussion of all the Aramaic words occurring in the New Testament, appeared four years ago, and it has been so widely reviewed in theological literature that we at once looked for some reference to it. The "West-Aramaic" dialect spread by degrees over Palestine until it had totally abolished the use of Hebrew as a speaking language; but for some time the two languages were in use contemporaneously, in much the same degree as Dr. Roberts holds Greek and Aramaic to have been in our Lord's time. The great Aramaic scholar holds that the supplanting of Hebrew by Aramaic was not effected until the end of the third century B.C. The "Zweisprachigkeit" which prevailed in speech and intercourse under the Ptolemies and the Seleucidæ, however, was not between Greek and Aramaic, but between Greek and Hebrew. Hebrew became the language of scholarship and of worship; and Kautzsch affirms that in our Lord's time there must have been some even amongst the masses ("selbst von dem Volke") who still had an intelligent appreciation of the Hebrew. When Dr. Roberts comments upon St. Luke iv. 17, &c., we naturally expect to find him express his agreement with Ewald, De Wette, Bleek, and others, and his disagreement with Keim. It is a strong point with him that "a scholar of the calibre of Keim" should stand almost alone; and he says that "it would be a great satisfaction if those writers who differ from the views which I hold as to the prevalence of Greek in Palestine at the time of Christ would boldly take their stand with Keim, and maintain that the Jews still read the Old Testament in the ancient Hebrew text." He couples, indeed, with Keim, with a note of admiration, a writer in the *Church Quarterly Review*, April 1887. Well, here was the greatest of living authorities upon the contemporary language of Palestine already taking his stand with Keim in 1884, four years before the publication of the author's appeal! Certainly St. Luke's Gospel does not contain the slightest hint that an interpreter was present to turn into Aramaic the words which Jesus read. Dr. Roberts can only account for it upon the hypothesis, which still remains only hypothesis, that our Lord did not read the Hebrew, but took His text from the Septuagint, and gave His commentary upon it in Greek. Kautzsch has not any doubt that "das Verständniss des Hebräischen," outside scholarly circles, continued after the final "Siege des Aramäischen als Umgangssprache." Dr. Roberts seems to us merely to have denied, and nowise to have refuted, the old powerful arguments, which Kautzsch reproduces as impregnable, from the significance of Hebrew as the one holy language for the whole people, and from the uniform Jewish tradition of the use of Hebrew in public worship. Oral interpretation into Aramaic was permitted, and the natural conclusion is that our Lord read from the sacred roll in Hebrew, and preached upon what He read in Aramaic. Franz Delitzsch declares that Hebrew was not only the language of the Temple worship and of the prayers in the synagogue, but even of family worship, and of all the numerous forms of benediction. We know not how much faith may be put in the assertions of the old Scotch traveller, Lithgow, but according to him there was some survival of Hebrew, as a vernacular language, in the early part of the seventeenth century. Writing of the Jews in Salonica (1610), he said, "They speak vulgarly and maternally the Hebrew tongue, man, woman, and child, and not elsewhere in the whole world."

Dr. Roberts is, of course, obliged to meet the important question as to the language in which St. Matthew's Gospel was originally written. We agree with him rather than with his critics when he contends that it was not in the Aramaic dialect. The Aramaic dialect was one thing; but *ἡ ἑβραῒς διάλεκτος*, in which St. Paul purposely spoke to the Jews in the holy city, was quite another. We disagree with Dr. Roberts when he contends that, if the original of St. Matthew's Gospel was not written in Aramaic it must have been written in Greek. The solution of the question is curtly stated in the title common to four of his Chapters—X., XI., XII., and XIII.—"Greek the original language of St. Matthew's Gospel." The tenth chapter deals with the "internal evidence," where he lays much stress upon the explanations of Hebrew words and phrases occurring in it; the eleventh treats of the external evidence; the twelfth with the varied statements of the Fathers, particularly the "error," as he is obliged to call it, "of Papias." He even names it a *πρῶτον ψεῦδος*. It is curious that Papias uses exactly the same expression as the writer of the Acts of the Apostles, and says that St. Matthew's book was written *ἑβραΐδι διαλέκτῳ*; that is to say, it was not in Aramaic, the vulgar speech, but was, as we should expect such a book for such a purpose to be, in the holy language. The manner in which Dr. Roberts gets rid of "the weak and gossiping Papias" as a witness seems to us too characteristic of the advocate with a brief. Franz Delitzsch says that he was once urged by some of his friends "to translate the New Testament into the Aramaic idiom which was spoken by Christ and His Apostles." He replied that the request was grounded upon an illusion. He told them that Hebrew, and not Aramaic, continued after the exile to be "the literary language of the Jews," and reminded them that the Ecclesiasticus of our Apocrypha was undoubtedly written originally in Hebrew. We observe that Dr. Roberts, who rarely misses any important point, has noticed this in an early part of his book. But he provides a truly characteristic explanation of it. "For several reasons," says he, "I assign to the word *ἑβραϊστί*, employed by the translator, the same meaning which it bears in the New Testament, and believe the work to have been written in Aramaic." He distinguishes Hebrew and Aramaic as "ancient" and "modern Hebrew." Franz Delitzsch believes that Our Lord and His Apostles both thought and spoke for the most part in Hebrew. Kautzsch questions the latter.

Dr. Roberts has established the truth of the bilingual character of Jewish conversation and intercourse in the time of Christ with a fulness and completeness of evidence hitherto unexampled in English biblical literature. This it is, we venture to think, which will give a permanent value to his noble, arduous, and conscientious labours. He will not thank us, however, for this degree of acknowledgment. He plainly shows us that unless we can accept his conclusion, he can take no satisfaction in our acceptance of the greater part of his evidence. There is something naïve in the contrast between the singular modesty of his manner in the statement of his reasons and the extraordinary self-assertion with which he then demands our adoption of the judgment to which these reasons finally lead him, but do not lead us.

NOVELS AND STORIES.*

THERE is a good deal in a title. Could there be a much less attractive title than *Plain Tales from the Hills*? Residents in British India and subscribers to the *Civil and Military Gazette* may know what it means, and hasten to get hold of the book accordingly; but to the untravelled inhabitants of London and the United Kingdom generally it would seem almost as hopeful to undertake the perusal of a volume entitled "Straight Talks from Beulah." We should suggest to Mr. Kipling to change the name of his book to "The Other Man; and other Stories," not because "The Other Man" is his best plain tale, which it is not, but because it would look well on the bookstalls. There are forty plain tales, of which twenty-eight have appeared separately in a newspaper, and the other twelve are, in the modest words of the author, "more or less new." Each tale is extremely short, the average length being just under seven pages. Nevertheless, for the profitable disposal of odds and ends of time or for a cross-country journey in stopping trains on Sunday it would be hard to find better reading. Mr. Kipling knows and appreciates the English in India, and is a born story-teller and a man of humour into the bargain. He is also singularly versatile, and equally at home in humour and pathos; while neither quality is ever quite absent from his little stories. "Thrown Away," a story of a commonplace youth who killed himself in despair merely for want of proper training, is little short of genuine tragedy, and is full of a grim humour which is decidedly telling. "The Three Musketeers" and "A Friend's Friend" are farce of a high order. Four of the stories—and four of the best—concern the British private in regiments stationed in India. An inimitable Irishman appears in each of them, and relates his experiences with a delightful freshness and good humour. The following extract occurs in an astonishing story of the taking of a town inhabited by Burmese Dacoits. The British detachment could not discover where the Dacoits abode; but "Evenshually we *puckarowed* wan man. 'Trate him tinderly,' sez the Lift'nint. So I tuk him away into the jungle, wid the Burmese Interprut'r an' my clanin'-rod. Sez I to the man:—'My paceful squireen,' sez I, 'you shquot on your hunkers an' dimonstrate to *my* frind here, where *your* frinds are whan they're at home?' Wid that

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* *Plain Tales from the Hills.* By Rudyard Kipling, Author of "Departmental Ditties; and other Verses." London: W. Thacker & Co. Calcutta: Thacker, Spink, & Co. 1888.

Sylvia Arden. A Novel. By Oswald Crawfurd, Author of "The World We Live In" &c. London. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1888.

A Cloud on St. Angelo. By Cyril Bennett. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1888.

The Fortunes of Philippa Fairfax. By Frances Hodgson Burnett, Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's" &c. London: Warne & Co.

Dolly Loraine. By Susan Morley, Author of "Aileen Ferrers" &c. London: White & Co. 1888.

Crane Court. By A. M. Monro, Author of "The Beautiful Lady Chichester" &c. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co. 1888.

Francis and Frances: an Unexplainable Phenomenon. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith. 1888.

The Web of Fate. A Dramatic Story. By W. J. Wilding. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1888.

I introjuced him to the clanin'-rod, an' he comminst to jabber; the Interprut'r interprutin' in betweens, an' me helpin' the Intilligince Departmint wid my clanin'-rod whan the man misremimbered.'" It has been explained just before that "'Tis only a *dah* and a Snider that makes a dacoit. Widout thim he's a paceful cultivator, an' felony for to shoot." Another remarkable military story is "The Madness of Private Ortheris." Ortheris goes out shooting with his friend Mulvaney and the narrator. They shoot "four pariah-dogs, four green parrots sitting, one kite by the burning-ghaut, one snake flying, one mud-turtle, and eight crows." Then they lunch and drink beer, and after lunch, Private Ortheris, instead of getting drunk, is seized with an insane and unaccountable attack of home-sickness. He delivers a monologue upon the wretched lot of a private soldier in India:—"I'm Tommy—a bloomin', eight-anna, dog-stealin' Tommy, with a number instead of a decent name." He compares his present woes to the delights of London with an earnestness which ought to command the deepest sympathy of those who are fortunate enough to stay at home. "No bloomin' guard-mountin', no bloomin' rotten-stone, nor khaki, an' yourself your own master, an' a gal to take and see the Humaners practisin' a hookin' dead corpses out of the Serpentine o' Sundays. An' I lef' all that for to serve the Widder beyond the seas, where there ain't no women, and there ain't no liquor worth 'avin', an' there ain't nothin' to see, nor do, nor say, nor feel, nor think. Lord love you, Stanley Orth'ris, but you're a bigger bloomin' fool than the rest of the reg'ment *hand* Mulvaney wired together! There's the Widder sittin' at 'Ome with a gold crown'd on 'er 'ead; an 'ere am Hi, Stanley Orth'ris, the Widder's property, a rottin' FOOL." These ravings, and what follows, give the greatest concern to Ortheris's companions and to the reader, but the affliction passes off, and we are glad to find Ortheris in his right mind and in the highest spirits, three months later, in the story called "The Three Musketeers." The military stories happen to have been dwelt on here, but there are many tales of civilians, and indeed of natives, that are really quite as good. The reader should not omit to peruse the head-notes of the stories, especially when they are in verse. It seems probable that a considerable proportion are Mr. Kipling's own. One advantage in the extreme shortness of the stories is that, as they are read in a few minutes, their incidents are easily forgotten, and they may be read again with fresh pleasure after a short interval. For this reason, and because it is small, the book is one to buy, and not merely to get from the library.

In *Sylvia Arden* Mr. Oswald Crawfurd has performed a rather ingenious feat. He brings two large and strong men on the scene, and makes it clear that one of them is an atrocious villain, and the other the ingenuous victim of his wiles. No unfair means of deceit are used, and yet it is extremely difficult for novel-readers of the widest experience to make up their minds which is which. The story is put into the mouth of a visitor to Scarfell Chase, a desolate patch of land by the sea-side, some ten miles by two, which art and nature have combined to render practically inaccessible to any one except the guests of the owner, Mr. Gregory Morson (one of the big men). It is supposed that this country—of which there is a map by way of frontispiece—contains or did contain gold, and on the command of this gold the evolution of the plot depends. It is a tremendous plot, and is worked out with much skill. Attempted murders (5), excusable homicides (2), and premature interment (1), lend all their charms to the vivacious story, which easily carries the reader through the volume at a single sitting, unless something much more serious than the arrival of say 2.30 A.M. happens to interrupt it. The weak point of the story is the young lady, who is very attractive to the autobiographical hero, but quite uninteresting to the reader. However, that does not matter much, as there is enough without her to be completely engrossing. There is also a little disappointment in the rather shabby destruction of the subsidiary villain, who is really a fiend in human shape, such as one does not often meet with. He is a man of science, which of course affords opportunities, and Mr. Crawfurd makes the most of them. Taken altogether, *Sylvia Arden* is a capital story, which no reasonable person will leave unfinished or regret having read.

Miss Helen Rivette was a sort of miracle of beauty, intelligence, and virtue. This statement is made on the authority of Mr. Cyril Bennett, her historiographer. That part of the world in which she moved appreciated her inadequately, and the reader of Mr. Bennett's novel is more inclined to sympathize with Miss Rivette's world than with Mr. Bennett. The Rivette household consisted mainly of Miss Helen and of her mamma, who appreciated her less than anybody. They lived in a villa a little way out of Naples, and jogged along with an indifferent degree of comfort until one day Helen saw a cloud rising over St. Angelo. From that moment her affairs went from bad to worse. Almost immediately lightning came out of the cloud and slew Mr. Rivette, her father, thereby depriving the reader of the honour of his acquaintance. The news was brought to his widow and daughters by one Pierson, between whom and Helen a decorous amour promptly sprang up, and presently blossomed into a matrimonial engagement. This Pierson was a sort of [illegible] relation of Tito Melema, and he and his proceedings are much the best things in the book. The engagement was not, and it was obvious from the first that it could not come to good, and at the end of the second (and last) volume Helen paid the penalty of her want of cynicism. The scene of the story is transferred at an early stage of its development to England, where we are introduced to a high-born and fastidious baronet, his weak-minded maiden sister, a strong-minded schoolmistress, and so on. Also a completely fresh romance about a worthy doctor, with a nice but exceedingly young daughter, and a suitable lover for the latter, is annexed by the slenderest of threads to the woes of Helen Rivette. Could any land-agent have seriously wanted to marry immediately a little girl who wore her hair down her back, and would have looked forward to at least another year in the schoolroom if there had been such a thing on the doctor's premises? Howard Daly did, and he got his way—as far as an engagement went—surprisingly soon. His story and that of Madie (with her hair down) is in no degree different from those of other commonplace heroes and heroines.

There is a certain sort of novel about the only daughter of an amiable but self-indulgent father given to gambling. It runs on narrow lines, and is always dull. Such a story is *Philippa Fairfax*, and it is therefore quite unworthy of Mrs. Hodgson Burnett. The father has to die, either by suicide or of consumption. Mr. Fairfax adopts the latter course, and Philippa is left desolate until her young man surmounts the fictitious misunderstanding between himself and her, and marries her according to the rule. There is really nothing in the little story more novel and exciting than the circumstance that when Philippa and her lover Wilfred went courting in a boat they were observed, "Phil sitting at the prow, in her light dress, and Wilfred bending to his oars." Wilfred was a particularly abject and odious youth, but that is no reason why he should be such a jackass as to put his lady-love behind him. Besides, the boat must have been down by the head. Mrs. Hodgson Burnett can notoriously do so very much better than this that her condescension is to be regretted.

Dolly Loraine is really the story of Humphrey Armstrong. As they married each other the misnomer is of little consequence. She was a vulgar and not particularly attractive young woman; but he was a blameless prig, and deserved no better. The plot turns on the authorship of an anonymous novel, which is rather ingeniously concealed. There are two drawbacks to it; first, that everything, except some irrelevant foolishness about the prig turning out to be the long-lost heir to a peerage and a fortune, is satisfactorily worked out quite early in the second volume, so that the residue drags. Secondly, that the villain of the story is a young lady whom the unreflecting reader is apt at the beginning to suppose to be the heroine. Her manners are much better than those of Dolly, the real heroine, and her discomfiture at the hands of the latter jars uncomfortably. All this is bad art. Novelists should not finesse. The reader ought, without any effort on his part, to dislike the villains, and take a sympathetic interest in the heroes, from the moment of their introduction. It is disagreeable to find that one has misplaced one's sympathies. The art of fiction consists in effecting a commonplace thing—namely, the triumph of virtue and the confusion of the wicked, in a fresh and pleasing manner. Only good novelists can do this; but anybody can produce an effect by rounding on his own creations. If Miss Morley will bear this general truth in mind there is no reason why she should not write a good story some day. She should also beware of making her subsidiary villains irresistibly suggestive of well-known living personages.

Crane Court is entirely free from the faults of *Dolly Loraine*, and if less ingenious in plot, is quite equal to it as a piece of reasonably well-written English. It is a simple, pleasing tale, and the people are agreeable to read about. It consists mainly of an account of the mutual love affairs of a thoroughly amiable country gentleman and three of his neighbours, two of them being also tenants of his mansion-house, which falling rents had compelled him to let. He is a widower, with one little boy; and the child and his relations with his father are very nicely done. There are some heart-burnings in various quarters, but they all come right. The heroine, Madeline Delmar, makes up to her impoverished landlord by means of a great friendship with his son. She always addresses him as "My little man," and as he was eight years old it is difficult to believe that he would have stood it. Her brother Owen is represented as a terrible Radical, and, incongruously, as a very good fellow. But these are small blots. It is a pretty story, nicely told.

It is hardly long enough since the publication of *Vice Versâ* to justify the writing of *Francis and Frances*. The idea is that there are twins, who live in turns for a day each. Twenty-four hours after their birth one disappeared, and twenty-four hours later that one reappeared and the other disappeared, and they repeated the manœuvre with exact punctuality every afternoon for twenty years, complications naturally ensuing. One was a boy and the other a girl, and their mother, being much distressed by their eccentric behaviour, endeavoured, with a surprising degree of success, to conceal it, and called them Francis and Frances so as not to be detected in speaking of either to persons acquainted only with the other. At the end of twenty years, though Frances duly appeared, Francis did not disappear, and this happened just at a moment when it would have been most inconvenient if he had. Before that the one had always come just where the other had left off; but this time Frances appeared in her mother's drawing-room though her brother was at some distance. Oddly enough, they had grown as fast as if they had both been in the flesh all along, and were not ten, but twenty. The book is very dull and very ill written. Magic should be either awesome, like Undine, or burlesque, like the [illegible] Bultitude; but *Francis and Frances* is merely prosaic. Under such conditions the human mind refuses to take an interest in what could not

happen. If the idea had been reasonably fresh, it would have done credit to the anonymous author. In that case the execution would have been altogether unworthy of it.

There is very little to say about *The Web of Fate*. The name is not inappropriate, and would do as well for five novels out of six as for this one. There is bigamy in it, and burglary, and murder, and manslaughter, and suicide, and marriage, and love, and jealousy, and a vastly successful detective. There is an impecunious father of a virtuous daughter who marries the hero. Two villains, male and female, plot against the happiness of the hero and heroine, and duly come to grief. Perhaps the merit of the story is the greatness of the grief to which Marcia, the she-villain, comes, in just retribution for her abominable conduct. The novel is written, not especially badly, and by no means especially well. There are some villagers who discourse at an alehouse from time to time in such a way as faintly to suggest *Silas Marner*—a suggestion which Mr. Wilding would have done well to avoid.

THE PRIMA DONNA.*

As readers are doubtless aware, publishers are obliged to send a copy of every new book that is issued to the British Museum; and the manner in which the heaps and piles of volumes daily increase is really alarming. One wondeis where, a few years hence, storage room will be found for all the books that are turned out; and certainly it is a heavy responsibility to add to the number. But, supposing that a Committee of Taste considered the question of what works should be added to the national store, and rejected those that were unworthy of the distinction, such as the republication in book form of matter which had already appeared and did not deserve to be reprinted; poems to which the Horatian advice "Nonumque prematur in annum" has not been applied; writings in general which are issued at the author's expense, and books which are mainly made up of books already in existence? Instead of a daily waggon-load, a small spring-cart would be amply sufficient to bear the burden to Great Russell Street. Our Committee of Taste would scarcely have rejected Mr. Sutherland Edwards's *Prima Donna*, but we think it would have requested him to reduce his two volumes to one. Few men are better qualified to write about the wayward and fascinating product of comparatively modern art whose history is here treated; for Mr. Sutherland Edwards, having strong musical sympathies and appreciation, has devoted much time and attention to the subject, and, though we have certain faults to find with him which will be presently stated, we must admit he writes in a remarkably easy and pleasant style, which makes his sketches attractive; but the Committee would point out that a considerable proportion of *The Prima Donna* had already appeared in various forms, and it would draw special attention to a work in two volumes, called *Queens of Song*, which was published a few years ago by Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co., and goes over a great deal of the ground which Mr. Edwards now retreads. We think we know pretty nearly all that is to be known about Catalani, Pasta, Sontag, Malibran, Sophie Arnould, Mara, Jenny Lind—to use the old name—and other well-known singers; and we do not find that Mr. Edwards tells us anything new about them—we doubt, indeed, whether there is anything new to be told. The public history of these artists and at least as much of their private history as concerns the world have been related at considerable length in many places, and it is a little bold of our author to tell the old tales again.

Mr. Edwards is more interesting when he speaks of singers from personal knowledge of them, for then we come to something that is new. Of Mario and Grisi a great deal has been written, but the author has been able to procure details from Mrs. Godfrey Pearce, Mario's daughter, and from Mr. Willert Beale, an intimate friend of the family. Mr. Beale takes us to Mulgrave House, Fulham, which Mario occupied for a time, and gives a very pleasant picture of the place and its occupants. Mario is not yet down to breakfast, though it is past midday, but Donna Giulia, with an unbecoming garden hat on her head—"but I am very certain," Mr. Beale says, "that you will never forget those laughter-loving eyes that beam on you from under the far-reaching brim of the ugly hat—at least if you do, you are less impressionable than any of your fellow-creatures who have ever had the honour of speaking to Giulia Grisi"—is watching her children at play on the lawn around her, and—prosaic occupation for Valentina!—checking the little red account books of the local tradesmen.

> "'Raoul' at length comes on to the lawn, of course smoking a cigar. I never knew him without one, and have seen him take a sponge bath with a lighted cigar in his mouth, while holding an enormous sponge with both hands over his head. There never was a more inveterate smoker. It did not matter what he had to smoke so long as it had any claim to be called tobacco. Not that he was indifferent to the quality of his cigars; on the contrary, he always bought the very best to be obtained, but would put up with any kind rather than be deprived of his favourite luxury.
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> "'How do you do? Will you smoke?' he slowly exclaims, saluting us courteously and offering us his cigar-case, in very broken English, which he will continue to try and speak, out of compliment to you, unless you happen to be proficient in French or Italian.
>
> "He is most plainly dressed, as I have already teld you he would be—a slouch hat, loose shirt and necktie, shooting jacket and trousers completing his attire. He is, nevertheless, one of the most picturesque figures you ever saw; his skin tawny with the sun, long dark eyelashes, thin, black, pointed beard, and exceptionally handsome features forming an *ensemble* as effective as any painter could dream of for a subject. He invites us to stay to lunch, and the invitation is repeated by Donna Giulia, but as your seem to think we have already exceeded the limits of a morning call, we decline, and assure them we must return to town."

We do not remember having heard of Mario's strong superstition as to the evil influences of Friday and of the number 13. Sir Julius Benedict relates an anecdote on this head. One Thursday night, the 12th of the month, Mario was engaged to sing at a house in Belgrave Square, and that house No. 13. Knowing his fancies on the subject, Sir Julius concealed the fact that the number was that which Mario regarded as fatal to his peace; but when they drove up to the door he noted the dreadful figure—and at that moment the clock struck twelve; it was Friday. The combination was so alarming that, in spite of all his friend's arguments and representations, Mario insisted on being driven straight home.

Mr. Edwards's experience of the opera seems to have extended over some forty years, during which time he has heard all that has been best worth hearing; but he most certainly has not turned his knowledge and recollections to the best account. One thing that he should have done was to tell us the parts in which, in his opinion, the *prime donne* he introduces were most successful, and by what special qualities and characteristics the success was achieved. Instead of this, in chapters headed by the names of various great singers, we find a good deal of what is suspiciously like padding, and certainly much matter which is not legitimately introduced. Thus more than three-fourths of the chapter professedly on "Bosio" is not about Bosio at all, but contains a long description of Glinka's opera, *Life for the Tzar*, which was produced at Covent Garden last season. Bosio did not even sing in this opera, and Mr. Edwards drags in his account by the neck with the clumsy preface, "As interesting, in a different way, though less fascinating than the singing of Angiolina Bosio, was the performance, during the coronation festivities, of the national Russian opera by Glinka." Quite so; but all this—there are more than eight pages of it, and less than four about the *prima donna*—has not the remotest connexion with Bosio. The "Titiens" chapter, which treats the lamented singer very inadequately, is spun out by reference to the *Ring des Nibelungen*, no note of which she can ever have heard. The "Albani" chapter, again, includes an essay on Wagnerism; we are told how Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer were the select objects of Wagner's satire and invective; and once more that all too familiar anecdote of Wagner ostentatiously putting on a pair of white gloves before conducting one of Mendelssohn's symphonies at a Philharmonic concert is pressed into service. This is not playing the game. What we naturally look for, and do not find, are detailed descriptions of Mlle. Titiens as, say, the Leonora of *Fidelio* and the Valentina of *Les Huguenots*; of Mme. Nilsson as Margherita in the operas of Gounod and Boito; of Mme. Patti as Rosina and Dinorah; and it would have been instructive if an account had been added of what was lacking in her Valentina and in some of the other "dramatic soprano" parts in which deficiencies have been observable. Mme. Lucca, again, might have been described in the characters of Cherubino and Selika. Mr. Edwards does nothing to bring before our imaginations the personages of whom he writes. That Mme. Nilsson brought into unusual prominence the part of Elvira in *Don Giovanni* the author does note, but he should have told us by what means this was done; and we may passingly differ from his opinion that "the lamentations of this ill-used lady are not, as a rule, thought to form the most interesting part of Mozart's opera." Surely Donna Elvira has to sing some of the most charming music in the score? There are other omissions which render the book very incomplete. The name of Mme. Sembrich is not once mentioned, yet she certainly made her mark. Mme. Neveda's name occurs once, incidentally, in a quotation from an American newspaper. The existence of Mme. Scalchi is ignored, though a word might well have been said about her. Mme. Trebelli, we are glad to see, is not neglected. The book deals exclusively with *prime donne* who have been heard in England.

It is perhaps natural that the longest chapter should be devoted to Mme. Patti. Her first meeting with Mme. Lucca is amusingly described, though, by the way, as Mr. Edwards remarks several times in his book that Mmes. Patti, Nilsson, and Lucca were all born in the same year, 1843, the observation that in 1859 "Mme. Lucca was about the same age as her rival" is scarcely needed.

> On arriving at Berlin Mdlle. Patti, as a stranger and as the last comer, hastened to pay Mdlle. Lucca a visit. Mdlle. Lucca lived at this time on a fourth floor (though the loftiness of one's abode has not so much significance in Continental capitals as in London), and she received her visitors—Maurice Strakosch and his sister-in-law—not only in her bed-room, but in bed. "Between the sheets," writes Strakosch, "she looked like a child; and with her first words she expressed her astonishment at seeing Adelina Patti, who, like herself, was a delicate and adorable little creature. 'What!' repeated Lucca, as if in spite of herself, 'are you the great Patti?' No rivalry existed between the two singers except on the stage. Away from the theatre they remained on the most friendly terms. In spite of the press, which showed itself hostile, Adelina Patti triumphed with the public; and King William, who was not yet Emperor, attended all her performances, and went to congratulate her in her box."

At this time Mme. Patti was receiving 1,000 francs a night (and Mme. Lucca only 1,000 francs a month); since then 1,000*l.* a performance has been given for her services, and her terms are so high that no impresario can by any possibility pay them. Yet,

* *The Prima Donna: her History and Surroundings from the Seventeenth to the Nineteenth Century.* By H. Sutherland Edwards. a vols. London: Remington & Co. 1888.

as Mr. Edwards points out in one of the very few passages of criticism which he writes, Mme. Patti herself does not fill a theatre when she represents the heroine of an uninteresting opera. Neither *Esmeralda* (Signor Campana's), *Gelmina*, nor *Velléda* obtained the least success, though all three were produced by Mme. Patti's special desire and were aided by her best efforts. We should have been glad to find more about *prime donne* as artists on the stage and something less of the American interviewer, though, at the same time, we are not always inclined to accept Mr. Edwards's criticism. That Signor Nicolini was, "after the retirement of Mario, the best tenor of his day," is an assertion that we certainly cannot support; nor does it seem to us reasonable on the author's part to say that, "disapproving of his conduct, the British public also disapproved of his singing"—the implication being that he was condemned as an artist for purely private reasons. The American public also disapproved of Signor Nicolini, and American critics satirized his performances in their own peculiar, but in its way effective, fashion. Mr. Edwards, indeed, himself points out the great defect in this tenor's singing; "his voice left something to be desired—it was wanting in firmness" he admits. This is a mild statement of the fact that he had ruined his voice by bad production, that he was sorely given to shouting, and that the vice of the *tremolo*, which English audiences have the good taste to abominate, was more painfully conspicuous in his singing than in that of any other vocalist who has been heard in London. Of Mme. Albani Mr. Edwards writes with exaggerated enthusiasm; the critic disappears in the eulogist. A few years since Mme. Albani's shake was, in truth, not a shake at all, and great praise is due to her for the diligence with which she has practised to improve it; but Mr. Edwards oversteps the mark in describing it now as "marvellous." The book has little critical value because the weak points of the various singers are not touched upon by the too amiable writer. Good service would have been done to the cause of art if the author had cautioned young singers against the extravagances which are apt to mar the very capable and skilful vocalization of Mme. Albani. On the other hand, very much less than justice is done to Mme. Lucca, who is richly gifted with that dramatic capacity which is equally rare and valuable. There is much in these volumes which suggests the casual newspaper essay. They are certainly not nearly as good as Mr. Sutherland Edwards could have made them had he cared to devote time and care to his task. He is, however, well versed in musical matters, and will amuse readers who are interested in opera and its exponents.

ST. MARY BOURNE.*

A LARGE and handsome volume, such as the one before us, on the history of a single parish, deserves to be treated with some respect; for it declares that its author loves and reverences his subject, and has treated it in the ample, leisurely fashion which distinguishes the work of a past generation of local antiquaries. The parish of St. Mary Bourne, in Northern Hampshire, though destitute of any historical associations, affords abundant materials for archæological discussion in the shape of the remains of pit-dwellings, flint instruments, barrows, and a small camp. Of all these Mr. Stevens gives a full account, illustrated by some clearly-drawn engravings. He traces the history of the manor of Hurstbourne Priors, the seat of the Earls of Portsmouth, from its first appearance in a charter of the reign of Egbert down to the present time, enlarges on the old customs of the village, on its revel, and on the use of the stocks and the scold's bridle; describes the churches of St. Mary Bourne and Hurstbourne, gives extracts from the parish books and the assize and subsidy rolls, and has collected several notices of the neighbouring forest of Chute and Finkley, from the reign of Henry III. to its partial disafforestation by Charles II. for the benefit of a member of the loyal house of Paulet. Thorough as his work is on all purely local matters, he goes wildly astray when he ventures on points of wider importance. He holds antiquated notions as to the relations between tithings and hundreds, translates "carucata" by "a plough," and announces, on the authority of Hutchins's *History of Dorset*, that tithes are "first expressly mentioned in the constitution (*sic*) of Egbert, Archbishop of York"; he has evidently never heard of the undoubtedly genuine Penitential of Archbishop Theodore. The ceorl, he says, "was in the lowest grade of husbandmen"; he has naturally forborne to describe the higher grades. He is much exercised by the Domesday entry that certain thegns might "go whither they would," and considers that "the remark seems to imply that they had not inherited but acquired freedom of locomotion," which is certainly a very queer comment. His ideas as to historical authority may be gathered from his reference to "Brompton" as the authority for the statement that the Conqueror blinded men who killed hart or hind, and the value of his etymological [illegible] from the suggestion that the first syllable of Hysseburn, [illegible] under which Hurstbourne appears in King Alfred's will, may mean "his or of him," and "refer to the place as the property of the King; for it formerly belonged to him."

* *Parochial History of St. Mary Bourne; with an Account of the Manor of Hurstbourne Priors.* By Joseph Stevens, M.R.C.Phys., Local Member of Council for Berks, and [illegible] for Hants, British Archæological Association. London: Whiting & Co. 1888.

The Glossary of provincial words used in Northern Hampshire, to be found at the end of the volume, contains such verbs as to "chaff," to "chuck," to "crib," and to "hide," and such nouns as "flail," "pip," and "quod," all of which we fancy we have heard frequently in many other parts of England; indeed, there are not a dozen words in this Glossary that are not in general use, at least among the agricultural poor.

ETON CLASSICAL BOOKS.*

MR. CORNISH'S Notes to the Odes, Carmen Sæculare, and Epodes of Horace are said to be intended for the use of boys in the lower and middle forms of a public school. They are bound in a separate volume from the text, which has been published in advance. They are elementary, but, on the whole, business-like. The fault is that too much help is given, and sometimes it is given in the wrong way. At Co. III. xii. 4-6, on

> Tibi qualum Cythereæ puer ales, tibi telas
> Operosæque Minervæ studium aufert, Neobule,
> Liparæi nitor Hebri, &c.

Mr. Cornish (as at many other places) arranges the words in their grammatical order:—"puer ales (adj.) Cythereæ aufert qualum tibi, Neobule; nitor Liparæi Hebri aufert telas &c. tibi." This is to descend to Anthon's level, and to rob a Latin lesson of any mental stimulus which it might have administered. It would be better to give an honest crib, and let the boy sort the words for himself. To tell him that *amando* = *amore* (without telling him that the ablative gerund is very seldom used transitively), and that *non indecoro* = *decoro*, is to be superfluous and useless; and to distinguish (three times over) between *lĕvis* and *lēvis* is to demoralize a boy by teaching him to rely on his book instead of his brains. It would do him more good to make his mistake and receive the appropriate correction. Here and there Mr. Cornish has omitted to give a note where it would be required, as *e.g.* on the superior power to calm as well as to raise the Hadriatic waves which Horace has attributed to the South wind. On the fatherly kindness shown by Proculeius to his brothers it is not enough to say "the gen. means in respect of"; and the famous *sustulerat nisi*, &c. is curtly dismissed—"sustulerat = sustulisset, but a more vivid expression." The grammatical explanations are not free from an ambiguity of expression which an unkindly critic would regard as the symptom of mental confusion at Co. I. xxxviii.:—

> Simplici myrto nihil allabores
> Sedulus curo.

Mr. Cornish declares *allabores* to be "a jussive subjunctive dependent on *curo*." (Perhaps he is right in not saying which verb is qualified by the *sedulus*.) On *Titanas immanemque turmam* he says that the *-que* is redundant; a criticism which would be itself redundant, even if it were correct. In his note on the matrimonial endearments of Mæcenas and "Licymnia" Mr. Cornish misses a point by not minding his moods. He translates, "the kisses which it gives her more pleasure to yield than you to ask." The mood of *gaudeat* and the strong expression *eripi* point to the lady's being secretly annoyed because the gentleman is parleying when he ought to take the citadel by storm. At iii. 3, 55 Mr. Cornish talks about "a relative sentence (*qua parte debacchentur ignes*) depending on *visere*" in "*visere gestiens*." But, taken as a whole, the book is correct and useful. Mr. Cornish is careful to mark prosodical or metrical anomalies, such as *manēt* before *humor*, *siliŭa*, and the *hiatus* in the reading *Dædaleo | ocior.* The allusions to names and places are sufficiently explained; and the passages which present a reasonable choice of different versions are clearly, but shortly, discussed. It is not to be expected in a book intended for young boys that the familiar *cruces* should receive a final or a novel treatment, as *e.g.* Ep. v. 87, 88:—

> Venena magnum fas nefasque non valent
> Convertere humanam vicem.

This is rendered, "Sorceries have no power to change the great [laws of] right and wrong as if they were human affairs." This is very far indeed from being plausible; but Mr. Cornish is justified in saying that the couplet is difficult and the reading doubtful. Judged by the standard of classical books intended for school use Mr. Cornish's "Notes to Horace" is a considerable performance.

A very different rank is taken by the *Eton Latin Grammar*, which has been compiled and written by Mr. Rawlins and Mr. Inge. The name of the book is familiar, but the appearance of it will give a severe shock to the veterans who learned their declensions and conjugations in the dear old antiquated, sensible *Eton Latin Grammar*. It is the fashion to congratulate, but we are more inclined to commiserate, the rising generation on the books which are published for their instruction. When we had learned the old Eton Grammar by heart, we felt ourselves able to tackle any Latin author. We looked upon grammar, not as an [illegible] itself, but as the means without which we could not under-

* *The Eton Horace: Notes to the Odes, Carmen Sæculare, and Epodes.* By F. W. Cornish, M.A., Assistant-Master at Eton College. London: John Murray. 1888.

The Eton Latin Grammar. [illegible] By Francis Hay Rawlins, M.A., and William Ralph Inge, M.A., Fellows of King's College, Cambridge, and Assistant-Masters at Eton College. London: John Murray. 1888.

stand our Cæsar and Ovid, our Cicero and Virgil. It never occurred to us to ask how it was that the present infinitive passive of *expleo* came to be *expleri*. We simply accepted the fact. We knew that Lucretius chose to write *explerier*, but we attributed this fact partly to the well-known vagaries of all early writers, and partly to metrical considerations. We were inclined to apply Artemus Ward's remark on Chaucer, "He was a good poet, but he couldn't spell." But Mr. Inge and Mr. Rawlins, following the new guides in scholarship, and going back to old writers and ancient inscriptions, start with the bold assertion that the infin. act. in *-se*, *-rĕ*, and *-rĕ*, is an old locative case, which in one instance (*fieri*) appears as *-ri*. Probably, therefore, the *-r* in *explerier*, &c., is equivalent to the *-se*; the *ĕ* is a link vowel; and the *-ri-* is either a form such as in *fieri*, with the *i* weakened to *i* (as in *audiet*), or the ordinary inf. act. form in *-rĕ* changed to *-ri* to avoid the double *e*. If this theory is correct (it appears to be original with Messrs. Rawlins and Inge), the conclusion is that only the forms in *-ier* "are really middle" (passive), and that the forms in *-i* "are really active." Our only present objection is to the use of the word "really," by which, we presume, "originally" is meant. It would not be fair to quote this as a sample of the grammatical theories which are advanced and (many of them) established in *The Eton Latin Grammar*. This is a confessedly speculative passage. A similar point is discussed in one of the Appendices—"On the Future Forms in -SO (-SSO), -SIM (-SSIM), (-SSERE), and -SITUR (-SSITUR)." There is throughout the book a scientific determination to explain the classical forms by tracing them back through archaic survivals to their primitive origins, chiefly by help of the more or less ascertained "Laws of Sound Change," such as the tendency of every vowel to sink towards *i*, down the scale *a*, *o*, *u*, *e*, *i*; the insertion of a link vowel (to bridge over a difficulty of pronunciation); the assimilation of consonants by consonants; the loss of consonants before consonants; and the loss of final consonants. Sometimes these principles are supported by examples which are themselves hypothetical, as when it is assumed (in illustration of the last-named tendency) that in the declension of *-a* stems (First Declension) there once existed an Old Latin form in *-ais* for the nominative plural. An analogous liberty is taken with regard to the nominative plural in the declension of *o-* stems (Second Declension), where it is assumed that an original form existed in *-ois*. It is fair to say that every statement which is unverified, and every argument which rests even partly on hypothetical grounds, are frankly stated for just as much as they are worth. There is no attempt to obscure a possible objection or to conceal any weak link in the chain of reasoning. The only serious fault which can be found in that part of the book which is devoted to Accidence is that the tendency to treat normal and exceptional forms upon terms of perfect equality makes it a dangerous book for any but advanced students. If Latin grammar is to be studied scientifically (a question which seems to have been decided, and which we do not wish to raise), it would be impossible to lay a more solid foundation than by mastering the new *Eton Latin Grammar*. But, unless boys are more clever and more industrious than they used to be, they will be detained so long with the grammar that they will never reach the authors. It cannot be said that the Syntax has been quite brought up to modern requirements. There are no marked deficiencies, there is not a single inaccuracy which we could detect, but the treatment is skimpy, dogmatic, and even irrational. Some of the explanations of familiar constructions are plainly insufficient, as in the case of "the accusative and infinitive." The infinitive (a semi-abstract verbal substantive) is declared to be too impersonal and substantival in its nature to stand as a predicate to a nominative subject; therefore, the "subject of the infinitive" is to be regarded as the field of action of the verb; and, therefore, it must be put in the accusative. No attempt is made to explain the accusative which is combined by poets and poetical writers with "the passive (middle) forms of active verbs used reflexively," as in *Lævo suspensi loculos tabulamque lacerto*; and it is not correct to limit the construction to nouns standing for "*parts of the body*" or to verbs of *donning* and *doffing*. One of the best passages in the book is the very clear appendix on the "future perfect and aorist subjunctive," a matter of importance in Syntax as well as in Accidence, though both of these tenses in both voices are in form identical with the perfect subjunctive. The Roman methods of calculating the day of the month, the standards of measurement, and the varying systems of coinage, are succinctly explained. There is considerable merit in the treatment of the subjunctive mood, especially so far as it is concerned with the different kinds of conditional sentences. Elaborate rules are laid down for the pronunciation of the Latin vowels, consonants, and diphthongs. The reasons are not stated. That was, perhaps, as well. It is difficult to understand why the appendix was added which professes to deal with the styles of Sallust, Livy, and Tacitus within the narrow limits of three pages. Cicero, it may be mentioned, is left severely alone. It is still more difficult to imagine why Sallust is declared to be "the first Latin prose writer who paid any attention to style." To drop Cicero out of the question, Cæsar is generally supposed to have taken considerable pains, and to have achieved some little success, in Latin prose composition. Again, it is a bold thing to assign to Seneca the first place among the writers of his time, considering that he was contemporary with Persius, Lucan, and Petronius, and overlapped with Martial, Juvenal, and Quintilian. In a book of the magnitude, importance, and difficulty of *The Eton Latin Grammar* it would not be hard to detect shortcomings, but such as they are they are greatly counterbalanced by sterling merits. The book has come out in time to occupy a vacant place in classical scholarship, and it will not be easily superseded, especially as it is intended to subject future editions to "such revision and amendment as may seem requisite to the school authorities from time to time." It is pleasant to find that a school which has always been associated with all that was best and brightest and most elegant in the old-fashioned scholarship has shown itself able to grasp, assimilate, and reproduce the solid and subtle results of modern research and recent speculation.

THE WEST INDIES.*

MR. FROUDE is not only a prolific writer of books himself, but he is also a fertile cause of books being written. His *English in the West Indies* bids fair to be the bone of contention which will be fought over at Anti-slavery meetings or Planters' Associations, and it will be quoted with approbation or disgust as suits the views of the combatants. This must cause Mr. Froude considerable amusement. Mr. Salmon was once President of the island of Nevis, and in that capacity was familiar with a portion of the black population of the British West Indies; he was also formerly Colonial Secretary and Administrator of the Gold Coast, and as such may be supposed to know something of the African at home. He therefore claims to speak with much greater authority on the subject of this race than Mr. Froude, whose experience of the West Indies was only during a visit of a few weeks, and who once made a trip to South Africa, from whence none of the slaves in bygone times were drafted. Yet this fund of knowledge has been stored up for years, and this scheme of a "Caribbean Confederation," which may be cited as the short title of Mr. Salmon's book with a very long name, would never have seen the light if it had not been for Mr. Froude. Perhaps the solution lies in this; President, Secretary, Administrator, and Commissioner though he has been, Mr. Salmon is, before all things, a member of the Cobden Club, and his acute perceptions detect a veiled attack upon opinions dear to that political body. He says:—

> What, then, is the object of this [Mr. Froude's] book? Its object is to put before us in a pleasant way Mr. Froude's theories on government generally. . . . Mr. Froude went to the West Indies and returns with a figure of the British black man draped out of all recognition as a warning to Englishmen to avoid that unclean thing, local self-government. Mr. Froude stands behind the black man to deliver his blows at somebody nearer home.

If for "local self-government" we read the words "Home Rule," we shall better grasp Mr. Salmon's meaning, and be able to put life into the mysterious Somebody; we can then conjure up the striking picture of Mr. Froude tilting at Mr. Gladstone from behind a negro—a fine subject which we recommend to the notice of *Punch*. As a member of the Cobden Club, also, Mr. Salmon is naturally not humorous, or he would see the absurdity of charging Mr. Froude with a want of accuracy. He admits that the book is a brilliant and interesting one, and we can imagine Mr. Froude lifting his hands in amazement and asking what more he expects. Good English, picturesque descriptions of men and things, eloquent sketches of history, touched up it may be with local colour, these are what people demand of Mr. Froude, and they get them. But accuracy! surely we have learnt long ago not to expect such a commonplace thing as that. The gist of the contention is, that while Mr. Froude considers that the West Indies in general and the negro in particular would benefit by being placed under autocratic but paternal rule, Mr. Salmon would establish at once a scheme of "local self-government" for every island, with a low franchise to allow the black man to exercise full political rights, so that the control might not be in the hands of a white oligarchy. He points to Barbados as a place where the franchise is reasonably low, and where the island has always practically governed itself, with the result that it has, on the whole, since emancipation, been the most prosperous of the West India group. "The Barbadian black man," he says, "is noted for being the most intelligent labourer in the West Indies." But he leaves out of his calculations that from her prosperity Barbados has been able to spend more upon education than her less fortunate sister islands. She now devotes 15,000*l.* per annum to education, or more than 10 per cent. of her entire revenue, and the expenditure is gradually bearing fruit. Surely Mr. Salmon would admit that in the islands where, from failure of revenue or other causes, education is very backward, the negro (omitting the exceptions which exist everywhere) is not as yet fitted for full political rights. It is no use to write grand passages about the capacities of the Africans in their native state, to say, "If rightly approached, we find the people capable of religious fervency and steadfastness; if supplied with schools, we see them eagerly filled; if scholarship be put in their way, we see them acquire it and retain it; and, what is more and better, we see them become masters in their turn to pass on the torch to their backward brethren. They love the Bible and become expert theologians, fitted to found sees and to gather together and direct congrega-

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* *The Caribbean Confederation.* By C. S. Salmon. London: Cassell & Co.

The Land of the Pink Pearl. By L. D. Powles. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1888.

tions"; or, again, to tell us "there are countless provinces where a chief of ancient descent lives a patriarchal life, respected by his people"; and that the "slave-dealer and the gin-bottle" have been the only hindrances to the African's attaining a civilization as high as ours, if, indeed, he did not attain to it formerly; for the records of it, Mr. Salmon thinks, "may perhaps be buried for ever in the densities of jungle and forest." All this, even if it were true, would be beside the mark, and it is too late to descant upon the evils of slavery and its results; the problem in the West Indies is to deal with the negro as he is, not as he might be or as he ought to be. As to his character, there has been a great deal of exaggeration on both sides. Too much has been said of his laziness; what is meant is that he is improvident. As long as he is at work he will do his work fairly well; and, if it is of a kind he likes, the amount he will get through is astonishing. But he does not see the necessity for laying by, and does not care to work for much more than will support him; in which he probably does not stand alone. He is sober, most likely beyond his fellows anywhere; and here we should like to ask the question, How is it that the African, when in his grand wild state which we are so often told about, is so prone to the attractions of the "gin-bottle," while his brother, degraded, as we are also told, by the remembrance or traditions of slavery, having rum produced around him in abundance, and cheaper than anywhere in the world, remains quite untouched by its influence? Has slavery done something for him after all? He is cheerful, contented with little, and capable of lasting and ardent attachment; and yet with all his good qualities there is much that is still wanting. His vague ideas about *meum* and *tuum*, his unsatisfactory notions about domestic morality, the ease with which he is swayed by any passing oratory or political agitator, and, in spite of Mr. Salmon's "scholars" and "expert theologians," the generally retrograde progress of his intellect after he has attained the age of fourteen or fifteen, all tend to show that to grant him as yet absolute political power would be as great a mistake now as it was fifty years ago to turn him loose from slavery without providing for his mental equipment. Some of us have tasted the champagnes of 1884; they are as yet raw and green, but with elements of great promise; if we drank much of them now they would probably disagree with us very seriously, but if kept for a few years, with proper treatment they will be as good wines as were ever produced. Mr. Salmon wants us to drink them all now.

Nor does the climax of his scheme commend itself more to our admiration. Mr. Salmon proposes that the fifteen States (including British Guiana and Honduras) comprised in the vast area of the West Indies should send members to a General Assembly in proportion to their population. Where this Assembly is to be held he does not even venture to suggest, but the members are to be 142 in number and to be elected every three years. Above them is to be a Senate of 46 members, and also an Executive Council presided over by a Governor-General. Without going into minor details, conceive the difficulty of getting this great body of duly qualified men to take a long journey every year, to sacrifice weeks if not months of their valuable time (and if the talkative negro were largely present it would be many months) for the purpose of legislating for islands which the majority have never visited, and of whose circumstances they know nothing; for it cannot be too often insisted on that the conditions of different islands are as different as the poles. Nor, if Mr. Salmon's scheme of "local self-government" were acted upon, would the Assembly appear to be of much use, unless it might give an opportunity for the poorer colonies to dive into the pockets of the richer—a proceeding which would bring about disintegration at once. We quite agree with Mr. Salmon that there is great waste in the present system of administration, and the amount of the official salary list is out of proportion to the existing revenues of the islands; but we doubt if the surplus on his scheme would be realized anywhere but on paper, for the expense of providing steam communication, and housing the huge legislative body with the various officials would be immense. With him also we desire to see the principle of self-government extended as much as possible; but it must be carefully done, and according to the conditions of each particular colony, and we fear that his scheme of Confederation would result in as great a sham as that lately perpetrated in the Leeward Islands.

Mr. Powles is quite right in thinking that the majority of Englishmen know next to nothing of the Bahamas, and we would fain hope that his description of the existing state of things is overdrawn, otherwise the Colonial Office has even more sins to answer for than we believed. For *The Land of the Pink Pearl* is not merely a descriptive work; it is the outcome of a man with a grievance, who pours out a very considerable amount of venom against the land which has cast him forth. It is interesting to note that Mr. Powles calls for a Royal Commission to investigate the affairs of the colony, while Mr. Salmon utterly repudiates the conclusions of the Royal Commissioners sent out to the West Indies in 1885. If half what Mr. Powles alleges be true, there is room, indeed, for vast improvement; but there is nothing which a strong Governor, backed by the Colonial Office, could not effect. The Truck system, for instance, might be easily abolished; and any difference of the administration of justice between black and white should be met by the removal of the offending magistrate. It is incredible that a resident justice should have fined five black men twenty shillings each for entering a door of a Methodist Chapel which the white men were in the habit of using, without incurring the censure of the Governor. We commend this instance, as well as an account of a visit to a Shouter Church, to the notice of Mr. Salmon, who is of opinion that Dissenting bodies will be the spiritual regeneration of the West Indies. These colonies are in no need of heroic legislative experiments; they have for the most part just laws, which must be firmly administered, and of course without respect to persons. What is wanted to ensure their prosperity is for the mother country to have some regard for them in the making of treaties and the construction of favoured-nation clauses; or to give them the right of making treaties for themselves. With prosperity will come increased education, schools of art, and further developments which will instruct and stimulate varied industries. But it must be understood that Great Britain is not going to ignore the interests of the West Indies any longer; the world must know that they are on an assured basis, for without stability there will be no capital forthcoming.

TAROTS.*

THE origin and precise signification of the term *tarots*, *tarocs*, or *tarocchi*, is involved in obscurity. According to one interpretation, it refers to the pattern on the backs of the early playing cards, which were marked with lines crossing lozenge-wise and with little spots. Père Menestrier, in his *Bibliothèque curieuse et instructive*, published in 1704, conceives that it was from these fretted lines that cards were named *Tarcuits* and *Cartes Tarautées*, and says that Tare is the same word as *trou*. The term was used in France at an early period, for Chatto mentions in his *History of Playing Cards* that the company, or guild, of cardmakers of Paris call themselves *Tarotiers* in their statutes of 1594. Another interpretation connects the term with the face only of the cards; and an attempt has been made, which Chatto does not consider to be based on any good evidence, to distinguish between Tarocchi or Tarots, properly so called, consisting of painted or engraved figures, and ordinary, or numeral, cards consisting of four suits. Court de Gebelin published in 1781 a dissertation in which he finds in cards an abstract of Egyptian learning; the name Tarocchi, he says, is pure Egyptian, being composed of TAR signifying road, and Roo, which means royal; thus we have Tarog, Tarocchi—the Royal Road. On this derivation Chatto remarks in a note that "by such a road as this Mons. Court de Gebelin seems to have arrived at much of his recondite knowledge of things unknown."

Mr. MacGregor Mathers, in the little volume under review, seems to have improved on this hint of De Gebelin's, and to have struck out a new royal road of his own. From the combinations of the Tarots he deduces, much to his own satisfaction, a complete system of fortune-telling, and finds an occult meaning even in the pips. He is not content with either of the above-mentioned etymologies, but hazards the conjecture that the name is derived "from the ancient hieroglyphical word '*târu*,' to require an answer, or to consult"; hence *tarot* signifies that which is consulted, or from which an answer is required. Imperfect acquaintance with the ancient Egyptian tongue precludes criticism of this derivation, but exception may be taken to the expression "hieroglyphical word," which suggests a certain amount of doubt as to the correctness of the etymology. Surely hieroglyphs are not words, but ideograms—*i.e.* the signs used represent objects not sounds, as in phonetic writing. Occultism is, however, probably superior to such considerations. Mr. Mathers's title-page informs us that he has written a previous work, called *The Kabbalah Unveiled*; in the present treatise the veil is lifted somewhat higher, and he enters into what he is pleased to call the *Qabalistical* signification of the cards—a novelty in the way of spelling which is, perhaps, derived from an ancient Egyptian source, since modern dictionaries fail to give any authority for such a combination of letters.

A pack of Tarots consists of seventy-eight cards, and, from their greater number and variety of combinations, Mr. Mathers considers them far better adapted to fortune-telling than an ordinary pack. There are four suits of numeral cards which, instead of being designated as hearts, clubs, &c., bear the devices of swords, cups, bâtons, and money, clearly indicating their Spanish or Italian origin, as these designations are in use for ordinary cards at the present day in the South of Europe. Each of these suits has an additional honour or coat card—namely, the chevalier. There are besides twenty-two symbolical picture-cards, called Atous, or trumps, of which twenty-one are numbered consecutively from 1 to 21, the 22nd being marked Zero, O, and called the Fou; in playing the game this last card is usually designated Mat, from the Italian *Matto* (fool). It has of itself no positive value, but augments that of any of the other Atous to which it may be joined. Mr. Mathers is so fond of conjectural etymology that it is a pity that he should miss that of M. Duchesne for Atous, quoted by Chatto:—"Ces cartes sont dites a tutti, à tous; c'est-à-dire supérieures à toute autre, et n'appartenant à aucune couleur." Why Mr. Mathers goes out of his way to assert that Bastos or Bâtons answer to our diamonds, and Danari or money to clubs, it is not easy to see; club is a literal translation of Basto; while the Oros and Danari of Spain and Italy, which

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* *The Tarot; its Occult Signification, Use in Fortune-telling, and Method of Play.* By S. L. MacGregor Mathers, Author of "The Kabbalah Unveiled" &c. London: George Redway. 1888.

degenerated into simple squares (carreaux) in France, have in England retained the angular form of the latter, but have been transmuted to the name, very appropriate to their shape, of diamonds.

The designs of the twenty-one trump cards are extremely singular; in order to give some idea of the manner in which Mr. Mather uses them in fortune-telling it is necessary to mention them in detail, together with the general signification which he attaches to each of them. The would-be cartomancer may then draw his own particular conclusions, and he will find considerable latitude for framing them in accordance with his predilections. It should further be mentioned that each of the cards when reversed conveys a meaning the contrary of its primary signification. No. 1 is the Bateleur or Juggler, called also Pagad; the latter designation is adduced by Court de Gebelin in proof of the Oriental origin of Tarots, it being derived from PAG, chief or master, and GAD, fortune. The Juggler symbolizes Will. 2. The High Priestess, or female Pope, represents Science, Wisdom, or Knowledge. 3. The Empress, is the symbol of Action or Initiative. 4. The Emperor, represents Realization or Development. 5. The Hierophant or Pope is the symbol of Mercy and Beneficence. 6. The Lovers, signify Wise Disposition and Trials surmounted. 7. The Chariot, represents Triumph, Victory over Obstacles. 8. Themis or Justice, symbolizes Equilibrium and Justice. 9. The Hermit, denotes Prudence. 10. The Wheel of Fortune, represents Fortune, good or bad. 11. Fortitude, symbolizes Power or Might. 12. The Hanged Man—a man suspended head downwards by one leg—means Devotion, Self-Sacrifice. 13. Death, signifies Transformation or Change. 14. Temperance, typifies Combination. 15. The Devil, is the image of Fate or Fatality. 16. The Lightning-struck Tower, called also Maison-Dieu, shows Ruin, Disruption. 17. The Star, is the emblem of Hope. 18. The Moon, symbolizes Twilight, Deception and Error. 19. The Sun, signifies Earthly Happiness. 20. The Last Judgment, means Renewal, Determination of a matter. 21. The Universe represents Completion and Reward. 0. The Foolish Man, signifies Expiation or Wavering. Separate meanings, with their respective converses, are also attached to each of the other cards in the pack, so that when they have been dealt out and arranged in any of the combinations recommended by the author for purposes of divination, the inquirer has only to use this little volume as a dictionary in order to read his fate. The gaps, it appears, he is at liberty to fill in according to his skill or discretion. The following quotation may be taken as a fair sample of the high-sounding platitudes which result from judicious management, since it is given by Mr. Mathers as a connected reading from the whole series of the twenty-two trumps:—

> The Human *Will* (1) enlightened by *Science* (2), and manifested by *Action* (3), should find its *Realization* (4) in deeds of *Mercy* and *Beneficence* (5); the *Wise Disposition* (6) of this will give him *Victory* (7) through *Equilibrium* (8) and *Prudence* (9), over the fluctuations of *Fortune* (10). *Fortitude* (11), sanctified by *Sacrifice of Self* (12), will triumph over *Death* (13) itself, and thus a wise *Combination* (14) will enable him to defy *Fate* (15). In each *Misfortune* (16) he will see the Star of *Hope* (17) shine through the twilight of *Deception* (18), and ultimate *Happiness* (19) will be the *Result* (20). *Folly* (0), on the other hand, will bring about an evil *Reward* (21).

Mr. Mathers is careful to impress upon his readers that, not only must the pack be thoroughly shuffled and cut, with the double object of turning some cards upside down and of altering their position and sequence in the pack, but also that during this shuffling and cutting the inquirer must think earnestly of the matter concerning which he is anxious for information; for, unless he does this, the cards will rarely read correctly. It is some consolation for those who are not able to fix their attention on the cards with sufficient earnestness to extract from them a correct reading of the future to find that a Tarot pack may be employed for the less recondite purpose of present amusement. Mr. Chatto, in his exhaustive work on playing-cards, has stated that the kind of game for which the emblematical figures, usually called Tarocchi cards, were used, remains to be discovered. Whether Mr. Mathers has been fortunate enough to make this discovery, or has evolved a system and set of rules out of his own inner consciousness, he does not tell us; be that as it may, he devotes half a dozen pages to an explanation in detail of a mode of play available for two or three persons. All the cards except three are dealt out, thus each hand holds twenty-five cards, which must be rather a handful. The method of scoring somewhat resembles piquet, in that the players score combinations which they have in their hand as well as tricks which they make in play. The game must be somewhat tedious, since, independently of the great number of cards to be sorted, combined, and played, the points made by the loser are deducted from the winner at the end of each hand, and only the excess points scored towards the hundred which are required to complete a game. In the early pages of his treatise Mr. Mathers makes some mysterious allusions to the occult meanings of these wonderful Tarot cards, and at the end, after his explanation of their use for playing purposes, he reverts to their *Qabalistical* signification. The ordinary pack of fifty-two cards has, he says, long been known to be susceptible of peculiar numerical combinations; they suggest, for instance, the fifty-two weeks in the year, the four suits the four seasons, the twelve picture-cards the twelve months, and so forth. But, concealed behind their apparently arbitrary and bizarre designs, the Tarot cards contain a far more complicated system of recondite symbolism; they consist, Mr. Mathers points out, of the ten numbers of the decimal scale, counterchanged with the tetrad, combined with a primitive hieroglyphical alphabet of twenty-two letters, thus symbolizing the elements, the planets, and the twelve signs of the Zodiac. This demonstrates, we are to believe, the ancient and religious origin of the Tarots, and carries us back to a period anterior to Moses and the learning which he borrowed from the Egyptians. Is Mr. Mather poking fun at us, or does he expect to be taken *au grand sérieux*? Apparently the latter; for the pages at the end contain a select list of works on occult science issued by his publisher. Volumes, Mr. Mather says, might be written without exhausting the subject of these mysterious symbols; but, happily for us, space does not allow him to enter further into it.

NOVELS.*

BEYOND COMPARE is a capital romance, of what may be called the rustic melodramatic type. Abraham Durrant, a rich old yeoman-farmer, dies in the presence of his sister, Mrs. Eldridge. Her son, as he comes up to the house, looks under the lowered blinds and sees her rummaging in an old bureau. When he enters the house she solemnly hands over to him the dead man's keys; and, consequently, when she sees a light and hears stealthy footsteps in the chamber of death, she naturally concludes that her son Elwyn must be there, as no one else could have unlocked the door. After the funeral the will is missing, and in its place an obviously-forged document is found, bequeathing everything to Mrs. Eldridge. From these circumstances arise misunderstandings and cross-purposes which are not cleared up until we reach the last chapter. Elwyn thinks that his mother must have been tampering with the will when he saw her at the bureau, whereas she was really only recovering an old love-letter. She thinks that Elwyn stole the true will and substituted the forged one for it during the night. The deceased Mr. Durrant left two sons, named respectively Preston and Howard, who naturally do not acquiesce in the loss of their inheritance, albeit Preston, the elder, who is a spendthrift, drunkard, and gambler, has for some years been paid a small allowance by his father on condition that he keeps out of his sight. At this point matters are further complicated by the arrival of a "Captain" Guyton Brasnet, a sporting friend of Preston's, who straightway begins to make love to Berta, Elwyn's "intended," and so works upon the fears of the miserable mother and son for each other that he at last extorts a promise from Elwyn to give up his suit, since Preston, who is Brasnet's "creature," gives them to understand that, unless Brasnet marries Berta, Elwyn will be prosecuted for forgery. Persecuted by Brasnet, and apparently deserted by her lover, who dare not open his lips for his mother's sake, Berta stands quite alone, but keeps her troth to Elwyn most heroically, and it is more by her quick wit than by Elwyn's deeds of "derring do" that the mystery is cleared up. Brasnet is an absurdly transpontine villain. Why he should go night after night to show lights in an old tower wherein he has built up the documents on which the story hinges can only be explained by the same reasoning by which Tom Sawyer proved to his sceptical friend that when they became pirates they would have orgies—"I don't know what an orgy is, but pirates always has 'em, so I suppose we're bound to." Now, a villain of melodrama is nothing without a ruined tower wherein to disport himself at midnight; so thither Captain Brasnet betakes himself night after night, all for nothing; for who in the nineteenth century, having a sheet of notepaper to conceal, would put it in an iron box, take the iron box to a ruined tower—some one else's property, be it observed—and build it into the base of the wall? How could he get mortar? Does the writer know the fierce light which beats upon a stranger in a village; the keen espionage to which all his movements are subjected; the intense curiosity which any odd conduct on his part excites, and the ingenuity with which the worst possible construction is put upon the simplest act? If he did, he never would imagine that Captain Brasnet's midnight visits to his tower would not, as soon as they became known, be the signal for all able-bodied men and women for miles round to assemble there.

The scene of this novel is laid in Norfolk. All the action takes place between Norwich and Yarmouth, near the sea coast and in the "Broad" district, *à propos* of which there is a fine "situation" when a wherry loaded with hay catches fire. All the names are either Norfolk family names or the names of Norfolk villages—*e.g.* Costessy, the name of the doctor, locally pronounced "Cossey." The local dialect, too, is most truthfully rendered, in the absence of final *s* in all persons of verbs, and in such words as "fare" for "appear," "kinder," &c. It is not, however, an Eastern counties' peculiarity to fail to distinguish between "will" and "shall," as almost all the characters in *Beyond Compare* seem to do. The "white ladies," ghostly coaches and four, and other superstitions are all to be found among the Norfolk peasantry. Altogether, the book is constructed on a somewhat antiquated model, but it is a good specimen of its kind.

In *It is Written* Miss Fielder-King has apparently set herself the task of imitating Ouida's early bad manner, itself an imitation of the style of the author of *Guy Livingstone*. Everything is superlative; all the characters have magnificent beauty, unspeakable virtue, or wickedness, as the case may be, and poetic names. While mentioning names, we may remark

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* *Beyond Compare*. By Charles Gibbon. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1888.

It is Written. By Ada Fielder-King. London: Remington & Co. 1888.

that there is an actual Lord Delamere in existence, and that to take the names and titles of living peers in vain in this manner is generally considered to be in bad taste. Neither do we think that men in the exalted regions in which Miss Fielder-King's characters move wear quite so many "priceless" brilliants on their fingers. The erudition displayed in *It is Written* is quite in the style of Mr. Burnand's immortal parody *Strapmore*. Besides the quotation from "the old sweet Greek chorus," one of the heroes, on being rejected by a young lady, presents her with a "priceless" diamond ring, within which is engraved "TUA ETERNA DEVOTA"; and when a little boy dies, his father inscribes on his tombstone, *in old Greek letters*, "In Memory of R. S. A. Obiit September 20, 18—."

The story turns upon the efforts of two people to carry out their "destiny," *Kismet*, or "elective affinities"—for all these names are given to their attachment. He, Colonel Anstruther, is married to a heartless and profligate woman; she, Mrs. Delaval, is married to a husband who ill-treats her. There are several minor villains, whose plots come to nought, as might be expected from their habit of rehearsing them in the presence of faithful servants of Colonel Anstruther. There are railway accidents, gun accidents, and yacht accidents to diversify the course of the story; a scene at Newmarket, where the air is rent with cries of "Fifty to one on *Kismet*" (Colonel Anstruther's horse), "A thousand to one on the favourite," and so forth. Mrs. Anstruther elopes with one Alphonso Auterlitz (*sic*), "a scion of a noble Austrian family," whose mistress she had formerly been. Her husband obtains a divorce, and when returning from a trip round the world in a yacht, "at whose helm hung the ensign of the R. Y. S.," runs down another yacht in a snowstorm (!) off the Needles. This other yacht contains Colonel Anstruther's ex-wife. He supports her in the icy water for so long a time that when they are rescued she dies and he hovers for a while between life and death; but when Mrs. Delaval, now a widow, comes to his bedside, and goes through the ceremony of marriage with him, he recovers, and they live happily ever afterwards.

The Christian names of the female characters in this book, as far as we have been able to ascertain them, are Vega, Veda, Auda, Luna, and Freda. Some of the sentences are quite beyond us—as, for instance, a young lady says to her mother, "I heartily hope that when Papa decides upon a place in the country it will be where there is a good junction to keep unpleasant visitors from swooping down upon us poor innocent beings"; or, again, "It would not do to let her know the worse come to the worse, and evidence failing, that I intended getting a divorce." We do not know what we are to understand by a "massive mullioned gateway"; a "filmy but deep mourning handkerchief" sounds ambiguous; and, if "reliable" be objectionable, what are we to say of "unassailable reliability"? What are we to say of "Nemisis," "There is no *media* course," "you will *arrangé*," "haven where he feign would be," "'Judge not' wrung in her ear," "Places aux dames," "the *circe* who would lure them to destruction," &c.? These mistakes cannot be all due to the printers; nevertheless, there is a certain power in some parts of the book which leads us to think that, by taking more pains and thought, the writer might rise above her present linen-draper's-apprentice style of fiction and construct a really readable story. We would counsel her to leave the French language alone, and to remember the advice of an eminent Oxford coach to his pupils, "Read over what you have written, and, if anything strikes you as particularly fine—cut it out."

THE EXPLANATION OF ALL THINGS.*

TILL 12·15 on the 6th of June, 1888, there were things not perfectly understanded by us. In that happy moment we took up *The Anointed Seraph*, and it became plain that he who could understand this book would never find any mystery unintelligible. The author, Mr. Pollock, was walking around Boston Common with another man, and, on returning home, found a Bible on his table. It contained the text "The one shall be taken and the other left." The other man *was* "taken," he disappeared for days, and soon after he was "taken" again, "and was not seen for many months." The state of the American law as to private asylums may, or may not, account for his having been "taken." Meanwhile, his companion was "left"—to himself, and he wrote *The Anointed Seraph*. He had previously been recognized by a lady, who remarked on his kingly brow a silver crescent "in the centre of which was a pig with a spear on his back." All the Pollocks do not wear their crest on their open countenances, and we are not even certain that Mr. G. H. Pollock's pig was visible, except to the inspired lady. She also read a record of events which were written on Mr. Pollock's nature, and that Record is *The Anointed Seraph*. We need not detain the reader with matter so elementary as the "Origin of the World Soul." Every one understands its connexion with the eleven primitive Suns, whose teams used to pitch the wickets in "the wilderness of space." Our solar centre is the eleventh sun, and our earth is made of the disturbed stellar lights. "It is like a picnic; Taurus contributes the water, and Orion did not forget the salt." "Black Hair came from Aquarius"—and we presume [illegible] was jugged. Somewhat in Mr. Laurence Oliphant's manner, Mr. Pollock describes the origin of sex. "Sex must end where [illegible] shall have been evolved the complete woman"—an event which appears to occur every day. Woman is to have the last word. When it is added that Judaism was grafted upon the Egyptian mysteries, and that the transverse branch of the cross is symbolic of evolution, even the feeblest intellect will understand that we all need excavation, and when the pile of débris is piled around and outside of us, may we not be "what there is left of what was once a pirate," and possibly have "a treasure with us"? The reference to copyright legislation is clear. This is indeed "a dual world." The reader who has followed this rather hasty attempt at epitomizing *The Anointed Seraph* will be sorry to hear that "a maiden countenance which gives expression to all Divine qualities cannot be executed on a woodcut illustration." Otherwise the frontispiece would be worthy of this remarkably lucid and probable explanation of all things.

* *The Anointed Seraph.* By G. H. Pollock. Washington: [illegible] 1888.

TOUTE LA LYRE.*

THE editors of the posthumous works of Victor Hugo must have got nearly to the bottom of the fabled or historical chests of MSS. which, during his early youth, during his flourishing time of poethood and peerhood when Louis Philippe was king, during the long years of exile, and during the latest period of all, when, taught by severe, but not unjust, political disappointment, he resigned himself to a sort of living apotheosis in Paris, the poet steadily filled, and only partially emptied by his constant and voluminous publication. Only a "volume de théâtre" is announced as still "in preparation" on the back of the present volumes; yet they would by themselves be sufficiently astonishing even if there had not been three before them and were not to be another after them—as sheaves left ungarnered in the fields of a man who from eighteen to eighty-three had been an indefatigable publisher of poetry. They have the same characteristics as all the volumes of verse subsequent to the *Châtiments*, not to mention some of those before that turning-point. They contain pieces which are dated from, and which (there is no reason for doubting) were written at, almost all ages of the writer's life. There are quite early poems in fantastic metres which might have figured, had the author pleased, beside the "Pas d'armes du roi Jean" or the Pirates' Song; there are not a few of the charming lyrics which, though he never lost the secret of them, came from him at their best in the twenty years between 1830 and 1850; there is a great deal of the sombre and rather monotonous, but still splendid, musing on nature and fate which is chiefly represented in the *Contemplations*; there are one or two pieces which would not have been out of place in the *Légende*; and there are more than one or two which (we are sorry to have to say it) could not have been much more out of place than some of the actual contents of the *Année terrible*.

This singular chronological peculiarity has marked all the later issues of Victor Hugo's work, and it is, we think, the one in which he stands most alone. The voluminous author who "clears his stock" of verse or prose continually only to replenish it, and the niggardly-critical author who can hardly bring himself to publish at all, lest his gems should not be sufficiently picked and polished, are both intelligible enough, and, so to speak, common enough. But that a man should be at the same time so voluminous and so critical, so prodigal and so careful, is certainly curious.

It is possible that a very severe critic may refuse to recognize in these volumes anything quite up to the standard of the best things in *Torquemada* and *Les quatres vents de l'esprit*, which we take to have been the two latest books in which as wholes the genius of Hugo as a whole was present. There is certainly nothing, though the character and dates of the collection are very similar, quite up to the exquisite

Laissez tout ce qui tremble
Chanter;

or the "Staircase," or the *ronde* of the statues in the *Quatre vents*. But this kind of comparison is not very good criticism in itself, and will certainly not trouble the competent reader and lover of poetry who opens this book. As soon as any such has done this it may safely be said

Accepit solitam flammam notusque medullas
Intravit calor et labefacta per ossa cucurrit.

The preliminary verse opens with a line less happy than usual, at least to an English ear—

Aie une muse belluaire—

and the first of the actual poems, "L'échafaud," deals, as may be anticipated, with one of the poet's least reasonable and (in verse) least happy "fads." But the fact is that it really matters very little what the exact subject is with which Hugo is dealing, and this fact accounts both for the extraordinary attraction which his verse exercises on those who are strongly impressed by the musical and technical appeal of poetry and by its dealings with certain great commonplaces—life, death, pity, terror, the sea, the sky—and for the puzzlement, the contempt, or the positive aversion which it excites in those who think that all depends on the particular subject, or who want minute criticism of this or that aspect or problem of life. We, for instance, think the scaffold a very excellent thing, and only regret that certain persons whom we could name,

* *Œuvres inédites de Victor Hugo. Toute la lyre.* [illegible] tomes. Paris: Hetzel-Quantin. 1888.

have not yet figured on it. Hugo, in theory at least, would not have liked to send to it even those altogether unimaginable scoundrels (there is another poem, more's the pity, about them here) who threw handfuls of stones at his windows in Belgium. But all's one for that. He begins with no extraordinary felicity—

Les révolutions, ces grandes affranchies,
Sont farouches, étant filles des monarchies;

Turn the page, and you come to this tirade about Marat:—

Il souffle la fureur, les griefs acharnés,
La vengeance, la mort, la vie aux déchaînés;
A plat ventre, grinçant des dents, livide, oblique,
Il travaille à l'immense évasion publique;
Il perce l'épais mur du bagne, et, dans son trou,
Du grand cachot de l'ombre il tire le verrou;
Il saisit l'ancien monde, il met à nu sa plaie;
Il le traîne de rue en rue, il est la claie;
Il est en même temps la huée; il écrit,
Le vent d'orage emporte et sème son esprit,
Une feuille, de fange et d'aurore inondée,
Espèce de guenille horrible de l'idée.
Il dénonce, il délivre; il console, il maudit;
De la liberté sainte il est l'âpre bandit;
Il agite l'antique et monstrueuse chaîne,
Hideux, faisant sonner le fer contre sa haine;
On voit autour de lui des ossements humains.
Charlotte, ayant le cœur des ancêtres romains,
Seule osera tenter cet antre inabordable.
Il est le misérable, il est le formidable;
Il est l'auguste infâme; il est le nain géant;
Il égorge, massacre, extermine, en créant;
Un pauvre en deuil l'émeut, un roi saignant le charme;
Sa fureur aime; il verse une effroyable larme;
Comme il pleure avec rage au secours des souffrants!
Il crie au mourant: Tue! il crie au volé: Prends!
Il crie à l'opprimé: Foule aux pieds! broie! accable!
Doux pour une détresse et pour l'autre implacable,
Il fait à cette foule, à cette nation,
A ce peuple, un salut d'extermination.
Dur, mais grand; front livide entre les fronts célèbres!
Ténébreux, il attaque et détruit les ténèbres.
Cette chauve-souris fait la guerre au corbeau.
Prêtre imposteur du vrai, difforme amant du beau,
Il combat l'ombre avec toutes les armes noires.
Pierres, boue et crachats, affronts, cris dérisoires,
Hymnes à l'échafaud, poignard, rire infernal,
Il puise à pleines mains dans l'affreux arsenal;
Cet homme peut toucher à tout, hors à la foudre.

That is Hugo, *parti*. Perhaps nobody will ever go to the passage for an exceedingly accurate historical description of the "verminous fellow" who is its hero; perhaps a good deal of it would be hard to make out or to support; perhaps some of it is very nearly silly. But that is not the point. The point is the perfect mastery of the poet over the form and medium (rebellious enough, Heaven and readers of the classical drama know). When in the palace-prison of Rueil, D'Artagnan, the wise and valiant, meditated escape by dint of the strength of Porthos, that prudent Gascon thought it well to make actual experiment on the state of his friend's muscles. "Make me," said he, "a hoop of the tongs and a corkscrew of the poker"; and Porthos did it. In the same way Hugo will make of the stiff, the correct, the monotonous (as some say) Alexandrine any object you will, or rather any that he will himself, for he is not good at working to order. The verse takes just the cadence, just the tone, that is asked of it; it will hiss, roar, laugh, whisper, coo, just exactly as the poet chooses. It is most at home, no doubt, in the tirades just quoted—things which have always had a remarkable affinity for the French genius—but it is by no means only at home there. And both in it and in those modifications of it which he used for lyrical purposes the power of sound, on the one hand, and the skilful reliance on those "great commonplaces" noted above, are certain to produce the effect, to raise the temperature of the reader sooner or later to the true Hugonian heat, which marks a formidable number of degrees on the poetical thermometer. And so we go on, often through the good, here and there through the bad ("Bourgeois parlant de Jésus Christ," for instance, reads like a tedious and infelicitous sketch for the famous passage in the *Contemplations*), sometimes through the indifferent, but never through the unpoetical. One may take examples almost at random. "Le Cheik et le voleur," an unreasonable delightful study of the *Légende* kind; "Quand la lune apparaît dans la brume des plaines" (the first line of a poem of Hugo's is to the instructed something like the title of a picture by a well-known master—he knows generally what it will be like, not particularly how good it will be); a denunciation, sensible and phonetically ingenious, of "titotleures"—of course quite wrongly explained in a note; and then such an admirable snatch as this:—

Ces mots de l'océan qui tout, terreur et grâce,
Cieux, mers, escarpement devant tout ce qui passe,
Bruit sombre qui parfois semble un hymne béni,
Patience à porter le poids de l'infini;
Et, dans ces fiers déserts qu'un ordre effrayant règle,
On se sent croître une aile, et l'âme devient aigle.

This note, which dominates during the greater part of the first volume, will, as we have hinted, recall the *Contemplations*; and, indeed, perhaps the largest part of both is of this style. The first ends appropriately with the grave, noble, and, for the writer, most happily unegotistic funeral poem on Théophile Gautier. The *verum* and *bonum* could hardly be more happily summed up in this case than by one line—

Va chercher le vrai, toi qui sus trouver le beau.

The second volume is somewhat the more varied of the two. We meet, of course, the respected Georges and Jeanne, whom, without the smallest intention of impoliteness to a young gentleman, and still less to a young lady, we could spare; but we meet other things, too. Here is a pretty junction of Victor and Voiture:—

La mort et la beauté sont deux choses profondes
Qui contiennent tant d'ombre et d'azur qu'on dirait
Deux sœurs également terribles et fécondes,
Ayant la même énigme et le même secret.

O femmes, voix, regards, cheveux noirs, tresses blondes,
Brillez, je meurs! ayez l'éclat, l'amour, l'attrait,
O perles que la mer mêle à ses grandes ondes,
O lumineux oiseaux de la sombre forêt!

Judith, nos deux destins sont plus près l'un de l'autre
Qu'on ne croirait, à voir mon visage et le vôtre;
Tout le divin abîme apparaît dans vos yeux,

Et moi, je sens le gouffre étoilé dans mon âme;
Nous sommes tous les deux voisins du ciel, madame,
Puisque vous êtes belle et puisque je suis vieux.

And with what joy does the enraptured reader meet the page which introduces him, as it were, to full 1830:—

Sitôt qu'Aminte fut venue
Nue,
Devant le dey qui lui semblait
Laid.

And this again:—

Guy, mon père,
N'use point
A rien faire
Son pourpoint,
Pas de fête
Qu'il n'apprête,
Casque en tête,
Dague au poing.

"Hermina," "Ce que Gemma pense d'Emma," and others in the same neighbourhood, are so agreeable that we are not very angry when the great man, in a pleasing poem on "Le Rat," pities that animal for having to gnaw the works of M. de Pontmartin, or when he indites a solemn, and not particularly impressive, piece on the well-deserved fate of those scoundrels who were hanged at Manchester twenty-one years ago, or when he informs "un Roi de troisième ordre," the King of the Belgians, with elaboration unfortunately manifesting a state of mind rather different from that boasted of, that "peu m'importe," that "tu" (the poor third-rate King) "m'as expulsé," that "je ne te réponds pas" (except in three pages of Alexandrines about *bave*, *cloporte*, and so forth). For we do not go to Victor Hugo for politics, or for philosophy, or for erudition, or even for sense. We go to him for poetry; and we get it.

THE GOLFING ANNUAL.*

GOLF is a very humane game in the sense in which *literæ* are called *humanæ*. There is a great deal of human nature in the golfer. He loves a joke and a song, and a harmless personal joke. The cricketer is more serious. There is no humour in Lillywhite's *Cricketer's Annual*. It is a stern record of events; the writers but seldom drop into poetry. The difficulty is to keep the golfer confined to prose. There have been golfing epic poems ever since the Forty-five. Can the Caledonian Muse be more herself than in a screed like this?—

The turf is soft as maiden's cheek,
Wi' youth and beauty bloomin',
And bonnie thyme wi' odour sweet
The caller air's perfumin'.

These lines are by Thomson, not Jamie, but John, of the Glasgow Golf Club. As far as they are here quoted, they speak only of the golfer's enjoyment of nature. By "maiden's cheek" the author, perhaps, means the audacious conduct of young ladies who join in a Foursome on the course at St. Andrews. The social consequences of such a Foursome are fearsome. We cannot apologize to golfers for the remark, because their *Annual* contains the observation that "Ananias lay dead, after a bad lie." Yet it is said that the Scotch have no sense of humour. Among the golfing poets Mr. Thomson is remarkable for keeping clear of golf:—

There's heights and howes, there's bosky knowes,
As far as eye can cover;
By sea and land a prospect grand
Dame Nature shows her lover.

Homme de bien qui voyez tant de choses,
Voyez-vous point—

a little golfing? one feels inclined to ask the minstrel.

There's cleeks and clubs; there's washing-tubs,
To hitch into a rhymie;
There's codes and laws, and some hae cause
To write for hours on Stymie,

seems a verse more germane to the matter when we have read Sir Walter Simpson's introductory treatise on the Laws of Golf. These laws were expected to be brought down from the high hole by the President of the St. Andrews Club, and to be accepted by all the new clubs of golfers in England. But St. Andrews, it seems, is less legislative than the M.C.C., and the

* *The Golfing Annual.* Edited by C. Robertson Bauchope. London: "Field" Office. 1888.

rules which suit one links do not suit all others. Rabbit-holes, burns, bunkers, Mrs. Forman's garden, washing-tubs, the sea, the Eden, and a number of local hazards and peculiarities cause the rules of golf to be more or less a collection of local customs. Hence a prodigiously long correspondence in the *Field*, reprinted in the *Annual* with Sir Walter Simpson's summing up. If there are clubs which "will not accept the rules as printed at St. Andrews," let them be Anathema. *Roma locuta est.* People who do not listen are no better than Irish bishops, and may form a number of dissenting and schismatic bodies; but we cannot here enter into the topic of their differences—it would weary an ecclesiastical historian. It seems quite right, however, that a player who does not hole out his ball in Medal-play should receive "two strokes" (inflicted in public, we presume), or be disqualified, as at Wimbledon.

The best paper in the book is Mr. Horace Hutchinson's account of a match on several English links between himself and a "pawky" player. Mr. Hutchinson says the match was halved, which is probably due to his modesty. But the differences between his game and that of an amateur, whom we believe capable of using a driving putter, enable him to describe various English links as they suit various styles of play. "Far and sure" is the true golfer's motto; the adversary in this sketch was "sure" without being "far." This gave him an advantage at Wimbledon. Lord Scamperdale wished that Mr. Sponge might be condemned to hunt in Berwickshire for the term of his natural life. We wish no worse to any foe than that he should be condemned for life to hunt balls in the whins of Wimbledon. Sandless, burnless, bunkerless, Wimbledon is the golfer's Inferno, and a man of principle would almost as soon play at Hawick or on Primrose Hill. Even Blackheath, though more cramped, is also more historical and interesting as the home of the oldest extant club. On the other hand, the club-house at Wimbledon would be a joy in itself, even if there were no "links," if that august word may be applied to the common, with its narrow stretches of turf running through hedges of whins. As Mr. Hutchinson remarks, all golf-links are hard to get at. St. Andrews is nearly impossible; but, when once reached, why should anybody ever leave it? Felixstowe appears to be *penitus divisus orbe*. Of Bembridge it is written—and it might be written of Ballantrae—that "there is very good golf, what there is of it; but there is not enough." The beginner may do worse than try Ballantrae; he certainly will not be crowded; the links have been extended, the scenery is all Mr. John Thomson could desire, and the course is a real golfing course—what there is of it. It will not, however, suit the duffer, concerning whom Mr. John Thomson, doffing his singing robes, writes very agreeably in plain prose. We would not speak evil of duffers; as Marcus Aurelius says, it takes all sorts to make a world; and, as long as the duffer is modest and unambitious, and only plays with—professors, why he does no harm. When once he fancies himself, and tries to get into matches with third-rate performers, then, of course, he becomes a nuisance. But there is a great deal of the unexpected—nay, of the *bizarre*—in the duffer's play which lends it interest. A duffer once found out, by a prodigious swipe in an unlooked-for direction, a new way of negotiating the high hole at St. Andrews. It is true that he also nearly killed a respectable but unimaginative player, who had not supposed that a golf ball could come in that direction.

It is pleasant to find that Mr. Horace Hutchinson believes in St. Andrews as "the finest green in the whole wide world." His article on this centre of the universe is amusingly illustrated by the author in the manner of Tommaseo Traddles. Mr. Hutchinson's anecdotes are good and new, or as good as new, which is rare in golfing circles. When the Editor himself drops into poetry we would remind him that neither "wean," "brain," "stane," "gane," nor "ain," rhymes to "game," even in Scotch. The technical information about local clubs is good and in prose. *The Golfing Annual* is a useful book and amusing—to a golfer.

THE HENRY IRVING SHAKESPEARE.*

NOW that the theatre enjoys unexampled popularity, and Shakespeare is by no means banished from the stage, an edition of Shakespeare that supplies a good *résumé* of the stage history of the plays is a distinct boon to all classes of playgoers. This feature of *The Henry Irving Shakespeare* is, of course, peculiarly appropriate, and constitutes, we think, no small proportion of its claim to popularity. The annals of the theatre are scattered over a vast range of literature, and are for most people practically inaccessible. It is an obvious gain, therefore, to have chronicled in brief the history of each play—both from the literary and the stage standpoint—the vicissitudes of each play, the first appearance of great actors in famous parts, the various acting versions and their quality, and other matters that pertain to the fortunes of Shakspearian drama in the hands of managers and actors. Another very useful characteristic of this edition is the expository comment on the *dramatis personæ*, which includes much information relative to historical personages drawn from chroniclers and antiquarians. Minor points of interest are the illustrative maps, the tables of words peculiar to each play, and the various emendations adopted or suggested. These last, it is satisfactory to find, are extremely infrequent. The present volume comprises *Richard III.*—which Mr. Marshall introduces with some pertinent remarks on the textual authority of the First Quarto and the First Folio—and *King John*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and *Henry IV.*, Parts I. and II., plays that are assumed to belong to "what is generally called," to quote Mr. Marshall, "Shakespeare's second period." The annotation is somewhat more copious than that of the preceding volumes, owing to the variant readings in *Richard III.* of the Quarto and the Folio, which the scrupulous editor records. The list of these (p. 117), though but a gathering of the less important in a single scene (Sc. 2, Act. III.), is appalling to look at; but examination speedily dissipates the terror of it. Not a few are extremely slight, mere errors of transcription in fact, to be debited to Quarto or Folio as the student may incline. On the question of textual authority Mr. Marshall observes, with excellent discretion, "It is much easier to find fault with the theories of others than to propound any more satisfactory theory one's self." In the *Henry Irving Shakespeare* the text of *Richard III.* is based on the First Folio, and Mr. Marshall's reasons for dissenting from the example of the Cambridge edition seem to us to be plausible. For the rest, the footnotes, explanatory as they are for the most part of obsolete or unusual terms, are of the right kind; and the indications of "cuts" in the text for stage representation are interesting and may prove serviceable.

* *The Henry Irving Shakespeare.* Vol. III. Edited by Henry Irving and Frank A. Marshall. Illustrated by Gordon Browne. London: Blackie & Son. 1888.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. WELSCHINGER'S volume on the last scion of the great house of Condé (1) is very full, elaborate, and careful, and in particular contains the best account in abstract, and not brief abstract, known to us of the fortunes of the ill-fated and much-abused emigrant army. As to the final tragedy (a word here, if anywhere, in place) M. Welschinger has naturally much to say as to the recent attempts of M. Boulay de la Meurthe to shift the blame off Napoleon's shoulders. He would be stronger here if he did not himself make a disproportionate and unfounded attack on Talleyrand. There is probably no crime (except ill-breeding and stupidity) of which Talleyrand was not capable; but there is no evidence worth a rush to show that he had anything more to do with this crime than arranging and defending, in the ordinary "F. O." way of business, the Ettenheim kidnapping—which, but for the bloodshed that followed, would only have been a piece of scandalous insolence. Napoleon was the only person who could gain by the murder, was quite villain enough to commit it, and was not such a fool as to be guided by others in the commission.

The race of French *Anglophobes enragés* in the special matter of India is well known, and we do not know that, except from a faithful chronicler of new books—such as they are and whatever they are—a new addition (2) to the list has much claim to notice. Hadji Mirza, of whose allegiance to the Prophet we rather doubt, has got together some scandals about English administration, has composed some dialogues between supposed Afghan and Indian persons as to the Grand Padisha Blanc, and has said some ill-natured things about our recent Afghan campaigns, about which it is not difficult to say ill-natured things. That is about all.

The eleventh edition generally, not always, speaks for itself. In the case of Eugène's French Grammar (London: Williams & Norgate), the feather in the cap is a by no means ill-deserved feather.

Baron Ernouf's book (3) on Beethoven, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, and Schumann may lend itself to more extended notice later; at present we only note its appearance.

Schopenhauer's famous book has found, we think, more than one French translator before M. Burdeau (4). The present is a strict translation without introductions or any editorial matter; but it appears, so far as we have examined it, to be reasonably good of its kind.

M. Rameau talks some nonsense in his book of verse (5), especially about the death of old gods, &c. But who shall be pardoned nonsense if not a writer of verse? And there is about his book a certain *souffle* which, we own, reconciles us to a good deal of extravagance and verbosity here and there. Besides M. Rameau can write "straight from the shoulder" when he chooses, and, above all, he has one saving grace which in these days atones for almost anything, and is more rarely found than any other. There is no *Katzenjammer* about him, no disillusion, no cross-grained, or more probably thin-blooded, quarrelling with the good things of this life. It appears that he would often like "more of them," is sometimes conscious of not being able to enjoy them as much as they deserve, and now and then feels the shadow of their coming loss. But these things are what the good people feel, and are quite different from the stale and graceless cant of névrose and pessimism.

M. Gauthier's translations from Poushkin (6) require less notice

(1) *Le Duc d'Enghien.* Par H. Welschinger. Paris: Plon.
(2) *Inschallah!* Par Hadji Mirza. Paris: Ollendorff.
(3) *Compositeurs célèbres.* Par le Baron Ernouf. Paris: Perrin.
(4) *Le monde comme volonté et comme représentation.* Par A. Schopenhauer. Tome 1. Paris: Alcan.
(5) *La chanson des étoiles.* Par J. Rameau. Paris: Ollendorff.
(6) *Poésies et nouvelles de Pouchkin.* Traduites par F. A. Gauthier. Paris: Ollendorff.

as not being original. There is some prose as well as some verse in them, and both are well done.

We have before now noticed M. Carcassonne's sometimes capital collection of "Pièces à dire." Here is a third volume of them (7), as well fitted for their purpose, and showing as happy an adaptability of talent in the author as ever.

The four collections of tales before us are all up to or above the average in their different ways. M. Bonnetain's *Amours nomades* (8), as might be expected from that misguided person, is a mixture of what the outspoken last century would have called *cochonneries*, of risky but pardonable farcicalities, and of sketches and impression-pieces, showing so much talent that one wonders why on earth the author should hang up forbidden fruit, and such dirty forbidden fruit, too, in his shop. "Nostalgies," "La servante," "En mer," "Ben Guignon," and others are admirable, and show the talent which the author has been gifted with; instead of which he goes about the country writing what it is unnecessary to mention. "La dernière heure" is far, far from proper, but it is such an audacious skit on *L'Abbesse de Jouarre* (it is addressed to M. Renan), and is so funny in itself, that we admit "circ. att." The charm of M. Wulff's book (9) lies in a singular naïveté. The hero of the first tale is a mixture of D'Artagnan and Harry Sandford, which will be admitted to be an interesting mixture. M. Gauthiez (10), who is a sculptor and a poet, if only a minor poet, as well as a tale-teller, is rather fond of tragic subjects, and his first story is not (if the shade of the Rev. H. Tilney will pardon us) "nice" in some ways, but he writes and tells well. The title story of Mme. Mairet's book (11) we have seen (and we think noticed) before; it has, as have the others, merit.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THERE appears to be an increasing number of well-intentioned persons bent on promoting a friendly understanding between science and religion by the tedious and unoriginal channel of book-making. Most of these writers needlessly admit—like the anonymous author of *The Immorality of Idolatry* (Ridgway) the influence of Professor Henry Drummond. In this instance we have to deal only with the preliminary section of a work yet unpublished, and may resignedly await its completion. There is nothing to do but to recognize its promise. Manly self-confidence and a robust sense of universal error in the theological world are its pleasing qualities. There is, we are assured, no conflict between religion and science. The discord that troubles so many earnest souls is between modern science and the erroneous theology which the Church has built up on a mistaken interpretation of Scripture. The war is between what the author calls scientific theology and scholastic or artificial theology, which is idolatry. Problems that have engaged the acutest intellects of the Church of England are mere child's play to the author. He finds nothing transcendental in the doctrine of the Trinity (p. 65), and is evidently surprised that Coleridge, for instance, should not, like himself, discover the truth of that doctrine to be "axiomatic and self-evident." Scholastic theology must give way to scientific theology, and this is to be effected by an improvement upon Mr. Froude's suggestion that "the laity, who are neither divines nor philosophers," should "take the matter into their own hands." In a word, laymen must study theology for themselves and teach their children the truth. These children are to be the clergy of the future. Then will commence the mild reign of scientific theology, and the "graven images" of Anglican theology will be for ever shattered.

To turn from this pretty prospect of confusion worse confounded to Mr. S. B. G. McKinney's candid though diffuse outpourings—*The Science and Art of Religion* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)—is almost a pleasure, so keen is the sense of relief. Mr. McKinney goes for modern science with a healthy alacrity that is refreshing, if not convincing. He lays about him with charming impartiality. He ranges up and down the fields of controversy, religious and scientific, clothed with impenetrable assurance. The folly of Darwin is an open book for him, and Colenso on the Pentateuch is no stumbling-block. Both writers, he thinks, were afflicted with theories founded on "ignorance and self-conceit."

Professor Blackie's *Life of Burns* (Walter Scott) is in no sense a remarkable acquisition to the "Great Writers" series. It is, on the whole, an average example, if we accept the author's view that there was not much to be done with the subject. His aim was to make a judicious selection from existing materials, and to pronounce an equitable judgment on the poet and his work. Something more than this pertains to the biographical ideal. Most people who love Burns will be surprised to read of him as a "preacher of righteousness to the youth of his country," and will be supremely indifferent anent Professor Blackie's discovery that he was gifted with a "special mission," his mission in life being to "elevate, enlarge, put a classical stamp on, and give a world-wide celebrity to Scottish song." The supremely delightful thing about Burns is that there is nothing in his poetry or his letters of the man with a mission.

(7) *Dans les salons.* Par Adolphe Carcassonne. Paris: Ollendorff.

(8) *Amours nomades.* Par P. Bonnetain. Paris: Charpentier.

(9) *Aventures et réflexions de Jean-Baptiste Barascart.* Par G. Wulff. Paris: Ollendorff.

(10). *La Danaé.* Par P. Gauthiez. Paris: Librairie de l'Art.

(11) *Paysanne.* Par Jeanne Mairet. Paris: Librairie de l'Art.

Real People (Sampson Low & Co.) is the title of half a dozen sketches of American life and character written by Marion Wilcox, Counselor at Law. They are fresh, discriminating, somewhat smart, and deftly handled. Altogether, there is good reading in the book for the jaded. In "A Spanish-American Engagement" we have a vivacious picture of a Spanish household in America, where "the beds are always in a muss, being used as lounges and catch-alls." The description of the slovenly house is enough to give one an energy fit. Another bright sketch is devoted to an account of the production of *Parsifal* at Bayreuth, diversified by brief *entr'acte* dialogue between two Chicago lovers. On their return, weary and silent, to their lodgings, she asks him, "What do you suppose I've been thinking?" and he, fearing she would be shocked to know his own mundane contemplations, replied briskly, "Motives, and themes, and orchestration, and that sort of thing?" "No, my dear; I was thinking that we should furnish the north room—at home, you know—in red." This feminine candour almost obliterates the delicate satire.

Mr. Hamilton Clarke's short stories—*Two Chorus Girls; and other Stories* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.)—deal chiefly with theatrical and military experiences, and are pleasantly written, though of the slightest possible texture. "The Old Drummer" is a life-like sketch of the vicissitudes that sometimes attend the orchestral performer. But why does Mr. Clarke think it at all notable that a man "somewhat past middle age" should be the "father of a lovely girl of sixteen"? and why does he designate soldiers on horseback as "of the cavalry persuasion"?

Deep and endless are the woes of the taxpayer, it is generally admitted, yet the most confirmed grumbler may be stirred to fresh discontent by the feeling criticism of "Finance" in an elaborate pamphlet entitled *The British Taxpayer and his Wrongs* (Effingham Wilson). This is a readable contribution to the chaotic literature on equitable taxation. We may notice here a translation of Professor Luigi Cossa's treatise *Scienza delle Finanze*, edited by Mr. Horace White—*Taxation; its Principles and Methods* (Putnam's Sons)—which is rendered by various hands. To this essay on the theory of taxation is appended a note on the State tax system of Pennsylvania and New York.

Mr. Alexander Skene Smith's *Holiday Recreations* (Chapman & Hall) is a volume of verse, for the most part of the album order, solely remarkable for the extremely good-natured preface of the Rev. Principal Cairns, in which the obligations of friendship are frankly admitted.

A Manual of Church History in two small volumes (Hodder & Stoughton) is a fairly skilful summary, with useful marginal index and tables of dates, written by the Rev. A. C. Jennings.

We have received a new edition of *The Renaissance: Studies in Art and Poetry*, by Walter Pater (Macmillan & Co.); M. Léon Say's *Turgot*, translated by M. Gustave Masson (Routledge); *Of the Imitation of Christ*, a new "revised" edition (S.P.C.K.); *Richard Lepsius*, a biography, from the German of Georg Ebers, by Zoe Dana Underhill (New York: Gottsberger; London: Trübner); *Sermons*, by Canon Liddon, "Contemporary Pulpit Library" (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.); *Hymns: and other Verses*, by Canon Baynes (Sampson Low & Co.); *A Vision of Martyrs*, by James Bownes, M.A. (Masters & Co.); and Platina's *Lives of the Popes*, edited by the Rev. W. Benham, a reproduction of the version issued by Sir Paul Rycaut in 1685 (Griffith, Farran, & Co.)

We have also received *Low's Handbook to the Charities of London*, 1888, the fifty-first annual issue of this useful manual (Sampson Low & Co.); *Ireland—Past and Present*, by Henry Norton Palmer (Exeter: Eland); *The Arab in Central Asia*, by James Stevenson, F.R.S.E. (Glasgow: Maclehose); *A Royal Cure for Ireland's Ills* (Edinburgh: Paterson); Part III. of the *Cyclopædia of Education* (Swan Sonnenschein); the *Evening School Chronicle*, No. 4, the organ of the Recreative Evening Schools Association (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); *Technical Education*, a tract (No. 3), by James A. Newbold (Heywood); and *How to Spell and Speak English*, by "M.A. Cantab." (Rolf Brothers).

We have received from the Countess Agénor de Gasparin *a letter stating that she is "contrainte à répudier publiquement toute connection avec le livre intitulé"* Sunny Fields and Shady Woods *recently published under her name and noticed in the* Saturday Review *of June 2.*

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,703, Vol. 65. June 16, 1888. [Registered for Transmission abroad.] Price 6d.

THE EMPEROR FREDERICK.

THE days of the Emperor FREDERICK's reign have been few and evil. The hopes raised by the unexpected strength he showed during, and for some time after, his journey to Berlin have proved groundless, and the second Emperor of GERMANY has followed his father after a reign of a few months. Short as his time has been it has been long enough to enable him to prove on the Throne that he possessed many of the qualities of his House. Some doubt will always exist as to his real character and his faculty for rule. As Crown Prince he kept himself, with the exception of one unsuccessful and somewhat ill-timed interference in politics, carefully in the background. His reign has not been long enough to test his capacity fully. Yet, in spite of his retired life and the briefness of his period of rule, he persuaded all men that he had governing faculty and very definite opinions. Of his personal courage and devotion to duty there never was any doubt. Both have been tried by the most cruel tests and have borne them admirably.

The birth of the late EMPEROR took place at Berlin on the 19th of October, 1831, at a time when his father was still, and was to be for years, only Heir Apparent to the Throne and one of the most zealous of the generals of the Prussian army. Prince FREDERICK received the education of a HOHENZOLLERN prince—a great deal of drill, and a slight tincture of letters. In this latter part of his training he may have owed something to his mother, a princess of the family of Sachs-Weimar, which has always patronized literature, but his uncle's Court would have supplied him with the same influence. He had already attained to the age fixed for the majority of men of his family when the revolutionary troubles of 1848 broke out. This was one of the few periods in its history in which the head of the Prussian Royal House showed neither courage nor wisdom nor dignity. The KING was cowed by the Berlin mob, and Prince FREDERICK's father was compelled to go into exile. It would appear from one passage in his life that the spectacle of popular disorder had a deep influence on the PRINCE; but he took no part in public affairs then or for years afterwards. Until 1858 he was engaged in training himself for his duty by study, travel, and by steady attention to his work as an officer. In January of this year he was married to the PRINCESS ROYAL of England—a union which renewed an old connexion between the families. For five years the PRINCE continued to lead a life of industry and domestic happiness. The death of his uncle in 1861 had raised his father to the throne, and himself to the rank of Crown Prince. It is well known that his father's accession to the throne was briefly followed by a violent constitutional conflict at Berlin. King WILLIAM, strange as it sounds now, had been a "Liberal" Heir Apparent. As King, however, he soon showed that he wore his sword with his Liberalism. His choice of Herr VON BISMARCK as Prime Minister, and his resolution in supporting the Premier's policy, brought on a prolonged struggle between KING and Parliament. In 1863 the CROWN PRINCE intervened in the dispute with the one political manifesto which he ever permitted himself to make. During a tour of military inspection he made a speech at Dantzig in answer to an address from the Burgomaster, and openly expressed his disapproval of some high-handed measures of Prince BISMARCK's. He also recorded a protest against them in a more formal way, basing his right to do so on the fact that he was the future head of his House, and therefore entitled to express an opinion on a policy which seemed not unlikely to endanger its position. The natural tendency of the Heir Apparent to oppose the King is sufficient explanation of the PRINCE's action. His father had acted not very differently towards his uncle. Prince FREDERICK, however, acted on the tradition of Royal houses on this occasion only. The answer he received convinced him that no opposition to the Royal will would be tolerated. Perhaps he reflected that family dissensions were as dangerous as an unpopular policy. In any case he accepted the position with good sense and dignity, nor did he ever again attempt to speak for himself on questions of policy. His activity for the rest of his life, until his late accession, was confined to the discharge of his duty as a soldier.

The course of events was destined to give him abundance of occupation in this, the most important, part of the duties of a Prussian Prince. During the preparatory little war in Schleswig-Holstein he occupied only a diplomatic post on the staff of Field Marshal VON WRANGEL, and was mainly engaged in preventing quarrels between the Prussian and Austrian commanders. In the great war of 1866 his share was conspicuous. When the armies were organized for the field he was appointed to the command of the second, or army of Silesia, a force of 115,000 men. During the dangerous concentric march of the three Prussian armies into Bohemia, the PRINCE had some serious fighting to do, and extricated himself with credit. It was the timely arrival of his army at Culm, on the right of the Austrians, which decided the battle. He was rewarded on the field itself by his father, who put his own collar of the order of merit round his son's neck. Another and a greater war followed. During the invasion of France in 1870 Prince FREDERICK commanded on the left of the German line, which formed the van in the advance. His army began the fighting in Alsace by the defeat of Marshal MACMAHON at Woerth on the 7th of August. While the other German corps were driving the French back from Spicheren to Metz, and shutting BAZAINE up in that fortress, the PRINCE was advancing in a parallel line through the Alsatian hills. When it was at last known that the only remaining French army capable of manœuvring was committed to a desperate attempt to reach BAZAINE from the North, the Germans executed the great circular movement to the right which enabled them to pin the EMPEROR against the Belgian frontier and crush him at Sedan. His position in the line required the PRINCE to make a long march; but he executed his share of the work as punctually as he had done in 1866. His army took its part in the decisive battle of the war. During the rest of the struggle he was always well in front. He covered the siege of Paris, and had at least the general direction of the operations which finally annihilated the army of the Loire. When the Princes offered that crown of Germany which had been once before offered to a Prussian king by a revolutionary assembly, and refused, to King WILLIAM, the CROWN PRINCE was the first who did homage to the new sovereign. His prominence on the occasion was his right by service as well as by birth. Whether his campaigns may be taken to prove that the late EMPEROR was a great, or even a very able, soldier may be a matter of opinion. He had always the assistance of a chief of the staff who was one of the best officers in the German army. Certainly nothing the Emperor FREDERICK ever said showed that war acted on him as a stimulant as it did on his father. He was not the man to publish such a vehement piece of praise of the joys of battle as that letter to the Alsatians by which the late Marshal MANTEUFFEL horrified the sentimentalists of Europe. Nobody thought of him as, in the first place, a soldier, as they thought of his cousin FREDERICK CHARLES. Still less was he suspected of a taste for war, such as some profess to find in his son and successor. But if the EMPEROR looked upon war as really, and not only by a figure of speech, a sad necessity, he faced it resolutely, accepting soldiering as part of his work as a prince and doing it punctually. He must have been ready to take good advice, and he was

certainly magnanimous in acknowledging and rewarding the services rendered him. An intercepted letter of General BLUMENTHAL'S shows that this officer could criticize his chief sharply enough. The EMPEROR must have heard of or seen the letter; but one of the first acts of his reign was to promote his old chief of the staff to the rank of Field Marshal, and to send him his own bâton. The incident may fairly be taken to prove that General BLUMENTHAL wrote nothing which his future sovereign was not ready to hear from him. No higher praise could well be given to a Prince who was not by nature a general than that he recognized the fact and took the best means to make good his deficiency.

With the return of peace the CROWN PRINCE fell back into modest subordination to his father. He was commonly said not to approve of the policy of Prince BISMARCK in all respects, but he was never known to express an opinion which had even a distant appearance of opposition. Though it was taken for granted that he would rule for himself when he came to the throne, no man expected that he would try to forestall his time. There is no need to say what has been the end of these hopes and expectations. For months the EMPEROR has been the object of anxious and melancholy attention in Europe while he was struggling for life. It would be idle to inquire what has been the character of a reign which has lasted for so short a time. The utmost that can be said of it is that it gave promise of what it might have been. To judge from what few indications there are we may conclude that the Emperor FREDERICK'S policy would not have differed materially from his father's. His letter to Prince BISMARCK, his proclamation to the Reichstag, if it is to be called by this name, and some more recent incidents, show that, whatever his Liberalism may have been in earlier times, it had not finally persuaded him to accept the position of a sovereign who reigns but who does not govern. He placed the rights of his house on a level with, and the interests of the Empire above, the Constitution which he swore to maintain. In practice this would have meant that he reserved to himself the right of deciding on all questions of policy in the last resort. Much would have depended on the particular course he preferred; but here again there were not wanting signs that he was resolved to follow his father's example in the most essential feature. The brief history of his rule shows that he was in no way disposed to part with Prince BISMARCK. The EMPEROR'S life has been a very exceptional one. There have been reigns as brief as his, but they have generally been the reigns of children. It would not be easy to find another example of a ruler who, coming to the throne in the maturity of life, has passed from it so rapidly. The reputation of the EMPEROR was also exceptional, for, without ever having done anything which could be said to show great power of intellect, he had convinced the world of his faculty for rule. There was a universal belief in the quiet strength of his character. The future may briefly show whether Germany has cause to lament that his place is taken by a younger ruler.

ENGLAND AND THE EAST.

THE alarming condition of the German EMPEROR has probably diverted attention a little from the change which took place in Egypt at the end of last week. The substitution of RIAZ PASHA for NUBAR PASHA as the KHEDIVE'S Prime Minister, has not at the present moment the importance which it would have had some years ago; but it is still a matter of considerable interest. Of the three politicians who were for so long competitors for and alternate possessors of power in Egypt, RIAZ has had, to say the least, not the worst repute for ability and honesty. But it may be admitted at once by the most strenuous upholders of the maintenance of English control over Egypt, that during that control the situation of an Egyptian Prime Minister is anything but an easy one, and that if he be a man at once honest, patriotic, and possessing some will of his own, he is very likely to come into collision with the irregular and indefinable authority established above, behind, beside (or whatever preposition is preferred) his nominal master. The greater suppleness of NUBAR has made him, on the whole, the most convenient occupier of this difficult post. But it need hardly be said that suppleness, especially in an Oriental, has [illegible] and complementary disadvantages. The same qualities which make a man a complaisant instrument constantly make him a very doubtfully faithful one. We shall say nothing more against NUBAR PASHA than that his critics have always been most unjust to him if he is a politician of rigid and Quixotic constancy and frankness. RIAZ, on the other hand, has a much better record in these respects; and though he is said to be opinionated and narrow, there seems to be but little reason for fearing—as some have affected to fear—that he will be found to be a difficulty, either as being impracticable in his relations with the English representative, or as lending himself to foreign intrigue, or (the point most feared) as giving unwise assistance to the natural but unreasonable and impossible desires of the Porte for a larger share of influence in Egypt than that sublime but somewhat decayed Power at present possesses.

Even if there were more danger than there is of any of these results, there is no reason for apprehending inability on the part of our representative in Egypt to deal with them. It has not been possible, especially in the earlier part of his proceedings, invariably to approve the conduct of Sir EVELYN BARING; and it is to be feared that historians will assign to the mistaken ideas with which he took up his post, and to his endeavour to carry them out, some, at least, of the ghastly disgraces and blunders which marked the earlier years of our Egyptian occupation. He is also accused, rightly or wrongly, of being somewhat *difficile à vivre*, politically speaking. But in the later and more pacific years of his career he has unquestionably done well, and, with others (among whom the first place by far must be given to Mr. EDGAR VINCENT), has been able to preside over, and in great part bring about, an immense improvement in Egyptian finance, Egyptian administration, and in the social and political affairs of Egypt generally. If the first blunders of Mr. GLADSTONE'S policy inflicted loss on Egypt, no foreign occupation has ever so justified itself as ours of that country during the last year or two, and there is no reason whatever to suppose that this favourable state of affairs will cease. It would, however, be a very unfortunate thing if it were to be considered, as some Englishmen seem to consider, that our task in Egypt is done, or that the first convenient opportunity can be safely taken for putting an end to it. Even its internal affairs are far from being finally set on a satisfactory footing, and, were they so, our obligations would be by no means discharged. In the first place, we have to keep Egypt safe, as it is to be feared she will not for some time be able to keep herself safe, against actual foreign aggression. In the second, we have to make sure that, when we give up the task of protection, no other European Power steps in to convert it into one of oppression. And if ever the English nation shakes off the ignoble desire to shirk its duty with which Mr. GLADSTONE has been unweariedly inoculating it for the last twenty years of his life, a higher and wider obligation than either of these will present itself to be fulfilled. It is, unfortunately, undeniable that England brought about that retreat from the interior which has, for the first time for centuries, exposed Egypt to the attacks of barbarous tribes; that England deprived Egypt of the vast and promising territories which naturally belong to whatever Power holds the Lower Nile; that England practically commanded the abandonment of North-East Central Africa, from the Cataracts to the Congo, as a prey to the slave-hunter and the savage. This debt has to be paid some day, and our present occupation of Egypt is but a thing preparatory to the payment; while the abandonment of Egypt would simply put us in the position of perpetual defaulters.

In the further East considerable but unnecessary anxiety seems to be excited by the operations on the Thibetan frontier. That a member of Parliament of the name of SCHWANN should want to know whether we are going to pursue an aggressive policy, and be snubbed for his pains, is all quite natural, as well as that in his question he should show an entire ignorance of what "the forward "policy" means. But some people more reasonable, and perhaps more patriotic, than Mr. SCHWANN seem to be alarmed at the Sikkim war. The matter, however, is very simple, and not in the least alarming, though it may possibly be troublesome. In the long run it depends upon the shadowy powers exercised or claimed by China over districts which have long passed from under direct Chinese sway. As is well known, the States south as well as those north of the great central Himalayan chain—Nepaul, Sikkim, [illegible]—used to owe, and to some extent still owe, a kind of allegiance to Pekin. In the case of Sikkim, a small square block of territory wedged between Nepaul and

Bhotan, and running up from Darjeeling to Mount Everest and the true "Roof of the World," this state of affairs is complicated by the fact that the connexion with China, such as it was, was a kind of subinfeudation to Thibet. The Rajah of Tumloong long received subventions regularly from both the Thibetan and the Indian Governments. Recently Thibetan invaders have tried to convert this nominal and shadowy hold into an actual occupation of territory which has long been acknowledged as an Indian "protected" State, and they have had to be driven out. There has been no difficulty in doing this, except the difficulty of the country and the approach of the rainy season. We do not want to send a retaliatory force into Thibet itself, or to "occupy Lhassa," and the Thibetans know it, and are obstinate accordingly, while they are, like most of these hill races, tolerable fighters. But there is no reason to suppose that their conduct is inspired by or authorized from Pekin, in which case alone there would be any real awkwardness in the matter. There will probably have to be for some time an occupation of garrisons with seasoned native troops to check Thibetan raids, and if the Thibetans are very troublesome, it may be necessary to retaliate; but that will be their doing, not ours. In the long run, especially if they force further action upon us, the result, whether amicably or forcibly obtained, can hardly be anything but the opening of the passes into Thibet and a valuable extension of Indian trade. This is in the ordinary course of events; and it need be in no respect an alarming instance of that course, unless complications at present unforeseen and unlikely should arise. As for "aggression," it exists only in the patriotic and well-informed imagination of persons like Mr. Schwann. The Indian Government is not foolish enough to try to provoke the races and powers existing on its northern frontier, with all of whom it is its desire to live on good terms, so that the great wall of the Himalayas should be, as it were, garnished with defensive outworks occupied by friends. But the slightest glance at the map will show any one that no intrusion southwards over the range into such a position as that of Sikkim could be tolerated; and it is this which is being kept off by a doubtless troublesome, but quite unavoidable, "little war."

PEERS AND ELECTIONS.

THE House of Lords has unfortunately so little to do that it can occasionally afford to employ itself with matters of secondary importance. Lord Milltown, who has a laudable desire to provide business for the House, has moved for a Committee to inquire into the right of interference by peers in elections to the House of Commons. During the last Session Mr. Bradlaugh proposed to omit from the Sessional Orders the assertion that such interference is a violation of the privileges of the House of Commons. His object was, of course, not to invite intrusion on the part of the peers, but ironically to suggest that the prohibition is habitually disregarded. The House of Commons thought the matter important enough to justify the appointment of a Committee, which in due course reported in accordance with the claim of the Commons and with popular opinion. The Sessional Order was first made at the very beginning of the Civil War in 1641, and it has since, notwithstanding occasional criticism, been renewed in every subsequent year. The Commission further report that the Sessional Order has never been formally questioned by the peers, and they express the doubtful opinion that the Courts of Law would take notice of the validity of the rule. The House of Commons has necessarily been bound by its own declaration, and the only adverse criticism to which the dogma has been exposed consists in the utter disregard with which all parties have treated its articles. Constitutional propositions which are opposed to the operation of natural forces have a tendency to collapse into fictions. The House of Commons during two centuries and a half has consoled itself for an interference which it could not prevent by the protest which, in spite of Mr. Bradlaugh, still appears on the face of its proceedings. An inaccurate or doubtful assertion acquires little additional validity from perpetual repetition. As Lord Salisbury reminded Lord Milltown, the appointment in every Parliament of Triers of Petitions from Gascony or Guienne would scarcely render valid a claim on behalf of the Crown of England to the sovereignty of Bordeaux. It was perhaps hardly worth while to grant a Committee. All the world knows that the two Houses have for two centuries and a half practically agreed to differ on the question whether peers ought to do what during the greater part of the time they habitually and notoriously did. The dispute included two or three subsidiary issues. The Commons declared that they were sole judges of their own privileges; and the Lords contended that neither House could separately alter or authoritatively declare the law. Mr. Bradlaugh's nice sense of fitness will probably for some time longer be offended by a constitutional paradox.

On the whole, the peers have had the best in the controversy. They have not only maintained in words their right of interference, but they have systematically interfered. In a constitutional country it is impossible to prevent any class of the community from exercising any power which it happens to possess. Down to 1832 a large number of seats in the House of Commons was given away or sold by great proprietors, of whom the majority were peers. The patrons can scarcely be said not to have interfered with elections in which they were themselves the sole constituents. A protest against practices which no one prevented or tried to prevent was at best a harmless formality; but it is worth remembering that the resolution of the House of Commons was contemporaneous with the system of nomination boroughs. The peers were not even satisfied with their acknowledged right of returning a fourth or fifth part of the House of Commons. They also took an active part, though perhaps with some personal reserve, in county elections. The boroughmongers, as they were called by hostile critics, were kept in countenance by capitalists who bought seats for one or more Parliaments at a tariff which was well known in the market. Sir Samuel Romilly took just credit to himself for buying a seat in the House, as the arrangement by which he could best maintain his independence. There is some ground for a statement of Mr. Gladstone's that the unreformed Parliament with all its anomalies was intellectually, if not morally, superior to the freely-elected Legislatures of modern times; but the system was untenable when it once ceased to be taken for granted. The Duke of Northumberland, the Duke of Rutland, Lord Lonsdale, and Lord Darlington returned among them nearly forty members of Parliament. Lord Clive, after his return from India, even before he was himself a peer of Great Britain, nominated eleven or twelve members. There was no doubt that the borough-owners, though many of them were patriotic, used their Parliamentary power in part for the benefit of their families and friends. After the passing of the Reform Bill, the few borough seats which still belonged to their former proprietors were more often than in former times made a refuge for distinguished politicians; but in these cases also the patrons failed to notice the declaration of the House of Commons.

At present there seems to be little occasion for the periodical alarm of the House of Commons. For twenty years past there have been no nominations by peers or private persons, nor is it easy to understand why there should still be a dread of aristocratic influence. Of late years a *modus vivendi* has been tacitly established, by which collisions between the two Houses are made rare and improbable. A peer who thinks that he can promote the interests of his party by canvassing a neighbouring district takes the chair at election meetings, or makes speeches in favour of a candidate, as long as the election is not technically in progress. He is supposed to be merely exercising his constitutional rights in a political contest. When the writ is issued the peer no longer exhibits himself in public, though he may perhaps still control the machinery of the election. There are plausible reasons for and against the interference of peers. It may be said that they are deeply interested in the welfare of the country, and therefore in the selection of fit members to the more powerful branch of the Legislature. On the other hand, it may be urged that, as members of a privileged class, and of one House of Parliament, they already enjoy their full share of political power; but few active politicians will be deterred by delicate scruples. The head of a great family, if he happens to be popular, will necessarily add strength to the party which he supports. A few years ago one powerful nobleman was represented in the House of Commons by three sons and a brother, all sitting for counties or divisions of counties. The chief of the house may probably have abstained from personal interference, but it was through his influence that members of his family were preferred to less fortunate competitors. If the son of a Duke canvasses his father's tenants or neighbours, it is unnecessary to tell them that their support will be acceptable to their friend or landlord.

The conventional jealousy of the House of Lords which is supposed to be felt by commoners, and especially by members of the House, is not merely the remnant of an obsolete political system. Those who affect to believe that the House of Lords has outlived its dignity and power will do well to count the relatives of peers who sit in the present House of Commons. A Second Chamber selected on grounds of personal merit and distinction would not be so largely represented in an elected House of Parliament. Peers and cadets of ennobled families are chosen by popular constituencies because their chiefs still possess greater influence than any class of the community of equal numbers. Parliamentary elections are represented and anticipated in all the local institutions of the neighbourhood. There is no law by which at a meeting for business or for pleasure a neighbouring peer should, almost as a matter of course, be asked to preside. If there were a resolution of the House of Commons by which his acceptance of the invitation was condemned as unconstitutional, it would probably be as inoperative as the form which Mr. BRADLAUGH not unreasonably denounces as contrary to the fact. The Report of the Committee will be expected without eager curiosity. Lord SALISBURY may have been right in accepting the challenge which in his judgment has been offered by the House of Commons, but the contest which has lasted so long will not be terminated by the declarations of either party. The question might perhaps have been conveniently referred to the Committee on the Standing Orders of the House of Lords which was appointed at the instance of the Government. The need of an inquiry or of a codification of the Orders is neither obvious nor pressing; but the investigation is apparently to be in some manner combined with proposals for the creation of life peers and for the exercise of a novel jurisdiction over disreputable members. Both schemes are intended as concessions to the agitation for the reform or abolition of the House of Lords. Lord SALISBURY is too sagacious to expect any great advantage from either of his proposed experiments; but he has always been in favour of the appointment of life peers, and some of his supporters have persuaded themselves that the House of Lords ought to possess a censorial power and to note offenders against propriety. It would perhaps be better to leave half a dozen delinquents to the heavy social penalties which they have incurred on the Turf or in the Divorce Court. None of them are likely to court the disapprobation of their equals in rank by taking conspicuous part in the proceedings of the House of Lords; but, if the new legislation is unnecessary, it can on this point do little harm. The project of making life peers is not open to the same objection; but it can scarcely be expected to do any considerable good. What the House of Lords wants is not experience or ability, which it possesses in abundance, but strength to maintain itself against Democratic agitation. It is certain that the new contrivance will not perceptibly abate the agitation; and the existence of life peerages will be used as an argument against the far more important principle of hereditary succession. The measure will meet with no serious opposition in the House of Lords, and it will probably pass the House of Commons. If it should be defeated in the present Session by lapse of time, it will probably pass hereafter. The life peers will but rarely come into collision with the Sessional Order of the House of Commons.

SIR FRANCIS DOYLE.

THE death of Sir FRANCIS DOYLE has robbed his friends of one of the kindest and most engaging of companions, and England of a poet and a patriot. If patriotism were dead in every other heart, apparently it would live still in poets. However they may differ in art, in love of their country, at least, they all agree. It is needless to speak of what Lord TENNYSON and Mr. SWINBURNE have written for the sake of England. Mr. BROWNING has acknowledged that "here and here did England help me," and Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD'S mockeries were only an embittered form of sympathy with her who,

> Regarding neither to right
> Nor to left, goes passively by,
> Bearing on shoulders immense,
> Atlantean, the load,
> Well nigh not to be borne,
> Of the too vast orb of her fate.

Shortly, let it be said that the English rhymer who has not shown a love of England is no poet at all. But in the verse of Sir FRANCIS DOYLE England was the chief figure. He loved her like a mistress. She was his LAURA or his BEATRICE. In the preface to his poems (of 1883) he speaks about himself as one bereft of ambition, and without care for anything but "my family, my friends, and my country, "of whose future I try not to despair." It has been hard work not to despair; and in his latest day his "last verses" (as he truly called them)—lines yet unpublished—went back to the memory of one of our admirals—to the memory of RODNEY. He had seen the decadence of the old England all his days. "It was during my childhood," he said in one of his Oxford lectures, "that SCOTT rose to the height of his "renown; and I make it my business to hold up, through "good report and evil report, the banner under which I "enlisted when a boy"—the banner of Bellenden. Sir FRANCIS DOYLE, then, saw the change in English spirit between the days when the Liddesdale men, on an alarm of invasion, marched all night to their rallying-place at Hawick, playing "Little Jock Elliot," and this agreeable time, when our marches are "demonstrations" and every Power "daur meddle" with England. But at least he did uphold in his poems that banner of his childhood. Except CAMPBELL'S two famous pieces, there are, perhaps, no English songs of battle and endurance that stir the blood like "The "Red Thread of Honour," "The Loss of the *Birkenhead*," "Alice Ayres," and other pieces of Sir FRANCIS DOYLE'S. The Laureate's "Charge of the Light Brigade" is more popular than Sir FRANCIS DOYLE'S, but it does not contain a verse like this:—

> We do not call their lives ill spent
> It to all time they show,
> That where the Light Brigade was sent
> The Light Brigade would go!

The melancholy of his poem on MELVILL and COGHILL, who carried the colours through the Zulu army to the English side of the Tugela and there died, is also very noble:—

> It was as if the intense desire through earth, air, water wrought,
> Pass'd from them with their passing souls and home the colours brought.

Sir FRANCIS DOYLE'S appreciation of gallantry and self-devotion was not limited by delight in battle nor by love of country. As the hill-tribe decorated our eleven men with the Thread of Double Honour, so he spared a song for our slain foe, MEHRAB KHAN. He translated, with more sympathy perhaps than success, THÉOPHILE GAUTIER'S dirge of the Old Guard, *Vieux de la Vieille*. His liking for GAUTIER was rather strange in a genius that seemed so insular, and it is curious that his rendering of that "pan-"theistic madrigal," *Affinités Secrètes*, was decidedly more successful than his attempt at praising the Old Guard in English. Probably it was a mere coincidence of idea which made him devote a poem to IPHITION, a Trojan slain by ACHILLES, who, in Sir FRANCIS DOYLE'S lines, utters the very speech of LUCIAN'S ANTILOCHUS in Hades. He rebukes ACHILLES for longing to be "the thrall of a landless man on "earth, rather than prince of all the dead," and even in Hades is content like LUCIAN'S ANTILOCHUS, with human fortunes. Sir FRANCIS DOYLE seldom spoke his mind publicly in prose. But, when lecturing on SCOTT from the Chair of Poetry at Oxford, he confessed that "it made his blood hot to "hear Ministers say that England will never stand a conscrip-"tion, and repudiate the great primordial duty of mankind," the defence of our own. However, there is a more excellent way of doing a primordial duty than by conscription, and the English people would do it yet if the wirepullers of party would let them. The insane devotion to trade of half a century was also among the regrets of Sir FRANCIS DOYLE. Very many years have passed since he described the crowd at the St. Leger, and

> The shallow, shrivelled artisan,
> Twisted below the height of man
> Whose limbs and life have mouldered down
> Within some foul and clouded town.

In everything but scope of genius Sir FRANCIS DOYLE prolonged the strain of Sir WALTER SCOTT. Both had the Homeric spirit of battle, both had the Homeric love of a good horse, both loved their country more than themselves, and knew no private joy like her success, no private sorrow like her failure. Sir FRANCIS had not one drop of the bitter blood of the minor poet. In lines addressed to Mr. Gladstone—long ago—he defended his rights, impugned by the Romans, and maintained that *mediocribus esse poetis* was granted by the Gods, if not by men and booksellers. He was very content to be a minor poet:—

> At my own tune I give the world my own.
> It does not please you? Leave it, then, alone.

He envied no man his laurels, and grudged no man his

gold. His poems were never popular; perhaps the volumes seemed overloaded by classical and other pieces, not of distinguished or unusual merit. We cannot but believe that a selection, containing only his poems of patriotism, of battle, and of sport, would be as popular as they would certainly be "tonic" and spirit-stirring. However this may be, it is with pride as well as with sorrow that we leave a stainless gentleman, a true poet, a man happy in all but the evil days of his country. We leave him, like his own heroes,

forgetful of all pain
High among those who have not lived, who have not died in vain.

SCARLET DAY AT CAMBRIDGE.

THE newspapers which are of the Gladstonian persuasion may be congratulated on having shown in most cases a sense of the judicious in their comments, or absence of comment, on the festivities of last Saturday at Cambridge. The *Daily News*, indeed, delivered itself of a graceful parallel between the hue of Mr. BALFOUR's doctor's gown and "a "certain Irish prefix to Mr. BALFOUR's name"; but even this cannot be called very crushing, and even this was not in the leader columns. In other and obscurer quarters the loyalty which is so conspicuous in Gladstonians relieved itself by delicate remarks on the intellectual qualifications of Prince EDWARD. Otherwise there was comparative silence, if not utter silence, as to the real significance of the occasion. Yet that significance was not inconsiderable. In a general way, of course, these academic festivals *pereunt* and hardly *imputantur*. Their festivity and their seriousness are equally passing. And here, too, there may have been trivialities. It may or may not be true that Cambridge was stirred (to say stirred to its foundations might seem a wicked allusion to an irreverent legend of the sister University) on the great question of Bands; that another paroxysm arose on the question of the fit vesture of that youngest doctoral birth of time a Doctor of Letters; or that in consequence of the not unusual vagaries of academic draughtsmanship it was discovered, only just in time to remedy the defect, that in the zeal of reform and in doing away with the ancient privilege by which noblemen could obtain degrees in less than the ordinary time, it had been unwittingly brought about that the noblemen now concerned could not obtain degrees at all. These little fables always fly about, their pinions imped by no matter what slender allowance of truth, on such occasions, and die like the May-flies that they are.

But it is not every day or every year that one of the oldest and most venerable institutions of the kingdom—one which, though Mr. GLADSTONE does not think so, is in a sense only shared by one other, representative of all ranks, of all classes, of all the better, the nobler, the more distinctive elements of English life—has to select or to receive a certain body of persons to be clad with the highest honours at its disposal in company with one who, the fates permitting, will be one day the Sovereign of Great Britain and Ireland. And even such an occasion, rare as it is, might occur without the additional significance which was given to it by certain circumstances of the hour. Not very long ago, as readers of the *Saturday Review* will remember, certain members of the University of Cambridge took upon themselves to affect to give a welcome to persons whose desire it is to destroy the Union—the "Paper "Union," as it seems to please its enemies to term it—between the various parts of this country. It was suggested, rather to the annoyance of some of these learned men, that this welcome was not exactly the welcome of the University. Now it will scarcely be denied that the welcome of Saturday last was the welcome of the University, and it can hardly have been an accident that that welcome was addressed in an entirely different direction. True, there was Lord ROSEBERY; but Lord ROSEBERY's Home Ruleism is of such an exceedingly mild type that we hardly think a throb of gratitude can have passed through the great heart of Mr. DILLON or Mr. O'BRIEN when they read his name on the list. Perhaps it is an accident that the Chancellor of the University of Oxford happens to be the head of the Unionist party; yet it is not an everyday accident for the Chancellor of one University to receive a degree at the other. Perhaps Mr. JOHN BRIGHT, to whom the greatest compliment of the day was paid, might have had a Cambridge doctorate any year that he pleased; yet still the chapter of accidents made it this year and not another. And such another accident, no doubt, may have been Lord SELBORNE's Unionism; and Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's, whose degree the Separatist party, forgetting at once manners and that precept of wisdom which forbids the exposing of nakedness, had endeavoured to non-placet, with the result of a beating by twelve to one; and Mr. GOSCHEN's, and Mr. RAIKES's, and, above all, Mr. BALFOUR's. But, when such a number of accidents happens to coincide in such circumstances, the most philosophical of doubters is warranted in suspecting that there may be a little design behind them.

Unless the Public Orator is so styled because he conceals the public thoughts of his University, Dr. SANDYS would appear to have in his very excellent oration put the dots on the i's in this sense to a very unusual extent. The resources of a learned language, as well as its obscurity, are infinite; and if the University had wished, or if the Public Orator had thought that it wished, to sit on the fence in this matter, there are plenty of points in Lord SALISBURY's character and record which could have been dwelt upon without praising him, "for that the parts of these British islands, "at present united, he suffereth not to be torn asunder." The consistency of Lord SELBORNE, though undeniable, is not that one of his many merits which it is kind to certain former colleagues of his to dwell upon at the present moment, unless there is an object in so doing; and we do not know that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT will have been as much amused as he will no doubt pretend to have been at hearing laudations of the patriotism of Mr. GOSCHEN. And as for the words of the speech about Mr. BALFOUR—Mr. BALFOUR of the "certain Irish prefix"—the periods of the orator and the cheers of his audience must here have been most distressing of all to those other members of the University who were welcoming certain other persons in Cambridge not long ago. If it had been at Oxford, which has malignancy and tyranny by kind, the thing might have been tolerable, or at least to be expected. But that at Cambridge—at Cambridge which used to boast of admitting no force but argument—the persecutor of the "martyred "saints whose breeks Lie scattered in the Irish prisons cold" should be complimented on his being the man "to govern "that part of our islands with just counsels, to the comfort "of all good men and the terror of all evil," on being "one who for that reason is received with the plaudits "of all good citizens, because he will not permit the bonds "of the Union to be broken," and that the paragraph should be ended by the actual quotation, by the enshrining in the sacred language, as it were, of the University herself of the abhorrent "Tria juncta in uno" and the insolent "Quis "separabit?"—this is, indeed, cruel to "other members of the University."

To speak more seriously, we are exceedingly glad that Dr. SANDYS had the resolution to speak out in this fashion. And we say this, at the same time holding most strongly, and refusing absolutely to give up or abate one jot of the very sound and admirable doctrine, that a University as such ought to have no party politics. The whole contention of Unionists is that this is not a party question; any more than it would be a party question whether an Englishman was justified in making private terms with enemies landed on the coast of the country. It is the contention, not by any means of the whole, but of a certain part of the Separatists, that Home Rule is a party question, and that any attempt to treat them as if they were out of the pale of political charity is consequently unjust. And by dint of much speaking they have got some of the foolisher sort at Southampton and elsewhere to believe them. It is pretty clear, from the list of political persons (to the non-political persons, from Lord ACTON downwards, we desire to do all honour, but they do not come into the present argument) honoured by Cambridge on Saturday, *idcirco quod vincula illa divelli non sinunt*, that the University is not of this opinion. And it is useless to attempt to revive the stale accusations against Universities. Even Mr. LABOUCHERE does not, as the Mr. LABOUCHERES of fifty or a hundred years ago used to do, call them, or at least think them, sleepy hollows, nests of debauchery, hives of drivelling and drowsy parsons, and the like. As it happens, by a curious chance, Cambridge can claim two Irish Secretaries, actual or recent, among her most distinguished sons. It would be difficult to imagine a severer rebuke to Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN than is contained in the words of Dr. SANDYS's praise of Mr. BALFOUR.

A LESSON TO RAILWAY COMPANIES.

UNLESS the decision of the Court of Appeal, reversing the judgment of Mr. Justice MANISTY, should in its turn be reversed by the House of Lords, Mr. BUTLER's victory over the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company will have established a valuable precedent. Railway Companies have the legal power of enacting certain by-laws and the practical power of causing great inconvenience to the travelling public. But as yet they are not absolutely despotic nor entirely above the authority of the common law. The conduct of the Company's servants at Sheffield, or rather at the station near Sheffield where tickets are taken, suggests that this fact will be news to other people besides Mr. Justice MANISTY. Mr. BUTLER, the victim of their very high-handed and rather low-minded proceedings, took a return ticket from Manchester to Sheffield by excursion train at the reduced price of half-a-crown. He gave up one part of his ticket at Manchester, but the other part he afterwards lost. When the train stopped at what we may call the Vauxhall or Kentish Town of Sheffield, he explained the matter to the collector. He likewise offered to pay his whole fare over again, which is quite as much as, in the circumstances, he was bound to do. But the collector, dissatisfied, demanded the ordinary fare, which was elevenpence more. In vain did Mr. BUTLER produce his name and address. In vain, with more than Quixotic generosity and Odyssean resource, did he offer "a copy of his portrait "which he had with him." Few are the passengers who carry about, like Mr. BUTLER, the cherished lineaments of themselves. But even this unusually prompt evidence of identity did not appease the wrath of the collector. Mr. BUTLER was forcibly removed from the carriage, prevented from continuing his journey to Sheffield, and kept at this suburban station for three-quarters of an hour, when he paid the amount demanded. For this outrageous interference with his personal freedom he brought an action of assault, and it seems a pity that he did not add a claim for false imprisonment. It is right to say that, according to the verdict of the jury, no more violence had been used than was necessary to turn Mr. BUTLER out of a carriage in which he had a right to be, and that the damages were only assessed at the very modest sum of twenty-five pounds. Mr. Justice MANISTY appears to think that, by refusing to show his ticket, even if he has lost it, a passenger breaks his contract with the Company, becomes at once a trespasser, and can be deposited without warning at any station on the route. If this eccentric paradox were good law, a traveller would be subject to serious punishment for the most trivial carelessness, or even for mere misfortune.

That railway Companies suffer from innumerable petty frauds is doubtless true. But they must contrive to protect themselves without oppressing the public, for whose benefit they exist. In the case of Mr. BUTLER it is clear that the Company altogether mistook their remedy. They might have sued the plaintiff. They had no right to detain him. If they had brought an action, he would have had a perfectly good defence. He would have proved as defendant, what he actually proved as plaintiff, that he had taken his ticket, and paid for it. There is no magic about half a return ticket. It is only evidence of a contract, a receipt for payment. If the transaction can be established in any other way, the ticket is not required. It is remarkable that no English authority should have been quoted on either side of the argument, and that a single American case—which was rather in the Company's favour—should have been the only one cited at all. The enormous power of Corporations in the United States, which rests upon the constitutional provision against interference with existing contracts, has been much weakened by subsequent decisions since the famous example of Dartmouth College. But it is still far greater than the people of this country would be willing to endure. The experience of Lord Justice LOPES, as related by himself, is perhaps more in point. Being on one occasion in the same plight as Mr. BUTLER, he gave the same explanation, adding, however, the fact that he was Judge of Assize. "I "have heard that story before," observed the astute collector, heedless of the sound rule that it is dangerous in this world to be too clever. The Directors of railway Companies arrogate to themselves a sort of criminal jurisdiction. Not content with the civil process which is open to them, as to all other classes of HER MAJESTY's subjects, they want to execute summary justice upon everybody who does not comply with the minutest regulation in the obscurest corner of a ticket or time-table. The Court of Appeal has now, apparently for the first time, held that a passenger cannot be ejected from a railway-carriage because he is not provided with a ticket. Lord Justice LINDLEY did, indeed, hint that a by-law might be made to that effect, while Lord Justice LOPES inclined to think that it would be *ultra vires*. If it would not, it certainly ought to be. The public does not exist for the benefit of railways.

THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BILL.

THE most unmixed improvement which has been made in the Local Government Bill—next to the dropping of the Licensing Clauses—is the substitution of the ancient title of Alderman, or rather County Alderman, for the awkward description of Selected Councillor. As for the licensing clauses themselves, the wild exhilaration over their excision seems to forget that they were introduced as a concession, and that, the concessionaries proving recalcitrant, they have been left in the lurch by a withdrawal which certainly does not annoy the supporters of the Government most. As for the Aldermen, it might even be contended that the change is useful as well as ornamental, inasmuch as it reminds the House of Commons that the measure purports to be an extension of the Municipal Corporations Act. It is not perhaps universally admitted that the institution of Aldermen has been highly beneficent; but there is always a probability in favour of a system which, after considerable experience, has not been condemned by any party. Mr. SMITH has promised to devise, if possible, a method by which a casual majority may be prevented from perpetuating its own existence; and it has been suggested that county Aldermen should not be allowed to vote when vacancies occur in their own body. In counties, as in boroughs, the Council may appoint Aldermen who have not been previously elected by the ratepayers; but in this respect they will probably follow the example of the urban Corporations. It seems that the proportion of Aldermen taken from the outside has always been insignificant, and the same result will almost certainly occur in County Councils. There may perhaps be some advantage in preferring candidates who have previously been returned by a popular constituency. A Mayor or Chairman or county Alderman chosen from the general mass of the inhabitants would not represent the majority of voters so fully as an elected Councillor promoted by the suffrages of his colleagues. A more conclusive reason for preference would be found in the natural desire of the members of the Council to reserve to themselves the right of succession to municipal dignities. The whole question is not of primary importance in the case of the county Aldermen. The efficiency of the new municipalities will depend much more on the capacity of the Chairmen than on the votes of the privileged minority of the Council. Unless the voters take care to return one or more capable candidates for the presidency of the Council, the working of the new system will be liable to local failure. The first attempt to set the machine in motion will especially require the initiative of an able and experienced man of business.

The clauses relating to county Aldermen naturally gave rise to a debate on the merits of secondary election. There seems to be no reason why a constituency which, in the first instance, derives its title from popular suffrage should not be competent to select the members of a national or municipal Assembly. The nominees of the mass of the people would seem to be a kind of aristocracy, and the choice of their representatives can seldom be an extraordinarily difficult function. It is, nevertheless, essential to the success of such an experiment that the voters at the second election should not have been chosen for that special purpose. One Legislature may sometimes be competent to elect another by the independent exercise of its judgment; but those who have been appointed for that purpose only can seldom do more than obey the mandate of the original voters. The most conspicuous instance in Europe of secondary election is the Lower House of the Prussian Parliament, the members of which are returned by electors who are themselves chosen by universal suffrage. An Assembly thus constituted thwarted the policy of Prince BISMARCK in his earlier years of office, and he has since regarded it with little favour. The extension of the term of service in the Chamber from three years to five is not the first [illegible] unstable or [illegible] Dislike for secondary election, or rather for its [illegible] probably induced the CHANCELLOR to take the rash step of founding

the German Lower House on direct and universal suffrage. It cannot be said that thus far the constitution of the Prussian Parliament has been either fully justified or utterly condemned by its operation. Two earlier and more instructive experiments have been tried in the United States with curiously opposite results. The election of the President by an independent Commission or body appointed for the purpose by the several States was intended to be one of the most effective elements of the Federal Constitution; yet from the first the Presidential electors have been merely the mouthpieces of those from whom they derived their office and instructions. Their very existence is almost forgotten while they discharge their Ministerial function; and, if they were to exercise an independent choice, they would be sharply reminded that in America there are fundamental laws which are not embodied in the Constitution. As they are absolutely powerless, their formal intervention has done no harm, but probably on some convenient occasion their office will be abolished.

On the other hand, the Senate which is elected by the State Legislatures is, with an exception which need not be here discussed, the most efficient of Second Chambers, and it is more powerful than the House of Representatives which proceeds from popular election. It can scarcely be said that the Senate in the present day derives any considerable part of its influence from the fact that it represents the partially obsolete element of State sovereignty. Its proceedings are now regarded both by itself and by the community at large as those of a legislative body of uniform composition. It is doubtful whether it would have been equally successful if, as in the case of the President, Senatorial electors had been appointed with the sole duty of nominating Senators. There are, no doubt, other reasons for the preponderance of the Senate, but the mode in which it is appointed must also be taken into consideration. The State Assemblies have many other duties to perform in addition to their elected function, and, consequently, their members are chosen without any direct or exclusive reference to their character as secondary voters. It is true that in modern times State politics are largely affected by their bearing on the nomination of a Senator; but, if only with a view to victory, the contending parties in the State Legislatures almost always put forward their ablest leaders. There is no doubt that, in consequence, the Senate is far above the ordinary level of political capacity. The descent from large things to small in reasoning from the American Senate to an English County Council is perhaps too abrupt; but the proportion may be constant when the magnitudes are enormously reduced. It is, on the whole, desirable to apply on a small scale to the new municipalities contrivances analogous to those which regulate the working of great national institutions. The Councillors who will select the county Aldermen will have been chosen for a different purpose, and they will not be compelled, like Presidential electors, to consult their own constituents in the administration of their patronage. It is, unfortunately, true that secondary election has of late been discredited in the government of London; but the miscarriages of the Metropolitan Board of Works have no necessary connexion with the mode of election by the Vestries.

If the Metropolitan Board of Works had been elected by direct household suffrage, its members would, in all probability, have been exactly similar in position and character to those who are now connected with questionable transactions. The practical inference from recent scandals is that ordinary members of the class from which municipal administrators are chosen require official control and supervision when they dispose of great sums of money, of profitable contracts, and of much miscellaneous patronage. Aspersions of the same kind have lately been thrown on some provincial Corporations, where the constituencies rather than their municipal representatives are the promoters of corruption. It is said that a habit has been formed of undertaking costly public works on the ground that they will cause a large demand for labour, while the expense will fall on the more substantial ratepayers. The rural municipalities will start with the advantage of sound traditions. The present ruling body has never been accused of pecuniary laxity, and perhaps a good example will produce a wholesome effect. The County Councils will not be the less scrupulous because a portion of their number will have been chosen by the residue. Even in London, notwithstanding the clamour which may be raised against secondary election, there will be the ordinary proportion of Aldermen. They will not be more liable than their elected colleagues to the temptation of exercising their opportunities; and, as few of them will probably belong to the working classes, their personal interest will lie in the direction of economy rather than of profuse expenditure. Some of those who are likely to be the most active managers of municipal as of Parliamentary contests have themselves belonged to organizations which are entirely dependent on secondary election. The Caucus, which has been oddly denounced by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, is deliberately founded on secondary election. The primary assemblies, as in the United States, from which the system was borrowed, consist of all the members of the party who choose to take part in the proceedings. The next step in advance is the election by general suffrage of the nominally governing body. The mass of the constituency is, therefore, finally disfranchised almost as soon as it has come into existence. The real power is probably exercised by an Executive Council, which again is nominated by the ostensibly representative body. The number of successive elections or eliminations of the popular element may perhaps vary in different places; but the whole scheme of the Caucus depends, as has been said, on election by those who have themselves been previously elected. It is not known that the Caucus includes members corresponding to county Aldermen, but the wirepullers are a much more powerful and more permanent portion of the Caucus. It is yet uncertain whether speculations on the character of the County Councils can be profitably attempted. There is too much reason to fear that, instead of choosing competent managers of local affairs, the ratepayers will concentrate all their energies on the maintenance or suppression of public-houses.

THE LAW OF LIBEL.

SIR ALGERNON BORTHWICK'S Bill for the relief of Sir ALGERNON BORTHWICK and others from the consequences of some of the torts they may inadvertently commit has now assumed a shape in which it may be submitted to the House of Lords without absolute disrespect to that distinguished body. It is probable, however, that in one point it may be further amended next week, and if it is not, the House of Lords will have to do more than merely assent to the measure. This point is the provision in Clause 5 that where a newspaper has "inserted an apology" for a libel, originally published without malice and without negligence, the defendant shall be entitled to a verdict without having made any payment into Court. To this enactment there is the obvious objection pointed out here last week, and relied upon in Wednesday's debate by Mr. KELLY, that where a libel has been published, followed in a subsequent issue of the newspaper by an apology, a wrong has been committed for which no reparation has been made, and the effect of which has been only partially undone, and that, therefore, the person libelled ought to be able to recover compensation, and ought not, if he seeks to do so, to have to pay the defendant's costs. Mr. DARLING intimated that he would move, on the report, an amendment substituting for the provision that in such a case the plaintiff shall not recover "any damages "except such special damages as he can prove that he has "sustained by the publication of such libel" words to the effect that, unless the jury find a verdict for the plaintiff for forty shillings, judgment with costs shall be entered for the defendant. This would be an improvement on the clause as it stands; but it is a clumsy enactment that, where the jury think the plaintiff ought to have a pound, he is to have nothing, and to pay the defendant's costs. The reason for requiring payment into court as a condition of successfully pleading an apology is in reality unassailable. No substantial injustice done to owners of newspapers by the present law has been or can be suggested, and the total omission of the clause would decidedly improve the Bill. Unless some more convenient amendment than the one promised by Mr. DARLING can be devised, it is to be hoped that the clause will be struck out in the House of Lords.

The thirty-eight members who opposed the sixth clause deserve well of the country for their anxiety on behalf of libelled persons; but, though they included some members whose opinion is of great value, it is probable that the clause will do little or no harm, while there may unquestionably be cases in which it will be useful. Its effects will depend a great deal upon the manner of its administration by juries. It is to the credit of the House of Commons that, though some impulsive journalists made speeches in support of the impudent proposal to exact security for costs from plaintiffs

in actions for libel, no voice was raised in its favour when the question was put from the chair. The 8th Clause, as amended, is perhaps not likely to do much harm. It is also not likely to prevent any injustice. Criminal prosecutions for libel against persons who are not in any sense morally as well as legally responsible for them are far from common. As the clause now stands it will be for the defendant to prove that he was not party or privy to the publication, and that it did not arise from any want of care on his part. It may be doubted whether any person who could have proved this has been convicted of libel in modern times. Taking the Bill altogether, it will be an improvement on the existing law if the 5th Clause is amended or omitted, as it probably will be in one House of Parliament or the other.

EXPENSE OF REORGANIZATIONS.

IT would seem that Mr. JENNINGS is so far like Don QUIXOTE that he is made up of alternate layers of two very different things. The Don's elements were sanity and madness lying side by side. Mr. JENNINGS's are Toryism and Radicalism, and we can only hope that they will also remain distinct and that the venom of the Radicalism will not corrupt the integrity of his sounder principles. On Tuesday night he showed the Radical streak. Mr. JENNINGS had a lurking suspicion that he would be open to the reproach, and showed it by saying that honourable members who sat on the Government side of the House were tolerably sure to be called by this term of reproach if they defended true economy. The member for Stockport must not lay that flattering unction to his soul. It was not his love of economy which was Radical about him, but his claptrap, his appeals to the gallery, and the Irish gallery, too, which were rewarded by so much Opposition cheers and laughter. It was not love of economy, for instance, which dictated some nonsense of Mr. JENNINGS about the so-called good families and the fatigue of the country which had to support them. The materials of this remark were mere Radical envy and ignorance, which are very old both of them, and are repeated nowadays, not because they can make even a caricature of the real state of things, but because they are bits of familiar gag always to be relied upon to draw a cheer from one part of the House at least. Mr. JENNINGS might have shown his love of true economy quite as effectually without lashing himself up into a state of rhetorical fury over imaginary abuses, and parading worn-out commonplaces. Neither did he at all strengthen his case, but the contrary, by describing Ministers and public officials as leagued in a conspiracy to defraud the public. That also is claptrap, and should be heard nowhere but on the stump.

The faults of Mr. JENNINGS's form do not, however, prove that he was in the wrong on the main issue. His victory over the Government is not an incident which affects us much. Such defeats do not greatly hurt a Ministry, and if, as is not improbably the case, this one was partly due to want of foresight and care on the part of the Ministerial Whips, the lesson might have been given on a more serious occasion, and with worse consequences. In inducing a majority of the House to vote that some recent reorganizations in public offices have been wasteful Mr. JENNINGS was doing very good work. Mr. CHILDERS's elaborate figures and Lord GEORGE HAMILTON's spirited rally do not prove that officials still capable of work have not often been, and are not continually, pensioned off in a wasteful way, or that our recurrent reorganizations do not frequently end in nothing better than a mere change of names and places. To account for this blundering by a conspiracy among the officials is absurd. It is the outcome partly of a bad old tradition continued by gentlemen who are just as honestly zealous for the public service as Mr. JENNINGS, though, like him, mistaken in the exact way of doing things. Another and more effectual cause is simply outside clamour. Whenever anything goes wrong, and there is an outcry against the system, or whenever we have a spasm of economy, there is a cry for changes and rearrangement and suppressions. Of course there is a Commission, and something is done of which the effects are soon visible in the pension-list. The dislocation of the department causes a good deal of loss of time and temper. Then things settle down, and as the Minister has been stirred up into attending sharply to his department, of course there is an improvement. "The master's eye"—but the proverb is something musty. In this case the growing of the corn is accounted for by the reorganization—till in a few years it is found that the system is sick again, and then the doctoring begins anew, always with the same effect on the pension-list. It is true, undeniably true, that men in middle life, or still young, are retired on pensions when they would and could work. To say that these fortunate persons are put to take their ease on the shelf because room must be found for younger and more energetic men, is a favourite official platitude which makes the mere private person open the eye of amazement. What amount of genius is required to make a head clerk in a Government office? Supposing that a sportive djinn were to take fifty Government upper division clerks, and a similar number of the prompt and polite gentlemen who attend to one's little affairs at one's bank, and were then to *vice versâ* them—to play the BULTITUDE trick with them—which would have its work worse done at the end of a month, the bank or the Government office? Would there be a pin to choose between them? The truth is that a great deal of nonsense is talked about the work done in Government offices, of which vastly the greater part requires no qualities but the very average brains and decent industry which are expected and obtained from cashiers in banks. A healthy man of fifty who is not fit to do it—or thinks it beneath his dignity to do what he is told off to do, as he would in a bank—is fit for dismissal, and not for a pension of 700*l.* a year. By far the greater part of the extravagance in our public offic s is not due to undue favour shown to incompetents, but to our endless schemes of reorganization, with their unvarying additions to the pension-list. In voting against these the House of Commons did well, and if it is partly to blame in the matter itself (a very tenable proposition), that is no reason why it should not repent. The only way it has of showing its repentance is by voting against any more of the samr thing.

THE *SATURDAY REVIEW* IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

IT is matter of respectful surprise to us that two peers of such gravity and authority as the leader of the Opposition in the Upper House and the LORD CHANCELLOR should have expressed, the former astonishment, and the latter indignation, at a statement in these columns which neither of them can possibly have read. Lord GRANVILLE complained of the *Saturday Review* for having represented that "on the "occasion of two noble lords rising at the same moment to "address the House, and neither of them giving way, the "LORD CHANCELLOR had called upon one of them to speak." And Lord HALSBURY, after complaining that the statement (which we were supposed to have made) could not have been founded on anything which "the most perverted or the most "perverse imagination could present in such a light," and that there was a "subtlety in the phrase used by the writer" which would induce people to think that the Chancellor referred to was himself, concluded by expressing "a suspicion "that, if he contradicted the statement, the writer of the "article would probably say, 'Oh, the noble Earl and the "'LORD CHANCELLOR are very ignorant, because over forty "'years ago an incident of that sort did take place.'" This suspicion, however, is not—or not wholly—well founded; for we should not reply that "an incident of that sort took "place over forty years ago," because the incident to which we referred was one of a totally different sort, and took place less than ten years ago. What we said was, that there had been a quite recent example, not of a Chancellor's "calling upon" one of "two noble lords" to speak, but of his putting the question to the House, as himself one of the two noble lords desiring to speak, that he himself should be heard, of his declaring that question carried in the affirmative, and of his delivering his speech forthwith. And the argument we founded upon that was—but no! If Lord GRANVILLE and Lord HALSBURY were not sufficiently interested in what we were saying to ascertain what it was we did say, they cannot possibly care to know what it was we were endeavouring to prove.

IRELAND.

THE death of Colonel KING-HARMAN is an event to be regretted, not only for those reasons which have caused all but a few of the least worthy of his countrymen to deplore it, but on public grounds also. In a certain sense,

of course, there will be no difficulty in filling his place. There are plenty of capable Englishmen whom the Government could appoint to it with the certainty of being abused by the Parnellites for not appointing an Irishman, and at least a sufficiency of capable Irishmen from whom they could make their selection, with the like certainty of being denounced from the same quarter for having selected a "political partisan." But, though the place of the late Parliamentary Under-Secretary may be without difficulty supplied by a successor of ability, firmness, and acquaintance with Ireland, it is not likely that he will combine these three qualifications in anything like the measure in which they were possessed by the last holder of the office. For, if Colonel KING-HARMAN's powers of debate and administration were not—as, in fact, they were not—of any remarkable order, they were nevertheless not merely adequate to the requirements of his position, but far superior to the pretended estimate placed upon them by his insolent adversaries; while as regards steady courage and tenacity, and knowledge not only of the Irish people but of the Irish "politician," his match will be impossible to find in the House of Commons. Every one knows, of course, that it was these latter qualities which made him so supremely obnoxious to his countrymen below the gangway. Their affected detestation of what they were pleased to call his "apostasy" from the Home Rule cause—though it is plain from the public acts and declaration of O'CONNELL that that national hero would have apostatized from the Nationalist movement on precisely the same grounds of repugnance to murder and spoliation—was in reality nothing but their alarmed hatred of a man who knew them—and because he knew them—too well. It was this, of course, which directed against him the full fury of their attacks; and the indifference with which, outwardly at any rate, he faced them of course added fuel to the flame. It is said that he felt keenly the outrageous insults which were showered upon him from the Irish benches; but he never allowed the slightest sign of any such susceptibility to escape him, and the interposition of his good-humoured stoicism between Mr. BALFOUR and his virulent assailants was an advantage to the Government both in its Parliamentary and Executive capacity of no mean order. That his life was shortened, as has been suggested, by the attacks of which he was made the object is possible, but not, we think, probable; and, without some definite evidence on the point, we should be most unwilling to countenance any such supposition. There is nothing, we should imagine, which Colonel KING-HARMAN would have so much resented as the idea that his end could have been hastened by the worryings of the pack that he defied with so fearless a contempt.

There is, perhaps, a certain fitness in the selection of this moment by Mr. PARNELL for paying his party, or "over "fifty members" of it, the unusual compliment of an invitation to dinner. The festivities at the Café Royal appear to have given satisfaction to the guests, and perhaps, after all, the apparently significant absence of such important members of the party as Mr. O'BRIEN, Mr. HEALY, and Mr. TIMOTHY HARRINGTON, may have had no serious meaning. It is, however, curious that no regretful reference should have been made to their absence, if it were really accidental, considering that Mr. SEXTON, in his speech, made special mention of those members of the party whom imprisonment prevented from attending. Whatever its cause, the non-appearance of Mr. O'BRIEN caused the function rather to resemble what, for the sake of sparing a too hard-worked comparison, we will call a recitation of the "Prisoner of Chillon," with the part of BONNIVARD omitted. The formula of Mr. PARNELL's invitation to his party was "to meet those of their number who have "been imprisoned under the provisions of the Crimes Act"; yet the toast of "Our Guests" was first responded to, in the presence of Mr. PYNE, Mr. HOOPER, Mr. GILHOOLY, and other obscurities who have been actually imprisoned, by a luminary of the party who has, no doubt, every other qualification save that of having seen the inside of a gaol. Mr. DILLON has had a sentence of imprisonment passed upon him very late in the day, but he has punctually appealed against it; and, as he is now at liberty on bail, his sacrifices for the cause seem hardly severe enough at present to warrant him in playing the spokesman for the "victims" of Mr. BALFOUR. Perhaps it was a consciousness of this that induced him to echo so loudly Mr. PARNELL's complaint of the undue leniency shown to Irish members of Parliament as compared with the "victims who are not much "before the public gaze—the obscurer persons, the news-"vendors, the humbler shopkeepers," and so forth. To do Mr. DILLON justice, however, he seemed to be quite as much scandalized at the fact that priests get off with lighter sentences than politicians, as with the fact that politicians have a similar advantage over newsvendors. In any case, of course, the matter is one which rests solely within the discretion of the magistrates and judges, and with which the Irish Executive have nothing whatever to do. Nor are we, for our own part, at all concerned to defend the manner in which the magisterial and judicial discretion has been exercised. We would, however, remind the chivalrous Mr. DILLON that the inequality which he now denounces is no new thing; that from the very first administration of the Crimes Act, the penalty of hard labour was attached to some sentences and not to others; and that down to the delivery of this speech by Mr. DILLON —which has been delayed until the practice complained of may be regarded as tolerably well established on the basis of precedent—not a single word of protest has ever been uttered against it, either by the Irish Parliamentary agitators who get the benefit of the distinction in their cases, or by the English Radicals, who have expressed such noisy sympathy for these first-class misdemeanants.

As to the less personal and more political parts of last Wednesday night's oratory there is little to be said. The speakers were, of course, bound to describe their cause as triumphing over "Coercion," and to represent the broken and powerless League as still vigorous and active. Mr. DILLON recounted, with puerile exultation, his success in convening a meeting in Western Clare—a feat which he contrived to compass in this wise. "About three weeks ago," he said, "I sent a confidential messenger to Clare. I could not put "up placards, for fear of drawing the police; but I sent by "word of mouth to the League of Clare, giving them about "five days' notice of my intention to turn up on a certain "remote hill-side." Having then "advanced on Clare "by some circuitous route," he turned up, as per notice, on the remote hill-side, and found about eight thousand people of Western Clare, and certainly all the priests of Western "Clare" (this, at least, we must respectfully take leave to doubt), "assembled in that lonely "place." Well! *Et après?* One would think from the way in which Irish agitators talk, that the mere fact of assembling has a sort of spiritual or sacramental efficacy of its own—that it was an end in itself, like a prayer-meeting of Covenanters held in despite of CLAVERHOUSE's dragoons, or a celebration of mass under the Terror. An Irish Nationalist meeting has no force or significance except either as a demonstration that the people can defy the law in their thousands, or as an occasion for mutually encouraging each other and being encouraged by agitators to defy the law as individuals. Neither of these purposes can possibly be fulfilled by a meeting which has to be held "on the sly," and which testifies by that very circumstance to the fact that the law cannot be boldly defied, but must be elaborately evaded. Mr. DILLON's references to the Papal Rescript were not much happier. His querulous complaint of the "intemperate, painful, and scandalous language" which had been used against "us" in the case of "the Mansion "House meeting" is a rather overstrained description of Dr. O'DWYER's quietly contemptuous allusion to "that "curious body, the *conciliabulum* of laymen who sat "upon the POPE in Dublin"; and, generally speaking, Mr. DILLON's remarks on this matter had been rather disastrously discounted by the frank and manly address just delivered by the Bishop of LIMERICK to his diocesan synod. The whole speech of this unimprisoned representative of captives, this scatheless spokesman of "martyrs," abounds in evidences plain enough to those accustomed to Irish oratory of his consciousness that the game is up. Strong and steady government in Ireland is doing its work. We shall doubtless never quite put a stop to such displays of the national spirit as that of the Kerry Moonlighters who have just ripped up the stomach of an unpopular bog-ranger's horse. But, if this brutal savagery of Irish agrarianism will always be in a great measure beyond our power to check, we can deal, and we are dealing, effectually with all the other disorderly elements of Irish society which are not quite so barbarous as to be beyond the reach of ordinary deterrents.

CRICKET.

THE cricket of the week, despite some amusing incidents, has not been very absorbing. If anybody knew where Leyton is, doubtless there would have been a larger gathering to see Oxford Past and Present play the Australians. But the spirit of the explorer is damped within him when he hears that, if he would view fair Leyton aright, he must first wend his way to Liverpool Street. Whosoever arrived at the scene beheld a pretty good match, though Oxford was not adequately represented. Mr. J. G. WALKER was at Lord's, Mr. WEBBE was at Lord's, Mr. KEY was playing for Surrey against Sussex. On the other hand, Mr. LESLIE came forward, and showed that he had not forgotten his swashing blow, which Marlborough boys dreaded of old; and that he had given up playing back at a half-volley. Mr. COLLINS was tried, too; we have once or twice urged this course on various administrations. Mr. COLLINS, who is a fast left-hand bowler of a formidable character, struck terror and inspired respect among the Colonists in the first innings. In the second, for some reason, he could no longer do so, and Australia won easily enough, Mr. NEPEAN being the most successful bowler. Six wickets in the first innings was a very good bag for Mr. COLLINS. Mr. BONNOR's sixty-five, steadily played for, was the best contribution in the Australian 176. That consistent walker, Mr. RASHLEIGH, made 33 for Oxford; Mr. BUCKLAND added 63; but it was the scoring of Mr. LESLIE, Mr. CROOME (66), and Mr. COLLINS (13), at the end of the Oxford innings, that gave them a semblance of a chance for victory, with 241. But Mr. McDONNELL rallied in the Australian second innings; Mr. BANNERMAN and Mr. TROTT kept even company with him; Mr. EDWARDS added an unlooked for 50; and Mr. FERRIS played a most useful bowler's innings. On a fatigued wicket, and against a bowler like Mr. TURNER, Oxford could not expect to get 221. Mr. WATSON's 26 and Mr. PHILIPSON's 29 were pretty scores, and Mr. WATSON's may perhaps get him his colours. But Lord GEORGE SCOTT did himself no justice, Mr. LESLIE failed, and only Mr. COCHRANE deserves a word of praise for his gallant 14 not out. He was not out in both innings, but it was not his day as a bowler. Indeed, no two Oxford bowlers seem ever to be at their best on the same occasion; and you never can tell which of them will chance to be in form. The Australians were the stronger eleven, chiefly by virtue of their bowling, and won on their merits. With Mr. WEBBE, Mr. KEY, and Mr. WALKER in place of three of the selected team, we think they would have been defeated.

The Gloucestershire and Middlesex match was full of moving chances, especially when Mr. W. G. GRACE was bowling to WEST for catches, and WEST gave them "as rich "men give that care not for their gifts," and the Gloucestershire fielders consistently dropped them. WEST's 83 was a most lively exhibition of hard hitting; and, if he gave chances, why he deliberately and successfully chose to chance it. On the other hand, Mr. J. G. WALKER's 94 was a classically beautiful performance. Mr. WALKER's cuts are easily to be recognized, so clean and brilliant are they. Mr. P. J. DE PARAVICINI contributed a valuable 42; and his handling was, as a rule, excellent. With a score of 301 Middlesex seemed likely to do well. Dr. E. M. GRACE, however, hit BURTON's first ball to the ropes with insolent familiarity, and seemed to make very light of the bowling in general. To the amazement and joy of mankind, Mr. WEBBE bowled Mr. W. G. GRACE for 25, then his elder brother obstructed with his leg a ball of Mr. ROBERTSON's, and so the GRACES were out for 60. But, alas! the next wicket, PAINTER's, fell for 302. PAINTER made 130, and Mr. TROUP stayed in with him through an innings which appeared interminable. Mr. BUSH, too, remained long at the wickets; indeed, almost everybody scored off the weary bowlers. Gloucestershire amassed 400, and Middlesex went in on a fatigued wicket which kicked fearfully and in a very sallow light. Mr. WALKER was a failure. Mr. WEBBE cut brilliantly and made a hit for 9. Five were run, when Mr. W. G. GRACE threw in "as some wits "poet when he works without a conscience or an ear." The ball reached the ropes among exclamations [illegible] did not [illegible]. Except Mr. SCOTT, nobody did [illegible] help Mr. [illegible], and he was run out in a [illegible] ner. Gloucestershire had only 30 runs to make to win; they sacrificed [illegible] Mr. RADCLIFFE and Mr. [illegible]. The victories of Notts over Sussex and of Yorkshire over Derbyshire could surprise none and interest few. Surrey is the champion county, so far, and Gloucestershire next; but Notts will probably assert herself before the end of these things.

MORE CONTRADICTION.

IT is very tiresome to have to listen to, and also, as we beg to assure everybody, to have to keep on repeating the same thing, but if it is always the same thing there is no resource. Unhappily this continues to be the case with those burning questions—the strength of the navy and the state of the national defences. Within the last ten days they have been discussed here and there in a more or less authoritative way, and one thing only has been demonstrated by all the talk. From the conversation in the House of Lords about the naval station at Esquimalt on to Sir A. HOOD's evidence before the Committee of the Commons one old piece of knowledge has been proved for the twentieth time. It is that the experts are all hopelessly at sixes and sevens. As long as this is the case, discussions on the state of the navy and the defences can only lead to an endless war of words, which leaves the outsider in a state of mere confusion of mind and the experts more obstinately convinced of the value of their various opinions than before. The only possible way of escape from the wrangle has been pointed out here so often that a man would die of weariness to insist on it again. The more supportable course is to detail the proofs which have at least some superficial appearance of variety.

There is the question of the value of Esquimalt as a naval station. Lord SUDELEY, speaking with personal knowledge, assured the Upper House that Burrard Inlet was far superior for the purpose—a better anchorage, better covered, less accessible to any enemy but one, and delightfully easy to defend. This looked like a string of reasons for sending out the guns which are (strange to say) ready for Esquimalt to Burrard Inlet. Then Lord ELPHINSTONE arose, and, speaking with equal authority, pointed out that though the Inlet is a splendid land-locked harbour when you are in it, there is a periodical difficulty about getting in, no small defect in a naval station. Further, it would be exceedingly liable to attack from the United States. We do not contemplate a war with our American cousins, but the thing is humanly possible, and so we ought to avoid the danger unless it were at the expense of incurring a greater—which Lord ELPHINSTONE does not think we shall do by sticking to Esquimalt. Now what is the course to be taken? "One "officer," says Lord ELPHINSTONE, "whose opinion carried "great weight, would tell you that Burrard Inlet was "the proper place for a naval station; another officer "of equal authority would tell you that the Inlet was "little better than a rat trap." Just so, and as long as the experts keep knocking one another's cases about one another's ears in this fashion of what avail is it to tell us that they must be implicitly trusted? Then there is the great sudden invasion business. Lord GEORGE HAMILTON has been reasonably well scolded for what he said on the subject last Monday, or, indeed, for saying anything at all; but, as he was asked a direct question, we fail to see what course was open to him except to answer it. Besides it is rather too easy a style of argument, this practice of talking about red herrings instead of tackling the facts. Put briefly, what Lord GEORGE had to say about the ADJUTANT-GENERAL's 150,000 tons was, that they were tons net, and not tons gross. In other words, Lord WOLSELEY seemed to contemplate the arrival of an enemy in ships which contain neither boilers, nor engines, nor hatchways, nor skylights, nor steering gear, all of which things are included in the gross tonnage. But a ship which has none of them is about as fit to cross the Channel as the Château de Coucy; so we must calculate the transports of our invaders in tons gross. When that is done, and allowance is made for horses (4 tons net apiece for 30,000), it is found that the ADJUTANT-GENERAL's 150,000 [illegible] run up to something not far short of Lord GEORGE HAMILTON's [illegible],000 tons. Here, again, the anxious Briton finds himself in the position of Captain [illegible]. How happy could he be with either [illegible]—but the difficulty is just to know [illegible] POLLY, or the [illegible] prevailing [illegible] be quoted [illegible] on Naval Estimates. Sir [illegible] HOOD, the First Sea Lord,

gave it as his opinion that we are doing fairly well in battle ships, provided we do not stop altogether, but go steadily on; that the navy is well organized and ready for service; and, that, although it ought to be strengthened, six cruisers will do. We are going down a descending scale. First it was a hundred and eighty-five cruisers, then it was twenty-five, now it is six. Admiral HORNBY, Lord CHARLES BERESFORD, and Sir ARTHUR HOOD, all distinguished officers, are severally responsible for these widely varying estimates. Out of such differences nothing can come but mere angry contradiction. It is true that all three are agreed that the navy must be strengthened; but as long as they differ over the how and the when and the to what extent it is not possible that their agreement can counterbalance their mutual contradictions. Therefore once more the first thing to be done is to secure at least some approach to unanimity among the doctors, and then we shall begin to know where we are.

MR GLADSTONE'S ELECTIONEERING TACTICS.

IT is very difficult to say what argument, addressed to the reason or conscience, is likely to weigh with people who are still capable of believing in, and being influenced by, Mr. GLADSTONE. But, if a shameless self-exposure of sophistry has any effect on their understandings, or a deliberate persistence in false representations gives any shock to their moral sense, we should say that Mr. GLADSTONE'S letter to Lord HARTINGTON—or rather to the Ayrshire electors, for it appears that it was published in the newspapers even before its nominal addressee had seen it—would lose many votes to his party in that constituency. In some equally gross cases of controversial dishonesty the distinguished offender has cleverly contrived to conceal the act which he was committing behind a mystifying cloud of words. Mr. GLADSTONE, however, has of late years become less cunning, or more careless, in these matters than he was wont to be, and the exact nature of the manœuvre to which he has descended for electioneering purposes in the present instance must be clear to the dullest electoral intelligence in Ayrshire.

The point, indeed, on which this last Gladstonianism turns is one which the Scottish mind is particularly well able to appreciate. Everybody knows what a Scotchman means by the "sentiment of nationality"; or, if there is anybody who does not know, and who wants enlightenment, we recommend him to communicate with the Duke of ARGYLL, and request that typical Scotch patriot to describe his emotion when he last stood on the field of Bannockburn. Everybody knows, we say, or ought to know, that the sentiment of nationality is proudly cherished and highly prized by the Scot, and that he would look with the utmost distrust and jealousy on any politician whom he suspected of a desire to extinguish this sentiment or even to deny it, whether in this case of Scotchmen or, by parity of reasoning, Irishmen, its lawful gratifications. This being so, it was of course a stroke of tactics no less telling than unscrupulous to represent Lord HARTINGTON to the Ayrshire electors as having threatened to withhold local government from Ireland until Irishmen had "renounced their national "aspirations"; and, being a stroke of tactics no less telling than unscrupulous to represent Lord HARTINGTON thus, the former consideration was as sure to induce Mr. GLADSTONE to do it as the latter was certain not to restrain him. To this misrepresentation it was of course necessary to reply, as he did, by pointing out that he had never made any declaration of the kind imputed to him, and remarking that "it would be more satisfactory if Mr. GLADSTONE "would quote my own declarations in my own words." And if Mr. GLADSTONE were not Mr. GLADSTONE, so no doubt it would be. But Mr. GLADSTONE being Mr. GLADSTONE, it is not any more satisfactory at all to the victim of his misrepresentation. For Mr. GLADSTONE, with the desperate courage he always displays when "cornered," politely complies with Lord HARTINGTON'S suggestion, quotes his declaration in his own words, selects as many of those words as favour the misrepresentation of his views, rejects all those which expose its fraudulent perversion of the facts, and repeats the falsehood again in more precise and definite language than before. "I believe," Lord HARTINGTON had said, "that it is the first duty of Parlia"ment to assert, and, if necessary, to assert again and again, "that the recognition of Irish nationality as the basis of "Irish government it will have nothing to do with. When "that idea is definitely removed, and the Irish have ascer"tained that this people will not grant it, then, and not "till then, will the ground be cleared for the construction "of a plan by which the same local liberties and local "government shall be extended to them as Scotland, "Wales, and England ask for themselves." In other words, so long as the national aspirations of the Irish people include an aspiration after a Parliament in Dublin, with an Executive responsible to it, Lord HARTINGTON will countenance no such proposal to extend local government in Ireland; but they may aspire to anything else they please. Mr. GLADSTONE, however, in the face of this enormous qualification of his former statement of Lord HARTINGTON'S views, still adheres to his original account of them. Nay; he goes further, and declares that the postponement of local government reform in Ireland is really denial, because it is "postponement until after the "fulfilment of an impossible condition." And this he regards as likely to help the Gladstonian candidate for Ayrshire. We can only hope, for the credit of the electors, that he is utterly mistaken.

MR. KING'S MOTION.

IT is only too probable that Mr. KING was quite right in supposing that his plea in favour of the Uncovenanted Civil Service of India would prove unattractive to many members of the House of Commons. On the whole, he was lucky in securing the support of 55 members; and, if 166 voted against him, the cause of the disaster is not far to seek. It would be strange if a Ministry with a large majority could not get overwhelming support against anything so unpopular as a demand for a little money to remedy a not very clearly understood Indian service grievance. No doubt it is the duty of every right-minded—that is to say, patriotic—Englishman to understand something about the government of India. We are told that we ought to do so; but, if England expects every man to do this duty, England is most egregiously mistaken. In Parliament or out of it, what percentage of Englishmen have gone so far as even to read that most readable book, Colonel CHESNEY'S *Indian Polity*? Let no man inquire out of pure regard for his countrymen. It is only too probable that, if the first Club smoking-room could be examined, very few of the gentlemen there would be found to have much meaning to attach to those mysterious words, Covenanted and Uncovenanted Service, Regulation and Non-regulation Province. Still less would they have any notions of their own—or secondhand ones either—about those complicated questions of scale of pay, rights to furlough, promotion, and retiring allowances, which are so very serious to Englishmen serving in India. Therefore it is not wonderful that the member for Hull had, as it were, to preach in the desert; and, we repeat, he may be thankful for his fifty-five supporters.

Nevertheless, Mr. KING'S case is not so difficult to understand when it is looked at as a question of fair play and justice. Practically, it amounts to this—why should JOHN, who goes into the Indian Civil Service, be better treated as to furlough and pension than his cousin THOMAS, who goes into the Public Works Department from Cooper's Hill? Time and space preclude any statement of the history of the Covenanted and Uncovenanted Services. Let it be enough that they are branches of the Indian Administration, and that the first is better treated than the second. The Covenanted—that is, the Indian Civil Service—have six years' furlough in twenty-five years' service, and their pensions are paid in sterling. The Uncovenanted—(namely, the Woods and Forests, Public Works, Opium, and Education Departments), except where special exceptions are made, have only about two years' furlough in thirty years, and their pensions are paid in rupees. It is characteristic of the curious complications of our public offices that Uncovenanted servants who happened to be drawing five hundred rupees a month in 1876 "were ad"mitted to the benefits of Schedule A." What these are it would be long to say. Enough that they are comparatively nice, and that other gentlemen in the same service promoted to the same posts later on have not been allowed to share in them. The difference in the furlough allowed is particularly mysterious. Furlough is supposed to be given as necessary for health; but, if that is so, it follows that either the Covenanted servants get too much or the Uncovenanted too little. Here is surely what our Radical friends denounce

as an anomaly. The great grievance of the Uncovenanted Service, however, arises from that awful and mysterious visitation called the depreciation of the rupee. The Covenanted and military officers receive their pensions in sterling. The Uncovenanted are paid in rupees. Practically this means that an officer who retires on 5,000 rupees a year, instead of receiving 500*l.* or so (which is what he was promised thirty years ago), receives about 330*l.*, since the rupee has gone down from 2*s.* to 1*s.* 4*d.* Now 330*l.* is a miserable sum to retire on after thirty years of service in India. To say, as Mr. COURTNEY did, that the purchasing power of the sovereign is greater than it was is a hollow mockery; for in that case the Covenanted and military officers who are paid their pensions in sterling are gaining, which cannot be soothing to the feelings of the Uncovenanted officers. No doubt Mr. KING's case was made difficult for him by the fact that the Indian Government always said it would pay the Uncovenanted servants' pensions in rupees at the current rate of exchange, and it is doing so. Therefore, it is technically in the right. But when the promise was made the rupee was at 2*s.*; when it seemed likely to go higher the Indian Government refused to pay beyond that limit; now that it is falling the Uncovenanted servants are kept to the letter of their bond, in the spirit of a very SHYLOCK. This is to keep a promise to the ear and break it to the hope in a manner not quite worthy of a great Government. But, putting all questions of justice aside, there is another consideration which may be recommended to the India Office. It is this—Government has already made some parts of the Uncovenanted Service so unpopular that candidates could not be got for vacancies. Then it has been compelled to go into the market and tempt men in—a practice which does not work for economy, or the interests of the Indian taxpayer, or any good thing. It may do as much again, and have to spend far more than the 20,000*l.* a year or so (hardly the cost of a Viceregal progress) which would be enough now to remove a serious grievance. If the India Office has any doubt on the subject, let it go to the Admiralty and War Office, and get the history of the Naval and Military Medical Departments. The answers it will obtain will be instructive.

OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES.

AS soon as spring begins to merge into summer, and indeed throughout the whole of the summer and early autumn months, a constant flow of inter-migration sets in among a large class of persons who, from various motives, whether of economy, desire for change, or habitual practice which has become almost a necessity, are intent upon a temporary change of residence. The country squire leaves his spacious mansion and park, and establishes himself and his belongings in a poky and cramped house in some more or less fashionable quarter of London, the owner of which gladly seizes the opportunity of a few months in the country, with the additional prospect of putting something in his pocket by the transaction; the fortunate proprietor of an attractive villa on the Thames drives a hard bargain with a wealthy Londoner, and goes off to the Land's End or the West coast of Scotland; the well-to-do country rector has no great difficulty in getting a tenant for the vicarage while he takes his holiday at the seaside or on the Continent; and, in short, a kind of "general post" is going on all over the country.

The circumstances attending a movement of this kind may, of course, be widely different in each case. In one instance the transaction may represent a distinct financial gain, while in another it may entail a considerable sacrifice, to be regarded as a means to an end, and only to be justified by rigid economy in other quarters. But in the majority of cases the move is effected with some idea of pleasure rather than of duty, and as such is looked forward to as an agreeable variation on the ordinary course of domestic life. This is perhaps most conspicuous in the case of country people who come up to London for a short time during the season. It is wonderful what sacrifices will sometimes be made in order to attain this object. At a time of year when Nature is at her loveliest, when their flowers are blooming, their young asparagus approaching perfection, and rural life is becoming really enjoyable, they will leave their beautiful country homes without a sigh, and embark upon the uncertainties of a stuffy and expensive house in London, to become infinitesimal items in the feverish mob of strivers after the unattainable, and to learn by sad experience that there are few hopes less certain of realization than that of finding pleasure in the London season. Those, in fact, who in their country homes are accustomed to every comfort, if not every luxury, will cheerfully put up with all kinds of inconveniences and shortcomings in the way of accommodation to secure a habitable residence in a fairly fashionable quarter of the metropolis; and, as far as actual comfort and physical enjoyment go, the Londoner who migrates to the country gets incomparably more for his money than the countryman who comes to London. Any change of surroundings, however, unless attended by such circumstances as to render it a painful or distressing one, is sure to be more or less beneficial. There is nothing so deteriorating, both to mind and body, as monotony; and, even if the change be accompanied by a certain amount of discomfort in the first instance, the chances are that in the end the general result will be satisfactory. This theory may, of course, be carried a great deal too far; and the restless temperament that is always seeking after change will end by being satisfied with nothing. But to the average stay-at-home individual, whose ordinary existence is of a somewhat humdrum order, a change of any sort comes with the effect of a salutary tonic or alterative. No medicine, in fact, is so powerful or efficacious in certain cases as a thorough change; and, if it were only possible to bring this about at regular intervals, the existence of many a toil-worn and custom-ridden slave of civilization would be a very different thing from what it is at present.

There is undoubtedly, apart from the mere zest and excitement accompanying a change of residence of any sort, unless decidedly for the worse, a good deal of interesting experience to be got out of a temporary sojourn in another person's house. The female mind is perhaps peculiarly susceptible to this form of emotion. We are conventionally led to suppose that the average woman is never so happy as when she is engaged in investigating the internal economy of a friend's establishment, and that with this idea in view, the readiest way of ingratiating yourself with a female visitor is to invite her to inspect your house from top to bottom. This is probably an exaggerated view of the case; but it is reasonable to suppose that the theory is not altogether without foundation; and assuming even a moderate degree of curiosity on this subject to be innate in the feminine mind, it is obvious that the absolute possession for a certain time of a stranger's house and all that it contains must offer attractions of no ordinary kind. Not that this particular form of curiosity is necessarily confined to the fair sex. Stories have been told of amiable and generally harmless monomaniacs of the male persuasion who have devoted their lives to the examining of old books, with the idea of finding concealed bank-notes, or to the manipulating of old pieces of furniture, with a view to the discovery of treasures concealed in secret drawers; and to such explorers of the past the temporary acquisition of an old house and its appurtenances must be a matter of the most lively interest. And although the presence of a ghost on the premises is not usually put forward by a house-agent as a special feature among the attractions of an eligible family residence, there are plenty of psychological enthusiasts who would hail with delight the prospect of a sojourn in a haunted house where the ghosts were not too unpleasantly demonstrative, and where their researches into the night side of nature might be conducted under sufficiently exciting, but not too disturbing, conditions. It is not necessary, however, to be a specialist in secret drawers or other occult investigations to find plenty of interest in other people's surroundings which have for the time being become one's own. The access to another man's library, for instance, provided the books, as is sometimes the case, are not carefully locked up, would by many persons be looked upon as alone worth the rent of the house; and even to those whose literary tastes do not extend beyond works of fiction or the general produce of the railway bookstall, it is interesting to find how far another person's ideas coincide with your own, and very likely to have a chance of lighting on something entirely new. This applies with equal force to the garden, the stables, the kitchen, and, indeed, to every department of the establishment; for no matter how correct any previously formed theories may be as to the internal economy of a house, it would be strange if the occupation for some weeks or months of the hearth of another did not suggest some new ideas, or, at any rate, some better development of existing arrangements at home. It is quite likely, indeed, assuming that your own and your hired house are in a general way pretty much on a level, that everything may at first appear very much better and more desirable than what you have hitherto been accustomed to. The pattern of the wall-paper will seem in better taste, the chintzes fresher and brighter, the arm-chairs more comfortable, and the rooms more generally liveable. In short, it is by no means impossible that for the moment you may be put altogether out of conceit with your own house, and inclined to wonder how you can have lived in it so long without finding out its deficiencies. This feeling, however, will by degrees wear off, and by the time the tenancy has come to an end it is quite probable that the tenant will be only too glad to get back to his own house. But he will have got hold of some new ideas, the carrying out of which will supply him with some interesting and—provided he or his female belongings are not tempted to launch out into reckless extravagance in emulation of what they have seen—sufficiently harmless occupation; and an improvement suggested by some device or arrangement, perhaps trifling or incomplete in itself, in another person's house, may make all the difference hereafter in his own.

The circumstances attending the letting of a house may, as a [illegible] prosaic enough in themselves. [illegible] with the attributes of a [illegible] of this kind has before now [illegible] the novelist. For, [illegible] in the way of [illegible] that

the bringing together of two parties in such a manner may result in an intimacy of a much more interesting kind, and an acquaintance commenced through the commonplace medium of a house-agent may develop into a life-long friendship, if nothing further.

THE REAL PEASANT'S FRIEND.

THERE are not a few tempting subjects this week for the political Democritus. Mr. Gladstone calmly affirming the thing that has been several times proved to be not, as an electioneering device is agreeable, but perhaps too serious. The Parnellite dinner is good and particularly interesting, viewed in the light of the contention of the *Daily News* that the dinner at the Café Royal was "triumphant," and in some way or other finally proved the immaculateness of the Irish Parliamentary party. On this a person, signing himself "An Old Twaddler," sends us an epigram which seems, at any rate, well-meant twaddle:—

(IRISH PARLIAMENTARY PARTY *loquitur.*)

You talk of "Parnellism and Crime,"
You call us "scoundrel," "traitor," "sinner."
Answer: (in reason and in rhyme
Complete) "We ask ourselves to dinner!"

But, for our part, we have from the beginning of the week kept our eye on a pleasing letter to Sir Balthasar Foster from Sir William Harcourt, from the descendant of British Kings to the namesake of one at least of Their Majesties of Cologne. This has all the more interest that Sir William does not write much now; the pen (an instrument wherein he was once not unskilled) having been given up almost wholly for the tongue. Perhaps, on the Baconian principle, this may account for the little defects of "exactness" observable of late in Sir William, but that shall be as it may. And, being ourselves extremely generous, we shall point out that, though the subject of the letter is the Allotments Bill, Sir William's omission to apologize to Mr. Pitt-Lewis in connexion with that matter must not, owing to the date of the letter, be charged against him. The letter, indeed, was not published till some days after the member for the Barnstaple division had pointed out that Sir William Harcourt, with the chivalry natural to a person of many quarterings, had accused a sick man of running away. But apparently Sir Balthasar had not been able to resign himself steadily to the pain of parting, for public use, with the letter of Sir William, his brother-in-arms, for it is dated six days earlier.

It begins with a congratulation to "my dear Foster" on the Allotments Association over which he "so worthily presides." Now, as is well known, there are those who charge "my dear Foster" with playing but a cuckoo's part towards poor Mr. Jesse Collings. "My dear Foster" and the others were all sons of Jesse; Mr. Collings fostered them, just as now Sir Balthasar does. "Balthasar sits in Jesse's chair," and some people wonder how on earth he came there. Sir William does not wonder—indeed, there is a theory that wonder is the appanage (Sir William knows that word) of vulgar souls only. But he congratulates Sir Balthasar on the "exposure" of the "new-born" Labourers' League which has been recently "founded" at Birmingham, and which has been compelled to "hoist its true colours" at Willis's Rooms. God bless us; but this is a derangement of epitaphs! We have all heard of "exposing new-born" children, but the practice is not generally held to be the subject of congratulation. And then it seems that the new-born infant which was thus cruelly treated by Sir Balthasar, and whose sufferings are gloated over by Sir William, was also "founded" (the scholiast suggests "found" or "foundlinged"). The usual practice of exposed infants is to cry, but this one didn't; it "hoisted its true colours"! "I mark three hundred on the head of Turk, and I make metaphors which are consecutive," boasted a great French poet. Far be it from us to set any limits to the prowess of Sir William with his fist; but the sequence of his metaphor certainly seems to fall short of Gautier's. Still, let us return to the unfortunately naked new-born child which was exposed and thereupon hoisted its true colours in the rooms of Willis. Some good easy people, it seems, might have been disposed to hope that this latter-day "Baby Bunting," this infant hoisting flags, was "established to pursue, under rival auspices, the same object which had been constantly and successfully pursued in the past by the Allotments Association." Ah! but it's the turn of phrase Sir William has and the fine, fresh language, entirely! He can even spare another sentence of the same; but then it seems he "doubted." He fixed his eagle eye on Mr. Collings, and that eye at once (the style is catching) smelt a rat. "His suspicions was aroused," as the members of a force over which he once presided with much grace are wont to say. Mr. Collings was suspicious, the "Birmingham hotel" in which the poor Baby Bunting was born was suspicious, and he could not discover the presence of "the eminent and recalcitrant Vice-Presidents." In fact, it would seem that Sir William said to himself, with the acuteness of his collateral ancestor when he discovered the Gunpowder Plot, "There is something wrong." And he was, it is unnecessary to say, right. A week or two later the "eminent and recalcitrant Vice-Presidents" "declined to support their President's Bill." The provisions, it seems, of the Small Holdings Bill were vital; their object was "to re-create in England an independent peasantry," such as, or if possible even happier than, that among which, as Sir William once mentioned in an interesting speech, he spent his own guileless youth at Bolton Percy. The eminent and recalcitrant Vice-Presidents would not support the Bill, and Sir William, no longer suspicious, was now only "curious." He wanted to know how they would excuse themselves. And as he passed from suspicion to curiosity, so he has now passed from curiosity to consternation. It is the "hardihood of assertion" of "so candid a man" as Lord Hartington which is making Sir William despair of mankind. He reflects that Lord Hartington is "in an awkward situation" (how different from that of some years ago when, Achilles sulking in his tent, the temporary Agamemnon of the Liberal party had for Ulysses and Nestor rolled into one a certain person who shall be nameless!) Such a situation requires "courage." But whether it requires more courage than Sir William himself shows may be doubtful. For, quoting Lord Hartington's reference to the prospectus of the Labourers' League as containing what Lord Hartington does support, and ignoring the fact that that prospectus contains nothing about the Small Holdings Bill, he goes on to say that Lord Hartington will not support the textual things which Lord Hartington has just said he *will* support. And there is still more courage in an awkward situation to follow. "To such depths of absurdity can sensible men be brought who have become accomplices in a sham and have to apologize for their participation in an imposture." Ah! what a noble sentence! What a moralist to have among us! What an admirable description of certain persons, let us say, who imprison, denounce, coerce Irishmen in one year, and, while these Irishmen pursue exactly the same ends by exactly the same means, glorify, embrace, and extol them the next! And then Sir William returns from Lord Hartington (left in the depths of absurdity, but full of courage) to Mr. Collings, who seems to exercise on this worthy knight a strangely disturbing effect. Mr. Collings and "his manœuvres" have been "found out." He has "sacrificed the labourer's cause." He has made a Labourers' League which is only a "subordinate machinery" (for what does the reader who is not experienced in the reasoning of Colney Hatch guess?) "for the coercion of the Irish peasant and the maintenance of the extortions" (that is, the rent declared fair by the Courts which Sir William helped to establish) "of Irish landlords." Mr. Collings's name is the "favourite aversion" of agricultural labourers, who, no doubt, have come in a body to Sir William and told him so, for which he compliments them by saying that they are a shrewd class.

We think they are; though too often, by no fault of their own, a backward, a suspicious, and an ill-informed one; and we are quite sure that, if Unionist agents took half the pains that is taken by Separatists to put the truth before them, it is not Mr. Collings who would be their "favourite aversion," or the "eminent and recalcitrant Vice-Presidents" in whom they would see "manœuvrers." Mr. Jesse Collings has at no time been the very wisest of politicians, but he has been a transparently honest one. His sole hope of office, and of carrying out his own pet schemes, lay in hanging on to Mr. Gladstone, and he refused so to hang on because Mr. Gladstone turned his coat, and he, Mr. Collings, declined to turn his. That is the kind of thing which can be made very plain to that shrewd class the agricultural labourer. They can also be taught to ask whether there is any record of similar conduct on the part of Sir William Harcourt. And when they get an answer to that question they may be taught to ask, further, whether there is any record in Sir William's career of conduct exactly the opposite—of his giving up, not office for opinions, but opinions for office. And to that question at least they will not have much difficulty in getting an answer—an answer referring to events of pretty recent date. They may not find with such a production as the letter to Sir Balthasar the same faults that more sophisticated persons may find. The singularly mixed infants which are new-born, are exposed, and hoist their colours all in what we trust we may without frivolity call the twinkling of a bedpost, may not shock their literary sense; and penny-a-lining about "promoting under rival auspices" and "delusions conspicuously dispelled" may seem to them quite the proper thing for what a recent heroine in an American novel calls "a piece in the newspaper." For all the ins and outs of Lord Hartington's votes and Mr. Collings's Bills, and what not, they will have very little comprehension and not much interest, wherein we blame them not. They will not, being a kind of folk not given to sarcasm or sneer, read with quite such relish as we read just after the new-born child and the auspices, and so forth, the sentence which we have quoted once, but which we must quote once more. "To such depths of absurdity can sensible men be brought [we have heard, and, indeed, we know, that Sir William was once a sensible man] who have become accomplices in a sham, and have to apologize for their participation in an imposture." Nor will they look forward with such lively pleasure as we do to the fulfilment of the last clause, and to hearing Sir William some day apologize in his own peculiar way for participation in the imposture of Gladstonian Home Rule. They will not do all this. But they will do, if they are a shrewd class, two things. They will know that Mr. Collings has had no motive for being, and no record of having been, anything but their sincere, if not always their wisest, friend, and they will ask for any similar proof of the friendship of Sir William Harcourt.

SCULPTURE AT THE SMALLER GALLERIES.

IN our article on the sculpture of the year we were so long attracted by the copious display at the Royal Academy that we had no space left to go beyond it. But the show is fairly good at the New Gallery, and sculpture elsewhere deserves some mention also. It is proper, therefore, that we should add a supplement to our last week's criticism.

The Central Hall of the New Gallery is very happily adapted for the exhibition of works of sculpture; and, no doubt, when next year there shall have been a longer time to select works of plastic art, we may expect a representative collection. This year, with some things that are bad, and more that are mediocre, there are several pieces which deserve great praise, while some of these are by sculptors not represented in the Royal Academy. It is to the New Gallery that we must go this year to see Mr. Bates, Mr. Swynnerton, and Mr. Roscoe Mullins. A sort of prominence or place of honour is given to the "Young Satyr" (310) of Mr. A. Legros. This is a marble sketch, over which some of our contemporaries have raved. We have always sought, while admitting Mr. Legros's great gifts in more than one branch of art, to deprecate the heedless flattery that greets him as a master in all. This satyr is fleshy, we admit, but we can admit no more. What Mr. Legros might possibly make of this figure, if he would condescend to finish it, we know not. At present it is in the peculiar half-baked condition in which a work should not be seen even by a fellow-artist, least of all by the public. We turn away with pleasure to Mr. Swynnerton's ambitious and successful fountain, "Love's Chalice" (336). This sculptor has done nothing before so promising or so important as this. A nude Eros presents his hollowed hands, full of cold water, to a draped maiden, who stoops to drink. The figures are in the round, against an architectural entablature of architrave and frieze. The sculptor's part seems to us happier than the architect's. The figures are well modelled, and charmingly posed; only the face of Love is most unfortunate; he positively carries the resemblance of an elderly comic actor. Mr. Swynnerton, we hope, will remodel this head. To the right of Mr. Swynnerton's fountain stands a statuette of Mr. Thornycroft's well-known statue, "The Mower" (334), of delightful size. This little work, executed in bronze, would be a most appropriate ornament for a modern drawing-room, and we hope Mr. Thornycroft will be persuaded to publish it at this size. Mr. R. Stephens has a pretty statuette (339). With Mr. Mullins's "The First Dip" (327), a group of two nude girls carrying a child between them, we are not satisfied. The action naturally flings the principal figures apart, and divides the composition where it should be drawn together.

The New Gallery is strong in works in relief. Mr. Harry Bates sends two of his beautiful panels. "Peace" (317) represents a naked and evidently vainglorious poet strolling along with his lyre, while a strictly-draped singing woman marches beside him, and waves a loose chaplet of bays; "War" shows the back of a warrior, who leaves his wife and child behind him. There is considerable evidence at the New Gallery of the effect which the Tuscan sculpture seen in London last winter has had on our sculptors. Mr. G. G. Frampton has been most happily inspired by it in his austere female head in very low relief (348); Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, on the other hand, has not been by any means so lucky in his similar head (335). The New Gallery is rich in medals and medallions. Mr. Thornycroft makes up for the failure we have just chronicled by his extremely happy and picturesque circular medals of his wife and son (349, 351), and the work of the Society of Medallists, generally, as seen in a succession of cases, is well worth study. We ought to mention the names of Mr. Onslow Ford, Mr. Poynter, and Sir Arthur Clay.

In iconic sculpture there is not much of importance in the New Gallery. Mr. Ford's sketch of "MacLure Hamilton" (344) is superbly spirited. The best of some rather coarse and exaggerated busts by Mr. Dressler is the "John Ruskin" (320). The veteran of British sculptors, who has not exhibited for several years, Mrs. Mary Thornycroft, comes forward with two heads of children (324, 325), in that fresh and happy style which made her work so popular forty years ago. Mr. Mullins sends a good portrait statuette (328) and an interesting bust of a girl (329). We must not omit to mention Mr. E. Millais's "Typical Basset-hound" (309), which is excellently odd.

The Grosvenor Gallery contains many bad things, and a few good things, which are not all new. We like Mr. Mullins's "Conquerors," but we are tired of praising it. Mr. Pepice Brown's "Artillery Sentry" (373) is less petty in style, and rather more real, than any of his military statuettes which we have seen before. Mr. T. Nelson MacLean is not up to his usual mark this year, nor is Miss Henrietta Montalba. On the whole, the best piece of sculpture at the Grosvenor is a "Boy's Head" ([illegible]), by Mr. Mullins. At the New English Art Club, among all the extraordinary incongruous pictures, Mr. J. Stirling Lee, whom we miss from the other exhibitions, refreshes the weary critic with two beautiful works—a bronze head, and a design in low relief, also in bronze.

MILITARY CYCLING.

A NEW step [illegible] the progress of developing the [illegible] military cycling [illegible] marked on Friday [illegible] and discussion, of [illegible] interest, at the Royal United Service Institution. The lecturer, Lieutenant-Colonel Savile, is [illegible] the only man who could have given a consecutive history of what has been done in this direction in this country and abroad up to the present time. He has had access to the sources of information on all subjects connected with foreign armies, he has been personally in command on the two occasions when cyclists have been tried on an extended scale in England, he has been President of the Committee appointed to consider many important points in connexion with military cycling, he has been for many years himself a keen cyclist, and, lastly, he brings to bear on the subject the results of those studies which have placed him in the position of Professor of Tactics at the Royal Military College. Under these circumstances his lecture could not fail to be of great value.

It is, perhaps, characteristic of how we do things here that, although we have notoriously a deficiency of horses, and notoriously sufficiency of cycles, we should have been the last of the Great Powers (excluding Russia) to take to using the latter. Cycles do not appear to have ever been recommended even in a letter to the papers here for conveying information and orders until they had been actually so used for six years in Italy. Austria, France, and Germany followed suit, and in all these countries the employment of cyclists for these limited purposes has ceased to present any novelty. If, however, we have been behindhand from this point of view, we have been beforehand from another. First of all, of course, there is the inevitable committee. We usually are beforehand with committees; although no doubt in this case there is some excuse for the delegation of duties, as even the versatile Adjutant-General does not, we believe, ride a bicycle. We look forward, however, to the next edition of *The Soldier's Pocket Book* to find the complete statistics of all subjects connected with military cycling. But, secondly, we find that there is the recognition of the distinct aim of cyclists to assist cavalry in their work of obtaining information and giving security to an army in the field. This point was tersely put by Colonel Savile when he said:—"The cycle is now recognized by military authorities as one of the means of transport of that mobile infantry which may possibly in the future supply the fire power so long needed by cavalry when employed far in advance of the marching columns of an army." This sentence was perhaps the only one which gave rise to adverse criticism, for it was seized upon by Colonel Lonsdale Hale as a point of attack. Perhaps he regarded it as the key of the position. In any case, however, this position was impregnable. For not only did Colonel Savile point out with obvious force that, unless the cycle was recognized as a means of transport for mobile infantry, the War Office would not have sanctioned the formation of regular and volunteer cyclist bodies, nor appointed a Committee to report on many important questions in connexion with their employment, but Lord Wolseley, as Chairman, took exception to Colonel Hale's line of argument, at any rate as far as it applied to the employment of novelties. We cannot help thinking that the combative qualities which form the basis of a soldier's profession carried Colonel Hale rather further in his remarks than he intended. For hitherto he has shown himself not only open to conviction as to the utility of military novelties, but has given much time and labour in order to assist in solving some of the tactical problems which are involved in the employment of cyclist infantry.

We were glad to notice that Colonel Savile took the same general view about the cycling experiments at Easter that we put forward at the time, and that he was supported in the line he took by Colonel Cooper King, who acted as umpire in chief on that occasion. It is as well to draw attention to this fact, because there was then, in some of the least well-informed papers at any rate, a great deal of inaccurate statement as well as ignorant judgment. And in the vague talk which followed, the efforts of the cyclists were regarded as having met only with failure. We are now definitely told that no other military force could have done what was actually done on this first occasion of trial.

One of the most interesting points that has been raised is the question of whether the preference is to be given to what are called multicycles or to machines carrying only one rider. In the detachment of regular cyclists at Aldershot they have a preference for machines which carry four men, but which can be coupled together to hold six, eight, ten, or twelve. The advantages of this system are, first, that the force is more compact, and that the "tailing out" of a long column is to some extent avoided; and, secondly, that the machines can be wheeled along the road by one man, while the remainder are attacking in an extended formation. The disadvantages are, first, that if any of the four men are lazy, the work thrown on to the others is excessive; secondly, that multicycles are very much more difficult to move along very bad roads than single safety bicycles. In addition to this, it will be always necessary to have a certain number of single machines, as scouting and message carrying cannot be always done in parties of four or more. There is also a further difficulty in the way of the use of multicycles by Volunteers—namely, that, as each man owns the machine he rides, and uses it for his ordinary touring work, there is no means of purchasing machines to hold more than one, unless the corps funds could be made available. The whole subject, however, is still too much in its infancy for us to be able to pronounce with certainty on many unsettled points. It is to be hoped that the Report of the Committee, which we are now informed [illegible], will be published soon; and we also [illegible] of [illegible] in [illegible] in which the [illegible]. We [illegible] fixed [illegible] of [illegible]

OUR FOREIGN TRADE.

THE Board of Trade returns for May are exceedingly satisfactory. In the latter part of the autumn there were general hopes that the present would be one of the most prosperous years we had witnessed for a long time; but the early spring brought disappointment, and it is with special satisfaction, therefore, we see so decided a recovery in May. The value of the imports for that month was 30,370,775*l.*, being an increase compared with May of last year of 2,449,454*l.*, or about 8¾ per cent.; and the value of the exports of British and Irish produce and manufactures was 19,276,225*l.*, an increase compared with May last year of 2,778,889*l.*, or about 16¾ per cent. For the first five months of the year the increase in the case of the imports was only 5¼ per cent., and in the case of the exports was somewhat under 7¾ per cent. It will be seen, therefore, that the proportionate increase in May, both in imports and exports, was very much greater than for the five months including May. In other words, May is by far the best month of the year so far as it has gone. It is to be recollected, however, that there was one more working day in May this year than in May last year; but, even making allowance for that, the improvement is very remarkable. The *Times*, in a leading article on Monday, thought it necessary to assure its readers that an excess in the value of the imports over the exports was not a matter of regret, and characteristically assigned an entirely wrong reason for the phenomenon. We should have thought that by this time even the *Times* might have learned that the value of the imports exceeds that of the exports partly because in the value of the imports is included freight and commission, while these are not included in the value of the exports; and, further, that the imports include the return on investments of British capital abroad, and the payment for British shipping also employed abroad. Since the *Times* seems to be ignorant on these points, we need offer no apology for referring to them. There is, however, another circumstance connected with the imports as to which the *Times* might with better reason have expressed some disappointment. Of the total increase of 2,449,454*l.* in the value of the imports for the month of May, no less than 1,327,479*l.* is in articles of food and drink duty free. In other words, more than half the total increase in the value of the imports is in articles which might have been produced at home. Our readers are aware that during the past twenty years the total additional supply of food required by the increase in the population and by the rise in the standard of living has been drawn from foreign countries; that is to say, our own farmers have not increased their supply to the home population. And it would appear at first sight from the figures we have just cited that they are rather losing than gaining ground. But it is to be recollected that, owing to the drought of last year, the barley and oat crops were very deficient, so were peas and beans, fruits, and the like. Now, of the total increase in the value of articles of food and drink duty free imported in May, nearly half a million is due to the increase in barley, and 113,000*l.* in oats. There is also a large increase in beans and a small increase in peas. It is true, nevertheless, that there is a considerable increase likewise in the value of dead meats of all kinds imported, in cheese, butter, and fruit; but in wheat there is a smaller import, and since the 1st of September—that is, since the beginning of the current agricultural year—there is a falling off in the imports of wheat compared with the corresponding period of the last agricultural year. This is partly due, no doubt, to the fact that the warmth and drought of last year were favourable to the wheat crop, and that the yield of that crop has proved to be really larger than at the time it was estimated to be. Secondly, it is doubtless due to the short crops of the United States and India. The Russian crop was immense, and the exports from Russia have consequently been so large that the price has not risen as might have been expected. But yet the price during the current agricultural year was higher than last year, and this doubtless has tended to keep down consumption. There is one other feature of the imports which is not satisfactory—it is the decrease in chemicals, dye-stuffs, and tanning substances, and also in the raw materials of manufacture. It would seem when trade is growing, as the figures before us prove it to be, that we might have expected increased imports of raw materials; but possibly the falling off last month was due to exceptional causes.

Turning now to the exports, we find, both for the month and for the five months, an increase under every heading. The increase is largest, however, in yarns and textile fabrics. Of the total increase, for example, of 2,778,389*l.*, no less than 1,251,286*l.* is under the head of yarns and textile fabrics, or very nearly half; and this increase is mainly due to the increased exports to the East of both cotton yarn and cotton piece-goods. There is a decided increase to China and Japan, as well as to India. But what is most remarkable is the increase in the exports of cotton yarn and twist to China and Japan. Our Lancashire manufacturers have for some time past been concerned at the rapidity of the growth of cotton manufactures in the Bombay Presidency. It has often been pointed out that the mills, being so close to where cotton is grown, have a great advantage over their Lancashire competitors; and these latter, in consequence, have become alarmed at the rapidity with which the manufacture was growing in India, and the vigour with which the Bombay millowners were pushing their business in China and Japan. There is nothing remarkable, therefore, in the fact that the export of cotton yarn to India goes on. In other words, the manufacturers of Bombay buy yarn here at home to turn it into cloth, which they sell both in India and in China and Japan. Apparently the spinning-mills in India are not able to supply the demand of the weaving-mills. But the remarkable circumstance to which we would now call attention is the increase in the exports of cotton yarn and twist both to China and Japan. Thus, for the first five months of last year only 3,046,100 lbs. of cotton yarn and twist were exported to China and Hongkong, whereas in the first five months of this year the exports have amounted to as much as 7,917,000 lbs., or considerably more than twice as much. In the first five months of last year the exports to Japan were 5,736,600 lbs., and in the corresponding period of this year they have risen to as much as 14,223,600 lbs. Apparently, then, the cotton manufacture in both China and Japan is rapidly growing. There has likewise been an increase in the exports of cotton manufactures to the South American States, except the Argentine Republic. The increase in the exports both of cotton yarn and of cotton piece-goods to India is the more remarkable because of the falling off in the exports of wheat from India. Thus in the first five months of the current year we imported from India only 913,835 cwts. of wheat, against 2,950,250 cwts. in the corresponding period of last year. Our purchases of wheat from India, therefore, in the five months of this year were less than a third of our purchases in the corresponding period of last year; but, on the other hand, we sold to India a larger quantity of cotton yarn and cotton piece-goods. The increase is not so remarkable for the five months; but in the month of May the increase is really remarkable. In May of last year the exports of cotton piece-goods to Bombay were 37,577,000 yards; but this year in the same month they were 55,328,000 yards; those to Madras rose from 10,137,300 yards to 13,921,400 yards, and those to Bengal and Burmah from 79,618,500 yards to 103,573,500 yards. There can be but one explanation of this fact. The long immunity of India from famine, the opening up of the country by means of railways, the construction of public works, and the general growth of wealth and industry have so greatly increased the purchasing power of the people that, notwithstanding a comparatively bad harvest twelve months ago, and a consequent great falling off in the sales of wheat to this country, the Indian people are able to buy the cotton cloth they require much more largely from us.

It would, of course, be rash to infer that we are about to see a great development in our trade because May has been so satisfactory. The increase in that month may have been due to temporary causes, and may, therefore, not be maintained; but the probability is that the improvement in trade will be maintained. It has now gone on slowly since the end of 1885. Very curiously it has manifested itself most strongly at the close of each year. At the end of 1885 very high hopes were engendered, which, however, the following year disappointed. Towards the close of 1886, however, still stronger hopes were entertained, and, as every reader will recollect, in October and November of last year the expectations of the trading community were most sanguine; in the first four months of the current year there was a decided check given to trade, and now once more hope is beginning to prevail. There are signs of improvement even in the iron trade, which a little while ago looked almost desperate, and the quantity of business being done in every other industry is unquestionably very large. The market reports and trade circulars are likewise more hopeful than they were, and all the statistical evidence, such as the railway traffic returns and the Clearing House returns, undoubtedly go to confirm the evidence of the Board of Trade returns. Add to all this that the value of money is at present exceedingly low. Wages have been reduced, economies have been introduced into every department of business, the cost of living is much less than it was a few years ago, and the purchasing power of the people has consequently increased. All this goes to strengthen the belief that the improvement in trade will not only continue, but that it will gain in volume and momentum. As yet, however, there is very little tendency to speculate. In trade as well as upon the Stock Exchange when a marked revival is expected the more enterprising and far-seeing are apt to buy up stocks for the purpose of selling again when prices rise, and the fact that there is so little speculation now goes rather against what we have been saying above, since it tends to show that the best-informed do not anticipate any considerable rise in prices. It is to be recollected, on the other hand, however, that there has been a very great rise in some prices, notably in copper; and, further, it is to be recollected that trade improvement may go on without any very marked rise in prices for some time yet. Lastly, it is not to be left out of sight that speculators have to take into account political probabilities as well as economic calculations. If war were to break out, for example, the trade improvement might not be checked, but undoubtedly the current of trade would be diverted, and, further, so much disturbance would be caused in the money markets all over the world that the speculators might suffer very heavy losses. Until, therefore, the course of events upon the Continent for the present year can be forecast a little more clearly, it is not surprising that speculators avoid committing themselves largely in new enterprises. It is doubtless the very uncertainty of politics upon the Continent that causes trade to improve so much more rapidly towards the close of each year and to fall off again as the spring advances. Speculators feel at the beginning of the autumn that they have a few months before them during which they can count with reasonable certainty upon peace being maintained, whereas when the spring is approaching they fear what may happen from day to day. That nevertheless trade has

improved in so marked a manner last month is decisive evidence of the strength of the causes which are working towards improvement at present, and go to prove, as we have said, that unless war actually breaks out that improvement is likely to continue, and even if war were to break out, it by no means follows that improvement would be stopped.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM—MR. BOND'S RESIGNATION.

THE retirement from active life of a public servant of high character and distinguished ability must always be regarded with regret, and it is thus that our readers will have received the recent announcement of the resignation of Mr. Edward A. Bond, the Principal Librarian of the British Museum. It is now fifty years since, at the age of twenty-two, Mr. Bond became a member of the staff, having already had a five years' training in the Public Record Office, then located in the Tower of London. In 1870, after proving his fitness in less important posts, he became Keeper of the Manuscript Department, and in the fortieth year of his service, on the resignation of the late Mr. Winter Jones, was promoted to the office which for nearly ten years he has so worthily occupied. At the time of his appointment there were those who thought that a forty years' continuous employment was rather a disqualification, and the opinion was openly expressed that a younger and presumably a more energetic man should have been entrusted with the supervision of a national establishment, the management of which was in many respects regarded as somewhat behind the age. It was soon found, however, that the result more than justified the recommendation of the Trustees, and the reforms and improvements which were originated and successfully carried out by the new Librarian have proved that he was possessed of equal energy and administrative ability; and those only who knew the Museum during the years which preceded his appointment can properly appreciate the reforms which have been effected during Mr. Bond's tenure of office, or recognize the thoughtful and beneficent administration which, supported as he has been throughout by a loyal and most efficient body of "Keepers" and assistants, has converted what promised to become nothing more than a splendid cabinet of curiosities into a valuable and most important educational institution.

It is to Mr. Bond that students owe the introduction of the electric light into the Reading-room. This improvement, so grateful during the dark winter days, was followed by a considerable extension of the hours when the Reading-room was available, and by the removal of certain vexatious regulations respecting the renewal of tickets of admission. Previous to this time the ticket, issued under strictest rules, and for a limited period, might at any time be demanded, and its production was necessary at the entrance of the Reading-room to obtain admission; and though the attendants when they knew their visitor did not always enforce the regulations too literally, they have been known in legitimate fulfilment of their duty to turn back an archbishop, one of the most distinguished scholars of his day, to say nothing of men of lesser note who had forgotten to renew their ticket or neglected to bring it with them; while from other departments, that the privileged ticket-holder might not be disturbed, the ordinary visitor was on Tuesdays and Thursdays rigidly excluded. Soon followed the removal of the Natural History Collection to its new home at South Kensington; this, though relieving the overcrowded galleries, and giving much needed, even if insufficient space, for the treasures accumulated at Bloomsbury, which had never yet been properly exhibited, entailed upon the Principal Librarian an unusual amount of forethought and careful calculation. The new "White" buildings, which owe their existence to the munificent bequest of the late Mr. William White, and are erected at the eastern side of the Museum, covering what until now had been the Principal Librarian's garden, have throughout had the benefit of Mr. Bond's judicious supervision. In them are the storehouse and gallery for the prints and drawings, workrooms long and urgently required for the Manuscript Department, newspaper rooms, and, above all, the beautiful galleries in which are exhibited the Japanese drawings and the superb collection of glass, china, and majolica; and in another part of the Museum a gallery has been built in connexion with the department of Greek and Roman antiquities for the reception of the extraordinarily interesting remains removed hither from the Mausoleum of Halicarnassos. One work only has Mr. Bond left unfinished; in years gone by the officials of the Museum were apparently bent upon proving to a not too exacting public that to print a catalogue of the books in the library was a thing impossible. The utmost that could be done was to print a catalogue of the "books of reference" in the Reading-room; but to produce anything like an exhaustive catalogue of the whole library was regarded as too impracticable to be attempted. It did not seem to have occurred to them that the value of a catalogue of a great national library lies, not only in showing what books it possesses, but in disclosing what books are wanting, and that the publication of such a catalogue and its judicious distribution would do more towards supplying deficiencies than would years of tedious examination of a huge catalogue in manuscript. If Mr. Bond had no other claim upon our gratitude than the initiation of this useful work, already considerably advanced, we should have [illegible] sufficient cause to express our obligation; and we are inclined to anticipate that this most useful work will in the end prove one of the most advantageous of those reforms which Mr. Bond has introduced during his ten years of successful administration.

Among the many gracious acts which fill the life of the Prince of Wales, the kindly consideration which, as we are told, has led him to express, personally, his regrets to Mr. Bond upon his resignation, will, we are sure, be appreciated by hundreds of students, frequenters of the Museum, who, perhaps not even knowing Mr. Bond by sight, will gladly acknowledge the advantages which have attended his management; and, just as a well-ordered household is very much what its chief makes it, so we must attribute some part of the unvarying courtesy shown by the numerous officials and attendants to the system under which they are united. With regard to his successor we own to some natural curiosity; we entirely disagree, and that in the best interests of the Museum, with the strongly expressed opinion of a contemporary that he should be sought outside of the present staff. The system introduced by Mr. Bond, well designed and efficiently carried out, is capable of still further extension; and it is to be hoped that the names presented to Her Gracious Majesty for her selection will be of those who have already proved their competence in their own special department and who are conversant with and prepared to carry forward the reforms and improvements which Mr. Bond has approved, if he has not already adopted.

THE EDGWARE ROAD FIRE AGAIN.

THE accounts of the inquest give another opportunity of calling public attention to the results of crowding a large number of persons into the upper levels of a high building, and locking them up there, without a possibility of escape for all in the event of a fire occurring. For anything we know the Edgware Road building may have been more favourably situated and managed than many others which might be named, and certainly we have no desire to convey any insinuation or reflection on the owners of that unfortunate place; but this only accentuates the force of our remarks when we say, without hesitation or reserve, that the locking up of persons in a building stored with inflammable goods is a most dangerous proceeding, and should not be permitted without corresponding safeguards.

Let us suppose that 100 persons are lodged in the upper levels of a shop or warehouse, and consider the circumstances necessarily and inseparably connected with such a proceeding. There must be 100 beds, 100 places at a table on which at least 300 meals must be provided every day, a kitchen capable of supplying 300 meals a day, a place in which 100 pairs of boots can be dried and brushed, and a certain amount of other accommodation. Do the responsible owners of these places presume to say that there really is proper accommodation for such a number of persons, and do they prove that such is their view by including themselves among the number? These are interesting questions, and we know that there are some who can answer them satisfactorily; but how about the others? We have made inquiries, and have reason to believe that there are many buildings in London, and elsewhere, in which numbers of human beings are every night locked up—perhaps properly so, but without any possibility of all escaping in case of a rush, simply because the accommodation is too limited, and the responsible persons are not among those placed under lock and key. Indeed it is said, though we do not go so far as to corroborate this, that in many cases the whole accommodation is barely sufficient for the boots alone, and that in the event of a rush for life only a fourth of the occupants would be likely to escape.

We are all in the habit of running down the institutions of our country, and for anything we know the strength of those institutions—such as it is—may be owing to the fact that this is the case; but at least we must give credit to a jury which does its duty thoroughly and fearlessly, and we need not look too closely into details. It may be that unnecessary speeches were made by counsel, jurymen, witnesses, and even the Coroner himself; that the inquiry was somewhat more prolonged and less dignified than one before a Lord Chief Justice of England. These are the necessary and unavoidable accompaniments of any trial before an "open" Court, as a Coroner's Court is; but, making allowance for all these deplorable blemishes, we do not hesitate to say that in this case the verdict expresses in a practical manner all the important circumstances of the case. It is virtually as follows:—(1) The persons who died lost their lives through misadventure. (2) The fire originated in a basement where wood and waste material were kept, and was occasioned by a lighted match being thrown down on the floor by a servant-girl after she had lighted the gas in the room. This was an act of great carelessness. (3) Two firemen who had left their fire-escape for the day, but, in the opinion of their own officer, were properly called, refused to return and take their escape to the fire. (These men were severely censured, and, we may add, it is now publicly known that they have been dismissed from the Brigade.) (4) The premises were not properly protected against the [illegible] of fire, and proper exits were not provided in the event of such a calamity happening. The majority of the buildings in the metropolis being in the same condition, the [illegible] of the local authorities and the public [illegible] to the [illegible] which exists for providing and enforcing such [illegible] regulations as shall secure to the inmates of such establishments ready

means of escape in the case of fire. (5) Ample appliances should be provided for extinguishing fire. (6) All such establishments should be inspected periodically. (7) In the interest of the public safety inquiry should be held in all cases of fire. (8) The Metropolitan Board of Works should arrange for a definite settlement of certain clauses of the Building Act, the interpretation of which appears doubtful. (9) The same Board should make arrangements for firemen to be in charge of fire-escapes by day as well as by night. (10) The conduct of those who rendered valuable aid in rescuing inmates is commended. (11) Albo-carbon, when stored in large quantities, should be kept in iron vessels specially constructed and apart from combustible materials.

This verdict is purely and distinctly of the type which we are in the habit of calling "British," and we claim to be among the first to acknowledge and approve it accordingly; but this acknowledgment, which we make very frankly and not without a certain national pride, must not be allowed to deprive us of our equally national privilege of friendly criticism. With that part of the verdict which refers to the special regulations for means of escape in case of fire we cordially concur; but the jury does not propose or suggest the authority to which the power is to be entrusted. In the existing condition of the Metropolitan Board of Works it is not to be supposed that any further powers are likely to be conferred on that body, and we know of no other at present which can be substituted for it. The providing of ample appliances for extinguishing fire, and the periodical inspection of "such premises"—meaning premises in which large numbers of persons are locked up at night—are excellent suggestions; but the jury does not even remotely intimate what the authority should be under which these great powers should be placed, and we know that any interference in the internal management of large concerns would be resented by owners and others. The proposal of the jury, however, is a wise one, and we hope it will engage the attention of legislators.

The question of an inquiry being held in all cases of fire, whether life is lost or not, is one of public convenience, and is not without certain difficulties; but the City has just carried a Bill for this purpose through the Lords, and if its working proves satisfactory other places will probably adopt it. The proposals that the Board of Works should arrange for an interpretation of clauses of an Act of Parliament, and for the attendance of firemen by day in charge of fire-escapes—involving a large increase of expenditure, and a new Act of Parliament—however good in themselves, can have no effect at present in consequence of the inquiry that is now going on; but the suggestions in themselves are good, and will probably be carried out as soon as the affairs of the metropolis are placed on anything like a practical basis, if such a fortunate event ever takes place.

We desire to impress on all concerned the serious lesson which has been taught by the terrible disaster in Edgware Road, and to warn all those who lock up large numbers of persons at night without taking proper precautions for the safety of every individual that, in the event of such a catastrophe occurring again, they are by no means certain to find so liberal a jury as that which has returned the verdict on which these comments are made. Indeed, we venture to add that, if the same jury were to sit on another similar case, it would return a very different verdict, and in our judgment would be perfectly justified in doing so, as the fact of a warning having been formally and publicly given must necessarily involve a corresponding responsibility on all concerned. In conclusion, we desire to repeat the hope which we have previously expressed, that all those who keep others under lock and key will make the necessary arrangements for the safety of every individual in the event of a rush for life, and also that they will in every case include at least one of their own number among those who incur the greatest danger. That this is probable in many cases and certain in some few we willingly and cheerfully acknowledge; but we earnestly hope that the great catastrophe which has recently happened may serve as a warning, and that those who are responsible for the safety of others in large buildings may feel that henceforth, in the event of loss of life, they will have to deal, not with the Edgware Road jury, but with a jury which will feel compelled to enforce the lessons so clearly and practically taught by their intelligent predecessors. There is much to be said against Coroners and Coroners' juries; but we are bound to express our opinion that the men who sat at the Edgware Road inquest have given a straightforward, manly, and intelligent verdict, and that all employers who keep their assistants locked up at night will do well to take every precaution that is possible to ensure the safety of each individual under their charge.

If such employers will carefully and conscientiously study the recent verdict, it may be hoped that the terrible event which has just occurred may lead to an immediate and permanent improvement in the condition of large numbers of persons; but we regret to have to add our fear that, in the present limp and invertebrate condition of society, another similar catastrophe may probably occur before those concerned will be awakened to their actual responsibilities, and that, in order to bring about any real practical change, we shall be compelled to speak in language very much more forcible than that which we use at present. In the meanwhile we commend to the favourable judgment of our readers the straightforward and practical verdict of the Edgware Road jury.

ARCHITECTURE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE show of architectural designs this year is remarkably uninteresting. We are already acquainted more or less intimately with the largest and most important drawings, such as those of Mr. Brooks for Liverpool Cathedral, Messrs. Deane & Son's and Messrs. Aston, Webb, & Bell's for the Imperial Institute, as well as with Mr. Collcutt's unfortunately accepted design. We have now three kinds of architecture to review. It was long said that no one could invent a style; if it is not a paradox, Mr. Waterhouse and his disciples have invented something that is no style. Mr. Collcutt is almost the only exhibitor in it this year, and we can turn away to some better things, if not to many of them; for the good things are scarce in the show, and have to be looked for and sought out diligently. If we begin with classical or Palladian designs, we may commend Messrs. Deane's fine drawing mentioned above. The curved and pillared wings supporting a noble dome, in front of which is a dignified portico, make up a fine design, and one which, minus the pepper-caster turrets, would have been worthy of the suffrages of the selectors. The Ionic screen in Mr. Boney's Academy design for a railway terminus is good; but the very similar drawing of Mr. Leck, which hangs close to it, fails entirely, owing to the want of proportion. Mr. J. J. Stevenson's "New Building, Christ's College, Cambridge," stands almost alone as an example of the style as understood by Inigo Jones. There is much to admire in it. The proportions, in which modern architects so often fail, have been carefully considered. The cornice is good, but we could wish that Mr. Stevenson had seen his way to repeat the pilasters along the front. It is not very easy to say in what style Mr. Burgess's Leicester Coffee House is designed, but it has pilasters and a tall, peaked roof and turrets of diverse character, and is altogether an original and effective composition, a little too foreign, perhaps, in parts. Also in what, for want of a better term, we may call debased Palladian, are Mr. Belcher's "Stables at Northleach," and "Stowell Park." The drawings of these quaint and picturesque buildings are remarkably effective, and are signed by Mr. Needham Wilson. Mr. Crowther's careful study of the "Oakroom, New River Company," is more of a picture than an architectural drawing, as is Mr. Cecil Roper's view of "The Castle, Halifax."

Of the so-called "Queen Anne" style perhaps the designs of Messrs. George & Peto are the most interesting, or at least conspicuous. We cannot approve of them for town houses. There are eight very picturesque drawings from this firm in the gallery. Of these, "A House on Streatham Common" is perhaps the most pleasing; but the country houses at Champion Hill, Henley, Bagshot, and Pinner are also pretty and suitable. We cannot admire "Buildings in Mount Street and Berkeley Square." They are absolutely without the dignity so necessary in town houses, and are covered with every kind of excrescence calculated to catch London soot. "Moxley, Holmbury," by Mr. Basil Champneys, is neat and pleasant looking; but the same architect's "Park Mansions" has all the faults we have attributed to Messrs. George & Peto's buildings in Berkeley Square. A good site is virtually spoilt by this fussy design; and we have another reason to be glad Mr. Plunket has insisted on its being lowered by two storeys. If Mr. Champneys would take the opportunity of removing altogether the gables and dormers of his upper storeys, and would finish the building with a good cornice, it might be redeemed from absolute ugliness. Mr. Reginald Blomfield sends a very charming drawing of the new buildings which he is erecting at Haileybury College. Another very pretty drawing is by Mr. Charles Mallows, "House on the Severn, near Upton." This and several other drawings by the same architect remind us somewhat of the style of Mr. Pennell's sketches, and would form admirable book illustrations. Mr. Bailey's extensive design for a Board School at Lavender Hill has considerable dignity; and Messrs. Mitchell & Butler have designed a picturesque school for Lewisham Hill.

We now come to the purely Gothic work in the gallery. Mr. Brooks's "Liverpool Cathedral" is the most important, and has already been described in these columns. Mr. Coates Carter sends his "Design for the proposed West Front of Milan Cathedral." The present west front is incongruous, as everybody knows; but a Gothic west front of this kind would be almost as incongruous, and not nearly so picturesque. Mr. Sedding's fine "Church of the Holy Trinity, Upper Chelsea," which is being built for Lord Cadogan, shows greater originality in the treatment of the old style than we often see. The west window is simply magnificent. We may describe the whole church as being of the Decorated type, but with later features in places. We cannot quite approve of the wooden imitation vaulting. It is difficult to understand how Mr. Arthur Blomfield can have designed both the very stiff and uninteresting additions to Eton College, and also the very pretty porch of St. Mary's, Southsea, a panelled Perpendicular building, with good ornament in the right place. Mr. Jackson has done better things than his new front to Brasenose. The situation is a trying one; and Mr. Jackson's design appears to us laboured, and what in painting would be called "spotty." It has too much or too little feature, but which we cannot say from the inspection of drawings only. The scale will have much influence on the success or failure of this design. The proposed "restoration" of Worksop Priory Church, by Messrs. Carpenter & Ingelow, is extremely uninteresting architecturally, and extremely reprehensible archæologically. Why not spend the money on a new building, instead of making a design in fetters, like this, and spoiling an interesting fragment? The gallery contains the

usual number of drawings for decorative work, of which Mr. Heaton's "Acanthus, Oak, and Privet," and his friezes in "gesso duro," are all that need be named. Mr. Norman Shaw does not exhibit anything this year; and his fellow-Academician Mr. Waterhouse's two views of Roman buildings are in the water-colour room.

MINOR EXHIBITIONS.

MESSRS. BOUSSOD & VALADON are preparing an exhibition of the works of the brothers Maris; meantime they have several pictures of interest in their galleries. To begin with the best, there are two Corots. One of these is composed in a somewhat unusually informal manner. A large near-hand bouquet of trees, a cool, cloudy sky, a corner of a pool, and figures wrapt in air and shadow, form the elements of a picture which is remarkable for beauty of handling and mystery of tone rather than for stately or classic arrangement. The other—a fine Corot of the usual sort—shows the shore of a lake with cows wading in under the branches of large trees. Both these canvases contain models of the art of painting trees with grace and breadth, of suggesting an infinity of detail by planting a few telling forms on largely modelled masses. These dots and strokes are laid, not only with a Japanese sense of beauty, but with such consummate judgment and truth that the imagination instantly peoples the broad, cloudy smudges on which they rest with hints of similar detail. No elaborate, and after all necessarily inadequate, rendering of the small forms one by one would give this breadth of impression or secure this softness of definition and this true magic of atmospheric envelopment. Some of Corot's qualities, without his quintessence of style, may be seen in a small group of trees by De Bock; a tender twilight pastoral by Mauve; and a little piece of sober, harmonious colour by Mr. Peppercorn, which we have seen at the New English Art Club. Josef Israels sometimes falls into copying himself without gusto and as if sick of his own sentiment. Here, however, is a view of three peasant children going out to work that has evidently not been done as a task. The fine rich quality of the sky, the freshness and uncommonness of the whole scheme, and the cheerfulness of the figures, make it a very welcome change from the painter's usual manner. Figures in a cottage, seated in the firelight, must be a work of Edouard Frere's, done either very early or in some holiday interval, when he had put aside all thought of the requirements of the British picture-market. We cannot take leave of this gallery without mentioning Mr. Aubrey Hunt's "Greenwich Pier." In large canvases Mr. Hunt has not often pleased us so well as in his charming and vivacious sketches. Here, however, is one of his biggest efforts in size, and, we are glad to say, in force and seriousness of purpose. Mr. Hunt has at last managed to keep the fine flavour of his style on a large scale. He is piquant, fresh, and suggestive, as he was in his little pictures exhibited here some time ago. The time is evening, when the lights on the river are struggling with the dying light in the sky, and Mr. Hunt has given the large values of the scene in a way that brings the whole thing before one with a convincing impression of truth. There is a great art in his handling, in his varied definition of objects, in his treatment of local colour under twilight. The suggestion of the smoke-wrapt shipping in the middle distance is specially exquisite; but so, indeed, is the rendering of the crowd on the sloppy pier, the liquid lapping water, the wind-blown clouds of smoke, the differently coloured lamps, and the half-veiled masses of huge building.

A collection of old masters—that is to say, of nothing more modern than Constable or Bonington—at Mr. Borgen's, Old Bond Street, offers many problems to the expert, and a quiet lounging place to the general public, where there is no garish new paint to offend the eye. We do not pretend to expertmanship in old pictures; we are not convinced that an old master never varied as a modern does, never made experiments in styles like Mr. Richmond, or never painted badly what an obscure pupil painted well. Nevertheless, we are not to be persuaded that Raphael painted the Madonna di San Sisto which hangs at the end of this gallery. One does not model a face as in the Dresden picture, and then straightway vulgarize it as in this woman's head. Examine the photograph of the Dresden canvas and note the large light and shade on the cheek, the soft envelopment of the eyes and mouth in shadow, the ample fulness of the nose and brow, and then look at the rude modelling, hard huge eyes, and coarsely defined mouth, of the copy on the wall. Moreover, it will be remarked that changes of strength in the definition or forms of folds are all for the worse, and tend to cut up the masses and destroy the solemn repose of the picture. Need we point to the heavy, somewhat clumsy Flemish character of the touch; the modelling and the feeling of line alone suffice to stamp the picture as no work of Raphael's hand. On the other hand, "Canal Scene, Venice," is an admirable example of its author's style. Guardi seldom got a finer quality of sky and distance than he did in this picture. "[illegible]" is a specially good and realistic Copley Fielding; "[illegible]" a very fair Van der [illegible]; "Landscape, [illegible]" an instance of Cuyp's fine sky-painting; and "Portrait of [illegible] Lady Hamilton," an interesting Romney, warm and mellow [illegible]. "King Ahasuerus and Esther" (Rubens), "Landscape [illegible]" (Adam Elsheimer), "Adam and Eve" (Andrea [illegible] attributed to), "The Adoration of St. Andreas" (Tiepolo), and examples of Van Ostade, Jan Steen, N. Vroomans, Hobbema, and R. Wilson, deserve attention, even if they may not all come from their presumed authors.

When you may see all the stones in a building, all the names cut in a desk, &c., you know that you need not expect good art. It is not given to many to equal Van Eyck, and the illustration of Eton, Rugby, Harrow, and the public schools generally is not a subject likely to occupy a modern man so gifted. All, however, for whom those illustrations now on view at Messrs. Dickinson & Foster's are made—that is, public school boys—will probably be satisfied. Mr. Barraud has done the chapels and buildings with such patience and care that those who wish to pry into pictures will find all they know in the places. Those who do not know or care for the places will do well to avoid the depressing influence of one of the tightest and meanest styles to be seen, even in London. Mr. Tom Hemy deals with football, cricket, &c., and gets some "go" and action into his figures, though he does not seriously attempt picture-making or artistic composition. Mr. Rhead, who etches after him, freezes the life out of his figures, hardens his definitions, and supplies him with a force of detail which he evidently does not want.

STAGE SCIENCE.

VII.

LYRIC acting differs essentially from the merely dramatic, and requires quite another kind of study to master its many difficulties, for it is closely allied to the serious division of the ancient art of dancing—that which Aristotle described as "the expression of manners, passions, and deeds in rhythmical gesture." The opera itself, being a modification, though at more than one remove, of the Greek drama, still contains many traditions in its performance evidently derived from remote antiquity. The stereotyped grouping of the chorus and the arrangement of the principal personages in a row close down by the footlights, somewhat after the fashion of the actors in one of Molière's plays as performed at the Comédie Française, are all derived from the classical period of the drama. It is impossible to define when opera was really first invented. Rinuccini, in 1600, produced the first opera according to modern rules, *Dafne*, with music of Jacopo Peri, who may claim to be the inventor of operatic recitative. There is a rare engraving still extant of Henry III. of France assisting at a performance of a musical drama by Claudio Merulo in the hall of a Venetian palace where he was entertained on his visit to Venice when returning from Poland to claim his brother's crown. In it we see the four principal actors standing in a row, exactly as they would in any opera now in course of representation at Covent Garden, and apparently using the same violent gesticulation. To be a great lyric actor or actress the artist must study that peculiar art known in Italy as *mimica*, best interpreted in English as pantomime or "dumb show." Mme. Pasta, who was even more distinguished as a lyric actress than as a vocalist, used to rehearse her parts entirely in pantomime, and was only satisfied when her friends could tell her the exact meaning of what she was representing, without being previously told the story of the opera. The plastic arts have to be much more carefully studied by the operatic singer than by the mere histrion, because the vocalist stands so much more in evidence; has to walk, as a rule, over and to fill a much larger stage. The stride has to be longer and the step much firmer and more methodical; the gestures broader and more sustained, and even the facial expression may be stronger and coarser. Therefore the first art which the lyric student has to master is the walk or stride, so as to enable him to get over space gracefully and without appearing awkward. The brothers De Reszké have acquired the operatic stage walk to perfection. They invariably move their feet and legs to the rhythm of the music. Like M. Faure, who is apparently their model, they are unusually economical of gesture, only making such movements of the hands and arms as are absolutely necessary and appropriate. These are almost invariably well chosen, graceful, and sustained until the close of the musical phrase which they illustrate. The lyric actor has a difficult task to perform. He has to "hold the picture," to use the technical expression, much longer than the ordinary theatrical artist. He is constantly posing, and frequently in a strained and even unnatural attitude, and has much difficulty in keeping within the narrow boundary which separates the sublime from the ridiculous. Of all the singers of recent times, the most perfect master of lyric acting is M. Faure, and its mistress, the late Mlle. Titiens, who wore the mantle of Pasta and Grisi with so such dignity, and who unfortunately has remained without a successor. The contrast between the Mephistopheles of M. Faure or M. De Reszké and the impersonation of the part of the same fiend by Mr. Irving admirably illustrates the difference which exists between lyric and simple dramatic acting. On the operatic stage all the broad effects must be retained and even exaggerated, whereas the more subtle touches must of necessity be omitted. The actor who gives the broad outline upon the operatic stage with the most [illegible] is of course the greatest lyric actor, [illegible] that the two De Reszké brothers [illegible] above their [illegible], dwarfing even M. [illegible] we can say [illegible] rank. Signor [illegible] actor of great refinement and [illegible]. His method is perhaps more highly finished than that of any of his contemporaries of equal

position, and few who have ever seen him play Rigoletto will forget the magnificence of his acting in the third and fourth acts.

The more passionate a lyric actor, especially a tenor, is, the better. He has full scope for the display of amorous emotion, and what would shock upon the ordinary stage appears quite in its place on the operatic. The ardour of Manrico and Leonora, of Raoul and Valentine, would seem ridiculous if the music did not sustain their violent gesticulations, impassioned embracings, and the otherwise absurd manner in which they behave towards each other, tearing passion to tatters.

Wagner, who gets the credit of much more than he deserves, has undoubtedly revolutionized the lyric stage. In his attempt to increase the dramatic interests of the opera he has followed in the steps of Cherubini, Spontini, and Meyerbeer, who, by the way, managed far more skilfully to serve, with equal ability, the interests both of drama and music. Still the Wagnerian influence on lyric acting has been greater than that of any of his predecessors. He has most effectively broken down many absurd traditional habits, and emancipated singers from much that was conventional and absurd. The result, however, at present is not satisfactory. He has driven the lyric stage into a state of transition, which may result in the gradual adoption of too many new ideas, whereby much that is excellent in the old school will be neglected, and eventually lost. In the meantime the grouping of the choristers has been greatly improved under Mr. Augustus Harris's management, and this was apparent even in the venerable *Lucia*, where but recently the women stood on one side of a half-circle and beat their breasts, and the men on the other, alternately lifting and dropping their hands, whilst the Bride of Lammermoor, in her delirium, gave proof that at least Lady Ashton had not neglected her musical education. The lyric drama has certainly made gigantic strides in the present half of this century, and possibly its capabilities are not at all exhausted, and the lyric actor of the future may become a much more intelligent, graceful, and subtle performer than he is now. And yet when we remember Malibran and Rubini, Mario and Grisi, Lablache and Ronconi, Faure and Titiens, we have our misgivings that the golden future promised by Wagner and the distinguished critic above alluded to will not eclipse the glorious past.

THE CODICE PENALE AND BECCARIA.

As we predicted, the Italian Parliament voted for the entire *Codice Penale* early this week with little opposition. The laws against the so-called "abuses of the clergy" were indeed the subject of some lively discussion in which Deputies Odescalchi and Peruzzi vainly defended the rights of the priests. This facile victory was doubtless due to the fact that the Catholics still persist in abstaining from political life in Italy, so that there is great truth in the oft-repeated assertion that the most Radical Englishman would be considered an ultra-Conservative at Monte Citorio, where deputies of the Bradlaugh class are, to use the Italian expression, "as common as peas." It is a great mistake to imagine that the Italian Parliament represents the Italian nation. Far from it. No country, not even France, is so completely in the hands of a party; for, out of a population of 28,000,000, only about 250,000 vote. In a short time we shall be able to watch the progress of the fierce war which Signor Crispi has so recently provoked with the Papacy. In the meantime, let us hasten to acknowledge that, if we do not approve of the severity of these particular laws against the clergy, we cordially congratulate the Italians on possessing at last a uniform penal code for the entire country. Some of the new laws seem to us to savour rather of theoretical experiment than of practical statesmanship. The Liberal press, for instance, is in a state of hysterical enthusiasm over the passing of the law abolishing capital punishment. "Viva Beccaria!" cries the *Epoca* of Genoa, "the executioner is banished from Italy. Italy has taught a great lesson to-day to England and to America. She has abolished the public executioner. She is the torch-bearer of liberty and progress. Viva Beccaria!" It happens, however, that in Italy just now murder may be fairly described as stalking the streets; for scarcely a day passes without some three or four assassinations occurring, especially in the Southern provinces, where the *pugnale* is used with sinister readiness. The knife is freely abused too in Rome itself, and quite recently no less than four persons were assassinated in the streets of Genoa in less than a week. Notwithstanding these unpleasant facts, Signor Zanardelli grew quite enthusiastic as he read out the clause concerning what he is pleased to call *forze irresistibili*, whereby is meant that in many—nay, in most—cases murderers commit their "foul and bloody deeds" under circumstances beyond their control, and therefore should not be considered accountable for their actions. At Salerno last month, for instance, a woman who had deliberately cut her rival's throat was acquitted by the jury as being the victim of *forza irresistibile*, and we fear that before long whole batches of brigands will be similarly dealt with by accommodating juries as victims of their irresistible impulses. Sixtus V., who knew his countrymen well, tried the experiment some centuries ago of an increase of severity with remarkable success, as is well known to those who are familiar with the history of this sagacious, but by no means tender-hearted, Pontiff. He had at least the satisfaction of living to see Rome and the Romans freed of bands of brigands and assassins. Beccaria possibly desired the abolition of capital punishment, because he wrote at a period when men were hanged for sheep-stealing and for trifling misdemeanours of a like character. Even his greatest admirers—including Cesare Cantù—acknowledge that he was somewhat deficient in common sense and apt to allow his feelings to carry him away. Possibly if he were alive now, and could contemplate the results of his writings, and see how much milder justice has become, he would be the last to vote for the abolition of the supreme sentence.

M. PAUL FECHTER.

The death of M. Paul Fechter, son of the late M. Charles Fechter, had it occurred twenty years ago, would have created a much greater sensation than it has; for then his father was still one of the most deservedly popular actors who has ever appeared in England. M. Paul Fechter was fencing with a friend in Paris one day early last week when the broken foil of his adversary accidentally struck him near the left corner of the right eye and, piercing to the brain, killed him almost instantly. We trust that this fatal accident will not give rise to one of those periodical cries of alarm in which people are too wont to indulge when any exceptional accident occurs in the pursuit of certain manly sports or pastimes. The Italians have a saying to the effect that "there are exactly five genuine accidents on an average every year," and we may therefore take heart and place this sad one among the number of *cinque vere disgrazie*. But when we consider the countless fencing matches which take place every day, the number of fatalities connected with this particular sport are certainly not greater than those which attend cricket, or football, or polo—nay, indeed, lawn-tennis, for the matter of that. Fencing is one of the most graceful exercises—indeed, it is essentially the grace-giving exercise *par excellence*, and one which can be indulged in by men who have passed the meridian of life without loss of dignity or over-fatigue; and it would be folly to allow the fear of casualties such as this which befell M. Paul Fechter to interfere with its progress, only too slow as it is, towards popularity in this country. The death of M. Paul Fechter is all the more sad since he is known to have been a gentleman of charming character, and that his untimely death has left a family which idolized him to mourn his loss, in comparatively indigent circumstances, its chief support having been thus suddenly and cruelly torn from it.

REVIEWS.

TZŬ ERH CHI.*

Just twenty-one years ago Sir Thomas Wade published his *Tzŭ erh chi*, which has since held the field as the best book on the colloquial language of Peking. So highly was the work esteemed by students of Chinese that within a comparatively few years the whole edition became exhausted, and for a long time the work has been as difficult to obtain as a first edition of Cocker's "Arithmetick." A decade ago the demand for a new edition was very generally heard, and as time went on it was also recognized that there were imperfections in the arrangement and matter of the original work which might with advantage be amended. In response to these widely expressed feelings Sir Thomas Wade undertook to recast the book. But it was no easy matter to execute such a labour, at the same time that his official duties at Peking, complicated as they were by treaty revisions, international misunderstandings, and opium controversies, claimed his attention, and it would have been quite impossible but for the help of Mr. Hillier, whose careful hand and wide knowledge appear in every page of the work. Even when this portion of the task had been completed, there still remained the further difficulty of printing the volumes. Printing Chinese texts is always a slow and difficult matter. Four printing presses were employed in printing the original work. And though increased skill and improved machinery made it possible to print the new edition at one establishment, yet the time necessarily occupied dragged its slow length along through many months and even years. We take this opportunity of congratulating the managers of the Imperial Customs printing press on the admirable way in which they have accomplished their task, as well as on the wise liberality which induced them to make a present to the student world of their share in the undertaking.

The *Tzŭ erh chi* was designed, as we were told in the original preface, for Consular students. The treaty of 1858 had thrown open to foreigners the capital, a number of new treaty ports, and, for travelling purposes, the whole Empire. To members, therefore, of the Consular service the whole position of affairs had changed. To a race of young men who had studied the Mandarin dialect in the English colony at Hong Kong from the lips of Northern Chinamen who were almost as completely strangers to the native

* *Tzŭ erh chi.* A Progressive Course designed to assist the Student of colloquial Chinese as spoken in the Capital and the Metropolitan Department. 3 vols. Second edition. Prepared by Thomas F. Wade and Walter C. Hillier. London: Allen & Co.

inhabitants as their pupils were, had succeeded batch after batch of competition wallahs, who were at once launched into Peking life, and who were there surrounded by a population to whom the Court dialect was their mother-tongue. At the treaty ports also the Taotais and Prefects, whose delight it had been to hold at arm's length the Consuls and their interpreters, learned, under the influence of the treaty, to unbend to the "foreign devils," and, following the example set by the officials of the Tsungli Yamên, to discuss politics with them over birds'-nest soup and *bêches de mer*.

Clearly, therefore, a new era had dawned on the student interpreter, and with his extended facilities for study came a desire for fuller and more trustworthy books on the language than had been at his command. Of all the mature scholars of the day Sir Thomas Wade was the one best qualified to supply the want, and in 1867 he published the original work of which the present is a much-revised version.

The object of the work being in the first instance to instruct the learner in the spoken language, the author had to decide whether he should write a grammar of the language, and append to it dialogues, or whether he should plunge *in medias res*, and, beginning with easy sentences, go on to sustained conversations. Rightly or wrongly, Sir Thomas Wade chose the second course. To many minds the idea of beginning to learn to speak a language before an insight has been gained into its nature and structure seems much like being thrown into deep water before one can swim. But the answer to this is that his work was intended to be used with the help of a native teacher; and, as those eminently learned and bespectacled gentry are as ignorant of all principles of grammar as they are of the laws of gravitation, a grammar, in our sense of the word, would be about as useful to them as a torpedo would be to a Hottentot. It was considered best, therefore, that the student should construct his own grammar as he advanced in the knowledge of speech. A conversation on the parts of speech towards the end of the colloquial series was inserted to put right any misconceptions he may have formed by the way, and to enlighten him in case he had failed to grasp the mechanism of the language.

Having arrived at a decision on this point, Sir Thomas Wade had next to consider what pronunciation of the language he should adopt. Those who are acquainted only with alphabetical languages cannot form any idea of the difficulty of transcribing the written characters of such a language as Chinese, especially when, as in Chinese, the subject is complicated by the existence of numberless and widely differing dialects. Not only every one of the eighteen provinces, but almost every district within those provinces, has its peculiar dialect, which has become hardened into a recognized speech by the stay-at-home habits of the people. So widely different are these dialects that many have claimed for the principal ones among them the titles of separate languages, and it is certain that a Canton coolie would be as unintelligible to villagers in the neighbouring province of Fuh-kien as an Aberdonian would be to a Devonshire peasant. By the Chinese themselves the existence of these dialects is recognized as a political inconvenience, and among the educated classes, especially among officials, a dialect has by common consent been adopted as a *lingua franca* throughout the Empire for all above the grade of the common people. This dialect is known as the *Kwan hwa*, or, as we translate it, "the Mandarin dialect." But, unfortunately, so long are the distances which separate different portions of the Empire, and so difficult is the travelling over the infamous roads and ruined canals of the country, that dialects have even sprung up within this dialect, and very appreciable differences of pronunciation are observable between the Peking mandarin, the Nanking mandarin, and the Ssŭch'uen mandarin. Even, therefore, when Sir Thomas Wade had determined to adopt the Mandarin dialect, the further question still remained whether the Peking or the Nanking dialect should be chosen; for between the Ssŭch'uen mandarin and these two there could be no question. Bearing in mind the conditions under which the Consular students were to use his work—namely, in Peking, surrounded on all sides by men speaking the Peking mandarin; and also that it is becoming fashionable for the higher officials with whom the Consular officials have to communicate to affect the Court dialect—we think that Sir Thomas Wade did wisely when he elected to use the Pekingese. Apart from these considerations, Pekingese has not much to commend it. It is one of the poorest dialects in China, having only 420 vocables against some 700 or 800 in Cantonese and other dialects, and bears in itself the marks of a weakened speech. But fashion even in China is supreme, and there can be no doubt that Pekingese is the best dialect for the student interpreters to learn.

But of all the vexed questions which have aroused the controversial ire of writers on Chinese and perplexed their readers, that of orthography is unquestionably the chief. Whether a word which is sounded like the English word "fun" should be written "făn," "fen," "fên," or "fun," is a specimen of the variety of opinions on the most suitable values to be given to the Roman letters in transcribing Chinese. Dr. Wells Williams writes "făn," Dr. Edkins "fen," Sir Thomas Wade "fên," and Dr. Morrison "fun." When doctors disagree, who is to decide? and we will leave the point, therefore, only adding that Sir Thomas Wade's system is consistent throughout, and that when once his sound-table is mastered, the student should have no difficulty whatever in catching the right pronunciation.

In the present edition Sir Thomas Wade has confined himself entirely to the colloquial series, having omitted the volumes on the documentary style. He begins with forty exercises, which consist of short phrases and sentences illustrative of the uses of certain words which precede each exercise. In the original work he had taxed the memories of students with twenty-five new words to every exercise. Against such violent intellectual gymnastics the students, he tells us in his preface, protested, and in deference to their complaints he has in the new work lightened their labours, and has rearranged his texts so as to break up the exercises into short lengths. Following on the exercises come the "Ten Dialogues" and the "Hundred Lessons," and after these a story in the colloquial style, entitled the "Graduate's Wooing." Tone exercises and a chapter on the parts of speech complete the contents of the two thicker volumes. The third volume contains "a Glossary," the "Peking Syllabary," and "Writing Exercises." This table of contents is enough to show that, so far as the Pekingese colloquial is concerned, the work arms the student *cap-a-pie*. Further, the dialogues are all well chosen, and some few phrases, which in the original work bore traces of being forced renderings of English idioms, have either disappeared or have been rewritten in pure Pekingese.

The Tone exercises have proved to be extremely useful, and one enthusiastic American minister thought so highly of them that he had them copied in a shape suitable for his pocket, and beguiled the tedium of a long journey in the interior by constantly conning them aloud. To the uninitiated it is necessary to explain that Chinese, in common with several other languages in South-Eastern Asia, is a tonic language; that is to say, that every one of its written characters has its proper vocalic pitch. In Pekingese there are four of these tones, in the central Mandarin there are five, and in some of the dialects there are as many as fifteen. A knowledge of these tones is necessary to a speaker when the context does not of itself make his meaning sufficiently plain. In these circumstances a traveller who wished to ask for ice, for instance, and pronounced the word *ping* in a rising or questioning tone, instead of in an even tone, would have a steamed dumpling brought him; and if, wishing to speak of an aching tooth, he were to pronounce *ya* in a falling tone, he would be understood to refer to his brother-in-law.

There can be no question, then, as to the importance of acquiring some knowledge of the tones, and this can be done in two ways, either by learning them by heart from such exercises as those in the present work, or by catching the rhythm of sentences from the mouths of natives. The appropriateness of each method must depend on the capabilities of each student. A man with a quick ear and an acquisitive tongue will pick up the tones without any more effort than it cost the *bourgeois gentilhomme* to talk prose. But there are many men who are so constituted that a phrase reaches their ears in as distorted a guise as a reflection cast in an inferior mirror presents itself to their vision. To such there is nothing for it but to make up by assiduous study for defective hearing, and we commend Sir Thomas Wade's tables most earnestly to them. But a great help towards learning the tones would be given to both classes of students by extending the system Sir Thomas Wade adopts of joining together the syllables which make words. The fact that the written characters are monosyllabic has led students to imagine that the spoken language is monosyllabic. This is by no means the case. A single word is often made up of two or more syllables, and when such is the case it should be written as one word. There is no more reason, for example, why the verb *Hweilai*, "to return," should be written *Hwei lai* because it is represented by two written characters, than there is that "return" should be written "re turn." Any one whose lot it has been to teach Chinese must be painfully aware of the difficulty of getting students to pronounce a polysyllabic word as one word when they see it written in two or more separate syllables, and the sooner the system is adopted of writing words as whole words the better it will be for both teachers and learners. It is impossible to dwell on the main excellences of Sir Thomas Wade's work in a notice of this length. They can be revealed only by a careful study of every page, and we have no hesitation in saying that the more thorough the study the more will the assertion with which we began this notice, that the book is the best of its kind, be fully vindicated.

THE CAMORRA IN VENICE.*

THERE have been many disputes as to the origin of the word Camorra, and it is employed in different senses in different parts of Italy. In Naples—whence in all probability it came—it denotes a perfectly organized secret society, the objects and methods of which were described in these columns some years ago. In other towns any body of men who unite together to assert illegal rights, or to procure dishonest advantages, is called by the name, and it is in this sense that Mr. Scott uses it. The Camorra of Venice possesses neither the historical interest nor the picturesqueness of that of Naples. It seems from the pamphlet before us to have originated some twenty or thirty years ago, and only to have been in full working order about half that time, and judging from the facts given by the author, it appears to be little more than an organized and somewhat [illegible] form of a state of [illegible] exists in all places which [illegible] of [illegible], and in which [illegible] [illegible] persons.

A number of the [illegible], we are told, [illegible]

* The Camorra in Venice. By William Scott. Venice, [illegible].

purpose of excluding all others from the market by paying a high commission to the hotel managers and porters, the gondoliers and the *valets de place*. As much as sixty per cent. of the sum received is said to be absorbed in this way, so that when twenty per cent. more has been deducted for the dealer's profit, "the other twenty represents the prime cost of the material and workmanship." It is evident that such a system must work injuriously in two ways. It was organized for the purpose of plundering the unwary foreigner, but it has also reduced the wages of the skilled artisan.

An amusing account is given of the ways in which the guides and gondoliers secure their prey, and what may be called living advertisements are employed. The most original idea is that of the gentleman who is a master of several languages, and who joins the train at some small station in the vicinity of Venice. He enters a carriage in which he sees tourists whom he supposes to be gullible and wealthy, makes himself agreeable, gets into conversation, and displays an acquaintance with the city, a considerable knowledge of art, and a special familiarity with the branch of art industry in which his employer is engaged. In the evening he dines in the same hotel as they do, the conversation is continued, and he proposes to show them the chief sights of the place. If the offer is accepted these of course include his patron's workshop.

The account of the efforts which have been made to put an end to abuses which are destroying the trade of Venice, and of their somewhat ludicrous failure, is entertaining and also instructive, as it throws considerable light on one phase of Italian life; but the particulars would not have much interest for English readers. Mr. Scott seems to hope better things from the exertions of the *Venice News*, a local English paper which has taken up the question, and from a society of guides—he does not give the Italian name—which is disposed to second the exertions of the editor. It certainly would be an advantage to both parties if foreigners could be brought into direct relations with the handicraftsmen; but how this is to be done in these days of hasty travel we confess we do not clearly see. For further information on this and the other subjects mentioned we must refer the reader who is interested in the subject to the pamphlet itself. Every one who is thinking of going to Venice and making purchases there should look it through. He will not find the task difficult, as it is tersely and brightly written.

THE FRENCH STAGE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*

WHETHER at the latter end of the nineteenth century the Comédie Française remains all that it was, the unrivalled centre of histrionic art, is a question which we have not now to argue at length. There was a time when the Théâtre Français attracted and retained as a matter of course all players who distinguished themselves beyond their rivals, and when to write for the Comédie was not so much the passport to fame as the seal of it. As regards the dramatic author, though naturally errors of judgment have been made at times, there have been consistent endeavours on the part of those responsible for the choice of plays to obtain only what was best, and to reject that which did not reach a certain standard; but the ranks of the *sociétaires* scarcely now contain the full flower of the French stage. Mme. Bernhardt severed her connexion with the famous House some years ago; a successor to Delaunay has not been found—but that is the fault of none but nature, that so very rarely creates Delaunays; M. Coquelin coquettes with the institution, and, admirable as is the work still done there, the names of the existing representatives do not stand out boldly as the names of their predecessors have generally stood. That the glories of the Maison de Molière have passed we are unwilling to believe; its excellent system, on which its reputation was founded, is still preserved; there is no reason why its glories should wane; but it chances that this is not an era of great artists at the Comédie. We can only hope that in the future, when the historian resumes the task which Mr. Hawkins has accomplished as far as the year 1799, there will be a record of the full revival of past splendours in the last decade of the nineteenth century.

Mr. Hawkins has been fortunate in his theme, for the period he describes was in many respects interesting and remarkable. The career of Voltaire is necessarily included. Beaumarchais produced the *Barbier de Séville* in 1775 and the *Mariage de Figaro* in 1784; and a brilliant constellation of players whose reputations are still bright aided in building up and strengthening the celebrity of the House. Mr. Hawkins has bestowed no small amount of diligence on his task. He is an enthusiast on behalf of the Comédie, and has produced a narrative which leaves untold few incidents of importance which occurred during the years whose history he traces. Enthusiasm goes for much, and the author is not without a certain competence, though his literary style has its faults and weaknesses. We note with displeasure the occasional lapses into the style of the cheap romancer or of the newspaper scribe. He describes in detail scenes which he has imagined. This gives an air of insincerity to his narrative; and comment on the blunder seems desirable, as it is a mistake into which the inexpert historian often falls. We are told, for instance, that Mlle. Adrienne Lecouvreur's chief pleasure was attending the performance of a tragedy by His Majesty's Players, and that "the blood would rush to her face when they rolled forth the inimitable tirades of Corneille and Racine." "D'Argenson's stern face seemed to become sterner when he heard" a certain complaint. A little further on D'Argenson is described as "probably with a smile on his usually stern countenance," and the first adverb saves the phrase from condemnation. But how does Mr. Hawkins know that the stern face of the lieutenant of police grew sterner on that particular occasion, or that while listening to tragedies at the Théâtre Français Mlle. Lecouvreur exhibited the particular form of emotion he attributes to her? When Mme. Dunoyer was angry, how has he assured himself that she "made the air ring with her reproaches," or that the Marquis de Châteauneuf when angry "trembled from head to foot"? Some of Mr. Hawkins's criticisms are also given with the air of one who speaks that which he knows, whereas we cannot help the suspicion that he is merely retailing the opinion of some one else. Thus he blames the "occasional carelessness of style" of Regnard's comedies; but is this a deliberate conviction formed after a careful study of these works or is it second-hand? If the author had devoted a certain number of weeks to an examination of Regnard, we cannot help suspecting that he would not be content to sum up the result of his labour in a line; if he is quoting he should give his authority.

Beginning with the first year of the eighteenth century, Mr. Hawkins comes to the excommunication of Rousseau from the Café Procope, and a brief but sufficient summary of the production of a number of plays, none of considerable importance, follows. Even thus early natural acting—an avoidance, that is to say, of measured declamation and conventional gesture—had its advocates, though the old school was not shaken till long after. Mr. Hawkins relates an anecdote of Dufresne, none of whose impersonations were without new and telling points, he remarks; and he describes, apparently with admiration, the method in which Dufresne as Pyrrhus recounted the meeting of Andromaque and Astyanax:—

> C'est Hector, disait-elle, en l'embrassant toujours;
> Voila ses yeux, sa bouche, et deja son audace;
> C'est toi-même; c'est toi, cher époux, que j'embrasse;
> Et quelle est sa pensée? &c.

The first three lines were spoken in the soft tones of a woman; in the fourth line he resumed his own voice; and if this were so, we differ totally from Mr. Hawkins's admiration; for this imitative method strikes us as lamentably wrong. English actors of the baser sort have thus spoken the speech of Jacques in *As You Like It*, but happily at a theatre which had a character to lose it could not be done. The relation of this story does not make us very ready to accept Mr. Hawkins's opinion as a critic of acting. The style of cheap romance to which we have already referred is adopted by the author in his introduction of Voltaire. The early years of François Marie Arouet are carefully traced; several pages are devoted to this subject, not without an air of slyness, as of one who is holding a secret back; and at length it is plainly stated that François Marie Arouet was none other than Voltaire. This might be effective enough if it were conceivable that any reader who is likely to be interested in the career of Voltaire will not be familiar with his real name; but as things are the disclosure of the quasi-secret is rather absurd. Voltaire naturally occupies much space in the book, seeing that he was associated with the Comédie from 1718, when *Œdipe* was produced, till 1778, which saw the presentation of *Irène*; and Mr. Hawkins dwells with evident satisfaction on Voltaire's career, having succeeded in persuading himself that his hero has been misrepresented, and that he can set the world right. There are generally at least two views from which a man's actions may be regarded, and in all that concerns Voltaire Mr. Hawkins takes, or invents, a view from which the object of his eulogy appears in the most agreeable light. He has discovered nothing new, he relates nothing that is not perfectly well known, and we certainly do not propose to waste time in argument about a matter so thoroughly well understood as the disposition of Voltaire—nor, indeed, has this subject very much to do with a comment on "the French stage in the eighteenth century."

Infinitely more to the purpose is the author's account of the manner in which what may be called the light of histrionic truth was introduced into the Comédie Française, and conventionality banished, though not without a hard and prolonged struggle. In the present day it seems to us ludicrous that an actor should have any other end in view than the representation of character. We expect him to dress as the man he is representing would have dressed, to speak as he would have spoken, and, in short, to merge his own identity in that of the personage he is supposed to be. In days when the ancient heroes of Greece and Rome were attired in the Court dress of Louis XV. it is not strange that incongruities were little regarded. It was Marmontel who persuaded Clairon to adopt a natural method of speech and action, though we hope he did not address her in the words which Mr. Hawkins attributes to him on p. 22 of his second volume, and we think that Marmontel would have expressed his meaning somewhat more clearly and in accordance with the simplicity which he desired to inculcate. She replied that he was evidently determined not to let her rest till she had assumed a familiar and comic line in tragedy; but she was too sensible not to be influenced by his arguments:—

> Suddenly, in the course of an engagement at Bordeaux, she resolved to try the effect of what he recommended. In her own words, it had the greatest success, murmurs of "mais cela est beau!" being raised in the

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* *The French Stage in the Eighteenth Century.* By Frederick Hawkins. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1888.

first scene. On her return she had to play Roxane before the Court at Versailles. Marmontel went to see her at her toilette. "Yes," she said, after relating her experience at Bordeaux, "and I am going to try the new style here. If I succeed as well, farewell to my old declamation." Marmontel did not fail to see the performance. "The event," he writes, "surpassed our expectations. It was no longer the actress, it was Roxane herself, whom the audience thought they heard. The surprise, the illusion, the enchantment was extreme. Paris hailed the novelty with equal warmth; the actress found increasing inducement to keep her word, and another invigorating influence made itself felt in the theatre.

Clairon's conversion brought about further results. She felt that it was impossible to adopt the new style in the preposterous dresses she had been accustomed to wear, and soon after, discarding the huge hoop and the fantastic frippery in which she had hitherto played Electra, she "appeared in the simple habit of a slave, her hair dishevelled, her arms loaded with long chains." From this she proceeded to do what is still done, and became "an unwearying student of statues, monuments, and portraits in old manuscripts"; and by degrees her example was followed. Lekain discarded the conventional mode, and played Oreste in something like a Grecian costume. Dauberval approved, and declared that next time he played a Roman he would have a somewhat similar dress, which was at any rate a step in the right direction. It is strange that a system so truthful should ever have been abandoned; but some forty years afterwards a Phèdre was seen at the Comédie in the approved Republican costume of the period (1794), and Mr. Hawkins quotes Fleury to the effect that "the literati of the Commune would have wished to decorate Mahomet with the tri-coloured cockade." All this, however, was quite independent of art; the players were only anxious to avert from themselves suspicion that they were not warm supporters of the Revolution.

Mr. Hawkins is good enough to give us his idea of English politics in the seventeenth century, as well as of French dramatic art in the eighteenth; so, at least, we gather from his comment on Duclairon's *Cromwell*. It dealt, he tells us, not with the execution of Charles I., but with the bitterness of faction that arose after the destruction of the Monarchy. "Exaggerated as that bitterness of faction was by the author," Mr. Hawkins remarks, "some thought it preferable to the grinding tyranny it followed." Others did not; but, on reflection, does it not occur to Mr. Hawkins that the intrusion of his eulogy of the English Revolution is a trifle gratuitous and out of place in a history of the French stage? A little more regard for accuracy may also be advised. Thus on p. 191 of the first volume we are told that Paul Poisson had purchased a lieutenancy of infantry for his son François, and on p. 172 we find the young man described as "the erstwhile cavalry officer." It does not matter at the present day whether François Poisson fought on foot or horseback; but one hesitates in accepting without verification statements of an author who can be so careless as this.

ANTIQUARIAN MISCELLANIES.*

THE second series of Dr. Howard's *Miscellanea* commences with a volume containing some excellent illustrations. We have examples in facsimile of grants of arms, old book-plates, tombstones, and monuments, all well and clearly engraved; but perhaps the most interesting article is one relating to the assignment of arms to Shakspeare and Arden. This was made to the dramatist's father in 1596, and is in the College of Arms. Mr. Tucker, the late Somerset Herald, in his note on the subject, assumes that William Shakspeare was his father's agent with the London authorities; and adds, "we seem to touch his hand when holding the very documents he must have held." In the draft assignment written by Dethick, the name is spelled "Shakespere" at least three times; in another paper giving the arms in "trick," the name is "Shakespeare"; while in a very carefully written note as to other coats-of-arms of a similar character it is again "Shakespere." This form, therefore, would appear to be the most correct.

The second volume, although it contains nothing so interesting as this "Shakespere Grant," shows no signs of flagging, and is full of out-of-the-way information, much of it useless, no doubt, if entertaining, but much also of considerable historical value. The fine reproductions of heraldic achievements, and especially those of the Tucher family, of Nuremberg, after Albert Dürer and Lucas Cranach, greatly add to the attractions of the volume. It is, in fact, scarcely possible to dip into it anywhere without bringing up something worth noting. At p. 239, for instance, we find the marriage licence of James Woodcock and Margaret Damn, of St. Andrew's, Holborn, in 1750. Their son took the name of Croft. At p. 198 we have in the registers of Christ Church, Oxford, continued from the first volume, five references to "Samuel Fell, Dr. Prebend," the famous "Dr. Fell" who was not liked. At p. 191 we meet with a very curious Christian name. Thomas Hatch, of Heselbury, Wilts, married, about the year 1620, Lady, daughter of William Filiol, of Knight Street, in Dorsetshire. Titles as Christian names are prohibited by law, if we [illegible] greatly [illegible] and some thirty years ago a clergyman was [illegible] tried for refusing to baptize a child "Sir Francis [illegible]," and was justified by the Court. This volume contains some [illegible]

engravings of monuments, among which the best is one in Wotton Church, in Surrey. It represents Elizabeth, the wife of Edward Darcie, who died at the early age of twenty, in 1634. She is sculptured at half-length, leaning over her dead child, and saying:—

> Here sleeps my babe in silence, Heaven's her rest,
> For God takes soonest those Hee loveth best.

The epitaph on herself instructs the reader not to weep for her:—

> Whose pious spending of her youthfull yeares
> Deserves thy imitation, not thy teares.

Certainly the rural poets of the seventeenth century understood the art and mistery of making epitaphs.

The *Staffordshire Collections* are of a very solid character. The present volume opens with a series of notes on the military service performed by Staffordshire tenants during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, drawn up from the still existing writs of protection issued in favour of those who, having, perhaps, actions at law pending against them, could not protect their property during their absence with the army. The notes begin with 1230, the fourteenth year of Henry III., when sixteen Staffordshire soldiers took out writs of protection. The original documents are in the Public Record Office, and the abstracts here given have been collected and annotated by General Wrottesley, the honorary secretary of the William Salt Archæological Society, by which the volume is issued. A chartulary of the Priory of St. Thomas the Martyr, near Stafford, collected and edited from original manuscripts by Mr. F. Parker, follows, and the volume is completed by a history of the Manor of Castre, or Castle Church, also known as the Manor of Stafford, the seat of the barons of that name. This strictly scientific paper is a mine of information, manorial, genealogical, municipal, and ecclesiastical. It is by Mr. Mazzinghi, and is a good example of the new method in which such investigations are conducted. There is an appendix of original documents, and a separate index for each paper in the volume.

Mr. Renton's book on *Heraldry* does not add anything to our knowledge, but may form a handy volume for coach-painters and other professional heralds. The illustrations are in a very good style, and there is an excellent glossarial index.

NOVELS.*

THE Rebel Rose—it is, of course, the white rose of the Pretender—belongs to the school of novels founded by Benjamin D'Israeli. It takes for its groundwork a well-known political situation and invents an imaginary parallel. How far it is legitimate for an author to create an interest in his work by introducing real people in the most transparent disguise, and violently distorting their characters to suit his own political views, or the exigencies of the story, is a question which others must decide. In the first paragraph of *The Rebel Rose* we make the acquaintance of a heroine "with the magic of an historic cause clinging about her," described by Lady Saxon, who ends by playing the part of her evil genius, as "looking like a cross between a lady horse-breaker and Mary, Queen of Scots." To more friendly eyes Miss Beaton was young, beautiful, taller than the ordinarily tall woman, and remarkably like the luckless Mary Stuart. Her dress was designed to enhance the resemblance. She wore "a clinging robe of black velvet, which fell in straight wide folds from the waist. The stiff, long bodice, made with a sort of modern adaptation of the old-fashioned stomacher; the rosary and cross hanging from the girdle; the bonnet peaked in front, and edged with large jet beads; the full lace ruffle—all harmonized with a face startlingly Stuart in outline, and not without the proverbial Stuart melancholy." Mary Stuart Beaton, for thus is the more than ordinarily tall girl named, has, it seems, a right to the Stuart outline and the proverbial Stuart melancholy, for "she starts from Henrietta Maria, Duchess of Orleans, who, according to scandalous chronicles, was poisoned by her husband. Henrietta Maria left a daughter, married to a Prince of Savoy. Miss Beaton's mother, through whom her Stuart blood runs, was a Bavarian Princess, and she married an Englishman" (Scotchman?), "Lord Beaton, a Legitimist, a Tory of the old school, of the 'Divine right,' 'Church and King' order." But for the Act of Succession, therefore, Miss Beaton would be Queen of England, and has, in the opinion of her limited number of adherents, a Divine right to the throne, which right they have, on the whole, decided not to obtrude on public notice until a wave of true faith should sweep back heretic England to Roman Catholicism and allegiance to the dynasty which was identified with it. Miss Beaton, or as she is called by her own little court, Princess Mary, has come to this country to claim an estate which was left to the Stuart family by some devoted adherent shortly before the death of Queen Anne, and was seized for the crown by the Hanoverian Ministers. Being determined that her surroundings shall be in harmony with herself and the cause which she represents, Princess Mary's adherents—whose ideas on the subject seem to have been a little "mixed"—long taken for

* *Miscellanea Genealogica et Heraldica.* Edited by J. J. Howard, [illegible] 2 vols. London: Mitchell & Hughes.
Historical Collections—Staffordshire. Vol. VIII. London: [illegible]
Heraldry in England. By [illegible] Renton. London: Wyman.

* *The Rebel Rose.* [illegible] London: [illegible] Bentley & Son. 1888.
Demos [illegible] London: [illegible] & Co. 1888.
Broken [illegible] Windus. 1888.
Amelia [illegible] London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.; Bristol: Arrowsmith. 1888.

her an early Georgian house in Kensington (we almost think that in which Thackeray lived), and have filled it with early Georgian furniture. On her arrival she at once "assumes an attitude of separateness from the Hanoverians." To be presented at Court would be recognition of the Hanoverian family; so lonely state is kept up in the Georgian house, and sometimes the contrast between Miss Beaton's position and her pretensions, and we regret to say her manners, is so great, that we are inclined to say *more americano* with Lord Saxon, "Don't call her a Princess, please. She isn't any Princess!" As for Lady Saxon, she is beautiful. She, too, is more than common tall, and she has "neck and arms of the heroic size," and "lives in an atmosphere of sensuous emotion, which she carries with her wherever she goes." Arms of the heroic size would certainly be needed if she did. "Her looks, her movements, her figure, her voice—all gave out with them that bewitching sense of womanhood, of woman's sex, which is so magnetic to the temper of a young man. The quietest, most ordinary words she spoke seemed to ask the man whom she was addressing, "Why don't you make love to me? I know you are longing to do it. I look into your eyes with mine and I read all your feelings there. Come, make love to me! I shall not be angry. You may get nothing else by it, but at least you shall not get a scolding nor a lecture on morality." This most unpleasant lady develops into the approved penny-dreadful female villain of title, suffers from geysers of passion, kicks her clothing about the room, stamps on it, works up a crazy lover of Mary Stuart Beaton's to play the part of Bothwell, and betrays every one all round. We will not tell more of the story. As a story it is melodramatic stuff. Lady Saxon especially is a creature of melodrama; and what can be more unnatural and disagreeable than the incident of Miss Beaton's going to an East-End music-hall "in her boy's clothes," in order to judge of the true condition of the poor, or the silvery peal of laughter with which she receives the remonstrances of the man she loved on this escapade? "Did the dress not become me? Did I not make a pretty boy?" says this daughter of a thousand kings, who smokes cigarettes at a music-hall, and keeps boy's clothes by her. On the other hand, what can be sweeter and more womanly than her behaviour in other scenes, and what can be happier than the conception of Lord Stonehenge's character? He is throughout a noble, high-minded Catholic gentleman.

If any one feels that he would be amused by hearing the adventures of "The Pipley Family in Europe," and how they conveyed their luggage to depôts, and obtained their square meals, and bore the sight of their "sixpences going bang" in England, France, and Italy; and how Miss Matilda spoke the "ridiculous language which all French people seem to have at their fingers' ends; and by what process she arrived at finding it right to say, "Conductoor, commong long faisons-nous boucher ici?" for "How long do we stay here?"; and how, in spite of her not being able to speak the "Eyetalian" language with equal correctness and facility, and in spite of their fear of Mr. Garibaldi and the band of brigands he commanded, Mr. Pipley went to Italy, paying his way with lire and calling them liars, because he wanted to see the ruin of one Pompey and Mr. Massaniello; how, when visiting the grotto of "Possilipo" and the tomb of Virgil, Mr. Pipley inquired if Virgil was an American who had died in Naples and been buried there, and Miss Matilda saw nothing wonderful in the Amphitheatre of Nero, because she had a dog called Nero at home, and her father supposed that the Temple of Mercury had been used for quicksilver works; and how, when they went on to Rome, they were angry because the Baths of Caracalla had no water in them, and regarded the "Houses" of the Cæsars as a fraud, because there was not one habitable bedroom or bed in them—if, as beforesaid, any human being exist who can be amused by this, let him read Deacon Hope's very dull American stories.

Broken Wings is got up in rather a funereal manner and is somewhat dreary reading. Why do so many of the people who lay the scene of their stories in France think that conversations will be more in keeping if given in a style which reads like a bad translation from the French? Many will like to be taken back to the time when they were "joyous and free from blame," and read the *Seven Champions of Christendom* by such an opening to a chapter as "The first heralds of the dawn were already hanging out their banners in the East before," &c. &c.; but who will care to be told that "the French peasant is almost as unenlightened in his faith as if the whole fabric of superstition was not pierced with the shafts of inquisition, nor lighted with the lamp of investigation"?

Amelia Jane's Ambition is a humble one, and, so it seems to us, is that of the very able writer of this little book. It is so lifelike, so absolutely true to nature, that we cannot help regretting that Mr. Onslow has not taken the pains to choose or fashion a more telling story; and having said this, we have uttered the only complaint it is possible to make. The ways of the honest poor, their dislike of having their poverty known, of being beholden to their neighbours, their odd reticences and occasional tongue-tiedness, the extreme delicacy which often characterizes their dealings with each other, their generous and frequently self-sacrificing kindness and generosity to each other, the low level on which they pitch their praise of husbands or children who are the pride of their lives, are all given here, and often with much quaintness and humour. "Not a bad girl ain't Amelia Jane," was all that Susan Bainbridge would ever say of her quick-witted, ready-handed daughter of fourteen, who saw openings for every one, and capabilities in everything, and, as Susan said, was "so upsettin'. I can't think where she got it from; I was always quiet, and her father is a very quiet man." Susan's unwritten law of etiquette that baby's health is to be inquired about before other subjects are introduced is amusing. We have a great liking for Eliza Jane, who soon "gets on intimate terms with the pump," and finds work with a Mrs. Merry, a laundress; and, being told by that functionary that she has not many shirt-fronts to do, because "Roun' about here it's most collars and cuffs, clerks and shopmen," remarks, "And ain't you found that it's them that has no shirt-fronts as is the most vexatious about the collars and cuffs?" Having found work herself, Eliza sets up her brother with a "barrer" stocked with "tartyses" to sell. Billy asks the question we were inclined to ask ourselves—"Wot's tartyses?" "They're a sort o' beast," said Amelia Jane; "on'y the worrit is you can't get them to put their heads out." Finally Mrs. Merry, who has been ten days "out of a gal, and keeps puttin' orf looking for one, because you gives eighteenpence and you takes in rubbidge, and you turns out rubbidge," engages Amelia Jane, and both are delighted with the bargain. Amelia Jane is to have an "outin', as far as where they gets the milk." This is how she approaches the difficult question of attire. "Mother, there's somethink I was a wantin' to arst you for," she said rather shyly. "I seed in a shop in the High Street a black straw hat. It's fourpence 'alfpenny, redooced from shilling and an 'alfpenny. It's a real beauty; and I took notice that the brim is sewed quite tight and strong. Mother, do you think as I might buy it?" "Surelie," said mother, and presented her forthwith with sixpence. "You *are* good, mother! And, mother, would you trim it for me? You do it so tasty. I mind me of a bonnet you had when I was little. There were a blue ribbon on it with yaller spots, and you had twisted it in and out, most uncommon."

SOMERSETSHIRE ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY.*

FOR many years the annual volumes of the Proceedings of the Somersetshire Archæological and Natural History Society ranked among the best publications of their kind. Unfortunately they have of late scarcely maintained their old character. Last year, indeed, the volume was fairly good. It contained the report of a meeting at Yeovil, where some satisfactory work seems to have been done. The volume was, however, degraded by a silly and offensive paper on the "Hagiology of Somerset," a subject that would well repay scholarly treatment; it is treated in the Society's Journal in a tone of ignorant buffoonery. This year we have the report of a meeting at Bristol; for last year the Society for the second time crossed the lower Avon. The results of this excursion appear to have been singularly small, considering the large number of objects of archæological and architectural interest in Bristol and its immediate neighbourhood. Mr. John Taylor, the City librarian, did what he could to make the meeting profitable; though we are surprised to find so careful a local antiquary ascribing the first charter of Bristol to the year 1162. The charter was witnessed by Roger, Earl of Hereford, who died in 1155. Seyer, who is no doubt primarily responsible for the error, evidently misread Thomas Cancellarius as Thomas Cantuariensis. It seems that the Dean and Chapter have been "restoring" the famous Norman Gateway of St. Augustine's Abbey, the present cathedral church; though when we last saw it some two years ago it was certainly in no danger of falling, and therefore in no need of any restoration. The so-called restoration excited the righteous anger of Canon Venables, of Lincoln, who denounced it as "nothing less than an act of Vandalism." The cause of the Dean and Chapter was taken up by the Mayor, but his indignant answer was scarcely a satisfactory defence. As far as we can make out from the Society's Proceedings, the Dean and Chapter have been pulling down an old building which stood against one side of the gateway, and which they had probably better have left alone. When they had done this, they found that they had exposed a portion of the gateway, which had lost its original architectural ornaments; and so they set their architect and stonecutters to patch Robert Fitzharding's work with nineteenth-century imitations. It seems impossible to teach people that they have no business to tamper with ancient and noble buildings in this fashion. A mayor may perhaps be excused for not understanding this; it is a different and a far more serious matter when the clergy of a cathedral church show themselves equally ignorant of the principles on which they should treat the buildings committed to their charge. The only paper in the volume of any special value is a dissertation by Professor Lloyd Morgan on the nature and probable sources of the huge stones that form the circles at Stanton Drew. Some seventy-five pages are devoted to a reprint of Leland's notes on the county, and the last paper consists of a long and rambling account of a highly respectable gentleman lately deceased, who does not appear to have been remarkable for any literary or antiquarian tastes. In a kind of appendix the Rev. J. A. Bennett, Rector of South Cadbury, records an interesting discovery. His church is dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury, and he has found at the east end of the south aisle a wall-painting in red and black, representing a figure wearing a mitre, which he takes to be the figure of St. Thomas. We observe that Mr. Bennett, who has done some good work for

* *Somersetshire Archæological and Natural History Society Proceedings during the year 1887.* Vol. XXXIII. New Series. Vol. XIII. Taunton: T. M. Hawkins; London: Longmans & Co. 1888.

the Commissioners on Historical Manuscripts at Wells and elsewhere, has been elected Secretary of the Society, and we have no doubt that he will succeed in bringing back its volumes of Proceedings to the high level of bygone days.

FORD'S HANDBOOK FOR SPAIN.*

FORD'S *Handbook of Spain* (so originally entitled, and not "for Spain") is one of those rare books of the world, written with fulness of love and knowledge, which can never be out of date. Other handbooks deteriorate as they grow old. Of this one the oldest form is still the best, and will continue to be read long after the information it gives to the traveller is useless. The first Ford—the only Ford, to those who value the book for its own sake rather than as a railway companion—the edition of 1845, in two volumes, is a treasure beyond price, a possession for ever, whose value years cannot affect. What though it may be true, as is said in the preface to this new and improved Handbook in one volume, that "the general introduction of railways throughout Spain, the improvement of roads and circulation of steamers along the coasts, and the establishment of sufficiently comfortable hotels, have revolutionized the mode of travelling"—still, for those who would know Spain thoroughly, there is no book but Ford, and no Ford but the original—untouched by the hand of the reviser, and unadapted for those who journey by train and circulate in steamers. A great deal of what is the essence of Ford's Handbook, as the judicious collector well knows, has been omitted from all subsequent editions, either from an over-nice delicacy or a too curious regard for Spanish sentiment. The wit, the learning, the humour, the lively sense of patriotism, mingled with an exquisite and never-equalled appreciation of the character of the country and the people—all these, the distinguishing qualities of the first edition, have been sadly mangled and ruthlessly cut down in the later issues. Doubtless these later are most useful, and, if it is the object of a handbook for travellers to tell you how to go to places, which are the most convenient routes and the best hotels, what is the shortest time in which you can "do" Granada, Seville, and the Escorial, and the Madrid Gallery, the modern voyager had better not trust to the Ford of 1845. Since then a great deal has happened in Spain. The journeys on horse or mule-back, so joyously described and so lovingly dwelt upon by Ford, with *bota* and *alforjas*, are still the most delightful, may the only, way of seeing the country to understand it, but are no longer necessary. The introduction of railways has rendered the traveller independent of those minute instructions for his comfort and safety on the road which fill so large a part in Ford's first Handbook. He may do the round from Irun to Port Bou without ever seeing a *venta* or tasting a *puchero*. He will travel about almost as rapidly as in France, and will meet with no more adventures than on the road from London to Perth. He is no more likely (perhaps less) to meet a brigand than if he were in the Regent's Park. In his French or Swiss hotel he need trouble himself no more about his fare than in Burgundy or in the Oberland. He will hardly miss the odour of garlic, but he may keep his mouth uncontaminated by the national herb. The lessons in manners, the hints on deportment, and the rules of society, which form so pleasant and fruitful a subject of discourse in Ford, who shall say that they are required by the modern traveller in Spain? It is not that there has really been any great change during the last forty years, either in the country or in the people. The greater part of what Ford has written is true to this day. The traveller has only to go a few miles off the main lines of railway to find the Spain which Ford describes. In New Castile and in Estremadura are districts still untouched by the hand of progress, with cities and manners of men just as they were two hundred years ago. In La Mancha are wilds such as are scarcely to be matched in Europe for their primitive savagery, where one might still meet with adventures "up to the elbows," if there were any adventurers about. In Estremadura there is nothing new but the *Guardia Civil*. Those who desire to know what is permanent and essential in the Spanish character; those who would have a true picture of the face of the country; those who are curious in Spanish art, in Spanish architecture, in Spanish cookery, and in the many strange forms of Spanish religion, can have no more agreeable, intelligent, or learned guide than Richard Ford.

Still, it must be admitted that the exigencies of modern travel have rendered a new edition of the famous Handbook necessary, and, however we may grieve at the loss of much delightful reading—sometimes profane, but always profound, with a good deal of honest praise of the Duke of Wellington and his never-to-be-sufficiently-extolled behaviour in the Peninsula, and of righteous indignation at the too-much-forgotten rascalities of the French marshals—the modern traveller in Spain requires his information in a more compact form, adapted to the age of railways. To meet his commonplace wants the Handbook, from two volumes, has been reduced in this edition to one. Some of the other changes scarcely seem to us to be improvements. The information about hotels, restaurants, &c., which has hitherto appeared in the body of the work, as usual in Mr. Murray's guide-books, is now transferred to the index at the end of the volume—an arrangement which overloads the index, while tending to give unnecessary trouble to the voyager. To find all about any town one has now to look in two places—first, to where the town is mentioned in the text, with its history, geography, &c.; and, secondly, to the index for a list of the hotels, the cab fares, and even the steamer and diligence routes. Some of the paragraphs, rent from their place in the old Handbook, read awkwardly in the abridged text, which has been all dislocated to suit the new arrangement by railway routes. Some of the new matter does not always fit into the old. The account of Spanish literature is meagre, and in the list of authors are some curious omissions and some blunders for which, perhaps, the printer is responsible. The Rabbi Don Sem Tob for the Rabbi Don Santob is rather a bad shot. Nor will the traveller be greatly enlightened by being told that there are "two poems on *The Cid*," and that "the best of these is the one beginning '*El mio Cid*' (*vide* Ticknor)." *Guzman de Alfarache* and *El Escudero Marcos de Obregon* can hardly be assigned to the sixteenth century. To say of Quevedo that "he was an excellent theological moralist and fantastical writer in the manner of Dante," is to give a very odd description of that quaintest and most original of humourists. Among the poets of the nineteenth century there is found no place for Trueba. In literature, indeed, the new Handbook is not very strong, which is a curious last stage of a book which owes all its fame to its literary merit. Even so well known a name as that of Don Pascual de Gayangos is misspelt *Gaycagos*. In the historical part, so long as the original text of Ford is adhered to, as it seems to be throughout, there is nothing to complain of. The topography, except along the principal lines of railway, is very little altered. Tomelloso, which has lately risen into importance as the centre of the wine-trade with Bordeaux—the greater part of the claret of commerce being here produced, as well as the best of the brandy of Cognac—a town of over ten thousand inhabitants, the largest in La Mancha, though in the index, is only casually mentioned as the place where the Guadiana drops underground. Of Argamasilla it surely might have been said, even though Ford strangely forgot to say it, that this was the native village of Don Quixote. On the other hand, Ford's wild statement that "here Cervantes is said to have written his *Don Quixote*" might have been corrected from more modern authorities. In regard to the directions for a two days' excursion from Argamasilla, through the *Don Quixote* country, to the Cueva de Montesinos and the Campo de Montiel, we would advise the enthusiast not to attempt it from Argamasilla, where—that is, in the town, which is nearer ten than six miles (as here said) from the station so-called—there is no decent sleeping-place. The best way is to hire a trap to Tomelloso, which is only a few miles further, with a rough but clean *posada* of primitive but civil ways, where the traveller, if garlic proof, will find accommodation and conveyance. In default of a horse or mule, which is not always to be hired in these out-of-the-way places, where only some half a dozen English travellers have been seen, perhaps, since the time of Cervantes, a *carrillo*, or country cart, may be procured, with a mule equal to do the journey to the Cave of Montesinos and back in one long day. The roads are terrible, so long as there is any road at all; but the trip is full of interest, and might not always be devoid of adventure.

While noticing the defects in this new edition of the *Handbook for Spain*, most of which are inseparable from any abridgment of Ford, it is only fair to say that it has some new features which are most commendable. For the first time we have a number of well-executed plans of Spanish cities, including towns so little frequented as Oviedo, Merida, and Cuenca, which cannot but be most useful to the traveller, who is far more often at a loss for a plan of the town than for a map of the country. There are plans also of the principal cathedrals, though unfortunately among them is not one of the cathedral of Tarragona, one of the most beautiful and interesting in all Spain. Lastly, it must be conceded that the traveller gains something in having his Handbook in one volume instead of two, even though the convenience is purchased by the sacrifice of nearly all that gave value to Richard Ford's *Handbook of Spain*.

* *A Handbook for Travellers in Spain.* By Richard Ford. Seventh edition. London: John Murray. 1888.

CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS, DOMESTIC SERIES, 1641–1643.*

THOUGH duly prepared for the comparative meagreness of the remains calendared in this volume, we confess to having been taken by surprise by the extent of ground which it covers. It is an ill wind, and so forth; and since the Master of the Rolls, being in a sense editor-in-chief of this monumental series, must, like all editors, have conciseness at heart, he may be congratulated on the issue of a volume dealing with a period almost as long as that which occupied not fewer than four of its predecessors. But, as Mr. Hamilton reminds us, if relatively small, the harvest is also more miscellaneous; and his preface, marked by his usual ability, this time furnishes a doubly welcome guidance through a mass of documents which illustrates numerous aspects of a period of almost incomparable importance in our history, without, in any one case adding very amply to our resources. We only wish that the editor had in the present instance even more largely referred in his preface itself to specially interesting documents in his *Calendar*, a kind of reference specially valuable to

* *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, of the Reign of Charles I.,* 1641–1643. Edited by W. D. Hamilton. Published under the Direction of the Master of the Rolls.

students. Of course, both editor and readers now have the inestimable additional advantage of the aid of Mr. Gardiner, whose "lighter labours," as he is pleased to call them, have naturally enough again, though to no very great extent, outstripped Mr. Hamilton's slower, but not less sure, march.

The dearth of more or less authentic correspondence addressed to the Secretaries of State is in this period supplied (after a fashion) from a very different quarter. At the end of Mr. Hamilton's new volume we find, for the first time in this series of Calendars, a list, as yet far from lengthy, of the newspapers preserved among the State papers of the year 1643, with a brief synopsis of their contents. This "Newspaper Collection I." begins with the *Mercurius Aulicus*, a print presumably written like Thackeray's *Pall Mall Gazette*, "by gentlemen for gentlemen," though Mr. Gardiner is constrained to stigmatize its editor, albeit a fellow of All Souls, as utterly untrustworthy in his vocation. But the peculiar charm of newspaper information has always consisted in the fact that the contradiction which it frequently deserves it rarely fails to obtain; and here we have on the opposite side the *Mercurius Civicus*, who tells the truth from London and from the London point of view, in order "to prevent mis-information"—from Oxford. Another Parliamentary organ in the list is the *Weekly Account*, which opens its first number with a paragraph containing "Six satisfying reasons in answer to *Mercurius Aulicus*, who alleged that the Parliament have no just grounds to raise an army, but through fears and jealousies." The same print in a later number indignantly contradicts the report that Pym died of that loathsome disease which the Greeks call "phthiriasis," and to which, by the way, popular imagination, always profoundly exercised on such matters, has attributed the death of more than one prominent personage. *Anti-Aulicus*, established on similar "principles," is represented only by a single number, which is extremely sarcastic against the Royalist journal's dislike of a Parliamentary ordinance reserving the houses of delinquents and ill-affected persons for the benefit and use of the Commonwealth. But the most important of the journals opposed to the *Mercurius Aulicus* was the *Mercurius Britannicus*, of which the series here calendared begins with No. 11 (November 1643). Its editor, the notorious Marchamont Needham, who afterwards changed sides and started the *Mercurius Pragmaticus* against the Commonwealth and Oliver Cromwell, is well known to the readers of Mr. Masson. (It is, we trust, only our ignorance that is puzzled by Mr. Hamilton's reference to Mason's [*sic*] *Short Life of Milton*.) Finally, *The Scottish Dove*, a sweetly, but not too appropriately named periodical, seems to have been established to further the policy of the Solemn League and Covenant, and to "improve" the effect created in both Scotland and England by the rumoured understanding between King Charles and the Irish—"there are ten or twelve ships at Bristol ready rigged, and going out to fetch over rebels from Ireland"; but the Scotch are prepared for speedy action, if God permit, and if "advance money" be forthcoming.

The simultaneous circulation in London of so many political journals, taken together with what we know of the activity of the pamphlet literature of the age in which Milton thought it no condescension to become a publicist, helps to explain the steadfast adherence of the City to the Parliamentary cause during the first, and in point of fact the most critical, period of the war. There seems no reason to suppose that the hopes which Charles I. entertained of securing the support of public opinion in his capital ever had any solid foundation. But it is undeniable that, in the days before the rupture definitively declared itself, the City, as Mr. Hamilton puts it, virtually held in its grasp the fate of the contending parties. "It will appear," he says, "from the papers in this volume that most of the questions which then divided the nation were first threshed out in the Common Council and in the pulpits of the City before they were introduced into Parliament." The King's personal appeal to the sympathies of the Londoners was not so much ill-timed as ill-founded. It was made on November 25th, 1641, a week before the presentation to him of the Grand Remonstrance, and three days after the House of Commons, torn asunder by an irremediable schism, had voted that declaration by little more than a bare majority. Now, if ever, at the moment when new parties must form themselves, and when a reaction had clearly shown itself against the violence of the policy personified in "King Pym," was the time for calling upon the friends of the Throne. But the mistake lay in supposing that the City would dance as the Lord Mayor and aldermen piped, and that the *Ovatio Carolina* amounted to a proof of real popularity. The King's speech fell short even of the recommendations submitted to Secretary Nicholas, and very soon petitions and deputations showed to which side the feeling of London really inclined. One of the many correspondents of Sir John Pennington, the "very honest" commander of the Channel Fleet, whose "perplexity," so graphically described by Clarendon, made it imperative on him to keep himself well informed, relates how Parliament was "tumultuously solicited" by the "ruder sort of people," and how, in the following week, "some of the better sort of the same faction came in good numbers to the House, accoutred in the best manner they could, and in coaches, to prevent the aspersion that they were of the basest sort of people only which were that way affected." The special purpose of this demonstration, so alien in form to more recent manifestations of the party of movement in London, was to checkmate the Lord Mayor. Sir Richard Gurney, more Royalist than ever since he had been baronetted or was morally assured of his baronetcy, had given just offence by taking precautions, as against a mere prelude to a riot, against the proposed forwarding of a petition for the removal from the House of Lords of "Popish lords and bishops." What wonder that such apprehensions enhanced the importance attached, both in and out of Parliament, to the beatings of the City pulse; enough almost to warrant the satire of the squib-writer who represented the Houses as moved by the agitation east of Temple Bar concerning the approach of doomsday. As is well known, when the King's heroic attempt—heroic, because it did not shrink even from ridicule—to arrest the Five Members had been made and failed, the genuine sentiments of the City declared themselves unmistakably enough; and when, on January 5th, 1642, the King paid what was really his last visit to Guildhall, it was the cry of "Privilege of Parliament" which filled his unwilling ears. Captain Slingsby, who reports this to Admiral Pennington, adds that, when a loyal bystander, indignant at this cry having been shouted in the King's ears by a bold fellow in the lowest rank standing upon a form, called out, "Observe the man; apprehend him!"—the King mildly replied, "I have and will observe all privileges of Parliament; but no privileges can protect a traitor from a legal trial"; and so departed. We note, by the way, that, with reference to the attempted arrest, Mr. Hamilton unhesitatingly adopts the highly probable conclusion formed by Mr. Gardiner that the warning sent to the House of Commons at the last moment came from the French ambassador, La Ferté, and that he took no more credit than was his due in reporting to Mazarin:—"J'avois prévenu mes amis, et ils s'étoient mis en sûreté." The name of Lady Carlisle, whose previous message was so strangely neglected by the members, occurs but a single time in this volume, although its central figure is that of Pym, and then only in the postscript to a letter already printed in the *Camden Miscellany*. On p. 225, however, in the purely tentative manner which becomes an editor of materials from which conjecture must be apt to spring with unsought readiness, Mr. Hamilton summarizes as follows a ciphered letter from Parma, without date, "signed 'Fugitive' [Father Philips?], to some lady [possibly the Countess of Carlisle]":—

I could wish you were here out of those turmoils. I am sorry to hear things are gone so far as they are; glad if I might help you. I doubt not but you standing firm all things may be soon quieted, though others tongues have done you no little dishonour. Be sure you keep secret your often night visits heretofore at St. James's, for though the knowledge thereof cannot wrong your person, it may give suspicion of dishonesty in the minds of the vulgar. Lastly, hold this for a maxim, that it is better to suffer some disease with honour and reputation than for hope of a little liberty by a weak resistance to incur the hazard of a direct downfall or eternal infamy.

Of Father Robert Philips, the confessor of Henrietta Maria, who, after playing so active a part in England as to be imprisoned in the Tower, accompanied the Queen abroad, we cannot profess to know more than Mr. Gardiner has told us; and we are therefore unable to measure the full hazardousness of Mr. Hamilton's suggestions. Had that remarkable woman, Lucy, Countess of Carlisle, adorned the Court of Mary de' Medici or of Louis XIII., what wealth of psychological analysis would have been expended upon her character and career by the brilliant author of *Études sur les femmes illustres du XVII^me siècle*! As it is, we have to content ourselves with the jottings of the late Mr. Jesse, which so afflicted the critical temper of his contemporary, the late Mr. Croker; and we suppose that the "Erinnys of her time," as he states Bishop Warburton to have styled Lady Carlisle, is unlikely to find a more formal biographer.

As already observed, the contents of the volume before us are varied to an unusual degree; and we cannot do more in conclusion than advert to one or two matters on which they throw incidental light. Mr. Hamilton points out in his preface that the first formal recognition of the principle of ministerial responsibility, by the introduction of the practice that all legal documents emanating from the Crown should be countersigned by a Secretary of State or other responsible minister, dates from about the commencement of the Long Parliament. According to a MS. note by Sir Joseph Williamson, when Under-Secretary of State in the reign of Charles II., there were countersignings already in 1641 and 1642, and he seems to have doubted whether the Order dated Oxford, October 10, 1643, of which the transcript is calendared in this volume, was that actually made. Its significance is certainly not overrated by Mr. Hamilton, inasmuch as it declares "that any warrant not subscribed by one of our Secretaries, or some other officer whose proper place it is to procure and sign such particular belonging to their office, shall be understood as unduly obtained. We command our Secretaries to subscribe all letters, warrants, and writings which they shall procure us, the King, to sign." But, though a strong security might thus seem to have been gained against concessions and monopolies, such as had disgraced the earlier Stuart times, ways and means were found after the Restoration for evading this check upon royal prodigality. And, after all, the step was still considerable to the assertion of Ministerial responsibility for every public act of the Crown whatsoever, which Hallam at first thought himself unable to trace back further than a speech made by the Duke of Argyle in 1739, but afterwards found very distinctly asserted by the Earl of Rochester (Laurence Hyde) in 1711.

As a matter of course, church affairs form the subject of a large number of the papers in this volume, since it nearly covers the period in which the attempt to overthrow the constitution of the Church of England was formally completed under the cool and calculating guidance of Pym, moved in this matter (as it is not uncharitable to conclude) by political considerations only or

mainly. That the support which made his undertaking possible was not altogether of a moral nature might be deduced from the proportion of time-servers to be found at any time in any community. But how it proved possible for certain clergymen of the Church of England to hold their livings very comfortably whatever the Westminster Assembly, or, for that matter, whatever in later days the Committee for the Propagation of the Gospel might resolve, is apparent from the following description, peradventure a little overdrawn, by a parishioner at issue with his parson about tithe and poll-money:—

Sure if he would believe what a turncoat his nephew is, he would at last leave off to support him. I have long since told him of his doctrine, do me the favour to tell him in my name that . . . the great conformist to the Church discipline a year since, that would more than threaten with the High Commission any man who, but out of inadvertence, neglected to stand at the Creed, Gloria Patri, Gospel, &c., or bow at the name of Jesus, who would not be seen in a pulpit without a surplice, who was diligent as well as his untoward body would give him leave to bow to the Altar, who among his libellous, scandalous, and base articles in the High Commission against me, accused me of speaking against the jurisdiction of Bishops, is now come to that pass that he reproves his fellow minister for standing at the Te Deum, and the times appointed for standing; will not endure to see the Surplice in the Church, but asks what it doth there? is so indifferent that he cares not if the communion table stand in the belfry; and upon a report that the Bishops were voted down in the Lords House, and that the Church was to be governed by nine laymen in every diocese, he said he was very glad of it, for now the Church would be better governed than ever it was! For God's love, Sir, ask if this be not a fit man to be supplied with Church livings and to take care of souls? whither shall it be imagined he will turn next? God deliver all Christians from such blind guides, and give you the patience not to be offended with me for being thus tedious.

An entire volume of the State Papers calendared in this volume consists of papers relating to Archbishop Laud, many of which seem to have been used in preparing his defence. Mr. Hamilton has accordingly been at the pains of arranging them as closely as possible in the order of the Articles of Impeachment to which they severally refer, and has thereby rendered a great service to inquirers. Some are endorsed by Laud, and a few notes in answer to articles are in his own hand.

For notices of general literary interest it would be futile to look among these documents of a time of civil and ecclesiastical troubles, and of the actual outbreak of domestic war. The last we hear of Sir John Suckling is the mention, in a letter from Paris dated August 1641, of a motion in the House of Commons for the stopping of the unlucky poet's pension; if the date (May 7) usually given for his death be correct, this might have been spared. We observe, by the way, that Mr. Hamilton in his preface repeats Forster's assumption (*Arrest of the Five Members*, p. 87, note) that the John Marston who from the Gate-house prison warned Lord Kimbolton of the intended arrest, was the celebrated dramatist, supposed to have died in 1634; but wherein, except handwriting, lay Mr. Forster's proof? In the summaries of newspapers we find, under the date 27th September to 4th October, 1643, a mention of "the Players' misfortune at the Fortune in Golding Lane, their players' clothes being seized upon in the time of play by authority from the Parliament," proving how the fatal Ordinance of September 20, 1642, had not met with implicit obedience. But, for the time, the prospects of literature and art were the reverse of bright under a *régime* whose supporters were encouraged in their fanaticism by such veracious insinuations as the following, offered by their favourite journal, the *Mercurius Britannicus* aforesaid:—

I am persuaded in time they [the Royalists] will go near to put down all preaching and praying, and have some religious masque or play instead of morning and evening prayer; it has been an old fashion at Court, amongst the Protestants there, to shut up the Sabbath with some wholesome piece of Ben Jonson or Davenant, a kind of comical divinity. *Aulicus*, fie! are you not ashamed so many bishops and so many prelates at Oxford, and bring forth no better reformation?

KNICKERBOCKER NUGGETS.*

NOT a few pretty and cheap series of classics have been started of late years, as well as some that are not at all pretty, and not even cheap at their ugliness. But it has been reserved for America to produce quite the prettiest, except for the horrible and barbarous American spelling. With that considerable exception, these "Knickerbocker Nuggets," a silly name enough, are almost everything that can be wished. In size, in type, and in their neat cloth binding, they resemble some of the "Diamond Classics" which used to be produced in England at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century more than anything else, and the print, though not large, is so clear and well spaced as not to be trying even to weak eyes. There are, indeed, some misprints; a certain quotation from Menander at the beginning of *Headlong Hall* is not merely guiltless of accents, but appears in the absolutely untranslatable form of [illegible] [sic] verse, while there is a mysterious thing called "A Newham Party" in the other book, which we could, but shall not, interpret. This, however, is a far lesser matter than such senseless solecisms as "armor," which ought to mean Brittany, and is intended to mean breastplates and helmets, and "traveler," which ought to mean Heaven knows what, and does mean traveller. However, it is no slight credit to the great American nation, even if it cannot spell (perhaps because it is too young), to have produced these delightfully pocketable editions, which from the list seem to be likely to extend to other work not less delightful. Let us hope, though they are not promised, that all the companions of *Headlong Hall* and *Nightmare Abbey* will be given in the same form.

The first volume of the series, however, is not Peacock, but the *Gesta*, and here we shall take the liberty of very heartily cursing the unreverend memory (we suppose he is dead) of the Reverend C. Swan. We do not know who he was or when he lived, and we do not wish to; but he seems to have meddled with the *Gesta* some time previous to 1845, when his version of them was first published in America. Than the *Gesta Romanorum* itself few more delightful books have ever issued from the wit of a combination of unknown persons and the lucky labour of one. Even the selections here made from the tales are altogether charming. Here is the beautiful legend of Jovinian the "proud Emperor," so admirably rendered by Mr. Morris, who, as all lovers of the *Gesta* found to their delight twenty years ago at the appearance of *The Earthly Paradise*, drew much from the delightful book, of which, according to the latest criticism, England may probably claim, if not the authorship exactly, at any rate the original redaction. Here are the Three Caskets and the Angel and the Hermit and the dread image with its *percute hic!* and the demon of the Gog-magogs, who furnished one of the most striking episodes in *Marmion*, and divers others. For these things, though he might sometimes have chosen better, we thank the defunct and Reverend Swan. But for what he chose to add of his own may the Muses for ever and ever refuse him any rite of swanupping or hopping as a bird of theirs. He has set these charming tales in a framework of conversation between three Oxford undergraduates, who speak as we hope, trust, and believe no Oxford graduates or undergraduates ever did before or since. It is not merely that the learning of the reverend bird as to the *Gesta* itself is altogether behind the times—it is not his fault that he lived before or our merit that we live after Oesterley. Nor is it merely that his general acquaintance with literature and literary history would, even at his own date, have borne improvement with great ease and advantage. It is his loading a charming book with such stuff as this. Thompson, Lathom, and Herbert are not only prigs, they do not only deal in *vérités de M. de la Palisse* and explanations of the obvious in the most exasperating fashion, but they quote tags of Latin in a way which would have justified any man of their day in sconcing each of them every time he opened his gaby mouth. "Setting aside the darkness," says Thompson, "as the result of accident or the invention of the chroniclers, a little clever mechanism will explain the movable bridge of Gerbert." "The discovery of the sword by Sir Guido," says Herbert, "reminds me of the magic swords so common among the Scandinavian heroes." In each of those cases a guinea fine or an imposition might have been sufficient penalty. But Lathom, who is the chief speaker, is the worst; and nothing short of sending down would have been enough for him. When we add that the Rev. Mr. Swan puts about as much of this rubbish as of the pure *Gesta* into his book, it is almost unnecessary to say further that this pretty little volume needs a constant and unflinching skipper.

There is no need of skipping, thank goodness! in the companion volume. We do not know that it was wise in the editor, whoever he is, to prefix nothing more about Peacock than a couple of pages of eulogy from an old *Edinburgh Review*, well enough justified in all conscience, but rhetorical and oracular, not to say vague, to *Headlong Hall* and *Nightmare Abbey*. Peacock, no doubt, ought to be very well known in this country; but it would be too much to say that he is, and we have already seen the remark of one poor creature—to be pitied, no doubt, but still partly excused—who said that the Edinburgh Reviewer seemed to have an extraordinarily high opinion of Mr. Peacock, but that he (the poor creature) was unable to discern anything in this volume which exactly justified it. The truth being, of course, that the Reviewer was chiefly thinking of *Crotchet Castle*, *Maid Marian*, the *Misfortunes of Elphin* and *Melincourt*, and that much of his criticism and his praise had so very particular bearing on at least *Headlong Hall*. Indeed it has been suggested, perhaps not wholly without reason, that the mere modern had better begin the study of Peacock in reverse order, so as to appreciate the Peacockian spirit at first as it is applied to matter familiar to him, as in *Gryll Grange*, and not to matter as unfamiliar almost as the style. Yet from another point of view it may justly be said that Peacock is for the Peacockian, and that to other than Peacockians shall he never be fully manifested. Is there not the excellent Mrs. Oliphant, a lady of no small literary stature, having a list of novels like that of Don Juan's victims to show, who not only confesses that she loves not Peacock, but hints that all of us who do love him are humbugs? On which point let Ausonius speak:—

Deformem quidam te dicunt, Crispa; at ego istud
Nescio: mi pulchra es; judice me satis est.

And how fair Peacock is to those whom a kind Providence has supplied with the necessary faculties for enjoying him it is surely unnecessary to say. It might have seemed impossible to add a new delight to *Nightmare Abbey*, but Professor Dowden and the other chatterers about Shelley have done it. *Headlong Hall*, like *Crotchet Castle*, though the earlier sketch has a somewhat less polished wit and less quintessence of [illegible] observation than the latter, is still immortal. Take speeches for skulls, and

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* *Knickerbocker Nuggets: Select Tales from the Gesta Romanorum.* [illegible] Swan. *Headlong Hall and Nightmare Abbey.* By T. L. Peacock. *Chesterfield's Letters.* New York and London: Putnam's Sons.

Socialism or undogmatic Christianity for perfectibilism, and a few other *mutata* for a few other *mutanda* (including, alas! cigarettes and coffee for Burgundy), and the rest remains as true, now that the Traeth Mawr has been for a great many years and by no means to any one's very great profit embanked, as when it was in process of embanking. Even the more personal and extravaganzish satire of the Abbey has nearly as much application as when Shelley and Byron and Coleridge sat for their portraits. And this interest of matter is the least part of the interest. The charming mocking or jovial verse, the polished allusive prose, the play over all of wit and humour both, Peacock's union of which is among the rarest things in literature, would suffice of themselves. If they are found in the other works even better than in *Headlong Hall* (they are nowhere found better than in *Nightmare Abbey*), they are found in *Headlong Hall* excellently well; and no such convenient edition of any one of the series is to be found as this of two.

The third volume of the collection makes a pretty, and in the strict sense an odd, trio. Who the editor who prefaces and arranges it may be we do not know, but some upper Power seems to have sent him a "gude conceit of himsel'," seeing that in a note to the translated essay by Sainte-Beuve, which serves as introduction, he observes:—"In this essay by the late M. Sainte-Beuve nothing has been altered, although in one or two places even his critical acuteness seems to have missed the point." That the idea of "altering" a critical essay because it seems faulty to somebody else should have even occurred to any one as possible is sufficiently astounding. He has also inserted one or two bracketed things in this text which testify to an equally mild and heartfelt self-confidence, and his divisions, subject-headings, and so forth, are a nuisance and an intrusion. Nevertheless a pretty pocket edition, even a garbled one, of this singular and charming book is welcome, and comes with curious interest alongside of the quaint romanticism of the *Gesta* and the humour of Peacock. Plenty of humour Chesterfield himself had; and if in romance he can hardly be said to have been very plentifully endowed, it was only because he was so thoroughly of his time. There are things in his other work, if not in the *Letters* themselves, which show that he had, so to speak, chambers in his mind which he never cared to unlock. The worse side of the eighteenth century, of which this very neglect of all things but what itself considered fashionable is a symptom, appears in Chesterfield often enough. He is constantly dogmatic where he ought to be amiably sceptical; and sceptical, amiably or not, when he ought to be dogmatic. But the admirable sense, the soundness of the general principles that underlie his apparently arbitrary and trivial dicta, the wit, the mastery of life as it presented itself to him, are things that never can be too highly praised. It is a great pity that the *Letters* have gone so much out of fashion; for, in some respects, they are especially suited as correctives to the habits of the present day; to our unmannerliness, our sentimentality, our gush, our cant. The editor does not ill (though, of course, it has often been done before him) to protest against the wrong estimate of Chesterfield's ethics which the personal pique of Johnson and the blundering goodiness of other persons who had not Johnson's excuse once made fashionable, and which has by no means yet been thoroughly or finally displaced by a sounder. But Chesterfield more than most writers must be read to be appreciated, and if some read him as a "nugget" they will not find him false gold.

POPULAR MISCONCEPTIONS.*

DR. HUNTINGFORD is no doubt right in thinking that popular misconceptions are a more formidable obstacle to the reception of the Bible than scientific conclusions from observed phenomena. They are something worse even than that; they are not only a bar to the reception of revelation, but substitute falsehood for truth in those who are willing to receive it. In selecting the story of the Creation, the Fall, and the Deluge for his experiment in removing some of these mistaken ideas, the author has chosen wisely, for there is no part of Scripture which suffers so much from a merely literal interpretation, and no part which furnishes so many facile objections to the unbeliever. Nothing can be easier than even to make fun out of light being created before the sun, or of the creation of woman, or of the serpent tempting her, or of the Infinite and Absolute walking in a garden, and so on, and such arguments have made many a young infidel. The present writer was once asked by such a philosophic aspirant of fifteen "Who was Cain's wife?"—a difficulty which Dr. Huntingford easily disposes of. But the objections to the first and second chapter are to be met by a larger treatment; not by smoothing away difficulties, but by looking at the narrative from an opposite point of view. Here is a history, perhaps the oldest document in the world, which compared with any other early guesses at the origin of things is pure wisdom, embodying ideas not only consistent with, but essential to, the best civilisation and the highest form of Christianity. In a couple of pages it lays down the bases of pure religion in the unity of God; of social life in the indissoluble union of man and woman and the sanctity of marriage; of the moral law in the sense of sin which follows upon yielding to temptation, and in the supremacy of conscience which asserts itself when appetite is satiated and passion is subdued, when "the voice of the Lord God is heard in the *cool* of the day."

To claim a spiritual rendering of a spiritual book is the author's chief aim in writing, and his method is the simple one of asking what the text says, treatment to which the *crux* of the "universal" deluge and of the rainbow readily yields, and which softens down the lapse of Noah into a legitimate conviviality, which the occasion might seem to warrant. He discusses, however, other questions arising out of his subject, such as the curious consistency of the blessing on Japheth with the character and fortunes of the *audax Iapeti genus*, as well as the identity of name; and the inevitable subject of evolution. On this last point he is not quite outspoken; he is sometimes indifferent about it, and sometimes hostile. But the value of the book is that a divine of undoubted orthodoxy has at last performed an obvious duty to the Bible and to reasonable religion. We are grateful for it, and our gratitude would be increased if he would reduce it to half its size, cutting down his digressions, and avoiding repetitions, and would ask the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge to issue it in a cheap form.

* *Popular Misconceptions about the First Eleven Chapters of Genesis and the Morality of the Old Testament.* By the Rev. Edward Huntingford, D.C.L., late Fellow of New College, Oxford. London: Bickers & Son. 1888.

B. R.'S EUTERPE.*

THE second of the nine Books of Herodotus is by many judicious persons reckoned to be the best of them all. Regarded as a monograph on Egypt, it may be called both redundant and defective; but as a bit of narrative it stands supreme among the masterpieces of history. Professor Sayce's judgment of Herodotus is not supported by Mr. Lang, who records in his Preface a deferential but decided protest. He denies the Professor's authorities, he upsets his premisses, disputes his inferences, and laughs at his Greek. Because Herodotus was not a modern philologist or Egyptologist, Mr. Lang does not think that it follows that Herodotus was a liar, a boaster, and a thief. Into these and other questions which have been raised or revived by Professor Sayce we do not propose to enter. Herodotus can take care of his own good faith. The sceptic who becomes a student of Herodotus will very soon shed all his doubts; and (as Mr. Lang remarks) "we have all a right to read Herodotus," though it would be impertinent "to intrude on the special studies of a learned critic." In another part of his Preface Mr. Lang "enjoys a gentle wrangle" with a reviewer who appears to have been acting after the manner of his kind. He has been making Mr. Lang say "pretty nearly the reverse" of what he really did say. Before these lines are printed we may expect to see the reviewer's rejoinder. The dispute is not unfriendly, and its different stages will be eagerly followed by everybody who takes a proper interest in the difference between the elemental and the totemistic aspect of ancient religions. Without wishing to disparage the learning and philosophy of Mr. Lang's Preface, we are glad to hasten on to the text.

"B. R." is an unidentified writer who flourished *circa* 1584; that is to say, he lived before the art of translation had been killed by unseasonable scholarship. The modern versions of ancient authors have been spoiled because, with very few exceptions, they have been more or less successfully adapted to the requirements of classical students. They fail to be literature because they try to be cribs. That is not the object which "B. R." set before himself. His plan was to saturate himself with Herodotus, with the spirit as well as the matter, and then to tell the Greek story in his native language. He follows the main structure of the chapters and the order of narrative because those are matters which could not be mended, but in dealing with individual sentences he gives himself a very free hand. This is the merit of "B. R." that, better than "Beloe the proverbially flat," and "Rawlinson the respectable," he does represent the real Herodotus. The faults of "B. R." must not be overlooked. He makes his translation do commentator's work; he not only turns good Greek into easy English, but he gratuitously introduces his own views and explanations. His interpolations are long and frequent; but it is admitted that many of them are admirable for aptness as well as audacity. He is so fully alive to the quiet humour of Herodotus that he overdoes it in his version; in this respect and in one other—the occasional slanginess of his language—he departs from the manner of Herodotus. It is not difficult to forgive an error which proceeds from excess of zeal, and which gives fresh life to the sweet old stories of Herodotus. We will slightly condense "B. R.'s" account of the interview between Alexander, "the yong gallaunt of Troy," and Protheus, King of Egypt:—

King. Yong gentleman, what are you, and from what countrey are you landed heere in Ægypt.

Alexander, who was not to seeke of an aunswere, with a comely grace, made aunswere to the King . . . .

And where, then (quoth the King), had you this goodly gentlewoman, for she seemeth to be a woman of no common bloud?

Whereat my youth somewhat mammering, before he could cast the plot of his excuse, was betrayed by his servaunts. . . .

The vassals having ended their speeche, *Protheus* turned himself to *Alexander*, and tucked him up with thys rounde tale: my friende (sayde he), were it not for the reverence I owe to straungers, with whome my custom is not to deale by rigour, I woulde surely pipe yee such a daunce

* *Euterpe: being the Second Book of the Famous History of Herodotus.* Englished by "B. R.," 1584. Edited by Andrew Lang. London: David Nutt. 1888.

for the wicked villanie wherewith thou hast abused thine hoast in Greece, that all unthankful wretches shoulde take example by thee how to use those that show them courtesie in a forraigne land.

Herodotus, it should be remembered, does not say anything about Paris being quick with excuses, or about Helen's noble appearance. "Mammering in his speech" is partly justified by πλανώμενος ἐν τῷ λόγῳ; but ἐγὼ ἄν σε ὑπὲρ τοῦ Ἕλληνος ἐτισάμην is the Greek which stands for "I woulde surely pipe yee such a daunce," &c., and λόγον τόνδε ἐκφαίνει ὁ Πρωτεὺς for "Protheus tucked him up with thys rounde tale." It must not be supposed that "B. R.'s" liberties with the text are always taken on this grand scale; very often he follows it pretty closely, but when he gets to one of Herodotus's good stories he likes to spread himself; another notable instance of "B. R.'s" expansion is seen in the story of "the cunning theefe" who made his way (with his unfortunate brother) into "the treasurie of King *Rampsinitus*." It will be remembered that "these subtile merchaunts according to theyr former wont approaching the spring head where they had dronke so oft before, one of them wente in, and groaping for the money was so fast entangled in a snare, that for hys lyfe hee wist not how to shifte." The other, to avoid unpleasant consequences, cut off his brother's head and carried it away with him. But the mother of these two brethren, "not able wyth patiente eyes to behold the wretched carkasse of her pitifull sonne," insisted upon the survivor recovering it from custody of the King's soldiers, and giving it a decent burial. So he pannelled certain asses, "which he loaded with bottells of sweete wyne," and when he came near to the King's guard "hee privily unstopped one or two of his bottells," and of course the wine flowed out from them freely, "whereat, fayning as though hee had beene besydes hymselfe, hee piteously cryed out, tearing hys hayre and stamping as one utterly ignoraunte whyche to remedye first." Naturally, the guards came to help him, and as naturally, "lyke a good fellow, he bestowed amongst them a bottle of wyne." This sort of thing went on for some time, and presently "it set my keepers in such a tantarra that beeyng well wetted they set more by three drammes of sleepe than syxe ounces of witte" (κρατηθέντας ὑπὸ τοῦ ὕπνου ἐνθάπερ ἔπινον κατακοιμηθῆναι). So the body was recovered and the King more than ever exasperated. Being a man of the world, he determined to work on the vanity which is seldom wanting in great criminals. The King's trap was ingenious and elaborate; but it cannot be recommended to the modern paterfamilias in a similar perplexity. Thanks to the zeal with which it was adopted by "the goodly gentlewoman his onely daughter, whom he tenderly loved from her childhood," it would have been completely successful if the culprit had not been as wary as he was audacious. He was induced by the Princess to confess "that the sinfullest acte that ever he committed was to cut off his brother's head, beeing inveigled in a snare in the King's treasurie, but the subtilest in that he had deceyved a sort of dronken asses whom the King had appoynted to watch the body." To provide against possible emergencies, before he ventured to make acquaintance with the King's daughter, he had provided himself with a spare hand which had once belonged to his deceased brother; and when the Lady tried to lay hold of him, he "subtilely presented her with the hande of his brother (which, being darke, she fast griped instead of his own), and hee conveyed himself from her and was no more seene." In the end he is very properly pardoned by the King and marries the King's daughter. "B. R." makes capital comments in the short notes printed at the side of each page—the treatment which was adopted for blindness in the case of King Pheco is called "an exquisite medicine"; the revenge which he wreaked on the ladies who had failed to satisfy the requirements of the case is described as "an army of honest women burnt at a clap." Another note which looks puzzling is "Hogs be the best husbands in Egypt, but the worst in England." This refers to the Egyptian custom of using swine, when the ground is "moyst and supple," to "roote and tread the grayne and moulds together." It is difficult for anybody who has not made a special study of the Elizabethan literature to distinguish the idiom from the slang of the period; but there can be little doubt that "B. R." has allowed himself in many passages to go beyond the limits of colloquial (not to say literary) license. Mr. Lang declares that this book is a treasury of old English slang. It is to be regretted that "B. R." fell into this mistake, because the style and language of Herodotus, easy and natural as they were, never for a moment descended even to the level of ordinary conversation. There is about him the unassuming but unassailable dignity which belongs to the gentlemen in literature, amongst whom we do not suppose that Mr. Stevenson will refuse to give him a place. A minor blemish in "B. R.'s" work is the reckless introduction of ideas and expressions which could not have been entertained or used by Herodotus. The names of Greek deities are boldly Latinized; an event is dated by the "kalends of July"; a fictitious story is said to be "as true as the man in the moon" (ταῦτα δὲ λέγουσι φλυαρέοντες). "When the souldyers of Egypt were abused and had in contempt" by "a certain priest called Sethon," to whom the royal power had passed, they took the opportunity to refuse their help, "after that *Senacherib*, King of the *Arabians* and *Assyrians*, had invaded Egypt with a mighty power." Hereupon "the priest was driven to a sudden blanke." "Not knowing how to shift, hee withdrewe himself into a close parlour, where complaying himselfe before his god, he shewed what great and imminent perils were like to befall him." While he was thus engaged "pouring out his teares and pitiful complaints before his image," he fell asleep, and was visited by a dream. "Maister parson" took heart of grace by this "blessed vision," and gathering together all the men whom he could persuade to follow him, "pedlers, tinkers, and common gadders that strayed here and there about the countrey," he took up his position "in Pelusia, on which side only Ægypt lieth open." In the night the camp of his enemies was invaded by "a huge multitude of field-mice, which gnawed their quivers, bit in sunder their bowstrings, and the braces off their shields, that in the morning, being disfurnished of their armour, they betooke themselves to flight, not without the losse of many souldiers." To commemorate this deliverance a statue of King Setho was set up "in the Temple of Vulcane," bearing the inscription "Learne by me to feare God." The scoffing tone of the earlier part of the narrative, notably the epithet "Maister Parson," is entirely due to "B. R.," not in any degree to Herodotus. This is one of the few cases in which the translator has badly misrepresented his author's mind as well as his language and style. Herodotus never sneers or jeers; though it is true that he is often enjoying a quiet laugh to himself, even when he professes to be most serious. Sometimes, again, "B. R." protests too much, certainly he goes beyond the warrant of his text. Speaking of the custom to sacrifice swine at the festivals of Selene and Dionysos, but for every other purpose to regard them as unclean beasts, Herodotus remarks that he knows the explanation which is current among the Egyptians, but he refuses to repeat it—ἐμοὶ μέντοι ἐπισταμένῳ [ὁ λόγος] οὐκ εὐπρεπέστερός ἐστι λέγεσθαι. This is rendered quaintly enough, but with superfluous energy—"Bycause mine eares glowed to heare it, I thought it maners to conceale it." Again "B. R." goes beyond the gentle and catholic spirit of Herodotus when he mentions certain religious observances as a sign that "superstition oft times runneth into most filthey devises." It is not necessary to quote or point out the best of the many good things which will be found in "B. R.'s" translation of *Euterpe*. To begin it is to read it to the end. The antique words and unusual turns of expression which are employed by "B. R." have the special, though accidental, merit of suggesting to a modern ear just that amount of difference which separated the Greek of Herodotus from the Greek of his Attic contemporaries. It would not be possible for anybody to give complete satisfaction by translating Herodotus into the current English of his own generation. Very likely "B. R.'s" excellent version did not seem to be (and really was not) so good when it was first produced as it has now become. But it is sound wine which is improved by keeping. Mr. Lang is right in saying that "'B. R.' tells a story with point, with breadth, and, above all, with enjoyment." He lived in an age of great translators; indeed, his life may have overlapped with Sir Thomas Urquhart's.

Mr. Lang's volume is daintily printed on rough paper, and executed in the antique style. The publishers announce that they have only five hundred copies to offer for sale. It is the reprint of "a sufficiently rare volume." Mr. Lang is himself fortunate enough to possess a copy which (he tells us) is taller and cleaner and altogether preferable to the one which passed from Mr. Payne Collier to Mr. Loftie.

THE ARCHITECT'S REGISTER.*

IT is somewhat difficult to say why the compilers of this little book chose this particular title for it, as it bears no particular relation to the contents. The compilation contains, however, some useful information and some interesting reading. The idea has been to make a small selection from amongst the hundreds of papers that are annually read before the various Architectural Societies of the world, and to place them in the hands of the interested public in a compact form. It is a little difficult to see on what principles the selection has been made; the result, however, is a good collection of papers on miscellaneous subjects. There are two well-written articles on theatre construction, a matter that will have to be seriously dealt with by whatever body takes the place of the Metropolitan Board of Works; and the somewhat anomalous position of the modern architect forms part of the subject of three others. Perhaps, however, the most interesting chapter of all is that by Mr. Thorp on the architecture of the last century. It is brightly written, and in these times it is very refreshing to find the refined merits of the school of Adam recognized, although in some cases the researches might have been deeper. Altogether we think that both the professional and the amateur will find instruction and pleasure from the perusal of the pages of this small collection.

TENTING ON THE PLAINS.†

IT is a pity that a writer like Mrs. Custer, who possesses a natural energy and descriptive art quite unusual, does not find a new topic or a new way of using her topic. Her recent book, *Tenting on the Plains*, is less interesting and a good deal longer than was *Boots and Saddles*, that vivid account of the life and death of a

* *The Architect's Register; for Architects, Engineers, Builders, Contractors.*

† *Tenting on the Plains.* By Elizabeth B. Custer. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1888.

modern equestrian Boone. *Tenting on the Plains* would have been improved by "cutting," as most efforts of the human intellect would be. It is too long, and contains too many pages that provoke skipping. The figures of General Custer, of the black maid Eliza, and of the author herself are all well designed, and the kind of life is strange and interesting to read about, if it were only weeded of superfluous details. It is curious that Mrs. Custer, with her humour, her power of description, and her knowledge of unfamiliar scenes and modes of life, has not written a novel. There is always room for a new tale with the freshness which she should be able to give it, whereas the career of General Custer and his adventures are now tolerably well known.

Tenting on the Plains begins with a short biographical sketch of the General. The son of a poor, but humorous, father (some of whose feats of high spirits are narrated here), the General tried first to earn a living as a schoolmaster. He was fond of books, and his father denied himself comforts to please the boy's taste, while the exercises of the local militia gave him an early liking for the pomp of war. By teaching in a district school he made money enough to enter an academy for boys at Monroe in Michigan, though even here he supported himself "by working for his half-sister, with whom he lived." This was an instance of self-help, indeed; and his energy was rewarded by a nomination to West Point. Here he was known as a boy who liked a fight, either as principal or spectator. In later years, when he was a commander of cavalry, two of his officers had a quarrel about a young lady at a dance. He encouraged them to fight it out with fists (but without seconds) in a room which nobody was allowed to enter. It seems a queer method of settling a point of honour among cavalry officers, and would not recommend itself to European armies. When the war broke out "he reached the front just in time to run with all the rest" at the battle of Bull's Run. But this was the end of his running. His heart was in his profession. General McLellan noticed him and gave him promotion, and he served through all the battles of the army of the Potomac. "The men of his brigade adored him, and used to boast to their comrades in other commands, 'Our boy-general never says, "Go in, men!" HE says, with that whoop and yell of his, "Come on, boys!" and in we go, you bet.'" He was a general at twenty-three, and, being a boy, had a boy's relish for swagger in costume. His long yellow hair floated under a broad hat, over a navy-blue shirt, with a red necktie. "He was the strongest man at West Point but one," and he probably owed the preservation of his nerve to entire abstinence from liquor and tobacco. He was fond of animals and children, kind, charitable, and courageous, so that, despite his little theatrical airs, a man of great mark and merit died when General Custer fell into an Indian ambush at thirty-seven.

As soon as the war ended, General Custer was sent into Texas. The American Government was determined that, "if Mexico were to be gobbled up, the one to do the seizure and gather in the spoils was Brother Jonathan." The idea was that, if the French seriously menaced Mexico, Custer should head the advance of the States army. But he never had to cross swords with European cavalry, and the rest of his life was passed at frontier posts on the plains and in warfare with the Indians. It is of this life of primitive and cheery endurance that Mrs. Custer writes. The most amusing of her characters is certainly her black cook, the undefeated Eliza, whom the artist has drawn in the attempt to silence a Southern field battery by the mere terror of her frown. In later years Eliza was taken to see Buffalo Bill, and the buffaloes as well as Bill touchingly reminded her of the General. "Mr. Buffalo Bill when you come up to the stand and wheeled round I said to myself, '*Well*, if he ain't the 'spress image of General Custer in battle, I never seed any one that was.'" So now most of us can guess what General Custer seemed like to the doomed foe —that is, an inspired Cowboy. His strength was so great that he exceeded the feat represented by the artist who decorated the rooms of Mr. Harry Foker, and he actually carried Mrs. Custer in one arm, lifting her out of the saddle while their horses were at full gallop! We do not remember that anything like this gallant act was performed by Buffalo Bill. What with crocodile-hunting in a boat, and fleeing the seed-tick, and the chigger, and suffering from break-bone fever, and riding till her face was "parboiled," and dodging tarantulas, and having her tent burned down, and warring with a jealous dog which was in love with the General, Mrs. Custer "had a"——well, not a paradise—"of a time" on the plains. A dog called Byron, who was a thief, and buried the spoils which he could not eat, added to her discomfort. More serious troubles began on the Indian frontier, where heat, desolation, and troops of an exquisitely cruel enemy surrounded the forts and made life hideous. People who feel inclined to skip Mrs. Custer's book had better study Chap. XXIII., where the fun and tragedy of border warfare are excellently given. The gallant humours of the negro warriors are capital; so is the siege of the omnibus, and the tale of the deserters in the *oubliette*. It is difficult to read Mrs. Custer's cheery story without sympathy, and the hope that she will essay her powers, in the old field, perhaps, but in a new style. The anecdote of Eliza, the drowning man, and the clothes-line (p. 641) might make the austerest critic pardon some superfluous pages. The trait of the lady "that never was known to keep any whisky before" is unrivalled, but the whole anecdote is too long to be extracted, and must be sought, with many other pleasant things, in *Tenting on the Plains*.

O'CONNELL.*

MR. J. A. HAMILTON tells the story of O'Connell's Life in about two hundred and twenty small and by no means closely printed pages; and he tells it simply and soberly. In a prefatory note he reviews his sources, but he does not seem to have drawn very copiously from them. The narrative is almost such as might have been compiled by a hasty bookmaker shortly after O'Connell's death to meet the demand of readers of railway-bookstall volumes. Mr. Hamilton is not a philosophical biographer of the order of Mr. Lecky, whose sketch of O'Connell in his *Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland* is probably the truest estimate of him that has yet been framed; nor is he a picturesque biographer of the stamp of Mr. Carlyle, and he is creditably free from the affectation of appearing to be either. He does not even minutely survey the political controversies in which O'Connell was engaged, as Mr. Shaw-Lefevre has done in his work on *Peel and O'Connell*. But he has compiled a workmanlike chronological narrative, into which the intelligent reader may fit his own inferences and conclusions, or out of which, if he be imaginatively given, he may frame his own pictures.

O'Connell, it may seem a truism to say, occupies a unique position in modern Irish history. He is the first instance of a man of purely Celtic blood, and of the Roman Catholic faith, who has, within living memory, played a great part in the public affairs of his own country, and of the United Kingdom; and, after sixty years of equality and freedom between the two races and confessions, he has had no successor. The great Irish names are the names of men of English blood and of Protestant faith. The eloquence of the Irish Parliament was the eloquence of Hibernicized Englishmen, and the considerable capacity which it showed for legislation and government cannot be put down to the credit of the Celtic race. Its great names show the stock from which their bearers sprang; and, though there may have been occasional intermixture of blood, the English strain predominated, and all the influences which formed their character were English. The excesses of Irish Parliamentary rhetoric are dealt with somewhat severely by Mr. Goldwin Smith; but parallels could easily be found in the contemporary debates of the English Parliament for the most extravagant of the passages he cites; and it is noticeable that it was not the wildness, but the too formal, and almost pedantic, character of Flood's eloquence, and the measured slowness of his delivery, which were out of harmony with the freer debating habits of the British Parliament. Mr. Lecky points to the writings of Swift, Goldsmith, and Berkeley as models of purity and simplicity of style; and argues that the extravagance of Burke's later writings was due to the fact that long residence in England had made him indifferent to the restraints imposed by Irish canons of taste. Be this as it may, all the names which Mr. Lecky cites, and others which he might have added, as illustrations of the sobriety and refinement of Irish oratorical and literary genius, are the names of the English in Ireland. It could not have been otherwise. Until the beginning of the present century, and indeed for nearly a generation later, the English in Ireland were practically Ireland. A proscribed and untaught people had neither the means of cultivating nor the opportunity of displaying its native gifts. Nevertheless, the fact remains that the Irishmen who have best served England or given her most trouble, from Wellington and Wellesley to Lord Dufferin and Lord Wolseley, from Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Wolfe Tone to John Mitchel and Mr. Parnell, have been Irishmen of English blood. In politics there is only one great exception, that of O'Connell—Shiel is scarcely a case in point. In literature there is not, so far as we are aware, more than one—Tom Moore. The degree in which Irish Catholics, proscribed and insulted at home, were driven into service abroad offers in some degree an explanation of this fact. But the Irish emigration very imperfectly redresses the balance.

O'Connell remains the type of the native Irish politician—of the Catholic Celt. He showed what the genius of the race was capable of, though it seems for half a century to have exhausted itself in producing him. His oratory was simply the man speaking, such as he was or as he wished himself to appear. It was self-exposure—the nakedness of innocence sometimes, if of shamelessness at others. Blandishment, vituperation, humour, scorn, pathos, indignation seemed to come from him spontaneously. His pliant nature was equally at home in a court of justice, at an open-air meeting on the hill-side, and in the House of Commons. Mr. Lecky—whose opinion on this point, however, does not carry so much weight as it does on some others—holds that, with the exception of his great adversary, the late Lord Derby, he was the best debater of his time. Probably this remark requires a good deal of qualification; but, when allowance is made for the fact that he spoke to a hostile audience and in an environment antipathetic to his organization, his performances in the House of Commons are singular illustrations of his mental power and pliancy. Lord Beaconsfield states that in the management of his voice O'Connell had no superior or equal but the late Sir Robert Peel. It is curious to read that O'Connell made a special study of the oratorical methods of the younger Pitt, with whom he had not a single quality in common, except perhaps the art of elocution, in the narrow sense. The easy natural gesture, the mobile countenance, and the almost slovenly disregard of form which the

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* *Statesmen Series—Life of Daniel O'Connell.* By J. A. Hamilton. London: Allen & Co. 1888.

Irish orator displayed were in every respect the antithesis of the stiff and mechanical movements, the fixed countenance, the majestic repose and self-possession, and the perfectly constructed sentences of the English statesman.

The judgment which the present generation is disposed to pass on O'Connell's political career is probably more indulgent, and in that sense fairer, than that which would have been pronounced even by observers endeavouring to be impartial forty years ago. The men who claim to be his successors act as his foils. O'Connell had seen the French Revolution close at hand; he had been personally in danger from it; he noted the attitude which it adopted to the Church, of which he was a devoted son. He pushed almost to an extreme his doctrine of non-resistance to lawful authority, and his hatred of violence, declaring that the largest public liberty was dearly purchased by the loss of a single life. He evaded the law, when he could, as an agitator, much in the spirit in which he would have pointed out a technical flaw in an indictment. But he never denied in words or practice that obedience was due to its terms. His aim, as Mr. Lecky has pointed out, was to restore self-respect to the Catholic people of Ireland, of which centuries of proscription had deprived them, and to make them count for something in the State. With this view he desired to bring the Roman Catholic priesthood into political action. It has been left to those who call themselves his successors to demoralize and deprave the Irish nation, and to drag the Irish Catholic clergy into complicity with violations of justice and charity which have brought down on them authoritative condemnation from Rome. O'Connell advocated Repeal; but he regarded that only as a means to an end, and declared himself over and over again willing to abandon it, if he could secure what he considered justice from the Imperial Parliament; and indeed more than once suspended his agitation, in order that the experiment of what could be got from English statesmen might be fairly tried. If O'Connell were living now, and were animated by the views which actuated him during his career, he would certainly be a Unionist. A demagogue by nature and by the necessities of his political task, he yet frequently endangered his position by adhering to unpopular principles. He alienated American support by his denunciation of slavery, opposed the Trades-Unionist outrages in Dublin at the risk of weakening his hold on the populace of the Irish capital, and was a Free-trader in spite of the Protectionist leanings of the Irish peasant. He did not show the alacrity which statesmen of higher moral pretensions have since shown to advocate anything or to make common cause with anybody for the sake of winning recruits. There is a debit side to O'Connell's account and a heavy one; but it is not necessary to dwell upon it here. In these days of Parnellism and the later-Gladstonianism, the career of O'Connell, wonderful as it may seem, lifts us to higher and purer regions of political morality.

NEW MUSIC.

WE have received from Messrs. E. Ascherberg & Co. several new compositions, of which "Rest to the Weary," a song with harmonium or organ *obbligato* by the late Signor Ciro Pinsuti, is about the best. It is described as the "last song" by this popular composer, who, judging from the following extract from a letter of his published on the cover, had no small opinion of its merits. "Here is," says he, addressing the publishers, "a grand, and I think a splendid, song, and I am quite sure, if properly introduced to the public, it will have a grand success." Would it not have been better to have kept this letter strictly private? for, although the song has merit, we confess we fail to see either its grandeur or its originality. It is very like the well-known "Chorister," and, although effective—most songs with a fairly good organ accompaniment are so—its claims are not of a high order. "Beyond the Stars," by F. Löhr, is also unsatisfactory, and much in the same style as the last mentioned. "John Anderson, my Jo" has been the original model of many a sentimental song, but scarcely ever of one so dreary as "The Auld Wife," "words by permission" from the *Novel-reader*, music by Leslie Trowbridge. It would seem that the life of the excellent old consort of John in this song has not been a particularly happy one, for "all her bairnies may be found in God's holy Book"—and she herself and her John "stand on the brink, John! O! the cauld cauld icy stream." The simplicity of the famous Scotch ballad had the merit of originality. Imitations of great things, great in their very modesty and absolute lack of affectation, are ever weak and foolish, and the "Auld Wife"—words and music—is no exception to the rule. "Dreams of the Past," by Romili, is pretty; the melody is graceful and the words fairly good. "Auntie's Rose," by Frederic N. Löhr, belongs to a class of songs we strongly object to. "Grandma," "Wife," and "Dying Sister" are [illegible] whom we fondly hoped were resting at last, and we fail to [illegible] we should be bothered with "Auntie." Nor do we particularly admire Signor Denza's tiresome "Kenneth and Marjorie," which is a kind of duet between two obnoxiously priggish children.

"The Brave [illegible]" is the name of a rather clever song by Mr. Edward S[illegible], published by W. Marshall & Co., who likewise send "[illegible]," by the same composer, an effective song with a taking [illegible]. "Gloria tibi Domine," by Mr. Joseph Barnby, is [illegible] and dull, and the "King of [illegible]," by Mr. Alfred Rawlings, is a well-written and effective religious song which Miss Hilda Wilson has made popular by her admirable singing.

Two clever little songs, "The Miser," by Ethel Harraden, and "Too Particular," by Douglas Reed, are published by Phillips & Page. They have the merit of possessing excellent and intelligible words.

The London Music Publishing Society has done well in issuing so delightful a duet as "Who is Sylvia?" for contralto and baritone; music by Mr. Erskine Allon. The melody is full of distinction, and the accompaniment excellent. "Bubbles," by Lady Borton, is a very weak composition; and "Toilers," a song by M. Piccolomini, is not much better. To be cordially recommended is "The Music Class," by Mr. Sinclair Dunn. It is excellent for classes in which singing at sight is taught.

The opening ode for the Manchester Exhibition, entitled "The New Covenant," by A. C. Mackenzie, is published by Messrs. Novello & Ewer. The words, by Mr. Robert Buchanan, are not very remarkable, but the music doubtless sounds imposing enough when performed by a full orchestra and chorus. However, when we state that it leads up to the "Old Hundredth," by way of a grand finale, nothing is left to be said; for, after all, as the elderly lady remarked of a like composition, "It is only variations of the dear old tune; you plays it slow and you plays it fast; loud or low, it is still the same familiar strain"—and the same may be said of nearly all the hymns recently composed for special occasions, which invariably terminate either in the aforesaid popular psalm or in "God save the Queen." Signor Tito Mattei's "Inno," for the opening of the Italian Exhibition, is a better work of its class, being a fair sample of the modern Italian, which tries so hard, with such poor results, to be Wagnerian. The words, by Signor Ghislanzoni, are bombastic, and altogether too pretentious. "The Italian Exhibition Waltz," by F. de Suppé, the composer of *Boccaccio*, is pretty; the first movement is rather heavy, but the second is very effective. These works are issued by Signor C. Ducci & Co.'s London Musical Bureau.

"'Neath Rosy Bower," by Lewis Honig, is a florid song, strongly suggesting Bishop's "Tell me, my heart," and certainly not equalling that very pretty and graceful *bravura*. "Love's Rebuke," by Henri Klein, is a dramatic and effective song. These are issued by Messrs. H. Klein & Co.

"The Valiant Knight" (Reid Brothers), with good words by W. C. Newsam, is a spirited ballad composed by Claude Melville.

Far above the average in style and charm are two songs by Mr. W. Fullerton, "That Summer's Day" and "The Love of Long Ago." The words are excellent and the music most graceful and well scored. Equally excellent in style and taste are "A Waking Dream," "For Me, Dear Love," and "When Shadows Lengthen," songs with admirable words, music by Mr. C. Paston Cooper, who has remarkable originality, and, what is more, that rare quality, distinction. These songs, which are published by Mr. B. Hollis, are among the very best we have heard in a long time, and deserve popularity.

An album of eight songs, by Arthur Fox (Ascherberg & Co.), contains some carefully written words, for soprano voice, which, if not very spontaneous and original, have the merit of being carefully scored and written. No. 3, a setting of Longfellow's "The Rainy Day," is strikingly graceful, and No. 7 and No. 8 are both original and essentially "taking."

Among the latest dance pieces there are none better than "Somebody's Sweetheart," by Popsie Rowe (Francis Bros. & Day), a lively waltz, in the style of Strauss.

A Bolero for the Pianoforte, by Sydney Shaw (Charles Woodhouse), is spirited, and the Spanish character of the dance is not neglected. The "Thistle Lancers," by Scott Leslie, is an exasperating *de*rangement of favourite Scotch ballad tunes for dancing purposes, which may please some people, but certainly not those who have any reverence (and who has not?) for the most delightful national airs in existence. A somewhat ponderous march, with a good cantabile movement, however, is "The Silver Wedding March," by Fabian Rose (Phillips & Page). "The Arrow," by the same composer, is a fairly graceful waltz.

COLCHESTER.*

ALMOST as much of this volume is taken up with the refutation of old legends as with the statement of facts. Mr. Cutts, of course, neither believes in the transmission of municipal institutions from Roman times nor in "Old King Cole" and his daughter the Empress St. Helena. Neither does he share the strange opinions put forward in a book lately noticed on *The [illegible]* as to Eudo Dapifer. Although he details the ancient history of Colchester at much greater length than the modern, it cannot be said that he is wrong; for Colchester is essentially a town with a past; a place where some very remarkable events occurred long ago, and where nothing ever seems to happen now, though Colchester natives are still, as Hood said, born to "vinegar and pepper." The annual dinner, the election

* *Historic Towns—Colchester.* By Rev. Edward Cutts. London: Longmans. 1888.

of the mayor is called the Oyster Feast; but Mr. Cutts questions the meaning of the name, which he is inclined to derive, not from that of the bivalve, but from the law-French *ostre*. Be this as it may, Colchester is an interesting place, both on account of its historical associations, which rival those of York, and on account of its antiquarian remains, which are unrivalled elsewhere in England. Mr. Cutts has evidently suffered rather from an excess than from a dearth of material for his book. It is closely packed with facts, very little in the way of comment on their significance being admitted.

The remains of the Roman city of Colonia have hardly excited the wide interest to which they are entitled as by far the most perfect remains of the kind in England. As Mr. Cutts remarks, "the walls of Exeter, Lincoln, and (perhaps) Chester are erected on Roman foundations"; but at Colchester a large proportion of the existing wall is of the original Roman masonry. Nevertheless, as in London, "there are no traces to show where the principal places and public buildings—the forum, curia, temples, baths, theatres—were situated." Domestic appliances and personal ornaments have been found in plenty, and about five-and-thirty years ago the Corporation, assisted by the local archæologists, formed a museum, which is already one of the most important of the kind in England. The great cemetery, which extended outside the walls along the London road, has of late years been explored with care and skill, and the objects found are preserved in their relative positions in the museum. At Colchester, as at London, nothing is known of the circumstances attending the East-Saxon conquest. Both cities fell into the hands of the invaders, and Mr. Cutts is of opinion that Colchester did not long lie waste, "for when the Saxons came to colonize it, its Roman name had not been forgotten." The earliest Saxon houses, however, were probably not within the wall, and "it was only when the Saxons found themselves liable to the incursions of the Danes and Northmen that they began to value the security which the ancient walls afforded." Unlike London, Colchester is described in Domesday, and with great fulness and precision. It was reckoned as a hundred in itself, and is referred to, with its territorial district, as "civitas." This circumjacent territory Mr. Cutts supposes "to have formed the Oppidum" of Camulodunum, to have been appropriated as the *ager* of the Colonia, and to have been seized by the Saxon settlers, who formed the hundred of Colnecesster. There is a good deal of supposition here; but Mr. Cutts supports his views with the best of all possible reasoning—that, namely, derived from local topographical observation, which can be refuted only by some one who is still better acquainted with the place than himself. The list of the 276 burgesses in Domesday is very interesting, and Mr. Cutts analyses it carefully. We must, however, pass on to Eudo "Dapifer," who built the castle, and founded the great Abbey of St. John in the southern suburb. The Castle is singularly situated, not by the wall as in most places, not without the wall as in London, but in the heart of the town, as though we had the White Tower adjoining the Mansion House or the Bank. Mr. Cutts makes very slight allusion to the controversy which raged round the keep a few years ago. Some local antiquaries were enraged that its Roman origin should be doubted, and a war of words and pamphlets ensued. Built of Roman brick, it is the largest Norman keep in England, being some forty feet wider than the White Tower. There is reason to believe that Gundulf of Rochester was the architect of Colchester as well as of the White Tower, for he was a friend of Eudo, and the known dates fit well. Mr. Cutts's notes on the parochial history in his eleventh chapter are very interesting, as is the account of the Jewry in the thirteenth. An entry in the Forest Rolls in 1267 is quoted to show that the Jews and the Christians "had more freedom of social intercourse than is commonly supposed." But as the scribe who made the record sketched in the margin the figure of a Jew and labelled it, "Aaron, fil Diaboli," this intercourse would not seem to have been of a very cordial character. Like many other English towns, Colchester obtained its first charter from Richard I., or rather had a charter forced upon it, and had, no doubt, to pay handsomely for it. Charles I. gave the town a mayor. The chief guild was that of St. Helen; but Mr. Cutts does not mention any guild merchant. The siege and surrender in 1648, when Lord Fairfax had Lucas and Lisle put to death, damaged Colchester irreparably, and its later history is uninteresting. Let us note, in conclusion, that there is a curious discrepancy between some of the chapter-headings and the contents of the same chapters, and more is promised to the reader than is to be found in the book.

WILLIAM OF MALMESBURY'S GESTA REGUM.—VOL. I.*

HISTORICAL scholars have good reason to rejoice at every fresh proof that the Bishop of Chester's diocesan engagements will not deprive them of receiving from time to time some addition to the noble array of volumes he has already contributed to the Rolls series of *Chronicles and Memorials*. Whatever he does he does with a master's hand, and he has certainly done nothing that surpasses his work in these volumes. His prefaces on the subject-matter of his authors contain treatises of which it is a small thing to say that they show a depth of learning and a clearness of conception that, if he had never written another line, would entitle him to a high place among the greatest historians of the century; while his treatment of his texts is a marvellous exhibition of industry and skill. The *Gesta Regum* and *Historia Novella* of William of Malmesbury afford him a worthy field for the exercise of his talents, and it is fortunate that these masterpieces of our second native historian have not been assigned to any less competent editor. The present volume contains the first two books of the *Gesta Regum*, which carry the author's work down to the battle of Hastings. The Preface is mainly occupied by a classification and description of the various manuscripts used in forming the text and a discussion of the relationship in which they stand to one another. A critical examination of the author's sources of information and the use he made of them is reserved for another volume. Before entering on his account of the manuscripts of the *Gesta Regum* Bishop Stubbs says a few words on the place his author holds in the development of our historical literature and comments fully on the scanty materials that exist for his biography. William of Malmesbury looked on himself as the successor of Bede, and he was to some extent justified in the opinion he formed of his own work. From the *Historia Ecclesiastica* on to the *Gesta Regum* historical writers had been content to compile hagiographies and annals; he "aspired to the art of the historian." He arranges his facts with an eye to the causes and tendencies of events, gives much attention to the delineation of character, writes with a conscious and successful effort to be fair to all causes and persons, and displays great reading and "thoughtful research in many regions of learning." Bishop Stubbs points out that, as a "step in the working out of historiography," the *Gesta* has a "monumental value"; and, intimate as his previous acquaintance with it must of course have been, declares that the minute attention he has now given to it has enhanced his appreciation of the book and its author. He will not, we hope, think the worse of us for saying that, while we heartily agree with all he has written in praise of the *Gesta*, we nevertheless find William's style somewhat tedious; it is often inflated and sometimes obscure; his arrangement is confused, and his habit of interrupting the course of his narrative with long digressions unspeakably provoking.

Although William simply tells us that he was a man of mixed race, Bishop Stubbs shows that it is probable that his father was the Norman, and that he was a knight, merchant, or landowner of some wealth. The date of his birth must remain undecided, though it is fairly certain that it must not be put earlier than 1095, the year assigned to it by the late Mr. Sharpe. Still, though this conclusion rests on William's express declaration that he was forty after the death of Henry I., it involves some difficulties which are clearly stated, and as far as possible extenuated. If we accept 1095 as the earliest date at which William could have been born, it is clear that all he says concerning persons and events belonging to the first part of Henry's reign must have been derived from others. At the same time he had good opportunities of learning about bygone times, for he was brought up in the monastery at Malmesbury, and in his boyhood talked with monks who remembered the days of Canute. Most part of the *Gesta Regum* was certainly written before the *Gesta Pontificum*, which contains several references to it; but the two books seem to have been completed almost at the same date, both probably in 1125, and were perhaps carried on concurrently. Between the *Gesta Regum* and the *Historia Novella* is a gap which leaves the events of the later years of the reign of Henry I. virtually untold, and it is suggested, with great probability, that the "tres libelli," to which the author gave the name of "Chronicles," and which have been lost, consisted of bare notes of the events of this period, written in chronological order, that they were not intended as a "fulfilment of the promise to supply in another volume the events 'per succiduos semper annos,'" and that William did not think them "worthy to be incorporated with the book of which he was not unjustly proud." An interesting account is given of his legal, theological, and biographical studies, which are each referred to a distinct period of his life. His relations with the monks of Glastonbury, for whom he did so much valuable work, cannot be determined exactly. He speaks of himself when addressing them as "vester devotione servus, commilitio frater, dilectione filius," and declares that he was a professed monk of their house. We have hitherto been content to interpret these expressions as signifying that he had been admitted a member of the Glastonbury congregation *honoris causa*, or more exactly that he had been granted letters of confraternity in consideration of the services he rendered the abbey as an historian. While not rejecting this view, Bishop Stubbs ingeniously argues that it is quite possible that he may have found it necessary to take shelter at Glastonbury during the earlier troubles of Stephen's reign, and have been enrolled among the brethren there. The *Gesta Regum* contains very few notices of the affairs of Malmesbury Abbey during the author's youth. When, however, he relates how the revenues of the house had been seized by Bishop Ealhstan in the time of Æthelred I., he says that a like thing had happened in his own days. This refers to the treatment the abbey was then receiving from the famous Bishop Roger of Salisbury. When Roger died the house regained its independence; and William was, as we learn from a fragment quoted by Leland, and reprinted here, a candidate for the abbacy. His friend Peter was preferred, and William takes credit to himself for retiring in his favour. After his election Peter journeyed to Rome, and William compiled an account of

* *Willelmi Malmesbiriensis monachi De Gestis Regum Anglorum libri V.; Historiæ Novellæ libri III.* Edited from MSS. by William Stubbs, D.D., Bishop of Chester and Hon. Student of Christ Church, Oxford. Vol. I. Published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. London: printed for H.M.'s Stationery Office by Eyre & Spottiswoode.

the Abbot's travels, which Bishop Stubbs thinks may yet be discovered. In common with the late Sir Thomas Hardy, who edited the *Gesta* for the English Historical Society, Bishop Stubbs bases his text on the Margam MS. (Reg. 13, D. 2), the "representative manuscript of the third edition." With this he has compared no fewer than twenty-nine other manuscripts which he describes fully in his preface. One of them, the Tournay MS., in the library of Sir Thomas Phillipps, and a MS. in the National Library at Paris, the source of the excerpts printed by Jerome Commelin in 1587, contain a poem on the evils of the age, which is given here as "illustrative of the thoughts of our author's times." The first edition and the two later recensions of William's work are clearly distinguished, and each manuscript is classed according to the edition to which it belongs. It is, we are told, impossible to decide with anything like certainty which of the two later editions is the earlier in date. Both alike exhibit some highly interesting points of difference from the work in its original form. As the author grew older he grew more cautious or probably more moderate in feeling, and he accordingly modified in his later recensions many harsh expressions that are to be found in the MSS. of the first edition. Mr. Hamilton, the editor of the *Gesta Pontificum*, has already shown that William made alterations of the same character, though in far greater number, in the later recensions of that work, and this, as Bishop Stubbs remarks, confirms the inference that his revision of the *Gesta Regum* was the "result of sober and more mature judgment."

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE periods and subjects in which M. Henry Houssaye (1) (we hope we shall be excused for saying that we always think of him as occupying towards his volatile papa something of the relation of the younger and the elder Mr. Turveydrop) has worked are numerous, and he has done good, if not extraordinarily distinguished, work in all of them. *1814* deserves the same commendation. The title is perhaps in strictness a very little too wide; for this military history of what may be called the agony of Napoleon only refers very briefly to the operations on the side of the Pyrenees. The Emperor's superhuman, but from the first hopeless, efforts to arrest the invasion on the eastern frontier and their failure occupy M. Houssaye for the most part. In dealing with them he shows all the care and the exhaustive attention to documents which marks the newer French school of historical inquirers, just as an airy contempt for such plodding used to mark the older school; and his investigations into orders of the day, correspondence, &c., have certainly not been fruitless. We think, however, that he has, on the whole, allowed himself to be somewhat blinded to the surely undeniable fact that this struggle, as of a beast at bay, however magnificent, was not war, and has therefore thrown on Augereau, Marmont, and others blame which is really due to their master. The whole campaign seems to have been very like one of those attempts to hold an untenable post which, according to the older and sterner laws of war, deserve, not praise, but condign punishment. And we think the story of the hiring of the Marquis de Maubreuil to murder Napoleon to be a story very much of a cock and of a bull. But the book is a painstaking and an intelligent book: and such are always welcome.

We cannot say quite so much of Prince George Bibesco's rather loftily named volume (2). The politics and the religion enter into minutiæ of Roumanian affairs, with which (we own it with, we trust, not insolent frankness) we happen to be but generally acquainted. The "duel" part, though more generally intelligible, is not very remarkable.

M. Henry Houssaye calls Lynch, the Royalist Mayor of Bordeaux, "un grand coquin," speaking therein rather partially. The Maréchal de Tessé (3) was not exactly a *grand coquin*, but it would require considerable charity to speak of him as an *honnête homme*. He was perhaps more unlucky than unskilful as a soldier, and it may not have been his fault that he was put upon such work as dragooning the Huguenots and ravaging the Palatinate. He did some fairly good diplomatic work for France. But he was a courtier and a time-server to the backbone—a typical example of the men who, in Louis XIV.'s latter days, brought their country to the brink of ruin without caring for anything, and to a great extent because they did not care for anything, but their own private profit and promotion. Yet, like most Frenchmen of the time, he was an agreeable writer, and as it was his habit to pay perpetual epistolary court to Ministers, Kings' mistresses, charming young princesses like the Duchesse de Bourgogne, and so forth, M. de Rambuteau has had no difficulty in making an interesting and readable volume out of his selected letters. It does not tell us much that is new as to public affairs, and it is only one more illustration, after a thousand others, of the rapid degradation of the French nobility; but it contains plenty of agreeable gossip, and may here and there furnish a hint or give a key to the historian.

M. de Lorgeril's (4) poems have three points about them which would dispense us from treating them severely, even if severity were otherwise required. They are very short; they are for the most part very good-humoured, and they are the work of a man of seventy-five. But they do not need to be judged with this allowance of weight for age, and the experiment of the first poem—the adaptation of *ottava rima* to French—is interesting. It would not be very easy offhand to say why the couplet-cuckoo has turned the eggs of so many other singing birds out of the French nest; but it is so.

The long romance of Dostoieffsky (5), which has been translated and "adapted" (whatever that may mean) by E. Halpérine, might serve as well as another for an introduction to the class of work. It has the same undisciplined and desultory fluency, the same incoherence and horror, as of a bad dream, the same flashes of talent, and the same (to some persons attractive) unfamiliarity of manners, sentiment, and setting which distinguish most of them when they are not simply dull. It has the advantage that one character (we regret to say that she is a kind of Improperia) is human and striking. She appears to be called "Grouschegnka" for love and for euphony, "Agrafeana Alexandrovna" when a brief but ceremonious appellation is desired. M. Duplan's first and title story (6) exhibits a curious point of honour in that odd code which has for its general principle the maxim somewhere formulated by M. Daudet. The second story—"Solange"—has a rather wider range. *Sœur Sainte-Agnès* (7) is a rather unequal book. At one point the author at least seems, in his delineation of a French country gentleman of the old school, to be about to make a great hit; but he is unable to follow it up. His villain is rather unintelligible, his hero repulsive, and his hero's wife a very great deal too good for him. But the story has promise.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

JEWISH Portraits, by Lady Magnus (Fisher Unwin), is a reprint of magazine articles on Jews and Judaism, which better merit collection than most literature of their class. In the first place, they are commendable for matter and style. And they make, and are not made into, a book—as sometimes happens when papers reappear in book form. To read them as a whole is a distinct gain. The typical Jews represented by the portraiture of Lady Magnus are Jehudah Halevi, Manasseh Ben Israel—the eloquent author of the *Vindiciæ Judæorum*—Moses Mendelssohn, and Heine. Then we have a graphic sketch of the Frankfort *Judengasse*, a note on a Jewish criticism of *Daniel Deronda*, and a very suggestive and interesting paper on Jewish almsgiving according to the teaching of the Talmud. In all these thoughtful and lucid studies of Jewish character and society the twofold aspect of Judaism is presented in striking relief. There is the historical view, which comprehends the religious—as Lady Magnus justly observes—and there is the tribal sentiment of community which is so remarkable a characteristic of a people inexorably dispersed, yet in no sense disintegrated. In the portraits proper Lady Magnus shows such delicate insight and well-directed sympathy that we can only wish some extension of her gallery. Philosophy, poetry, theology, have their typical representatives, and music might well be included in another volume, if Lady Magnus intends, as we hope, to enlarge the scope of her studies. Her "Heinrich Heine; a Plea" is not less delightful to read than enlightened and opportune. Even at this time there are not a few readers of Heine who may be led to a sound estimate of the poet by this admirable sketch of his life and work. Lady Magnus has taken Carlyle's "That blackguard Heine" as the text for a discourse that is excellently persuasive and temperate. There is also good criticism in the short paper on Mr. J. W. Ferrier's translation of Professor Kaufmann's *George Eliot and Judaism*. Most novel-readers are not greatly enamoured of the hero in *Daniel Deronda*. He is somewhat bloodless and inaccessible, too much given to attitudinizing like "the high-priest of a *tableau vivant*," as the young lady says in Mr. Henry James's elegant dialogue. Putting aside the artistic aims of fiction, it is of course interesting to know what the Jews themselves think of a book "of which Judaism is the acknowledged theme"; and here, as elsewhere, Lady Magnus writes with good sense and discrimination. Altogether, *Jewish Portraits* is very pleasant and profitable reading.

Mr. Henry Alexander Glass, in *The Story of the Psalters* (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), has successfully discharged a curious undertaking. He has compiled a history of the metrical versions of the Psalms published in Great Britain and America between 1549 and 1885. Those who are familiar only with Sternhold or Tate and Brady may possibly be amazed to find that these versifiers are completely outdone in daring and almost elevated to poetic rank when contrasted with some fifty of their less known competitors. It is instructive and diverting to observe the ingenious efforts of each successive versifier to amend the work of his predecessors, and this may easily be done, as Mr. Glass arranges his specimens in chronological order, and these in each instance are the opening stanzas of the 1st and 23rd Psalms. Of course paraphrases by poets, like those of Sidney, George Wither,

(1) *1814*. Par H. Houssaye. Paris: Perrin.
(2) *Recueil—Politique, religion, duel*. Par le Prince G. Bibesco. Paris: Plon.
(3) *Le Maréchal de Tessé*. Par le Comte de Rambuteau. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(4) *Barbondiaa*. Par le Vicomte de Lorgeril. Paris: Perrin.
(5) *Les frères Karamazov*. Par Dostoieffsky. 2 tomes. Paris: Plon.
(6) *Le Capitaine Jean*. Par Paul Duplan. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
(7) *Sœur Sainte-Agnès*. Par Paul Perret. Paris: Ollendorff.

and one or two more, are like green spots in the waste; but the survey, on the whole, is appalling. It was the purchase for one penny of a fine copy of Tate and Brady, dated 1771, which impelled Mr. Glass to deal with the subject. We must congratulate him both on his good fortune and the interesting book he has produced.

Dr. Busteed's valuable and entertaining *Echoes of Old Calcutta* (Thacker & Co.) has arrived at a second edition, revised, enlarged, and illustrated with portraits and other plates, rare or quaint. It is a pleasure to reiterate the warm commendation of this instructive and lively volume which its appearance called forth some few years since. It would be lamentable if a book so fraught with interest to all Englishmen should be restricted to Anglo-Indian circles. The capital historical paper on the events that culminated in the Black Hole tragedy is further strengthened by the illustrations of Fort William by Mr. S. de Wilde, which give the author's conjectural restoration of portions of the building long since disappeared. A fresh instalment of letters from Warren Hastings to his wife must be noted as extremely interesting, while the papers on Sir Philip Francis, Nuncomar, and the romantic career of Mrs. Grand, who became Princess Benevento and the wife of Talleyrand, ought by now to be widely known.

Messrs. T. and A. Constable have issued in elegant form an excellent descriptive catalogue to the archæological collection at the Glasgow Exhibition, entitled *The Book of the Bishop's Castle.* It is prefaced by an etching of the old castle long the residence of the Bishops or Archbishops of Glasgow, and by a brief historical sketch of the building.

Motteux's translation of the three last books of Rabelais—*The Sequel to Pantagruel* (Routledge)—forms the penultimate volume of Professor Henry Morley's "Universal Library." A final volume, comprising title-pages responding to a projected re-issue, is announced, and, under the title the "Carisbrooke Library," the series is to be carried on in the autumn in larger volumes of improved type.

Mrs. Carey Brock's *Church Echoes* (Seeley & Co.) is a story of a didactic cast, illustrative of the sacramental and special services of the Prayer-book. Its scheme is too arbitrary, perhaps, to be vitally set forth in the guise of fiction. There is excellent moral teaching, without doubt, in the book, but the story is loosely constructed and too episodical.

A new illustrated edition of *Stepping Heavenward*, by Mrs. Elizabeth Prentiss (Hodder & Stoughton), ought to appeal to many readers. The opening portion of this story—the diary of the young heroine—is delightfully natural. Indeed, on the whole, this American story for girls merits the popularity it enjoys.

The Shadow of a Life, by J. Laurence Hornibrook (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), is a sensational story of the good old type. It abounds in fearless inconsequences. Its wicked nobleman is of the right kind. He wallows in crime from the moment of his appearance until he is circumvented by a marvellous detective. The author, by the way, is evidently under the impression that French officers who shared in a reconnaissance during the last war were liable, if captured by the Germans, to the shameful doom of the spy.

"Routledge's Pocket Library" is enriched by the exhilarating addition of *Rejected Addresses*, which, like the rest of the series, appears in comely form and beautiful type. Perhaps a cheap and popular edition ought to give the names of the authors on the title-page and some indication of their respective shares in these incomparable parodies. A reference to "Mr. Cruikshank," again, can hardly be clear to every reader of an edition that does not include the illustrations by that artist.

Mr. Robert H. Jones is the author of a very readable pamphlet—*Asbestos: its Production and Use* (Crosby Lockwood & Son.)—on the principal asbestos mines of Canada, and the vast increase in the commercial value and industrial application of the mineral during the last ten years.

We have received a new edition of Mr. Leslie Stephen's *Pope*, "English Men of Letters" series (Macmillan & Co.); the *Official Year-Book of the Scientific and Learned Societies of Great Britain and Ireland* (Griffin & Co.); *Barker's Trade and Finance Manual*, an excellent statistical handbook, with a large and legible world map, showing trade routes to various ports, &c. (Effingham Wilson); *A Concise History of Australian Settlement*, reprinted from the *Sydney Morning Herald* (Sydney: Fairfax); the current issue of the *Bookworm* (Elliot Stock), and the seventeenth volume of Mrs. Horace Dobell's *In the Watches of the Night* (Remington). We have also received some samples of Badminton Bath Post note-paper and envelopes of a bluish tint and agreeable texture from Rock Brothers.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

NOTICE.—*On and after the 2nd of July next all* ADVERTISEMENTS *intended for insertion in the* SATURDAY REVIEW *should be addressed direct to the* MANAGER *of the* ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT, SATURDAY REVIEW OFFICE, 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

THE UNITED STATES.

The Annual Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW, *including postage to any part of the United States, is £1 10s. 4d., or $7 39, and may be forwarded direct to the Publisher,* MR. WILLIAM BOYCE, *at the Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, or to* MR. B. F. STEVENS, *American Agency, 4 Trafalgar Square, London. International Money Orders can be sent from any office in the United States, and Subscriptions, payable in advance, may commence at any time.*

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OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d.

CONTENTS OF No. 1,703, JUNE 16, 1888:

London: Published at 38 SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

LYCEUM.—The AMBER HEART and ROBERT MACAIRE. MATINEE this day (Saturday), at 2.30. NOTICE.—The Theatre will be CLOSED this and every Saturday Evening during June. THE AMBER HEART, and ROBERT MACAIRE Monday next and every Evening (except Saturday), at 8.15. Matinée, FAUST, last performance, Saturday next at 2.30. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst), 10 to 5. Seats can also be booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM.

NIAGARA IN LONDON. COLOSSAL PICTURE of the GREAT FALLS. Original Effects by Philippoteaux. Pleasant Lounge, Music, American Museum. Electric Light. Admission, 1s. No Fees. Ten A.M. to Eleven P.M. WEDNESDAY 2s. 6d. Ten to Six, 1s. Six to Eleven. Praised by entire Press.—YORK STREET, Westminster, St. James's Park Station. 4,000 Visitors Daily.

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EDUCATIONAL.

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY.—The YORKSHIRE COLLEGE, LEEDS.—The PROFESSORSHIP of MATHEMATICS will shortly become VACANT. Applications for the appointment, which will date from October 1, will be received up to July 31. Stipend £300, with two-thirds of fees. Competent assistance is provided. Further particulars may be obtained from the SECRETARY of the Yorkshire College, Leeds.

ST. DAVID'S COLLEGE, LAMPETER.—The PROFESSORSHIP of LATIN at this College will be VACANT on September 1. Testimonials from Candidates should be sent in not later than June 30, to the PRINCIPAL, from whom further particulars may be obtained. The value of the Professorship is about £250 per annum, with rooms in College for an unmarried man. Preference will be given to Candidates in Holy Orders.

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LANCING COLLEGE.—The EXAMINATION for OPEN EXHIBITIONS will be held on June 29 in London, and at Lancing, Clifton, and Exeter.—For particulars address Dr. SANDERSON, Lancing College, Shoreham.

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1875	TWENTY ..	Woolwich Sandhurst Militia.
1876	TWENTY SEVEN	Woolwich Sandhurst Militia.
1877	TWENTY NINE	Woolwich Sandhurst Militia.
1878	THIRTY FOUR ...	Woolwich Sandhurst Militia.
1879	THIRTY THREE .	Woolwich Sandhurst Militia.
1880	THIRTY TWO .	Woolwich Sandhurst Militia.
1881	THIRTY	Woolwich Sandhurst Militia.
1882	THIRTY EIGHT	Woolwich Sandhurst Militia.
1883	FORTY THREE	Woolwich Sandhurst Militia.
1884	FORTY SIX	Woolwich Sandhurst Militia.
1885	SIXTY-ONE	Woolwich Sandhurst Militia.
1886	FIFTY EIGHT	Woolwich, Sandhurst, Militia.
1887	SIXTY FOUR	Woolwich Sandhurst Militia.

In addition to these numbers TWO HUNDRED and NINETY-TWO Candidates passed the Army Preliminary Examination from 1878 to the end of 1887.

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WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.—An EXAMINATION to fill up VACANCIES on the Foundation and Exhibitions will begin on Tuesday, July 10. For particulars apply to Rev. the HEAD MASTER, Dean's Yard.

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OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS in NATURAL SCIENCE, of the value of £150 Guineas and £60 are awarded annually in October at ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL MEDICAL SCHOOL, Albert Embankment, S.E.
For particulars apply to the Medical Secretary.
W. M. ORD, M.D., R. W. REID, Dean.

A CAMBRIDGE WRANGLER, assisted by an Oxford Graduate, is desirous of meeting with a COMPANION PUPIL Reading for the University. Address, H. R., M.F.R., Great Marlow.

PARIS—VERSAILLES, 29 Rue St. Antoine.—GENTLEMEN'S SONS desirous of acquiring FRENCH are received in the family of Pastor BRAUD. References—The Ven. Archdeacon W. Farrar, The Rev. Ch. B. Tendall, Windlesham, Bagshot.

CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL, Strand, W.C.—The COUNCIL earnestly appeal for DONATIONS and ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS to meet the ... Bankers: Messrs. Drummond, 49 Charing Cross, S.W.
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The FIFTY-SECOND ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of this Company was held within their house at Aberdeen on Friday, June 8, 1888, when the Directors' Report was presented.

The following is a summary of the Report referred to:—

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The PREMIUMS received last year amounted to £606,918 3s. 5d., showing an increase of £21,950 7s. 2d. over those of the previous year.

The LOSSES amounted to £347,051 16s. 9d., or 57·18 per cent. of the premiums.

The EXPENSES of MANAGEMENT (including commission to agents and charges of every kind) came to £204,306 2s. 4d., or 33·66 per cent. of the premiums. After reserving the usual 33 per cent. of the premiums to cover liabilities under current policies, a profit was earned of £17,210 8s. 8d.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

ASSURANCE BRANCHES.—The new assurances during the year reached in the aggregate the sum of £368,285. These new assurances yielded annual premiums amounting to £12,677 1s. 10d., and single premiums amounting to £185 2s. 10d.

The TOTAL INCOME of the year (including interest) was £277,009 18s. 10d.

The CLAIMS amounted to £164,599 18s. 8d.

The EXPENSES of MANAGEMENT (including commission) were limited to 10 per cent. of the premiums received.

ANNUITY BRANCH.—The sum of £10,703 0s. 5d. was received for annuities granted during the year

The whole FUNDS of the Life Department now amount to £2,103,125 10s. 10d.

The Report having been unanimously adopted, it was resolved that the total amount to be distributed amongst the Shareholders for the year 1887 be £75,000, being a Dividend of £2 and Bonuses of 10s. per share, and that the sum of £50,000 be added to the Fire Reserve Fund, making that Fund now stand at £725,000.

London Board of Directors.

Colonel Robert Baring.	Alexander Heun Goschen, Esq.
Ernest Chaplin, Esq.	William E. Hubbard, Esq. J.P.
Sir Philip Currie, K.C.B.	Ferdinand M. Huth, Esq.
George John Fenwick, Esq.	Henry James Lubbock, Esq.
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Secretary—H. E. WILSON.
FIRE DEPARTMENT JAMES ROBB, *Manager.*
LIFE DEPARTMENT—THOS. H. COOKE, *Actuary.*
General Manager of the Company—JAS. VALENTINE.

Copies of the Report, with the whole accounts of the Company for the year 1887, may be obtained from any of the Company's Offices or Agencies.

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83 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.
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NORTHERN ASSURANCE COMPANY.

Established 1836.
LONDON—1 MOORGATE STREET, E.C. ABERDEEN—1 UNION TERRACE.
INCOME and FUNDS (1887).

Fire Premiums	£607,000
Life Premiums	197,000
Interest	143,000
Accumulated Funds	£3,421,000

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Printed by SPOTTISWOODE & CO., at No. 5 New-street Square, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London; and Published by [illegible], at the Office, No. 38 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of [illegible]



THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,704, Vol. 65. June 23, 1888. [Registered for Transmission abroad.] Price 6*d*.

THE MANIFESTOES OF WILLIAM II.

THERE is no difference of opinion throughout Europe, among those whose opinion is worth regarding, as to the virtues, the ability, and the melancholy fate of the late German Emperor, King FREDERICK of Prussia. Approval of more than the conventional kind may be given to the language used on this occasion by the leaders of the Government and the Opposition in both Houses of Parliament on Monday. It is not the custom of these Houses, as of some other Assemblies, to address foreign monarchs directly on such an occasion; and the relationship of the dead man's wife and her mother to the English people would in any case have made their share in the mourning a matter of first-importance to us. But disinterested as well as interested feelings make the loss which Germany has sustained a matter of direct concernment to England; and of interested feelings themselves there could be no lack. There is, it may be trusted, no fear of seeing Germany hostile to England in any case, or of war supplanting peace as a consequence of the event of last week. Lord GRANVILLE's remarks on this head, though they might perhaps be thought superfluous, were well meant, and should at least be founded on knowledge. But while the Emperor FREDERICK lived it was almost certain that nothing but some very extraordinary circumstance could break the tie which is, perhaps of all ties, the greatest guarantee of peace and tranquillity to Europe. Much debating has taken place—some of it idle—as to various dispositions of the balance of power; the debate having been taken up about the thing, as often happens, just after it had become the fashion of a certain school of historians to laugh at the term. But that a serious and thorough alliance between England and Germany would be proof against any other conceivable combination is as nearly certain as anything can be said to be. And with no Sovereign at the head of the German Empire could such an alliance be thought so likely to be arranged as with him who was buried on Waterloo Day in this present week. The somewhat maimed rites of the funeral are capable, no doubt, of explanation and of excuse; perhaps of very valid explanation. Perhaps the worst thing that can be said for them is their encouragement of the sneer that they are wholly free from hypocrisy, and quite consistent with other characteristics of the new régime. Whether those characteristics are suited to encourage and satisfy the best friends of Germany is, it will be said, a question which is not so easily answered. Here, at any rate, the answer can be coloured by no unfriendliness to Germany, nor by any sneaking kindness for pacific and humanitarian cant.

We believe Prince BISMARCK to be, on the whole, the greatest statesman of Europe. It is our very profound conviction that in a strong, united, and even pugnacious Germany lies the only chance of the salvation of the Continent, and perhaps of England, from the dangers to which the ambition of Russia, the political headlessness of France, the divided condition of Austria, and what may be called the youth and inexperience of Italy, expose it. We were not able to approve the colour, faint as it was, which the inaugural Manifestoes of the late Emperor gave to the suggestion that Germany was going to abandon this position of armed constable of the parish (to use CROMWELL's famous words) for that of respectable private householder. This certainly cannot be charged against the addresses of his successor, and it is interesting to examine with good will, but, it is to be hoped, also with clear sight, what can be said against them on the other side.

Had the Manifestoes to the Army and Navy which was issued earliest been issued alone, it would have been difficult to avoid feeling a certain uneasiness, not at the martial tone of them, but at the tone of their martialness. It is true that such words as "war-lord" have a much more formidable and a much more awkward appearance and sound in English than in German; and it is true, also, that a certain disposition to exaggerate the bellicose note, if in the circumstances of questionable taste, was also in the circumstances far from unnatural. But there were certainly some unpleasant things about these documents. The reference to the dead Emperor stood out, it might be urged, with surely unnecessary sharpness against that to his father, and supplied an unlucky, and almost painful, parallel to the huddling up of the interment of the one as compared with the stately functions attending the interment of the other. The whole of the document or documents, too had, very perceptibly to a Devil's advocate, a flavour of brag and of flourish which might advantageously have been dispensed with in the case of a young man who has never drawn the sword, and who, in the present ostensible circumstances of his affairs, has no decent pretext for assuming that he will draw it. There might be said to be, in short—for we have little desire to dwell on this part of the matter—a sort of sham Spartan air, according too well with the disreputable sentiment of the clique who, as is well known, wished to exclude the Emperor FREDERICK from the throne altogether, as not being in health to play the swashbuckler, and who vented their rage upon Sir MORELL MACKENZIE for not lending himself to their cabal. The military traditions of Germany no doubt include many glorious memories, and her naval traditions, when they come into existence, will doubtless be glorious too. But the latter do not yet exist, and the former are so very considerably chequered that an address which would have been full-mouthed from a Roman general at the climax of the Roman conquest of the world, might be considered a little grandiloquent.

Yet there is perhaps something harsh in this judgment, while the general Proclamation redeems a good deal, and allows the former special allocutions to be consigned, not indeed to complete oblivion, but to comparative forgetfulness, as possibly no more than a little natural outburst of temperament, combined with some calculated flattery to feelings which for the last few months have, whether justly or not, certainly as a matter of fact, been somewhat irritated in Germany. There is nothing either of the popularity-hunter on one side or of the REHOBOAM on the other in the Emperor WILLIAM's words to his people at large, who are, after all, according to German contention, only the army at large. Nothing could be better than the reference to the late Emperor here, which is feeling without being fulsome, and sufficient without being overdone. We at least see no commonplace in the new EMPEROR's version of his royal oath, and nothing either unfounded or superfluous in his reference to history. The "faithful Prince of a faithful "people," using the strength which his father and grandfather have stored up for legitimate purposes, may, and indeed must, prove a valuable addition to the Sovereigns of Europe. It would be possible, no doubt, for a reign of Jew-baiting and of inroads upon the Constitution, of reckless arrogance abroad and of Junkerism at home, in a few months to do more damage than long years of judicious government have done good. But nothing will or can be lost by a distinct understanding that EMPEROR-KING and CHANCELLOR-MINISTER are unflinchingly bent on upholding the system of wise governing as well as reigning which the first Emperor WILLIAM and the still living Prince BISMARCK established and so long carried out.

As for foreign affairs, there is only one danger of real importance. A policy of general aggression can hardly be called by this name; for Germany, strong as she is, is no more able than any other Power to dictate to Europe by herself, and any attempt to do so could only result in the

reduction of Prussia once more to the rank of a second-rate State with a complete revolution in the present constitution of Germany. That would be an evil, but it would be an evil which would practically cure itself. What is, though not exactly probable, sufficiently possible to be alarming, is the conception by the young EMPEROR of an idea that, by entering into a closer alliance with Russia, and by loosening the ties with Austria, he may raise the German Empire to an even greater height of dominion and of prosperity than it at present occupies. That such an idea would be contrary to all the best interests of Germany, and would incur in the attempt to realize it the difficulty of a real and an abiding conflict of temper and of wishes between the German and the Russian peoples, is perfectly true. But it is the kind of idea which has before now occurred to young princes of more military temper than military experience, and there is no doubt that the entertainment of it would be a serious misfortune to Europe. It is not likely to be encouraged in reality by Prince BISMARCK; but some recent words of the Prince's may seem to encourage it, and the CHANCELLOR, like his masters, is not immortal. All that can be said at present is, that there is nothing immediately alarming in the accession of the monarch whom his flatterers call "the new FREDERICK"; but that it behoves all possessors of Silesias in any part of the world by no means to intermit preparations which may enable them to keep their house armed, or, better still, to discourage all notion of attempts upon it.

LIFE PEERS.

AS leader of the House of Lords Lord SALISBURY is not accustomed to address a cold and unsympathizing, though acquiescent, audience; but his most ardent adherents scarcely disguised their want of enthusiasm for the proposal of a system of life peerages and of a censorship over delinquent members of the House. The orator shared or anticipated the indifference with which the announcement of his intentions was received. Lord SALISBURY had no inconsistency to excuse, though on such a question a change of opinion might have excited little surprise. He has always differed from the majority of his party as to the expediency of creating life peers, having, as he stated, voted with Lord RUSSELL in favour of a similar scheme on first taking his seat as a peer twenty years ago. Two separate issues had been raised by the elevation of Baron PARKES to the barony of Wensleydale for his own life. Lord CRANWORTH, who as Chancellor was responsible for the nature of the patent, was the only lawyer in the House of Lords who held that Lord WENSLEYDALE was entitled to a seat. Even if the law had been on the side of the Ministers, their reliance on a supposed prerogative after a discontinuance of four hundred years was obviously and grossly unconstitutional. A much shorter time had elapsed since the practical abandonment by the Crown of the right of veto. It is true that the establishment of life peerages at the will of a Minister would be a less inconvenient and less dangerous encroachment than the rejection of a Bill after it had passed both Houses of Parliament; but it has become a constitutional rule that no dormant prerogative can be revived except by Act of Parliament. To Lord SALISBURY's proposal there can be no technical objection. The Legislature can authorize the creation of peerages to endure for the life of the incumbent, or for a year or a day.

It happened that by a statement which was not essential to his main argument Lord SALISBURY conclusively proved that Lord LYNDHURST, Lord CAMPBELL, and their legal colleagues had been in the right in their opposition to the claim of Lord WENSLEYDALE. Admitting that there had been no creation of life peerages since the accession of the TUDOR dynasty, Lord SALISBURY added that this had in earlier times been often granted, but only with the assent of Parliament. In other words, there was not even in the middle ages a precedent for the creation of life-peerages. It is evident that in dispensing with the essential condition of the concurrence of Parliament Lord PALMERSTON's Government had, though perhaps unintentionally, attempted a flagrant usurpation. Lord SALISBURY, who was in no degree responsible for the irregularity, was perfectly at liberty to vote for the introduction of life peers by Act of Parliament. It is not known whether he attached any considerable importance to the measure, but if he entertained a strong conviction on the subject his zeal has in twenty years had time to cool. The tone of his speech was as dispassionate as the corresponding temper of the House. Lord SALISBURY has apparently made up his mind that some concession to a popular demand may be granted without serious disadvantage. There is no reason to suppose that he expects any great public benefit from the elevation of a few generals, admirals, and judges to a peerage of a novel kind. The dignitaries of the law, the army, the navy, and the Civil Service will in some cases possess special qualifications for certain kinds of legislation. If they are selected with a decent regard to their personal eminence, they will not be more revolutionary in their disposition than their hereditary colleagues; and even if they incline to Liberal opinions there would be some advantage in a more equal division of parties in the House. A proposal so apparently modest could scarcely have been put forward in language of fervid eloquence.

If Lord SALISBURY had been otherwise actuated by parental fondness for his scheme he would not have forgotten a practical dilemma which he was perhaps the first to perceive. Every reform must purport to be an improvement of the institution to which it is applied. Any improvement must be presumed to add an element of strength, and therefore a reform of the House of Lords ought to make it more efficient. Lord SALISBURY would decline to be responsible for any change which would tend to a contrary result, and he knows that the movement in which he to some extent joins originates in hostility to the House of Lords. A part of his speech consisted of a series of good-humoured sarcasms on the contrivances which have been with unprofitable ingenuity devised by Lord ROSEBERY and Lord DUNRAVEN. Their schemes would not have commanded the approval of Liberal politicians if they had seemed likely to effect their purpose. Sweeping changes might have been tolerated on the ground that a mushroom institution would be more liable to attack and destruction than an ancient system which had accumulated on itself some anomalies in the course of time. Lord DUNRAVEN's plan of giving seats to the Chairmen of the new Councils would have been ridiculous enough to recommend itself to the enemies of a Second Chamber. It was Lord SALISBURY's business, as he has accepted the principle of innovation, to devise some plan which may possibly be expedient, and to avoid the paradoxes which beset his competitors in legislation. They have, in fact, done a service by reducing, if not to absurdity, at least to impossibility, the vague projects which had been propounded by less loyal reformers. Lord SALISBURY was content to remind them that, if their schemes were good in themselves, they would thwart the designs of their political allies.

If there are to be life peers, the proposed limitation of their number seems to be neither too lax nor unnecessarily stringent. The Crown is to appoint, if it thinks fit, five in a year, until the maximum number of fifty is reached. Besides the generals and admirals and the rest, there are to be a few eminent persons at large, who will, it is supposed, be ornaments to the House. The new recruits will, unless Governments grossly misuse their patronage, be uniformly respectable. At present it is impossible to estimate their number. Lord SALISBURY hopes that the power of annual creations will not be fully exercised, but it seems more probable that successive Administrations will find reasons for correcting the undue liberality or negligence of their respective predecessors. There is a visible tendency to multiply and cheapen the titles of honour which ought to be reserved as the cheapest rewards of genuine merit. Titles of nobility will, as long as their holders share the lustre of the hereditary peerage, be preferred to Grand Crosses and places in the Privy Council. Indeed, the Privy Council is to be in certain cases a stepping-stone to the peerage, and the recipient of the minor decorations will often put pressure on the Government to grant him an additional step in the hierarchy of honours. With its new alloy the peerage will, at least for a time, be highly valued; and possibly some of the newcomers may take a useful part in the business of the House. Their assistance will be welcomed, though it will seldom be needed. It is not for want of ability and knowledge that the House of Lords is in some quarters unpopular. The provisions for a moral and social censorship will probably be reconsidered. To many persons it seems that no such jurisdiction was necessary, and that, as in many other cases, a discredited man of rank should only be punished by notoriety or insignificance. Lord SALISBURY expresses no strong opinion in favour of measures for the purification of the House of Lords,

which has, in fact, suffered but little discredit from the misconduct of a few of its members. Dishonesty or gross licentiousness already exclude guilty peers or commoners from the society of their equals. There will be little advantage in proceedings which will only give additional publicity to scandalous stories. No consideration or delicacy is due to the offenders, but it may be doubted whether the House of Lords is the fittest tribunal. If there are to be penal proceedings, it seems reasonable that they should take the form of suspension of the writ of summons. The world also sometimes condones some misdemeanours after a certain lapse of time.

TREASURE-HUNTING IN PERU.

"HERE'S the rich Peru," says MAMMON in the *Alchemist*, "and here within, sir, are the golden "mines, great SOLOMON's Ophir!" The rich Peru has long been less than golden, except for its guano, but a new Company (Limited) at Mollendo intends to restore its wealth. If ever there was a literal case of "money-grubbing," it is the case of the "Compañía Anonima Exploradora de las "Hucas del Inca." Peru is one of the lands where treasure-hunting is epidemic. Though the Spanish conquerors left no stone unturned, and perhaps no likely person untortured, people still think there must be hidden millions of gold and silver and precious stones. "What's "become of all the gold?" they cry, like a character of Mr. BROWNING's, who was thinking, however, of the Venetian ladies' tresses, not of more commonplace and marketable treasures. Probably all the gold was frittered away in gambling, as by that famed soldier who lost in a night the golden sun of the Sun's great temple. The European market drained Peru of the precious metals, wrought or unwrought; yet, among the vast and stable ruins of Cyclopean cities, it is natural for spectators to believe that there must be wealth concealed in one corner or another. Tradition has not forgotten the great golden chain of Cuzco, which was long enough to go all round the central square of the city. Legend yet speaks of hiding-places known only to the Incas, and undiscovered by processes of torture. Legend lives on such beliefs, yet we may be pretty sure that, if the Incas had secret treasure chambers, they have been robbed in the last three hundred years, even as the central chamber of the Great Pyramid will prove to have been, if ever it is opened. Dr. SCHLIEMANN only succeeded at Mycenæ because every one had heard that the treasure-house of ATREUS was, not a humble sepulchre hidden in a corner, but the colossal building which PAUSANIAS likened to the Pyramids.

Perhaps it is on this hint of the lowly but opulent Mycenæan graves that the Mollendo Company is acting. They mean to explore the old Peruvian tombs near Cuzco, and we presume they have satisfied themselves, first, that no other "barrow-wight" has been there before them. Like other nations, the Peruvians occasionally buried treasure with their dead, but we do not think that they buried very much, or that excavators have found more than earthenware pots, mummies, cheap ornaments, and here and there a small silver lama, a group of figures in silver, or a necklace or ring. A few examples may be seen at the British Museum, and they are far from suggesting wealth beyond the dream of avarice. It is only in very heroic ages, among very emotional people, that the dead carry much wealth with them into the land of the shadow. ACHILLES equipped the dead PATROCLUS royally, ATTILA was covered with his golden plunder; for some unknown reason the dead men of Mycenæ were buried with a valuable hoard. There are two reasons for this generosity on the part of the living heirs. The dead are furnished with wealth for their use in the next world, that is the first reason. The second influence which prompts men to bury treasure with the dead is the hope that the ghost will guard it. Now, in the first case, the gifts to the dead are usually meagre—only his personal ornaments and weapons, with some money, if it be a country of coined money. Peru, we think, was ignorant of coinage; but, even where money is coined, it soon becomes usual to put the dead off with mere shabby semblances and ghosts of the actual currency. A pot full of specimens of Egyptian ghosts' money may be seen in Mr. FLINDERS PETRIE's collection from the Fayoum at the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly. The Peruvian Company will be sadly disappointed if they find nothing better than that. Who steals a ghost's purse steals trash indeed, when the purse is so poorly replenished. In the other case, where the ghost is expected to guard the large treasure (as when the Buccaneers killed men over their hoards), then the secret of the hoard is kept, and handed on by the men who concealed it. They, or their descendants (who have the ghost on their side, and are not afraid of him) are likely to open the grave at a pinch. Probably the wealthy graves near Cuzco, if such graves there were, have been opened long ago. Most known treasures have been rifled, and nothing but bullets and spoiled American woods were found, some years ago, in the sunk vessels of the Plato fleet in Vigo Bay. However, the Company at Mollendo may do a good deal for archæology, while they are hunting for gold and for the emeralds that the Incas worshipped in their temples. Moreover, they will get the funds as treasure-hunters which the public would not subscribe for antiquarian research.

CHINESE IMMIGRATION.

THE decision of the Australasian Congress to entrust the conduct of their dispute with the Chinese to the Home Government has temporarily at least diminished the danger of the situation. It removes the risk likely to be caused by sudden violent measures. But it is premature to decide that the worst danger is passed. We have yet to learn whether the real wishes of the Colonies are compatible with the view China is likely to take of the question. All that the Australians have to complain of in the Chinese may be true, and may entitle them to our sympathy. They cut down wages, and so offend the workmen on whom Colonial as well as English politicians depend for their seats; their vices are not our vices; they may swarm in and swamp the men of English race. All this may be true; but, if it were ten times more certain than it is, the fact remains that China will have reason to complain if her subjects are excluded from any part of the British dominions, and that, when China has a case, she can make the most of it. It is superfluous to inquire whether Lord KNUTSFORD and Baron DE WORMS were right or not in asserting that the treaties in force between the two countries, though they bind China to admit Englishmen and their goods to certain ports, do not bind England to admit Chinamen freely to her territories. The spokesmen of the Colonial Office would seem to be wrong on the matter of fact; but, even if no express stipulation existed giving Chinamen the right of free entry, its absence could be explained by the fact that it would have been superfluous. For half a century or so we have been engaged in alternately persuading or forcing China to enter into freer relations with us. We have argued that, as we allowed all the world free access to our ports, we had a right to demand at least some approach to that freedom from others. To enforce our arguments we have burned Chinese cities, knocked down Chinese forts, killed Chinese soldiers, and sunk Chinese junks. It will be somewhat awkward if we have to turn round and take up the position of our old enemy.

No doubt the diplomatic difficulty would be got rid of by a free use of what may be called the *Quia nominor Leo* argument. As we are strong enough to smash Chinese towns again, we may insist that we alone have the right to interpret treaties and define obligations. But there are reasons why this effective, though logically illegitimate, process cannot be used. It remains to be seen whether the Chinese Government would accept this view; and if it did not, then we could only enforce it at the expense of a temporary and perhaps prolonged suspension of the China trade, which is not a sacrifice to be lightly incurred at the end of a long period of commercial depression. The Chinese are doubtless well aware of the strength of their position, and will, unless their character has undergone a remarkable change, make the most of it. Unfortunately it is quite possible, though not very probable, that we may have to choose between two serious evils. If the Colonies are as intent as they are said to be on the exclusion of the Chinese, they may give the Imperial Government the choice between either backing them or quarrelling with them. In British Columbia special legislation against the Chinese has been set aside by the decision of the law Courts. It has been declared illegitimate on the ground on which the Supreme Court of the United States would set aside the legislation of any particular State which happened to conflict with Federal treaties. But Australia and New Zealand are not British Columbia, and the British Empire is not the United States. If the passions excited are as angry as they are said to be, it is quite conceivable that the greater Colonies would simply

refuse to be bound by the decisions of the Colonial Office or even of the Judical Committee of the Privy Council. In that case a very serious issue would be set before us. It is unnecessary to suppose that things are likely to come to so bad a pass as this; but they may, and the possibility must be faced. How the danger is to be averted is not at present at all clear. Before deciding, it will be necessary to find out how far the Colonies are really prepared to go, and what compromise the Chinese Government will be prepared to accept. To find these things out is the work of the Home Government, which happily has received a promise that the Colonies will listen to it. Unless the anger of New South Wales and New Zealand is a temporary affair—a mere flash-in-the-pan—the Colonial Office has none the less a difficult task before it—one which will have to be performed in a spirit of statesmanship, and not huddled through by the help of the temporary expedients and routine which have too often been the resources of the department. The Imperial Government must itself negotiate with the Tsung li Yamen. As the Government of China is known not to favour the emigration of its subjects, and as it has already agreed to accept special legislation against the Chinese in the United States, an arrangement may possibly be made. But China has means of putting a pressure on us which it could not put on the United States, and human nature will be very peculiar in the Middle Kingdom if advantage is not taken of this fact. A price will be asked for the concession, and we have yet to learn what that price will be. Also, from the very nature of things, that price will be paid by the Imperial Government, and not by the Colonies.

RICHMOND PARK AND THE VOLUNTEERS.

LORD WANTAGE and the other members of the deputation which waited lately on the FIRST COMMISSIONER of WORKS have thrown much fresh light on the infelicitous proposal to transfer the Wimbledon rifle range to Richmond Park. In showing that they are able to meet the objection originally urged against the project, they have revealed others of a new and no less formidable kind. According to the Council of the National Rifle Association, no entrenching operations of any kind will be required to adapt "one of the noblest of the Royal "parks" to the purpose for which it is desired to use it. It will be a mere matter of cutting down a few score trees and leaving a few score others to serve as mantlets for the bullets of the competing marksmen, and the thing is done. The spot chosen for the butts, and which apparently has been already inspected in as businesslike a manner as though the plan were on the eve of a cordial acceptance by the public, lies between the Roehampton Gate and the Robin Hood Gate—a space of about 400 acres—"from "which the public are already excluded," and the enclosure of which is chiefly used for growing hay for the service of the deer in the Park. No great loss would be incurred by surrendering the annual value of this hay; and though it would be necessary to exclude the public from the rest of the Park during the fortnight of the annual meeting, they would be admitted on the two Sundays. On the whole, it was in the opinion of the Council "not much to ask" that the public should thus slightly abridge their enjoyment of the Park for the sake of a great national object.

This way of putting the case is at once so plausible and so invidious that until we consider how easy it would be to support even a ten times more unreasonable proposal by precisely the same appeal we may probably find some difficulty in meeting it. A little reflection, however, will soon enable most people to see that the "national object" argument proves a great deal too much, and that, as it would be just as applicable to a proposal, for instance, to convert Trafalgar Square into a drill-ground by pulling down the Nelson Column, filling up the fountains, and levelling the terrace, we are thrown back upon the simple counter proposition that every plan of the kind, whether it can plead a national object or not, must be considered on its own merits and weighed against alternative proposals. And when the particular plan is so considered and so weighed with its competitors, its merits will surely appear to most of us not only to sustain so very inadequately the contest with its defects, but compare so very unfavourably with the positive recommendations of so many rival schemes, that one is astonished to observe the strong support which it has secured from an otherwise sensible and practical body of men. Even if Richmond Park possessed ideal qualification for supplying the place of Wimbledon Common, we ought undoubtedly to hesitate long before we turn any part of it into a rifle range at the cost, to mention no other of the numerous objections, of cutting down even a less number than "a "hundred valuable and important trees." But, as a matter of fact, the qualifications of Richmond Park to succeed Wimbledon Common are not in the least ideal. It is, on the contrary, defective in this respect, at what we cannot but consider one of the most important points. Nobody suggests that the Park, whether suitable or not for a shooting-ground, is a fit place for a camp; yet nobody, apparently, on the Council of the Association seems to have considered this side of the question as at all material. To the general public, however, it will be regarded as a most important element in the case. If opinions differ on Sir JOHN WHITAKER ELLIS'S proposal to transfer the meeting to Aldershot, there will be a general agreement in the principle that camp training and completeness of marksmanship should be as far as possible combined with each other, and that, while there are plenty of places in England, and some at no very great distance from London, where the combination can be effected, Richmond Park is the one place where it is impossible.

THE LICENSING CLAUSES.

IN the matter of the licensing clauses the Government has touched pitch, and it has not absolutely escaped defilement. The noisy demand for Local Option had been more than once staved off by the allegation that the choice could not be properly exercised until some representative body had been constituted to act in the name of the ratepayers. The proposed establishment of County and District Councils rendered the excuse no longer applicable, and it therefore seemed necessary to introduce the licensing clauses into the Local Government Bill. The municipal authorities were to acquire the power of closing public-houses on Sundays and of refusing the renewal of licences, subject to payment of reasonable compensation. Mr. RITCHIE, in his opening speech, fortunately took the precaution of announcing that the clauses must be accepted or rejected as a whole. He had probably foreseen the objections which would be made to a portion of the clauses by the temperance agitators, though he may not have been prepared for the unscrupulous violence of the attack. It seemed probable that moderate opposition would be conciliated by the provision as to Sunday closing, and by the transfer of the licensing jurisdiction from the Justices to the nominees of the ratepayers. Mr. GLADSTONE and a majority of his followers were pledged to the principle of compensation, and perhaps the Ministers may have thought that their proposals would be more acceptable because they were obviously just. When the leaders of the Opposition at first expressed a general approval of the Bill, it was erroneously supposed that they would assist the Government to pass it. The anticipated hostility of Sir WILFRID LAWSON and his adherents seemed in the circumstances not to be formidable.

The hostile faction was easily defeated on the issue between a popular decree and the decision of a representative body. It is true that the local majority can control the municipal elections, but its nominees will have a sense of responsibility which might not be shared by the body of ratepayers. After all the eloquence which has been bestowed on the glorification of elective local government, it was absurd to deprive the new Councils of one of their principal functions. The more thorny dispute on the payment of compensation would have been sufficiently troublesome if it had been confined within the walls of Parliament. The prospects of a settlement were suddenly impaired or destroyed by the accident of a vacancy in the representation of Southampton. The Gladstonian Liberals, instead of relying on their advocacy of Home Rule, sought and gained the alliance of the temperance party, including a large contingent of professed Unionists. It appeared that the constituency, which at the last election returned a Conservative member, cared more for the disestablishment and punishment of the licensed victuallers than for the integrity of the United Kingdom. The Ministerial candidate was defeated by a large majority, which apparently cared nothing for general politics. Soon afterwards the agitators assembled a great crowd in Hyde Park to affirm the doctrine which had prevailed at Southampton. In defiance of justice, common sense, and of uninterrupted precedent, the demagogues and their dupes maintained that a property which they estimate

at the value of three or four hundred millions should be destroyed for the supposed public benefit without any cost to the public. The West Indian slave-owners were justly compensated for the loss of a property which, however objectionable it might be in its nature, had been created and recognized by the Imperial Parliament and Government. On the abolition of purchase in the army, the holders of commissions were not less justly compensated for their interest in a notoriously illegal practice, because it had existed with the connivance of the authorities. The trade in alcoholic liquors has from time immemorial been as lawful as that of a butcher or a baker, although it required a formal licence, which, in default of misconduct, was annually renewed as a matter of course. The temperance fanatics protested against compensation when they, in common with the rest of the community, believed that licences were renewable as of right. Since a recent judicial decision has contravened the general opinion, the claim of the owners and occupiers of public-houses ought perhaps strictly to be limited to the value of a chance of renewal which practically amounted to a certainty. The refusal of payment would be as gross an abuse of legislative power as if there had been no doubtful element in the calculation. A vested interest may be broadly defined as any right or possession which can be sold in the market. A publican or other tradesman who purchases the good-will of a business buys not only the lease or freehold of the premises, but the chance that customers will frequent his stores. The renewal of a licence has hitherto been much less uncertain than the continuance of custom. The wildly exaggerated estimates of the amount of property which might be destroyed would, if they were accurate, furnish conclusive proof of the equitable claim of the holders. The representatives of the trade had assented to an increase in the cost of licences, which would to a certain extent have relieved the ratepayers of the burden of compensation. It is impossible to estimate the amount which would have been required. There is no reason to assume that the Councils would have engaged in a general crusade against public-houses. Notwithstanding a considerable diminution in the consumption of beer and spirits, the habits of the country are not yet materially changed. The Councils would hesitate to inflict serious inconvenience on their constituents by summarily closing their customary places of refreshment. At the worst, there would be, if temperance orators may be trusted, an ample fund from which compensation might be drawn. None of their commonplaces are more familiar to readers of newspapers than the statement that the disuse of alcoholic liquors would produce a saving to the community large enough to meet in two or three years any possible demand for compensation. After that time, the whole amount would be available for general purposes, or it might fructify in the pockets of the people.

The Southampton election and the subsequent proceedings in the House of Commons illustrated the incurable levity of popular sentiment, and imposed on the Government the necessity of withdrawing the licence clauses. If the question of compensating disestablished publicans were thought to involve more vital issues than the maintenance of the Union, the Government majority was virtually dissolved until the temperance agitation was abated or suspended. Like the obedient votaries of the Romish Church who are Catholics first and Englishmen afterwards, the devotees of temperance, including recently converted ascetics, such as Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt, are teetotallers first, and some of them are patriots afterwards. Government and legislation are difficult under such conditions, but Lord Salisbury and his colleagues have to deal with Parliament as it has been affected by recent constitutional improvements. The right of withdrawing the licensing clauses, though it had been expressly reserved, was subject to the contingency which has actually occurred. Sir William Harcourt and his party dispute the expediency of postponing the discussion, though they cannot but know that the retention of the mutilated proposal would compel the abandonment of the entire Bill. It would be highly unjust to confer on the Councils powers which might be used for the injury of the publicans before the general control of the trade is transferred to the new authorities. The issue of compensation will perhaps be more conveniently raised when the machinery of local government has been in the first instance provided. It is true that the late agitation has largely modified any sanguine expectations which might have been founded on the project of representative government in counties. It is no longer worth while to speculate on the greater or less probability that experienced justices may be preferred as members or chairmen of County and District Councils. Personal qualifications will be as little regarded at municipal elections as during the Parliamentary contest at Southampton. A successful candidate will be not the best administrator or the most experienced man of business, but either the most devoted propagator of compulsory abstinence or perhaps the trusted favourite of the publicans and brewers. For some years past the urban Corporations have, to the great disadvantage of the community, been principally chosen with reference to political parties. The conflict in local constituencies on the issue of Local Option or of compensation will be a lower form of degradation. It is well that the project of reforming the House of Lords by raising county chairmen to the peerage has not yet been adopted. A section of the House consisting of ennobled teetotallers would present a curious spectacle.

THE CHARENTE ELECTION.

It is a sign of the very genuine fear felt of General Boulanger and his following of "autre-chosistes" that the defeat of M. Déroulède in the Charente should apparently have caused some surprise in Paris. As a natural consequence, there is a tendency to exaggerate the severity of the check given to the General. The wonderful thing is that a candidate representing him, and him only, should have polled 20,000 votes out of a total of 75,300. The department of the Charente is very Bonapartist. A candidate of that party stood on the present occasion—M. Gellibert des Séguins. There was also a strong local Republican candidate—M. Weiller. To oppose them General Boulanger sent down the most featherheaded of mankind with a recommendation worded in a fashion worthy of the Count of Chambord. To vote for M. Déroulède, said the General, is to vote for me. Twenty thousand voters were found to think this recommendation enough. No other public man in France since Gambetta's death could have published a *congé d'élire* like this without covering himself with ridicule. But, though the General has failed to secure the return of his man, it cannot be said that a candidature which secured more than a fourth of the total votes cast was purely ridiculous. As M. Gellibert des Séguins only received 31,401 votes, he had not an absolute majority, and there will, therefore, according to the French custom, be a second ballot a fortnight hence. It is possible that the result may be interesting. M. Déroulède has retired, and it will be instructive to see what becomes of the votes given to him. There will obviously be very different deductions to be drawn according to whether they are given to M. Gellibert des Séguins, as the Boulangist Committee seem to recommend, or to M. Weiller, or are merely withheld. In the first case, the Charente form of Boulangism will be shown to be absolutely hostile to the Republic; in the second, it will appear to be mainly a vague desire that the Republican form of government should be strengthened for administrative purposes; in the third, it may be taken to be merely one sign among others of the rather vague disgust with all political things which is steadily spreading in France.

Sensible observers are, in any case, well aware that the result of the Charente election is in no way a victory for the cause of stability in France. All the candidates were alike in favour of revision. M. Gellibert des Séguin's views need no explanation, and if M. Déroulède's politics are somewhat hazy, his desire to recast the present form of government is altogether beyond doubt. These two are more or less open enemies, but even the Republican candidate, M. Weiller, was no friend. He also found it necessary to announce that he was in favour of Revision. It is true that he qualified his support of this disturbing proposal by saying that his revision was to be according to M. Floquet, and nobody has ever yet heard what this exactly means. But this is a matter of detail. The essential is that all the votes given in the Charente were hostile in various degrees, if not to the Republic, then at least to its existing form. To those who are in favour of the present Constitution, and who dread the consequences of embarking on a new course of experiment and adventure, the success of any of the three candidates would have been unwelcome. The election in the Charente is regarded by them as having brought nearer the evil day of revision. It is an extraordinary proof of the

political confusion and incapacity of France that, though instability and experiments are widely dreaded, there cannot be said to be any effective militant party in favour of the present Constitution. However much politicians differ from one another, they all agree that in time of difficulty the safe resource is to upset and abolish the existing Government. As long as that creed continues to prevail there can be no stability in French affairs. It is probable that M. FLOQUET's idea of a revision is a revision which is a good way off. But he will hardly be able to choose his time; and if the failure of M. DÉROULÈDE gives rise to a belief that General BOULANGER's influence is sinking, there will be less than ever the inclination to postpone the date. What the revision will be when it comes there can be no means of knowing. Only this much is certain, that it will unsettle everything, and may produce violent disorder. It cannot encourage those who are anxious to avoid this risk to see that the absentees in the Charente have considerably increased since the last general election. In spite of the real gravity of the crisis, twelve thousand fewer voters have thought it necessary to cast their votes. Their abstention may, perhaps, be attributed to unwillingness to support any Revisionist; but, if that was the case, they should have found a representative of their own. Even twelve thousand votes in favour of the existing Constitution would work on what they think the right side. Unfortunately Frenchmen who dislike adventures and risks rarely do act, and their abstention leaves the field open to the disorderly minorities.

AYR AND THANET.

THE remembrance of Southampton and the prospect of Thanet can hardly be said to make the study of the Ayr election more cheerful; but they certainly make it much more interesting and important. For our part, we have not the slightest intention of "making a poor mouth" over any of the three, and the chief reason for dwelling on Ayr is Thanet. It is, unfortunately, only too evident what the reasons of the Ayr defeat were; and, still more unfortunately, they are the very worst reasons at all possible. To attempt to explain away a defeat is admittedly the idlest of occupations; we do not know one less idle than the attempt to explain the morals of one. Of course such morals are quite obvious enough; but the recurrence of the defeats themselves is more than a sufficient excuse for repeating the lesson even to such exceedingly dull and obstinate scholars as, we regret to say, the leaders of the Unionist party, in electioneering matters, appear to be. After Southampton especially, though the lesson of Gower in one sense and of Deptford in another was plain enough, we frankly confess that the management of the Ayr election appears to us simply incomprehensible except on the supposition either that headquarters or local managers lost their heads completely, or that one or the other desired that a seat should be lost, and lost in a peculiarly striking manner.

Any one with the slightest practical knowledge of, or even general natural gift for, election matters must have seen that the Ayr Burghs were a very ticklish seat. There was apparently an enormous Unionist majority, and an enormous majority often has, in a different way, the same defects as a too willing witness. But, in the second place, it could be seen with half an eye that this majority was utterly fallacious. It had, in the first place, been obtained by one of those strong local candidates whose polls give absolutely no idea of the normal strength of parties as distinguished from partisans. It had, in the second place, been obtained in the heat and fervour of the Unionist crusade of 1886 against Mr. GLADSTONE. Further, the person who obtained it was a strong Liberal, and had in 1885, as a Gladstonian, beaten a Conservative candidate, though by no extraordinarily great majority. In the recent contest all these conditions, so favourable to Unionist success, were reversed. The known man was on the side of the Gladstonians; the local and minor influences were mostly on the same side; the Government had not been doing well, either at the polls or in Parliament. In any case it is always a very difficult thing to canvass these collections of burghs situated at great distances from each other, jealous of each other, and prone each to take offence at supposed preference given to their companions and rivals. It is, we believe, the almost universal rule that when a man gets "well in" he holds them, short of a political convulsion, for life or a long term; but that it is very difficult to get well in. On every ground, then, there was reason for choosing the strongest candidate possible. In saying that Mr. EVELYN ASHLEY was one of the weakest possible we throw not the slightest reflection on him personally, and, on the contrary, we desire to express the warmest approval of the pluck with which he has fought battle after battle, undaunted by defeat after defeat, in the Unionist cause. Intellectually, as well as in position, in experience, in everything that makes a good member of Parliament, he was immeasurably his opponent's superior. But the qualities of a good member of Parliament and the qualities of a good candidate are unfortunately two entirely different sets of things. Electors are rarely good judges of the former; they know at once what they think to be the latter. For the Ayr Burghs Mr. ASHLEY had no one candidate's qualification that we can discern. He was a stranger; and even in this day the spirit of the famous answer, "Na! "Na! There's nae Christians here. We'se a' ELLIOTS and "JARDINES" is far from being extinct in Scotland. He was not even a Scotchman; and though it would be too much to say that Scotch constituencies will never elect Englishmen, it is certainly not too much to say that they would much rather not. He was an Irish landlord; that is to say, a person exposed to the most abundant, highly-coloured, and, to the democratic part of the constituency, most effective falsehoods of a party which seldom opens its mouth without falsifying something. All the fads were got to oppose him; and his opponent was himself certainly a member of the largest, the most influential, and the most politically unscrupulous sect of Scotch Dissenters, which is particularly strong in the West. Finally, he was a Liberal-Unionist, and if the Liberal-Unionists supported him strongly, of which there is not much evidence, the Tory-Unionists, who had made so brave a fight on their own hand against Mr. CAMPBELL three years ago, were pretty certainly not active in his favour, and Toryism contributed little, if any, general support to his cause. So he lost the seat; and it would have been something like a miracle if he had gained it.

The worst aspect of the matter, and perhaps the only aspect which really deserves notice at this time of day, is that these are all general causes, all perfectly obvious to any man of sense and discernment, and all of them certain to operate more or less in any future election. Most of them could have been understood and their working foreseen by such a man, even though he had never set foot in any one of the burghs in his life, and had never so much as heard any private intelligence of their condition. Some things in the Southampton case might have escaped a party manager who put his confidence too completely in local deputies; in the Ayr case this was impossible. Unless some fatal delicacy prevented the Government Whips from interfering with or catechizing the Liberal-Unionist Whips, or unless the Government Whips let this all-important part of the business slide altogether; or, thirdly—most charitably—unless the local managers are both stupid and obstinate almost beyond belief, the disaster could not have occurred. Perhaps, indeed, a little of all these things happened, and was rendered not merely damaging, but disastrous, by the addition of a little something else. That something else can only have been what we must call the insensate refusal of all authorities concerned to recognize the conditions of modern electioneering, simple as they are and constantly as they are illustrated both by successes and disasters. Many as are the excuses which may be made for the separate establishments of Tory and of Liberal Unionism, we have from the first felt and said that the drawbacks of them are of the most serious description. In more ways than one, and especially in electioneering ways, it appears to be thought that, if by or without mutual agreement, a Tory candidate is chosen for a place where the Tories are strongest and a Liberal one in others, and if Liberals or Tories, as the case may be, are politely requested by their own leaders to vote for the selected person, enough has been done. A wilder delusion never entered into the head of man. Except in a very few cases, the utmost efforts of both parties working together, and working each as if the candidate represented their own side, are needed against an opposition which is for the time perfectly homogeneous, absolutely unscrupulous, and not merely induced but [illegible] to sink all minor differences. A Gladstonian will pledge himself to any fad, and few, if any, Gladstonian voters will vote against him because he is pledged to it. He will qualify his Home Rule professions with any saving clause; and few, if any, Gladstonians care even to ask

whether such a qualification is consistent either with the declarations of Mr. GLADSTONE or the expectations of the Parnellites. He thus sweeps all his own voters into his net without difficulty, and the weaker faddists on the other side as well. To oppose these tactics we have (with some good exceptions which have almost invariably been rewarded with success) either a Tory candidate who is at once deserted by Liberal-Unionist faddists and by some who have not even the wretched excuse of fads, or a Liberal-Unionist candidate in a similar plight, both being for the most part hampered also by the awkwardness naturally felt by men who, after long fighting on opposite sides, now march shoulder to shoulder. We do not know on which of the two Unionist sections the greatest blame is incumbent, and we do not care. What we care about and what we know is, that it is the first and greatest duty of the party managers to act together in every case, to take means for the haranguing, the canvassing, the driving to the poll of voters of each class by agents of their own persuasion. For the Union we have, in the long run, very little fear, knowing well that, if Mr. MORLEY and Mr. PARNELL had their way with it to-day, it would be necessary to invent a new one to-morrow. But the failure to fight its battles wisely means national disgrace and disaster of the most serious kind in the meanwhile; and it means something more. It means that the management of the Unionist party is convicted of gross political incapacity.

MR. SAYCE'S HIBBERT LECTURES.

MODERN inspired works are dangerous to tackle; happily (as was said of the British infantry) there are not many of them. Into a notice of the latest "inspirational" book—Mr. LAURENCE OLIPHANT'S *Scientific Religion* (*Saturday Review*, June 2, 1888)—an inexplicable error found its way, and, still more unluckily, another false impression was produced. Mr. OLIPHANT'S volume was composed in an unusual or "inspirational" manner, for the author's thoughts "were projected into his mind with the "greatest rapidity," apparently by some external intellectual force not his own, if we correctly apprehend him. Perhaps the action of a similar, but demoniacal and delusive, inspiration may account for the errors of Mr. OLIPHANT'S reviewer. Probably the first thing that strikes a reader of his book is the curious effect produced when Mr. OLIPHANT, writing, as it seems, under some sort of inspiration, argues with authors of books on religion who make no pretensions to be inspired. Mr. OLIPHANT can tell us of sentient and moral atoms, and all about the beginnings of human fortunes, and of the relations of man to the spiritual world. It seems odd, then, that he should take less knowing authors *au sérieux*.

Doubtless this idea was "projected with great force," but in a very confused fashion, into the mind of the reviewer in our columns. It is there remarked that Mr. OLIPHANT "takes the Hibbert Lectures seriously," and that an inspirational critic should take any uninspired authors seriously is, to say the least, a great compliment. But the context leaves the impression that the Hibbert Lectures in general, and Mr. SAYCE'S Lectures on Babylonian Religion in particular, do not deserve serious consideration. This is a position which no one could maintain for a moment. Mr. SAYCE'S Lectures were noticed in the *Saturday Review* at the time of their publication, and their scholarship, learning, and originality are generally acknowledged. Doubtless no work in such obscure matter is to be regarded as final, nor can any writer expect all his conclusions to be universally accepted; but the merit of the Lectures is incontestable, and is a merit of original research. To a certain extent, however, it has been contested (in the *Revue de l'Histoire des Religions*, Paris, March–April, 1858) by M. HALÉVY. To this criticism the reviewer referred as a thing with which an "inspirational" writer like Mr. OLIPHANT should be acquainted even before its appearance in print. By that unfortunate "projection of thoughts" which has already been hinted at, and by an inexplicable confusion of names, M. HALÉVY was spoken of not as M. MEILHAC even, but as M. OPPERT. The slip of memory and of the pen is the more unaccountable as M. OPPERT is of Mr. SAYCE'S opinion, and is even referred to in such terms by M. HALÉVY in the article in the *Revue*. This mistake, which we very sincerely regret, has naturally astonished and annoyed M. OPPERT, Mr. SAYCE, and probably M. HALÉVY. But blunders appear to be inseparable from the topic, as the *Revue* on its cover calls Mr. SAYCE "M. SAYRE," and Arcadia is put for Accadia in a foot-note to M. HALÉVY'S article. We do not, of course, intend to enter into the criticisms which M. HALÉVY makes on the ideas and translations of Mr. SAYCE. Apparently a national feeling is not absent from his essay, and his theories; for he is partly engaged in defending the Semites of old, or rather in defending their part in Assyrian civilization. On the other hand, we learn that M. OPPERT, with all other specialists in "Assyriology," accepts both the facts and the conclusions of Mr. SAYCE. That Mr. OLIPHANT did not take notice in a prophetic spirit of M. HALÉVY'S then unpublished objections may thus be satisfactorily explained without impugning Mr. OLIPHANT'S authority. They were not objections that seemed important to the mysterious force by which his thoughts were "projected" into his mind. If Assyriologists and inspirational force are both agreed, then it is plain that M. HALÉVY will find it difficult to secure a verdict for his own views, concerning the value of which we do not express any opinion. It is, however, perfectly certain that M. HALÉVY is not M. OPPERT, and that M. OPPERT is the ally of Mr. SAYCE, and not his adversary. Indeed, the unlucky confusion could only be caused (humanly speaking) by that association of ideas which unites opposites.

THE MORALS OF HAILEYBURY.

THE assailants and the apologists of public schools—"England's public schools," as the Head master of Haileybury magniloquently terms them—have hitherto imputed to them rather an excessive love of freedom than an undue tendency to interference. Haileybury, however, once the nursery of the men who built up the Indian Empire, seems now to be itself built upon the model of a French School. An atmosphere of suspicion prevails. Desks are searched, money is marked, everybody watches everybody else; and everybody, as GEORGE ELIOT puts it, thinks that it would be well for everybody else to reflect that the ALMIGHTY is watching him. The most zealous of all these watchers is a person called CAMPBELL, whose comprehensive functions are thus reckoned up by himself. "My chief duties, which are very "numerous, are that I have to attend the chapel and book "the lates and absentees, to go round the various form-"rooms with the Head-master's notices, to take to the Head-"master for punishment all gentlemen reported, to visit the "towns and patrol the villages and neighbourhood, to see "that the gentlemen do not break bounds or rules, and "generally to enforce and supervise the discipline of the "school." To Mr. Justice FIELD an officer thus employed appears "a sort of Proctor." It might be argued, with some plausibility, on the principles of that eminent jurist, Mr. JOHN AUSTIN, that CAMPBELL is the real Head-master of Haileybury. His modest title on the spot is "Marshal." He is certainly responsible for the long trial which came to an end on Tuesday last, since the accusation against HENRY HUTT, which the jury disbelieved, rested solely and exclusively on the assumption of his absolute infallibility.

The difference between *meum* and *tuum* is not held in such respect at Haileybury as it ought to be. HENRY HUTT, the younger plaintiff in this action, was expelled on suspicion of stealing, and the Head-master said that any jury would have convicted him. The only jury before whom the case has come acquitted him; the issue being, in that respect, as Mr. Justice FIELD explained, precisely the same as if the boy had been in the dock. Other boys have been expelled both before and since on the same charge, and, it must be hoped, on more adequate grounds. That thefts were committed, and committed by some person or persons having access to the premises, there can be no doubt. The authorities seem to have jumped at the conclusion that boys must have been the culprits. As regards that general hypothesis, it would be improper to say more than that the offence is a very rare one among schoolboys and a very common one among servants. Schoolboy morality is not abnormally or impracticably high. But the Eighth Commandment is not one of those which it erases from the tables of the law. The only evidence against HENRY HUTT which was worth a moment's consideration is that a marked half-crown was found in his desk. The coin was marked and discovered by CAMPBELL, the school Marshal. The bedmaker was present when the desk was opened, and it is right to say that no imputation whatever has been made upon CAMPBELL. But the

power placed in this man's hands is enormous. He has held it for eleven years, and is now only thirty-one. According to the methods of procedure adopted at Haileybury, and the rules of evidence as understood in that institution, the character of every boy is virtually at his disposal. That he should have been guilty of no flagrant abuse is very much to his own credit, and he certainly came well out of Sir CHARLES RUSSELL'S searching cross-examination. But that a man in his position should be entrusted with such tremendous opportunities of mischief is a most singular and sinister circumstance. To do CAMPBELL justice, however, his ideas of proof, as distinguished from suspicion, are quite on a level with those entertained by his employers. No sooner was the marked coin detected (it has since mysteriously disappeared) than HUTT'S guilt was treated as a matter of course. The Head-master was unfavourably impressed by the fact that the boy was at once ready with a stout denial. If HUTT had been at once prepared with a bland admission, Mr. ROBERTSON would perhaps have been disposed to take a more favourable view of his case. HUTT'S refusal to confess seems to have irritated his pastors and masters even more than the crime of which they supposed him to be guilty.

The strange behaviour of Mr. ROBERTSON and Mr. FENNING is difficult to contemplate without an almost audible smile. Mr. FENNING is the master in whose house HUTT boarded, and he wrote to HUTT'S brother, "I am very, very sorry "to say that your brother has been caught stealing." It was right for Mr. FENNING to be sorry to say this. But it was wrong of him to say it, for it was not true. Mr. FENNING had no earthly business to assume that HUTT put the marked half-crown into his desk. If "caught "stealing" means anything, it means caught in the act, and a professional teacher ought to have some acquaintance with the significance of words. But HUTT had "been to Hertford," and that was most suspicious. It is true that he had asked leave, and thereby given public notice of his intention. But "going to Hertford" has acquired at Haileybury a secondary meaning almost as definite as "going to Canossa" bears at Berlin. Indeed, if innocence wishes to escape calumny at Haileybury it should avoid Hertford as it would the Devil. Mr. FENNING having failed to make HUTT confess, HUTT was locked up in the infirmary, in the hope that solitude would soften his heart. Meanwhile his brother was sent for, and had an interview with him. Now Mr. CHARLES HUTT may be very admirable in all the other relations of life. But as a brother he leaves something to be desired. HENRY protested his innocence to CHARLES in the most solemn manner, yet CHARLES would not believe him, and informed Mr. FENNING that his brother was a "first-class young liar." The foundation for this amiable, if slightly vulgar indictment is that HENRY HUTT once said he had seen "scores of snipe," when in reality he had only seen two and a half brace. As nobody was at all likely to believe the original statement, the indication of a deceptive purpose is somewhat incomplete. Mr. FENNING, in conversation with CHARLES HUTT, illustrated the judicial impartiality of his mind by the following ejaculations:—"The only thing to bring him "to his senses is a sickness almost unto death, or a broken "limb, or a thrashing within an inch of his life by a con-"fidential friend. Have you such a friend at home? "Have you an old servant?" It is gratifying to know that by this time HENRY HUTT, with the assistance of a judge and jury, has done something towards bringing Mr. FENNING to his senses.

The findings of the jury were somewhat numerous, and Mr. Justice FIELD declined to give judgment upon them without further argument. The most important of them is, that HUTT did not steal the money which was found in his box. It follows, of course, that the libels and slanders are not true. The jury, however, have taken a very merciful view of the conduct of the authorities, holding that not only did Mr. ROBERTSON and Mr. FENNING honestly believe in HUTT'S guilt, which nobody doubts they did, but that they had reasonable grounds for their belief and for the slander uttered by Mr. ROBERTSON in conversation with his predecessor, Dr. BRADBY. The breach of contract to educate his son, which Mr. HUTT, the boy's father, alleges against the Governors, is a more doubtful point, for Sir CHARLES RUSSELL contends that only the actual commission of an offence, and not merely suspicion of it, however strong, would terminate the agreement. That is a question of very great interest, which has, so far as the researches of counsel extend, never been authoritatively settled. HENRY HUTT himself has been completely vindicated from a charge which should never have been brought against him. He has not, from first to last, wavered in his denial of the charge, and if he had been considerately asked for an explanation, instead of being hastily charged with felony, a painful exposure, implicating many people, might have been avoided. He was not the least shaken by Sir HENRY JAMES, and the extraordinary remark attributed to him by the Marshal he altogether repudiated. According to this worthy, HUTT had said to him, while they were going to the railway station, "I don't care a blow. I shall go to a coach "for two years, and then to the University, and be a "parson." It cannot be denied that there is something delightfully natural about these simple, artless words, and that it would have taken a very clever Marshal to invent them. CAMPBELL, however, must have conducted a good many boys to the railway station in his time, and it is possible that he may have mixed up their respective observations. The Governing Body of Haileybury would do well to avoid the danger of fresh scandals, which cannot be good for their school, by curtailing the functions of Mr. CAMPBELL, as well as by introducing into their educational system a little more manliness and common sense.

MR. STANLEY'S EXPEDITION.

THE stories of disasters to the relief expedition under Mr. STANLEY'S command are, even after the latest reports, entitled to a limited degree of credit. Much the same sort of things have been said about every explorer. The case of LIVINGSTONE will occur to everybody's mind. Deserters from among his followers also found their way back with reports of his death so credible on the face of them, and so circumstantial, that they were very widely accepted. Yet they turned out to be the mere lies of runaways. If what may be found to be similar legends are accepted now in spite of experience, one reason may be a predisposition to think it probable that the unhappy Egyptian business must needs be disastrous to the end. Also it is a matter of experience that the common fate of African travellers is to return to Africa once too often. If Mr. STANLEY comes to a violent end in his effort to reach EMIN PASHA, he will go the same road as many of his predecessors, and such a finish to his efforts will make our history in the Soudan perfectly consistent. But our disposition to expect evil is happily no proof that misfortune has really happened. As yet there is only probability and the untrustworthy rumours of the natives to show that matters have been going badly. It is still open to everybody to believe that the relief expedition is advancing steadily, or that, if it is stopped, it is only because the rainy season has made travelling impossible.

Although, however, there is still ground for confidence, there can naturally be no certainty. The difficulties which Mr. STANLEY has to encounter are very considerable, and their magnitude has never been quite realized at home, except by a very few. Mr. ALLEN, of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, who has written to the *Times* with the object of proving that recent unfavourable rumours must be unfounded, has, probably unwittingly, given a great many good reasons why the expedition should not succeed. He argues that the impassable nature of the country accounts sufficiently for Mr. STANLEY'S long silence. A quotation from one of EMIN PASHA'S letters describes them in a very forcible fashion:—"Even Mr. STANLEY "will probably find that the difficulties of the Congo "route are almost insurmountable, especially those of "transport. I know the almost impassable swamps, the "numbers of rivers with floating vegetation from personal "observation, and I know well enough the difficulty which "a traveller will have to surmount in marching from "the Congo here." In a diary which has been recently published, EMIN PASHA speaks of a morass in which "the water between each single thicket reached up to our "necks, and the roots caught our feet like nooses." Obviously it is difficult to send messages in such a country, and Mr. STANLEY may have been compelled to break his promise of sending information to Major BARTTELOT. He will have had need of all his men as porters. But it is equally obvious that in such a country the expedition may have been overwhelmed by water or prostrated by fevers. The more we heard of impassable swamps, rivers with floating vegetation, large districts of country in which provisions could only be obtained with difficulty, as accounting for the

want of information, the more possible did it appear that STANLEY and his following had been overpowered by merely natural obstacles. They had to carry with them an immense quantity of stores and ammunition for their own use, in addition to what they were carrying for the relief of EMIN PASHA. To drag all this through swamps and morasses, over rivers and hills, is a very serious undertaking, and it was always possible that the progress made was so slow that the stores became exhausted, and the porters withered away by accident, or disease, or desertion, before Mr. STANLEY could be near his destination. Neither is it quite safe to dismiss the danger of attacks from the so-called Arabs as insignificant. It is true that Mr. STANLEY has repeating-rifles and a Maxim gun, and he is the man to use them with spirit. With a fair field and even moderate support from the members of his caravan, he would make very short work of a mob of slave-hunters. But repeating-rifles and Maxim guns, like less efficient weapons, are liable to be spoilt and lost in swamps and morasses. Moreover, it is by no means certain that Mr. STANLEY would be well supported by his black followers. He described them himself as men who would fight if they could not help it, and one of the reasons he gave for preferring the Congo route to the overland road from Zanzibar was that his men would be less able to run away. Followers of this character are not to be relied upon if they have to fight seriously in addition to doing the regular heavy work of the expedition. It is well known that the slave-hunters have become much bolder since we have allowed our influence to be weakened on the coast. They have attacked the English missions in the Lake country, and there is no reason to suppose that anything but fear would deter them from falling on Mr. STANLEY if they saw a chance. TIPPOO TIB, with whom Mr. STANLEY has been constrained to form a species of alliance, was a notorious leader of these kidnappers. It does not seem to be doubted that he would attack the relief expedition if he saw the slightest chance of doing it with effect. When it is remembered that at a real crisis only a small part of the expedition would be really trustworthy, it appears by no means impossible that the slave-hunters may have made a successful onslaught by surprise, with the help very possibly of some of Mr. STANLEY'S own men of the stamp of the deserters who have already run away from him. TIPPOO TIB'S motives for attacking the expedition are amply sufficient. Just before Mr. STANLEY appeared, TIPPOO was making a series of apparently successful attacks on the trading stations of the Congo State. The expedition put a stop to his hostilities. As long as Mr. STANLEY is anywhere in the Congo country with unbroken forces TIPPOO TIB must keep comparatively quiet. It is therefore his interest to ruin the expedition if he possibly can. TIPPOO is probably far too sensible to come in the way of the Maxim and repeating-rifles; but he may find other ways of destroying the expedition more effectual than open attack, and the last story from Leopoldville, though only supported by the word of deserters, affords at least some reason for thinking that the slave-hunters may have found their opportunity.

CRITICS AT WORK.

BETWEEN time and fashion critics of music and art are apt to suffer. They must shift and pose a bit, and face this way and that in the furtive way of compromise. If they are adepts, they show how graceful a thing it is to undulate with the undulating tide, as SHELLEY sweetly sings. But this facility is not the badge of all their tribe, as is shown by the Wagnerian critic on Wagnerian opera. Time was when the mere supposition of a Wagnerian opera on the Italian stage was scouted as little less than sacrilege. Now it is regarded as a solemn function, a pretext for much incense-burning, to composer and artists alike. The revival of *Lohengrin* at Covent Garden last Saturday is said by the *Times'* critic to be "the high-water mark of the "Italian season," and this distinction is achieved by a company of great singers under an Italian conductor, as in the old days of opera, not—strange to say—by vocalists of the German school of declamation, thoroughly inured to the rigours of Wagnerian demands. There is something of backsliding here? What has become of the impassable gulf between opera and music-drama? There was a time—and a roaring time it was—when the unregenerate WAGNER—he of Paris and Dresden—who wrote operas, was very subtly distinguished from the Master of Bayreuth and his works. *Rienzi* then was commonly regarded as an amateurish effort in the bad old direction of opera. It was worse than amateurish; it was Meyerbeerish—a term of infinite infamy with the devout. The early operas of WAGNER were nothing, in fact, but operas. Admiration of them was looked upon as the natural, though erring, yearning after the flesh-pots which afflicts the weaker vessels among the musical. With the stern, unbending Wagnerite it was no sign of grace to care for the *Fliegende Holländer* or *Lohengrin*, save, of course, as it might be taken as prognosticating a better state. The "Master" was not proclaimed in these works. They were mere operas—GLUCK, MOZART, BEETHOVEN, wrote such —but the "music-drama" of WAGNER, disdainful of the vulgar appellation, was the one true test of the elect. You must stand or fall by the colossal tetralogy. You must enter the temple by the Nibelungs' Ring—that was the fiat of the propaganda. There was no other way than this.

These are tedious platitudes, the mustiness of which is already a reproach to the O.P., or old opera party, as well as to the Bayreuth sect. The admirable rendering of *Lohengrin* at Covent Garden was indeed well calculated to make followers of WAGNER forget the choicest dogma of their old hard creed. It was not possible to express anything but warm commendation of Mme. ALBANI and the MM. DE RESZKÉ, though it was a little cruel to sentence M. JEAN DE RESZKÉ, for a fancied breach of Wagnerian (?) etiquette, to the excruciating task of reading WAGNER'S correspondence. The *Times'* critic doubts if "operatic "singers read books." There is evidence at hand that they do. Some have even possessed libraries, and some have set critics on the right road of criticism. This much is, or should be, matter of history. The common penance incurred by singers who frequently attempt WAGNER might well be deemed sufficiently serious, without the extreme penalty— the "piano forte and dire," as THEODORE HOOK has it— recommended by the *Times*. Why should not M. DE RESZKÉ have been "carried away" by the music when he made that vulgar hazard and harangued the gods, just as the late Mme. TITIENS was "somehow carried away" in the part of ORTRUD, though she detested WAGNER? That ravishment of the incomparable LEONORA of BEETHOVEN will, by the way, exercise with misgivings those who knew, as well as those who remember, Mme. TITIENS. Like other geniuses, that illustrious artist was not averse from daring and impossible adventures. She loved to play the incredible at times, *in loco*. But that she failed to measure the true value of that showy declamatory part, or that she could have swallowed WAGNER'S skimble-skamble about ORTRUD being the "political woman," is much more than any one but the simple Wagnerite can believe.

The music critic has, at least, an artistic conscience. He candidly confesses that WAGNER'S contralto or mezzo-soprano parts are "almost" beyond human capacity. He may yet complete his departure from untenable theories, seeing that he has the equipment of a critic, and a genuine feeling for art. The dramatic critic who thinks it is possible to make a bad play praiseworthy by a few strokes of the pen is quite another person. The Royalty stage version of HAWTHORNE'S *Scarlet Letter* was one of those outrages on sensibility and imagination that are less frequent perhaps than they once were in the theatre. It is satisfactory to know that it did not receive universal acclamation. The mistake of the adaptors, according to the *Times*, is to be sought in the "happy ending" of the drama. Do away with this—the one happy thing in the play—and misrepresent HAWTHORNE a little less, and *tout va bien*. The crude prescription is taken, and it is hoped the public are taken too. But there is a delightful rider to the recommendation. HAWTHORNE'S dull environment wants "comic relief." Let us only have the "humorous aspects of Puritanism" and all will be well. At present the drama lacks those comic Puritans, and until they appear no man can say whether or not HAWTHORNE'S romance has been fitly dramatized.

MR. DILLON.

THE confirmation of Mr. DILLON'S sentence of six months' imprisonment by the Court of Quarter Sessions at Dundalk will be a matter of satisfaction to all those who do not share that profound "respect for persons" which has now become habitual with Gladstonians from the highest to the lowest. Mr. DILLON has been a long time—longer a great deal than his chief rival in the work of agitation—

in bringing himself within the penalties of the Crimes Act. But, among the scores and hundreds of obscurer persons who have found their way into prison before Mr. DILLON got there, and some of whom perhaps will remain there after he comes out, there are probably more who have to thank Mr. DILLON's ingenuity and eloquence for their present sufferings than there are who stand similarly indebted to any one of his political associates, not even excepting Mr. O'BRIEN. The Plan of Campaign, if it be not the original invention of the member for East Mayo, at any rate owes to him such success as it has obtained. It was he who at the commencement of the anti-rent movement played the most active part in imbuing the minds of the Irish tenantry with those immoral doctrines which have just come under the condemnation of the Holy See. And though in the later stages of the campaign he withdrew himself somewhat from his original position of prominence, the evil which he did undoubtedly lived after him in Ireland, and his incitements have borne fruit in many an act of fraud and violence, and latterly in the infliction of many a term of imprisonment on wretched dupes who but for him would now be sitting quietly and comfortably in their own homes. We are old-fashioned enough to think that the man who is responsible for this deserves a severer punishment than his less-favoured victim; and we find no reason whatsoever for any revision of that opinion in the fact that this particular offender has succeeded in posing before his sentimental countrymen with no discernible claims as a patriot of a peculiarly romantic type, and even earning the disgusting adulation of men like Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, and, we are sorry to add, Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, who but a few years ago was playing the part of GESSLER to this pinchbeck TELL.

What the STUARTS and ROWNTREES and ELLISES and other conventions of political noodles may choose to say about Mr. DILLON and his wrongs is a matter of much less importance, and the address of sympathy which they presented to him on the confirmation of his sentence is only worth noticing for the sake of the *naïveté* with which its signatories have "given themselves away." Mr. DILLON's treatment, they tell him, is "an old story in the relations "between England and Ireland; but never before have "Englishmen been aware of it, or so ashamed of it, or so "keenly alive to the meanness of visiting all the punish- "ment springing from misgovernment upon your people "and their leaders." The "punishment arising from mis- "government" is, though an impressive, a slightly vague, expression; but the general truth of the proposition in which it occurs is as impossible to dispute as is the admirable candour of those who have enunciated it. It is undoubtedly the fact that "never before" have Englishmen, or these particular Englishmen, "been aware of," or seemed to be aware of, the enormity of punishing the instigators of crime and disorder in Ireland by imprisonment. "Never "before," it is quite true, "were they so ashamed of it, or "so keenly alive to its meanness"—that is to say, never were they all those things before Mr. GLADSTONE conceived the idea that it was better to buy the Irish leaders with appropriate legislative bribes than to imprison them. It is a precisely accurate and a most honourably frank account of the matter. We hope their candour will be equally great if ever, by some unexpected turn of the political wheel, Mr. GLADSTONE should again find it necessary to "persecute" Irish patriots, and the STUARTS and ROWNTREES and ELLISES should again be found, as beyond all doubt they would be found, marching obediently in the rear. However, that interesting time, if it is ever to come, is not yet; and meanwhile they will doubtless give Mr. GLADSTONE their active support in the attack on the Government which he is apparently threatening to base on Mr. DILLON's conviction and imprisonment—a judgment as just and a sentence as richly deserved as any that have been pronounced in Ireland, though, as the appeal was heard before one of a class of judges whom Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has compared to SCROGGS and JEFFREYS, it will be interesting to hear his Parliamentary criticism of the case.

THE NEWSPAPER LIBEL BILL.

THE Libel Law Amendment Bill has been considered as reported, and now stands for the third reading, which it will, no doubt, pass unopposed. The last considerable defect in it was removed on Wednesday afternoon, the fifth clause being struck out by a handsome majority. The reasons why its omission was a necessary condition to the passing of the Bill have more than once been explained in detail in these columns. The clause introduced on the report by Sir ALGERNON BORTHWICK enabling a judge to consolidate actions against different defendants for substantially the same libel may sometimes delay the vindication of a libelled plaintiff's character; but plaintiffs who can afford to bring several actions at once can usually also afford a certain amount of interlocutory skirmishing. The clause is only an enabling one, and while it may often be useful in saving costs, it is hardly possible that it can do any real injustice. Mr. SMITH's new clause about indicting for blasphemous or obscene libels was proposed with good intentions, but has nothing to do with the subject of the Bill. Moreover, people who do not understand indictments would do well to be careful how they interfere with them, so that the House of Lords may not improbably simplify the measure by taking the clause out. There is really hardly anything else which the circumstances of the case imperatively demand that they should do, though the addition made to Clause 4, on the motion of Mr. LAWSON, may also deserve careful consideration.

The result will be that in all points of wide importance the law will stand nearly as it does at present. With respect to reporting public meetings the existing enactment will be infinitesimally strengthened by the requirement that, in order to be privileged, the defamatory matter must not only be such that its publication was for the public benefit, but also "of public interest"—whatever that may be decided to mean. On the other hand, reports of meetings of inferior public bodies will be privileged by statute to a reasonable extent. The most important clause in the Bill is that which permits the recovery of damages for the same libel published elsewhere to be given in evidence as mitigation of damages. It is not very important, and it is, on the whole, unobjectionable. Altogether, the House of Commons may be congratulated upon having performed its duties in respect of this Bill considerably better than it usually does. Its conduct justifies to the full every one of the expressions of hostility to the Bill published before and during its consideration in Committee by the House of Commons.

THE MEETING AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

WE are glad that the step taken by the PRIME MINISTER since the last Ministerial reverse has effectually discouraged the unwise and insincere attempts which have been made in some quarters to minimize the importance of the mishap. Whatever amount of authenticity may attach to the reports of last Thursday's proceedings at the Foreign Office—and they have every appearance of being authentic—it would hardly be maintained, we presume, even by Lord SALISBURY himself, that the object of the meeting either was or was intended to be a secret. It was almost avowedly called to consider the present position and future action of the party as affected by the recent Ministerial reverses in the House of Commons; and, in the face of this fact, it would be absurd to pretend any longer that the defeat of the Government on Mr. JOHN MORLEY's amendment last Tuesday night was a light matter. The "responsi- "bilities" in connexion with that defeat have been dealt with elsewhere, and we have not hesitated to lay the chief blame on what we consider the right shoulders. We regard the maladroit Parliamentary tactics as mainly answerable for the mishap. We agree with those speakers at the meeting who complained—if they are correctly reported—that Mr. RITCHIE did not reply to Mr. MORLEY when he moved the amendment on Tuesday which was carried against the Government; and if Mr. RITCHIE replied, as he is stated to have done, by justifying his action, and declaring "that he had fully informed the party," he made, in our judgment, a very inadequate defence. We have already given our opinion that "full information" to the party, under all the circumstances of the case, was not, and could not be, conveyed by the curt statement, without note or comment, that the Government could not assent to Mr. MORLEY's proposal.

This said, however, it still remains to address a word or two to the rank-and-file. Assuming the account of their demeanour and utterances at the Foreign Office meeting to be fairly accurate—and it bears all the stamp of probability—it has become time to ask some of these gentlemen whether they have fully considered the consequences to which their present line of action in the House of Commons

is obviously tending. The members of the "left wing," as Lord SALISBURY is reported to have styled them, appear to take a view of their minor Parliamentary pledges which will sooner or later bring these obligations, such as they are, into dread conflict with the much more important purpose for which the Unionists, Liberal or Conservative, have been returned to Parliament. When we find some of these Ministerial stragglers professing themselves unable to support this or that provision in a measure because they are embarrassed by their promises to their constituents, we have to remind them of certain other promises of considerably greater concern which they seem to have forgotten. It appears to be thought by the Conservative of the "enlightened" type, as the cant phrase runs, that any local fad to which he may have committed himself for the purpose of securing his election has thenceforth a sacred and supreme claim upon his allegiance, and that the much more important pledges of general support to a Government who were placed in power to maintain the Union may be remitted to the second place. What, for instance, are we to think of a Conservative who calls upon the Government to adhere to their Sunday-closing clause, which was a proposal strictly conditioned by the acceptance of its associated provisions now abandoned, and declares that, if they do not, he will be compelled to vote against them on the strength of engagements entered into with the teetotal fanatic who helped him to his seat? Surely such gentlemen should be reminded, and reminded sharply, that they were not sent to the House of Commons to prosecute the crotchets of a knot of Pharisaical busybodies who happen to have voted for him at the last election, but to maintain the integrity of the Empire, and to keep permanently out of power the most mischievous and profligate politician who has ever attempted to mount to power upon the ruin of his country. If the pettiest form of parochialism has acquired such control over the Conservative rank and file, it is all the more necessary for their commander to recall them to a worthier conception of the cause for which they are fighting.

FOLLY OR FUNK?

We have certainly no wish to encourage by any remarks of our own the exaggerated fuss which it suits the Gladstonians to make about the recent defeat of the Government. Much indulgence may be shown for a party whom the utter blankness of their political future has driven well-nigh to despair, and they ought in charity to be allowed the luxury of making believe that every Ministerial miscarriage, small or great, is full of fatal portent for the Unionist cause. But though the Opposition may be permitted without much protest to enjoy these topics of illusory consolation, it is straining benevolence a little for a Government to go out of its way to provide them. Blunders are blunders whether their meaning and consequence be exaggerated or not, and it is the duty of Governments to transact their business without blundering. To slip and stumble continually in the conduct of a legislative measure may have no immediately evil effect on their Parliamentary position; but it cannot be expected to prepossess the country in their favour as administrators. As regards the particular measure now in question—the Local Government Bill—it has become specially incumbent upon Ministers to show skill and vigilance of Parliamentary pilotage. We have already admitted the substantial soundness of their decision in the matter of the licensing clauses. They are well quit of these proposals, and, however opinions may vary as to the policy of their original introduction, there can be no reasonable dispute as to the justification for withdrawing them. That the licensing question should be dealt with in a Local Government Bill may be a matter of legislative convenience, but the association of the two is demanded by no necessity, either logical or practical; and to have adhered to the plan of associating them in disregard of the mischievous party manœuvres for which that plan was affording opportunity would have been eminently unwise. It is quite natural that Mr. GLADSTONE should be willing to ally himself with teetotal fanatics, as he has already allied himself with much worse men, and to plunder publicans, as he has already plundered landlords, in the effort to regain a position from which he may once more attempt the dismemberment of the Empire; and it is not surprising that the first chance of adopting those tactics should be eagerly seized upon by him. But it was unfortunate that the Government should have made him a present of that chance, and it would have been the merest Quixotism to have continued to press it on his acceptance.

Still, it is never desirable that a Government should find themselves obliged to make important changes in a measure, either by way of addition or retrenchment, during its passage through the House of Commons; and since this course has been forced upon Ministers they were bound to display an even greater degree of firmness and circumspection in the subsequent conduct of the Bill than would otherwise have been required of them. All the more, therefore, to be regretted is it that they should have handled the seventh clause of the Local Government Bill with such weakness or such negligence, or, as seems the most probable account of all, such subservience to so-called "popular demands" as to have had an amendment to which they thought it at least worth while to offer opposition forced upon them by an adverse majority. It cannot be said that the mischance of last Tuesday night was one for which they had any excuse for being unprepared. On the contrary, the whole course of the discussion of the seventh clause from Friday night onward ought to have warned them, and must have warned them, that the Gladstonian Opposition—whose whole conduct on this question seems to derive its plenary inspiration from the genius of Mr. CONYBEARE and Mr. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM—would spare no effort to deprive the county magistracy of the last remains of their authority over the police. The division on the ill-judged amendment of Mr. HENEAGE—whose speech appears to us to be a complete argument for the exactly opposite course to that which he pursued—was a sufficient notice to the Government that if they valued their own proposed settlement of the police question at all, they would have to guard it, not only against the attacks of open enemies, but also against the neglect of lukewarm friends. They could not have missed the significance of the fact that Mr. HENEAGE's proposal to hand over to the County Councils "the appointment, control, and dismissal "of Chief Constables and the management of the police" was lost by only forty-six votes, and they were not long in having proof that the advocates of "popular" management for the police had been encouraged by the comparative closeness of the division. It was at any rate clear that, though they could not get all they wanted in the direction of Mr. HENEAGE's amendment, they were thoroughly bent on getting all that they could. On the following Monday night an endeavour was made, and ruled by Mr. COURTNEY to the surprise of many to be regular, to procure a rehearing for one of the two branches of Mr. HENEAGE's rejected proposal. Mr. BRUNNER, however, ultimately withdrew his amendment in favour of vesting the appointment of the Chief Constable in the hands of the County Councils. Mr. STANSFELD then made an attempt to give the County Councils the determination of the Chief Constable's salary, a proposal which Mr. RITCHIE resisted on the thoroughly reasonable ground that if the Justices were to retain the appointment of this officer they should also fix the rate of his remuneration. Here again, however, the adverse amendment was only carried by forty-one votes, and the Government were, therefore, again advertised of the existence of an important section among their followers who, in their desire to curtail magisterial authority, were prepared to sever these two obviously associated functions of appointment and payment. Their vote, at any rate, indicated a desire to prejudice the issue to be shortly raised on the Government's own proposal, since it is pretty obvious that if the House had been induced to decide that the County Councils should fix the Chief Constable's salary, they could not have brought a perfectly unbiassed mind to bear on the question whether the Justices should appoint him. Yet with all these warnings of what might be expected of their party when this question came on for decision, the Government moved neither hand nor foot on the following night to influence their vote. On reaching the substantive proposal that the Justices should appoint the Chief Constable, Mr. MORLEY simply moved, without a speech, the omission of the words conferring this power. Mr. RITCHIE signified, also without a speech, that the Government could not consent to the amendment. No other Minister said a word good, bad, or indifferent; and on the House dividing, Mr. MORLEY carried his point by a majority of 30.

We have pronounced it impossible to suppose that Ministers were unaware of the danger to which their clause stood exposed. They must have known from all that passed that a serious appeal to their followers had become absolutely

necessary if their proposal was to maintain its place in the Bill; and the inference which their enemies will draw from it is that they rode for a fall. Mr. Ritchie on the previous night had spoken of the arrangement with regard to the Chief Constable in a thoroughly half-hearted way, and it is difficult to believe that the Government really cared much about its retention. But why, then, oppose and divide against Mr. Morley's amendment? Did Ministers or did they not believe that it was important to keep the appointment of Chief Constables in the hands of Quarter Sessions, and that there were serious objections to allowing the privilege to pass into the hands of the joint Committee of Justices and County Councillors who are to have the general management of the police? If they did think it important to uphold their own plan in this matter, why did they not call upon their followers to support it? If they did not think so, why did they resist its modification? If, as has been suggested, they personally preferred their own proposal to Mr. Morley's, but did not think it "made much difference one way or the other," why did not they tell their party in so many words that they regarded the question as an open one, and so save heart-searchings to some anxious Ministerialists in either lobby? For our own part we are inclined to believe that the question at issue was not an unimportant one, and to fear that the Government did not themselves think it was. It seems to us extremely probable that control of the police by a joint committee of County Councillors and Justices will turn out in practice to be much the same thing as control by the County Council alone; and in that case the privilege of which the Justices have been deprived, and which Mr. Morley, true to his French revolutionary models, has just succeeded in transferring to an elective body, would have been the only protection against the police passing completely into the hands of County Councillors of the Conybeare and Cunninghame Graham complexion. And, as we have said, we too much fear that the Government saw this also, but in their desire to conciliate their "democratic" wing, who want the whip rather than the sop, they ran away from their own proposals.

MARTENS, EAGLES, AND OWLS.

FOR the tourist the sight of one of the Alpine birds or beasts of prey almost always adds to the charm of the scene. If he can catch a glimpse of a marten, one of the most graceful as well as beautiful of the wild quadrupeds of Europe, as it courses beneath a bank or darts to its retreat, he feels that his walk has not been taken in vain. The familiar fox is greeted with something like the feelings with which we welcome an old friend to a new home, and even the smaller robbers all seem to be in their right place in the breezy sunny landscape. But the birds are an even greater and more constant delight. One of the larger hawks circling overhead, or, if one has had a hard climb, beneath one's feet, seems the rightful proprietor of the fir-woods among which one stands or which one has left behind. Still more, when one is standing in the recesses of the rocks at the head of a mountain torrent, with nothing but precipitous grey cliffs around, and a huge raven comes hovering past or an eagle hangs apparently motionless on outspread wings in the middle of the sky, do we realize our perfect solitude, and feel that the peaks and precipices belong to them rather than mankind; and if, on our return, we hear a forester boasting of his success in slaughtering these lords of the wilderness, we are apt to feel something like indignation as well as regret.

To a forester, who looks upon the game of the district almost as his own flocks and herds, it is natural that the matter should seem different. During the whole winter he has fed the roes at a considerable expense, he has perhaps postponed the felling of a part of the wood because he knows that it contains the nest of a black cock or an auerhahn, and he is by no means inclined to look quietly on while the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air fatten on the harvest of his exertions. The marten is a gourmand. In the early spring he lives chiefly upon eggs, later on he preys upon leverets, unfledged birds and weak young creatures of every kind. He is far too dainty to touch the flesh of his victim at this season; he simply drinks the blood while it is still warm and goes his way. He has no objection to treat a domestic fowl in a similar manner if he can get into a hen-house and does not find enough fresh eggs to gorge his voracious appetite. In winter he attacks even larger game. Nothing is more helpless than a roe after a heavy snowfall; at every step his hoofs break the thin crust of ice, and so he has to wade through the solid mass. Hour by hour the marten glides over the surface of the snow beside or close behind him, till the hunted creature is fairly exhausted; then its pursuer springs upon its neck, bites the jugular vein, and sucks out its very life. In winter foxes hunt in a similar way, but they break the spinal cord and eat at least a part of the flesh instead of drinking the blood of their victims. If times are hard, they bury the rest of the carcass, but they greatly prefer fresh meat.

For the birds of prey it may at least be urged that they do act as natural scavengers. This year in many parts of the Austrian Alps the avalanches broke new paths for themselves, carrying down a large quantity of well-grown forest trees, and overwhelming whole herds of chamois and deer. When the masses of snow began to melt in the more lonely valleys ravens and birds of similar tastes might almost always be seen hovering above them. They were waiting for the dead bodies to come to light in order that they might devour them. But nature does not always supply so harmless, though repulsive, a meal; and when it is wanting poaching begins. It is especially during the breeding season that their depredations are serious, for then their families have to be provided for, and there are many helpless young animals about. Thus the remains of eight young roes, twelve chamois kids, and several lambs, were found beside an eyrie which contained two unfledged eagles in Carinthia, 1887.

The destruction of these wild birds and beasts is, therefore, one of the chief duties of a forester if a carefully preserved estate is committed to his care. Both poison and traps are well known, but the elder generation regard them, particularly the former, with dislike. They seem to think that they are taking an unfair advantage of a brother sportsman by employing such underhand means of getting rid of him. The old methods are, therefore, still in full use, and they are by no means unsuccessful.

To shoot a fox seems unchivalrous, to say the least, but in a country where hunting is impossible it is perhaps the most polite way of putting an end to its existence. This is done in the following way:—A room is prepared in some old mill or outhouse that lies outside the village, and can be heated at least by an iron stove. At a convenient distance—say from thirty to sixty yards, according to the nature of the ground—carrion is from the earliest winter thrown out upon the snow. This attracts the foxes, and a watchman informs the master of the room at what hour of the night they usually appear. When the moon is near the full, he seats himself in his ambuscade about an hour before the appointed time. There must be no light, and conversation can only be carried on in a whisper. When the fox appears he seems to untrained eyes little more than a shadow on the snow, but this half sight of him is usually enough for his enemy. Should he be missed, he will not return to the same place till new snow has fallen.

The larger birds of prey are often shot in a similar manner, though when they are concerned more labour and discomfort are involved. Some small hut which lies high among the rocks and is used in summer by the herdsmen or the fellers of timber is hired, and dead animals are exposed at a convenient distance. Any one who comes down the mountain side is usually ready to let the sportsman know if the carcases have been touched, and, if such chance news should fail, he can easily satisfy himself by visiting the place. When he is convinced that the expected guests have duly put in their appearance, he leaves his home at such a time as will allow him to reach the hut an hour before dawn. Such a night excursion over the frozen snow requires considerable local knowledge and some skill in mountaineering, and when the destination is reached it is by no means a palace of delight. The huts can rarely be heated in any way, and, if they could, it would be of little use as the sportsman must sit with his window open. A raven or an eagle will be frightened away by the mere opening of a casement to which, if it be done quietly, the fox pays no attention. All is now perfectly still around, and the stars are the only lights that are to be seen. At last a grey streak appears in the east, and soon afterwards a dark mass hovers or pounces down on the feast that has been treacherously spread for him. The light is still too dim to admit of a certain aim; but, if the sportsman is young and keen, he will probably try his luck. Should the bird fall he lets it lie quietly, in order not to awaken the suspicion of newcomers. In this way three or four large birds may occasionally be bagged in a single morning. In the evening twilight a shot may occasionally be obtained, but this is comparatively rare.

Of spring mornings a more original form of sport is practised. It would be interesting to know why all birds of prey bear a personal enmity to the horned owl; but the question is one that we cannot pretend to answer. The fact, however, is beyond question, and it is one of which gamekeepers and others make full use. A bird of this kind is caught or reared. He does not make a very amusing pet; but it is not his mission in life to be amiable—that is the very last thing his master expects or wishes from him, if he were to get really tame he would be useless. He learns to know the man who feeds him, and to regard him with a little more tolerance than other members of the human family; but even his keeper must handle him with the greatest caution, as his beak and talons are formidable weapons, and he has no scruple whatever about using them. Most foresters in the higher Austrian Alps have an owl of this kind, or at least know there is one in the neighbourhood which they can borrow on occasion.

When you have an owl, the next thing is to determine the scene of your exploits. An exposed upland meadow bordered by woods is the best. Here a kind of hut is built of branches lopped from the neighbouring trees, in such a way as to conceal the persons within while allowing them a free outlook in all directions. At a convenient distance, and generally somewhat above the hut, a dead and leafless bough, with a single cross branch from three to four feet above the earth, is erected. It must be stout and firmly

driven into the turf; for it is to serve as a perch for your owl, which is heavy and by no means wanting in vigour. When these arrangements have been made, it is best to leave the place unvisited for two or three days.

On the day when the adventure is to be consummated the sportsman carries his gun and the keeper the owl to the hut; the latter is fastened to the stake by a light chain, which must be long enough to enable the bird to flutter from the perch to the ground, and go a yard or so in every direction. To the chain a long cord is attached, the other end of which is placed in the hut. Its purpose is to enliven the owl. If he shows signs of drowsiness a slight pull will wake him up, and a rather stronger one will induce him to flutter down from the branch or to return to it again, as the case may be. As soon as these arrangements have been completed everybody present retires to the hut, and the owl seats himself on his perch and turns his head round and round with an expression in his eyes which seems to say that he is disgusted with things in general and his own position in particular.

If the sportsman has any luck, a flight of the small mountain crows will soon circle, cawing loudly, above their feathered enemy. They have a bad name as egg-stealers; but the forester does not shoot at them, because he knows their angry cries are likely to attract larger birds, and they themselves rarely venture to attack the owl. If they do, it simply raises all its feathers, which make it look twice its real size and are a sufficient protection. When threatened by more powerful enemies, it flutters down and throws itself on its back; in this position it is a match for all but the very largest birds of prey. It rarely comes to this, however, since as soon as a hawk or raven is fairly within shot it is usually brought down or else frightened away by the discharge of the gun.

This sport may be practised with success at almost any hour except full noon, but the dawn is considered the best time; and such an excursion to one of the huts has many charms besides those that depend upon the slaughter of birds which, however hateful they may be to the gamekeeper, the lonely wanderer can hardly help regarding as his comrades. The sharp night walk through the light mountain air, the gradual awakening of nature, the scent of the fir-trees are all enjoyments in themselves; and it may be added that they tend to sharpen your appetite for the excellent, though simple, lunch which your host, if he be a true sportsman, will certainly have provided.

SORRY THEY SPOKE.

By all persons of sensibility the woes of Dr. Smolka, President of the Austrian Reichsrath and Delegation, must be regarded with peculiar sympathy. It is a difficult matter to say new and appropriate things on such an incident as the death of the Emperor Frederick, and the venerable President of the Austrian Reichsrath has no doubt been not alone in feeling this. But Dr. Smolka need not have complicated his difficulties by rushing into one of the thorniest places of theology, and forgetting entirely a certain chapter of Holy Writ which disclaims with the utmost energy the doctrine about "the sins of the fathers" as construed in the narrow sense. Dr. Smolka assured the world, it seems, that the sufferings of the Emperor Frederick were not the punishment for any offences of his own, but were "an expiation for the sins of his forefathers"—sins for which he was "not responsible." Now there does not appear to have been any indignation aroused by the worthy Doctor's rather questionable theology; but much by his politics. For he is a Pole, and it was imagined that this reference was to the partition of Poland, in which little matter Austria herself was not exactly unconcerned. So the press of the Austrian capital and of the Austrian Empire appears to have been indulging, less pointedly, but with equal energy, in some reflections on Poles similar to those expressed in undying verse by one Heinrich Heine. Indeed, Dr. Smolka seems to have, in vulgar phrase, "got it all round." Some Austrians were insulted at the supposed reference to the partition; others have charged him with trying by a new blunder to make up for an old one—to wit, his former reference to the Emperor William I., in which he was thought to be unpatriotically forgetful of Sadowa—and his Polish fellows upbraid him with oblivion of certain supposed tyranny of Prince Bismarck's towards the countrymen of the great Eselinski. It is to be hoped that he, like Miss Ferrier's young ladies when their younger sisters were married before them, is "Wonderfully Supported and bears up with Astonishing Firmness." But it can hardly be doubted that he is sorry he spoke.

In this not least mortifying of human conditions he has, or ought to have, certain companions nearer home. One of these is Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde, M.P., who enjoys a certain distinction—first, as being one of the two or three "persons of quality" who have joined themselves to Mr. Parnell's tail of Yahoos; and, secondly, as sharing the name of an immortal. The unhappy Sir Thomas, strong in the belief that it is an Irish member's duty to be troublesome in questioning, and perhaps flushed with the amount of contributions from the American housemaids which he brought home the other day, has, it seems, been asking questions about the whereabouts of Her Majesty's ship *Belleisle*. He has thereby excited noble wrath in the breast of Mr. Davitt, who has historical reasons for not being fond of Her Majesty's forces of all kinds. Majestic are the words, sublime the warning, of the Emeritus-Professor of "penmanship." "What in the name of common sense and decency has the whereabouts of this warship to do" with Sir Thomas's duties? What has he to do with naval and military forces alternately "pressed into the service of coercion and eviction," and engaged in "the ruin of hundreds of Irish girls"? Now we had thought that all the princes of darkness combined could not ruin an Irish girl, according to the boast of her compatriots. It should be left to Tories to be anxious about the sailings and moorings of such media of misgovernment, &c. &c. Probably since that countryman of Davitt's, who talked about the "small cornuted animal," no finer description of ships than "media of misgovernment" has been devised; and the anathema of Davitt is otherwise interesting as showing the combined spirit of childish treason, of ultra-feminine disloyalty, to which our Gladstonians wish to entrust a third of the United Kingdom. But these are reflections for Unionists; Sir Thomas can only, like poor Dr. Smolka, be "sorry he spoke."

A figure equally pathetic in degree, and of a pathos not wholly different in kind, is presented by the head of the house of Bass, weeping over the "responsible leaders of the Liberal party" at the licensed victuallers' meeting of Wednesday last. Far be it from us to make any fun of Lord Burton's words in themselves. What he said about the "recorded opinions" of the leaders just referred to on the subject of property in and compensation for the loss of licences was perfectly true. The movement against the brewers' property *is* "confiscation of the broadest and most unscrupulous character," though not perhaps so very much broader than that against Irish landlords. The licensing question "had been brought to the front for party purposes," the leaders had been "attracted by an agitation based on misrepresentation and misstatement; an agitation which appealed to the cupidity of men." "Virtue and morality were invoked, but the real appeal was made to the pockets of the electors." It would be absolutely impossible to speak truer words be the speaker who he may. But, if we turn from the words to the speaker, and inquire a little who he is, then the twinklings of the eye of heartless merriment may accompany the curlings of the lip of brutal sarcasm. For it is this same Lord Burton who not many weeks ago (more by token a poet of our own enshrined the incident in deathless verse) assured an audience that he and they "meant to go in solid for the Grand Old Man." Alas! when he said that he meant to go in solid for the Grand Old Man, he evidently did not think that the Grand Old Man would not go in, but "go for," the liquid interest. Beer is touched, and the solidity or solidarity of Lord Burton with Gladstonianism undergoes a fatal dissolution. If Lord Burton had known how false Mr. Gladstone would have grown when he heard the bells tinkle that welcomed him (and Lord Ripon, we think) on that occasion some weeks ago, he would have done then, we trow, what he cannot help now, and have handed over the idea of solidity with so bad a man to anybody who might like to have it. But it is too late; and when anybody in the future mentions the phrase "going in solid" before Lord Burton, the very least thing that can be anticipated is that Lord Burton too will be sorry he spoke.

Indeed, the political man's life, unless he is extraordinarily adroit or extraordinarily shameless, must be to no small degree a life of being sorry he spoke. If Mr. Parnell is one of the most tactically successful of political leaders, it is precisely because he is so careful of saying anything; he writes letters, they say, sometimes. Mr. Gladstone, it is believed, never feels this peculiar sensation. Indeed, Dante would have probably placed him in a new *bolgia* of the Inferno; his tongue perpetually branded afresh by demons with all the words which he has spoken, and which he ought to be, but is not yet, sorry for. Sir William Harcourt (whose birthplaces, we are glad to observe, are multiplying like Mr. Gladstone's own), though he has said some awkward things in the past, now, it may be observed, avoids with considerable skill saying anything but an infinite deal of nothing; and we hardly think that when, as he doubtless will, he becomes a strong Unionist, any one will be able to discover a single decided phrase of his that may cause him inconvenience. Mr. Morley, being quite sincere, has no reason to be sorry for anything he has spoken; though a sufficient quantity of political hellebore might make him very sorry for much that he has thought. But in some of the minor stars or prophets—as, for instance, Sir George Trevelyan—the mood is very common. He cannot brazen it out like Sir William, and say that he has "refused to desert the party to which he belonged and the leader under whom he serves"—a description of desertion which would seem to show that Abdiel was a very contemptible character. During his gyrations between Unionism and Separatism not long ago, he said all sorts of things which he had almost in so many words to confess himself sorry for having spoken shortly afterwards—generally, indeed, next week—and this foolish trick abides with him still. On Wednesday Sir George confessed that Mr. Dillon's heart "perhaps burnt a little too hotly when he spoke about the injustice of arrears." Now just at this same time Sir William Harcourt, after describing Ayr as the "Scotch hegira" of Mr. Chamberlain (by the way, what is Sir William's exact notion of a hegira? we should like to see it), declared that Mr. Dillon's voice, converted in his imprisonment into a protest from Sir William himself and other pure-minded patriots, will "find an echo in every heart that is not insensible to the sentiments of honour [as evinced by not paying the rent you have agreed to pay], of humanity [as shown by boycotting and cattle-maiming], and of justice [as shown by Moonlight murders]." Now it is very hard to reconcile Sir George's

admission that Mr. Dillon's heart "perhaps burnt too hotly," and Sir William's boisterous determination that every honourable man, *à la* Harcourt, every humane man, *à la* Brady and Kelly, every just man, *à la* Plan of Campaign, must, shall, and will make his own heart burn at exactly the heat of Mr. Dillon's. These things agree not together; and the speaker (or at least one of them) ought to be sorry he spoke—if twenty Separatists had been elected for twenty Ayrs. Nor was it wise of Sir George in the same speech to confess that Liberalism had now no official standing ground in Birmingham. Could even he, with whom malapropos speeches seem to have become a habit and almost a mania, be deaf to the sense of such a phrase? It surely must, like the energetic anathemas of the reverend gentleman mentioned by Fuller, have "left a dismal echo in his auditors' ears for a good while longer." Liberalism no standing ground in Birmingham? A coalless Newcastle? Athens destitute of owls?

Alas! why is not Praed alive to string up in musical verse a patter of impossibilities fit to go with this astonishing confession of Sir George's. Birmingham Liberals, it seems, as Sir George counts Liberalism, "have to go beyond their own bounds," have to go to Walsall and Wolverhampton, to Sir George and Sir Balthasar, to Parthians and Medes, and to Elamites and dwellers in Mesopotamia, in order to find "staunch Liberals" to lead them. The explanation of the miracle is, it seems, in this wicked Mr. Chamberlain. But that is hardly an explanation that explains. Something else must have happened, and we all know what it is to wither the Liberalism of Birmingham in a night. And if Unionist speakers were half as active as Separatist, and half as ready to catch their opponents tripping, it would not be long before the good people of Birmingham would hear this said in a manner which would make Sir George, who is not yet by any means case-hardened, distinctly conscious of the sorrowful chances of speech.

THE SELBORNE MAGAZINE.

IN these days of hurry and turmoil, when even the modest primrose is torn up by the roots to become an article of commerce in crowded cities, when primrose farms are established, and when we hear of gowns trimmed with the bodies of robins or of blackbirds, and ladies' hats surmounted by the wings of many warblers, it is refreshing to read the monthly *Selborne Magazine*, the organ of the Selborne Society. The Society, as many readers of the *Saturday Review* will remember, was formed by Mr. and Mrs. Musgrave with a view of entering a protest against the destruction of rare birds or the use of the plumage of woodland birds in dress, and for the preservation of wild plants and to promote the study of nature. The *Selborne Magazine*, in a very unpretentious form, gives information dear to the lovers of nature, and those who have observed interesting facts in natural history are encouraged to communicate what they have seen.

We cannot but feel that if once the public understood what irreparable injury is done by destroying wild flowers or killing the feathered songsters of our woods, they would join in a league for their protection. There is a part of the country which at this time of year is a paradise of wild flowers, which are, however, somewhat cherished by art; nevertheless, they give the effect of being wild. The banks are literally covered with blue forget-me-nots, the gardens have been brimming over with cowslips, oxlips, wallflowers, and myriads of primroses. Now the woods are dazzling with vivid yellow azaleas, flashing golden broom, scarlet and white rhododendrons, fragrant lilac, sheets of blue-bells, and the beautiful pink ragged robin and green fern. Through these woods during Whitsun week upwards of two thousand excursionists wandered; they mostly came from crowded cities, but it is said that not a single blossom or bough was touched.

These woods are frequented by many rare birds, but they have not hitherto been spared. The owls in particular have been sometimes shot, but it is hoped they will in future be protected. One of the great charms of the *Selborne Magazine* is that it mentions every month what wild flowers are blooming, and, in fact, teaches those who are beginning to study the book of nature where to look and what to look for, and, indeed, for what wood notes wild to listen. It is pleasant to think that even dwellers in London may easily study nature in some of the parks; and within a very short distance from London there are lanes, and woods, and commons, where the true lover of nature may enjoy a ramble. Lord Tennyson is President of the Selborne Society; and if all those who have read with rapture his descriptions of spring, summer, and autumn glories would unite in discouraging the thoughtless destruction of wild flowers, and the cruel slaughter of sea-gulls and other birds for adornment, the practices might cease, and many a rare bird dwell in our woods. If everyone who is observant, and who has opportunities of studying nature, were to note his or her experiences, most interesting facts would be gleaned. And one pleasant feature of the *Selborne Magazine* is that letters are admitted from correspondents who have noticed circumstances bearing on the habits of birds or the blooming of flowers. These communications often show how much pleasure may be found by observant dwellers even in parts of the country not remarkable for picturesque features, while those who live in woodland, mountainous, or lake districts find constantly fresh subjects of interest. We believe that among the poorer classes the love of nature is very strong, and that if the working people once realized that in uprooting wild flowers the great charm of our rural country is being destroyed, they would rarely yield to the temptation of taking the sweet blossoms; and it would be well to give away publications like the *Selborne Magazine*, as many acts of depredation are committed in ignorance.

THE MARIONETTES.

AFTER an absence of some years, the Marionettes have returned to the scene of many of their greatest triumphs; for ever since the fifteenth century these amusing puppets have been favourites with Londoners. If we are not mistaken, their last appearance of any importance was about thirty-five years ago, when a troupe of wooden actors attracted crowds to the Adelaide Gallery to witness a performance of *Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp* and a "skit" on the adventures of Johanna Wagner and her manager, which were then the talk of the town. Doubtless the Italian Exhibition is mainly responsible for the appearance of no less than two companies of marionettes this season, one playing at the theatre recently opened in the gardens of that institution, and the other at Hengler's Circus. Both companies solemnly announce that they have had the honour of performing before their Italian Majesties, and are of equal merits. Unquestionably these are the right players for children, and this was the opinion of George Sand, who spent a good deal of her spare time at Nohant organizing performances of marionettes for the amusement of her grandchildren. From time immemorial these wooden comedians have held their own against players of flesh and bone, and have maintained a respectable position in the theatrical world. The ancient Egyptians were devoted to them, and even buried them decently in the coffins of their children; for relics of mechanical dolls have been frequently found in the coffins of Egyptian, Greek, Etruscan, and Roman children. At the feast of Osiris they took an important part in the pageant, and later on, when Rome was at the acme of her glory, marionettes flourished exceedingly; and among the most popular of them was the figurine of Mandacus, who is possibly the direct ancestor of Croquemitaine and Punch. After the decline of Roman grandeur, the wooden actors are lost sight of for nearly six hundred years. Possibly they were in existence, and paying their expenses right merrily; but we hear nothing of them until the middle ages have fairly set in, and then they came to the front once more—this time in religious garb, enacting scenes from the Bible, the life of Christ, and the legends of the saints. At Jerusalem the Crusaders witnessed them perform in the Passion plays; and in Spain, even as early as the Council of Orehuela, they had already become so numerous and perhaps also so irregular in their conduct, by not appearing in sacred dramas with becoming gravity, that this solemn assembly unanimously excommunicated them, and decreed their suppression. In England, even in the time of Edward II., troupes of marionettes visited the village fairs and acted, to the delight of the country folk, Miracle and Passion plays. The sixteenth century beheld a startling change in their répertoire, at least in Italy. They suddenly abandoned the sacred for the profane drama, and Sanudo tells us in his Diary that, when Lucrezia Borgia was married to Don Alfonzo d'Este, she was, among other innumerable amusements organized for her pleasure, entertained with a grand ballet, danced by dolls, which was performed before her at Bologna. Henry III. of France was a great patron of the marionettes, and so was Louis XIV., under whose reign, in 1669, the sum of 1,365 livres was paid to Jean Broché, a famous impresario of wooden actors, for eight performances by marionettes, before the Dauphin and the children of France. Anthony Hamilton, in a letter to the Princess Anne, daughter of James II., describes a marionette show at St. Germain, and quotes these lines:—

> Blanchisseuses et soubrettes,
> Du dimanche dans leurs habits
> Avec les laquays leurs amis,
> Venant de voir à juste prix
> La troupe de marionnettes,
> Pour trois sols et quelque denier
> On leur fit voir non sans machines
> L'Enlèvement de Proserpine.

In the last century the marionettes were exceedingly fashionable, and Voltaire invited a troupe of them to visit him at Cirey, where they had the honour of performing before him and his friends, affording thereby a very fine subject for a picture, which we think has yet to be painted. The English Puritans waged a cruel war against the poor puppets, and it was not until quite late in the last century that they emerged in this country from their enforced concealment and became once again the fashion. In Italy they have always been favourites with all classes, and even now there are some twenty companies of them strolling up and down the country from Milan to Naples, playing principally in Advent and Lent, for the benefit of children, plays of a religious character. Of these companies, the best are the two now in London.

We are glad to observe that our old friends the marionettes are not as yet affected by the spirit of modern progress. They appear content to remain just as they have always been; for, beyond the fact that they are now decidedly smarter as regards their dress, their anatomy is as simple as ever, and the wires which make them move are quite as visible. Were they ever to complicate

their machinery, and to attempt to improve themselves, say by means of electricity, they would cease to be worthy of their fame. As they are at the Italian Exhibition and at Hengler's, so were they seen by Charles Dickens years ago in Genoa, when he immortalized them in one of his most diverting pieces of descriptive writing in *Sketches from Italy*. They need no improvement; for, if they were to be made in the least degree cleverer than they are, they would cease to astonish children and at the same time to amuse their elders. In their present condition, which we believe has changed but little since the days of the Cæsars, they attract brilliant audiences, and prosper to the entire satisfaction of all concerned, manager included—indeed, especially of the manager. Their principal danseuses eclipse Palladino in graceful agility and defy the Lord Chamberlain. We cordially welcome these pleasant and harmless visitors. We have seen the Universal Deluge, and have been greatly edified on beholding the refined manners of Noah as he bows to the beasts as they pass into the ark; and we have heartily applauded the dancing of the *prima ballerina* in the brilliant ballet *Excelsior*. Marionettes are really a very important and interesting people—if so we may call them—having a history stretching back into the night of time, and a great historian and dramatist in M. Mongin, who has devoted years to their interests; and has not M. Gounod composed a funeral march in their honour? Why are they called marionettes? This is a question more difficult to answer than many a one of greater import. According to M. Mongin, they obtained this name in Venice, where *Marie di legno* or *Marionette*, wooden figures of the Virgin moved by machinery, used to be carried in the processions after the Serenissima had decreed that girls were no longer to dress themselves up as the Madonna. They are not to be confounded with Popozzi—very inferior people indeed, who are not moved by wires, but by the fingers, and who, like our own excellent Punch and Judy, can only appear under certain conditions, which a respectable marionette would consider most undignified and compromising.

RACING AT ASCOT.

THE misfortune which befell Friar's Balsam had been a source of terrible vexation to those who had hoped to see him win the Derby, and the reported lameness of the actual winner of the Derby, at the end of last week, was almost as great a disappointment to racegoers at Ascot. The first race at that meeting was a very close though scarcely a pretty one. Zest, an outsider at 16 to 1, who had been making the running, began to waver in his stride in the manner of a beaten horse at the distance, where Sky Pilot and Palmleaf drew gradually up to him. On nearing the winning-post Sky Pilot seemed to have the race in hand, as Zest was evidently quite pumped out; but somehow or other Zest just rolled in a head in advance of him, while Palmleaf was only half a length behindhand. The colt by Galliard out of Distant Shore, now named Gulliver, was made favourite for the Maiden Plate, on the strength of his third to Gold and Freemason for the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom. Opposite the Royal Inclosure four of the competitors were almost on even terms, and after a beautiful race the favourite, ridden by Webb, won by a head from Kingscote, ridden by T. Cannon, while the second and third and the third and fourth were only separated by necks. That Mr. Houldsworth's Arrandale should have been favourite for the Prince of Wales's Stakes of 2,225*l.* did not say much for the quality of the field that was to contend for it, as he had never won a race. Throughout the greater part of the race he ran very forward, and he took the lead on coming round the bend towards the stands; soon after entering the straight, however, he stopped so suddenly that it was feared he must have broken down, although he showed no signs of lameness after the race. When he gave up racing, Merry Andrew was left in front, though not for long, as the Duke of Westminster's Ossory, followed by Galore and Netheravon, shot past him. After this it was a tame affair, for Ossory ran on and won easily by three lengths. This own brother to Ormonde had only run twice before, the first occasion having been when he won the Criterion Stakes last October, and the second when he was unplaced for the Two Thousand. He is a chestnut colt with good shoulders and strong, lengthy quarters, and he now appeared far more muscular than on the day of the Two Thousand; but, in the opinion of some, he looks rather narrow and split up from behind, and his starting fifth favourite at 10 to 1 did not say much for the estimation in which he was held by the public. The Ascot Stakes was not a very satisfactory race, as the first favourite was a four-year-old carrying 6 st. 10 lbs., and the winner, who started at 20 to 1, was also a four-year-old and only carrying 6 st. 7 lbs. Mr. Brydges-Willyams's Banter had won the Great Northern Handicap at York under 6 st. 2 lbs. by five lengths, so, as he had only 7 lbs. extra to carry for that victory, he became a hot favourite for the Ascot Stakes; but he only ran third, the race being won by Mr. J. Jameson's Dan Dancer, a hurdle-racer who had taken part unsuccessfully in the Grand Hurdle Race at Auteuil last week. On leaving France he had been taken home to Penrith, and only on Monday, on being telegraphed for by his owner, was he brought all the way back to Ascot. He returned to Penrith the next day, after having travelled, it is said, over 1,800 miles in a fortnight. Twenty years had passed since a horse as old as four under so light a weight as 6 st. 7 lbs. had won the Ascot Stakes, and we hope that at least as many years may elapse before such an event occurs again. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild's Cotillon was the favourite for the Gold Vase, as his good and unexpected second to Orbit for the Craven Stakes had not been forgotten. After that race his present owner bought him for 1,500*l.* Ténébreuse, the winner of last year's Grand Prix de Paris, carrying a 7 lbs. penalty, was second favourite, but she ran like a non-stayer, and was beaten when she had gone about a mile and a half of the two mile course. Half-way up the hill, just opposite the new boxes, Exmoor and Cotillon came away together, and fought out a splendid race. Exmoor, who won the Visitors' Plate at Ascot a year ago, was just able to beat Cotillon by a head. Prince Soltykoff's chestnut colt, Gold, the winner of the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom, was made a strong favourite for the Biennial, and he won the race, but not until his backers had had a good fright, as Osborne made a very pretty rush on the outsider, John Elder, a very neat bay colt by Petrarch, that had been unplaced for the Whitsuntide Plate. All that he could do, however, was to collar the favourite and run him to a neck. Lord Durham's chestnut filly, Gulbeyaz, who had won two races and had never yet been beaten, was only half a length behind John Elder. That good stayer, the Duke of Westminster's Savile, was the favourite for the Triennial. Below the distance, Lord Calthorpe's Florentine came away as if he intended to win the race, only to change his mind and throw the whole thing up opposite the Royal Inclosure, leaving the Duke of Beaufort's Dante, to whom he was giving 19 lbs., to win easily, with Devilshoof and Ruddygore as second and third.

On the Wednesday Prince Soltykoff's Sheen, a nice level colt by Hampton, won the Ascot Derby of 1,175*l.* by five lengths, and Lord Londonderry's Hazlehatch had no difficulty in disposing of Lord Randolph Churchill's two-year-old filly L'Abbesse de Jouarre for the Fernhill Stakes. Backers were astute enough to select the winner from among the twenty-two candidates for the Royal Hunt Cup in Captain Machell's Shillelagh, a three-year-old colt by the American-bred sire, Brown Prince. He won a couple of races last year in Ireland, where he was bred, and he was brought over to England, and beaten at Liverpool in the autumn. Captain Machell then bought him, and about a month ago he ran him for the Newmarket Handicap, for which he started first favourite, made the running, and finished only fifth. He was put into the Royal Hunt Cup on the very favourable terms of 6 st. 3 lbs. He is a powerful, deep-bodied brown colt, and he ran well, but he was pressed rather hard by the outsider, Attila, who ran him to a neck, while Veracity, the winner of the Lincolnshire Handicap, was not far behind him. Van Dieman's Land's third for the Derby was proved to be no fluke by his easy victory for the Biennial of 836*l.*, a race in which Chillington made no improvement on his Epsom form. For the Triennial of 621*l.*, Prince Soltykoff's pretty pony, Pantomime, by Mask, was beaten by Mr. Houldsworth's well-shaped and short-legged colt, Regalis, who was running in public for the first time. Although she was giving each of them a stone, Lord Calthorpe's Seabreeze, the winner of the Oaks, had no difficulty in beating her seven opponents for the Coronation Stakes of 2,200*l.*, thereby making her total winnings in stakes 9,272*l.* The last race of the day, the Visitors' Plate of 435*l.*, was won by the disappointing Ashplant, who had not won a race for two years.

As Satiety had not thickened out since last season so much as had been expected, the already mentioned two-year-old, John Elder, was made rather a better favourite for the New Biennial on the Thursday. The two-year-old made the running gaily enough for half the distance, and then Satiety drew up to him, whereupon he tried to swerve and ran in a most ungenerous fashion. Eventually Satiety won in a canter by four lengths. It was reasonable enough to make Seabreeze first favourite for the Rous Memorial Stakes of 970*l.*; yet the shortness of the course and her 10 lbs. disadvantage in the weights were enough to account for her half-length defeat by Mr. H. T. Fenwick's Phil, who has improved very much in appearance since he ran third for the Prince of Wales's Stakes and fourth for the St. Leger last year; nor are critics wanting who doubt whether Phil's victory was not mainly owing to the brilliant riding of T. Cannon Mr. H. M'Calmont had shown good judgment in buying Timothy, even though the price was at a considerable advance on the 4,000 guineas for which Captain Machell had purchased him from "Mr. Manton"; for he won the Ascot Cup in the commonest of canters from a previous winner of that very race, as well as from winners of the Oaks and the Grand Prix de Paris. It is, however, but fair to say that Bird of Freedom was decidedly "groggy," that Rêve d'Or seems to have lost her form, and that Ténébreuse has either done the same or proved herself unable to stay beyond a mile and three-quarters in good company. The Duke of Portland's Donovan walked rather queerly when he came out for the New Stakes; some said that this was owing to warbles under his saddle, others that it was the result of sore shins; nevertheless he won his race, although only by a neck after a desperate struggle with Gulliver, who had been run to a head by Kingscote and to half a length by Clodpole on the Tuesday. As he was giving Gulliver 7 lbs., this performance still left Donovan considerably better than either of the trio; and, if something extra ought to be allowed for the cause of his shrinking under his saddle—whatever it may have been—he may still be considered well at the head of the two-year-olds of the season. Some judges consider him wanting in bone, and rather straight on his forelegs; others, on the contrary, think him a colt with a

grand body on short legs, if on a somewhat small scale, and, to his credit be it spoken, he has already won 8,203*l.* in stakes. The five-year-old Deuce of Clubs, who cost 3,500 guineas nearly three years ago, won his maiden race in the All Aged Stakes of 310*l.*, and then came the St. James's Palace Stakes of 1,550 guineas, which produced a magnificent race, ending in a dead heat, between Ossory and Galore. On the Tuesday, when Ossory had beaten Galore easily by three lengths for the Prince of Wales's Stakes, the distance had been a mile and five furlongs, and now the course was only a mile; so, as Galore is a very fast horse, he was just able to catch Ossory. The day ended with a splendid race between Lord Calthorpe's Toscano and Sir W. Throckmorton's Annamite, the former winning by a head.

The Duke of Westminster's Orbit, with 5 to 2 laid on him, swerved in his race for a Triennial of 952*l.*, and was beaten by a neck by Lord Falmouth's filly Rada, who had been second in the Oaks. Possibly the distance may have been too short for Orbit; but we are inclined to doubt it. A field of twenty-four ran for the Wokingham Stakes, and Shillelagh, who had been sold (it was said for 5,000*l.*) after his victory for the Royal Hunt Cup, was made favourite. The race, however, was won by Sir W. Throckmorton's Annamite, by four lengths. It was high time that he won something, as he had lost eleven races consecutively. Mr. Viner's Minting, with 100 to 7 laid on him, won the Hardwicke Stakes of 2,573*l.* from Love-in-Idleness, but scarcely in his best form. In spite of the general idea that his career has been blighted by Ormonde, Minting has now won more than 20,000*l.* The remarkably well-made but perhaps rather small two-year-old, Linkboy, won the Windsor Castle Stakes of 588*l.* He was purchased by Mr. Miller early in May for 2,500*l.*, and he has won three races running. Attila, who had only been beaten by a neck for the Royal Hunt Cup, was made favourite for the High Weight Plate of 615*l.*, and he just won it by a short head from a 20-to-1 outsider. Timothy won the Alexandra Plate in a canter by three lengths from Savile and The Cob, thereby bringing his winnings in stakes up to nearly 11,000*l.*

THE COPPER SYNDICATE.

FOR some little time an uneasy feeling has been growing that a fall in copper is imminent, since it is feared that the great Syndicate which forced up prices so rapidly last autumn then undertook more than it has been able to accomplish. It will be in the recollection of our readers that towards the close of last year there was a sudden rise in the price of the metal from about 40*l.* a ton to over 80*l.* a ton, and at the same time there was an equally rapid advance in the prices of copper-mining Companies' shares. To maintain the rise the Syndicate which manipulated the market entered into contracts with the principal copper-mining Companies all over the world, in which the Syndicate undertook to buy from the Companies at specified prices all the copper which the Companies could not sell to other parties at that price or higher. The Syndicate is represented by the Société des Métaux, and is understood to be supported by several great Paris banks and by powerful financial houses in Paris, London, and elsewhere. It must, of course, have been foreseen by the members of the Syndicate that so great a rise in price would attract copper from all parts of th world. Every one who had old copper to dispose of would naturally hurry it to market, while the copper-mining Companies likewise would be stimulated to increase their output. And this has occurred. In the eight months from the 1st of October to the end of May, the imports of copper into England and France amounted to very nearly 84,000 tons, while in the corresponding period of last year they were only slightly over 50,000 tons. There was thus an increase in the eight months, compared with last year, of very nearly 34,000 tons, or almost 68 per cent. The members of the Syndicate, as we have said, must have been prepared for this increase in imports, and at first sight they seem to be justified in their anticipations of success by the fact that the sales for consumption from the great storehouses have rather increased. Thus sales from the great storehouses to buyers supposed to be consumers of the metal amounted in the eight months ended with May to 63,577 tons, against 60,137 tons in the corresponding period of last year. There is here an increase of about 5 per cent. in the actual deliveries for consumption—a very remarkable fact, indeed, when we bear in mind that the price of the metal is double now what it was last year. But the satisfaction with the figures in the eyes of the Syndicate must be greatly lessened when they look at the deliveries for consumption month by month. Since the 1st of January there has been a very great falling off in the deliveries. Thus, to take the single month of May, there were only about 6,000 tons delivered for consumption, against about 10,000 tons in May of last year. The increase in the deliveries was entirely in the three last months of last year. It would seem that the sudden rise in price which began early in October so alarmed the manufacturers who use copper in any considerable quantities that they bought largely, so as to replenish their stocks; but ever since the present year began the purchases by manufacturers and other consumers have greatly decreased—have been little more, in fact, than two-thirds of what they were in the first five months of last year.

There would seem to be no doubt, then, that various economies are being practised for the purpose of avoiding the use of copper in telegraphy, in the construction of steam-engines, and the like. It is said, indeed, that copper is being largely replaced by steel, and that to this is due the falling off in the purchases for consumption during the past five months. There are no means of checking the accuracy of these statements, but we doubt whether economies of this kind are possible on a very great scale. In certain parts of steam-engines, for example, copper has always in this country been regarded as much safer than steel, and there is no question that it is so, unless great care is taken to use only soft water, and also in the choice of fuels. It is hardly probable, therefore, that, for the mere sake of saving what after all is not a very large proportion in the total cost of a railway engine, copper would be largely displaced by steel. Still economies of the kind are being practised to some extent, and do account, partially at least, for the falling off in the purchases of the past five months. At the same time, it is reasonably to be assumed that, while the price of copper was so excessively low last year, stocks were largely replenished; secondly, that, when the rise began in October, the purchasers for consumption, as we stated above, were on an extraordinary scale; and, thirdly, that consumers believe the present rise cannot be maintained, and, consequently, are keeping out of the market in the hope that a fall must occur. But, whether economies are being practised upon a very large scale or not, it is unquestionable that the quantity of copper which the Syndicate has to buy is very large. We showed above that the imports of copper into this country and France exceed the imports in the corresponding eight months of last year by about 68 per cent., and that, on the other hand, the sales for consumption exceed those of the corresponding period of last year only about 5 per cent. Last year, in the eight months ended with May, the total imports were in round figures about 50,000 tons, and the total sales for consumption about 60,000 tons. There were, therefore, 10,000 tons sold more than were imported into the two countries in the period under review, or about 20 per cent. But in the eight months of this year, while the imports were nearly 84,000 tons, the deliveries were under 64,000 tons. In other words, the sales for consumption fell short of the imports by 20,000 tons, or nearly 25 per cent. Under the arrangements entered into by the Syndicate with the copper-mining Companies the Syndicate is clearly bound, if called upon, to take up and pay for all this vast excess of imports over consumption. It is noticeable, however, that the imports from the United States during the past eight months have been very large, and it is possible, therefore, that stocks in the United States have been greatly reduced. In other words, it is possible that the increase in the imports into the United Kingdom and France which has led to a marked increase in the stock of unsold copper in the principal storehouses may be due largely to the removal of unused stocks from one side of the Atlantic to the other. The Syndicate, it will be recollected, entered into arrangements with the American Companies as well as with the Companies of other countries, and the imports may be due possibly to those arrangements. As we have not the figures of the American supply before us, it is not yet proved that there has actually taken place a very great increase in the production. If we look alone at the figures of the imports into the United Kingdom and France, it seems clear that a marked increase in production must have occurred; but if, as is possible, the increase in the imports is due rather to the transhipment of stocks already existing in the United States to Europe than to the export from the United States of newly-raised copper, there will not be the marked increase in production that the figures at first sight suggest.

Even if it be true, however, that the unused stocks in the United States have been reduced, the position of the Syndicate is not greatly improved. Naturally it takes a considerable time to increase the output from the mines of the world. It was only in October last that the rise began. The rise was probably regarded by mineowners, as well as by others, as a temporary market fluctuation; but when they perceived that a great Syndicate possessed of a vast capital had manipulated the rise, and intended to do its utmost to maintain the movement, then mineowners naturally took measures to increase their output. It would be only gradually, however, that those measures would bear fruit, and it is rather in the future than in the immediate past that the results will be seen. If this be so, if the output from all the mines is increased in a marked degree, as it promises to be, and as, in the nature of things, it ought to be, then the Syndicate will be called upon month after month to take up and pay for larger and larger quantities of copper. The members of the Syndicate hope that economies in the use of copper cannot be introduced with sufficient rapidity and sufficient safety to enable manufacturers and other consumers to reduce greatly their purchases of the metal, and therefore they predict that by-and-bye consumers will have to increase their purchases. Consumers, on the other hand, maintain that the economies are possible and will be practised. It seems, however, that the members of the Syndicate are not quite so confident as they were, inasmuch as they are reported to be endeavouring to form in Paris a great Company which shall take upon itself all the obligations incurred by the Syndicate in reference to the copper-mining Companies. It is hardly likely that the general public will subscribe to a Company which is to take over from the members of the Syndicate such heavy obligations. If the Société des Métaux, the great Paris banks, and the principal financial houses of Europe regard those obligations as so heavy that they wish to pass them on to a Company formed for the purpose, it is not probable that the general public will subscribe to that Company, and it certainly is not desirable that they

should do so. But it is possible that the members of the Syndicate themselves and their immediate friends and connexions may join the Company. It is understood that the great banks guaranteed the engagements of the Syndicate only for a single year. The year will expire at the end of September; and, unless the guarantee is renewed or a Company powerful enough to take upon itself all the obligations of the Syndicate and inspire confidence in the public is formed, then the Syndicate must fall to pieces. Rather than see it so fall to pieces, it is possible that the principal members of the Syndicate may form a Company themselves, and attempt to carry on the operations of the Syndicate for another year or two. On the other hand, many members of the Syndicate must begin to doubt whether it is possible very long to maintain a price which is now seen to be clearly artificial. The price of copper was too low when it stood at 40*l.* a ton, as is clearly proved by the fact that, notwithstanding the price is double as much now, the consumption during the eight months ended with May was somewhat larger than that of the corresponding period of last year. But it seems equally evident that at 80*l.* a ton and over the price is too high, since, as we have been pointing out above, consumption has been greatly falling off since the 1st of January. But if the price, as is generally admitted, is now too high, many members of the Syndicate must see that an excessive price cannot be permanently maintained, that the longer it is maintained the larger will be the liabilities incurred, and that when at last a fall does come, the loss will be all the greater. Many people, therefore, doubt whether it will prove possible to form this great Company, and if the Company is not formed, and the guarantee of the banks is not renewed, then it seems evident that the Syndicate must go to pieces. Should that occur, the losses doubtless will be very heavy. Much, no doubt, will depend upon the course of politics.

THE PICTURES AT THE ITALIAN EXHIBITION.

To be just to modern Italian art we must criticize it on its own merits, and not by the standard of the great masters of the past; for, since the middle of the eighteenth century until quite recently, Italy has produced no artist of exceptional distinction. Modern Italian art, both in sculpture and painting, is entirely new, and, in a certain degree, quite as much a matter of to-day as the American school, and, like it unfortunately, only too much addicted to imitating the French. On close examination the vast majority of the pictures shown at the Exhibition appear carelessly and hastily painted, the details slovenly, the figures out of proportion and drawing, and the architecture and landscape not in perfect perspective. On the other hand, the colouring is almost invariably good, rich, and harmonious, and the subjects well chosen, barring always some few horrible Zolaistic realisms which ought to be burnt. The dozen or so really great pictures are, however, so very fine that we are compelled to acknowledge with regret that our own exhibitions cannot show anything to approach them in general excellence. Mr. Whitley has wisely arranged the pictures lent by the King of Italy and the Italian Government by themselves. Each being in its way a masterpiece, they would certainly have dwarfed the majority of the pictures in the other rooms. They will be found to the right immediately on entering the Exhibition from West Brompton. The most striking is Signor Francesco Jacovacci's "Vittoria Colonna and Michael Angelo." The body of the dead poetess, robed in white satin, is seen stretched upon a bier. Michael Angelo leans over her, and lifts her stiff hand to his lips. The colouring is exceedingly strong, and the manner in which the folds of the white satin gown are made to stand out from the surrounding gloom is worthy of Rembrandt. Although the face of the dead woman is painted with terrible realism, it does not offend the sense of repose, being so perfectly rendered. The whole aspect of this fine picture is solemnly majestic. Next to it hangs another noble work, "Refugium Peccatorum," by Luigi Nono. The scene is on the terrace of a landing-place near Venice. Standing out against a rainy autumnal sky is the pedestal of a statue of the Virgin, before whom burns a lamp adorned with a few flowers. On the wet pavement, strewn with dry leaves, a poor girl kneels in an agony of shame and remorse, praying to the Refuge of Sinners. Her attitude is so full of passion and pathos, that the fact that her face is hidden is scarcely noticed. The whole work is replete with genius—a poem on canvas. "The Flight of Pope Eugenius IV." is a powerful but rather melodramatic picture by Pio Joris. "The Charge of the Bersaglieri," by Signor M. Cammerano, is spirited, but to us, at least, uninteresting. "The Forest of Fontainebleau," by Giuseppe Palizzi, is admirably painted, and "Winter," by Calderini, is a softly treated view in the gardens of the Pincio on a gloomy day. In the same room with these pictures are three by Favoretto, whose death last year cast a gloom over the Italian art world. Needless to say that they represent scenes in Venice, and are painted with all the brilliance of colouring and knowledge of effect which rendered this regretted artist so deservedly popular. Judging by the crowd always assembled in admiration before them, Professor Giuseppe Sciuti's two immense pictures are the most attractive of any. Unquestionably they give evidence of extraordinary talent, and, if we except certain evidence of the scene-painter's art about them, they are certainly very imposing. The subjects, however, must be found rather uninteresting by the general British public, which is not, we fear, very familiar with Herodotus and Plutarch, to which authorities the Catalogue dryly refers its readers for further information concerning the Battle of Imera and the Second Foundation of Rome. Signor Sciuti's figures are boldly and well drawn, and his grouping is beyond praise. His smaller pictures are less good. The "Chariot Race," however, is spirited, and the "Light of the World"—in reality, the "Madonna and Child"—is graceful. In the adjoining room is a collection of pictures by two well-known Italian "impressionists," Cremona and Segantini. Signor Tranquillo Cremona has won deserved popularity, and his "A Mother's Love," if seen from a certain distance, is delightful. The two heads are very pretty, and equally clever in their way are "Smiles" and "The Love Child," by the same artist. Signor Segatini paints in a dry and hard fashion scenes of rural life, and indulges in curious effects of white and blue, yellow and green, which at a distance produce effects quite lost on close inspection. Perhaps the finest example of this artist's decidedly original style is the "Ave Maria," on which we see a boat full of sheep under the care of a shepherdess and her father, who are singing the "Ave Maria" as they pass slowly by twilight across a tranquil lake. Signor Angelo Morbelli's "The Viaticum" deserves notice; the effect of the light surrounding the priest who carries the Host, seen through a dim window, being particularly striking. Signor Edulo Eruli's "Pergolese at the Funeral of the Princess Spinelli" (672) is in every way a remarkable picture. It represents the choir of a Dominican nunnery. The body of the broken-hearted girl, who was forced by her relentless father to take the veil, is seen stretched, according to the Italian custom, on the pavement of the church. The friars are singing a dirge, and Pergolese himself kneels in despair at the foot of the bier. It is a most picturesque and romantic scene, dramatic, but not at all theatrical. The grouping of the numerous figures is admirable, and the colouring rich and harmonious. "Lacrimæ Rerum," by Natale Attanasio, is a painful picture, but very well painted and full of pathos, representing the interior of that department of a mad-house which is devoted to women suffering from religious mania. There are subjects best left alone, and this is one of the number. "A Winter Marriage," by Eugenio Prati, is a pretty picture of a group of Piedmontese peasants returning in the snow from a wedding. Signor Baccani's Orange Girl is well painted and pretty. A charming bit of seaside life at Naples is "Christening a Boat," by Signor Montefusco, who has a number of other very good scenes of Neapolitan life here. Signor Antonio Leto has a rough and strong head of a Neapolitan fisherman; and Signor L. Rossi's "A Venetian Scene—Seventeenth Century" (524) is very quaint. A group of ladies in hooped skirts, wearing the black satin zendallo, or hood, so often mentioned by Goldoni, are seen with their cavaliers ascending and descending a magnificent marble staircase, the roof above glowing with frescoes and gilding. Signor Joris's "Il Canastone" (468), in which we see a village congregation filing quietly out of church in the twilight, is reposeful and refined. Near it is a small picture, called "The Bridge of Love," by Francesco Brunery—a group of people, in magnificent costumes of the seventeenth century, are playing an old-fashioned game in a sumptuous apartment. It is painted with wonderful precision, and with a finish worthy of Teniers or Meissonier. Almost opposite is a pretty head of a girl, "Ninella," by Signor Giorgio del Grillo.

The landscapes are numerous, and some of them excellent, but, as a rule, not equal to our own. They lack quality and atmosphere. Of views of Venice there are at least a hundred, and most of them are picturesque, the best being those by Miss Clara Montalba, and Signori Campriani, Comirato, Luigi, Lanza, and Rosa. The portraits are decidedly inferior. Among the best is a very pretty portrait of Miss Eva Mendelssohn, by Attilio Baccani; a good full-length portrait of the Italian Royal Family, by Chev. Desanges; and a very strong portrait of Mr. J. R. Whitley, by Signor Pappacena.

Mr. Robert Browning sends an interesting view of Mrs. Browning's study in Casa Guidi, and Signor Eruli a series of marvellous imitations of tapestry. There are also, by the way, in this gallery some magnificent ancient tapestries of great interest woven in Brussels, after designs by Giulio Romano, lent by Signor Brancaccio. The water-colour drawings are innumerable, and many of them admirable, but none of extraordinary merit.

The gardens of the Exhibition, now that they are completed, are certainly very charming, and the reproduction of the Podesta's palace at Padua is most realistic. Internally it is an ordinary concert-hall, at present tenanted by a highly intelligent troupe of marionettes. Signor Liverani's view of the Forum is well worth seeing, and so, by the way, is the magnificent show of rhododendrons and various kinds of lilies made by Mr. Goldring, the clever designer of these pretty gardens.

RICHTER CONCERTS.

Last Monday's concert may fairly rank as one of the musical events of the present season. *La Damnation de Faust* has been rendered in London without any hint of disregard for the composer's intentions and with all the loving care and faultless intuition and power which Dr. Richter bestows upon the music which he brings forward. His orchestra has never been heard to greater advantage. Although the performance of its members was throughout admirable, we may select the trumpets

for especial praise—indeed it is hardly too much to say that the beautiful trumpet canons which are to be met with in the score have on this occasion been perfectly played for the first time within our recollection. Berlioz has been often and sharply criticized for his fondness for writing rapid passages, often presenting great difficulties for the brass. Dr. Richter and his executants have given the best of all possible answers to this objection. Berlioz has, perhaps, suffered more than any other musician from the ignorance and stupidity of conductors who have undertaken the heavy task of interpreting his works. No better proof of the truth of this assertion can be brought forward than that contained in the difference of the effect produced by the music of the "Infernal Orgy" as interpreted by Dr. Richter from the flat, lifeless travesty of the composer's intentions to which we have suffered ourselves to become accustomed under other hands. It is a noteworthy fact that the chorus, thanks to the artistic inspiration with which it was fired, produced a far more impressive effect in this scene than has been attained by more powerful and better exercised bodies of voices on other occasions. The Hungarian March, which is so largely dependent for its effect on the refinement and nervous energy with which the brass is handled, was played as if, to quote from Wagner, the orchestra "had swallowed the Devil." It is needless to add that the *tempo* adopted by Dr. Richter was absolutely right. The Ballet of Sylphs afforded an opportunity for the display of that rarest of phenomena—a full *pianissimo*—in contradistinction to the feeble and slightly discordant series of whispers from the orchestra with which we are so frequently afflicted. It seems invidious to dwell upon any slight flaw which may have occurred in such an artistic and life-giving performance; but Dr. Richter's very marked insistence on the suggestion of the spinning-wheel in the ballad of the "King of Thule" appears to us to be open to objection. The profoundly poetical introduction to the Legend charged with the fresh sap and the bright wet skies of spring was greatly rendered, and the orchestral accompaniments throughout were treated with unerring discrimination and power. The bitter weather was not favourable to the singing of the chorus, but we must in justice admit that they came fairly well through the intensely trying ordeal of the chorus of soldiers and students. Their singing of the Easter Hymn—one of the most contestable numbers to be met with in the course of the work—betrayed, on the other hand, considerable weakness and hesitation. Mr. Santley is always a great artist, and, although his voice was affected by the unfavourable atmospheric conditions which prevailed, he sang with incomparable style, and perfect understanding of the composer's intention. Mr. Edward Lloyd's voice and method have in nowise suffered from his recent tour in America; but he occasionally lacks dramatic impulse, and we cannot congratulate either him or Miss Mary Davies on their industrious declamation of the passionate and beautiful music committed to their charge. Miss Davies, however, must not call the King of Thu-le the King of Thowl. The concert opened with a deeply impressive performance of the funeral march from the *Götterdämmerung*, played in a spirit befitting the occasion which gave rise to its performance. The concert given on June 11 is chiefly memorable for the astonishingly brilliant performances of Liszt's first Hungarian Rhapsody, and an admirable rendering of the "Charfreitags-Zauber," from *Parsifal*. Dr. Mackenzie's Overture to *Twelfth Night* was repeated, and Mr. Henri Marteau was heard in M. Saint-Saëns's "Introduction et Rondo Capriccioso." Wagner's "*Faust* Overture," and "Trauer-Marsch," and Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony completed the programme.

MINOR EXHIBITIONS.

IN these p[...]s we have often spoken of the advantages of small exhibitions and one-man shows. They give people opportunities of studying delicate art quietly, and of learning to appreciate refined work which would be overlooked in the garish confusion of a large miscellaneous exhibition. Some great and thorough painters possess all qualities in a high degree. They are more or less armed at every point; they are strong as well as delicate and personal; they can resist all influences, and can hold their own amongst even the most powerful neighbours. This is not the case with many kinds of really artistic genius. There are pictures which produce their effect slowly; which speak, as it were, in a low voice, and only to those who listen. To do justice to such work one must be introduced to it under conditions more or less similar to those of a private room. The small gallery and the one-man show are necessary for these pictures, which, after all, best meet the requirements of the ordinary buyer and the ordinary house.

This week we have to speak of several men who deserve the title of artist. In their several, perhaps rather narrow paths, the brothers Maris, Messrs. Alfred Parsons and E. A. Abbey, and Mr. Heath Wilson all show special natural gifts and a natural love of special sides of nature. Of course, James and Matthew Maris by the scope of their work, by the originality of their imaginations, by the power of their treatments of material, by the completeness and breadth of their styles are bigger men than any of the others, and stand on a broader and loftier platform. James Maris, as we have said in former articles, belongs to a school which has the merit of having occupied itself with nature and with artistic style in a very happy proportion. Corot, to mention a most illustrious example, was as much concerned about the aspect of a canvas as about doing justice to those qualities which he admired in nature. He allowed his impression of an effect to colour his imagination, to determine the character of his pictorial ensemble; but then he took care that his canvas, as decoration, should make an appeal consonant with the sentiment of the original effect. He admitted nothing useless, nothing contradictory, and so his work affects you with the singleness of a perfume or an old tune. Style and matter tell the same story, and when you look unconsciously at his pictures without taking in what they represent their decorative pattern still marks the proper key of feeling. Where Linnell accompanied the grave vastness of a large sunset with a pattern of mean mechanical little dots, Corot spread broad, cloudy, magically-gradated masses, bearing hints of detail spotted in with more than Japanese significance and beauty. We claim for James Maris that he has followed this example, and has worked at making his pictures look all of a piece. Keeping to some ensemble of feeling, enforcing some grand general character of expression would seem to be the real object of the true artist. Maris seeks something very different, something infinitely less elegant and classic than Corot, but he seeks it with the same art and judgment. His fine appreciation of the character of the stuff he works in enables him to reject any forms, colours, or combinations which contradict his ensemble or seem foreign to his key of feeling. English art became for a time utterly dead to the character of the materials of a picture, and only alive to the story related or the piece of nature represented. This is the lowest depth of art; it is as if musicians lost all feeling for the intrinsic character of musical intervals and phrases, and used them only to imitate natural noises. So much seems necessary for the comprehension of a view of art which Englishmen are happily now beginning to understand and practise as well as Dutchmen. "On the Quay" (2) contains one of the softest and deepest amongst James Maris's many fine rolling skies. "The Shower (Ploughing)" (5) shows an effect carefully observed at first hand and, in the painting especially of sky and distance, a lovely quality as of old porcelain. But the good work of James Maris is too numerous to mention, whether water-colour, as "Clouds Passing over Dunes" (63) and "Twilight" (65), or oil, as "A Cloud Effect" (30) and "An Old Dutch City" (11). Occasionally, as in "The Three Windmills" (3), James Maris is inclined to a brutality of method and to a neglect of his usual finesse in "values." The less thorough and realistic and more dreamily imaginative art of his brother Matthew is very slightly represented. No such complete idea of his powers can be gained as was given by Mr. Hamilton Bruce's gathering of his work in the Foreign Loan Section of the Edinburgh Exhibition. "Sunday Morning" (10) and "The Drawbridge" (15) are the most typical of his brown, close range of colour and his strange, fantastic feeling for pictorial arrangement. "Near the Hague" (52), perhaps the best William Maris, shows a fresh, aërial plain, a quiet pool, and several wandering cattle. Taken as a whole, this collection is one of the most interesting shows we have yet seen at the Goupil Galleries.

Messrs. E. A. Abbey and Alfred Parsons have a show of black-and-white drawings at the rooms of the Fine Art Society which proves that each works in his own corner of the field with genuine artistic feeling. Mr. Abbey is more than an accomplished draughtsman; he enters thoroughly into the situations and characters that he means to represent, and he gives a gesture or an expression with a sincerity and a sympathy that are more valuable than merely clever technique. When he chooses, however, he also gratifies the eye with fine artistic arrangement and selection. "A Chamber in an Old-Fashioned House—enter Mrs. Hardcastle and Mr. Hardcastle," No. 7 in the illustrations to *She Stoops to Conquer*, is just what a black-and-white in line should be. There is not too much in it and no unnecessary scrabble of strokes. Many as good may be found; but there is no denying that Mr. Abbey has done too much, and that in a drawing here and there the technique has the air of being scratchy, hurried, and overloaded. In whatever he does Mr. Parsons shows a sincere and ardent search of form and a wonderful command of technical resources. This does not prevent his attaining an exquisite simplicity in some of the drawings in full tone. "Twilight" (93), a river scene, is very broad and poetical; and we may say the same of "Stonington" (111), a street view. In "Poppies" (86) he shows a beautiful refinement of method, and in "A Sea Fight" (96) the close values of the sky are most delicately rendered.

Mr. W. Heath Wilson has a real gift of colour. One does not often see a collection of little oil sketches more evenly charming than his exhibition "Venice" at Messrs. Clifford & Co.'s gallery, Piccadilly. You will see a harmony and variety about the tender colouring of these broadly-treated little gems which you may look for in vain in the majority of large, ambitious, and high-priced canvases. Mr. Wilson adds to a tasteful arrangement of colours an excellent distribution of quantities in his masses, and an appreciation of aërial effect which enables him to dispense with petty details without falling into an appearance of emptiness. Out of many good things we may mention "Sunset from the Lido" (6), a rich sky red at the base contrasted with deep blue water; "The Dogana" (12), lovely in its general tone of warm suffused air, in the effectively planted orange sail, in the varied pearly tones of the softly undulating water; "Laguna" (8), a sketch of silvery sea and a group of distant sails; "Towers of Lucca" (42), with a pearly sky, purple-blue hills, and the tall, straight shafts of building shooting up in the middle distance; "Florence by

Moonlight" (55), an exquisite night scene, and Nos. 61, 68, 7, 32, and 9.

The Dudley Art Society's water-colours deserve more space than we can give them, for, amongst a good deal of rubbish, one sees signs of improvement in the stronger men. Water-colour is so decidedly the favourite refuge of the weak and of those who cannot see for themselves that many people think strength and sincerity foreign to the medium. The aspect of nature, however, can be rendered in water-colour with the same power and truth as in oils, and those who fail must offer an equivalent in fine decorative quality or be counted incompetent. Mr. W. Rupert Stevens is one of the most robust realists of this gallery, and with him we must rank Mr. Claude Hayes and Mr. L. Doucet. Among Mr. W. R. Stevens's best things are a fine bold figure sketch, "Marie —Antwerp Peasant" (301), and a splendidly broad rendering of sky, distance, and a large stretch of beach peopled with figures, "Sand, a Langham Sketch" (302). Mr. Claude Hayes gives a very true and striking representation of a red sunrise in his "Frosty Morning" (196); and Mr. L. Doucet presents a figure under a real effect of light and with well subdued accessories in his "Outdoor Study" (139). Among ladies' work Miss Daisy Gresley's "Rome from Ponte Molle" (72), worked with a fresh, lively touch; Miss K. Macaulay's firmly drawn "Prawning Boat" (2), and Miss Sophia Beale's carefully observed "Ethelbert Gate, Norwich" (166), are perhaps the most thorough. Good work also comes from Miss Rose Barton, Miss Harriet Skidmore, Miss Bailward, Miss M. Bernard, Miss M. A. Butler, Miss O'Hara, and one or two more. Mr. Walter Severn, Mr. S. F. G. Giampetri, Mr. J. M. Donne, Mr. R. Richardson, Mr. W. Bennett, Mr. S. Key, and Mr. C. W. Ronby contribute pleasant work. Mr. W. Lloyd in "Watching their Chance to Gybe" (273), without showing any feeling for pictorial beauty, gives proof of a conscientious study of marine subjects, and a thorough sympathy with one side of nature. A set of black-and-whites by Mr. E. Wagner show great fertility of invention in subject.

Two Exhibitions dealing with Japanese art are now open in Bond Street. Messrs. Dowdeswell show a large collection of Kakémonos, or scroll pictures; the Japanese Fine Art Association a miscellaneous assemblage of lacquer, wood and metal work, pottery, drawings, embroidery, &c. We can by no means swallow everything that comes from Japan, or accept the doctrine of the infallibility of Eastern taste. Spottiness is a common fault. Elaboration of pattern pays very well in decoration when the details are grouped under larger masses, and some breadth of system gives unity to the design. This is frequently altogether absent, while (may we say it?) crude and undigested colour is too often present. We spoke above of the art of Corot and his school. Grander, and as tasteful in decoration, it possesses an unspeakably deeper and more significant poetry from its fuller and closer association with natural beauty. At Messrs. Dowdeswell's many schools of painting are illustrated, and probably none will appeal so surely to English artists as that which Okio chiefly helped to found. "Puppies at Play" (415), "Carp in Stream" (461), "Rat on Feather-brush" (409), will give an idea of his quiet harmony of colour and his masterly realistic drawing. "Peonies and Sparrow" (73), by Oguri-Sotan, is a good example of a still earlier realistic school; while the "Sixteen Rakhans" (1), "Bensaiten" (2), and "Armida" (3) are specimens of the solemn style of many hundred years ago. Work by So-sen, Yosai, Hokusai, and others, should not be passed over.

At the galleries of the Association no finer specimens of lacquer can be found than "Writing-table and Case" (1), "Gold Lacquered and Inlaid Cabinet" (7), and "Round Gold Lacquered and Inlaid Picture" (10), which last represents, with great finesse of expression, Confucius, Laotze, and Buddha. In metal-work it would be difficult to beat "Inlaid Iron Vase" (38), by Komai. The pattern is at once elaborate and large, and as graceful as it is original. If anything would content one more, it would be perhaps such a grand, unadorned bronze as the Chinese "Sacrificial Vase" (43). Amongst Chinese and Japanese ware there is much that is beautifully harmonious in colour and design. Such are the large bottle (54), with its bold pattern of blue and white, and its admirable finesse of drawing; the green and red candlestick (68); "Imari Reticulated Dish" (87), with its curious archaic colouring; the tender hues of the "Cloisonné Bottle" (93), and the noble black jar (53).

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

COVENT GARDEN had not previously this season been so full as it was on Saturday evening, when *Lohengrin* was represented. The conjunction of Mme. Albani and MM. Jean and Edouard de Reszké would account for a crowded theatre; but the popularity of *Lohengrin* is, at the same time, undoubted. This by no means implies what is understood as conversion to Wagnerism. When, at the end of the first performance of the *Ring des Nibelungen*, in the Bayreuth Theatre, Herr Wagner claimed credit for having given the world a new art—the cogency of the claim need not be here examined—it was understood that the gift involved the suppression and extinction of the old art; opera of the hitherto existing school was to be heard no more; but to this new art the world has by no means taken kindly. *Lohengrin* is admired because so much of it is beautiful as beauty in music was understood before the new art—only the glimmerings of which are here and there found in *Lohengrin*, at any rate in the version as played in England—came into existence. For the sake of that which is beautiful audiences accept that which is not, and under this latter head must be included the parts of Ortruda and Telramondo. There is a quaint simplicity in the observations of the *Times'* critic on this head. He shared with other devotees of Herr Wagner the most ardent admiration for Ortruda's score. After hearing it a great many times, these devotees "did not quite know what to make of it," and so they wrote to the composer to ask what it all meant. Could there be evidence of a more guileless faith? Herr Wagner replied at considerable length. Ortrud was a woman who did not know love. "Politics are her essence," he wrote, with amplification of the idea, and need it be said that next time these enthusiasts heard the opera they found every bar eloquently descriptive of the mediæval female politician? Can we believe that, if Herr Wagner had told them anything else, they would not have believed that with equal fervour? The gist of our complaint against the later developments of Wagnerism, the reason why we oppose the creed, is contained in the anecdote. Music which does not explain itself, the meaning of which has to be set forth in writing, lacks the very first essential that true music should possess. The *Times'* critic also tells us that M. Jean de Reszké seemed to "float on the waves of beautiful sound," and, though a less rhapsodical writer would scarcely have had such a phenomenal exploit suggested to him, we are privileged to grasp the meaning of the phrase. The charm of Lohengrin's music is not to be resisted; but we are not, and never shall be, reconciled to the utterances of the "reactionary woman" and her unloved husband.

The recent performance was of remarkable excellence as regards principals and orchestra, and we are almost disposed to include choristers, for much of their work was done in highly creditable style. At times they lacked balance and steadiness; but we have never heard these choruses given in a way that was beyond criticism, and the Covent Garden singers acquitted themselves decidedly well. We desire to do them no less than justice, still it must not be said that the amazement at the appearance of the knight in the distance, and his welcome as the deliverer of the slandered maiden, were expressed with all possible significance. Later on the music grows simpler, and fuller justice was done to it. Mme. Albani's Elsa has been known for several years past as an interpretation of exceptional merit. She fills the part as well as it can be filled by an artist gifted with high intelligence, a nice sense of dramatic aptitude, and a capacity for the exhibition of emotion; who in fact is deficient in nothing but the inspiration of genius. Mme. Albani was somewhat above her usual level of excellence, doubtless for the reason that her companion sustained her. M. Jean de Reszké approaches nearly to the ideal Lohengrin —we are not likely soon to see another who falls so little short, for the experience of past years has taught us how rare is the union of the voice, the vocalist, and the actor. We wish nevertheless that some competent director would rearrange the fight with Telramondo. Mr. Harris's stage management is generally reasonable and often skilful, but we feel that if this duel occurred in a play at the Lyceum it would be more effectively contrived. It does not resolve itself into the childish pushing match that we have sometimes seen, but Elsa's accuser is overcome a great deal too easily. It is with the whiff and wind of Lohengrin's sword that Telramondo falls, and though of course the knight had supernatural aid—a circumstance which detracts somewhat from the credit due to heroism—and so might have quelled the traitor as he chose, if a fight takes place on the stage it should be fought with vigour. It is curious to observe how little action there is in the parts of Lohengrin, the King, and Elsa, and yet how much effect they create. The duel apart, few operatic personages preserve so calm a demeanour as the Knight of the Swan, who, nevertheless, in the hands of such an artist as M. Jean de Reszké, is always prominent and impressive. Again M. Edouard de Reszké shared the honours of the evening with his brother. The stately air of the warrior king is admirably preserved, and the music could not be more appropriately rendered. The King has the luxury of a few vocal phrases to sing, as, for instance, in the prayer; the Herald has nothing but proclamations to issue, and the one thing demanded of him is to declaim them with accurate intonation. This Signor Navarrini did, and he is therefore to be commended. Telramondo and his political wife found energetic representatives in Signor d'Andrade and Mme. Hastreiter, and energy, if duly directed, is here a leading necessity. We are not in the least convinced that the music of these characters would not have been quite as expressive if it had also been agreeable; nevertheless, there is cause to be grateful for *Lohengrin* as it exists. Mme. Hastreiter did far better as Ortruda than as Donizetti's Leonora last season.

Little need be said about the representation of the *Barbiere*. We are not alone in our opinion as to Mlle. Arnoldson's absence of qualifications for a leading position at Covent Garden. Her rendering of Meyerbeer's "Shadow Song," interpolated into the Lesson Scene, was sadly laboured and lacking in fluency. The Almaviva of Signor Ravelli and the Figaro of Signor d'Andrade were but indifferent performances. Neither vocalist did justice to Rossini's florid music. Indeed, the art of singing this music seems to be growing extinct. M. Edouard de Reszké's Basilio was, however, excellent, and we confess that Signor Ciampi's Bartolo amuses us.

DRAMATIC RECORD.

ONE of the characters in Mr. C. Haddon Chambers's new play, *Captain Swift*, produced during the week at the Haymarket Theatre, comments on "the long arm of coincidence." It is a metaphor which must be cautiously employed, but we shall perhaps be safe in saying that in Mr. Chambers's play this arm has a peculiarly comprehensive and remarkable embrace. Captain Swift is the professional name of a notorious Queensland bushranger, who visits England when the colony has grown too hot to hold him. He chances to be passing along a London street when an old gentleman named Seabrook is knocked down by a hansom cab, and "Mr. Wilding," as the bushranger calls himself, rescues the victim of the accident from a perilous position under the wheels. The muscles of the long arm of coincidence are here being expanded. Mr. Seabrook asks his preserver to dine, and it gradually appears that Mrs. Seabrook is Captain Swift's mother; that the Seabrook butler is the Captain's foster-brother; and that the only other guest besides himself is a Queensland squatter, Mr. Gardiner, from whom Swift had once stolen a famous black horse. In course of time a detective, in search of the bushranger, calls at the house, and meets the object of his quest (whom he does not know) face to face, and this is another coincidence—indeed, nothing but the appearance of the black horse is wanted to make the series of coincidences quite complete and to gather under the roof of the casual stranger met in the street all who had been in any way connected with the bushranger's proceedings, so far as the story is concerned with them. This is really too much coincidence—the arm is unduly long. It is as if Box and Cox not only discovered that they were long-lost brothers, but also that Mrs. Bouncer was their mother, Mr. Knox a first cousin, and Penelope Ann an aunt by marriage. Mr. Chambers would have got on better without the butler, a very melodramatic personage whose behaviour is generally impossible. If the author reconstructs his play, as he may perhaps see the advisability of doing, the butler should go. He increases the sum of coincidences beyond the limits of probability, he is really of little service, and is a personage who not only never would be missed, but who is a source of weakness rather than of strength.

Beating about the bush after the manner of some modern French writers for the stage is not an example to be imitated; but Mr. Chambers hastens to state his case in a way that is deficient in tact. Mrs. Seabrook is agitated when she appears in the drawing-room after dinner, and at once makes reference to her son, a child born before her marriage with Mr. Seabrook—before she was married at all, in fact—and sent away, she never knew whither, immediately after its birth by her sister. It is, of course, understood that the son, whom she has never seen since its early infancy, is Wilding; and we are also informed that something in Wilding's manner awakens suspicion. For ourselves, when presently he enters the room, we do not perceive the doubtful bearing. Wilding is easy, agreeable, and well-bred. He is evidently attracted by Mrs. Seabrook's pretty niece, Stella Darbisher, and we very much wish him success in his suit, particularly as her cousin, Harry Seabrook, who also loves her, is not at all an interesting youth. Here, the reader will perceive, is the vital fault of the plot. It is the most elementary rule in all dramatic work, tragedy alone excepted, that a play should tend towards a conclusion which the audience desire to see reached. That is an indispensable condition of success. But what have we here? The child was deserted and cast away by his mother; and for that he wins sympathy. He has broken the law—is, indeed, a robber; but it is expressly stated that he has excellent impulses. Cool and courageous, he has shrunk from the baser crimes, and, in fact, from one point of view, seems to have been influenced as a bushranger by something of the same sentiment as that which guided the Pirates of Penzance. When he rode after and overtook Mr. Gardiner, Mr. Gardiner had 2,000*l.* about him. He would not give it up; Captain Swift could not get it without using his pistol; so he rode away. If people did not surrender their property when asked to do so this bushranger went without. Wilding, however, keenly appreciates the peace and rest of the house in which he finds himself; he repents his ill-spent life, and on the whole we really cannot help wishing him prosperity. If the play were well devised, we should, on the contrary, be longing for his arrest, for the escape of Stella from the fate which threatens her, and for her reconciliation with Harry Seabrook.

The character of Wilding, it will be seen, is not well conceived for dramatic purposes. Mr. Beerbohm Tree makes him far too amiable. It is possibly a temptation to an actor to play a sympathetic part; but if Wilding is made sympathetic the plot goes. Mr. Tree's performance is full of clever touches; indeed he has done nothing of late years that has not been distinguished by tact and intelligence. For such a cool and collected master of his profession as we are told Captain Swift is, however, the actor perhaps a little over-emphasizes the starts and changes of expression when sudden references are made to his exploits or to bushrangers in general. When, in the last act, hunted by the detective and by his vengeful foster-brother, Wilding finds refuge in Gardiner's rooms (where he is kindly welcomed), the change of manner also struck us as unnecessarily pronounced. His bearing in the earlier acts seems more natural. There were excellent points here as elsewhere, nevertheless, one of the best being his direction to Gardiner to make Stella believe that he had never really loved her. The sincerity of his love is manifest as he speaks, and contradicts his utterance, and his motive is a noble and generous one. Lady Monckton's performance of Mrs. Seabrook was a very able piece of work. Her emotion in the presence of her deserted son, whom she sees for the first time, was true and deep, and her tenderness to her husband, who knows nothing of the dark secret of her early life, had great sincerity. Mr. Kemble's Seabrook was a pleasant study of the kindly old man who never suspects that something akin to a tragedy is working around him. Stella, in the hands of Mrs. Tree, becomes a delightfully winning and graceful girl. Miss Rose Leclercq exhibits with skill the air of a woman of the world whose chief desire it is to avoid unpleasantness and scandal, and whose cynicism is not devoid of humour. Mr. Macklin as the sturdy colonial Gardiner contributed much to the favourable reception which the play obtained, despite its crudities. The younger members of the Seabrook family, as played by Mr. F. Gillmore and Miss Agnes Miller, did not interest us much, we confess, though the gentleman is not without ability. The butler, Marshall, is a very extravagant conception; but Mr. Pateman made it as reasonable as circumstances allowed. Mr. Allan did what was necessary as the detective. The dialogue is rather good than bad; if there is nothing that strikes one very forcibly, there is nothing to call for adverse criticism, and there are decidedly clever points in the play. We cannot speak very favourably of *Captain Swift* as a whole. At the same time, and in spite of the mistakes that have been indicated, we regard it as a very promising work which shows its author to be possessed of dramatic instinct and aptitude.

At the Lyceum Miss Ellen Terry's exquisite acting grows upon one at a re-hearing; but unluckily this result is inverted as to the play, which, for fatuity, pretension, and feebleness, can scarce be matched. Mr. Calmour has taken an idea worthy of Mme. d'Aulnoy, and by his treatment has rendered it worthy—well, of Mr. Calmour. Miss Terry's acting is, indeed, like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear. Mr. Irving's Macaire has gained immensely since his first appearance with the present cast. His version of the swaggering, dandy, murderous, humorous ruffian, is a brilliant creation, and we are reminded of what an accomplished critic, now unhappily gone from among us, said on Mr. Irving's first appearance in the part at a matinée—"It is as good as Frédérick—sometimes better." Since then, however, the actor has added new and good touches. It might be fanciful to suppose that here and there one may find indications of a most amusing travestie of the favourite gestures of a well-known living French comedian.

The revival of the *Mikado*—one of the best, if not the best, of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas—will not fail to be a popular movement, especially as the Japanese craze is not yet even on the wane amongst us. Mr. Grossmith's Ko-Ko is as humorous as ever, and the sudden "flop" which, according to his amusing pianoforte sketch, provoked such curiosity as to how it was done, is as sudden. Mr. Temple is still inimitable as the Mikado, Mr. Barrington's "Pooh Bah" is excellent in acting, and his singing might be perfectly true, if he would only raise his voice consistently half a tone all through. Mr. Robertson as "Nanki-Poo" sings delightfully, and, when once he has conquered his self-consciousness, acts up to his part. Miss Brandram as Katisha is perfect. Her style of singing and her free action leave nothing to be desired. It is a pleasure to look at her and hear her, and all one wishes is that she had a wider scope for her powers. Miss Jessie Bond surpasses herself as "Pitti Sing," and makes her spirit of fun felt by her audience. Miss Ulmar as "Yum Yum" is not so satisfactory. Her intonation leaves to seek, and she acts at the audience instead of with her fellow-artists. Altogether, however, the *Mikado* revived is well worth going to see, for those who want to be amused and not harrowed at a theatre.

THE WAGNER SOCIETY AT PRINCE'S HALL.

AN interesting conversazione, with a programme of music, we need not say, chosen from Wagner's works, was given at Prince's Hall last Tuesday, by the Wagner Society. A temporary Society of that name existed, and gave concerts in the years 1873 and '74, with the object of contributing towards the building of the Bayreuth theatre. The scheme was revived in 1884 for the purpose of encouraging in every possible way the knowledge and appreciation of Wagner's works, half the profits now being devoted to the expenses of the performances at Bayreuth. The programme on Tuesday was a very successful one, with one exception—the insertion of the chorus of messengers in *Rienzi* between two scenes of the *Götterdämmerung*. *Rienzi* was one of Wagner's earliest works, written between 1838 and 1840, and hardly shows any sign of the great power of the master. The chorus sounded very feeble and trite next to the *Götterdämmerung*, which is one of his latest and most typical works, only completed in 1874, although we find the sketch of the Siegfried-Tod in 1848. Whatever is said against Wagner, no one can accuse him of hasty and ill-considered work; for, again, in the *Meistersinger* there were twenty-two years between the original idea and the completion of it in 1867. The conversazione began with the Spinning Chorus from *Der Fliegende Holländer*, the first work of his of evident promise, written in 1840. It was the outcome of a very unfortunate and disastrous journey between Riga and London, *en route* to Paris, in which Wagner was much struck by the genuine belief of the sailors in this weird legend. Then followed the first scene of the third act of the *Götterdämmerung* and the final scene, sandwiched, we think, so unfortunately by the Rienzi chorus. Two lovely gems for violin and orchestra came next, "Träume,"

a song composed and afterwards arranged for small orchestras by Wagner himself, with a *motif* from *Tristan und Isolde* running all through, and the well-known Siegfried Idyll adapted from his opera *Siegfried*. The evening's entertainment concluded with selections from the *Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, including the quintett, the "Preislied," and Hans Sachs's two famous monologues so lately heard at the Richter concerts, "Wie duftet doch der Flieder" and "Wahn! Wahn"! the philosophy of which shows so plainly Schopenhauer's influence over Wagner, acquired when in exile at Zürich and dominant all the rest of his life. As to the performance, on the whole, we thought it praiseworthy. We have so lately heard Mlle. Pauline Cramer at a Richter concert in the Brünnhilde scene, it is hardly fair to judge of her on Tuesday. Mr. Armbruster's accompaniments on the piano were excellent, but we miss the orchestra dreadfully, particularly as Mlle. Cramer does not quite know how to moderate her voice to suit her surroundings. Herr Carl Mayer won the palm of singing in the part of Sachs; he has a fine voice thoroughly well trained, and the small orchestra gave a lovely rendering of the "Träume" and Siegfried Idyll, first violin Herr Ludwig. The choruses were satisfactory, but again orchestral accompaniment was sadly wanted. No composer suffers more than Wagner by an imperfect performance of his works, his whole theory being based on a complete *tout ensemble*. As an example of his care of every detail, he generally writes parts for at least four individual wood-wind instruments, instead of depending for a complete chord on the combination of several different kinds—*i.e.* flutes, oboes, clarinets, and bassoons—thus making possible an infinite variety of tone and timbre. We cannot help also thinking it a great mistake, and giving a most inadequate idea of his works and genius, to render excerpts of his operas with neither scenic effect, dramatic action, or orchestra. Wagner's whole life ought to be known before a hasty judgment is pronounced of either him or his works. It was a series of almost uninterrupted misfortunes up to 1864, when the late King of Bavaria, Ludwig II., even before his mind became quite unhinged on the subject, took him up so nobly and generously. The episode in Wagner's life of the Revolution of 1849 has been grossly exaggerated, like many other facts about him. His principal object then and always, attempted, it is true, by sadly mistaken methods, was the regeneration and freedom of art.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

[A pleasant interlude in the business proceedings of the General Conference on Foreign Missions was the holding of a garden party at Dollis Hill, the residence of the Earl of Aberdeen. . . . There were loud cries for a speech from Mr. Gladstone; but the right hon. gentleman declined to accede to the request, despite an urgent appeal to "Say only five words." Mr. Gladstone, however, made amends by standing on the lawn a considerable time, vigorously shaking the hands of hundreds of visitors who pressed forward.]

"ONLY five words." A modest prayer!
If *that* would have contented,
You, with so many words to spare,
Might surely have assented.

"*Good afternoon, my Christian friends,*"
Or "*Glad his Lordship asked you,*"
Or "*Ayr a cheering message sends,*"
Would have but lightly tasked you.

You might have found five words to say
On weather, one supposes,
As "*Such a lovely summer day!*"
Or "*What a June for roses!*"

Or, in a somewhat graver strain,
"*Good speed to foreign missions!*"
Or "*Have you seen*"—in lighter vein
Of talk—"*the Exhibitions?*"

It may be that you scorned the phrase
Of light colloquial prattle,
And wished in your five words to raise
Some party cry of battle.

Yet, if you thought the admiring crowd
Were all of your persuasion,
Why grasped you not the chance allowed?
Why seized you not the occasion?

When Dr. Taylor from the States,
In homage quite romantic,
Declared your welcome compensates
A voyage across the Atlantic,

Why did you not the presence hail
Of that distinguished meeting,
To give your friends the Clan-na-Gael
Five words of friendly greeting?

"*Three cheers for P-tr-ck F-rd*" would do,
And suit that purpose nicely;
"*More power to Eg-n's elbow!*" too
Would put the case concisely.

But why five words? When, if you turn
Your whole attention to it,
And breathe your soul in words that burn,
We know that *two* will do it.

Two words sufficed, your country saw,
So rich your tongue's resources,
To hound the enemies of law
Against its scattered forces.

Two words sufficed, with no pretence
Themselves to force or beauty,
To nerve the arm of Violence,
And chill the heart of Duty;

To trip the feet that trod the road
To Order, scarce yet steady;
To fire the savage blood that glowed
For its revenge already.

And if that pair of words well-known
Were for such offspring married,
If your "*Remember Mitchelstown!*"
Such deadly meaning carried,

Who knows—unless the other three
Were merely useless lumber—
What potent issues we might see
From more than twice their number?

REVIEWS.

THE LONG WHITE MOUNTAIN.*

MR. JAMES seems to have inherited somewhat of the spirit of those chroniclers of the middle ages who thought it necessary to begin every historical record with the Flood. The account of his "journey in Manchuria" occupies only a small portion of his massive volume; the remainder he has filled with a history of the country and its inhabitants since the time that the Manchus took shape as a nation, as well as with a sketch of the present Manchu dynasty of China. This is much as if a Chinese traveller in Scotland were to preface his narrative by an account of the history of Great Britain since the union of the two crowns. But Mr. James considers that the fact that "from a valley on the outskirts of the Long White Mountains there sprang a petty Tartan chieftain nearly three hundred years ago who challenged the power of China, and whose sons, after a determined struggle, conquered the Celestial Empire and placed on the throne the present dynasty," is sufficiently astounding to justify a full relation of the events which led up to and followed it. But surely this is an incident of a kind with which we are familiar not only in Oriental, but also in European history. The hardy inhabitants of Northern inhospitable climes have always found in the plains of the sunny South irresistible attractions and scenes of easy conquest. The invasions into Southern Europe of the Goths and into India of the Aryans have found their counterparts over and over again in Chinese history. Ever since the time that She Hwangte found it necessary to build the great wall to defend himself against the encroachment of the Huns, wave after wave of invasion has swept over the country from the North, sometimes led by Mongolian, sometimes by Turkish, and sometimes by Manchurian chieftains. The advent to power, therefore, of the present dynasty was but one of a long series of similar episodes.

The complete control eventually gained by the invaders over the people of the conquered country harmonizes also with the past history of the Chinese. With them there is no such thing as personal loyalty to a sovereign. They are content to know nothing of him who reigns over them, and are ready to yield implicit obedience to the throne in the abstract so long as peace and plenty are secured to them.

But, though we cannot agree with Mr. James in regarding the historical portion of his work as called for, we are ready to admit that he has succeeded in making it very readable, and that there is much in it which will be both new and interesting to most of his readers. But, as we have no desire to imitate Mr. James's prefatial voluminousness, we will pass on at once to the account of his journey.

In company with Lieutenant Younghusband, of the King's Dragoon Guards, he determined to spend a portion of a long Indian leave in travelling in Manchuria, and, in pursuance of this intention, he landed at Yingtzü, the port of Newchwang, in May 1886. Here, fortunately for the travellers, they met Mr. Fulford, of the China Consular Service, who agreed to accompany them, and whose knowledge of Chinese was of inestimable advantage to them throughout their journey. At Yingtzü they stayed just long enough to provide themselves with six carts and the requisite servants, and then struck northwards into the almost unknown regions of Manchuria. On the subject of this name Mr. James makes the not very profound remark that it is "unknown to the

* *The Long White Mountain; or, a Journey in Manchuria.* By H. E. M. James. With Illustrations and a Map. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1888.

Chinese, having, as far as I can ascertain," he adds, "been coined by French geographers." It would have been indeed strange to have found a Latinized name in use among the Chinese, with whom we should as soon have expected to find the name of Confucius domiciled as that of Manchuria. Mr. James is an Indian civilian, and we should have thought the analogies suggested by the names Arabia, Persia, India, &c., would have at once occurred to him when he set about trying to ascertain something about the name Manchuria. As a matter of fact, the country called by us Manchuria was originally known to the Chinese as Suhshên. This name subsequently became Chushên, and was changed by Nurhachu, the founder of the present Chinese Imperial line, to Manchu, meaning Pure. By a mistake of Chinese scribes, the second syllable was converted into "chow," a word which means "a territory," and hence the designation of Manchow, which is now commonly applied to the country.

From Yingtzü the travellers went direct to Mukden, the capital —a fine city, with splendid walls forming a square about a mile long each way. Like every sign of civilization in Manchuria, Mukden dates its existence from the rise to power of Nurhachu at the end of the sixteenth century. The city was founded by him, and it was within its walls that he exchanged his travelling-pack for a chieftain's robe. In the archives of the city are still preserved the boots which he wore and the pack which he carried in his struggling days; and, in striking contrast to these evidences of his early poverty, stands outside the wall the imperial mausoleum which holds his ashes, and which is surrounded with every emblem of sovereignty. The temple which serves as the antechamber to the tomb is roofed with yellow imperial tiles; the principal gateway is flanked on either side by bas-reliefs in green majolica, representing imperial five-clawed dragons; while huge stone lions guard the sacred portal. Besides these relics of the nation's hero there is not much that is worth seeing in Mukden, and after a few days' rest, therefore, the travellers started for the grand object of their journey, the Long White Mountains, which lie nearly due east from Mukden, at a distance by road of about four hundred and fifty miles. It must be understood that here, as in a great part of Manchuria, the word "road" is not to be regarded as a strictly descriptive term. "Track," or "pathway," would more nearly define the kind of "road" the travellers traversed; but the sight of the Long White Mountains, the fabled cradle of the Manchu race, and the scene of the miraculous birth of Nurhachu, made them forget the miseries of their travel, including even the horrors of the wayside inns and the tortures endured from the myriads of gadflies which haunt the Machurian forests.

Legend has always affirmed that embosomed on the summit of the highest mountain of the range is an azure lake of unfathomable depth, where Olympian goddesses are wont to lave their limbs. Here on one occasion, so runs the story, three nymphs were disporting themselves when a passing magpie dropped a fine ripe fruit into the embrace of the one named Fokolun. Unconscious of the nature of the gift, the goddess ate the fruit, by virtue of which she became pregnant, and in due time gave birth to a boy of godlike appearance and heaven-born attributes. Like so many infants renowned in Oriental and classical histories, this youthful prodigy was cast adrift in a canoe on a neighbouring river. In accordance with precedent, also, he so impressed the people of the district where his barque touched shore that they adopted him as their ruler.

So far as the existence of the lake and the beauty of the colour of its water are concerned, Mr. James, who with his companions are the only Europeans who have ever invaded the precincts of the sacred pool, fully bears out the legend. A further object which Mr. James had in view in visiting Manchuria was to ascend a range of snowy peaks, ten to twelve thousand feet high, which map-makers have, with that persistency in error which is one of their characteristics, always laid down in the neighbourhood of the Ch'angpai shan. But a careful survey of the surrounding country revealed to him the fact that this range which "lifts its head and lies" on almost every map of Manchuria, including one issued not very long ago by the Royal Geographical Society, is non-existent. But, apart from the Long White Mountain, there is little of geographical interest in Manchuria, nor did Mr. James meet with any archæological remains worthy of remark. In fact, Manchuria is mainly, if not entirely, interesting in a political sense. It forms one of the buffers between Russia and China, and may very possibly at some future time be the Belgium of Eastern Asia. We should have been glad, therefore, to have heard something more than Mr. James is able to tell us of the military dispositions which the Chinese are making for the defence of the frontier. Of the arsenal at Kirin he speaks in high praise. "It was very interesting," he writes, "to see a large establishment filled with foreign machinery, some German and some English, with boilers and engines, and steam-hammers, just as one might see at Woolwich or Elswick, all erected and managed by Chinese without foreign assistance of any kind." And it is satisfactory to know that "the Chinese verdict on English compared with German machinery was that the latter worked more quickly and did delicate work better, but the English was more solid, and could always be depended on for accuracy."

Both at Kirin and elsewhere the Chinese appeared to be fully alive to the strategical importance of Manchuria—far more so, indeed, than the representatives of the European Powers at Peking, who have not troubled themselves to acquire any accurate and scientific knowledge either of the geography of the country or of the military position of the province. Considering the immense European and especially English interests which are at stake in China and the Far East, it is passing strange that our legation at Peking should be left without a military attaché, and that we should be dependent on news filtered through Russia, or on long-delayed announcements in the *Peking Gazette*, for information on movements which might at any moment seriously affect our commerce.

On the two subjects which Prince Kung once sententiously pointed out as being injurious to our interests in China—namely, opium and missionaries—Mr. James has much to say; and his opinion, as being that of an Indian official whose attention had already been necessarily directed to them, is of value. On the subject of opium he does not share the views of the Anti-Opium Society. Indeed, he regards it as "one of God's good gifts," to be enjoyed like wine and tobacco, and contrasts the effect of dram-drinking with that of opium-smoking, very much to the disadvantage of drink. "Half a dozen streets in London," he considers, "contain far more blear-eyed, sodden cumberers of the earth, men made originally in God's image, than the streets of all the towns in Manchuria." This comparison, as Mr. James would probably be the first to admit, is rather rhetorical than convincing, and its effect is partly destroyed by his statement that "the passion for it [opium-smoking] seems to exceed even the craving for drink. In the case of the rich, who can afford to buy it," he adds, "it is only the individual that suffers; but when a poor man is the victim, he will sell house, home, lands, and cattle, even wife and children, to gratify his appetite, and every winter unhappy wretches are found frozen to death, who have parted with their very garments to satisfy their craving. . . . No one would willingly allow a young man in whom he took an interest to begin it if he had sufficient influence to prevent him." In reading this, one would imagine that he was speaking rather of a present out of Pandora's box than of "one of God's good gifts."

On the subject of missionaries Mr. James's views are wise and temperate, and if among the zealous supporters of the different Christian creeds and sects in China there were more men like him, Prince Kung might withdraw his ban, and the missionary-protecting gunboats might be laid up in ordinary.

GEOMETRICAL TEACHING.*

SINCE an Association was formed, some fifteen years ago, for the improvement of geometrical teaching we have had frequent occasion to note the appearance of good text-books, and, therefore, infer some corresponding advance in the methods of instruction. The Germans, however, had preceded us in this new development of geometrical teaching, and we adhere to the opinion already expressed that, if the older system, as exemplified by Euclid and Legendre, *must* be superseded, then an English adaptation of such elementary works as the "Planimetrie" and the "Stereometrie" of Dr. Hermann Schumann would probably better serve the interests of the Association than their own Syllabus. Another recent extension has been in a direction which the orthodox geometer seems fated to ignore—the use of graphic methods, the actual details of the construction or delineation of curves from given data, so as to exhibit truly their nature and properties, and in certain cases give practical as well as mathematical solutions of engineering and other problems. In reading the geometry of Conics, for example, what beginner has not writhed over the false perspective under which the sections are frequently shown? the only satisfactory way, till the Quaternions of Hamilton be adopted, being to refer any solid under discussion to two rectangular planes. The ability to combine a plan with the corresponding elevation once attained, there is no difficulty in exactly setting forth on the plane of the paper any point or line on the surface of the solid.

Some years ago Professor Tait, in reviewing the two works written by Sir W. Rowan Hamilton, which he qualified as "only to be compared with such books as the *Principia* of Newton and the *Méchanique Céleste* of Lagrange," pointed out that, in developing his new method of mathematics, the inventor of Quaternions found himself compelled to fall back upon the Newtonian fluxions and reject the calculus of Leibnitz. This may be bracketed with the fact that some of the most able recent works on the Differential of Functions are formally and logically founded on the "method of Rates or Fluxions," distinctly a revived departure, returning to the employment of Newton's conception in order to avoid the use of infinite series which is necessarily involved in Lagrange's derived functions.

The *Geometry in Space* of Mr. Nixon, Royal Academical Institution, Belfast, has recalled the Quaternion calculus, which was really an extension of the geometrical method of Des Cartes without the artifice of co-ordinate axes. Mr. Nixon, however, introduces no new method, but in continuation of his former works now presents us with an excellent text-book of Solid Geometry under the above rather inadequate title. Surely all geometry has to do with space, whether the subject under consideration have three dimensions or less than three. The work is founded professedly on Euclid's Eleventh and Twelfth Books, but none of the propositions of the latter are set forth, though nearly all those of the former appear.

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* *Geometry in Space.* By R. C. J. Nixon. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1888.

Four-fifths of the book consist of original or compiled matter, which amply compensate for that omission, and constitute a comprehensive and thoroughly methodic course of instruction in polyhedra and solids of revolution, followed by a well-written chapter on the perspective of solids. In the third chapter we note the theorems of Guldinus proved, and discussion of surface spherics, with some interesting extensions of the modern plane geometry, such as centres and axes of similitude, radical planes and centres, poles and polar planes. The proofs throughout are models for condensation and clear arrangement, assisted by diagrams which are in all respects almost perfect. Exception might be taken to the definition on page 46, since the lateral faces cannot be formed by the lines joining the corners. A valuable feature of this book is the choice of exercises; those on the chapter on polyhedra, for example, leading up to a most interesting set of properties of an orthogonal tetrahedron, analogous to a well-known group in plane geometry. The nine-point-circle (also called "medioscribed" by Dr. Mackay) of a triangle now becomes the twelve-point-sphere of the tetrahedron. The radius of the twelve-point-sphere is one-third that of the circum-sphere, and (to quote one of many other properties) the twelve-point-sphere, the circum-sphere, and the sphere whose surface passes through the six mid points of the edges, all have a common radical plane.

Mr. Nixon offers a good example to many recent writers by appending to his book a comprehensive index, and giving the reader hints here and there as to the source of valuable theorems and generalizations. Such "historical notes," as Dr. J. S. Mackay terms them in his edition of Euclid, are of great interest to every mathematician, because "the names of those who have extended the boundaries of science should not be unknown to those who inherit the results of their labour."

"SILLY SUFFOLK."*

DR. EMERSON has once again been studying man and nature through the medium of his camera, and has published the record of his experience in another goodly volume—*Pictures of East Anglian Life* the highly respectable name of it. The great fault of the book is that, being full of text, it is too large to read with comfort or advantage. It is the type of volume which has no real existence apart from a reading-desk, and is best described as "a portfolio in disguise." Ourselves have struggled with it, and not been vanquished; but the grapple was of necessity close and deadly, and a result of it has been to induce in us a certain regard of unfriendliness to the author. It is impossible, indeed, to do oneself justice both as a writer and a photographer on a large scale in the confines of one and the same pair of boards. The photographer is safe enough, but the writer must inevitably suffer. The reader, fatigued by wrestling with unwieldiness, is apt to grow captious, and to think worse of such faults as he may light upon in the course of his long and toilsome endeavour than, it may be, they deserve. Perhaps it is for this reason, and perhaps it is for another; but it is, at any rate, certain that Dr. Emerson's style produces an impression of being both slovenly and inexpressive, while his arguments and conclusions get to sound suspiciously like special pleadings. His attitude is not at all unlike that of Canning's Friend of Humanity. "Did some rich man," one seems to hear him saying, "tyrannically use you?"—

> Was it the squire, or parson of the parish?
> Or the attorney?

He cares nothing for the parson, and as little for the squire. He japes upon them with his own japes and with the japes of others; he loves to contrast their condition with that of his friends and authorities, the long-shore man and the farm-labourer; he goes the length (we are afraid) of rejoicing when they are taken in, and of regarding the greedy hypocrisy of his authorities and friends aforesaid with a certain pride. And the odd thing is that his picture of the particular set of peasantry which he has made it his business to study for the once is as unflattering and unpleasant as has ever been painted. In "Silly Suffolk" has he learned his lore; and, if his hypotheses be sound, the enthusiasm which he professes for the denizens of that pleasant county is the least explicable of mysteries we know.

The peasantry with whom Dr. Emerson is immediately concerned are those round about Southwold. He is careful to note that his observations apply to no other district, and to remark upon the curious and inherent differences presented by the inhabitants of contiguous parishes. He starts with the admission that the Southwold man is either abusive and dishonest or honest and civil at will, and in proportion as he thinks he will be the gainer. Should it occur to him that he will profit by being a rascal and a brute, then a brute and a rascal he is; while he has but to opine that honesty is a better policy, to put his theory into practice with all imaginable frankness and politeness. The admission is a great deal for a professed and resolute sympathizer to make; and it is characteristic of Dr. Emerson that he forgets, a couple of pages further on, that he has made it, and proceeds to describe the *petite bourgeoisie* of Suffolk as "the most despicable class in the county," forasmuch as "having all the bad qualities of the peasantry, they are in addition mean-spirited toadies and grovellers for the sake of filthy lucre." The difference between these miserable wretches and the free and independent characters whose "object is, as a rule, to do or say exactly what will be most to their own advantage," whose life is spent in "besting" or being "bested" by each other, and who can put off the habit of frankness and honest dealing for one of cunning and double-dealing at a moment's notice, is too subtle, as it appears to us, to be apprehended of the unfanatical mind. "The ruling passion of the peasantry," confesses our author, "is avarice"; their "envy towards each other is intense, and they jealously avoid imparting information to one another"; they "would rather see a horse kill a man than tell him how to manage it." They are perfect in the art of simulating poverty, and will ask and take any amount of alms so long as they are allowed to call it "largesse." In bearing witness they are careful to give according as they have received; for "if previously bought over, they cunningly frame their answers according to instructions," while they "refuse to speak at all until paid to do so." They are careful of their persons, and would rather scold, than fight out, a quarrel. They are "not servile," but, for all that, "their outward respect for the local squirearchy" is such as to fairly "disgust," not only the gipsies in general, but "many a travelling showman"—the travelling showman being, it appears, together with the gipsy, "the great disseminator of Radical doctrines." For the rest, they are hideously cruel to birds and animals and each other; they are greatly addicted to brag and tittle-tattle; they have no objection to a little gambling; they are by no means averse from the consumption of liquor; they are poachers as often as they dare; they despise the Establishment; they are superstitious to the last degree; they are respectful of Dissent, and exist but to swindle the "passon" and the squire; they hate and despise the farmer class; they are fast turning from Blue (the true blue of Toryism) to a consistent Yellow (the yellow of the hopeful and esurient Radical); they aspire—as to a kind of millennium—to the "nationalization" of everything, and cherish as an ideal the advent of a time when the Commune will be society, and everybody will be helped by everybody else, and the aged and infirm will be kicked out into solitude to expire as best they can, and so relieve the body politic of the care of tending and supporting them. Dr. Emerson, when he comes to think seriously of their condition, is, to speak soothly, a little depressed about it. He seems, however, to think that their regeneration is possible, and in his mind's eye he has a vision of its achievement at the hands of a corps of noble, but self-conscious, "Bohemians," who shall live among them, and persuade them of their duties, and teach them to prefer the publications of the Kyrle Society to the wares of the travelling hawker, and the "sweet reasonableness" of the good Radical voter to the servile dissembling of the man accustomed to swindle the "passon," and bow down (while there is anything to be made by it) before the local squire. But Dr. Emerson is a little vague in his ideals as he is a trifle loose in his statements, and to the average mind the practices and influences of his "Bohemians" are, on the face of them, no more than visions and dreams of the night. What is certain is that, having convicted his peasants of every sort of meanness of which the human composition is capable, he has added a new terror to experience by darkly hinting at the existence in Suffolk of a worse lot still; even the great body of "farmers and *petits bourgeois*"—or, in other words, "the most despicable class in the county." It is a pity that he gives no facts in proof of this latter theory. We have seen the worth of his demonstration of the merits and the general "interestingness" of one particular class. One would not be sorry to ponder the results of his impeachment of another. If we add that he has "defended" the fisherfolk of his district in the same terms and to the same purpose as the peasants, we shall probably have said enough.

After all, however, the main interest of his book lies, not so much in his presentment of the manly virtues of the Suffolk peasant and the claims to imperial influence of the Suffolk "beachcomber," as in the pictures which, his good camera aiding, and a profound contempt for the miserable wretches who presume to "arrange" and attempt the "improvement" of nature guiding, he has produced for our special enlightenment. It should be noted in this connexion that he prefers Crome to Constable, and is of opinion that, being deficient in "tone," the pictures of the latter artist are generally lacking in "atmosphere"; and it should be added that, being familiar with the works of J. F. Millet—or, at all events, with such of them as are reproduced in Sensier's "admirable life" of that great man—he has sought, as we imagine, to "compose" his photographs of East Anglian life so as to suggest the presence of a certain "Millet quality" in their originals. Now and then, as in "A Stiff Pull" and "In the Barley Harvest," both capital subjects capitally treated, he has been successful enough to make us wish that Millet had painted in Suffolk instead of at and about Chailly-en-Bière. In another plate, "The Farm by the Broad," he contrives to give us something of the effect of (as it were) the raw material of a Corot. In "A Suffolk Shrimper 'Going Out'" and "A Suffolk Shrimper 'Coming Ashore'" he reminds us a little of Mesdag; in other plates—flat, airless, valueless—of the followers of Bastien-Lepage. This is as much as to say that, if he were a painter, he would not have published his photographs, but would have tried to convert them into pictures. As he is not a painter, he appears to cling to the delusion that art is a representation of nature, and that a photograph, which tells everything seen by the camera, is, *ipso facto*, superior to a picture, which only tells

* *Pictures of East Anglian Life.* By P. H. Emerson. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1888.

what the painter has chosen to see and represent. From his own point of view the result is scarce, perhaps, so exalting and imposing as he might have wished. From that of his readers it is extremely interesting. Art is one thing, of course, and photography is another; and these photographs of Dr. Emerson's are a good deal less like art—though, as we have seen, they are not lacking in suggestions of it—than some others we have seen. But they show what the camera perceived with excellent explicitness; they are so much nature taken in the fact—so many documents in illustration of Suffolk scenery and the Suffolk character; and as such they will (no doubt) be welcome to a great number of persons to whom their correlatives in art would be merely insignificant.

AN ASSIZE IN LOWER BENGAL.*

ARCHDEACONS who dabble in the levying of the Excise in India, and omniscient members of Parliament who weep over the Salt-tax or pass judgment on the procedure of Indian tribunals, very soon get out of their depth. It is perfectly correct to say that the decision of statesmen who have had no previous Oriental training may turn out perfectly sound on what are termed Imperial questions in India, China, and the East. But such men consult experts, by whom they are admirably aided, and they make up their minds cautiously, constructing a policy out of a mass of conflicting opinions and evidence. The clerical and the Parliamentary censor, on the other hand, may completely miss the significance of the ordinary proceedings in any revenue or judicial tribunal, and may distil acidity out of sweetness and get darkness out of light. We draw these conclusions from the following analysis of a trial at a Bengal Sessions, which, with imperturbable gravity, the publisher or editor terms "a Romance of Criminal Administration." The reader might imagine that he was about to hear some deliciously prurient revelations about the mysteries of the Zenana, the woes of Begums, the revenge of angry lovers, the rise and fall of favourites, and the domestic lives of Eastern kings. The story, on the contrary, is one of the most prosaic kind. It is an account of the death of a young girl in a quiet village in one of the most populous districts of Lower Bengal, of an inquiry by the police, of two trials at the Sessions Court, with a reference to the High Court between the first and the last trial, and of the ultimate acquittal of the accused. But though curious and interesting, we draw from it conclusions rather different from those drawn by the member for Aberdeen.

A certain Mohammedan named Muluk Chand was *Chaukidar* or watchman in the village of Bhulat, in the subdivision of Bongong, more correctly Bāngrām, in the well-known district of Nadiya. This man had a wife and two daughters. One morning in March 1882 the eldest, Nekjan, or the "Good Life," was found dead at a little distance from the pallet or bed on which she had been sleeping, near her father and her sister Golak Mani. The villagers were soon aroused; the police were informed; an incised wound was discovered of a triangular form in the "epigastric region," as the post-mortem report puts it; and while it was stated that the deceased had died from the bite of a snake, this story was disbelieved, and the father was eventually committed to stand his trial at the Sessions Court for the murder of his own daughter. The trial was held before a jury, charged in the usual way by the judge, the late Mr. Perceval D. Dickens. The chief witness against the prisoner was his surviving daughter, Golak. This girl, aged seven years, deposed that awaking just as it was getting light, she then saw her father with his foot on her sister's throat, striking her on the body with a spear. A functionary, who in one place is called the native doctor and in another the assistant at the Hospital of Bongong, deposed to the effect that he had examined the corpse, that he did not think that the child had been strangled, that the wound in the stomach was such as might have been caused by a spear produced in court, and that it was sufficient to cause death. The wife of the prisoner, who, it seems, had gone on the previous evening by her husband's direction to get some funds required for a certain litigation, gave evidence that, on her return the next morning, she found one daughter dead and her husband and the surviving child in tears, and that she taxed the prisoner with the murder. The evidence of neighbours and policemen as to this state of things was much to the same effect. The Civil Surgeon of the station of Kishnagar, who had never seen the corpse, stated that, from the report of his subordinate the native doctor, the child seemed to have been killed either by suffocation or by the shock occasioned by the spear wound. The prisoner himself, who, under the Criminal Procedure Code, was very properly examined both by the Magistrate and by the Sessions Judge, protested his innocence, and added that towards the morning of the night in question he had gone out to look after his garden of onions, that on his return he found his daughter lying dead, and that he suspected no one, though he had a quarrel with two other neighbours, Mohammedans like himself. The judge reviewed the whole evidence, carefully pointed out a motive for the crime in the suggestion that the prisoner murdered his own daughter in order to have grounds for getting his adversary into trouble, but added that the motive was slight; and then, laying stress on the evidence of the only eye-witness to the fact, the little girl aged seven, on the behaviour of the prisoner as hardly consistent with innocence, on the improbability of the story of the snake-bite, and on the weakness of the defence, evidently charged for a conviction. The jury unanimously found the prisoner guilty. Under the Anglo-Indian system all capital sentences passed at Sessions by District Judges are referred to the High Court of the various Presidencies for confirmation; and here the omniscience of the M.P. is unhappily at fault. He talks of the High Court as sitting "in appeal" in this case, and contrasts the criminal procedure of India with that of our English law courts, much to the discredit of the latter. Now, as we have just said, the decision of the Sessions Court was referred by the presiding officer *proprio motu* to the High Court, and was not appealed against at all. By the Indian Code two judges of the High Court are always required to confirm any sentence of death passed by any Sessions Court. The whole file of papers is at once sent up to the Registrar, who lays it before a Divisional Court. That court retries the whole case, as it were, on the record from beginning to end; counsel can be heard on both sides; and the prisoner is either sentenced to death or acquitted. On this occasion the prisoner's counsel was Baboo Man Mohan Ghose, a native gentleman of whom we have heard much in other quarters, and who, we are bound to say, brought out the facts in favour of the innocence of his client very forcibly and well. Of the presiding judges, one was a Barrister and the other a Civilian judge. It was shown to them that the evidence of the child-witness was possibly tutored or manifestly unreliable; that the wound must have been clumsily inflicted by the spear after death, in order to give colour to the story of the snake; that there was no adequate motive, nor indeed any motive at all, for a father to commit such a horrible crime; that in the charge to the jury some points had been unduly pressed and others disregarded; that alternative theories of the death were not duly propounded; that contradictions were glossed over; and that the main question whether any murder at all had been committed was really not present to the mind of the judge, and was not fairly laid before the jury. The Barrister-judge of the High Court, we remark, at first fell into the error of assuming that, because the evidence for the prosecution was not rebutted or was not subjected to a sharp cross-examination, therefore it could be disregarded. Now every Anglo-Indian official at all conversant with criminal or civil suits always asks himself, not whether such a one's evidence has been upset or analysed, but whether *per se* it is to be trusted at all. Cross-examination is a science of which most native advocates in the Courts of First Instance are entirely ignorant; and we recollect a very eminent and successful advocate at the close of his long Indian career saying that he should like to begin it again in the lowest Courts of the country, so that he might show Vakils and Mukhtars—native advocates and attorneys—how to cross-examine reluctant or eager witnesses. However, the High Court dealt with the whole case satisfactorily. Instead of getting the Government to depute a special judge to retry the case at Nadiya, they ordered it to be tried at Alipore, close to Calcutta, the prisoner and witnesses being brought there—some sixty miles—by rail. It is not necessary to go at length into the second trial, as the new judge did. The witnesses were re-examined at greater length and to far greater purpose. It was shown that the police had been so impressed with the story of the snake-bite that they had dug up the floor of the house to see if they could find any such reptile, though this significant fact had been kept out of the first trial. Divers discrepancies and contradictions were noticed. Baboo Man Mohan Ghose appeared again, made a very good speech for his client, and proved incontestably, to our thinking, that the child Golak had been tutored up to the very hilt. The District Judge, Mr. A. C. Brett, summed up dispassionately; made mincemeat of the deposition of the constable; pointed out that there were grounds for thinking that the wife might have wished to get rid of her husband; and that in a mysterious case, where the actual cause of death was uncertain, it would not be right to convict. The jury at once acquitted the prisoner; and we have no doubt that they were perfectly right. The error at the first Sessions was that the judge did not ask the jury to consider whether there were good grounds for thinking that any murder had been committed. When a corpse is brought into the Station this is the first question asked by every expert police officer before he casts about to find any perpetrator of an alleged crime.

Mr. Hunter by his preface seems to have made some wonderful discoveries. He has been forced to the conclusion that in Bengal the police may still be corrupt; that children can be tutored, by threats or by the promise of sweetmeats, to swear away the lives of their parents; and that witnesses generally may be quite ready to commit perjury. With the easy confidence which has enabled agitators to lay down the law in regard to public meetings in Trafalgar Square, he finds fault with the Indian Evidence Act, passed when Mr. Justice Stephen was Legal Member of the Viceregal Council. He objects to a provision in that Statute which allows any former statement made by a witness relating to a fact at or about the time when the fact took place, or before any authority legally competent to investigate the same fact, to be given in evidence. This, he says, gives "an enormous scope to perjury," and enables the prosecution to multiply witnesses. Very likely it goes beyond the English rule; but its object was, and is, to prevent perjury, and to enable the Indian judge to detect it. The said statement, previously made, must refer to the same fact

* *The Trial of Muluk Chand for the Murder of his own Child; a* [illegible] *of Criminal Administration in Bengal.* With an Introduction by [illegible], LL.D., M.P. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1888.

to which the witness on oath is deposing. It shows whether the witness has always told the same tale. It may corroborate or it may invalidate his sworn testimony. And it is made legal evidence because a first statement is less likely to have been tutored, because it is probably spontaneous, because it is more likely to be true than subsequent disclosures. At any rate it shows how the witness from the first dealt with the facts. Next, with curious inconsistency, Mr. Hunter finds fault with the Sessions Judge for not sending for the Police Diaries, as by the Criminal Procedure Code, revised and enacted as Act X. of 1882, he was empowered to do. These Diaries, by this last law, may be used in Court, not as evidence in the case, but to aid it in the trial. They may be of use for the police officer who wrote them, in order to refresh his memory; or for the Court itself, in order to test and confute the policeman. At any rate, all these departures from our own practice have the sanction of experts, who know that the best way of getting at the truth is to find out, under certain safeguards, what was done or said out of Court, and not merely to rely on smooth-spoken and plausible witnesses in it. Mr. Hunter appears to think that, if the late Mr. Dickens had admitted something and excluded something else, he would have discovered the perjury. By the way, there is no such crime as perjury known to the Indian Code. It is there defined as "giving false evidence." But, in truth, the first miscarriage was simply due to the fact that the judge summed up against the accused as a murderer, without satisfying himself and the jury that anybody had been murdered.

One plausible explanation of the death is that the little girl died from snake-bite, and that the father, being aware that some neighbours would only be too glad to charge him with a capital or any other offence, foolishly made a wound in the child's stomach, so as to give it the appearance of a bite. We cannot say that the native doctor showed much quickness of apprehension or that his observations are very pertinent. But a better explanation is given by the counsel for the defence, who, after the acquittal, elicited from the prisoner the following confession. He was awoke by a noise which he attributed to a strange bull that had been in the habit of eating his vegetables. He got up and hurled a heavy piece of wood in the direction of the noise, and then found, to his horror, that he had unwittingly killed his own daughter. On this supposition or the alternative of the snake everything becomes intelligible; and indeed the trial, so far from being romantic, is a dull matter-of-fact, such as has come and will come again scores of times under the cognizance of Magistrates and Judges all over Bengal.

The whole record, if to an M.P. it suggests doubts on the admissibility of evidence and sneers at the Home Secretary, is to us a wonderful photograph of the judicial system in Bengal. The very names of the parties involved, their habits, the report to the police, the arrival of the constable followed by the Inspector, the rapid decomposition of the corpse, the trepidation and confusion of the unhappy father, the testimony of the little girl so cleverly concocted as to deceive a judge and jury, are each and all eminently suggestive. Other points forcibly illustrate domestic and village life. Sir William Hunter, not the M.P. of that name, has just shown that in Bengal Proper—that is, in the districts where the Bengali and not the Urdu language is spoken—there are some eighteen millions of Mussulmans to seventeen millions of Hindus. Many of the former have adopted, or more likely have retained, Hindu phraseology, and are divided into castes. Golak, the name of the surviving daughter, is pure Sanskrit; and Mussulmans often bear the names of Madhu and Gopal, all derived from the same classical language. Not long ago, and in some tracts to this day, the Mohammedans of Bengal might have been correctly described as "something little better than a mongrel breed of circumcised, low-caste Hindus." The notion of the father, Muluk Chand, that a stray bull was eating his crop, suggests another well-known incident of village life. A pious Hindu in fulfilment of a vow buys and lets loose on society a bull, in the name of religion. In Benares these animals are positive pests from their numbers and obtrusiveness. In Bengal they roam in much fewer numbers over the whole country, devour impartially the crops of men of all creeds, and when they penetrate the recesses of purely Mohammedan villages, never emerge again but are speedily converted into beefsteaks. The progress of enlightenment amongst Hindus is illustrated by the dissection of a corpse by a native medical officer, by caste a Brahman. Fifty years ago to deal with a dead body in this way was pollution to a high-caste Hindu; and when a student of the Medical College in Calcutta, some time during the administration of Lord Auckland, was the first to boldly dissect a dead body in the presence of Englishmen and natives, the orthodox Hindus fled in horror and thought that the world was coming to an end. The suggestion of the snake reminds us of the thousands of deaths which annually all over India are said to have been caused by reptiles and wild beasts. But tigers and buffaloes and even wild boars have long ceased to infest villages in Nadiya. Snakes, and now and then drowning, are the only resources left to those who wish to hush up inquiries into awkward and mysterious deaths. The bed of onions which the father went out to visit reminds us of the favourite vegetable of Mussulmans; and the *Kachu* plant, in which a knife produced in court was discovered and which is described in a foot-note as the *Arum colocasia*, is a large-leaved plant of which the tuber is eaten, very much resembling our rhubarb in appearance. The native term, translated "cow-path," is, we apprehend, the *Bhangar*, or *go-páth*. It is a strip of land such as may be seen on the edge of all villages, on which the community tether their cows before the cutting of the harvest allows cattle to roam at will over the plain. It is probably a survival of the joint tenancy of village communities, now practically extinct in Bengal. The assertion of the prisoner that the police pierced his nails with the thorns of the date-tree, may or may not be true. But it shows a lingering belief in the old story that policemen do resort to torture in order to extract confessions; while the laxity of the investigation by members of that body, and the whole complexion of the case, are tolerably good proofs that the inhabitants of one of the most populous and civilized districts near the metropolis ought still to be subjected to strict English supervision, and are not quite fitted for the glorious privilege of Self-government. But after these admissions we have nothing but commendation to bestow on the action of the High Court of Calcutta. That with much inconvenience to the accused his innocence was established and a judicial murder prevented, is due in part to the native advocate, but mainly to that composite tribunal, made up of the old Supreme Court and the old Sudder Court, a legacy of genuine and constructive statesmanship bequeathed by the late Lord Halifax.

PORTRAITS OF CELEBRATED RACEHORSES.*

THE author of this work may well say in his preface that "in Vol. II., commencing with the few remaining horses of the last century, the interest begins to quicken, and goes on increasing till the end of Vol. IV. is reached." The third volume, with which we have now to deal, contains a large number of illustrations from the pictures of J. F. Herring, many of which are worth looking at as clever representations of thoroughbred horses, even apart from their interest as portraits. There are others by Marshall, Laporte, Hancock, Baringer, Ferneley, Davis, Smith, Corbet, Harry Hall, F. C. Turner, Herring junr., Abraham Cooper and others; but no impartial critic could refuse to give the preference to those by J. F. Herring. The letterpress is on a par with that of the preceding volumes. It seems to us a pity that the races and pedigrees are not reported in the manner usual in newspapers and Turf guides. It is impossible to make matter of this kind readable throughout, and it is far better to give it in tabular form than as a piece of continuous reading.

It would be impossible in a review of this length to criticize all the portraits *seriatim*, and as they are merely given in chronological order, we will venture to rearrange them according to their families and notice a few of the principal representatives of the latter. Looking through the names of the descendants of the Darley Arabian through Eclipse, we find two portraits of Sir Hercules, his great-great-grandson, foaled in 1826. He was a black, or black-brown, with a good many white hairs in his coat. Both his pictures make him out to have been very powerful. He seems to have had a remarkably short and strong back, with arched loins, very lengthy and muscular quarters, and excellent shoulders. As his blood runs in the veins of nearly every living racehorse of celebrity, his portrait is well worthy of careful study. Sir Hercules's most famous son was Irish Birdcatcher, who was foaled in 1833 and died in 1860 (by the way, is not Mr. Taunton in error when he states that his dam, who died in 1850, was bred in 1883?). There is a portrait of him by Harry Hall, and we congratulate Mr. Taunton on having selected this instead of the other well-known picture of the same horse; for while the latter is more spirited, it does not show his points so well. He had a particularly sensible and bloodlike, but not exactly pretty, head, with fine ears. His neck was graceful, but muscular. His shoulders were good, yet they were by no means his best point. He had great depth of girth; his back was very short and strong, his back-ribs were excellent, and his hips were rather high in proportion to his shoulders. He had lengthy, muscular, but not loaded quarters, and he carried his tail, which had some of the Sir Hercules white hairs at the root, rather high. His arms and second thighs were long and powerful, but he had not a great deal of bone below the knee. In colour he was a rich chestnut, with a wide blaze down his face and over his nose, and one white hindleg. If the portrait by Hancock of his own brother, Faugh-a-Ballagh, is to be trusted, there was much in common between them; but Faugh-a-Ballagh seems to have had a longer back. There is an excellent picture by Herring of Birdcatcher's celebrated son The Baron, a chestnut horse that won the St. Leger in 1845. He seems to have been a very handsome horse, with a small head, an evil eye (he was a bit of a savage), a light neck, faultless shoulders, immense girth, good loins, rather drooping quarters, very powerful thighs and arms, and forelegs which might have been none the worse for a little more bone. We look forward to seeing the portraits of his famous sons Stockwell and Rataplan in the volume that has yet to be published.

Few descendants of Eclipse have been more renowned than Touchstone, and most of the best horses in training have more than one strain of his blood. Herring's picture does not make him by any means the best-looking horse in the book; nor was he exactly what would be called a very handsome horse.

* *Portraits of celebrated Racehorses of the Past and Present Centuries, in strictly Chronological Order, commencing in 1702 and ending in 1870, together with their respective Pedigrees and Performances recorded in full.* By Thomas Henry Taunton, M.A. In 4 vols. Vol. III. From 1824 to 1842. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1888.

His head was all very well, although his ears were coarse; his neck was strong, and his shoulders were fair, but not remarkable; there was, however, plenty of depth below them. It was behind the saddle that he possessed his extraordinary power. Indeed, we do not think that Herring quite did justice to his second thighs, which, as the writer of this article has reason to know from a personal acquaintance with the splendid old horse, were developed to an almost preternatural extent. His picture could not show his curious habit of turning out his hocks and galloping very wide behind, or how desperately he pulled. He lived to be thirty, dying in 1861; whereas Birdcatcher, with whose descendants his stock has been so much crossed, died at the age of twenty-seven, in the previous year. There are two pictures of Touchstone's son Cotherstone. He looks a powerful and remarkably well-shaped horse, but rather long in the leg, and without much bone below the knee.

Among Eclipse's descendants through King Fergus we have a portrait by Ferneley of Velocipede, who was foaled in 1825 and died in 1859. He was a tall chestnut horse with a white blaze, a flesh-coloured nose, two white fetlocks and a white heel. Like his sire, Blacklock, he had a big, ugly, Roman-nosed head, set on to a light, weak-looking neck. His shoulders were moderate, but he had a grand back and quarters and great depth of girth and back ribs. His legs look good, but rather long and wanting in bone, and, as a matter of fact, his off foreleg gave way between the knee and the fetlock. He became the sire of King of Trumps, and his blood exists in Bendigo and in many horses now in training, including King Monmouth, Rose Window, and Veracity, the winner of the late Lincolnshire Handicap. Another son of Blacklock's was a far more successful sire. This was Voltaire, of whom we have only an unsatisfactory, foreshortened portrait which tells us nothing. His name occurs three times in the pedigree of the winner of this year's Derby. There is a good picture here, by Herring, of Voltaire's son, Charles XII., who won the St. Leger in 1839. His long and rather heavy head, in this picture, looks as if it had some of the Blacklock characteristics; but in two portraits of him by the same artist that were formerly in the possession of the writer of this review, his head was remarkably well-shaped and bloodlike. As a whole, he showed a great deal of quality, although he was rather long-backed and drooping in the quarters. As a three-year-old he was purchased for 3,000 guineas, and as a stallion he was sold for 50*l*. Another horse of the King Fergus blood, whose portrait we have here, was Priam, winner of the Derby in 1830. He is said to have been handsome, but he looks a terrible stilty peacock in his portrait. Even in those early days he fetched 1,000 guineas as a yearling. Of the same blood and by the same sire was Plenipotentiary, whose portrait is by A. Cooper. He was a beautifully made horse, with immense bone and power, yet no lumber. Ayrshire has some of his blood in his veins. There are two portraits by F. C. Turner of Eclipse's celebrated descendant, Harkaway, the sire of King Tom. Harkaway was "a pale, yellow, sorrel" with a white face. He had a big, ugly head, and it is wonderful that a horse so finely bred on both sides should have been so angular, leggy, and coarse. He was a marvellous mover in his gallop, and he won twenty-five races out of thirty-eight. After his withdrawal from the turf, some Americans sent to ask his price and whether he was still in work. "The price of Harkaway," replied his owner, "is six thousand guineas, and I *hunt* him twice or thrice a week." His grandson, Kingcraft, won the Derby in 1870. A picture is given us of Liverpool, a direct descendant of Eclipse through the line of that horse's son, Joe Andrews. If Liverpool's portrait by Harrington was like him, he must have been a very coachy-looking brute. There is a far better portrait, by Herring, of Sheet Anchor, another horse of the Joe Andrews blood, whose name may be found in the pedigree of Stuart, the winner of the French Derby and Grand Prix of this year. He was a horse of great bone and power, but heavy-shouldered and round-rumped.

In looking through the names of the descendants of the Byerly Turk, we find a portrait of Venison. This was one of the most beautiful horses ever bred. A better head, a better neck, a better back, better shoulders, quarters, or limbs, it would be hard to find, either in a picture or in real life. Unfortunately nearly all his stock were small, and his blood is not very common, at present, in first-class racehorses. Minting's great granddam, however, was his granddaughter, and his name occurs in the pedigrees of several winners of last year, among others, Exmoor, Oberon, Panzerchiff, Renny, and Blanchland. In the Byerly Turk line again, we have Bay Middleton. Herring gives him a heavy head on a light neck, long weak loins, good depth of brisket, and capital limbs. Both the winner of this year's Derby and Friar's Balsam, whom most people think would have won it if he had been well, have a strain of Bay Middleton's blood. Among the pictures of the Byerly Turk's descendants we have also one of the very handsome, although low-backed, Glencoe, the sire of Pocahontas, Stockwell's dam. One of the most celebrated of the Byerly Turk's family was Sweetmeat, the sire of Macaroni, Parmesan, and Carnival. In his picture by Herring he is represented with a pretty little head, straight and heavy shoulders, good loins and quarters, and very little bone. He got some excellent mares, and his blood is much liked by many breeders.

We will now turn to the blood of the Godolphin Arabian. One of the most famous of his descendants, as a stallion, was Melbourne. His picture in this work is by Harry Hall, and was taken when he was at the stud. He is said to have been one of the most lengthy horses ever trained, yet he had great depth and short legs. His crest was remarkably thin, and he stood over very much on his fore-legs. He had wonderful shoulders—none better are represented in this book—and his quarters and thighs were unexceptionable; but in Harry Hall's portrait his loins are scarcely his best point. The stallions Sterling and Petrarch inherited his blood.

There are a good many pictures of famous mares in this volume. Among the most interesting is one, by Herring, of Emma, the dam of Cotherstone and Mundig, both winners of the Derby, as well as of Mowerina, dam of West Australian. She was a long, low, short-legged mare, but high in the withers. The portrait of Queen of Trumps, winner of both the Oaks and the St. Leger, is an admirable specimen of a Herring. She was about the best of Velocipede's get, and her picture is one of great interest. Herring has drawn Beeswing, the dam of the famous Newminster, in her gallop, and she looks a very bloodlike, graceful mare, but rather light of bone. Another light-boned, yet good-looking mare, was Crucifix, of whom there is a picture by Turner. She had a very straight head, great depth of brisket, and drooping quarters. She won both the Two Thousand and the Oaks, and her name appears in the pedigrees of several successful horses now in training, among others in that of Chitabob, the winner of this year's Whitsuntide Plate of 5,000*l*. She was also an ancestor of the celebrated stallion Hermit. Ghuznee, who only stood 14 hands and 3 inches when she won the Oaks, has an awful-looking hock in Turner's picture, yet she appears full of quality, as we well remember she was in reality when a brood mare at the stud. The portrait by Tasker of the celebrated mare Alice Hawthorn is not a happy one. It is quite a libel upon a mare whose name is to be found in the pedigree of the redoubtable Ormonde himself, as well as in those of a whole host of other winners. It is greatly to be regretted that there should be no picture of Pocahontas, the dam of Stockwell; but we do not remember ever to have seen one. We will conclude our review by noticing the picture by Abraham Cooper of Little Wonder, a brilliant-coloured bay horse, who won the Derby in 1840, although he was only 14 hands 3½ inches in height. He had excellent shoulders, very high withers, great depth of girth and length of arm, and drooping but very powerful quarters, with his hind legs turned a good deal under him. We have only to add that no library of books on racing will henceforward be complete without *Portraits of Celebrated Racehorses.*

TWO BOOKS ON SCIENCE.

SOME teachers of physical science will welcome the *Fundamental Principles of Chemistry*, by Robert Galloway, M.R.I.A. (Longmans & Co.) It bears throughout evidence of considerable knowledge, both of the subject in its principal phases and of the proper side for one to approach it in order to be efficient as a class-instructor. The author, however, though professing to teach chemistry by a new method, does not explicitly set forth in what it consists; and, on examining his arrangement and treatment of the various classes of facts and laws of the science, we fail to detect much originality. In the preface we find a reference to the usual chemical text-books as being "mere compilations of unclassified facts," and therefore infer that the author cannot have seen all those that recent years have brought forth, and some of which we have had to notice favourably. The introduction is an account of the physical properties of bodies, especially in regard to certain chemical operations and properties, filtration being illustrated under porosity, the collection of gases under impenetrability, fractional distillation under heat, &c. The chapter on Chemical Affinity proceeds, after discussing compound substances and elements, to illustrate the interaction of different forms of matter by suitable experiments, the influence of heat and pressure, and the action of bases and acids. The general laws of chemical combination are enounced and illustrated in the following order—those of definite, equivalent, and multiple proportions; the law of volumes, with a glance at Dalton's theory of atoms; and the law of Avogadro. There are some valuable notes as to basic substances and the various forms of acids and acid anhydrides, with the most approved methods of preparing them. A long chapter is devoted to salts, their formation, properties, and classification. A serious defect in the work is that there is no index, especially as many important subjects occur which are not even named in the table of contents. We trust Mr. Galloway will correct this if a second edition is called for.

In *Sunlight* (Trübner & Co.) we find a survival of the reaction against scientific evidence which, a generation ago, was instinctively produced in many earnest minds affected by the religious bias. Some of the writer's conclusions, many of which are quite revolutionary as well as novel, are that light is a force distinct from heat, that its action is uniform, that "all the phenomena of earth" are under its control, and that, in short, it is the dominant force in the universe; secondly, that there is no proof of heat in the sun, or of "innate inherent heat in earth"; thirdly, that it is the "creative action" of light which "gave causes for igneous action," and that it "must have an endless circle" coming from the sun to vivify matter on earth and going back to renew the energy of the sun. By that process "material has been constantly given or attracted to organic forms." The author deals as trenchantly and decisively with the arguments and evidence of Laplace, Herschel, Huxley, Thomson, Lyell, Geikie, and others, as did

Alexander of Macedon with the Gordian knot. Even Mr. Lockyer and Professor Tyndall come in for a large share of his attention; followed by Professor Tait, Sir W. Dawson, and others; and, after passing all the recent speculations under review, he sums up with a manifest consciousness of victory all along the line. He flouts in the most absolute manner any arguments as to the antiquity of our earth which have been derived from the discovery of bone-caves, and informs us that "it is well to blot out from natural history the ingenious unnatural ideas that have been entered in its pages by clever men, and continued by those who pin their leading-strings to the aprons of those who wrote before them." In another place we read that the "present school of physics and cosmic action is on its trial," a dictum parallel in its boldness to the startling criticism passed upon constitutional government by the late Prince Consort. Destructive criticism, however, is not sufficient for the author of *Sunshine*. He would base a new theory of the universe on the "simple suggestion that light was the first cause of the creation of this earth, acting on a nebulous mass that held in it gases or material sensitive to, absorptive, and retentive of that light."

ASSYRIA.*

ALTHOUGH it is perhaps open to question whether the story of a nation can be found in the scraps of information concerning the deeds of a few monarchs, the scanty records of the rise, the wars, and the fall of a mighty Empire, and the theories of modern students, which, along with certain Biblical notices, make up nearly all our authorities for Assyrian history, no one will be inclined to quarrel with the decision that has led to the publication of this useful and carefully written volume. It contains in a convenient form the results of the investigations of Professor Sayce, Canon Rawlinson, M. Lenormant, and other eminent scholars into the signification of the Assyrian inscriptions and other monuments, and tells us all that is really known, and all that these scholars hold ought to be most surely believed, as to the history of the Empire. Nor is this all; for after discussing the rise of "Asshur," and making the most of the cylinder of Tiglath Pileser I., the only king of the "First Empire" who is much more than a name, Mr. Ragozin fills up a long gap in Assyrian history by two excellent chapters on the Canaanitic peoples, and especially the Phœnicians. The greatness of Assyria revived in the ninth century, and soon threatened the independence of the kingdoms of Syria and Israel. Notices of the campaigns of Shalmanesor II. and Tiglath Pileser II. during this period illustrate and fill up the Bible narrative; some comments will be found on the legend of Semiramis, and an ingenious attempt is made to reduce the story of Jonah's whale to an ordinary occurrence. Mr. Ragozin has an interesting chapter on the glories of the reign of Sargon, the conqueror of Samaria, who had completely "dropped out of history," until he was restored to his proper place by recent discoveries. The account of the rise of the Powers that brought about the "fall of Asshur" is too discursive; the Hittite monuments in Asia Minor, for example, are surely somewhat remotely connected with the siege of Nineveh by the Medes and Babylonians. The illustrations, with which the volume is liberally supplied, are well chosen and add greatly to its value.

THE FALL OF NEW FRANCE.†

IN an Introductory Note Mr. Hart states that this volume is in the main a paper read before the Historical Society of Montreal. He expresses the hope that it will be the forerunner of other books comprising lectures which have already been delivered at the sessions of the Society, and which will, he believes, together form a valuable history of the Dominion of Canada. Our colonies, as a rule, do not offer a favourable field to the historian; but with Canada it is otherwise. The establishment and growth of our North American colony has been marked by several dramatic incidents and political problems worthy of more detailed consideration than they have hitherto received. We might have wished that Mr. Hart had expanded his lecture, so as at once to have rendered it more comprehensive and to have avoided the tediousness which results from excessive brevity, and which has caused the opening pages of his narrative to be little more than a catalogue of names and facts. In this respect Parkman, in his *Montcalm and Wolfe*, has the advantage over Mr. Hart.

But although we regret the shortcomings of this sketch of the destruction of French authority in Canada, Mr. Hart, in publishing his lecture as it was given, instead of shaping it into a consecutive and substantial work, is only following the example of several illustrious English professors. There are two sections of this volume, comprising together the greater part of its substance, which are well considered and will well repay the reading. The events of the war which resulted in the capture by the English of Quebec and Montreal in 1760 are described in an interesting and accurate manner; and the causes which led up to the expulsion of the French colonists from Acadia, now called Nova Scotia, are clearly and forcibly traced.

The French Canadians since the foundation of our colony have proved a source of trouble to English rule in Canada; and now, great in numbers and with influence greater than their numbers justify, they threaten constant danger to the unity of the Dominion. Of such importance is the French question to the well-being of Canada that we should have been glad if the narrative of this volume had been carried up to date. It is almost impossible to obtain a candid opinion on the subject. Canadian politicians have to consider the French Canadian vote, and, though Mr. Hart writes as President of an Historical Society, yet he also avoids with *malice prepense* hinting his view of so delicate a problem. In our Colonial Empire every decently educated man is a politician in embryo. What does appear most clearly from Mr. Hart's narrative is that we have all along treated our French subjects with an excess of consideration, to the serious detriment of colonists of our own nationality. Our dealings with the French inhabitants of Acadia, against which much ignorant feeling has been excited by Longfellow's *Evangeline*, were marked by vacillation which, however humanely intended, involved us in considerable difficulties, and well-nigh exposed us to such danger as might effectually have prevented the maintenance of our supremacy in Canada. Section XIV. of the Treaty of Utrecht, under which the province was ceded to England, was definite enough in its provisions:—"The subjects of the said King (of France) may have liberty to remove themselves within a year to any other place, as they shall think fit, together with all their moveable effects. But those who are willing to remain there are to be subject to the Kingdom of Great Britain." And yet no measures were adopted when the French inhabitants repeatedly refused to take the oath of allegiance to the English Crown. In the years 1715, 1717, and again in 1719, 1720, and 1725, opportunities were afforded them to submit to the prescribed form, and between 1749 and 1755 five such opportunities were offered. They continually sided with our French opponents, and instigated the native races in the performance of every species of barbarous outrage against our English subjects. In the words of the French historian Rameau, "La majeure partie des Acadiens demeura donc Français par le fait, quoique Anglais par les traités." "The French inhabitants," wrote a contemporary observer, "who amount to many thousands, would, upon the first appearance of a French army, universally revolt." General Cornwallis, however, supported only in the half-hearted manner for which home Governments are notorious, contented himself by telling an assembly of French colonists what was obviously true, that "it would be contrary to common sense to suppose that one can remain in a province, and possess houses and lands there, without being subject to the sovereign of that province." Meanwhile the danger to English supremacy of French influence was a very real one, as appears from the despatches of Governor Lawrence. At last—not a minute too soon—action was determined upon. A final appeal, generous in its substance, was made, but was contemptuously rejected. In 1755 Colonel John Winslow received orders to effect the removal of the French inhabitants of the province to other colonies. He performed his duty with tenderness, avoiding any separation of families, disuniting few family groups, and permitting the people to take with them all their household effects which the ships could convey.

The reasons of French opposition then were the same as exist today among that concourse of foreigners who are our subjects by the Treaty of Paris, but to whom we submit as masters in the province of Quebec. There exists still that same hereditary attachment to France, the body of French Roman Catholics subservient chiefly to their French bishop, and kept by their priests distinct and separate from the English colonists. Fast in multiplying, ruled by their own laws, thrifty but wretchedly unprogressive, they have ruined the commercial prospects of Quebec, and seriously injured those of Montreal. The English Government is the only Government in the world which would admit of the existence in its own territory, to use Mr. Hart's expression, "of a nation within a nation." To this day, writes Mr. Hart, the French Canadians commemorate the victory of Carillon by carrying aloft the "Drapeau Blanc," conserved religiously in the National Sanctuary at Quebec. That is to say, they commemorate a victory achieved by French arms over the soldiers of the community to which they avowedly belong. The English traveller to Quebec will find near the Heights of Abraham a memorial statue to Montcalm far exceeding in grandeur the paltry monument erected on the spot where General Wolfe was slain in the service of England.

The victories of Wolfe and Amherst at Ticonderoga, Quebec, and Montreal form the most generally interesting part of this volume. At the great engagement which resulted in our capture of Quebec it appears that, according to the best estimate, the English soldiers numbered 4,828, the French side as many as 9,580 men, but then not half of this last body were regulars. This volume is profusely supplied with illustrations. There is a portrait of Montcalm which has not been engraved before, and a reproduction of a rare engraving of Montreal in 1760, when what is now the largest city in Canada consisted of a couple of churches and a score of ill-built houses.

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* *The Story of the Nations—Assyria: from the Rise of the Empire to the Fall of Nineveh.* By Zénaïde A. Ragozin, Member of the "Société Ethnologique" of Paris, &c. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1888.

† *The Fall of New France*, 1755–1760. By Gerald E. Hart, President of the Society for Historical Studies, Montreal, &c. Montreal: Drysdale & Co. London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1888.

PICTURES AT PLAY.*

PICTURES, especially portraits, even in the best regulated galleries, have long been suspected of indulging in grave or playful relaxation at nights by escaping the ignominy of hanging and bursting the frail bonds of frames and fixatives. Whether they confabulate or no on such occasions is a matter hitherto left somewhat doubtful. They may well do it, indeed, and in *Pictures at Play* they do it very well. The "Two Art Critics" who, with the aid of Mr. Harry Furniss, solve the problem are perhaps a little laggard with their revelations. They ought to have arrived with the catalogues and criticisms of May. As, however, some of the more instructive passages in the book are those that embody the criticism of the pictures themselves on the verdicts of art critics, the delay is not without excuse. Thus in one scene of very pretty satire numerous representatives of the "Portrait of a Lady," who all profess inordinate pride in being "on the line," are gathered around the "Mrs. Henry Marquand" of Mr. Sargent, while Mr. Richmond's "Lady X." and the "Comtesse Y." of M. Carolus-Duran are curious observers. These Academic ladies are terribly disconcerted by Mr. Sargent's portrait. "You can positively see all round her." She is so "lifelike" as to be "indecorous;" and as to "values"—what do they mean by values? —"Oh! bother 'values'! give me Worth," says one flat and fashionable lady, and another would not "give five shillings for her dress." Then there is "that Frenchman in the other room"—the "Monsieur Pasteur" of M. Carolus-Duran—"the man who wanted to vaccinate poor dear Miss Cobbe"; he is quite as unorthodox as Mr. Sargent's sitters. He is mightily pleased with "the *Saturday Review* man" who praised him for his "subtle changes of plane" and the facility with which anybody could "feel his whereabouts" all over his face. Finding the lions in the Academy "obviously stuffed," the cold, grey eye of M. Pasteur as he roams through the gallery is keenly intent on dogs and cats. His benevolence is baulked by a funny adventure. In Mr. Furniss's droll sketch he is left confronting, on his knees, Mr. Riviere's wooden bloodhound ("Requiescat," 413)—a good name, by the way, for that quintessence of Academic dogs. Naturally the occupants of modern and public galleries, like the Academy, the New, and the Grosvenor, are a good deal skittish in their play. An entertaining colloquy is the Jekyll and Hyde interview between Mr. Holl's "Mr. Gladstone" and Mr. Albert Toft's "Mr. Gladstone" (Bust, marble). Diverting also is the dialogue between the first Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Armitage's "Siren," who lives "Finsbury way" and offers her card to Mr. Gladstone just as Mr. Schmalz's "Christian Martyrs" distribute theirs in the way of business among the Academic ladies of the line. There is excellent fooling in *Pictures at Play*, though, it must be admitted, the satire is occasionally somewhat to seek. Something better than "Andromache in London" might have been looked for with so suggestive a theme. Here, as in "Mistaken Identities," and one or two other scenes, the satirical intent of the authors is so cunningly veiled as to be impenetrable. The obviously divergent views of the "Two Art Critics" are not without a piquant effect, as of a mock contention of good and evil principles, though a common accord of artistic faith and satirical aim might have strengthened the book without imperilling its lightness of touch and sportive humour.

THOSE WICKED BAZAARS.†

THE Vicar of Oxenhall uplifts his testimony against bazaars. Not against all bazaars, or at least not against bazaars as such, but against all bazaars and "fancy fairs" which are "held for religious or charitable purposes." His reasoning is plain. All religious and charitable persons ought to subscribe freely—Mr. Foster is good enough to specify, and to explain that they ought to subscribe not less than one-tenth part of their incomes—to religious and charitable objects, and that on the merits, without any spurious provocation from marionettes or bran-tubs.

Mr. Foster has made a stringent inquiry into the manners and customs of persons holding bazaars for charitable objects, and he has certainly collated some rather surprising information on the subject. At one "fancy fair" held at "B.," described as a seaside town with a large resident population—which suggests Brighton—for the benefit of the Church of Holy Trinity, there was a "café chantant" where ladies dispensed smiles at what—except in some cases—would certainly be extravagant prices. "A smile" cost half-a-crown, and "a wreath of smiles" half a sovereign. It would be interesting to know what a lady looks like when bestowing a wreath of smiles. Or is it effected by the simultaneous smiling of a wreath of ladies? Mr. Foster gives no particulars on this interesting topic. It is evident, however, that the smiles were the more precious because the programme announced that "undue hilarity was deprecated." At one very recent function a still more flagitious piece of coquetry has to be reported, though here happily the offending lady was of tender years. "A pretty little child sold a kiss for a sovereign." Mr. Foster has the temerity to mention the awful personage to whom she sold it. The House of Commons having very properly struck out the fifth clause of the Law of Libel Amendment Bill, we shall do nothing of the kind.

Warmly as Mr. Foster denounces the sale of smiles and kisses in the cause of religion and charity, he is still more indignant at the frequency and audacity with which the laws against lotteries are broken at bazaars. He quotes terrible speeches made by a profligate lord, a criminally disposed lady of title, and Dr. A. K. H. Boyd, expressing approval of lotteries, which are against the law, and even "fleecing" and "robbery" (at bazaars), which are contrary to the Ten Commandments. Worse even than this, it once happened that a mayor opened (with prayer) a bazaar at which lotteries were held (but it does not appear that they prayed that the prizes might be distributed to those who best deserved them), and that shortly afterwards he was constrained in his magisterial capacity to send a thimble-rigger to prison, whereupon the thimble-rigger pointed out that he was no worse than the mayor, except that his gambling operations had not been preceded by a similar devout observance. It is pleasant to discover that when the thimble-rigger was nabbed and laid in gaol, the mayor's heart, like Barbara Allen's, was "smit with sorrow," and that, having summoned a meeting of his townsfolk, he publicly abjured for the future the sinful practice of holding lotteries. The thimble-rigger does not seem to have been released from durance. Mr. Foster might have developed his studies on this subject a little further. He might have inquired why the Government, in obedience to the stern behests of Mr. Bradlaugh, institute prosecutions against Church bazaars in Lancashire where lotteries are announced to be held, and takes no notice of a gigantic lottery, advertised all over the kingdom, wherein all persons are invited to take a sixpenny chance of winning 150*l.*, or one of many other valuable prizes, for the benefit of a fund for the restoration of Monaghan Cathedral. The fact is that the subject is one of some practical difficulty. Persons interested in church-building and hospital-supporting find they can get money by bazaars, and not otherwise. Mr. Foster declares that they ought to get it by free gift, and that the meritorious end in view does not excuse its achievement by unlawful and unworthy means. It is notorious that such means of raising money are employed to a scandalous extent, and Mr. Foster denounces them in a straightforward and rather picturesque fashion.

MR. HENLEY'S BOOK OF VERSES.*

MR. HENLEY'S verses are deftly turned; but the proficient rhymesters of the day can be counted almost by the score, and what is more singular about this writer's work than its clever craftsmanship is its ring of genuine and virile humanity. The poems in the volume are for the most part dated, and can accordingly be recognized as written within the space of a few years, and those evidently years of youth. They contain, as the songs of youth are sure to contain, occasional echoes of older poets; and particularly of Heine and of Whitman, little as the strains of those two writers resemble each other. But in the main their character is vigorously personal. Mr. Henley has had the art to express, generally in spontaneous, taking, and effective forms of verse, both some among the harshest experiences life has to offer and some among its most common, wholesome, and abiding consolations. He puts the painful part of his matter first. The opening section of his volume is called "Hospital Rhymes and Rhythms," a title which sufficiently indicates the nature of its contents. Speaking generally, we are no partisans of the realistic method in literature or of its products; but this hospital division of Mr. Henley's work constitutes to our mind as curious and interesting a little chapter of realism as is to be found in English poetry since the days of Crabbe. By gift and instinct the strongest, as he was one of the earliest, of realists, Crabbe, as it seems to us, has missed his true rank and place in literature chiefly through the use of an inappropriate vehicle of expression. He adopted the standard metre of his day, the "heroic" couplet—a form strictly associated with urbane conventions of style and diction—in order to convey a view of human life and experience which was the reverse of conventional, and admitted neither blurring generality nor softening illusion. We are conscious accordingly of continual discords between the matter and the form of Crabbe's poetry. The realist of to-day is not exposed to any such influence of a prevailing tradition in his choice of a metrical form; and Mr. Henley in the exercise of his freedom has chosen to render his hospital impressions sometimes in unrhymed stanzas of varying structure, and sometimes in the shape of regular but very colloquial sonnets. Whether in recalling his own experiences before and after operation, or in tracing portraits of his fellow-sufferers or of the surgeons and nurse who ministered to them, he brings to his task in a remarkable measure that gift—the gift of abnormally acute and discriminating physical perception, with a command of the literary touch and vocabulary most directly suited to express it. Here is a characteristic example headed "Vigil":—

> Lived on one's back
> In the long hours of repose,
> Life is a practical nightmare—
> Hideous, asleep or awake.

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* *Pictures at Play.* By Two Art Critics. Illustrated by Harry Furniss. London: Longmans & Co. 1888.

† *Fancy Fair Religion; or, the World Converting Itself.* By Rev. J. Priestley Foster, M.A., Vicar of Oxenhall, Gloucestershire. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1888.

* *A Book of Verses.* By William Ernest Henley. London: Nutt. 1888.

Shoulders and loins
Ache . . . . . !
Ache, and the mattress
Runs into boulders and hummocks,
Glows like a kiln, while the bedclothes—
Tumbling, importunate, daft—
Ramble and roll, and the gas,
Screwed to its lowermost,
An inevitable atom of light,
Haunts, and a stertorous sleeper
Snores me to hate and despair.

Far in the stillness a cat
Languishes loudly. A cinder
Falls, and the shadows
Lurch to the leap of the flame. The next man to me
Turns with a moan; and the snorer,
The drug like a rope at his throat,
Gasps, gurgles, snorts himself free, as the night nurse,
Noiseless and strange,
Her bull's-eye half-lanterned in apron,
(Whispering me, "Are ye no sleepin' yet?")
Passes, list-slippered and peering,
Round, and is gone.

Sleep comes at last—
Sleep full of dreams and misgivings—
Broken with brutal and sordid
Voices and sounds
That impose on me, ere I can wake to it,
The unnatural, intolerable day.

More acceptable, doubtless, to those readers whose ear prefers rhythm with rhyme to rhythm without it; less grim in subject; and adding, moreover, the acuteness of moral to that of mere physical and nervous perception, are the portraits in sonnet-form, headed "Staff-Nurse, Old Style and New Style," "Lady-Probationer," "House-Surgeon," and "Visitor;" the latter being to our mind especially successful, and as direct and vivid a piece of portraiture, both as to aspect and character, as may easily be found in modern verse.

While this section of Mr. Henley's work is likely to awaken answering images and emotions chiefly in the minds of those readers who may have gone through the like sharp experience, and while it is remarkable chiefly for the unsparing, and yet unforced distressfulness of the impressions it conveys, the next section, headed "Life and Death," is mainly distinguished by the fresh directness and lyric buoyancy with which the poet harps anew on well-worn themes of consolation. He tells of the strength which the heart draws from its own courage, from love, beauty, spring weather, honest wine, and the sights and wonders of the sea. Even here the style and diction are sometimes deliberately and crudely realistic, as in the second verse of the following striking piece:—

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud,
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

There is a manly vigour, and even dignity, about this which win us to accept the crudity. And in other pieces—constituting, indeed, much the chief part of the section—Mr. Henley shows that he can add grace and charm to force and directness of manner. The romantic fancy numbered XIV., the Spring song (No. XXVII.), the seaside stanzas dedicated "To my Mother" (No. I.), are all excellent in their way. Or, as an example of this pleasanter quality of Mr. Henley's work, let us take the impression set down in the following two stanzas:—

She sauntered by the swinging seas,
A jewel glittered in her ear,
And, teasing her along, the breeze
Brought many a rounded grace more near.

So passing, one with wave and beam,
She left, for memory to caress,
A laughing thought, a golden gleam,
A hint of hidden loveliness.

Verse of this thoroughly frank and right quality on common themes is not so easy as it seems, nor by any means so plentiful as we could wish it. There is enough of it in Mr. Henley's volume to deserve, and we should hope to earn, a popularity for his book among that large class of readers who, liking poetry, yet like it plain, and whom far-fetched motives, ingenious metres, and recondite constructions fail to attract.

Not but what Mr. Henley can handle the ingenuities of verse when he likes, and play at tricks of craftsmanship with the most adroit. A third division of his book is headed "Bric-à-Brac," and consists of exercises in metrical form—ballade, rondel, sonnet or quatorzain, and rondeau—of the kind which has given so much employment to English verse-wrights of late years. Even in these exercises, while he misses something of the whimsical daintiness and light charm of which such forms are capable in hands like those of Mr. Austin Dobson or Mr. Andrew Lang—yet even here Mr. Henley's gift of lusty vigour, his spirited ring, his touch of wholesome plainness and freshness, do not desert him. Few English ballades, for instance, strike us as more agreeable reading than Mr. Henley's two "Of Spring Music" and "Made in Hot Weather"; and this concluding section of his work is welcome as completing the variety of contents in what is certainly one of the most interesting, fresh, and spirited among recent volumes of verse.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.*

POPULAR feeling in favour of physical education in schools is considerably in advance of the skill and intelligence of the majority of its teachers, and of the manuals they put forth. The public, indeed, is getting impatient of the small results which accrue from the various "systems" of elementary gymnastics, and attention is being directed to manual training as promising greater economic and sanitary advantages than mere physical training. This, however, is an error which it is desirable to correct as soon as possible, as manual training cannot be made sufficiently systematic for the proper development of the whole body, and at best only a small number of school children can be submitted to it, whereas physical training is required for children of all ages and conditions of life.

We are very much behind other countries in the adoption of physical training as part of our national system of education; but there are many reasons for this backwardness. We are justly proud of our athletics, and in this respect we are far in advance of the rest of the world; but unfortunately athletics do not supply all our needs. Athletics have the two great disadvantages of requiring larger open spaces than can be found in our towns, where physical training is most needed, and success in them depends on a system of rivalry and individual competition, which limits their use to a comparatively small number of persons. The physical education we stand most in need of is such as can be practised by large numbers of children in limited areas like schoolrooms and playgrounds, and which meet the wants of all sorts of children—the weakly inhabitants of our large towns as well as the stronger ones living under more favourable sanitary conditions. These requirements can be best met by some of the simpler exercises with light apparatus which can be carried on in large classes, such as dumb-bells and French bars or *bâtons*, and not so well by the evolutions of military drill, and the complicated posings of the body and limbs with empty hands. With respect to military drill we have prejudices to contend with which have been overcome elsewhere. A few years ago, when the need for physical education began to be recognized, military drill was introduced into many schools, and the work of teaching it fell into the hands of the common soldier, whose only qualification was a technical acquaintance with the details of his art, but who was ignorant of the laws of physical development, and the amount of endurance different children could bear, and the result was therefore rarely beneficial and often injurious. The adoption of military drill has moreover retarded the development of a rational—and we may also say a national—system of physical education in this country by throwing the work into the hands of the drill sergeants, and thus deterring persons of education from taking it up as a career; while in America and on the Continent, where it has made most progress, it is in the hands of medical men of good standing in their profession. The names of Dr. Hitchcock, of Amhurst, and Dr. Sergent, of Harvard, the directors of their respective college gymnasia, are among the best known American medical men; but in this country even the gymnasia at our military colleges are under the direction of military and not medical officers. A worse evil than this has befallen us in the adoption of military drill in schools—and we commend this to the notice of School Boards—inasmuch as it has been found to be almost worthless for the purpose of physical training; and, consequently, it has discredited as well as retarded the adoption of better methods. This important fact was pointed out many years ago by the late Mr. Maclaren of the Oxford Gymnasium, who found, while training some drill-sergeants as military gymnasium-instructors, that in four months these already well-drilled men became so muscular about the arms, shoulders, and chest that they could not get into their uniform without assistance, and, when they got their tunics on, they could not make them meet within a hand's breadth. After many years this fact of the comparative worthlessness of mere military drill is being acknowledged by military men themselves; for we now learn that a new system of drill, combined with physical training of a gym-

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* *Musical Drill for Infants.* 100 Illustrations. *Healthy Exercises for Girls.* 200 Illustrations *Modern Gymnastic Exercises for Boys.* 200 Illustrations. By A. Alexander, Director of the Liverpool Gymnasium. London: G. Philip.

Manuel de Gymnastique à l'usage des Ecoles des Filles. Many Illustrations. Paris: Ministère de l'Instruction Publique.

Manuel de Gymnastique à l'usage des Ecoles, Lycées, et des Collèges. 170 Figures. Par C. Vorgnes. Paris: Hachette.

Physical Training in American Colleges and Universities. By E. M. Hartwell, M.D. Circular of Information of the Bureau of Education No. 5. Washington.

nastic kind, is to be introduced into the army, and that it was exhibited to the Commander-in-Chief at Aldershot recently by Major-General P. Smith, who maintains, we read in the newspaper report, "that the physical training of a soldier is entirely neglected in the routine of regimental drill, and he, with others of high military standing, realize the want of a minor drill which combines with it physical training." When the soldiers arrive at this conclusion educationalists may safely remove military drill—except just so much of it as is necessary to marshal children in classes for other exercises—from their programme, and shake off with it the incubus under which physical education has so long laboured in this country.

It is not in the higher branches of gymnastics that our English system of training is at fault. These have much in common with athletics and are limited in their employment by the requirements of space, apparatus, and skilled supervision. It is in the elementary part that our system is deficient. Nor is there, indeed, any lack of "systems" and enthusiastic advocates of their real or imaginary advantages. It is in the multitude of systems that our difficulty in a great measure lies. There are Swedish, German, French, and American systems, differing so much that one might suppose that the human body was not anatomically the same in these various branches of the European race, or that human faculty and men's occupations were different in each of them. The Swedish system of which we hear so much is based on a study of the individual action of the muscles which would puzzle the professor of anatomy to unravel, and which in practice is useless, as it is well known to physiologists that the muscles perform their functions in certain well-defined groups, and very rarely as individual structures. It is the physiologist, and not the anatomist, who should superintend the physical education of the body, for its object is to secure the performance, in the highest state of perfection, of all the functions of the body, and not merely to develop the muscular system. This view of the objects of physical education renders the selection of a series of elementary exercises comparatively easy, because the functions of the body are few in number, while the number of individual muscles is very great.

It is the fashion just now to praise everything German, and especially German gymnastics; but it is to the French that we must go for the lighter and more graceful forms and exercises suitable for children, such as calisthenics, dumb-bells, bar-bells, fencing, and dancing; and a glance at the pages of the two French manuals on our list will show how largely our English system of elementary training, as represented by the three excellent little manuals of Mr. Alexander, is derived from the French. What is most remarkable on comparing these two sets of manuals is that the French are official codes of the physical exercises to be used in the primary, secondary, and higher schools and colleges, with the decrees regulating them and instructions for teachers, while the English are issued by, at the risk of and on the sole authority of, a private teacher. Mr. Alexander's manuals may be deemed the A B C of physical education, and may be accepted as the newest and best guides we possess. The author has kept in mind the importance of economizing the time and capacity of both the pupils and the teachers by arranging the exercises on a systematic plan and in a progressive order, so that what is taught in the infant school as calisthenics (without apparatus) is available for the dumb-bell and other exercises, with apparatus, in the upper schools. Our knowledge and experience of these exercises is sufficiently advanced to be embodied in a code, and such a code would be most useful throughout the country, as a means of securing common action and a uniform scheme of physical education. Whatever may be the difference of opinion as to the best methods of promoting mental development, there cannot be many on the narrow ground of elementary physical education. The exercises already in use are more than sufficient, and two or three teachers and physiologists could easily make a selection from them which would answer every requirement for children under thirteen or fourteen years of age; while the higher branches might remain optional as to forms to be adopted above those ages. Great discretion is required in the teacher in advancing a student from the elementary to the higher forms of gymnastics. The pupil who handles dumb-bells, bars, and clubs deals only with a few pounds of weight; but in climbing, swinging, vaulting, &c., he is dealing with the whole weight of the body—nine, ten, or eleven stone. The difference is very great, and should be made by slow and well-graded steps. Another popular error should also be guarded against. It is now everywhere said that gymnastics should be recreative, and not laborious; but this is only partially true. Gymnastic exercises of all kinds are amusing and recreative in the best sense of the word, but to be useful they must be made a task and progressive in their character. To play at gymnastics is to waste the strength; to practise them wisely is to increase the strength, health, and grace of the body, and improve all the natural functions. Illustrations in books of this kind are of great value to both the teacher and pupil, and both the French and English manuals are profuse in quantity, but a little deficient in quality—this remark especially applies to the manuals for girls.

OCCULTISM.*

OCCULTISM and theosophy now enjoy no inconsiderable vogue, and have a very respectable literature of their own, rejoicing, for example, in a "theosophical monthly" entitled *Lucifer*, "designed to bring light to the hidden things of darkness," under the editorship of H. P. Blavatsky and Mabel Collins.

Of the two volumes before us, *Light on the Path* and *Magic*, the first is a *brochure* avowedly "written for the personal use of those who are ignorant of the Eastern wisdom, and who desire to enter within its influence." Mr. Laurence Oliphant, in his new book, *Scientific Religion*, quotes the last three rules in *Light on the Path*, and terms them the climax of a particular philosophy. Into Mr. Oliphant's question as to whether the philosophy itself is of any use to humanity we do not propose to enter. So far as we can gather from the mystic language in which it is couched *Light on the Path* is intended to guide the footsteps of those who have discarded the forms of religion while retaining the moral principle to its fullest extent. It is in harmony with much that was said by Socrates and Plato, although the author does not use the phraseology of those philosophers, but rather the language of Buddhism, easily understood by esoteric Buddhists, but difficult to grasp by those without the pale. *Light on the Path* may, we think, be said to be the only attempt in this language and in this century to put practical occultism into words; and it may be added, by way of further explanation, that the character of Gautama Buddha, as shown in Sir Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*, is the perfect type of the being who has reached the threshold of Divinity by this road. That it has reached a third edition speaks favourably for this *multum in parvo* of the science of occultism; and "M. C." may be expected to gather fresh laurels in future.

Dr. Hartmann's *Magic*, as compared with *Light on the Path*, is a bulky tome; and in its closely-printed pages students of occultism will find hints, "practical" and otherwise, likely to be of great service to them in the pursuit of their studies and researches. It was not the author's "object, in composing this book, to write merely a code of Ethics, and thereby to increase the already existing enormous mountain of unread moral precepts, but to assist the student of occultism in studying the elements of which his own soul is composed, and to learn to know his own physical organism. I want to give an impulse to the study of a science which may be called the 'anatomy and physiology of the Soul,' which investigates the elements of which the soul is composed, and the source from which man's desires and emotions spring." Dr. Hartmann's compendium is "an attempt to show the way how man may become a co-operator of the Divine Power, whose product is Nature," and his pages, as described by himself, "constitute a book which may properly have the title of *Magic*, for if the readers succeed in practically following its teaching, they will be able to perform the greatest of all magical feats, the spiritual regeneration of Man." Dr. Hartmann's book has also gone into a third edition, and has developed from an insignificant pamphlet, "written originally for the purpose of demonstrating to a few inexperienced inquirers that the study of the occult side of nature was not identical with the vile practices of sorcery," into a compendious volume, comprising, we are willing to believe, the entire philosophic system of occultism. There are abundant evidences that the science of theosophy has made vast strides in public estimation of late years, and that those desirous of experimenting in this particular, and in many respects fascinating, branch of ethics, have leaders whose teaching they can follow with satisfaction to themselves.

ÉTUDES SUR L'ESPAGNE.†

THE name of M. A. Morel-Fatio is by this time well known to students of Spanish literature, and even to others. In England he has secured access to a large class of readers as the author of the article on Spanish literature in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Readers who use French know him as the author, editor, compiler (he appears in all three characters) of a capital volume on *L'Espagne au XVIe et au XVIIe siècle*, as editor of the *Mágico Prodigioso*, and as the translator of *Lazarillo de Tórmes*. M. Morel-Fatio has always shown in his work a combination of qualities which is rarer than we could wish. He has the antiquarian and the commentator's passion for getting at the facts, and with it a faculty for estimating the purely literary merits of books old and new, not always found joined to the industry of the pure scholar. This volume of "Etudes" is described as a *première série*, and is to be the first of a line of others intended to "raviver autant que possible le goût des choses de l'Espagne en les expliquant de notre mieux." M. Morel-Fatio speaks further on of "un gros livre, qui paraîtra en son temps, sur la société espagnole au XVIe et au XVIIe siècle." Whether we are to take this as a promise on his part to

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* *Light on the Path.* By M. C., Fellow of Theosophical Society. London: George Redway. 1888.

Magic, White and Black; or, the Science of Finite and Infinite Life, containing Practical Hints for Students of Occultism. By Franz Hartmann, M.D. Third edition. London: George Redway. 1888.

† *Études sur l'Espagne.* Par A. Morel-Fatio. Première série. Paris: F. Vieweg, Libraire-éditeur. 1888.

produce the *gros livre*, or only as the expression of a hope that some day some other will do it, is not quite clear. We hope it is a promise, and when the big book appears can promise M. Morel-Fatio some favourable and attentive hearers.

The first of the three papers which make up this volume is headed "Comment la France a connu et compris l'Espagne depuis le moyen âge jusqu'à nos jours." It is a well-written and luminous survey of a very considerable bulk of writing, beginning with the road-books of the French pilgrims who crowded to the shrine of St. James at Compostella, and ending with the ever-welcome names of Hugo, Mérimée, and Gautier. Between these two lie diplomatists, mediæval scholars, the Spanish refugees who swarmed in Paris towards the close of Philip II.'s reign, followers and imitators of that master scamp Antonio Perez—the *espagnolisants* of the seventeenth century—the philosophers and travellers of the eighteenth. Great names are there, and obscure ones beside them. The refugee Luna, who continued (as he called it) the *Lazarillo*, and the Spanish Admirable Crichton, Fernan de Córdova, have their turn with Corneille, St.-Simon, Le Sage, Voltaire, and Beaumarchais. It will be seen that M. Morel-Fatio has surveyed no small part of French literature and Spanish life. But, though the essay is crowded, it is thoroughly clear. Successive men and things are described, judged, and placed with the neatness and lucidity which are so French and so lovable. The literary faculty of M. Morel-Fatio is excellently employed in drawing the line between what was French and what was really Spanish in the much that France has written about Spain; and this is conspicuously the case in his mention of Le Sage. Excellent, too, is his treatment of the three great names, Hugo, Gautier, and Prosper Mérimée. We at least do not approve him the less because his warmest praise is given to the author of *Carmen*. "Jamais," he declares, "en aucune langue, on n'avait encore décrit deux âmes espagnoles avec plus de force concentrée et une simplicité plus vivante." Hugo's Spain is terrible, Gautier is artistically splendid, but Mérimée's is the real Spain, just sufficiently selected and arranged. The second paper of "Recherches sur *Lazarille de Tórmes*," which is not a reprint of the preface to the translation, is bibliographical, critical, and historical. M. Morel-Fatio decides, with many reasons of painful cogency to support him, that this little gem was not the work of Diego Hurtado de Mendoza. As it hurts us to be convinced of this against our will, we are happy to see that some of M. Morel-Fatio's arguments seem wanting in force. We demur to his contention that a gentleman of the great house of Mendoza would never have condescended to study the life of beggars and manifold other rogues. Surely there have been Prince Hals in this world who found pleasure in watching the unyoked humour of the idleness of Nyms and Bardolphs.

The last paper, headed "L'histoire dans *Ruy-Blas*," may perhaps annoy some of the weaker sort of Hugolâtres, but they can only be the very weakest. M. Morel-Fatio knows as well as any man, and says emphatically, that we love Victor because he was a great poet; we do not go to him for facts, and that if his blunders came in every second line, they would none the less be magnificently well said. But Victor challenged the world to pick holes in *Ruy-Blas*. Did he not say, "Du reste, et cela va sans dire, il n'y a pas dans *Ruy-Blas* un détail de vie privée ou publique, d'intérieur, d'ameublement, de blason, d'étiquette, de biographie, de chiffre ou de topographie qui ne soit scrupuleusement exact"? Well, M. Morel-Fatio has tested this magnificent boast, and shows—what will surprise few—that Victor laid hands on the *Mémoires* of Mme. d'Aulnoy and the *Etat présent de l'Espagne* of the Abbé de Veyrac, and got up his history out of them. Further, that, in the process of getting up, he took great liberties with the facts, and made various blunders of his own. He transferred the stories told of Marie-Louise d'Orleans, the first wife of Charles II., to Maria de Neuberg, his second wife. He attributed the tyranny of the Duchess of Terranova, the Camarera Mayor, to the Duchess of Albuquerque, a lady of admirable character. He sent his hero to fetch flowers from Caramanchel, a distance of two hundred miles or so, before breakfast, instead of to Carabanchel, which is just outside of Madrid; he serenely took the word Montaygo, the name of a tax, for a proper name, he nobly repeated an absurd misprint of the title Teba, and made it immortal in his verse, he invented "Don Guritan," in defiance of Castilian, to the open-mouthed joy of the Spanish paper. To be sure, what does all this matter? but then why did Victor publish that ill-advised piece of swagger about his local colour? There is where M. Morel-Fatio waited for him. On the other hand, the critic defends the poet against other charges, and shows that he had chapter and verse for much. The story of "Mes oiseaux d'Allemagne, ils sont tous morts," is worth retailing. The Camarera Major to Marie-Louise d'Orleans (a daughter of our own Henriette d'Angleterre) wrung the necks of the poor Queen's parrots because they only spoke French. When the Queen heard of it she said nought, but she thought the more. When the Duchess came in at the usual time, and was proceeding to make a solemn curtsey, spreading out her petticoats and gracefully bowing down her wicked old head, the temptation was too strong for the blood of Henri IV., the Stuarts, and the Tudors—"La Reine sans lui dire une seule parole, lui donna deux soufflets à tour de bras," says Mme. d'Aulnoy. Off went the Duchess, a Pignatelli, in a foaming rage. She gathered together four hundred noble dames of her kith and kin, and gravely they marched to the King to demand reparation for this intolerable insult. But the Queen said it was an *antojo*, the irresistible longing of a pregnant woman, which is an excuse for anything in Spain, and the flattered monarch refused to interfere. So the Queen boxed her tyrant's ears, and did not apologize. Like Mary of Scotland, Marie-Louise had at least in her life one hour of triumph and of vengeance.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE special aim of Mr. John Wrightson's elementary treatise, *The Principles of Agricultural Practice* (Chapman & Hall), is perhaps more fully expressed by the title "Principles of English Agriculture," which continuously heads its pages. The book treats of agriculture in England as "an instructional subject." It is, in the most practical sense of the word, educational, being made up of lectures addressed by a Professor of Agriculture to teachers. As examiner in agriculture to the Science and Art Department, Mr. Wrightson has abundant opportunities of estimating the various educational methods pursued at schools and colleges. "I have been struck," he says, "with the degree of narrowness, not only in the answers given to questions, but also in the selection of questions to be answered." He objects to the apparent identification of the phrase "theory of agriculture" with "chemistry" in the syllabus of agricultural education of the Royal Agricultural Society. Chemistry, he argues, is not agriculture, any more than agriculture is chemistry. Botany, geology, physiology, and other branches of science must be added to chemistry, as necessary to the professional equipment of agricultural colleges, but these subjects should be strictly confined to their respective exponents. The professor of agriculture ought not to attempt to combine the teaching of these branches of science with the theory and practice of agriculture. He must be content to indicate the points of contact or of relationship and respect the limitations of his subject. This, in brief, is Mr. Wrightson's ideal method. But, while he pleads for limitations in scientific exposition, he would greatly enlarge the teacher's aims in a practical direction. Thus, at p. 129, he cites the clearing of land as an illustration. "I scarcely ever find," he remarks, "a candidate select a question asking the way in which he would clean a foul piece of wheat-stubble. They prefer to enlarge upon the dominant constituents and the double silicates. They do not like farming; they like chemistry." Elsewhere, in treating of crops, rotations, drainage, fertilizers, and so forth, Mr. Wrightson enforces the excellent lesson that the agricultural professor must be a professor of farming as well as an adept at science.

In *A Season in Sutherland* (Macmillan & Co.) Mr. John E. Edwards-Moss has produced a delightful little volume for the lounger in summer shade or the tourist who likes a little sport and natural history when rambling. Who loves these, and loves a garden too, will thank Mr. Edwards-Moss for as pleasant a book as could be desired. Many a Southron, unhappily ignorant of the beauty of the land of lochs and its agreeable climate, will read with some incredulity of the Sutherland garden within sound of the northern sea which inspires the author's enthusiasm. With its roses, fuchsias, honeysuckle, carnations, and hosts of old-fashioned flowers, it suggests Hesperian richness and remoteness. Mr. Edwards-Moss hints of a far-wandered current of the Gulf-stream, though doubtless the sympathy and culture of which his description also tells have had much to do with the affluence of his bowery garden. We must leave to anglers his stirring experiences of fishing in loch and stream, his capture of a sixteen-pound fresh-river salmon after a gallant contest, his admirable chapter on loch trout, and his speculations on the proposed introduction into lochs of the fresh-water shrimp.

Señora Villena and *Gray: an Oldhaven Romance* (Sampson Low & Co.) form "two volumes in one," to quote the title, and are written by the author of *Real People*, the amusing opening sketch of which, dealing with Spanish-American society, we noticed the other day. *Señora Villena* introduces anew the same warm-hearted, impressionable, and charmingly naïf persons who figure in Mr. Marion Wilcox's shorter paper. It is far more elaborate, however, and quite as graceful and felicitous in style and characterization. The "Oldhaven Romance" is more notable for boldness of conception than for success in narration. The scheme of the story is striking, but the story itself is finely imagined rather than well told. While Poe and Hawthorne are at times suggested, it is even more akin to the well-known story of Tieck of the hidden treasure which changes the heart of its possessor, a poor peasant, into a heart of stone.

The fourth volume of Dean Church's "Miscellaneous Writings"—*Spenser* (Macmillan & Co.)—is practically a new edition of the author's contribution under this title to the "English Men of Letters" series. A note on the name and family of Spenser's wife is added to the present reprint, derived from Dr. Grosart's annotated edition of the *Lismore Papers*.

A Plain Commentary on the Minor Prophets (Masters & Co.) is a concise and handy volume, likely to be found serviceable by students and teachers. It is put forth as a compilation "from various sources"—which might have been indicated, by the way—and is the work of the author of *Christ in the Law*.

A readable addition to the series of "Missionary Manuals" is the Rev. Dr. McFarlane's *Among the Cannibals of New Guinea* (London Missionary Society). The book is a history of the Society's Papuan missions, and is illustrated by drawings that

appear to have merited a more artistic process of reproduction than they receive.

A Handbook of Foreign Missions is a much-needed compendium of historical and statistical information issued by the Religious Tract Society. Among its useful features are summaries of work, expenditure, and income, appended to the historical sketches of the various Societies. American and Roman Catholic missions are included in the survey.

Mr. Albert Vandam's translation of Conrad Busken Huet's *Land of Rubens: a Companion for Visitors to Belgium* (Sampson Low & Co) can hardly be said to represent the literary style of "the Ste.-Beuve of Holland." In the first place, the translator has been pleased to "omit many things" which he thought would have proved "so many puzzles" to all but well-informed Dutchmen. This is the very wrong way of translation. Then the book shows signs of wanting revision. And the author cannot have perpetrated anything equivalent to such English as this:—"Though not in the same sense of Memling and the Van Eycks, Rubens was nevertheless a thorough Catholic." Nor is it quite up to the Ste.-Beuve standard to describe Rubens as "a much stauncher Catholic than Jordaens, who split with his ancestors' faith."

Messrs. F. J. Rowe and W. T. Webb's *Selections from Tennyson* (Macmillan & Co.) is one of the "English Classics for Indian Students," and an excellent selection for the purpose, though the annotation is considerably in excess of what is required by intelligent schoolboys.

A third edition of Sir Stephen De Vere's *Translations from Horace*—recently noticed in this column—is the latest accession to the "Canterbury Poets" series (Walter Scott). The interesting preface on poetical translation and the notes are included.

Among new editions we have Dr. William Knighton's *Struggles for Life* (Williams & Norgate); *Plays of Lessing*, edited and translated by E. Bell, M.A., "Bohn's Select Library" (G. Bell & Son); *The Princess Casamassima*, by Henry James (Macmillan & Co.); *Zanoni*, "Pocket Volume" edition (Routledge); *Queen Mab*, by Julia Kavanagh (Spencer Blackett); and *Clemency Franklyn, A York and a Lancaster Rose*, and *Oldbury*, by Annie Keary (Macmillan & Co.)

We have also received the *Fine Arts Catalogue* of the Glasgow Exhibition (T. & A. Constable); *The Insufficiency of Revivalism as a Religious System*, by Robert Mackintosh (Glasgow: Maclehose); *An Examination of the Theory of Evolution*, by George Gresswell (Williams & Norgate); *British National Consolidation*, by "A British Colonist" (Trübner & Co.); *Tin*, a Novel, by Edward Bosankett (Fisher Unwin); *Fifty Reasons for being a Homœopath*, by J. Compton Burnett, M.D. (Homœopathic Publishing Co.); *Stock Exchange Securities in 1877 and 1888 Compared*, by John Robert Carter, F.S.S. (Mathiesons); and *The Muster Roll of Windlesham House, Brighton*, 1837-87, compiled by Mr. Henry C. Malden.

In our notice of the Architectural Room at the Royal Academy last week, we inadvertently assumed that Mr. Basil Champneys *is the architect of the buildings at Knightsbridge recently the subject of a controversy in the House of Commons.*

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

NOTICE.—*On and after the 2nd of July next all* Advertisements *intended for insertion in the* Saturday Review *should be addressed direct to the* Manager *of the* Advertisement Department, Saturday Review Office, 38 Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.

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13,456. The Poplar Committee need help for a very respectable WOMAN whose husband has softening of the brain and can do no work. She is in service and giving satisfaction. She pays half the cost of boarding out her three children; a local friend helps with 3s. per week, and further assistance to the extent of £5 14s. is needed. The woman has been in receipt of this allowance for eighteen months. Children are doing well.

13,745. The Shoreditch Committee appeal for £10 8s. for an OLD COUPLE, whom they have succeeded in getting into a HOME. They are without friends, and both quite past work. In his younger days the man saved £[illegible] out of very small earnings. He has belonged to a sick club all his life.

13,185. The Stepney Committee ask for £5 4s. to supplement a pension to a WIDOW aged seventy-one, whose husband, a bookbinder, was thirty-five years with one firm and twenty-seven years a member of a Benefit Society. She is quite unable to do any work.

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Printed by SPOTTISWOODE & CO., at No. 5 New-street Square, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London; and Published by WILLIAM BOYCE, at the Office, No. 38 Southampton Street, Strand, in the Parish of St. Paul, Covent Garden, in the County of Middlesex.—*Saturday, June 23, 1888.*



THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 1,705, Vol. 65. June 30, 1888. [Registered for Transmission abroad.] Price 6d.

INSTANTES TYRANNI.

MORE than one or two things that have recently happened, including the Southampton, Ayr, and Thanet elections, have drawn, or should draw, very serious attention to the growing and most mischievous tyranny of fads. A week or two ago we showed how an infinitesimal number of voters, dexterously manipulated by the advocates of free-trade in disease, had prevailed on Government after Government, against the clearest teachings of science, the unanimous dictates of experience and common sense, and the soundest principles of religion, to let loose on England and on India a plague which for some time had been in process of staying. But the advocates of the inalienable right of woman to spread pestilence as she chooses are but a handful, and their success is only an illustration of the power of impudence on one side against weakness and pusillanimity on the other. At present we take in hand a much larger and more formidable evil. The mania for temperance, falsely so-called, has for many years been accorded the sort of contemptuous toleration which is often shown to what seem to be well-intentioned and not particularly harmful crazes. It may be frankly granted that in itself it stands on a different footing from the loathsome lunacy just referred to. Its complete triumph would be a triumph of folly, a diminution of the harmless pleasures of life, a serious inconvenience to financiers, and a very unjustifiable restriction on personal freedom; but that is all. Not a little actual harm, though not nearly so much as it has become the common cant to assert, does undoubtedly come of immoderate drinking; and, whether actual harm comes of it or not, it is also beyond doubt morally, theologically, and rationally condemnable. So the temperance fanatics were allowed their toleration with the usual want of foresight. There are some things which, if tolerated, are sure to persecute their tolerators, and of such is the temperance movement.

The pitch of incivism—to use a word too convenient not to deserve naturalization—to which a fad can drive faddists has rarely been better illustrated than in the events of the last three or four weeks. We have seen persistent temperance propaganda achieve the reversal of the verdict of one large constituency, play a great part in the reversal of that of another, and threaten, at least, to influence a third. The result of the Thanet election will not be known till some time after we write; but it has been asserted, and not contradicted, that a body of six or seven hundred electors has been guided in its vote solely by a consideration which has absolutely nothing to do with the duty of a voter properly understood. Still more remarkable is the lesson of the licensing clauses of the Local Government Bill. There, to please this faction of avowed bad citizens (for there can be no worse citizenship than the preference of a private fad to the public good), we saw a powerful Government go out of its way to attempt an unnecessary and dangerous administrative change. The bad citizens not being satisfied, we have seen the heads of a great party in Opposition swallow at a gulp, and without straining, their own solemn pledges and the principles of common justice, and in consequence of this we have seen further the Government compelled (with no loss to the nation, perhaps, but certainly with some loss of credit to itself) to drop its attempt to conciliate the irreconcilable. The last few days, too, have offered more than one individual and private instance of the complete forgetfulness of reason and decency which this intoxication of non-intoxication induces in its victims. Few men have worked better for the Union or borne more abuse in their work for it than Mr. CAINE. Yet we have had Mr. CAINE openly declaring that he is a temperance man first and a Unionist afterwards, or, in other words, that he sets his own theory of irregular verbs above the life-and-death interests of his country. This is at best, it may be said, a logical inconsistency; but we can produce a much more glaring practical one. On Thursday last Sir ARTHUR BLACKWOOD presided at a meeting, at which resolutions were passed denouncing the opium trade, the drink traffic (with native races, it is true, but that is, as all true abstainers would admit, a detail), and the "Government "license of sin" in India. Sir ARTHUR denounced these three practices as "crimes," as "sins for which all members "of Christian Churches were responsible." Now we turn to *Whitaker's Almanack*, and we find that Sir ARTHUR BLACKWOOD is a servant of a Government which is directly responsible for the first and third of these practices, and we find that he receives 2,000*l.* a year from a revenue which is very largely made up of profits from drink traffic, not, indeed, with native races, but with Englishmen. It might have been thought that a Government servant was bound not to denounce "Government practices"; that, if he thought them "crimes" and "sins," he should shake off, not merely the dust, but the comfortable thick clay of 2,000*l.* a year which he is accumulating in the service of SATAN. But, apparently, Sir ARTHUR BLACKWOOD, unless there are two pillars in the Evangelical party of that name, is not of this severe consistency. He makes the best of both worlds. He denounces, and eke he draws.

We find, we confess, but little fault with him, and we do not think his conduct one whit more blamable than the conduct of those who, not being servants of Government, but only English citizens, prostitute their civic privileges to the service of a foolish, an irreligious, and to a great extent a mischievous, fad. What we desire to do is to call serious attention, if it be not too late, to the dangerous tyranny which has been allowed to invade English social and political life. Fortunately, though the number of the enemy is much larger than in the case of the Contagious Diseases Acts, the forces available for resistance are also incomparably stronger. By far the larger part of the nation has not yet bowed the knee to the BAAL of temperance, and though temperance advocates are at least as reckless as our modern *untori* or plague-disseminators, they cannot bring against their foes the same disgraceful calumnies as these can. But it is quite time that the organized nuisance were met by some organized remedy. No body of persons is more open to public opinion than the upper clergy of the Church of England, and it is time that pressure were put on bishops and dignitaries to make them abandon the scandalous coquetting with the temperance mania, of which too many of them have recently been guilty. The courageous words of the Indian Commander-in-Chief the other day ought to be echoed through the army by all officers who hate cant. Employers of labour can discourage by all legitimate means, though of course not by the boycotting which total abstainers practise, the spread of the disease among their workmen. All those who have the control of moral training can inculcate the truth that, while drunkenness is a bad thing, total abstinence is not a good one, and the forcing of total abstinence on others is as bad as drunkenness itself. The general public can refuse to support institutions which substitute childish and unhealthy restraint for rational liberty. Above all, it is in the power of the majority of electors to free candidates from the odious and degrading tyranny to which they are at present subjected. It is as patriotic to refuse to vote for a man who sets fad above country as it is unpatriotic to refuse to vote for a man who sets country above fad. The genus candidate is not in itself avid of pledges; and as soon as the mass of constituencies decide to be no longer dictated to by a small faction of maniacs, the strength of the evil will be broken at once. In no place in the United Kingdom, probably, could a temperance candidate triumph with only

temperance [illegible], and a general understanding on both sides would very soon make the temperance card a sure losing one, instead of a possible trump to any player who does not mind foul play. There ought to be the less difficulty about this because the very events which we have been discussing have shown to both sides what rotten reeds the temperance vote and the temperance candidates are. For the present it pleases them to qualify their water with Home Rule, but both Mr. PARNELL and Mr. GLADSTONE (who, whatever else be thought of them, are at least practised Parliamentary managers) know that this alliance is perfectly untrustworthy. The whole strength of these public curses lies in the lazy good-nature of the great stupid public, which is partly deceived by the respectability of ostensible motive, and partly too indolent to thwart anybody who is determined and unscrupulous. But even this public, if it looks at such things as the Registration of Clubs Bill, to which Lord WEMYSS called attention the other day, may convince itself that very unpleasant times are in store for it, if it does not knock the temperance old-man-of-the-sea's brains out for him at once. If it is to be solemnly declared that it is expedient "to regulate" by law "the proceedings of "persons associating themselves for purposes of social in-"tercourse and recreation," the venerable delusions that an Englishman's house is his castle and that this is a free country had better be got rid of at once.

ARMY MANAGEMENT.

IT is not to be expected that last week's talk on Mr. HANBURY's motion will have a better fate than usually befalls discussions on military management in Committee of Supply. Unquestionably it will go down to the dead in the files of old newspapers, where lie entombed the reports of sermons, as the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH has explained. And yet it deserved to be printed apart, with a commentary. Not that the matter or form of the discussion was particularly good. The speakers were as inconclusive and straggling as they are wont to be in Committee, and the facts were only sufficiently brought out to show that they were discreditable. With Mr. HANBURY's own speech there is no fault to be found. It told a tale of certain mismanagement and possible dishonesty plainly enough, but from the moment he finished the talk straggled off, according to precedent, into official platitude and unofficial fog. In the present state of the evidence it is as good as useless to discuss the worth or worthlessness of what was said for or against Colonels BARRINGTON and RAWNSLEY or Captain PLUNKETT, who "was frightfully unpopular." It is enough that the following facts are accepted as proved by the War Office itself. Officers of proved incompetence have been appointed to do work they had not been trained to, after failure in other places. An old firm, which had long supplied Government, has been, for reasons good, struck off the list of contractors. A man who had been in their employ, or was in some other way connected with them, has been engaged as a Government viewer. In this capacity he favoured his old friends unduly, and passed bad work. He is still in Government employ. Two old servants in the Store Department who were employed as viewers at a pinch, and did their work very well, were set aside in favour of an outsider, brought in by this very man. When on their evidence—given on very intelligible motives, perhaps, but proved to be sound—the Government took action to amend certain scandals, it found nobody to punish except the contractors and a Sergeant HAWKINS, a very subordinate person. It does not seem that the higher officials under whose noses the mischief went on have been a penny the worse for it. Though they allowed bad stores to be passed, it has not been imputed to them. All Mr. STANHOPE has to say is that it all happened a long time ago and before his day. Now it is otherwise, and there are more viewers, which makes us quite safe.

Really we do not hear the assurance with any considerable confidence. The whole story is a pretty illustration of what comes of the practice of laying all upon "the system." If a few years ago, while the bad stores were being actually passed, a man had questioned the Government as to what it was doing to secure a good supply, he would have been told that the firms dealing with Government were of high respectability; that there were viewers and responsible officials whose competence and honesty were not to be doubted; and, finally, of course, that HER MAJESTY's Ministers must be responsible—a statement to which the Ministerial mind can see no answer. It would have sounded very well in 1885; and yet we now know that firms of the highest respectability were earning loss of their place on the list of contractors, that viewers were passing bad goods, that competent officials were being hoodwinked, and that responsible Ministers were unable to prevent the waste of public money. The story moves the unofficial mind to ask two questions. First, what guarantee have we that more viewers means better viewers, or that a few changes of places and titles under the name of reorganization will make it sure that superior officials will not, from want of knowledge, allow inferior to misconduct themselves? The second is what does the word responsibility mean? It certainly cannot be from mere want of officials that bad stores are passed. Indeed, it is acknowledged that they were passed corruptly by inferiors and ignorantly by superiors. We fail to see why the appointment of a few more hands should make this impossible in future. As for the second question, it is a standing puzzle. Responsibility we take to mean liability to punishment for misconduct or incompetence. But nobody has been punished except the irresponsible contractors, and even they have not had to stand an action for breach of contract. To the Ministers of the day it is notorious that their mismanagement has done no visible harm. Now, as long as human nature remains in its present corrupt and fallen state, we know that there can be no absolute security against stupidity, ignorance, and dishonesty; but some relative security may be obtained. Neither is it difficult to see how to obtain it. The obvious method is to make responsibility real. When somebody has been smartly punished for incompetence, others who know nothing about the work will be less ready to take the post—or will take care to acquire the necessary knowledge. It is beyond dispute that much technical work has been, and for all we know to the contrary still is, superintended by gentlemen very ignorant of its nature. Such superintendence is no better than a sham. Sir W. MARRIOTT, profiting by recent experience, deprecates any imitation of the justice of the Cadi which kills somebody at random whenever a crime has been committed. The Cadi is not a model to follow; but really when bad stores have been passed through the neglect of the official whose duty it is to test them, it is not so hard to find who ought to eat stick. There is, however, a higher responsibility which it is most desirable to bring home. It is the responsibility continually pleaded by Ministers in the full knowledge that the word has no real meaning for them. Lord WOLSELEY has just explained to the Select Committee on Army Estimates how Ministers who are bound to think of the efficiency of the Army Reserve have seriously risked it in order to save a little money. Will any of them be called to account for the mischief which may ensue? Mr. STANHOPE, also, excused the passing of bad stores in 1885 and 1886 by saying that, the supply having fallen very low, it had to be made up at a pinch so hurriedly that the viewers were overworked and could not do their duty properly. We do not think that this excuses the official who ought to have refused to certify to the quality of goods which he had not examined. But, no doubt, the great sinners were the Ministers who allowed the stores to be depleted. None of them have been called to account, that we know of. After all our chopping and changing, all our rummagings, rearrangings, and reorganizations, there is no security that exactly the same kind of mismanagement may not be committed again, with equally bad effects. To take an example, of which Mr. STANHOPE will feel the full force—when the reduction of the Royal Horse Artillery is shown by experiment, as it has already been amply shown by argument, to be a gross blunder, will Mr. STANHOPE have to answer for it? Certainly not, unless our practice undergoes a wholesome change very briefly. Now this is the cause of mismanagement, false economy, and waste, which we wish to see changed by a telling example. When Ministers have been taught that they may some day pay smartly for having sacrificed the efficiency of the army in order to tide over a Parliamentary difficulty, they will begin to bethink themselves. The spread of that conviction would be worth a wilderness of reorganizations. There is no fear that we should fall into the mistake of the Cadi, and hang an innocent passer-by. There is no doubt as to who the offenders are.

Lord WOLSELEY's evidence before the Select Committee is full of instances of the unmilitary management of our army. Some of his opinions are to be received

with caution. Few who do not look merely at the soldier's training, or who have not unworthy motives of a political nature, will agree with him in wishing to see all garrisons withdrawn from great towns. The Home Office, which has always opposed any such suggestion, could give very good reasons, drawn from the history of the Northern manufacturing towns within the last ten years, and of London itself within the last two, for preferring to keep a military force within easy call of the civil authorities. Even the apparently useless retention of a cavalry regiment at Brighton may be justified by the argument he himself uses to defend handsome uniforms. It tends to make the service popular, which is an important consideration in a volunteer army. But everybody must agree with the Adjutant-General in condemning the folly which leaves the reserve men without practice to keep up their drill. In order to avoid a little expense for pay and rations, the War Office has refused to call the reserve men out for a few days' yearly drill. It will not even allow them to qualify with a Volunteer battalion, because this would slightly increase the capitation-grant. A little money is saved, but the value of the first reserve is seriously lessened. No military experience is required to convince any man that four or five years' want of drill will make an infantry soldier rusty and a cavalry man very rusty indeed. By leaving the men the option of coming into barracks in winter, or practising with the Militia or Volunteers, this might be avoided, and some good might be done to the form of the Second Reserve.

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY.

THE contest for the Presidency between the two great American parties is now about to commence. The result will depend on the course which may be followed by a body of seceders from the Republican party, whose position in some respects resembles that of the Liberal-Unionists of England. The comparison must not be pushed too far, inasmuch as neither the Constitution of the United States nor the national existence is exposed to any present danger; but Mr. CLEVELAND's Republican supporters dissent on questions of principle from the policy and practice of their former leaders. At the election of 1884, Mr. CLEVELAND was preferred to Mr. BLAINE as the representative of upright and honest administration. The great mass on both sides voted with their respective parties; and Mr. BLAINE's thorough-going adherents were the more enthusiastic in his cause on the ground of his mastery of political organization. A more legitimate ground of preference consisted in his undoubted ability, and especially in his popular eloquence. The most conscientious Republicans only objected to his nomination because they were resolved to check the progress of corruption. Some of them may also have been repelled by the obstinate devotion of the party to the irrational cause of commercial protection; but the contest mainly turned on the question of Civil Service Reform. Mr. BLAINE was the ablest and most skilful practitioner of the arts which, in General JACKSON's words, appropriate the spoils to the victor. Mr. CLEVELAND held, on the contrary, that clerks and postmasters should be appointed and promoted for their honesty and capacity, and not because they professed to belong to any political party. The struggle was severe, and the success of the Democratic candidate excited some surprise. The Republicans had been in power for a quarter of a century, and all the posts in the Civil Service were occupied by their partisans; but the feeling, especially in the State of New York, against the established system of patronage was strong enough to bring the Democrats into office. Since that time the party which has been dominant for the time has probably received more than its proportionate share of employment; but, on the whole, Mr. CLEVELAND's consistency and impartiality have been generally recognized.

It would seem that the Democrats are, as might be expected, anxious to let the present contest turn on the issues which were four years ago decided in their favour. In his reply to the Notification Committee of the Democratic Convention Mr. CLEVELAND referred with marked emphasis to "the abuses "and extravagances which had," he says, before his term of office, "crept into the management of public affairs." "I "knew then something of the bitterness of partisan ob-"struction, but did not know how bitter, shameless, and "reckless it could be." It may be perhaps in conformity with precedent that a candidate in acknowledging his nomination abstains from discussing political questions; but Mr. CLEVELAND's reticence does not extend to the discharge of administrative duties, which forms his principal claim to the confidence of his countrymen. It is true that the Democratic platform, as framed at the St. Louis Convention, is almost as strictly confined to inoffensive commonplaces; but Mr. CLEVELAND had the opportunity of commenting on the voluminous creed which was propounded by the Republicans at Chicago. He is perhaps well advised in saying nothing on the dangerous question of a reform of the tariff. His own leaning has been plainly indicated in his recent Message to Congress; but no party, or powerful section of a party, is yet bold enough to profess a belief in the doctrine of Free-trade. The Republicans, who express their opinions in the strongest and plainest language, have in this matter a great advantage over their adversaries. The Republican platform pledges the party in the future as well as in the present to the sacred cause of Protection. Mr. BLAINE, who, notwithstanding his recent failure, is still the chief spokesman of the party, is excited to more than ordinary enthusiasm when he idealizes monopoly and the officious interference of the Legislature with private transactions. Mr. CLEVELAND's modest proposal to reduce taxation to the amount required for the public service, while it suggests a doubt as to his Protectionist orthodoxy, evokes no active sympathy even on the part of those who approve his policy. It may be hoped that he will succeed in concentrating the attention of doubtful voters on purity of administration. If he is at some disadvantage through the indefinite character of his fiscal policy, he may perhaps derive a certain amount of strength from his comparative personal celebrity. No one out of America, and not many American citizens, ever heard of Mr. HARRISON before he was nominated as Republican candidate for the Presidency. The fact that he is grandson to a former, and almost forgotten, President, who held office for six weeks, has perhaps less to do with his nomination than the total absence of any other claim to the highest dignity.

Except in the rare instances of a unanimous choice, the proceedings of nominating Conventions are much more amusing, if not more interesting, than the final trial of strength between the parties. Scarcely any foreigner would presume to understand the motives which determine the ultimate result of perhaps a dozen ballots. The disinterested spectator finds himself hopelessly puzzled by the progress of a game conducted according to rules which are to him an impenetrable secret. If he is acute and observant, he dimly perceives in the later stages of the game a TARQUIN-like process of cutting off the highest heads. Distinguished candidates are obnoxious to jealousy and sometimes to resentment; but at the beginning of the game they sometimes seem to enjoy a provisional preference. Mr. SHERMAN, who was the best known of the candidates if Mr. BLAINE was excluded from the list, stood for two or three days at the head of the poll. His majority rather increased than diminished; but, as soon as it reached a certain point, the experts who regulate the play decided, like military umpires at a sham-fight, that SHERMAN was out of the game. There was another element of uncertainty in the struggle in addition to the ordinary disadvantage which attends conspicuous candidates. In this instance the claims of notoriety were brought into sharp collision with the preference which is habitually awarded to inoffensive obscurity. Though Mr. BLAINE's name was seldom mentioned, he was the more thought of, and a well-organized band of election managers was all the time manœuvring to secure his nomination. In the early ballots he had ten or twelve votes out of six or seven hundred; but his partisans were not discouraged by divisions which they had probably arranged. Mr. SHERMAN's and Mr. DEPEW's names were perhaps understood to mean Mr. BLAINE; and it was hoped that the Republican "HENRY of Navarre," as his admirers call him, after the hero of MACAULAY's ballad, would profit by a practical demonstration that none of his competitors could win. Little attention was paid to Mr. BLAINE's repeated disclaimers of any desire for nomination. His protests probably meant that he was not disposed to run the risk of defeat; but his telegraphic messages proved that he would serve if he were unanimously chosen. On the last day, after all other presentable candidates, with the exception of Mr. BLAINE, had been eliminated, his supporters seem to have thought that, if his name were suddenly proposed to the Convention, he would cause what is called in the language of Conventions a "stampede." In other words, he was in a moment of surprise to be chosen by accla-

mation; but the propounders of the scheme found that they were not a majority. The rest of the delegates, with a loyal resolution to obey the instructions of their constituents, held that it was their duty to nominate a candidate who was likely to win, and that Mr. BLAINE would not satisfy the condition. Accordingly, they resolved, after a consultation, that Mr. HARRISON should be chosen, apparently because, being almost wholly unknown, he was less exposed than any of his competitors to envy or ill will. If he is elected he will furnish a second instance of the selection of two Presidents from the same family. The precedent of the two ADAMSES has not hitherto been followed; but there is no reason why such a pedigree should operate as a disqualification. Mr. HARRISON has held some considerable posts, and in the war he served with credit, and attained the rank of a brigadier-general of volunteers. He will receive the votes of all who would have supported Mr. BLAINE, and the dissentient Republicans cannot allege that he is identified with the cause of corruption.

The Republican platform or programme is unusually long, and it is ostentatiously patriotic. The PRESIDENT is attacked for his alleged surrender of the fisheries, which consisted of his acceptance of large concessions made, with the assent of the Canadian Government, by the English Commissioners. There is, in the Republican as in the Democratic platform, an ungracious and officious declaration of sympathy with the policy of Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. PARNELL. The Republican appeal to the Irish voters is somewhat more candid than the rival declaration, because it is combined with professions of hostility to England in the matter of the fisheries. The friends of the Union have never disputed the existence of sympathy between their domestic and their foreign ill-wishers. The implied threat would be more formidable if unfriendly language were primarily addressed to those who purport to be its objects. It is certain that the offensive paragraphs are mainly addressed to Irish voters. It is not at present known whether the allies of the Irish Nationalists will support Mr. CLEVELAND or Mr. HARRISON. Their prejudices are not likely to incline them to the cause of electoral purity; but, on the other hand, they have hitherto been allied with the Democrats, and it is not known that the organization has been dissolved. Mr. BLAINE has courted the Irish with perseverance and perhaps with success, but it is doubtful whether he can transfer their votes from himself to Mr. HARRISON. The significance of a Presidential election is perhaps exaggerated in the estimation of foreigners. The President cannot legislate, except negatively by means of his veto. His internal administration only concerns his own countrymen, and in the conduct of external affairs he is directed and controlled by the Senate. Mr. HARRISON, though he has not thus far achieved fame, may probably, like many of his less-known predecessors, rise to his situation if he is elected. Mr. GARFIELD and Mr. ARTHUR both acquired a reputation as Presidents. Mr. HAYES was, as a politician, of a similar rank. When the Irish vote is no longer needed, the President of the time will probably cultivate friendly relations with England.

THE FUNCTION OF CATS.

A MERCIFUL Providence is metaphorically said to have made the back of the domestic cat exceeding broad, in exquisite adaptation to the moral load which that anatomical structure has to carry. We all know that most fires are due to cats. Cats are culpably careless in the use of matches. Even Messrs. BRYANT & MAY have scarcely been able, by their excellent and ingenious invention, to correct the influences of feline rashness. It is a far too common thing for a cat, after lighting a cigar, to throw a wax vesta or a deadly fusee upon the carpet or the bare boards. These animals will leave candles in immediate proximity to curtains, and forget all about them in an exciting chase after mice that have as much right to live as themselves. A cat has been known to turn on the gas, and then, hearing a scratching behind the wainscot, to become absorbed for half an hour before applying the flame, with consequences which can be imagined, and, therefore, if Mr. HENRY JAMES will pardon us for saying so, need not be described. Cats, too, are addicted to the pernicious practice of smoking in bed, especially Persian cats, who cannot otherwise perform their allotted task of reading through the *Arabian Nights* twice a year. Now, as it is notorious that no cat will endure a cover to his pipe, we need not point out the great dangers we are in by this unhappy levity. But there is really no end to the responsibility of cats, who are without any sense of shame, and appear to be most imperfectly acquainted with the laws which govern the ignition of inflammable bodies. How many fires they cause in London from January to December Captain SHAW alone knows. It is only necessary to mention their too familiar habit of saving themselves trouble by carrying hot coals in a shovel from one room to another; for on this occasion we may avoid the painful topic of the frauds which they too often perpetrate at the expense of insurance Companies. When all these things are taken into consideration, we need not wonder, however deeply we may be grieved, at the number of fires whose origin is assigned in official reports to the agency of these noxious and ubiquitous quadrupeds. But we may venture to express our regret that Captain SHAW should have omitted all mention of them in the learned disquisition on fires which he has contributed to *Murray's Magazine* for July. Cats are a powerful interest, and in the prevailing flabbiness of public opinion few have the moral courage to speak the truth about them.

Excellent is the spirit of Dr. Low, an officer of the Local Government Board, who merits the respect and gratitude of the whole community for having brought out the facts about cats without flinching. No cat, after the publication of Dr. Low's memorandum, can shelter himself behind the miserable plea of ignorance from the duty of at once answering the charge that, whatever may be his recreations and amusements, his serious business in life is the spread of diphtheria. It is the more courageous in Dr. Low to state this because certain Irish-American cats are more than suspected of having attempted to blow up the premises of the Local Government Board with dynamite about five years ago. Undeterred by these lucid memories, Dr. Low charges into the ranks of our feline tyrants with desperate determination. He accuses them, not by insinuation or innuendo, but in plain and unmistakable terms, of having caused an epidemic of diphtheria at Ealing. The method in which this detestable plot was carried out is truly diabolical. A number of associated cats, whom Dr. Low, for obvious reasons, abstains from naming, conspired to eat the remnants of the food, and drink the remainder of the milk, which had been served to diphtheritic patients. Thus primed for their horrible work, they selected a number of healthy children, with whom they began to play. The children were particularly attentive to the cats, because the cats appeared to be unwell. Such is the lot of children, who never tease animals, though animals are constantly teasing them. We draw a veil over the sequel, merely remarking that Dr. Low, as becomes his high position, has no doubt that the children were infected in this precise way. The *Standard* treats the painful subject in a reprehensibly frivolous spirit, even suggesting that cabs, railway carriages, bank-notes, and library books are as bad as cats. The germs of infection are, it is to be feared, everywhere, and life would become impossible if we were always speculating on the chances of coming within the grasp of disease. Meanwhile it is desirable that criminal cats should be brought to justice, and that contaminated articles—edible, potable, or otherwise—should be destroyed.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

SOME alarm was caused by a positive and inaccurate statement that the Government had resolved to treat the construction of the Channel Tunnel as an open question. It is satisfactory to find that Sir EDWARD WATKIN'S chief convert is not Lord SALISBURY, but Mr. GLADSTONE. By a curious coincidence Sir EDWARD WATKIN was absent from the division on Tuesday. It is true that some statesmen of authority, including the late and the present Earl of DERBY, have given a more or less definite approval to Sir EDWARD WATKIN'S speculation; but every intelligent Englishman is as competent as the most experienced Minister to appreciate the arguments for and against the scheme. In favour of the project it is alleged that the proposed outlay will be profitable to the undertakers. The chief promoter is undoubtedly a capable judge of capital, expenditure, and of traffic; but he has observed a curious silence on the commercial question. Sir EDWARD WATKIN must appreciate at their true value the sentimental con-

siderations which are suggested for the benefit, not of intending shareholders, but of philanthropic enthusiasts and simpletons. That the conversion of Great Britain from an island to a peninsula would stimulate reciprocal goodwill between France and England is one of those propositions which, though they may influence votes, are not noticed by serious disputants. France and Germany are not at present united by feelings of attachment and sympathy, though they have no Channel between them. Trade between England and France has in modern times, through the employment of steam and the improvement of ships and harbours, and, above all, in consequence of the introduction of railways on both sides of the Channel, received a far greater extension of facilities than any additional accommodation which could be supplied by a Tunnel. If the express goods trains in France were accelerated to the English rate of speed, more time would be saved than by the avoidance of transhipment. A more liberal French tariff would, without cost or trouble, increase the trade between the countries more abundantly than any mechanical improvement. Yet all these actual or possible changes have in no degree diminished the acrimonious feeling which the French have inherited from former generations. A French admiral of high rank has announced that, in case of war, Brighton and Eastbourne and all the open towns on the English coast would be bombarded, on the ground that England is too odious to be entitled to the benefits of international law and usage.

The commercial advantages of the Tunnel need neither be disputed nor admitted; but the importance of pecuniary gain is incommensurable with even a remote risk of national danger. The reasons against the enterprise are conclusive, unless they can be exhaustively refuted. England has by deliberate choice determined to remain virtually unarmed, while the Continent is organized as a series of camps, occupied by vast regular armies. The conscription, which alone could make this island invulnerable, will neither be adopted nor even seriously proposed. The consequence is that nothing but the narrow seas and the navy stand between this country and an irresistible invasion. When the population of France was double that of England, it was only at distant intervals that the possible landing of a French army caused serious alarm. The United Kingdom will soon be as populous as France, but the regular French army is tenfold larger than the English. Even at the beginning of the current century the best professional judges of military affairs believed that, if NAPOLEON could have landed with 100,000 men, he would have occupied London, and perhaps conquered England. It is true that, including militia and Volunteers, there were a million of Englishmen under arms; but the contingent of regular soldiers was comparatively insignificant. The fatal objection to a Channel Tunnel is that it would in certain circumstances provide a highway by which an invading French army might receive unlimited reinforcements. It would also secure the undisturbed retreat which might otherwise be intercepted by the English fleet. The chance of being cut off from his communications was the greatest danger which NAPOLEON can have apprehended. The existence of a Tunnel would have supplied a motive for incurring a temporary hazard of isolation. He may have been justified in his belief that the invasion would become practicable if he could command the Channel for a few hours; but he must have foreseen that he would be separated from his base of operations. He probably intended to march straight upon London, but the existence of a Tunnel would have diverted his attack to Dover. The fortress, however strong, would not be impregnable, and the invader who might take the place would be master of England.

It may be answered that before an invading army could have landed, the northern end of the Tunnel would be destroyed; but the restoration of a free passage would be the work of a short time, perhaps of a few days. Sir EDWARD WATKIN says that it could be flooded in three minutes, and pumped dry again in three months. A French general in occupation of the ground could well afford to wait for a longer time. It is not even certain that the most obvious precaution would be taken. Perhaps demagogues and effeminate peacemongers would protest against a hasty measure, which might, as they would contend, be a provocation to France. It is probable, but not certain, that the independence and existence of the nation would be regarded as paramount to minor considerations. In practice it might perhaps matter little whether the advance of an enemy would be delayed by a temporary interruption of his future thoroughfare. When the difficulty was eventually overcome, he would have only to deal with two or three regular *corps d'armée* and with a crowd of half-trained troops. The English fleet would be useless against an enemy in possession of both shores of the Channel and of the connecting passage. Even if the amount of danger is exaggerated by alarmists, a greater or a less chance of national ruin would be equally inadmissible. It is enough to know that England would be at the mercy of an invader who had by any means got possession of the Tunnel. The possible contingency will be gladly recognized by at least one section of politicians. Irish Nationalists will not conceal their approval of a scheme which would open a road to a foreign enemy. English sedition would be less violent or less outspoken; but it may be remembered that when the French army of invasion was quartered at Boulogne, Fox declared that he would not aid in any defensive measures, because he saw no reason for preferring the despotism of GEORGE III. to the despotism of BONAPARTE. It is not likely that party passion would at the present find so cynical an expression; but in the calculation of political possibilities, as in the discussion of material conditions of warfare, even remote dangers should be taken into consideration if they might in certain contingencies be fatal.

The capture of the English end of the Tunnel by an invading enemy is not the only method by which he might take advantage of its construction. A country which is dependent on the importation of food from abroad is liable, if it loses the command of the sea, to be starved into submission. It is true that the maritime resources of England are almost incalculable; nor is it suggested that they would be insufficient for the defence of trade, as well as of the coasts and harbours of the kingdom; but in this case also a prudent Government will refuse to incur any risk which may be prevented. The possession of Dover would certainly be a condition of any treaty which might be dictated by a victorious enemy. To the objection that food might be imported in neutral vessels, it is a sufficient answer that a Power which was dominant at sea would pay little respect to the Declaration of Paris, or to any other restriction of its hostile policy. The French in Tonquin declared that rice was contraband of war; and wheat might be similarly treated. A surrender under pressure of famine would in any case be a grievous disaster, but the misfortune might not be irremediable if the English shores were still only accessible by sea. The main reason for prohibiting the construction of the Tunnel is so conclusive that it is hardly necessary to dwell on other objections, though they might be sufficient in themselves. Even the advocates of the project admit that it would be necessary to protect the end of the Tunnel by a fortress, which would of course require a suitable garrison. There is probably no instance recorded in history in which provisions for the attack and defence of the same position have been simultaneously made. The Tunnel would practically give access to any part of England, unless it were effectually commanded by the fortifications which are to be constructed. A siege might perhaps not be necessary; and in any case it might be successful. The unopposed occupation of the works by the enemy, in pursuance of a capitulation, cannot be imagined without humiliation; but JULES FAVRE may possibly not be the last negotiator who has to withdraw the refusal of a vital concession. If there had been an impregnable access to Metz and to Strasburg, BISMARCK and MOLTKE would have insisted on its cession; but the parallel is not exact, because the French army is, in ordinary times, a match for the German, while England could offer no resistance to half a million of foreign troops.

THE SPEECH FROM THE GERMAN THRONE.

THE favourable impression created by the Emperor WILLIAM'S general Proclamation, as contrasted with his addresses to the army and navy, has been well maintained by the Speech from the Throne at the opening of the Reichstag. The contents of that speech may be fairly divided into two parts, the one dealing with general professions and with the domestic policy of the Empire and the Kingdom, the other with the foreign relations of Germany. The latter part, no doubt, is of the greatest interest, but the former is by no means uninteresting. In both the general tone is unexceptionable, and it is gratifying to see

that the mean between pointed slighting of the short and necessarily colourless reign which has just been closed and undue dwelling upon it has been hit with judicious adroitness. The sternest and most punctilious constitutionalist cannot find anything to object to in WILLIAM II.'s references to the Constitution; and, if the declaration of adhesion to the policy of a modified State Socialism raises a sigh in the breast of any lingering lover of *laissez-faire*, that lonely one may be a little comforted by the remembrance that something of the sort was necessary to counterbalance the unequivocal announcement of the EMPEROR's determination to "oppose firmly all efforts having the aim and tendency to "undermine public order," and by the promise to support national and social development within the paths of legality. These things, no doubt, are the commonplaces of all such speech; but, if it is possible to exaggerate their import as they appear, it is certain that the omission of them would have been considered, if it had not actually been, of evil omen. Moreover, Prussia and Germany have those two greatest securities for internal as well as for external tranquillity which Prince EUGENE impressed in vain on the author of the Pragmatic Sanction in words to which, if another Emperor of Germany had attended, it is not impossible that the present German EMPEROR would never have sat upon his present throne—a formidable army and a well-filled treasury.

These guarantees no doubt apply with even greater force abroad, but they rather increase than lessen the interest with which the EMPEROR's words as to foreign policy must be regarded. These words contain no reference to England, and only a distant and dubious reference to France. But with these Powers the German Empire has no very close relations. There is little or nothing that is equivocal in the distinct paragraphs allotted to Austria, to Italy, and to Russia. A certain obscurity, indeed, hangs over one of the reasons which the EMPEROR gives for his determination to maintain the alliance with Austria, and Austrians might perhaps think the reference to 1866 better away. But the declaration of adherence with "German fidelity" to the publicly known alliance with Austria-Hungary—especially following as it does at short distance the hint that an attack on the allies of the Empire has equal force, as a "necessity of "war," with an attack on the Empire itself—is unmistakable. The reference to Italy is less precise, but not less friendly. But it is, of course, the Russian paragraph that will have attracted most attention. It is rather curiously worded; the EMPEROR announcing, as if to relieve apprehension, that "his engagements with Austria and Italy permit him to "cultivate his personal friendship for the Emperor of "RUSSIA and the peaceful relations which have existed for a "century with the Russian Empire, and which correspond "with his own feelings and with the interests of Germany." On the whole, and considering certain recent utterances of Prince BISMARCK's, this can hardly be said to be what the language of diplomacy calls "chalorous." Not only are personal feelings and historical connexion somewhat weak bonds, but it would appear that circumstances present themselves to the EMPEROR's mind in which his agreements with other Powers would *not* permit this desirable and simultaneous cultivation of the pleasures of friendship and the study of history.

Much, no doubt, will depend upon the impression produced at St. Petersburg by this cautious declaration of affection; or perhaps it would be more correct to say by the private explanations which may have accompanied or may be going to follow it. But it can hardly be too much to hope that, for the moment, at any rate, it negatives the idea, which was openly entertained in some quarters, of a direct rapprochement between Russia and Germany, or even of a return to something like the *Dreikaiserbund*. The speech, in its clear and almost ostentatious presentation of the other Triple Alliance of Germany-Austria-Italy, which took the place of the former, manifests an adherence to more than the tradition of the speaker's grandfather and namesake. Then, too, the personal affection of the German and Russian sovereigns, and perhaps that rather shadowy historical connexion here spoken of, maintained the amity of the two Powers in spite of, at times, a very distinct divergence of views and interests. If there is a difference, it may be said to be chiefly marked by the new EMPEROR's careful and diversely reiterated assurance that at home and abroad, by the arts of peace as well as by the arms of war, he will seek to promote the well-being of Germany and that well-being only. Such a declaration ought to be superfluous; but, in view of the crazes of modern times, it is necessary perhaps and certainly salutary. Germany announces, in fact, that, with all due respect to law and treaties, and all proper wishes for the prosperity of others, she fights for her own hand. So must every nation which hopes to keep its place and its power in the welter of political chances and interests. There is no reasonable cause for umbrage in France at the allusion—very faint if it is an allusion—to the retention at all hazards of the gains of 1870. For even Frenchmen, unreasonable as they often are, have too often practised the good old rule not to understand it. For England the speech conveys not perhaps a warning, but certainly a lesson. Its spirit, we may hope, animates our present rulers; it most certainly did not animate those who lately directed the affairs of England. And it may be questioned whether it is thoroughly understood by some who would very warmly and justly repudiate belief in Mr. GLADSTONE. As an instance of the muddle prevailing in the English mind, some remarks made during this very week in the *Times* on the Sikkim difficulty may be referred to. It is, it seems, for London, not for Calcutta, to decide what the form, the extent, and the duration of the operations against the Thibetans shall be. That is to say, it is for the persons who do not know, not for the persons who do; for those away from the spot, not for those on it; for politicians who balance votes, not for governors who rule peoples; for considerations of the odd man in the lobby, not for simple estimates of military and administrative necessity. That is not the way in which the British Empire has been built up, and it is certainly not the spirit of the speech from the German throne. It has, indeed, not yet fallen to Germany to have a large colonial, as she already has a large domestic and European, policy; but, when it does so fall, we may be pretty sure that the policy of putting the best men in place and then leaving them to do the best—subject, of course, to responsibility if they fail—will be pursued. That, pushed in his case to a somewhat brutal extent, no doubt, was the policy of FREDERIC, and so long as Germany flourishes it will, we may be sure, be the policy of FREDERIC's successors.

This, however, is a digression. Subject to the chances of politics, it may be assumed that the policy of the new German reign, as indicated in this speech, certainly does not favour any immediate offensive movement on the Russian side in Europe. The rebuff—to speak less positively, the absence of encouragement—may dispose the CZAR to further complete quiescence, or it may yet more incline him to that policy of compensation for disappointments in the West by enterprise in the East upon which some Russians so warmly insist. In either case, it is the plainest duty of England, to make herself as strong as possible in the quarters where she is most threatened, and incidentally to lose no opportunity of suppressing such disturbances on the Indian frontier as those of Sikkim and among the border tribes beyond Abbotabad. The protection of the Turkish Empire in Europe, once the first object, has not so much become the second as it has been transferred to other hands. It is now a vital interest of the Austrian Empire that, whatever further disintegration of the SULTAN's territories takes place, that disintegration shall not turn to the advantage of Russia. And in looking to this Austria has the assurance of the German EMPEROR that an attack on his allies is an attack on him. England (whether unfortunately or not is not the present question) has no immediate backing of this kind to look to; but indirectly the situation, by relieving her of part of her duties in one place, sets her free, not to be idle, but the better to attend to them in the other.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

MR. GOSCHEN did not give much encouragement to the Trustees of the National Gallery last week. The suspension of the annual grant since the purchase of the two great pictures from Blenheim has had a disastrous effect. A large number of important collections have recently come to the hammer, and it cannot be said that prices have been high except in a few cases. Yet picture after picture is being picked up and despatched to Berlin or New York, and the National Gallery is too much crippled in its resources to be able to bid. It is, of course, alleged that a similar arrangement was made when the PEEL collection was purchased. But this is only half true; because, though the arrangement was made—and excited a good deal of indignation at the time—it was not strictly acted upon. The grant of 10,000*l.* a year was, it is true, withheld, but

the Treasury again and again made special grants to the Trustees before the annual payment was resumed. Sir WILLIAM GREGORY writes an admirable, if somewhat long-winded, letter to the *Times* of Wednesday, in which he asserts that as much as 19,000*l*. was advanced to the Trustees at this time, and that no single application was refused. In the case of the PEEL purchase, also, the Trustees entered into the arrangement with their eyes open. They agreed to the two conditions—namely, that they should acquiesce in the sequestration of the grant; and that from time to time they should signify to the Treasury the names of desirable works. When the Ansidei "Madonna" and the VANDYCK "King Charles" were bought no conditions were made—that is, before the conclusion of the bargain recommended by the Trustees; but afterwards the same two conditions were imposed on them, with this very serious difference, however, that they were offered no choice in the matter, and that their recommendations have not been attended to, with certain exceptions, which, in fact, rather accentuate the situation. A wretched balance—of what sum we are not informed—amounting to 2,000*l*., was found and handed over to the Gallery last year; and though the beautiful portrait of the Duke of LENNOX and his dog—of which, if we mistake not, Sir EDWIN LANDSEER said, "I wish I could paint a dog like "that!"—has gone to America, two blanks have been filled up by the purchase of the (very ugly) "Card Players" of NICHOLAS MAAS, and the VAN DER HELST portrait. No one who saw ROMNEY'S marvellous sketch of Lady HAMILTON "reading NELSON'S despatch after the Battle of the Nile" can help regretting that Mr. GOSCHEN would not permit the Trustees to buy it at CHRISTIE'S last month. We are very deficient in adequate examples of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S female portraits, but the Treasury has refused the grant necessary for the purchase of one recently offered at a moderate price. Just at present there are exceptional chances for the acquisition of good pictures. A large number of old private collections are and have lately been in the market, owing to the operation of a recent Act affecting heirlooms and entails; and this is exactly the opportunity seized by the Treasury, not for filling up vacancies on the walls of the National Gallery, but for shutting up the purse altogether. The very things we most want go abroad; and when the present dispersal of family goods has ceased, we may find ourselves with money, indeed, but without the opportunities now so frequently occurring for laying it out to advantage. Moreover, of those pictures which have not gone out of the country a certain proportion will, no doubt, be offered to the Trustees, but at greatly increased prices, so that the present policy is imprudent, to say the least. One point, moreover, cannot be too strongly insisted upon—namely, that grants for such purposes as this are immensely popular with the whole country, and are never refused by the House of Commons. Lord BEACONSFIELD knew this fact and acted on it, as many a valuable purchase now in the Gallery shows. Mr. GOSCHEN cannot make a greater (political) mistake than to starve the public interest in the improvement of the National Gallery. A show of liberality in this respect would redound to the credit and popularity of the Government to a degree out of all proportion to the small sum it would cost the Treasury.

ON THE WAY TO PARIS.

THERE are two classes of persons who desire to travel between London and Paris. The first are those who wish to do the journey with the least possible trouble. The second are those who wish to do it with the least possible expense. Both are entitled to be well served for their money. For the first, nature and the Railway Companies have provided the routes by Dover and Calais and by Folkestone and Boulogne. The second can use the Newhaven and Dieppe or the Southampton and Havre lines. Of these last there is not much to say; for, from the nature of things, they will always be an alternative and a second best. People who enjoy the sea may prefer the five hours of boat from Newhaven to Dieppe to the one from Dover to Calais. Others may think that beauty of scenery compensates for length of journey. From their own point of view they are right, and when the utmost has been done to improve the more direct route, it will never run through anything so good to look at as Normandy. Still the merit of a journey is its speed, particularly when there is sea in it. As long as England persists in what an indignant French gentleman called "une "politique de Snobs," by which he meant her refusal to allow Sir E. WATKIN to endanger the country by his Tunnel, it will always be a chief object with travellers to have as little boat as possible. The Newhaven and Southampton lines have their merits, and will not want for customers; but their object is not speed. They will be used by people who wish to save their money, and who from the nature of things in this wicked world must needs put up with something less than the best.

Those (from the business point of view) more respectable travellers to whom money is not so much a consideration as comfort have, however, their own grievances, which a correspondent of the *Times* has been stating at length. In point of speed they are not so well served as they might be. To argue from what they are to get from the club train when it does begin to run next November, we can only conclude that the express trains between London and Paris have not run as fast as they might have done. An improvement will be made after the 1st of July, owing to the opening of a loop-line outside of Boulogne, which shortens the Calais route by a quarter of an hour. The convenience might have been provided before, and has probably been withheld through some Railway Company quarrel. In France, too, they have never shown much zeal in trying to obtain speed in their best days, and in the opinion of most travellers their whole railway administration has fallen off in efficiency since the days of the Empire. There is neither the same desire for speed on the part of the public nor the same competition between the Companies. It would be idle to expect from French Companies anything so spirited as the promised establishment of cross-country expresses by the Great Western and London and North-Western. When those are in working order, it may really in some parts of England cease to be the case that two sides of a triangle can be shorter than the third, which has hitherto been the case, maugre the beard of EUCLID. At this moment, if a man wishes to go from one country town to another, it is frequently the best course to come up to London by one express and go down by another. Attention to speed and convenience is not to be much hoped for from French, or, indeed, from any Continental, lines. What is to be expected where passengers are penned up like sheep and then hounded on to the platform in a crowd? A better proof of the inferiority of foreigners could not be found than the fact that it is more convenient to go from London to Paris than from Paris to London. When you are started by an English Company some time is allowed you to eat on the road. When you are started by a French Company, you get either very little or none at all. In some trains you are reduced to the necessity of eating on board the boat. No doubt there has been a great improvement in Channel boats of late years, and the passenger is no longer necessarily doomed to dive into a dingy low cabin, full of bad smells, stuffy and dirty, there to feed as he best may on dubious beef off insufficiently washed plates. Still, there are people who cannot eat in any cabin, however well fitted, while the deck is heaving under them and everything is rolling from side to side. For them decent intervals to eat in should be provided on the road—otherwise they must act on DALGETTY'S principle, and provision the fortress for several days before leaving Paris at untimely hours, to the peril of their digestions. Of waste of time in looking at tickets, and so forth, at Calais, we shall not say much; for does not the traveller from Scotland begin to wonder how many more times his ticket is to be looked at before he reaches York? Then, when the traveller from Paris reaches a civilized country, there is still waste of time over parcel-vans, and by Folkestone there are overcharges on luggage. But here the South-Eastern comes in, and where the South-Eastern comes in words fail. These nuisances ought to be amended, and particularly the provend nuisance. Nowadays there is no excuse for the expensive quick train which does not carry a dining-car, and one which supplies good food, too. Perhaps, as the travelling season is coming on, if tourists were to band stoutly and make a great disturbance, they might cow, not only the North of France, but even the South-Eastern. It is their only chance of being better treated, for the Directors will pay little heed to mere individual grumbling.

LITERARY AND ARTISTIC SWEATING.

IN all trades somebody makes a profit out of somebody's labour; the question is whether he leaves the labourer nothing but starvation wages. To reach that level is the essence of "sweating," and it appears that the level has been reached

in art. The *Globe* publishes the following "exact copy of "an order issued by a Jewish firm to an artist to supply "them with oil paintings, 12 in. by 8 in. at 4*d*. each, the "artist to find, of course, his own boards and oils, and pay-"ment to be made once a month":—

Order No.——

To Mr.—— From ——

London, June 22, 1888.

We hand you this order subject to following terms and conditions, which, if accepted, please acknowledge by returning attached slip duly signed.

Terms 5 per cent. dis.
To be well packed in.
To be executed within 14 days.
To be delivered free at above address.
N.B. The number of this order to be marked on the invoice.

Cheques for current accounts are posted on the third Tuesday in each month provided a statement is received by the previous Friday.

12 dozen Oils on boards, 12 by 8.—4*s*..........£2 8*s*. 0*d*.
Assorted, two-thirds Landscapes, one-third Marines, as per samples.
Specimens of the Marines to be submitted.

To Messrs.—— Order No.——

Your order as per above number duly received and accepted under terms and conditions stated thereon.

Dated—— Signed——

Thus in a fortnight the artist is to supply one hundred and forty-four paintings in oil, at 4*s*. per dozen, minus discount. If he works on Sundays, this makes a trifle over twenty pictures daily. The artist, when expenses are deducted, will be paid about a pound a week at this trade. Of course the question arises, Who are the Jewish patrons; who purchase the landscapes and "marines" from them, how much do *they* pay, and where on earth is the artist? Might he not do better by illustrating the pavements of the streets? Would he be so badly paid if he designed "posters"? Any artist who can give the world his own account of the whole transaction will make more by his "copy" than by many gross of "marines." Even OUIDA's favourite neglected genius must have been better paid for decorating the lids of chocolate boxes. Probably the artists of the Christmas cards could tell some odd tales of sweating. That agreeable and humane method always exists where labour is cheap. Now it is probable that no labour is so cheap as that of lady amateurs and intelligent clergymen. They like to see themselves in print, and will work for nothing sometimes. Their pursuit of *l'art pour l'art* is hard on the professional. For such reasons the making of translations is an art about as profitable as match-making, and about as feebly exercised as any art in the world. What is a man or woman paid for translating a French novel? and how can good rendering have a chance when bad versions are so economical? Or how can we expect the public which reads translated French to care for the quality of the labour? How should such a public know what is good and what is bad? The translation of the classics has escaped from the sweaters because a few of the many who use "cribs" do know what is good and bad. But does no sweating prevail in literature? Who writes the little pretty pious books of verse, with pretty processed prints of chubby, yet moribund, flower-sellers, angels, lilies, and the other fauna and flora of sentiment? What proportion do the gains of the labourer bear to those of the—well, of the capitalist? How are the authors of penny novels remunerated? One of them, in an interesting essay, has expressed his content; but he seems to be at the very top of the tree. Are tame authors actually kept in hutches anywhere, selling themselves for about 200*l*. a year? Or is this the wild invention of a fancy which might easily be a little fatigued? Nobody will hold an inquisition into literary and artistic sweating; but the sweatees, so to speak, would perhaps make more by telling their tale than by abiding in their hutches.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE ON THE RAILWAY.

A LEARNED judge once ironically rebuked counsel for talking of the "moral obligations recognized by railway Companies." He evidently regarded the phrase as carrying with it a savour as of transcendental metaphysics, and as belonging to a vocabulary which stands in no relation to any real existences whatever. This may, perhaps, have been going a little too far. It is not in the nature of things impossible that railway Companies should recognize moral as distinct from legal obligations; but it is, on the whole, safe to "neglect" the former class of obligations as too indeterminate to affect any calculations with respect to a railway Company's action in any given case. We shall put the case perhaps with substantial accuracy if we say that railway Companies feel morally bound (1) to discharge these duties to the public which they cannot evade without risk of legal consequences, and (2) to select for performance those specific duties which they owe for the time being to that particular class of the public who are contributing most to their traffic returns. The latter view of their obligations is quite understood, and to a great extent acquiesced in, by the long-suffering body of railway travellers; and they are even willing, it would appear, to allow the Companies to act upon principle (2) with such thoroughness as to expose principle (1) to considerable danger of infraction.

In the case of one railway Company we are strongly of opinion that such an infraction of principle is actually and constantly being committed. The London and South-Western Railway is, as all those who use it are aware, a line of which the proprietors enjoy exceptional and exceptionally frequent opportunities of attesting their sense of moral obligation towards that class of the public by whom they are for the moment turning in most money. It is along this favoured line that the intending spectators of the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race flock annually forth to Putney, Barnes, and Mortlake. As one of the feeders of Epsom Downs it does a brisk business in professional and amateur race-attenders during the Derby week. It has more than half the monopoly of railway conveyance to Ascot; and, as few people go to Ascot by road, it may be said to have the carriage of most Londoners who go out to that fashionable and generally enjoyable meeting. The augmentation of its traffic and the confusion of its London terminus are, consequently, on all the days of this meeting enormous, and on the Cup day simply indescribable. But, in addition to this, the South-Western Railway is singularly blest in providing access to quite a number of minor racecourses in the neighbourhood of London. It carries not only its crowds of popular holiday-makers to Hampton the happy, but also its train-loads of "serious" racing men—to quote Lord MARCUS BERESFORD's "excellent difference"—to Sandown and Kempton Park. The London and South-Western Railway Company is, in fact, continually finding itself indebted to a special and temporary class of passengers, and the consciences of the Directors are no doubt heavily burdened with a sense of moral obligation towards them. Regular passengers, season-ticket-holders, the people whose business takes them backwards and forwards daily on the line, and the requirements of whose business do not, strange to say, suspend themselves in deference to aquatic or equestrian contests—this class of the Company's customers go, and have long gone, to the wall. With much regret, no doubt, the Company subject these unfortunate persons on every occasion of these almost perpetually recurring fixtures to intolerable discomfort and inconvenience, and, in not a few instances, to positive pecuniary loss. The Directors obviously feel under a moral obligation to their holiday-making customers to do this. "It is their duty, and they do," as sings one of the heroes of the *Bab Ballads*; and to all expostulation they think it sufficient to reply that people who use their line daily for business purposes have "had notice" that its use at the proper hours is practically forbidden to them, and—that is enough. The question, however—a question which the victims are beginning to ask with increasing curiosity—is whether this *is* enough, in the contemplation of law, and whether it is within the legal competence of a railway Company, not merely to deny their regular customers "reasonable facilities," but for half the day, on four or five days of five or six weeks of every year, to deny them all facilities whatsoever for proceeding about their lawful business. We are personally of opinion that this is *not* within the legal competence of a railway Company, and we strongly recommend railway passengers to "organize" for the purpose of trying the question.

CRICKET.

PERPETUAL rain damps the spirit of prophecy in cricket. Were it not so, we might attempt to vaticinate about the University match; but, with grounds so uncertain, some "bold seer in a trance" might hesitate to forecast events. Certainly we cannot but hold that there is no cause for laying odds on Cambridge. They are innocent odds, and harmless amounts change hands, but still they express the condition of opinion or belief. Neither University has covered itself, in town, with anything but mud and sawdust. At Lord's, Cambridge (playing twelve men) had to meet a very mild eleven of M.C.C. Mr. WALKER, Mr. WEBBE, Mr. W. G. GRACE were not playing. CARLIN, POUGHER, PHILLIPS, and MARTIN were not a strong

batting tail. The wicket was good enough on Monday, and the damp heat was not invigorating to bowlers. Yet Cambridge had some difficulty in making 205. Mr. Wood hit freely, Mr. Kemp's was a sterling innings; the rest did not appear to exhibit much spirit. On the other side, M.C.C. played in the tamest way, and it was a kind of holiday for the Cambridge bowlers. Experiments in changing them were tried, and if Mr. Ford had bowled more, probably M.C.C. would have made a still smaller score. Chatterton's 40 was almost the only innings worth mention. Mr. Woods is no doubt a very dangerous bowler, high and swift, but he scarcely satisfied a critical taste. Whatever he may be next week, he was erratic at Lord's. Still he is a fast bowler, and his very irregularity may probably puzzle men who, like Mr. Gresson and Mr. Simpson, played Lohmann, Beaumont, Bowley, Abel, and others for hours at the Oval. Mr. Woods may repeat the deeds and rival the repute of Mr. Powys and Mr. Cobden, or he may be a failure. This is one of the glorious uncertainties of the game. Given a wet wicket, caking under a fierce sun, and the chances that Oxford will score off Mr. Woods are very slim indeed. Mr. Ford, however, is the more elegant and trustworthy bowler of the two. He is a classical, Mr. Woods is a romantic, bowler. How weak the Cambridge attack may sometimes be was discovered in the second innings, when M.C.C. scored 315 for seven wickets. Chatterton, Mr. Hirst, and Mr. Powell—a new name at Lord's—were the heroes of the occasion. Mr. Woods was reduced to bowling lobs. Some catches were missed; and Mr. McGregor, at the wicket, hardly came up to his great reputation. Perhaps Cambridge began by despising their antagonists and allowing them to get their eyes in to the bowling of Mr. Mordaunt, in place of starting with Mr. Ford. On the whole, if Cambridge wins, it will not say much for Oxford.

That ancient University threw away an easy chance of beating Lancashire. Suppose the ground was ever so difficult, resolute swiping should have knocked off the necessary threescore of runs. There is no use in playing a careful pokey game to difficult bowling on a thoroughly untrustworthy wicket. In the old days Oxford men should have run out to Mr. Steel at any hazard. In the Badminton Cricket Book he admits that he hates being treated in this way. You cannot well score under forty, for a whole side, if you do go in for hitting on a bad wicket, and you rarely score more by a feeble policy of poking and blocking. *De l'audace* should be the motto.

Oxford has, apparently, no fast bowler, no Butler, Kenny, or Fellowes. At the Oval they found out the greatness of this defect. On a good wicket Surrey made 650, and Mr. W. W. Read got 338. He might have stayed in till now, probably, if he had cared. The Oxford team has plenty of bowling, all much of a mediocre muchness. Mr. Nepean did not play; if he can make Cambridge nervous, he may be very useful. But he has not made many people nervous this year. Mr. Croome had 120 runs made off him for no wicket. The best analyses, except Mr. Gresson's, gave an average of 40 runs a wicket. The fielding was not very worthy of a University eleven. Some catches were missed in remote parts of the country. Only one man—Abel—was clean bowled, and he had made within three of his century. This all looks very bad; but Cambridge does not include Mr. Key, the Reads (these "glittering Dioscuri," as the critic said), nor Abel, nor Lohmann, in its eleven. Cambridge batting is not so strong as that, while the 315 of M.C.C. against Cambridge may be set off against the score of Surrey. Nor should it be forgotten that, on a pitch that had suffered much, Surrey did not lower one Oxford wicket. Mr. Gresson's bat was uncommonly straight, and Mr. Simpson showed freedom in company with defence. Their united score was 47. The whole of the Oxford eleven can bat; indeed, their wealth of batting is almost embarrassing; nor is it easy to see who should go out of the eleven to admit Mr. Nepean. On the whole, the University match is likely to be decided by weather and nerve more than by abstract excellence. Much will depend on the captain, and either side may have cause to sigh for "one hour of" Mr. Kemp or Mr. Steel.

The county cricket of the week has been chiefly remarkable for Kent's unexpected victory over Notts at Nottingham—a sad sight for Notts' eyes—and for Mr. Bonnor's and Wainwright's batting in Yorkshire *v.* Australia. Lee and Mr. Hirst also distinguished themselves; but the Australians were giving Mr. Ferris a rest, as the match could not be finished.

THE EDUCATION COMMISSION REPORT.

It would only be the merest politeness to describe the final Report of the Education Commission as weighty. Less could not be said for a Blue-book produced by so many distinguished persons after two years of examination and cogitation. But in this case the word would not be a figure of speech. The extracts and headings of chapters published in the *Times* show that when the Blue-book is accessible it will not only be large, but full of matter, some of it of a distinctly contentious nature. For various reasons it is well to be sober in comment on it as yet. It is never safe to criticize anything merely on extracts and the headings of chapters. Then, too, the contentious matter will be much debated. A minority Report is threatened in a few days, and between the partisans of the two there will be abundant battle. Already it is understood that the minority "will object to the Commission being made responsible for the accuracy of the facts, "and for the conclusions arrived at in the historical portions of the Report, and will criticize and dissent from" certain of its conclusions. As the matter in dispute is one which is excellently adapted to excite the angry feelings of many, and touch the interests of not a few, it is quite unnecessary to be in a hurry to express an opinion lest the opportunity should be lost. The eye of the Able Editor, looking onward to the silly season, may rejoice to see a long perspective of pegs on which articles may hang when Parliament has ceased for a space to fulfil its useful journalistic functions.

Even from brief and jerky notes of contents it is possible to guess what the battle will be about, and also to see how much of the Report will be accepted with little opposition. In this latter portion we are glad to perceive a condemnation of the system of payment by results with its hard pedantic rules. Perhaps if the common sense of an inspector is allowed more freedom, less may be heard than at present of cases of Board School children who, after passing the Fifth Standard, are found unable either to read or write. There will be opposition to the Commission's decision in favour of religious teaching in schools, but it will be the opposition of acrid partisans. Another thing may be learnt from the summary of the Report, not perhaps with pleasure, but certainly without surprise. It is that the Commissioners have to recommend further calls on the ratepayers. Much that they desire to see done may be good from more than one point of view, but it will certainly cost money. It will be a humane thing, no doubt, to supply ample recreation grounds, but it will be a costly thing to do. This, however, is by no means that one of their recommendations which is most threatening to the pockets of the ratepayers. Neither are we very much afraid of their suggestion that the grants should be somewhat increased, or that teachers should be better paid and better pensioned. No community ever outran the constable yet by lavish treatment of hard-worked servants. The extravagance threatened by the Commission is of quite another kind. Whatever may be the case with the minority, the majority seems to have been persuaded that it is not only the duty of the State to supply such elementary education as will save the poorer part of the population from blank ignorance, but to give them the secondary education which is a luxury. We hear of better schools to be provided for promising pupils, of bursaries for clever scholars, of courses of training in local Universities, and even of exhibitions to enable the cream of the candidates to go to Oxford or Cambridge. To this last recommendation we see one objection which does not seem to have struck the Commissioners. If these last prizes are only won after proper tests, and by lads of exceptional brains and energy—which, we presume, is meant to be the case—it does not seem likely that the successful candidates who have once fought their way to a real University will be prepared to return to the heavy and unthankful work of Board School teaching. There will be wondrous little human nature in them if they do not think they can do better for themselves. The State would not improbably discover that, instead of improving the level of its Board School teaching, it had spent its money to recruit the teaching staff of the Universities, to increase the number of the members of the junior Bar who are fighting madly for briefs, or even to add to the applicants for employment on the London press—which would be an abominable use of the taxpayers' purse. Altogether, the Commissioners seem to have leaned very much too much towards the belief that it is a national duty to swell the already considerable number of educated persons who have nothing to do with their education. It may be reactionary and obscurantist to hold that this is wrong; but, if the view has any justifica-

tion, then the Report of the Commissioners must be condemned. They have the fads of the day on their side, however. Of what is likely to be the least popular of their suggestions—that voluntary schools should be aided by the State—there will be plenty to say when the minority Report appears. For the present it is enough to observe that a State-aided voluntary school has a little the air of a contradiction in terms, and that here again we have a demand for money to be paid out of the rates.

BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS.

A DAY when one of the Law Officers of the Crown is in favour of fusing the two branches of the profession, while the other is strongly opposed to it, is likely to be a day, if not of rebuke and blasphemy, at any rate of searchings of heart for members of the Bar. Nor is it otherwise than a natural incident of the changeful time that one or other of these two high authorities should be appealed to as a *ductor dubitantium* by seekers after truth in their own department of the lawyer's art and mystery. A plaintive appeal of the sort has just reached the ATTORNEY-GENERAL from Mr. ROBERT YERBURGH, M.P., accompanied with the notification that Sir RICHARD WEBSTER's correspondent proposes to publish his letter and the reply to it "for the benefit of the profession." "May a barrister," asks Mr. YERBURGH, "advise and otherwise act for the outside "client, and receive a fee direct without the intervention "of a solicitor? To what extent, if at all, is this right "limited after a writ has been issued?" Mr. YERBURGH's second question is an even more delicate one. "Is there," he inquires, "any *minimum* limit to the fee which a "counsel may charge on non-contentious cases?"

About the *maximum* limit Mr. YERBURGH is naturally not curious—that limit being indeed determined only by the conditions set forth in an anecdote much too old to be quoted here. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL naturally treated it as within his correspondent's knowledge, and confined himself to the other two questions. His answers are discretion itself. He is of opinion, for reasons stated by him, and which appear to us, at any rate, to be sufficient, that, with reference to contentious business, a barrister should not act or advise without the intervention of a solicitor either before or after litigation is commenced. As regards non-contentious business, Sir RICHARD WEBSTER holds that, "speaking generally, there is no objection to a barrister "seeing and advising a lay client without the intervention "of a solicitor upon points relating to the lay client's own "personal conduct or guidance or the management or dis-"position of his own affairs or transactions." And, finally, "as regards the fee in cases in which counsel are "willing to advise a lay client," under the circumstances referred to, "I know," says Sir RICHARD, solemnly, "of no "rule beyond this—that no junior should accept a fee of "less than 1*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*, and no leader of less than 2*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.*" This is, in fact, the "law of the minimum" after which Mr. YERBURGH was inquiring; and there could, therefore, be no rule beyond it—as that rule would itself become the regulation which is the object of Mr. YERBURGH's curiosity.

This curious little correspondence appears, as we have said, to point to a considerable unsettlement of the professional mind. As to non-contentious business, it has always, so far as we are aware, been understood that some of the most important business of this class—the preparation, that is to say, of wills and marriage settlements—might be undertaken by counsel for lay clients without the intervention of a solicitor, the rule being founded on a very sensible respect for such a client's possible wishes in the matter of privacy. And it would, no doubt, be a thoroughly logical and legitimate extension of the rule to apply it generally to points relating to "the lay client's own personal "conduct or guidance or the management or disposition of "his own affairs or transactions." The question of fees usually settles itself amicably between two persons so intimate as barrister and lay client may be assumed to be in the case supposed. But as to contentious business, this rule has hitherto been so clear and well known that these inquiries on the part of Mr. YERBURGH appear to indicate something in the nature of a revolt against it among certain members of the legal profession. Can it be that some enterprising spirits are anticipating "fusion," and acting as though the distinction between barrister and solicitor had ceased to exist? Even Sir EDWARD CLARKE, we imagine, would hardly approve of such precipitancy as that.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

ANYBODY in doubt as to the blessings of a scientific age ought to be reassured by a recent article on thunderstorms in the *Evening Standard*, which proves that cheap science is not less marvellous than cheap literature. Here's instruction for all who fear the lightning flash and "the all-dreaded thunder-stone," and much of it is happily enforced by venerable saws and miraculous illustrations. There is, indeed, nothing absent from the article that could be reasonably expected, save the fine old legend of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN and the kite. PROMETHEUS might, perhaps, have served the writer if he had been a less serious servant of science and the people. It is satisfactory to learn that the action of the electric current is well known. Sometimes it makes a body "a shapeless mass," or it may leave the smitten person without a trace of external injury. "Some individuals have been struck again and again," while others "close by" have been passed over. Perhaps they were made of "glass or resin," or were so happily constituted as to be lightning-proof. It is a fact—"there can-"not be a doubt on the subject"—that some people are more apt to be struck than others. Possibly these are the wicked, who flourish for a season like the bay; and the bay-tree, when he doth wax tall—so travellers say—is very liable to suffer by lightning. Every reader of Mr. BLACKMORE's delightful romance *Christowell* will remember the red-faced man and his haunting fear of lightning. He was wicked enough for any villany, and he did not escape. But our scientist does not tell us how to distinguish the susceptible, nor does he say they must be of a sanguine complexion. It is disheartening, also, to learn that, though we know all about "the manner" in which the electric current acts, there is a sad lack of information respecting the "modes" by which the lightning bolts "play their part in causing death." Women, it is solemnly recorded, are less liable to be struck than men—in spite of the notorious fact that women have "usually more "steel about them"—the exquisite reason being that they are more often exposed, like "buildings" and "ships." This, at least, is the writer's conclusion, derived, as he mysteriously hints, from the "experience of France." Labourers in fields are very apt to suffer from lightning, like the rustic lovers of Stanton Harcourt immortalized by POPE's epigram; but we do not know that Frenchwomen, who work much in the fields, require more metal about them than men. This interesting yet obscure question is scarcely cleared of all its mystery by the *Evening Standard* writer.

On the whole, there is more profit in his injunctions than in his speculations. It is excellent to be warned against standing under a tree in a thunderstorm, especially when the base of the tree is moist; for in this condition the tree is "apt to act as a conductor." You may stand at a window, however, with little danger, it seems, though it depends, we should say, upon the value you set upon your sight. A very stirring volume might be compiled of the extraordinary effects of lightning; though nothing in the *Annual Register* or *Gentleman's Magazine* can vie with an example cited in the *Evening Standard*. Ten years ago, it is said, there was a man who was entirely divested of his clothes by a flash of lightning, and yet was not seriously injured. "But there are other cases," the writer goes on to say, "in which the contrary has happened." Could anything match this for horror?—the man gone and the clothes scarce singed? Unfortunately, the writer proceeds to explain that the poor man was only "stripped, though at the "same time deprived of life." After this, there is little excitement to be derived from his remarks on the substitution of "artificial lightning," or the electric fluid, for the ordinary methods of executing criminals; and his well-meant suggestion that science, in the interests of malefactors, may yet "outwit" the law, leaves us unblanched. We can comfortably leave the law to fight it out with science.

THE MOTION OF CENSURE.

IN the speech with which he introduced his motion of censure Mr. MORLEY took occasion to dismiss the criticisms of which the manœuvre he was conducting had been made the object with a few words of lofty contempt. Those, he said, who had told him that the motion was a mistake in tactics were "persons who seem to think that "politics are mainly made up of tactics." It is to be hoped, for Mr. MORLEY's sake, that this view of the com-

position of politics is not an accurate one; for assuredly if it is, he has done his party an ill turn in challenging the Irish administration of the Government—at any rate, at this precise juncture and in this particular way. If the critics thus disdainfully referred to should only happen to be right, it would be difficult to measure the change which "politics" must have undergone between Monday afternoon and the small hours of Wednesday morning. We are not, however, concerned to give an unqualified support to the proposition that "politics are mainly made up of tactics," and we are further willing to concede a proposition with which Mr. Morley might, if it had occurred to him, have turned the flank of his critics—the proposition that it is not necessarily bad tactics to challenge a Parliamentary contest in which you are certain to get handsomely beaten. We are quite content with the humbler contention that to invite a defeat of this kind cannot be a tactical end in itself, and that upon those who issue the invitation rests the burden of showing what positive advantage was to be expected from it. In the present instance that burden is an exceptionally heavy one, for the reason that the defeat which was invited has proved to be one of an unexpectedly, and indeed unprecedentedly, disastrous kind. This is, in part of course, only Mr. Morley's bad luck; but not wholly so, because it is impossible not to suppose that the Gladstonians counted on detaching at least some Liberal-Unionists from the Ministerial majority, and were, to the extent to which that delusion influenced their tactics, the authors of their own discomfiture. To that extent, at any rate, they have to thank themselves for having procured a ratification of the Ministerial policy in Ireland by the absolutely largest majority which the Government have obtained on any question since their accession to office; or, to put it another way—by a majority which is within very few votes of the largest majority it is possible for them to obtain; or, to put it a third, and perhaps the most satisfactory way of all, with no single defection, not caused by unavoidable absence, from their ranks, save and except that of Sir Edward Watkin.

Without attaching a superstitious value to tactics, we must say that this is not a result which carries on its face a justification of the manœuvre which brought it about; and that, if such justification is to be found at all, it must be sought elsewhere than in the division list. The next most natural place in which to look for it is, of course, the debate itself. It is, no doubt, a plausible contention enough that it is worth the while of an Opposition even to show that the Ministerial majority is more compact and consentient than ever, if they can at the same time show that the Ministerial arguments do not hang together as well as they did. A flaw in the moral armour of a Government is worth exposing, it may be said, even at the cost of showing that their material defences are still impregnable. If the supporters of a motion of censure can get the better of Ministers in debate, they may disregard its results, and trust to the country to see in time that political right is not on the side of Parliamentary might, and to redress the balance at the next election. But are Mr. Morley and his friends entitled to this consolation under their defeat? We doubt whether there is to-day a single unprejudiced man in England who would say so; and we know as a fact that there are many men not pretending to be unprejudiced—followers, to wit, of Mr. Gladstone—who are ruefully admitting the contrary. All Parliamentary debates must, of course, be judged reasonably, and miracles must not be expected from them on either side. No one supposes, for instance, that Mr. Morley could by the utmost vigour in attack have succeeded in converting, say, a branch of the Primrose League, or that Mr. Balfour could by the greatest skill in rejoinder induce a Gladstonian Caucus to abjure the Separatist cause. But, unless not only the whole theory of our political system is mistaken, but the practical explanation of the instability of our electorate is a too humiliating one, there must be now and always a large, and even a determining, proportion of English electors who pass their time between election and election in an almost normal state of suspended judgment between parties and policies, and whose ultimate decision is actually governed by preferences which debates like that just concluded are mainly instrumental in building up. At any rate, it does not lie in the mouths of Mr. Morley and his school either to deny the existence of this supreme electoral tribunal, or to question their capacity for making up their minds on rational grounds, that is to say, in obedience to the weight of the evidence. The contention that they have made up their minds already is all very well for the use of the stump-orator or the electioneering letter-writer; but, if the advocate who employs this common forensic artifice in addressing a jury really believed what he says, he would at once sit down, and the Opposition would certainly spare themselves the trouble of Parliamentary conflict if they were as confident as they pretend to be in the completed conversion of the hostile majority of 1886. Their whole Parliamentary action is, of course, a simple stultification of such pretences. It presupposes that there is a considerable proportion of the electorate who have given a provisional assent to the executive policy of the Government in Ireland, but who are open to being persuaded to revoke that approval on sufficient cause shown.

It is to this class that the debate of this week—that, indeed, every debate in Parliament on the policy of Ministers—is, in fact, addressed; and we doubt whether, on the whole, so ill-timed, ill-prepared, and thoroughly ineffective an appeal has ever in like case been formulated. From the weak opening of the debate down to its inappropriate close in one of those long-winded speeches of Mr. Sexton's, by the length of which on this occasion he precluded two leading Parliamentary speakers from addressing the House, the inequality of the contest between the two parties to the controversy was more conspicuously displayed than it has been since that controversy. Mr. Morley's own speech was a fresh example of that fatality which seems dooming him to miss what we suppose he regards as his Parliamentary destiny. In proportion as his manner as an orator improves his matter gets worse, and last Monday night he delivered at once the most rhetorically effective and the most argumentatively feeble of all the speeches with which he has favoured the House of Commons. Mr. Gladstone, again, except that in one or two assertions he beat his own record of audacity, is admitted, even by his sole admirer in the respectable press in London, to have been below his true form. The speeches of men like Mr. Shaw Lefevre on the one hand and of Mr. O'Brien on the other are, of course, the mere dregs and froth of a debate of this kind, and Mr. Sexton's contribution to it was mainly remarkable, as we have said, for its having shut out Sir William Harcourt and Lord Hartington from the debate. Against the two Parnellite orators we may confidently match their two Unionist countrymen, Colonel Saunderson and Mr. Russell. On the other hand, the Chancellor of the Exchequer was, if not at his very best, yet in good trim; while Mr. Balfour's speech, delivered under the utmost difficulties, and amid more than the usual amount of unmannerly interruption, is admitted even by his enemies to have been the most powerful in a now somewhat long series of steadily improving Parliamentary efforts. Having said thus much, however, in recognition of the superior force and brilliancy with which the Unionist debaters did their work, we are prepared to add without hesitation that the two sets of advocates might have changed briefs without in the least degree affecting the argumentative result. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Goschen could no more have succeeded with the Opposition case than Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley could have failed with that of the Government. It seems incredible that any one with the slightest pretension to the title of an experienced Parliamentary hand should have seen any materials for a formidable attack on the Government on the paltry array of grievances which alone the Opposition leaders were able to marshal—now complaining that a Resident Magistrate has passed an excessive sentence; now that an Irish Court has misjudged evidence, as English juries do, and are set right for doing, every day; and now that a truculent and not too truthful agitator whom the Opposition leaders choose to regard, and pretend to think is regarded by the English people, as a hero, because he is cheered by the same sort of Irishmen who huzzaed for the murderers of Fitzmaurice, is treated as though, in Mr. Gladstone's language, so appropriate on the lips of "the "people's" statesman, he wore "a coat of frieze instead of "a coat of cloth." We can only account for such an aberration by supposing that their "political meteorology" has addled their wits, or that they are suffering from an attack of "Ayr on the brain."

THE SUNDAY CLOSING CLAUSE.

Mr. Ritchie's exposition of the reasons which have induced the Government to withdraw the licensing clauses of the Local Government Bill was in itself amply sufficient to justify the step; but, if it had not been, the

debate which followed it would have placed the matter beyond doubt. The temperance party may usually be trusted to make a display of their narrow and impracticable temper on a question of this kind, and on Thursday night they conspicuously, to use an expressive Americanism, "gave "themselves away." It is, no doubt, not quite fair to include Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT among their number, or to charge teetotal fanaticism with the whole of a responsibility which rests in great measure, of course, on factious partisanship. Nevertheless, the two forces in question are, and always have been, natural allies, and the Government might have reckoned on their combination on this or any other question bearing on the traffic in alcoholic liquors. They know their HARCOURT, or they ought to know him by this time, and it should not at all have surprised them to find him endeavouring to press all those small sectarian animosities with which Parliaments in these days increasingly abound into the service of an Opposition which has so signally failed to shake or discredit the Government on any of the larger questions of policy. They ought not even to have been surprised at his apparent expectation of success; for the fact is that, but for the sensible action of Mr. CAINE and the Liberal-Unionists, the intrigue of the member for Derby might very well have been successful. His manifest irritation against the member for Barrow and those members of the temperance party who have acted with him affords, in fact, the best proof of the high hopes which Sir WILLIAM must have entertained and the severe disappointment which he has suffered in respect of them. Under other circumstances he would have found ample histrionic enjoyment in the broad comedy of posing as an apostle of temperance, and calling upon men who have grown grey in that cause to follow him in "giving a good "temperance vote." But his raillery of Mr. CAINE was too spiteful to allow us to suppose that he took any pleasure in a theatrical performance which no longer carried with it any prospect of political profit.

The whole tone of the debate, in short—with its striking revelation of the jealousies which divide the various sects of social reformers—was eloquent of the wisdom of Ministers in cutting away the licensing clauses of the Bill. On general grounds of policy, apart from particular Parliamentary exigencies, we are not ourselves in the least disposed to regret their loss. The "Local Option" people must be supposed to know their own business; and, if they are satisfied to let slip such an unexampled chance of obtaining the legislative recognition of their pet principle, it is not for us to criticize their course of action. We are quite content with the now certain postponement for another year or two, and in all probability till another Parliament, of that most questionable legislative experiment. Meanwhile, the debate of last Thursday shows clearly enough that any prominent Liberal or Conservative Government which may hereafter deem it necessary to take up the question of the liquor traffic—and, for our own part, we think that future Governments would do well to let the question severely alone, as one which is likely to settle itself much more satisfactorily than legislation is likely to settle it—must not handicap themselves by taking it up as a branch of any other question whatsoever. It will have to be dealt with uncomplicated by any collateral issues, and, if possible, in such conciseness of detail as will leave the legislating Government plenty of time and room to fight that battle of principle which will unquestionably have to be fought, unless we are to hand over the liberties of the people to a set of fanatical busybodies, and the right of property to a gang of piratical philanthropists.

THE CALENDAR OF THE PAVEMENT.

THE Pavement of the back street has been, so long as the memory of the oldest inhabitant carryeth him, the Playground of the children. So short, however, is the span of life, that what seems at first to be a respectable antiquity is but a thing of a paltry hundred years or so. For before that time, so small were the paving-stones, so uneven was the surface, so frequent was the dandy trap, so obstructive were the posts, so inconvenient the bulkheads, that none of those games which require a large and plane surface with some scope for the action of arms and legs could be so much as attempted. The children's Playground, down to the middle of the Third George, was that natural place of recreation afforded by the open fields lying all round London and then within easy reach. Still, though the Pavement playground—call it not, coarsely, the Gutter Playground—is a young thing, it has been with us all our lives, and it is not without a pang that we see it displaced by the new park, brilliant with rhododendrons, by the Board School asphalted *campus*, and by the disused Burial Ground, where one or two tombs are left to mark the former sacredness of the spot, as the tobacconist in days gone by kept up one shutter on the Sunday to show his respect for religion. It is, one is compelled to acknowledge, better for the children to play in these places than on the Pavement; there is more room for them; they can assemble in larger numbers and they can acquire habits of law and order. There are, again, no carts to rumble along and break up a game; there are no foot-passengers to tramp through the players and scatter them; there are no parents to cuff the callow brood. Yet the change brings losses.

Before the Pavement wholly ceases to be a Playground, before the children all fall under the drill and rule of the gymnasium, let us snatch from oblivion the Calendar of Sports, such as are still played in a degenerate age. We must not look for the games of the kerb, the pavement, and the doorstep in aristocratic quarters. No children play in Bond Street and her daughters; you might as well look for a game of Golf as of Hopscotch in Piccadilly. Nor, again, must you look for children playing on the Pavement of Dalston the Genteel, in the nobler quarters of Camden Town, Ball's Pond, or any of those districts where Clerkery loveth to resort. It is said that the children of Clerkery do never play, except at counting-houses, and that they occupy their leisure wholly in the acquisition of that fine handwriting which will equip them for the career which begins at five shillings a week and ends with two hundred pounds a year.

The games still in vogue may be resolved into two classes; the first of them, which has been called the Hardy Perennial, contains those which are followed all the year round without respect to season, subject only to the condition that it does not rain. The skipping-rope naturally suggests itself as the most generally practised; it is true that the season of the skipping-rope is longer than that of any other game, but it is not a winter sport; it begins, as a rule, though girls are an uncertain and skittish race as regards law, with the first Bank Holiday, and continues till late in the autumn. The only sport of which it may be said that it is followed quite through the year by the children, is that of dancing to the music of the barrel-organ. No one has ever found out who pays the musician—certainly there is never a copper among the whole of his audience; it is supposed that he plays out of sheer kindness, and from love of art, and that when he has tired the children, he goes away and extorts black mail out of maddened poets and mathematicians by grinding under their windows. The Pavement is, in fact, the nursery of the ballet; not one of these girls but will presently look upon an appearance upon the boards as the most desirable thing that can be granted to a young woman. When they grow up, indeed, they will find no other opportunities for dancing.

Another game which lasts through the whole year is gambling. You may see a little group of boys with buttons or with halfpence eagerly playing together. The rules of the game are unknown; but it is essential that there should be the background of a wall. Their game is some form of pitch-and-toss, and they are gambling with as much eagerness as if they were young gentlemen just come into their inheritance and recently introduced to the club and to baccarat. By this copper Crockford of the kerb they are training themselves for the fiercer joys of the silver hell, where their elder brothers sit on Saturday evenings playing away their wages at the working-men's club.

The social pleasures of the boulevard also belong to the Hardy Perennial class. They are simple. They consist chiefly in walking, each with his girl, up and down the Pavement of some crowded High. They parch their tongues, blister their cheeks, and burn their throats with the abominable "fag," which, with its acrid paper and vile tobacco, has displaced the comparatively harmless and once fashionable penny pickwick. But they are in the fashion, and they enjoy the satisfaction which belongs to social position. Besides, there is a great deal of varied excitement in the street. There is the Cheap Jack; there are the nigger minstrels—who come with the first spring day; the street spouter—a creature who has made himself too common, and is now but little regarded; the street acrobat, who has of late, after many years, again assumed the stilt; and there are many possibilities of excitement and adventure.

The second and more interesting class of Pavement sports contains those which vary with the season and their times, duly understood and regularly recurring. The Calendar of these sports has never been written down; no Parliament, Commission, or Convention has ever ordered and arranged it; yet it exists as a code accepted and understood, and it is obeyed without question. It must be understood, however, that the calendar is not fixed, like that of the ingenious Mr. Whitaker, nor is it bound by months and days, but it depends generally upon the weather. A long summer may prolong a game; a long winter may dislocate the Calendar for the whole year. The following, again, though based upon scientific observations carried on for many years, is offered with a keen sense of incompleteness—partly due to the degeneracy of the age as regards Sports and to the decadence of the Pavement, already deplored.

The year of Sports begins, not with the New Year, or with the month of January, when the street is usually too cold even for the children, but with the first mild days of February and March, when there is often a pause in the cold breath of winter and an illusive show of coming spring. Then, with one consent and as if by order, come forth the tops. One knows not by what instinct, but, just as the crocus flowers, so, simultaneously, all over the

vast city, beginning with a single day, "tops is in." The peg-top begins, and is the favourite form of top. This pretty plaything allows not only the cultivation and the exhibition of a great deal of dexterity, but can also be made to enter into a form of battle; and as pegging at your adversary sometimes results in his being split open and utterly destroyed, the peg-top is naturally endeared to the boyish soul. In a fortnight or so the boys grow tired of it and substitute the whipping-top. To keep the whipping-top alive requires so much physical activity and such a prodigious amount of whipping, that the game is peculiarly marked out as adapted for days of cold east wind. Tops are followed in April or May by tipcat, which lasts sometimes till the end of June. It is a game which seems at first sight the most futile, foolish, and senseless, as well as the easiest, of all games ever yet invented. That is a wrong interpretation of the game. A thing which requires of the player the most perfect concentration of all his faculties, and a disregard almost heroic of possible—even likely—consequences (such as broken windows, maddened shopkeepers, shying horses, blinded passengers, with cuffs, kicks, and horrible flagellations) is by this circumstance alone lifted above the common. Those who have given their attention to the subject maintain that the uncertainty of hitting the cat constitutes its special charm at the outset, that the utter ignorance of whither it will fly or what mischief it will do (every cat being possessed of the Devil) also stimulates the player, and inspires him, as with a portion or measure of that diabolic possession, with an uncommon callousness and carelessness as to human suffering. They also declare that the control of the cat (it is arrived at by causing it to leap but a little way and by striking without swinging the stick) is never learned by any boy until he has grown too old to play it any longer, which is, in a way, confirmation of that possession.

The next game on the Calendar is Fly-the-garter, a summer game which should be played without hat or jacket. It is a branch of the extremely ancient game known as "giving a back." Overing the Posts, now completely forgotten because there are no longer any Posts left, was another branch. Leapfrog, also fallen into decay, is another. Fly-the-garter, however, is quite the noblest form of this game, and, as it may be made to include considerable personal suffering for the boy whose back is operated upon, it promises to continue popular. Hopscotch, another summer game, is played about the same time as Fly-the-garter. In this game the fair sex, who are debarred from giving and taking backs, are admitted on equal terms, and get their heads impartially punched when disputes arise. Bat and ball, in its various elementary forms, is hardly ever attempted on the Pavement, but is played wherever a bit of open ground, however bare of grass, affords a space distantly resembling a cricket-field. Rounders is another game which can hardly be played on the Pavement. Kiss-in-the-ring is played by the children in summer, with modern fancy varieties as taught them by ladies at their annual feasts and outings.

When the weather begins to grow colder the hoop comes in. Hardly is there any boy so poor as not to acquire possession of a hoop. The hoop is, on the whole, a solitary game; one may run races with hoops, but races on a Pavement are not favourably regarded. In the less frequented thoroughfares a clever boy may learn, however, to turn and guide his hoop so as to inflict the greatest possible amount of anxiety, with the least actual damage, to the passengers. One is tempted, perhaps, in everything to praise the past, but it is whispered by connoisseurs that the driving of the hoop is not what it was five and twenty years ago. Whistling, for instance, is a proper accompaniment to the hoop—a boy who wishes to get the full flavour out of his hoop will whistle continuously while he walks behind it. Now street whistling, beyond any doubt, has greatly declined of late years. The loud and vulgar catcall is a deplorable substitute for the vocal whistle—melodious when heard a good way off, and sometimes mellow.

With the first rains of autumn, when the dust is laid and the ground is a little damp, marbles begin. Marbles, which once boasted as many games as there are days in the year, are now fallen upon evil times. Knuckling down is clean forgotten—if the art continues it is called by another name; the alley-tor is confounded with his brother of the rank and file; there are no longer sold the finer varieties in stone and glass, or in coloured and streaky marble; nor do boys, like sportsmen, yearn for a full bag; nor do they study any longer the intricacies, the possibilities, and the subtleties by which their bag may be filled. The game is now only played by little boys—their bag is small; their game is simple; and whenever they can raise a penny the marbles become a vehicle for gambling.

When the winter really falls upon the Pavement there is little playing at all; the old-fashioned games which necessitated a great deal of running about, such as rounders, prisoner's base, tag, and the like are seldom played by the young generation; on the other hand, the children sometimes get a pair of roller skates and make a rink. Also the same vacant space which in the summer served for bat and ball will in the winter provide a ground fit for hockey, a game which still holds its own. Trap bat and ball, once a favourite game, is now extinct, at least on the London pavement. Fives, and its sisters, are unknown. There are also other losses. The antiquity of the game of knucklebones, or astragals, has not been able to preserve it. To the London children knucklebones are unknown. This is much to be deplored; first, because it is a game which can be played excellently on the doorstep so long as one's legs are short enough to use that as a table; next, because it lends itself to the keenest rivalry and cultivates a most astonishing dexterity. But it is gone. Of course a public schoolboy would scorn the knucklebone, even though it is of classical origin; and when even the Pavement knows it no longer the existence of the game is practically ended. Some time ago, a few enthusiasts talked of founding an Astragal or Knucklebone Club; but it came to nothing. Should any, however, resolve to resuscitate this game after the manner of the ancients, they may observe that, while the sheep's bones are fitter for the beginner—as larger, heavier, and lying more easily on the back of the hand—the bones of the lamb are your only true play.

Certain annual festivals which in turn enliven the Pavement do not, properly speaking, belong to the Playground, because they have ceased to be Sports. The old processions, masques, and mummings are nearly all gone, or, if they survive, they are kept up for motives wholly interested. Chimney-sweeps' day still brings out Jack-in-the-Green, but his greatness is faded. There is the Grotto to be remembered in August, the Guy of November is never forgotten, and there are the Waits of Christmas. All these are used in turn for the purpose of collecting pence, and without the least thought of observance or commemoration. Worse still, the money thus collected is generally "grabbed" by the fond parent.

Such is the Calendar of the Pavement. Alas! while we write this Calendar is rapidly being forgotten; the Playground of the Pavement is deserted, the children's games are changing. The Board Schools, which shut up the boys and girls between nine o'clock in the morning and four in the afternoon, have cut into the continuity of their play. A man may now walk during these hours through streets occupied wholly by working-men and see never a game of hopscotch, and never be hit by a flying tip-cat; nay, after these hours the children remain still in the school playground, running about on asphalte without such thing as a doorstep or a kerb, and no gutter in which to sail boats and pick up curious things. They swing; they run round the giant stride; they exercise on parallel bars; they do not dance to a barrel organ, but they are drawn up in rows and are taught a musical drill. If they get away from the school ground it is too often to seek some point of vantage whence, themselves unseen, they may launch the deadly catapult at the passing train. And the old order of the games is changing, giving place to nothing new, but rather chaos. Only the other day it was with the deepest pain that one, who knows what that old order should be, observed—and that not a hundred miles from Marylebone—that marbles are already in! Marbles in June! Peter Parley must have turned in his grave!

MANNERS MAKYTH PARLIAMENT-MAN.

THE great debate on johndillon (for it appears from the practice of the Rev. and Very Very Page Hopps and others to be in some sort a coercionist crime to speak of "Mr. John Dillon," or "Mr. Dillon," and we shall best consult Separatist feelings by speaking of this convict as if he were a johndory) may not rank with the chief oratorical displays even of the present Parliament, though Mr. Balfour has rarely spoken better. With regard to Mr. Gladstone, even the faithful *Daily News* for the first time in recorded history has been unable to say that he "surpassed all his further efforts," and has even hinted that he rather came short of them. But everything, it has been held by some fantastic philosophers, has some distinctive mark separating it from everything else, and in at least some cases this distinction is a superlative one. The debate on Monday and Tuesday was, we honestly think, the most ill-mannered debate even of this ill-mannered Parliament. We wish we could say that the ill manners were entirely on one side; but one little incident prevents us from enjoying this felicity. When Mr. Chaplin reproached Mr. Gladstone with the being at least part author in the death of Lord Frederick Cavendish, he made a charge which every honest man in the three kingdoms who has chosen to allow himself the use of his senses knows to be true, and one which history will unhesitatingly ratify. But when he went on to accuse Mr. Gladstone of failing memory he committed a gross breach of the decencies of Parliamentary debate, and even of ordinary life, and one which is not a little surprising from a man who, if not as good an orator as Demosthenes or Lord Beaconsfield, is certainly a gentleman. It is not customary among gentlemen, whether there be foundation for the saying or not, to tell an adversary, in effect and to his face, that he is a dotard. Mr. Chaplin has not often anything to learn from Lord Randolph Churchill in point of manners, nor do we often hold up Lord Randolph as a pattern of them; but, if any one contrasts Lord Randolph's speech on the Channel Tunnel with Mr. Chaplin's on johndillon, he will see a remarkable difference. Yet Mr. Gladstone laid himself even more open to such taunts on Wednesday than on Tuesday by his extraordinary and rambling confessions of the reasons why as Prime Minister, three or four years ago, he opposed a project which he now thinks a kind of short cut to Paradise. The only excuse we can make for Mr. Chaplin is that Mr. Gladstone's recent conduct has aroused such abhorrence and disgust in the minds of all patriotic Englishmen that they sometimes forget themselves.

This solitary slip of Mr. Chaplin's, however, though we are sorry that it should have been committed by so good a Tory, is nothing at all compared with the marvellous boorishness of the Opposition. When a party possessing some external respectability amalgamates itself with a party of Yahoos like the Parnellites, it is natural that its manners, never extraordinarily good, should be corrupted

yet further by the association. It is fair to Irishmen to say that Sir William Harcourt the other night ran his instructors very close, and that Dr. Tanner and Mr. Redmond must look to their laurels. But, indeed, it is perhaps unnecessary to make any distinction between the component parts of so unanimous a party. During the debate it appears to be admitted that the Ministerialists listened to their adversaries with at least usual courtesy, and in the most strongly Gladstonian reports we find nothing like organized or frequent interruption charged on them. On the other side the following is a brief collection of the performances of those who claim to represent "the great heart of the democracy"—with respect to which claim we can only say that, if it is well founded, the sooner the great heart of the democracy learns how to behave itself the better.

This is how the game went. During the whole of Mr. Morley's long opening speech nothing whatever of the nature of interruption is recorded, and a single correction of Mr. Balfour's of the ordinary debating kind appears to have been the only breach in the thread of the discourse. But no sooner did Mr. Goschen get up than Bedlam seems to have broken loose. The highly provocative exordium "Mr. Speaker" was enough to bring "interruption from the Irish members." The second sentence, hardly more provocative, was greeted, not with the ironical laughter and cheers which, whether wholly reasonable and well-mannered or not, are recognized Parliamentary weapons, but with volleys of denials and "interruptions" generally. And when Mr. Goschen protested, Sir William Harcourt thought it graceful or dignified, or perhaps both, to cry "Go on" to the speaker whom his friends were shouting down. This same cry, which seems to present itself to the Opposition mind as either a crushing argument or a killing joke, was repeated when, in the space of twenty lines of the *Times'* report, Mr. Morley and Mr. Gladstone had interrupted thrice, and had compelled the speaker to diverge in order to answer them, and again repeated several times in the course of the speech. An interjectory request of Mr. O'Brien's (for Unionists can afford to be fair) calls for no rebuke, being in the ordinary way of business; but soon afterwards Mr. Morley (who really seems to be putting on a new character), Mr. Healy, who was of course in his element, and that eminent lawyer and orator, Mr. R. T. Reid, kept up a running fire of comments which would certainly be ruled out of order in any decently managed school debating society. Mr. Reid himself when he came to speak, except for a correction of Mr. Goschen's, seems to have been listened to with perfect quietness by the Ministerialists, as was also a silly and bumptious maiden speech about his mandate from the newly elect of Ayr, Mr. Sinclair. That the Solicitor-General for Ireland, who intervened between these speakers, fared equally well, may be set, if any one pleases, to the Opposition credit side, and as, though Mr. T. W. Russell was interrupted, Colonel Saunderson was fairly let alone, we must suppose that Gladstonian courtesy is irrespective of persons.

The contrast was even greater on Tuesday. Mr. Chaplin's regrettable error was made in regular debate; Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Sexton were allowed, the one to inveigh and the other to rant, as they liked; and Mr. Gladstone's own speech, provocative enough in all conscience, received no interruptions, except explanations which he himself challenged, and which were made with perfect courtesy. But Mr. Goschen's reception the night before was orderly compared with the behaviour of the Opposition to Mr. Balfour. For a time hears, and cheers, and jeers, with an occasional polite contradiction from Sir William Harcourt, contented the pack; but this soon grew dull and tame. "You are stupid," howls one Honourable Member, to the scandal even of the rather long-suffering Speaker. "So you are," yells another, when Mr. Balfour speaks of his being called a coward. "I did not" is Mr. Gladstone's courteous way of indicating dissent at the same time. "He never said anything of the kind," "Not at all," and again "He did not," are the simultaneous contributions of Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Gladstone, and "an Honourable Member," to the decencies of debate. Shortly after "I say no," and "That is not true either," are ascribed to the amiable Mr. Healy in the course of a few seconds, so that the Speaker had to make the certainly not superfluous remark that "in the interest of the fair conduct of debate he trusted that these constant running commentaries on the remarks of a speaker would cease." But they didn't; and besides miscellaneous interruptions of the inarticulate kind, "running commentaries on the remarks" of Mr. Balfour are ascribed to Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Parnell, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Gladstone *bis*, Mr. Gladstone *ter*, Sir William Harcourt *bis* [a flat contradiction], Mr. O'Connor, Mr. Harrington, Sir W. Harcourt *ter* [an enthusiastic ditto to Mr. Harrington], Mr. Gladstone *quater*, Mr. Gladstone again, Mr. Gladstone *toujours*, and then a further welter of O'Briens, Harringtons, Redmonds, and Healys, finishing up with the remark again assigned to "an Honourable Member," when Mr. Balfour generously said that he did not doubt the bona-fides of the Opposition, "We doubt yours." That seems to have been the last, and an excellent last too.

Now this extraordinary outburst of brute violence, countenanced and partly shared in by men like Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Morley, and Sir William Harcourt, has, of course, a special as well as a general explanation. The manners of a party, like the strength of a chain, are those of its weakest part; and those who consort with Tanners will soon behave like them. Besides, the Separatists were in a state of furious vexation on Monday and Tuesday. It is still uncertain whether Southampton and Ayr had really intoxicated leaders as well as followers, or whether the rash challenge of last week was a concession to the grumblings of backward leadership which (it is well known) have been for some time past made. But the prompt picking up of the glove, the staunchness of the Liberal-Unionists, and the certainty of a damaging defeat, no doubt aggravated into fury the grumpiness which accompanies all processes of sobering. Nor, from the Unionist point of view, is it altogether disagreeable that the Gladstonian party should show itself in its true light. Still, among the effete "classes" at least, among the wicked literary men who seem to be becoming Mr. Gladstone's regular thunderstorm to turn any required milk, and so forth, there is a kind of lingering respect for the decencies of the British Parliament. Such respect is not to be expected from the sincere votaries of johndillon. But, as it is quite certain that Mr. Gladstone only regards johndillon as a convenient vote wrongfully wrested from him by wicked Mr. Balfour, that Sir William Harcourt regards him as an interesting and useful maniac, and Mr. Morley as a Jacobin rather more convinced than himself, we might expect them to moderate the rancour of their tongues a little. But the cult of johndillon, it would appear, is quite a Moloch cult, and manners, like everything else, even those "very little ones," the manners of Sir William Harcourt, have to be offered up to it.

SHAKSPEARE STAGE-DIRECTIONS.

THE question who is responsible for the stage-directions in Shakspeare has not, we believe, been yet debated. It appears to have escaped the notice of the vainest and acutest commentators. Even those to whom it is meat and drink to inquire into the antecedents of the First Murderer in *Macbeth*, or to engage in the proof that the husband of the Nurse in *Juliet* was the original of Joe Miller, and kept a tavern at Chipping Sodbury, have had no word for the Master's utterances to his players. It is still unknown if the gifted Mr. Donnelly, last and greatest of the race, has lumped them in with the rest of Lord Bacon's text, or if he passes them by as too base, common, and popular for the exercise of his mighty mind; but, as the discoverer of the Cryptogram appears to sum up in himself the peculiar virtues of all the Shakspearean commentators that have ever smiled into vacancy, it is fair to assume that he, too, is not concerned with them, and that the subject is practically virgin of attention. The commentator out of work can scarce do better than fall to upon it forthwith. It is full of matter; and if only he be worth his salt—if, for example, he be the equal of him who thought, and still thinks, it possible that "when drawing the character of Proteus Shakspeare had in his mind" (Alas, poor Shakspeare!) "the disloyalty and ingratitude with which the young, handsome, high-born W. H. had treated him"—then the present article will not have been written in vain.

To the loosest thinker it occurs, on a first consideration of the question, that the authorship of the stage-directions is, like that of the plays themselves, a trifle mixed. Some are plainly the Master's own; and some are plainly his stage-manager's. Thus it is as impossible to believe that anybody but Shakspeare (or Bacon) produced the stage-directions in *The Tempest* as that anybody but Bacon (or Shakspeare) produced *The Tempest* itself. Was it Bacon? was it Shakspeare? The old superstition in the player's favour being still afoot, it will be proper (for the present at least) to call the author Shakspeare, and to remark that Shakspeare's stage-directions are touched with something of the same magical felicity of style which distinguishes Shakspeare's verse. A case in point occurs in Act iii., scene 3, when "*Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet*"; they "*dance about it with gentle actions of salutation*"; and "*inviting the King, &c., to eat, they depart.*" Here Mr. Donnelly may only see a new proof that Bacon was a man with a strain of good breeding which in a mere player like Shakspeare was impossible; while any one with a feeling for literature (a quality which Mr. Donnelly appears to be able, like some others of his countrymen, to do without) will find the whole passage delightful in itself, and, returning again and again to the second phrase, "They dance about it with gentle actions of salutation," will linger on it as your true drinker will linger on a sip of Clos de Vougeôt. There is something of the same quality in the next of the Master's rubrics, when to *thunder and lightning, Enter* Ariel, *like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes*. The poet, indeed, appears to have had a special kindness for his spirits, for a few verses further on, when Ariel's part is done, *He vanishes in thunder; then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance, with mocks and mows, and carrying out the table.* Scarce less pleasant is that direction in the Masque (Act iv.) when *Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment*, which is as prettily and gracefully conceived and expressed as need be. Best of all, perhaps, is the description of the means by which the same device is brought to an end, when, the stage being already rich in the presence of "*Certain Nymphs*," there enter "*Certain Reapers properly habited*," who "*join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end thereof* Prospero *starts suddenly and speaks*"; after which—this last phrase is really incomparable—"*to a strange, hollow, and confused noise they heavily vanish.*" Another note of the same sort—"*Re-enter* Ariel *loaden with glistering apparel*"—has merit, and so has the reappearance of that brilliant and enchanting spirit "*with the* Master *and* Boatswain *amazedly following*"; but after the rare interest of their predecessors—after the "gentle actions of salutation," and the

"strange, hollow, and confused noise" to which the masquers "heavily vanish"—they fall, it must be owned, a trifle flat. The Master, indeed, is seldom at this height of invention in this part of his work. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, for instance, to indicate the working of the passing of Hercules—that extraordinary piece of romance which, though it impedes his action, and on the Elizabethan boards can scarce have been found either effective or suggestive, he was yet constrained to adapt from Plutarch—he contents himself with a simple "*Music of the hautboys as under the stage.*" He is fully himself, however, in the "*Enter* RUMOUR, *painted full of tongues*," of the Induction to *Henry the Fifth*, and, we like to believe, in the "*Enter* PRINCE HENRY *and* POINS, *marching*. FALSTAFF *meets them, playing on his truncheon like a fife*," of an earlier number of the series. His most elaborate essay in realization is unquestionably that description of the Vision which appears to the dying Katharine of Aragon. It is too long to quote; but every good Shakspearean knows it, and every Shakspearean who is not good (a manifest impossibility, surely?) is hereby exhorted to go and achieve its knowledge. It is full of delightful things. "*Enter, solemnly tripping after one another*," it begins, "*six personages, clad in white robes*." They have "*on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces*," with "*branches of bays or palm in their hands*"; and, being thus equipped, "*they first congee unto her, then dance*," and, during the dance, "*at certain changes the first two hold a spare garland over her head*." This goes on, in Elizabethan English, until the spare garland has been "held over her head" by all the personages in succession; till, the last pair doing this office, "*as it were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven*." "*And so*," the poet goes on, "*in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them*." The thing is delightful to read; and as stage-managed ("stag-magged" is what the heirs of Shakspeare call it) by the Master himself, or by his supposed collaborator in *King Henry the Eighth*, the renowned John Fletcher, it may have been convincing enough. All the same, one cannot help contrasting this quaint and strange romance in action with some of the imaginings of J.-B.-P. de Molière, and reflecting that, scenically at least, the romantic touch is of necessity less practical, and in a work-a-day sense less satisfying, than the merely comic. The reflection is borne in upon us with still greater force when we come to consider the dumb show which is played to Imogen's Posthumus in prison. "*Solemn music*," it begins; then "*Enter as in an apparition . . . an old man attired like a warrior, leading in his hand an antient matron, his wife . . . with music before them*"; and thereafter, "*other music*" preceding them, "*follow the two young* LEONATI, *brothers to* POSTHUMUS," distinguished and remarkable "*with wounds, as they died in the wars*." After this, as we all know, comes a screed of verse; and then, the principals in the vision having declared themselves, "JUPITER *descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle; he throws a thunderbolt. The Ghosts fall upon their knees*." There is no more than that. One has to read the speech of the principal Ghost after the vanishing of Jupiter—

He came in thunder; his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell; the holy eagle
Stooped as to foot us; his ascension is
More sweet than our blest fields; his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing and cloys his beak,
As when his god is pleased—

to feel what all this naïve yet far-reaching effect of pageantry meant to the poet himself. The inevitable conclusion is not favourable to the claims, as a practical *genre*, of romantic drama. Poetry, in fact, is not necessarily drama. The two are by no means incompatible, as Shakspeare has shown, not once, but many times; but, as Shakspeare has magnificently shown, the two are not inseparable. Making every allowance for differences—differences of talent, differences of ideal, differences of art, differences of material—one is irresistibly reminded in this connexion of a reflection of Alexandre Dumas. He was comparing himself with Hugo, and wishing he could only write as well as the greater artist in words; he went on to remark that what Hugo wanted in his plays was a world of secret passages, masks, *cliquetis d'épées*, choruses of monks, lightning and thunder, coffins, Mysterious Strangers, and so forth; and, with the admirable frankness which distinguished him, he concluded, recalling the stern and vigorous simplicity of *Antony* and *Térésa*, that all that he required was "quatre tréteaux, quatre planches, deux acteurs, et une passion." The definition is comprehensive enough to include the whole of drama—from the *Oresteia* to *La Tosca*; but it says nothing about poetry. In truth, the function of poetry in drama is principally decorative; and one cannot avoid a suspicion that Dumas, who was impudent enough for anything, would have questioned some of Shakspeare's decoration as sharply as he questioned the most of Hugo's.

THE SALON.

II.

ALMOST the only style of treatment which could safely be adopted in dealing seriously with a legend containing within itself so many elements of the grotesque as that of St. Denis would be to make of it a fantastic vision after the fashion of M. Gustave Moreau. M. Paul-Louis Delance has taken a serious but prosaic view of the subject in his "Légende de St. Denis"—a large work executed in the modern grey-and-buff tonality, with much breadth and spirit. Especially to be remarked is the admirably drawn and modelled figure of a half-nude peasant who springs forward fascinated at the sight of the decapitated saint, slowly advancing head in hand. A real imaginative quality has been imparted to M. Leenhardt's large work, "Marie-Madeleine," by the beautiful treatment of the vast and solemn landscape, illuminated by the mysterious light of earliest morning, in which the Magdalen stands erect near the open sepulchre. Full of a quaint invention which comes very near to, but does not exactly attain, this same imaginative quality, is M. Surand's "St. Georges et le Monstre," in which the knightly saint appears, in full armour of mediæval type, in the act of tilting at the dragon, whom he interrupts at the moment when he is about to rend two nude and helpless victims. This sleepy, lizard-like monster, with its covering of strange pale green and bright blue scales and its terrible claws, is a veritable creation, as happy as it is original.

M. Jules Lefebvre sends a large *genre* subject, "L'Orpheline," showing an aged woman and a young child, who, clothed in deep mourning, kneel at prayer in a village church. The treatment of the work is, as might have been expected, idealistic, and the drawing admirable in its firmness and severity; the drawbacks are the usual ones of a certain affected purism of style and a too great insistence on line and contour. The master's little portrait of a young girl—Mlle. Saléta-Ricord—shows his best qualities in even a higher degree than the more important performance. Under what head are we to class M. Gervex's foolishly-named "Le Tub," a picture which displays much ability and an enthusiastic striving after novelty in colour, wasted on a trivial subject? We see a modern Parisian lady erect in her bath in an attitude not dissimilar to that of the Aphrodite of Cnidos; she is tended by a handmaiden soberly attired in black and grey, the group being lighted by the cold rays of a morning sun filtering through closed blinds. The painter reveals the same curiosity in colour-problems in his full-length of Mlle. Jeanne Harding (not to be confounded with Mlle. Jane Hading), masquerading in a Japanese coiffure and a magnificent red and citron-coloured robe of the same exotic fashion. M. Roll—unrepresented this year by any of those huge modern subjects by the naturalistic treatment of which he has won his reputation—sends a life-size portrait-study of a farm-girl, entitled "Manda Lamétrie, fermière." It is full of freshness and vitality, and happily renders the aspect of the human form seen in the open air; but it is, like all the painter's productions, deficient in firmness and solidity, and too imperfectly indicates the muscular structure of the model. The masters of pure modern *genre* are not in great force this year. Can it be that the partial reaction which, in current literature and on the stage, has shown itself in France against that mere everyday realism which reproduces, without either enlarging or intensifying, the subjects with which it deals, has already extended itself to painting? As we have already pointed out, that keen and cynical observer of modern Parisian life in all its phases, M. Beraud, is entirely unrepresented. M. Raffaëlli sends only an eccentric portrait of M. Edmond de Goncourt in his study, and many other masters of this peculiar branch have turned their attention elsewhere.

Very humorous, and painted with an uncompromising hardness and directness which are under the circumstances highly appropriate, is M. Brispot's "Le Départ pour la Mairie," a quaint marriage scene, in which the chief actors appear amusingly ill at ease in the formal garments which they have donned for the occasion. M. Marec's "Ici on est mieux qu'en face—Retour de l'Enterrement" shows, in a Parisian tavern of the banlieue, a company of humble but decent mourners seeking rest and refreshment after a funeral ceremony. The work is conceived with a grim humour which does not exclude pathos, and is admirably lighted and altogether well carried out, though with something too much of deliberation in the execution. The accomplished M. Edelfelt is less happy than usual in his "Devant l'Église, Finlande," in which are seen a number of women congregated outside a church, wearing kirtles of various shades of red. The manner in which these predominating hues have been dealt with is happy; but the touch reveals a certain hesitation unusual to this painter. The Bavarian Herr Kühl shows himself as conscientious an observer and as ardent a student of the fashionable problems of light as ever in two wholly Teutonic *genre* scenes—"Le Maître de Chapelle" and "Joueur de Cartes." His experiments are interesting, and he shows a certain respect for his subjects which is not altogether usual in French works of this class; there is, however, in the transparency of his atmosphere a certain undue glassiness, and in his figures a corresponding brittleness of texture, which interfere with the complete realization of the effects at which he aims. M. Moreau de Tours has gone back either a little too far or not far enough for his military subject; he conjures up a scene from the Crimean War, "Le Drapeau—Assaut de Malakoff (8 Septembre 1855)." The incident of the finding of the flag after the assault, still closely grasped in the hands of the dead ensign, is treated with great spirit and pathos, but with a uniform heaviness of execution and a failure to emphasize the essential elements of the composition, which seriously detract from the pictorial impression first received. The sculptor M. Falguière, who has never attempted to emancipate himself in painting from the influence of M. Henner, sends "Nains Mendiants," a fine tone-exercise in the manner of his master, into which, however, a new element derived from a direct study of Velasquez is introduced. The figures of two hideous and deformed dwarfs, the brownish hue of whose flesh and garments is uniform, are relieved against a turquoise sky of exquisite richness and purity.

In the French exhibition of the year, as in its English equivalent, the portraits form one of the most satisfactory and distinctive sections of the show. Nothing equals the splendid energy of execution or the powerful relief of M. Bonnat's two portraits—one a head of M. Jules Ferry, the other a full-length of Cardinal Lavigerie, robed in his undress vestments of black, relieved with an outer robe and bands of the most trenchant and unmitigated scarlet. The technical power triumphantly asserted by the master exercises so commanding an influence that it is not until later that we perceive his comparative failure to grasp the inner, as distinguished from the mere physical, individuality of his distinguished sitters. M. Carolus-Duran's "Portrait de ma Fille" appeared last year in London, but, as it seems to us, in a less definitive state than it now assumes. Nothing can be more novel or more brilliant than the colour-combination—black and steel-grey, combined with shot-violet, and relieved against the vibrating tones of a *vieil-or* background—while the beautiful face of the young sitter is rendered with much charm, though without any special individuality. M. Cabanel yearly delights the great ladies of the Faubourg who compete for the honour of posing before him by conventional presentments, in which their *distinction* is emphasized to the verge of vulgarity, at the expense of all the higher qualities of vitality and true distinctiveness. The painter's mastery in mere draughtsmanship and design is acknowledged; but it is in portrait-painting that the inherent defects of his style and the limits of his intellectual capacity make themselves most strongly felt. The art of the distinguished painter-sculptor, M. Paul Dubois—reticent and not readily yielding to the observer its finer qualities—is in direct contrast with that of M. Cabanel. His two portraits of this year, admirably modelled though they are, lack some of the firmness of former examples. M. Dubois has selected the full-face or three-quarters view of his sitters, and seems less at home in painting these aspects than in dealing with his favourite profile of the human face. M. Jean-Paul Laurens contributes a melodramatic profile of M. Mounet-Sully in the part of Hamlet, and an Ophelia seen in the recounted scene of her watery death. These works still further emphasize the truth of the saying that M. Laurens—whether the subject he represents be legendary, historical, religious, or dramatic—always revels in a "fifth-act" atmosphere of tragedy. M. Clairin supplies a still more melodramatic, if less vigorous, presentment of the French Hamlet, in the act of drawing his sword.

M. J. S. Sargent's justly-lauded "Mrs. Playfair" fully maintains the position it conquered at the Academy, vindicating its right to be considered as one of the most consummate pieces of portraiture which have been executed during the last decade. Mr. Orchardson is represented by his fine "Portrait of Mrs. Joseph," a work sympathetic and dignified of aspect but appearing intolerably hot in colour in a French picture-gallery. Mr. Jacomb-Hood's "Portrait de mon Frère" is a highly successful attempt to relieve white on a ground of white—the sitter appearing in a complete suit of white flannels.

Of fine landscapes, marine and architectural subjects—painted chiefly from a decorative standpoint—there is no lack. That older and nobler school of what might be styled subjective landscape is still upheld by a few painters. The austere yet satisfying art of M. Harpignies is not specially well illustrated; but his pupil, M. Odier, contributes a grandly designed "Les bords de la Loire à St.-Maurice." M. Pelouse supplies a vast and learnedly drawn study of trees in "Le Matin sous Bois," in which, however, the flickering light forcing its way through dense foliage is not rendered with convincing truth. Were the art of M. Pointelin as varied as it is exquisite, he would stand alone as the perpetuator of the style and aims of the great school now, alas! well nigh extinct. His colour-harmony of steel-grey and dark green is more limited and more conventional than that of Corot, but the skill and the pathetic power with which he uses his limited materials are as unquestionable as in the case of the elder master; the oil-painting "Le Point du Jour" and the pastel "Automne" have for noble simplicity and subtlety of suggestion no parallels in the exhibition. The veteran M. Charles-Emile Jacque shows, on a scale which he has not hitherto attempted, "Le Grand Troupeau au Pâturage"—a life-size shepherd and sheep advancing in a green plain under a stormy sky; there is about the rendering of this too-often repeated subject a superb breadth and sincerity, though the touch does not reveal a decision quite equal to its largeness. M. Mesdag shows two companion seapieces, masterly yet less interesting than those of last year; and M. Montenard repeats his rough but powerful effects of sunlit, orange-hued rock and sail, contrasting with the deep blue of the Mediterranean. Few things here have a rarer or a more melancholy charm than M. Demont's "Les Œillettes"—a field of pale-violet field-poppies seen in the mysterious light which yet lingers after sundown; the technical skill, too, shown in treating this mass of a delicate but dangerous colour is most remarkable. Not for a long time has so masterly an architectural painting appeared at the Salon as M. Lansyer's "Institut de France," a representation of the well-known edifice, which in execution is worthy to rank with the best works of Van der Heyden, though it has not the charm or the power of suggestion which the Dutch painter knew how to impart to his least promising subjects.

If no very striking or original conception makes memorable the exhibition of sculpture, the level of technical skill shown is as high as ever, and the task of sifting the wheat from the chaff thus becomes an extremely difficult one. The great contemporary masters of sculpture are almost all of them represented, but, with few exceptions, only by works of no very aspiring character. That idealist M. Chapu is not seen to the highest advantage in a modern subject—the marble group of "Les frères Galignani"; while the passionate and delicate art of M. Mercié as little asserts itself to the full in an anonymous marble portrait-statue destined for a tomb. M. Delaplanche has supplied a colossal statue of Homer, necessarily somewhat conventional, yet giving an admirable version of the well-known type; his marble statue, "La Danse," is full of the suggestion of vivacious movement, while it avoids exaggeration. M. Falguière's splendidly modelled, if overdaring, "Diane," which was shown here some two years ago in plaster, now reappears in marble. M. Injalbert, in "La Renommée," falls far short of the triumphs which, in the more than questionable Berninesque style, he achieved last year. If the *médaille d'honneur* could have been given for a mere bust, it should certainly have been accorded to M. Rodin for his magnificent "Portrait de Mme. M. V.," a work which reveals him in a new light as dwelling lovingly on feminine charm and dignity; it may fairly take rank with the fine specimens of the Florentine art of the fifteenth century. M. Rodin's friendly rival, the more popular M. Dalou, has been somewhat overbold in daring comparisons with the former master in his bronze bust of M. Rochefort; M. Dalou's showy and brilliant version of the Communistic journalist's well-known features cannot be placed beside M. Rodin's more living and more deeply individual presentment of the same strange personality. Space is wanting even to refer to the many consummately skilful performances of less universally known artists. Among these we should be inclined to accord the palm to M. Turcan's noble and pathetic group, "L'Aveugle et le Paralytique," and to M. Eugène Robert's cleverly imagined piece of Græco-Roman work, "Une Lutte dans les Bois." This last shows a youth who, with set teeth and determined mien, manfully battles with a fox. We must, much against our will, altogether pass over the sections of architectural drawing and engraving in all its branches, which form so happy a complement to the sections of painting and sculpture.

THE STORY OF THE LONDON POLICE.

V.

IN taking a comprehensive survey of the actual condition of the Metropolitan Police, as we find it at a moment when it is supposed by some to have almost attained practical perfection, it will be well, ere endeavouring to pass judgment, condemnatory or favourable, upon them, to glance at the duties which they are paid and expected to perform. Apart from their proper function of watchmen, the metropolitan constables are regulators of the traffic, perform a rough-and-ready kind of ambulance work in respect of street accidents, illness, and drunkenness, and must be ready at any time to answer questions on every imaginable subject which may be put to them alike by provincials, foreigners, and town-bred folk, of whom it may be safely asserted that the last are by far the most exigent in their demands, and ofttimes most brusque in their mode of interrogation. No doubt the regulation of the street traffic is one of the hardest nuts which the police have to crack. Mr. A. C. Howard, one of the four chief constables and district superintendents, is "desirous of drawing special attention to the part of the Report submitted by the" (Police) "Board on traffic, in which they point out the insufficient width of roadway at Piccadilly Circus; two triangular spaces have been left in the centre, one of which is flagged, and the other—and largest—is enclosed with a wooden paling, being intended apparently for the erection of a statue. However desirable such an erection may be, it would be a great pity, I consider, to carry it out at the expense of the roadway; yet, if some alteration is not made, such will be the case." Here Mr. Howard is, of course, arguing from his own belief, with the full knowledge that such a cutting up of a space like Piccadilly Circus means great extra labour for his men and corresponding dissatisfaction on the part of the public, to whom this particular part of the West-End is a continual vexation and annoyance. The widening of the Circus and the opening of Shaftesbury Avenue and Charing Cross Road have admittedly thrown much additional labour on to the constables of No. 2 district (which, by the way, comprises five divisions—Marylebone, Holborn, Hampstead, Kilburn, and Highgate), and, to quote Chief Constable Howard, the "great increase of vehicular traffic is likely to go on indefinitely." This section of the "fashionable" quarter is that to which the newspapers pay special attention, and it has furnished leader-writers with a theme for endless discussion, "the condition of the West-End" or "the police and the West-End" being recognized stock topics for editorial treatment when nothing more attractive presents itself. We naturally had this street sapping of the Metropolitan Police in mind when arguing last week for an increase in the existing number of constables, and we press it again now as being an incontestable proof that, if the adequate regulation of the street traffic is to coincide with the proper protection of life and property, the force must be augmented without further delay. The recent catastrophe in the Edgware Road reminds us that another vitally important function which the constable is called upon with painful frequency to discharge is that of fireman; though the valuable services in this direction rendered by the police are only referred to in the reports of the chief constable and superintendents

in a kind of "aside." In connexion with the police regulation of the traffic in the West-End mention must be made of another important *rôle* of the metropolitan constable; that of a moveron of those whom for convenience sake we will term disorderly women. It is here that the constable finds himself laid most open to attack by the "screeching sisterhood" of the penny press. The St. James's district is ruled by the C Division, and Mr. Superintendent Hume tells us that, of the 4,879 persons charged at the two stations of that division and taken before magistrates, 1,407 were "disorderly women," who infest the leading thoroughfares in such great numbers as to cause the inhabitants and shopkeepers to "complain bitterly of the nuisance and injury to their business." This evil has become more and more apparent within the last three years, until now the police, harried on this side, badgered on that, are seemingly at their wits' end to know how to act. "The existence of a great scandal," says Mr. Hume, "is entirely due to the defective state of the law, and the evil must sooner or later be met by fresh legislation." This is indeed "the bitter cry" of the police; and, the "black sheep" part of the business aside, the public generally, and one would think Parliament also, will concur in this sensible and common-sense, though official, view of what may be described as the great social question of the day. It is only here and there in the reports that a slight approach to wailing and lamentation is noticeable; the wonder is that the superintendent reporters do not more frequently give way to their lacerated feelings and declare, in the slightly satirical language of Mr. J. Keating (of the J, or Bethnal Green, Division), that "the usual practice" is to "blame the police, forgetting the fact that policemen are only human and cannot perform miracles." It is to be regretted (and we speak from personal observation) that the police are not only a "mark" for the ribald "chaff" and horseplay of the "gentlemen" and their imitators who, like the miserable women referred to, "infest" the West-End thoroughfares, but a greater mark than ever. This is particularly noticeable in the B (Westminster) and C (St. James's) Divisions, where the arrest of a drunken or disorderly person in the streets is usually the signal either for an attempt at a rescue or for the letting loose of a flood of vile language on the part of the "loafing" bystanders. The demeanour of the police in assault cases, the vituperation with which they occasionally assail those who consider it their duty to offer a word of remonstrance or advice in street "rows," and their not infrequent "cussedness"—the outcome, nine times out of ten, of natural obtuseness—have been commented on *ad nauseam* by the sharpshooters of the press; but, in considering the general conduct of the Metropolitan constabulary, we must not forget either the heavy strain put upon their patience or the manifold temptations to which they are subjected.

GREEK STATUETTES.

THE Burlington Fine Arts Club has opened a very charming exhibition of Greek ceramic art, consisting chiefly of examples of Tanagra figures, and, in all probability, no such gathering of these marvellous statuettes has ever been seen before. The painted vases are, no doubt, very fine; but it is impossible to look at them until we have thoroughly satisfied our eyes with the little figures. As is well known, Tanagra is not the only place where they have been found; and it is very possible that discoveries may be made in other burial grounds which will increase the number of specimens and our knowledge, still very slight, of their meaning and origin. It is said that the necropolis of Tanagra was opened in 1872 by some peasants working in their fields, who found a stone sarcophagus filled, as they expressed it, with "dolls." When these dolls were first brought over to Paris and London their genuineness was doubted; and even now forgeries do not seem to be very uncommon. At first, however, the price at which they were offered was so low that it is not easy to see how forgery could be made remunerative; and, as many amateurs remarked, even forgeries so beautiful as these had a value of their own. In short, it was felt by collectors that, whether ancient or modern, these exquisite statuettes were works of genius, and the lucky folk who bought the first few examples have the pleasure of finding that their property is now worth as many pounds as it cost them shillings. It is said in the preface to the Catalogue that "a space of several *kilomètres* has been explored along each side of the road between Athens and Chalkis, and at least ten thousand terra-cottas have come out of those tombs." The typical Tanagra figure represents "a draped maiden who appears to be walking in the street." There are twelve of these figures in the present exhibition, all very much alike, but at the same time easily distinguished. Each shows individual taste, and it is difficult to know which shows the most. Another and even more charming type shows us a girl seated on a couch or a chair. Some of these have more than a trace of colour and gilding left. One, in particular, which is exhibited by Sir William Drake, and is partly of this type, shows us a most graceful figure playing with a dove. She is seated on a rock, and the dove is frightened by a lizard. Even more beautiful is the statuette from Attica representing a woman seated and stooping forward to put on her shoe. It belongs to Mr. van Branteghem, as does a marvellous group of two girls seated on a sarcophagus, talking earnestly. "In ancient Greece," says the Catalogue, "the tombs were placed in rows on either side of the high roads, and the passers by must often have sat down upon them, and entered into conversation. The subject of the group is therefore borrowed from the daily life of the ancients, and the artist has treated it so naturally and cleverly that it would be difficult to surpass him." The gem of Mr. van Branteghem's extensive collection seems to us to be a group numbered 173. It represents a young mother bending over her child. She wears a "chiton," and a pink "himation"; her right arm supports her, and the left hand is to her breast. The child stretches its arms towards her. She wears earrings, and her ringlets fall on her neck. There is a good deal of colour left on this group, which comes from Tanagra. There are several examples of what the Catalogue calls "The Oracle of Love"; a young girl casting lots with knuckle-bones. One of them is very elaborately modelled and coloured. She has a pink "chiton," with a wide blue border fastened at the shoulders with "fibulæ." She wears earrings; and has white shoes with red soles. Several figures are grouped with chairs, some leaning on them, others seated. One chair (192) seems constructed to fold up. The female figure in this same example is of superlative beauty and elaborately vested, the veil showing that she is a married woman. "A mere description," says the Catalogue, "is powerless to render the charm of this figure, the ease of its pose, its grace, and *abandon*; or its style, worthy of the greatest works in statuary." We cannot enumerate everything, but would call special attention to some larger groups from Asia Minor, and to the head of a life-sized statue found at Rome. It belongs to Mr. Fortnum, and is of the best period of Greek art. The statue, of which it formed a part, must have adorned a tomb and represented a figure in mourning. The collection of cups and vases is rather choice than extensive. It contains examples bearing the names of the artists by whom they were painted, among which we may notice Nikosthenes, Andokides, Epiktetos, and Pamphaios. After the time of Perikles, artists seldom signed their works. We have wholly overlooked the numerous little figures of Cupids and children both modelled and painted on vases; but as is so often the case with exhibitions at this club, where practically everything is a masterpiece in its way, it is only possible to mention the more striking objects.

MR. DALY'S *TAMING OF THE SHREW* AGAIN.

A THIRD visit to the Gaiety Theatre, where Mr. Augustus Daly's Company of Comedians—we confess to a liking for this old-fashioned phrase—are playing the *Taming of the Shrew*, has confirmed our opinion that this is one of the very best Shakspearian performances to be seen in London of late years; in fact, we are inclined to hazard a doubt whether, all things considered, a more satisfactory representation of a comedy of Shakspeare's has been given since the breaking up of the mighty companies of the old patent theatres. Mr. Daly's adroit adaptation of Shakspeare's text approves itself on better acquaintance; it is respectful and skilful; it utilizes every hint of the original; and it is modest in its modifications, of which there must needs be a many. The bringing together, in close connexion, of the two scenes of wife-taming is a little violent, but it was perhaps unavoidable. The treatment of the Induction is excellent; we have just enough of the rather primitive practical joke which the anonymous Lord plays on Christopher Sly to amuse and to give a flavour, and not enough to fatigue or annoy. It has been assumed hitherto that Sly is of necessity a dull beery tippler and a mere sodden drunkard. Certainly this is not Mr. Gilbert's interpretation of the character. After watching for the third time the American comedian's brisk, alert, and humorous performance of the part, we are less rigid in asserting our own view, although we are not yet wholly converted to Mr. Gilbert's, brilliantly as he sets it forth. And yet, why may he not be right after all? It is but a poor profile of a character which every actor and every critic may not walk around and see every one from his own angle of observation. And it is an accepted axiom of dramatic criticism that an accomplished comedian or tragedian is authorized to make over the characters of the great dramatists to suit his own individuality so long as he is consistent and cautious. No man can deny that Mr. Gilbert is most consistent in the presentation of his conception of the intoxicated and bewildered tinker.

The new and beautiful scenery which Mr. Daly has provided is in general so well devised for its purpose that we are surprised to discover in one set what appears like an odd blunder. The alehouse from which Christopher Sly is ignominiously expelled is called on the playbill "An Inn upon a Heath," but, instead of being characteristically English, it seems strangely Italian, though the story of the *Taming of the Shrew* is Italian. The scenes of the Induction, the Lord and the tinker, the practical joke—these are all English. This Italianizing of the alehouse is the only error to be remarked in the mounting of the play at the Gaiety, which in other respects is admirable and a model of the proper subordination of scenery to action. There is just now both in England and France a strong tendency to exalt the decorator above the dramatist—and the tendency is fatal to dramatic art. Mr. Daly gives a sumptuous and splendid setting to the final scene of the last act of the *Taming of the Shrew*; but this is all well enough, for a play may properly end with a blaze of light; and, besides, the last scene is rather vacant of action and effect, and

the spectacular is here used adroitly to supplement the deficiencies of the story. In general scenery should be kept down in its proper place as the handmaiden of acting. When Mr. Irving was last in America he took his whole company to the Military Academy at West Point, on the Hudson River, and acted *The Merchant of Venice* before the cadets on a stage in their mess-hall, without scenery, with curtains only, and with a lowered placard now and again announcing the supposed change of scene. Mr. Irving's Shylock and Miss Terry's Portia lost none of their charm or power by this frank paucity of decoration; and those who were privileged to witness this performance declare that never was there a more effective performance by the Lyceum company. Of course this is an austerity for grand occasions only; the incident is recalled here only to emphasize a protest against extreme scenic over-elaboration—a fault Mr. Daly does not fall into. Like Mr. Irving, Mr. Daly makes an ingenious and artistic use of music, and the introduction of Sir Henry Bishop's "Should he upbraid" in the final scene is singularly happy. The costumes, which we understand to have been designed by Mr. E. Hamilton Bell, are not only rich and handsome and well contrasted, but they are in all cases unusually appropriate both to the actor who has to wear them and to the character he is impersonating. This is the very fine art of costuming—that the clothes, beautiful in themselves, serve also as an immediate suggestion of character. What, for example, could be a more fitting garment for Katherine the curst than the flame-coloured robe in which Miss Ada Rehan makes her triumphant entry, "a splendid animal in a splendid rage"? Nor is this the only subtlety in costuming to be seen now at the Gaiety, and rarely elsewhere. Of Miss Rehan's Katherine, as of Mr. Drew's "Petrucio," there is no need now to say more than we have said; they are among the most memorable and the most absolutely satisfactory Shakspearian impersonations ever seen in London. Miss Rehan's cries of defiant rage linger on the ear, and so does Mr. Drew's brilliant *bravura* delivery of verse, a rare accomplishment. Indeed, the *diction* of the company as a whole is very remarkable; almost every actor in the company seems to have discovered the secret of blank verse.

ANTIQUITIES AT THE EGYPTIAN HALL.

MR. FLINDERS PETRIE has been exploring and digging during the past winter in the Fayoum, and the result of his labours is to be seen in the gallery of the Society of Female Artists at the Egyptian Hall. The most interesting of the objects he has brought back are of a very late period; but, historically, the most important are the remains of the colossal statue of Amenemhat III., a king of the remote Twelfth Dynasty. To this king is always attributed the great scheme for storing the excess of the annual inundation of the Nile by the formation of a vast lake with dams and locks. This lake, in Egyptian *Me-ur*, the "Great Water," is called by Herodotus and the Greeks "Mœris," and has been described over and over again. Herodotus also describes two vast granite statues which marked the entrance of the lake; and his description is one of the points to which some sceptical modern commentators have taken exception. But Mr. Petrie's researches demonstrate his accuracy. Two great pyramidal structures rose from the surface of Mœris. They each concealed a square base which supported a statue of the king. Mr. Petrie has brought home some fragments of one of these statues. They are of red granite, or syenite, polished like a mirror, and consist of part of a colossal face, of a seat or throne and its ornaments, and of the oval or cartouche which bore the king's name. Other remains were found which go to confirm the truth of the account given by Herodotus, and to identify the site of Mœris. Unfortunately we must give up one of the pleasant theories put forward by Lepsius. That eminent German Egyptologist was always so sure, and stated his views so convincingly, that until Mr. Petrie came on the scene no one thought for a moment of doubting their soundness. Some years ago Mr. Petrie demolished the well-known "accretion" theory by which Herr Lepsius had accounted for the growth of pyramids. Now he comes forward to upset Herr Lepsius again, this time over the remains which that learned German identified as the Labyrinth, with its three thousand chambers. The ruins turn out to be those of a village of the Roman period, probably founded and built on the remains of older structures, possibly the Labyrinth. A little further south Mr. Petrie made some very curious discoveries. The most conspicuous objects in the room come from a cemetery near Howara, but belonging evidently to the chief town of the Fayoum, the ancient Arsinoë, now Medinet. It seems to date from about 300 B.C. to the first century of the Christian era. Greek influence is very strong, but the old gods of the Egyptians were still worshipped, and some of the names, though written in Greek characters, are purely Egyptian. The mummies, in most cases, had a portrait attached—not a piece of sculpture, as on the older coffins, but a painting, and some thirty of these curious memorials are hung round the walls, and are perfectly startling in their lifelike appearance. Some of the female faces are very beautiful; some of the men are represented with an almost brutal fidelity; and there are some children, exquisitely painted. There are, also, some mummy cases, with the faces in relief and highly gilt and coloured. Two of these represent little girls, and are placed in the corners of the gallery. They are, for the most part, wrapped in a kind of oilcloth, linen soaked in some stiffening preparation, the head and feet being specially protected with separate cases. Others have linen bandages wrapped round them in intricate folds and patterns. Some of them, though apparently laid in the bare ground, are marvellously well preserved, and show that even at so late a period the traditions of the embalmers were still strictly preserved and followed.

Among the smaller objects exhibited are a number of shoes, slippers, and sandals of all kinds, including a very modern-looking pair of cork soles. A slightly injured glass vase is very precious, as showing that the art of "wheel-cutting" is as old as the Christian era at least. A picture, very faint, remains in its frame, which is of the pattern we know as "Oxford," with the crossed corners. There is a groove in the woodwork, apparently for a pane of glass. On another table are some toys, such as a rag-doll, and curious little figures in terracotta, including a model of a sedan-chair, with its bearers, and a lady seated within.

One table is covered with examples of flowers and wreaths, and the modern botanical name has been carefully attached to each. The number of different flowers is considerable, pointing to a knowledge of gardening hitherto unrecognized. On another table are examples of a different vegetable, the papyrus. Mr. Petrie does not seem to have found much of this kind; but one specimen still unrolled has been inscribed with a portion of the Iliad in very ancient Greek letters.

Besides the objects found in these tombs—objects which reveal the existence of a civilization and a school of art at a period about which we have hitherto known little or nothing—the older and better known Egyptian art is also well represented by a cabinet full of beautiful jewelry, bronzes, ivories, and other antiquities; and by Mr. Petrie's extensive and valuable collection of regal scarabs, among which is one inscribed with the name of Mr. Rider Haggard's heroine, Queen Amenardas or Ameniritis. Mr. Petrie has been encouraged by private enterprise to undertake the explorations which have resulted in the collection of the objects now exhibited, and proposes to return to Egypt to continue his researches next winter.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

MR. MANNS conducted the Festival of 1885 with generally acknowledged success, and on the present occasion he has done even better. It must be said also that, on the whole, soloists, chorus, and orchestra have done their best to assist him. At the last Festival the sopranos were perhaps rather weak and wanting in freshness; this time the vocal parts are much more justly balanced. Still, the Festival is not altogether what it should be, though it seems to suit the many who perhaps take their Handel as a kind of religious blessing not to be inquired into or discussed. Others, however, who have some real respect for Handel, some curiosity as to his ideas and methods, and some taste in loud noises might be induced to attend a performance of a different kind. Certain bad Handel traditions die hard; but we suppose that even those to whom the present brazen tumult is agreeable would scarcely be adverse to a finer and more truly Handelian quality of sound, provided it were equally loud. It seems strange that we should presume to rearrange the effects of a master of whom a no less consummate artist said, "He knows how to strike like a thunderbolt when he wishes." We seem to think he wished too seldom, and was incompetent when he did. It may be said with justice that delicate additional filling up parts are desirable, and were understood by the composer; but this argument can scarcely sanction the use of an entirely different order of effects. Vast engines of brass topped by harsh cornets spoil the purity of volume and the clearness of structure of the choruses at most of the fortes. They blurt out a few notes with a tone of coarse rousing quality that separates itself from the ensemble of sound like a patch of paint on a wall. One is worked up by an interesting play of the parts to expect a grand moment; instead, the effect is drowned in brass. That the noise happens generally to be in tune hardly affects the question of quality. Moreover, these coarse blares of sound not only destroy the passages in which they occur, but deaden the rest, and stifle any feeling for delicate *nuance* of piano and forte in the chorus.

The "Selections" (Wednesday) and the *Israel in Egypt* (Friday) must be considered fully next week. We may say a word, however, of what was done from them at the rehearsal on the Friday of last week. Most of the choruses from *Israel* were disfigured by the ludicrous and stertorous puffing of heavy brass. The stunning din and thumping elephantine pulse of the "Hailstone" and "But the waters" stood in contrast to the fine sonorous tone of "He spake the word," "He sent," and "He led them," and made one wish that the tubas and cornets at least might be done away with. As to the chorus "Calumny," from *Alexander Balus*, we marked it as the most effective and truly Handelian in its scoring of the day. We find that this was given as a test [illegible], that for once we heard a real score of Handel's without [illegible] retouching than an organ part by Mr. E. Prout, who at [illegible] may be trusted to [illegible]

The performance of the *Messiah* on Monday was attended with

certain exceptions in the choruses, due to the fault we have mentioned, and not to any natural deficiency in the vocalists, the conductor, or the instrumentalists. It is a mark of a musical artist, in distinction to a mere organ of sound, to improve in his manner of reading long after his voice has reached maturity. This Mr. Edward Lloyd has done; he has added to his natural sweetness and his early-acquired smoothness a perfection of phrasing and a dignity of style which make him an excellent interpreter of Handel. "Comfort ye" and "Every valley" in the first division were given with great art, and the very difficult "Thou shalt break them" in the second part was done with more feeling for dramatic declamation than Mr. Lloyd has ever shown. His chief success, however, was obtained in "But Thou didst not leave" and the preceding recitatives, in which the purity of his voice and the suavity and breadth of his phrasing had a beautiful effect. Mr. Santley, with a diminished power of voice in one or two numbers, sang as only he can sing such music. No one else can make the long runs and tricks of style of Handel's day so full of point and meaning. As to the opportunities for grand declamation offered by these stately measures, no one, except Mme. Trebelli, can take advantage of them with anything like Mr. Santley's noble and yet polished vigour of manner. His rendering of "Why do the nations" was a triumph, and the summit of excellence reached on that day. We should not omit to mention Mr. McGrath's brilliant performance in the trumpet obbligato to Mr. Santley's last air. Mme. Albani did good service with her powerful voice and her strong and well-intended sentiment. Her delivery, however, was somewhat hard, and she showed an inclination to drag the time, weaken the feeling of measure, and break up the largo flow of the melody. Mme. Patey sang "But who may abide," without point or energy, and did little better in "O Thou that tellest." She improved, however, in "He shall feed" and "He was despised."

The chorus were steady in their parts, and, on the whole, sure in their attack. They deserve great praise for their clear and precise rendering of the network of fugal passages. The early numbers were sharply defined and massive; the difficult "He shall purify" being as little mechanical as could be expected from so large a choir. Just before "For unto us" the heavy brass instruments of torture were handed up into the orchestra, and with their appearance delicate enjoyment was at an end. After these vulgar blurts of brass the ear is tired, as the eye is after looking at the sun, and all seems tame and dull. The Handel tradition is truly incomprehensible. Considering the fine sonorous tone of the first half of "Glory to God," and the effect of the contrast of "Peace on earth," what could tempt any one to finish it, or such a beautiful piece of writing as "His yoke is easy," with the noise of a street band let loose in the place? The fuller volume and richer tone of choruses like "Behold the Lamb," "Surely," "And with His stripes," "Their sound is gone out," &c., in which the arranger has been more reticent, might show any one the havoc that has been wrought in others. With their fine quality one might compare the "Lift up your heads," and its accompaniment of brass buzzing like monster bees; the "Hallelujah" ruined as regards majesty and clearness, and turned into a chorus of trumpets, cornets, trombones, and tubas; and the noble and firm declamation of "Worthy is the Lamb," lost in the blurting staccato of a ponderous orchestration. What makes such treatment the more annoying is that the chorus, conducted with a fine precision, sang admirably, and required no drowning or unnecessary support at fugal points or elsewhere. Those in authority at the Festivals should try to dispel the idea that the study of Wagner has blunted us to all but the rawest effects. If Handel's music was played as he intended the reproach that musicians will not listen to it would soon be removed. Handelians would no longer be obliged to cater for religious emotionalists who can read anything into anything, or for the common honest lover of the big drum and cornet who welcomes the entry of the brass with a deep gasp of satisfaction.

ZUKERTORT.

FOR about twenty years—since the stars of Buckle, Morphy, and Anderssen set—the world has regarded Mr. Steinitz and Dr. Zukertort as dividing the chief honours of the game of chess. If it appears to some that the balance of merit between the two was never exactly struck, the doubt must remain unsolved. Amongst the men who have made a distinct profession of chess Dr. Zukertort enjoyed a high personal repute, being uniformly courteous, self-respecting, and worthy of confidence. His reputation as a player will probably tend to increase now that he is dead; for in the past few years, doubtless owing to physical causes, he had lost much of the brilliancy which distinguished him in his best days. In order to make a fair estimate of his position as a chess-player, it is necessary to bear in mind the facts which were spoken to by the doctor who attended his inquest. In addition to symptoms of ordinary constitutional weakness, it appeared that there were signs of decay at the base of the brain. It would be unsafe to conclude that excessive concentration on one monotonous pursuit was amongst the causes of this decay, of which there were other and adequate explanations. But the decay itself was quite enough to account for a certain falling-off in the quality of his achievements in the last three years; and it is possible that the strenuous effort, which was virtually successful, to retrieve his laurels in the tournament at the British Chess Club hastened the already inevitable collapse. It follows that Dr. Zukertort's niche in the history of chess must be decided by his record previous to his famous match with Mr. Steinitz in America, during which, after winning the first four games, he broke down altogether, and lost his form beyond recovery. It was about the year 1870 when the young German doctor settled in England; but, though his strength was recognized from the beginning, he did not gain a very significant victory before the International Tournament at Paris, in 1878, when, in the absence of Steinitz, he defeated all the other first-class players in Europe. He and Steinitz were forced into obtrusive rivalry by the zeal of their respective friends. A magnificent victory in the London Tournament of 1883 raised Zukertort to the acme of his fame. Most judges of chess—we do not say the best judges—fully believed him at this time to be the strongest player; but in 1885 the Austro-American turned the tables on him in the manner already described. Zukertort's combinations were never quite so strong as those of Steinitz; he had less hardihood, both of mind and of body, and a less thorough comprehension of his game whilst it was in progress. His great qualities were logical continuity, conciseness of idea, symmetry, and, in his best epoch, a brilliant conception of attack. In these respects he has had few equals, and his analysis was marked by a very extensive knowledge of the history of the game. We have undoubtedly lost in Dr. Zukertort an accomplished and excellent chess-player; but, comparing for a moment the condition of chess at the beginning and the end of his career, it is impossible not to be struck by the fact that the average player of 1888 is far and away in advance of the average player of 1870.

THE RISE IN FOREIGN BONDS.

TO the general surprise, the death of the Emperor Frederick has been followed by a rise instead of by a fall in foreign Government bonds. The Friday before the Emperor's death Russian Bonds of 1873 were quoted at 91¼, Spanish Four per Cents at 70½, Italians at 97¼, Hungarian Gold Rentes at 79⅝, Greek of 1884 at 72¼, and Egyptian Unified at 79¾. On Thursday last the prices of these several securities were as follows:—Russian, 97¾; Spanish, 72¼; Italian, 98; Hungarian, 82¾; Greek, 75¾; and Unified, 81⅞. In every case it will be seen there has been a very considerable advance. Considering all the circumstances of the case, this is not a little remarkable. For more than four years a great speculation for the rise has been going on in foreign Government bonds. During those four years there have been frequent political scares. First came the Penjdeh incident, and then the danger of war between Germany and France and between Germany and Austria on the one hand and Russia on the other. Each scare has seen a considerable fall in prices; but it has been followed by a rapid recovery, and now the death of the Emperor Frederick, which it was generally expected would give rise to fresh anxiety respecting the maintenance of peace, has been followed by the rise just shown. It is seldom so signal an illustration is given of the power of a great speculation to force up prices in the face of adverse circumstances. Bearing in mind the political condition of Europe, it seemed to most observers that prices were not only extravagantly high, but that they were as high as speculators could contrive to keep them, and yet they have been forced higher still. The finances of Russia, to take an example, are in a deplorable confusion. Every year ends with a deficit. The expenditure is constantly growing, while the revenue is stationary. Debt is being piled upon debt, and the concentration of troops in Poland, which has been going on for a year or a year and a half now, must have added enormously to the general expenditure. Yet Russian bonds are within a couple of pounds of par. Again, Hungarian Gold Rentes, which bear interest at 4 per cent., are about 80—that is to say, an investor in those bonds will receive about 5 per cent. for his money. But the finances of Hungary are in disorder like those of Russia, and besides it is to be recollected that Hungary has run up a debt of about 140 millions sterling in only twenty years. Lastly, Italians, which, allowing for the Income-tax, yield the investor only about 4¼ per cent., are practically at par. Taking into account the financial condition of these several countries, it will be admitted that the prices are high even if peace were assured; but, when we bear in mind the danger of war, the extravagance of the prices will at once be recognized.

The general causes which are raising the prices of all kinds of securities in every country of the world are well understood by our readers—the steady growth of wealth, the slowness with which new securities have been created of late years, the reduction of their debts by countries like the United Kingdom and the United States, the unwillingness of capitalists to invest in land in consequence of agricultural depression, and the steady investment of trust funds in the Government securities of each State. Apart from these general causes, there are, however, several temporary and local influences which during the past few years have been exercising an extraordinary power over the stock markets. Between 1850 and 1875 the industrial development of Europe was very rapid. In consequence, there were multitudes of new Companies formed and new loans negotiated, principally for industrial purposes. In consequence of all this, banking business was rapidly developed upon the Continent as well as in this country, and

banks, especially on the Continent, acquired the habit of looking to new issues and to Stock Exchange business generally for the greater part of their profits. The banks in their early days found it necessary to join together in what came to be known as syndicates for the carrying out of the operations in which they were engaged. Industrial enterprise has unquestionably received a check since the Franco-German war; but the habits of the great Continental banks have continued. They have continued to operate upon the Stock Exchange for the purpose of increasing their profits, and this practice of the Continental banks has been further stimulated in Germany by the purchase of the Prussian railways by the Prussian Government. The field open to individual enterprise has been so much narrowed by the constant encroachments of the State that the great banks have looked to the bringing out of new issues and manipulations on the Stock Exchange more and more as a means of making profit. Add to all this that the bankers and capitalists generally of Berlin since the establishment of the Empire have desired more and more to make Berlin one of the great centres of banking and Stock Exchange business. The Berlin bankers undertook, therefore, somewhat more than four years ago to rehabilitate Russian credit, and for the purpose they set on foot a great speculation in Russian Government bonds. That speculation has continued, and has branched out in many other directions, and ever since Berlin has retained the lead in the speculation. There is no doubt that Germany has been more prosperous than most other countries of late. Particularly she has taken the lead in the manufacture of sugar, and the sugar industry has given her the means of speculating and of financing, of which her bankers have promptly availed themselves. When the speculation began somewhat more than four years ago, it was the hope of the great capitalists who took the lead that the general public would follow them, and that gradually the securities of all kinds which they bought up would be absorbed by investors. The political alarms to which we have referred above have defeated their expectations. There appears to be no doubt that for a long time past investors have not been buying upon the Continent in anything like the amount which the speculative traders had hoped, and consequently the great banks and chief capitalists and speculators of Berlin, Paris, Amsterdam, Vienna, and Rome hold immense masses of those securities at very high prices. When the death of the Emperor Frederick was seen to be imminent, everybody expected that a fall in prices would occur, because everybody believed that while he lived peace was assured. The great capitalists and speculators desired, if possible, to prevent this fall, and consequently "supported the market," as the phrase goes; in other words, they bought up such stocks as holders were desirous of selling in the event of the Emperor's death. The speculators for the fall, perceiving this, were afraid of being "cornered," and they ceased selling; and the result was that the buying of the great capitalists sent up prices. Their efforts were made the more easy because the supply of loanable capital in all the great markets of the world is very abundant. Money can be borrowed by persons in good credit on extremely favourable terms, and therefore it was by no means a difficult task for bankers and capitalists to take up prices one or two per cent. Add to all this that the expectation has become more general that peace will be maintained, at least for this year, and it will be seen that the task which the great capitalists had set themselves of supporting the market was greatly facilitated.

Still the position is becoming critical. It is always an easy thing for a combination of great capitalists to force up prices, and it is not difficult to keep them up for a considerable time; but speculation that began early in 1884 has now lasted, as we said above, more than four years, and that is an extremely long time to maintain artificial prices. That the great capitalists and speculators of Berlin have shown extraordinary skill in the manipulation of markets is certain, and that they dispose of vast capitals is likewise beyond question; but neither skill nor large capital can avail to maintain prices at an artificial height indefinitely. For a while the general public was led by the great bankers and capitalists to buy the stocks which they recommended; but the first blow to the great banks and speculators was struck when the Imperial Bank of Germany refused to lend money on the security of Russian bonds. For years previously the bankers and capitalists of Berlin had been recommending those bonds to their clients, and suddenly the greatest of the German banks, at the instigation of Prince Bismarck as was generally supposed, declared those bonds to be so risky that it would not in future accept them as security for loans. And the check which the great capitalists received in this was made still worse when the semi-official German papers began to expose the unsatisfactory state of Russian finance. Once the confidence of clients in their banking advisers is shaken, it is not easily restored, and of course when the clients begin to doubt the banks as regards Russian bonds, the doubts are likely to extend to many other kinds of securities. It appears to be beyond question that for a long time past the investment of money has fallen off upon the Continent, and consequently that the great banks and capitalists have been obliged to sustain markets by their own purchases. It is obvious that at some time or other this must come to an end. If peace were fully assured, it might go on, nevertheless, for a considerable time; but if the danger of war increases there may be another collapse, and a collapse that will extend to almost every Bourse upon the Continent. A great war would make inevitable borrowing upon a vast scale by the principal Continental nations. Therefore there would be a multiplication of securities, and prices from that alone must seriously fall. Moreover, the belligerent Governments look, in the first place to the leading bankers in their respective countries for the advances necessary to begin and carry on operations, and the bankers, to provide this money, would be obliged to get rid of some portion of the securities which they now hold merely speculatively. The instant, therefore, that bankers become convinced that war is imminent they will get rid of some of their speculative holdings at any cost; and when the rest of the world perceives that, every one will be eager to get rid of what he has bought. The fall, therefore, would be very great. Lastly, the outbreak of war would give rise to a great demand for *matériel* of war. Manufacturers would need large accommodation. The value of money would, for that reason amongst others, instantly rise, and this would be another reason for a considerable fall in Stock Exchange securities. It seems inevitable, therefore, that the first serious scare will bring about a great fall in the prices of foreign Government bonds.

[*The Secretary of the Cape Copper Company writes to us, in reference to a statement in the* Saturday Review *of June 23, to the effect that the Bankers' guarantee extends not for one year, but over "the whole period of the three years' contract," in the case of his Company, adding that the same arrangement is well known to exist in other cases.*]

MR. CHARLES HALLÉ'S RECITALS.

THE series of concerts of chamber music given by Mr. Charles Hallé this season are, as usual, of great interest to musicians. It is to lovers of music, to those who know the history and follow the movement of the art, that Mr. Hallé appeals. Thus, among the names of masters who are classics, we find in Mr. Hallé's programme contemporary composers, recognized indeed on the Continent, yet but imperfectly known to the English musical public. Dvořák, though it is true his works are well appreciated here, is represented by a novelty of exceptional interest—his first numbered composition, the Quintet in A. Tshaïkowski, a composer whose popularity in London concert-rooms increases with every opportunity of hearing, supplies another novelty, important of its kind, a characteristic Trio in A Minor. Another interesting concerted piece was an unpublished Intermezzo in E, by Stephen Heller, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, given at the concert of Friday week by Mr. Hallé, Mme. Norman-Neruda, and Herr Franz Neruda. Thus Mr. Hallé cannot be said to neglect the current and proper demand for novelties. At the same time amateurs who find enough of variety in Beethoven, Schumann, and Brahms, cannot but be grateful to Mr. Hallé for the judicious and eminently interesting character of the music introduced by him. With programmes so attractive and executants so brilliant as Mr. Hallé's colleagues—Mme. Norman-Neruda, Herr L. Ries, Herr L. Strauss, Herr Franz Neruda—it would be matter for wonder if these concerts lost anything of their peculiar distinction. It is only right to add that another distinction belongs to Mr. Hallé, in that he, of all the musicians in England, first of late years introduced the *Damnation de Faust* of Berlioz to the English and London public, and that his masterly rendering of the score, if rivalled, has never been surpassed.

THE CAPTURE OF HAWARDEN WILLIE.

(*A newly-discovered Border Ballad.*)

O HAVE ye na heard of the bauld Watkin
  And his borings under the silver streak?
And how he ha' nobbled auld Hawarden Willie
  In Parliament House for him to speak?

"O what will ye gie me, auld Hawarden Willie?
  O what will ye gie to the bauld Watkin,
Gif he rats frae his party and votes na mair
  To comfort and keep the fause Tories in?"

"O gif ye'll do that for me, Watkin my man,
  I'll sell ye the rags of my statesman's fame;
And I'll gie ye my vote for your Tunnel plan
  But and a speech to support the same."

Then the good Sir Edward laughed fu' loud,
  And he winkit the lid of his leerin' e'e,
"But what will ye say to the Tory crowd
  When they taunt ye with changin' your mind?"
    quo' he.

"They'll bid ye remember the vote ye gied
  In the Eighty-five and the Eighty-four;
And what will ye say when they ask ye why
  Ye gie not against me that vote once more?"

"Now haud ye your clack!" quo' Hawarden Willie,
  "Now haud ye your clack, Sir Edward," he cried,
"'Tis little, I trow, is the good ye ha' got
  Of the days and the years ye ha' sat by my side.

"O think ye a vote is a collar of airn,
Or a fetter of steel about my wrist?
O think ye a word is a pebble-stane
That I canna swallow it when I list?

"Fu' mony a word stands now to my name
And mony, fu' mony a Parliament vote,
But ne'er knew I vote that I could na 'explain,'
Or the word that would na gae down my throat."

And Hawarden Willie has hied him hame,
And shut himself up, twa hours ago,
Alane with a volume of gay Hansard,
But and a file of the *Times* also.

And Willie has gane to the Parliament House,
To the Parliament House, and has entered in,
To vote for the plan of the Channel Tunnel,
To speak for the Bill of the bauld Watkin.

And syne he told how he killed the Bill
In the Eighty-four and the Eighty-five,
And syne he "explained" how in Eighty and eight
He was a' for keeping the Bill alive.

And he talked till the Parliament House was hung
With the saft grey mirk of a mental fog;
And it's O! but the clapper of Willie's tongue
Wad talk off the hind, hind leg of a dog.

Sae Willie has worked with the bauld Watkin
That the land of Britain to France be tied,
And sae with Willie will Watkin work
To break her bonds on the Irish side.

But Hawarden Willie and bauld Watkin
Will wait, I trow, for a lang, lang day,
If Watkin waits for to hae his will
Till Hawarden Willie has won his way.

REVIEWS.

DON QUIXOTE.*

WE shall not inquire whether a new translation of *Don Quixote* was called for. Mr. Watts has supplied a thoroughly satisfactory answer to any such question in advance. He says in his preface that out of the love he bears the Don and the Don's creator he has been at work on them for eighteen years. Also he says, and we can believe him, that he is not satisfied with any previous translation. Now as long as men continue to enjoy *Don Quixote* there will be some who are constrained by nature to translate him. As, further, no gentleman ever is satisfied with another gentleman's translation, we have any of us two good quarrels to do yet another version. For the rest, the *desocupado lector* is at home in his own house, and should be master thereof, as the king is of his taxes, which exempts and frees him from all respect and obligation. He may speak as he pleases, and surely neither he nor the critic need complain if they are asked to read *Don Quixote* again. As Mr. Watts has not yet published all his translation, but only as much of it as takes us to the adventure in the Sierra Morena, it is perhaps early to speak of its merits as a whole. Moreover, since no one is ever quite satisfied with another's version, it is somewhat idle work examining the turn of every phrase. It would be easy to go through Mr. Watts's version and ask him, Why did you use this word, and why that? Is "claps a bandage on his eyes" (to begin at the first page) the exact equivalent of "le pone una venda en los ojos"? Does not the English lean a little to the slangy and familiar where the Spanish does not? If we were required to describe the young women who were "del partido," we should prefer to say that they were free-lances, and not "of the game." But of such differences of opinion there would be no end. Enough that Mr. Watts gives the meaning of his author without swerving a jot from the truth. To ask that he should give us the exact English equivalent of the prose of Cervantes would be to look for pears from the elm-tree. The languages are too radically different to allow of the rendering of what is most national in one into the other. And who shall say that he has entered into the soul of Miguel de Cervantes, and read the heart of his mystery? Fielding might have done it if he had known Castilian as he did human nature. Thackeray might have done it if his Spanish had been as good as his French. They had a kindred and an equal genius. We do not expect any Cervantista to agree with this assertion; but those whose literary Goshen is less circumscribed will acknowledge it to be true. From lesser men we cannot ask for an equivalent, but only for an approximation. We must needs apply Pope's admirable dictum concerning models. This is not said to vilipend Mr. Watts, nor yet Mr. Ormsby or Mr. Duffield. An approximation to so great a thing is itself much. Perhaps the moral of all talk about translations of *Don Quixote*, as Sainte-Beuve, who said the good things of all critics before them, has pointed out, was given us long ago by that solemn practical joker Harley. This Minister, according to the story, advised Prior to learn Spanish. The poet diplomatist took the advice, in the hope that something nice in the form of a place would be the reward of his labour. He was inexpressibly disgusted when Harley complimented him on having acquired the power to read *Don Quixote* in the original.

Mr. Watts brings out his translation with a very complete "apparatus criticus." At the beginning he very properly puts a life of his author, which fills the first volume. He also adds appendices and notes. Among the former we are glad to see an account of the famous Paso Honroso, the great tournament held at the bridge of Orbigo by Suero de Quiñones—of which there is extant "a *Bell's Life*" report, bound up with the chronicle of Alvaro de Luna. The Paso Honroso is useful beside *Don Quixote*, though the best thing of all would be to take it with the Seguro de Tordesillas. The two together make up a medallion of the fifteenth century, with its face of brilliant valour and ostentatious passion and honour, and its reverse of boundless cruelty, greed, and falsity. A life of Cervantes is still more welcome. We have no good one—not even one founded on Navarrete, and since his day something has been discovered. Mr. Watts gives all the known facts, and it is needless to say writes of his hero with very proper admiration and sympathy for him. As far as we have to differ with Mr. Watts it is, however, because this sympathy is too apt to stop with Don Miguel. Where Mr. Watts has to paint in the background of his portrait he shows certain dislikes which vitiate the values of his work—to adapt a useful word from the language of art criticism. Of the Monarchy and the Church of the sixteenth century he takes the orthodox constitutional Protestant view—we will not say Liberal, because from indications here and there we doubt whether Mr. Watts would thank us for the adjective. He dislikes the despotism of Philip II. and the Church heartily; and, without denying that Cervantes was a good subject and good Churchman, is a little inclined to consider him as standing apart from and as the victim of his time. It seems a hard saying to him that the country which produced so good a man as Cervantes should also have produced naturally and inevitably the despotic King and the persecuting Church. In truth, this despotism in Spain—and we might, remembering Henry VIII., say as much for England and all the Continent—was a nearly unmixed blessing to the mass of the population. The liberty it put a stop to was the liberty to fight Wars of the Roses; the liberty of Burgos to exercise rights of pit and gallows over its neighbour; of La Cerda and Guzman to fight their deadly feuds out in the streets of Seville. The King became master because he was the only central authority, the only recognized Court of Appeal in the midst of anarchy and mutually hostile privileges. The Spanish Monarchy developed as others did. If it ended in universal darkness, the reason must be sought in some mysterious cause in the Spanish character. Despotism did not ossify the intelligence of France, or Germany, or England. As much may be said for the Church which also grew with Spain and withered with it. There is no reason to suppose, as Mr. Watts indeed acknowledges in general terms, that Cervantes was other than perfectly loyal to Church and State. Still Mr. Watts's wish to separate his hero as much as possible from the evil thing is visible, and once it leads him into one of those pieces of over-ingenious interpretation of which Cervantes has so often been the victim. In a note to the famous scene of the auto de fé on the Don's books Mr. Watts gives it as his opinion that there are hits at the Inquisition subtly concealed therein. We may be obtuse, but *viva Roque* we cannot see them. Cervantes thought that the priest and the barber, good fellows both, were well employed in burning the trash. If we are to argue from the scene to his opinion of the Inquisition we must conclude that he thought it did excellent well in burning heretics—which, indeed, is our opinion. The Church has never objected to the use of ecclesiastical terms by laymen unless there is open disrespect, which there is not in this case. The licensers might well see nothing to object to in the passage.

In the view which Mr. Watts takes of the events of Cervantes's life it is possible to differ from him without being prepared to say that he is wrong. Personal feeling goes for much in the question. There will always be people who, because they love Cervantes and his great work, will be indignant to think that he strove with sorrows all his life and died in poverty. The feeling is natural and commendable. It is akin to the indignation aroused by the misfortunes of a friend, which is apt to be extreme, and unjust to others. On the other hand, some who are quite as hearty admirers of Cervantes and of *Don Quixote* may be disinclined to share in this wrath. They will say something like this:—It is true that Cervantes lived with no recognition till he was fifty-eight, but then he had done nothing in literature until that age, except a dull pastoral and a few unsuccessful efforts in uncongenial lines. His countrymen are not to be blamed for not being prophets. True, he had fought gallantly and been wounded on service. So had many a valiant gentleman of Spain, who did not suffer the less because he wrote no *Don Quixote*. He had been a slave in Algiers, and was poor. It was the lot of others. The place given him was but humble; but the King had many to provide for, and among hundreds of competitors why should he have been particularly favourable to Cervantes? His uncongenial work brought Cervantes further suffering, but his official chiefs could only judge him by the work he did for them, and, like some other men of genius, he did not shine in dull matters of business

* *The Ingenious Gentleman, Don Quixote of La Mancha.* By Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. A New Edition, done into English, with Notes, Original and Selected, and a New Life of the Author, by H. E. Watts. 5 vols. Vols. I. and II. London: Bernard Quaritch. 1888.

When his great book appeared, it did not bring him a competence; but, alas! he lived in an age in which copyrights were not lucrative—and here, again, he shared the common lot. He bore his misfortunes nobly—and so much the better for him; but the wheels of this world, which grind terribly small, take no heed of the difference between the hero and the coward. There is one event to the righteous and to the wicked—the difference between them is the way they meet it. Let us not blame others for what was in the nature of things. Mr. Watts takes the first and the more emotional view, and we say again that we find no fault with him for it. What we do object to is a tendency on his part to belittle his hero, strange as it may seem. Again and again we are asked to notice that here and there and in the other place there is a slap at Lope de Vega. Once it comes in the use of the Latin word "felix" in a quotation. Well, for our part, we are sorry to hear it. We had thought Don Miguel more magnanimous than to gird at his luckier brother of the quill in these small ways. It looks as if he too had shared the common and mean Spanish vice of envy. Of course, if Mr. Watts is right, Cervantes had no cause to complain when other men fell foul of him. Gentlemen who play at bowls must look out for rubbers. But is it true? We doubt it. Cervantes was lavish in praise, far too much so for his critical reputation, and was, we really think, too brave a man to mention Lope by name with a proper regard for his real worth—which in literature was not small—as he does, and then attack him underhand. The temptation to discuss other problems of Cervantes's life with Mr. Watts is great, but limitations of time and space are peremptory. Mr. Watts has told English readers more about it than they will obtain from anybody else in their own language, and he will assuredly mislead nobody who reads him, as he would naturally wish to be read, with some critical faculty.

FICTION.*

In descriptions of quiet rural life few writers could compete with Mr. Thomas Hardy. We do not say that his work is invariably faultless; but we do say that, when taken up at all, every word of it should be read, if it is to be either enjoyed or judged of fairly. The *Wessex Tales* consist of five stories of events which are supposed to have taken place in the earlier part of the present century. And now we are going to find a fault. Why does Mr. Hardy place two stories connected with executions next each other? Why, in two stories out of five, does he begin with unexpected guests at humble festivities, in humble homes, on humid evenings? Why, again, in a proportionate number of his five tales does he clear the way between married people and others whom they wish to marry by killing their unloved mates? And having done this, why does he in both instances disappoint the bereaved ones of their hoped-for second marriages? Mr. Ruskin tells us that one of the great laws of composition is the law of repetition. Mr. Thomas Hardy obeys this law so implicitly in these volumes as to approach the monotonous. We say approach it only, for there is quite sufficient variety in them to afford pleasant reading. The first of the tales, "The Three Strangers," is a crisp, original little story enough, and well told. "The Withered Arm," which follows it, is a disagreeable, ghastly tale, and we could wish it out of the book altogether, although it is undoubtedly clever and enriched with some excellent descriptions. In number three, "The Fellow Townsmen," again both characters and scenes are admirably described. We can hardly believe, however, that on returning to Port-Bredy, after an interval of twenty-one years, the hero could have found Mr. Watkins, the bookseller, so ignorant of the affairs of his own native town and its surroundings as he is here represented. "Interlopers at The Knap," the fourth story, is somewhat pointless; but, like all the others, it is embellished with powerful description, and we would rather read it than many a thrilling novel. The last tale, "The Distracted Preacher," is, in our opinion, the best of them all. We have no fault to find with the plot, and the account of smugglers' life on the coast is interesting, lively, and picturesque.

We confess that we took up *A Glorious Gallop* with a groan. Of so many glorious gallops had we read that we felt inclined to say "And yet another?" Well, it is another, but not of the conventional type. Far from flying over impossible fences and unjumpable brooks in his stride, the horse which carries the heroine in this particular gallop is afflicted with incipient cataract in both eyes, and blunders in the most alarming manner at every fence. When we have said that he pulls so hard that his rider has not the least control over him, it may be imagined that this gallop is not an unmixed pleasure to the heroine; and as he breaks three of her ribs and his own neck at the end of it, even its glories are somewhat shorn. The gallop, however, only occupies seven of the hundred and eighteen pages. The hero of the story is intended by a managing mamma to marry the prettiest of her five daughters; but instead of doing this he marries the ugliest. It is a simple little tale, well told, and it ought to add to the popularity of the writer. *A Glorious Gallop* is not all horses and hunting. Unpretentious as it is, it contains a good deal of pathos, and shows that the author has not a little knowledge of human nature.

In *All Else of No Avail* we are expected to take an interest in a hero who "borrows" from his employer's till to pay his debts, and promises to marry an actress for a consideration of 300*l*. It should be added that she was, to his own knowledge, a thief on no small scale. While he was engaged to this delectable personage he stayed at a country house where he met and fell in love with another young lady. With her he went to a cottage where a poor man was dying. The invalid asked him to pray, so "he braced himself up, and in a few plain simple words said briefly what he thought the old man would wish, and which in reality was at the same time his own prayer. A surprise to himself, he did not hesitate for words, but said exactly what came to his mind, firmly and earnestly." The old man died a few minutes later, and then the hero rewarded himself for praying so beautifully by kissing the young lady in whose company he had performed his devotions, and whose hand he had held during his orisons. "Enraptured and intoxicated their lips met." "He drew himself back and looked at her, and then clasped her still closer to him, and kissed her lips again," feeling "that he stood upon a pinnacle which overlooked the universe." It is needless to say that the lady to whom he was betrothed very soon brought him down from this pinnacle. As might have been expected, complications ensued, and he found himself in an awkward predicament. This calm philosopher then made the best of circumstances. He told lady No. 2 that he loved her but could not marry her; and he told No. 1 that he would marry her but could not love her. No. 1 then took a shot at him with a revolver but missed him, and shortly afterwards poisoned herself. This would have cleared the way for a marriage with No. 2 had not the latter excused herself on the ground that she had once been bitten by a mad dog, and might go mad at any moment. Here was another complication, and the parties agreed to refer the matter for arbitration. The decision, accompanied by another prayer, was in favour of an immediate marriage. After their wedding the dread of hydrophobia haunted them until they were nearly distracted. Happily an artist friend was found to possess the very dog that had bitten the heroine, a "brown hound"—whoever saw a brown hound?—and this brown hound proved, after all, to be clothed and in his right mind; whereupon the hero "leaped up and seized the artist's hand and shook it fit to wring it off." "Great sobs, long pent up, burst themselves from him," and he and his wife were happy ever afterwards. Stolen diamonds, two defalcations, two burglaries, the robbing of a letter-bag, several detective policemen, a shipwreck, a fatal accident over the Falls of Niagara, a suicide, and two cases of attempted murder (to say nothing of the brown hound and the hydrophobia) are found necessary to "lend an interest" to this simple story. The tremendous plot narrowly escapes success; but it reminds us of a large yet damp firework, as it is not nearly so effective as its size would lead one to expect. The considerate author, anxious, apparently, to spare his readers anything like a shock, breaks his surprises gently to them, and prepares them gradually for their joys and sorrows. The effects of music upon the hero were so remarkable as to be worth recording. On a certain afternoon he happened to stroll into a village church when a young lady was practising on the organ. And this is what happened. He "leaped to his feet and clutched the rail of the pew. He felt as if a huge hand with a grip like a vice of steel had seized him and was bearing him upwards and along towards the booming music. He stared at the blackness in front where the organ was, as if he every minute expected it to open, and he should see through the widening doors a place all alight and filled with myriads of glowing, winged figures as far as the eye could reach, and he seemed to see himself, one black spot, going through those doors into that brilliant hall." Then came a "rhythmic crash," and "higher and higher he seemed to be taken in that colossal grip, his senses all strung to the utmost tension." At last, "a couple of bars from the end, the fearful music stopped, the hand seemed to release him, and down and down he fell through space, silently without a scream" (mark that!)—"silently without a scream he plunged like a weight through the darkness; he would be dashed to atoms at the bottom." But no! Suddenly "he seemed to be caught and his fall suspended." One of the leading characters in this novel is a certain Uncle Bat, a hospitable fellow, who writes to ask his nephew to "pack up a toothbrush and clean collar and come down for a week." He was an excellent billiard-player "and spent a good bit of time knocking the balls about, and practising artful, impossible hits." He was fond of playing with his guests, "giving starts to a good many who thought themselves dabs at the game." Among the pleasant little peculiarities of diction affected by the author are "Alright," "to look and see," "did not want to," "whatever has become of me," "the twelve of them," and such passages as the following:—"His arms must have ached fit to drop off. '*Some one* has cut up a lot,' said the lady, 'but *they've* cut it so thick, &c.'" The italics are ours. Possibly we have said enough to give an idea both of the story and the style of *All Else of No Avail*. After reading it we asked ourselves this question. If this sort of thing is accepted and printed by publishers, what must the novels be like which they refuse? for we are told that there are such, and many of them, difficult as it is to believe it.

Mary Jane Married, a sequel to Mr. Sims's former work, is a better book than its title would lead one to expect. Mary

* *Wessex Tales*. By Thomas Hardy. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

A Glorious Gallop. By Mrs. Edward Kennard. London: White & Co. 1888.

All Else of No Avail. By Ben Hayward. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1888.

Mary Jane Married: Tales of a Village Inn. By George R. Sims. London: Chatto & Windus. 1888.

Jane is a servant who has married and settled down with her husband at a pretty country inn. In each of her chapters she describes one of the visitors who patronize her little "hotel," as she loves to call it, or one of the barmaids, billiard-markers, &c., connected with it. The net result is a succession of more or less unconnected stories, each one chapter long. A book of three hundred pages, made up of such stories, has its disadvantages for continuous reading. It has something in common with a reprint of tales from a magazine, which, as everybody knows, has a tendency to be wearisome. An unambitious little work of this kind ought not to be criticized too severely; and we may honestly say that we have found in it a fair amount of variety, some not ill-drawn sketches of life and character, considerable originality, and a few bright touches of humour. It is not exactly the sort of book that we should read for our own personal gratification, but we think that there are many people who might enjoy a little of it, and some who might like the whole of it. An inclination to tediousness and an occasional want of point are perhaps its greatest faults. The second title is, in our opinion, a better and more explanatory one than the first, and we should have advised the author to have reversed them, calling the book "Tales of a Village Inn; or, Mary Jane Married."

THE THRONE OF THE FISHERMAN.*

WE took up Mr. Allies's book with a good deal of interest; it is perhaps as well to say at once that we read it with increasing disappointment. Had it been, as its somewhat rhetorical title would seem to hint, a mere exhortation, a mere "preaching to the converted," in plan, we should have felt less interest and no disappointment at all. Indeed, we should have contented ourselves with a few words of decent mention of it. But the heading of the first chapter, "The Continuous Witness of History through Eighteen Centuries to the See of St. Peter," and the apparent purpose of the author in his first pages to live up to this heading, seemed to promise something like a true eirenicon, for which the time is by no means unapt. The See of St. Peter (a term which we use "with all rights reserved") is at present occupied by a pontiff who unites the general respect of Christendom after a fashion which we must go back generations to equal, or indeed to approach. The old asperity between "Catholic" and "Protestant" is, except in the most ignorant and fanatical persons of at least the Anglican side, at a lower ebb than has been the case ever since the Blessed (or otherwise) Reformation. Men of intelligence, here and there, recognize that to wage wars of patricians and plebeians when the Gaul is at the gates, when the question is not of one kind of Christianity against another, but of Christianity against non-Christianity, is, putting moral, and even religious, views aside, a gross blunder. No one acquainted with history and possessed of some logical faculty is, so far as we know, very sanguine of actual reunion; but we might at least think that some attempt was going to be made from the other side, an attempt perhaps doomed to failure, like all previous attempts, but at any rate one recognizing the necessity of common ground. Such common ground, to a certain extent, history does provide. Non-Roman even more than Roman Christians have of late years shown victoriously how important, how indispensable an influence the Papacy was in the shaping and the maintenance of the civilized polity of Europe. Non-Roman even more than Roman Christians have taken pains to show the baseless folly of the notion that the Reformers "in a loomp" were angels or apostles, and of the attempt to deny that the motives of the Reformation were in many cases of the vilest character. Here, it might be thought by the guileless, even by the guileful, who retain so much innocence as to believe in titles, was to be such an attempt "from the other side." An argument based merely on tradition or authority no non-Roman could of course accept, however willing he might be to grant that, if the tradition were universal or the authority universally accepted, the matter would be different. But history is history; and no man holding the position of those opponents of Roman Catholicism who call themselves, as they believe with the best possible warrant, Catholics, thinks of disputing the jurisdiction of that court. He grants, like his adversaries, that history cannot touch the supernatural side of the question; he is certainly as willing as they are to recognize its finality in regard to the natural side. This being so, a very little surprise might have been generated in such a reader as we are supposing—one who knows the historic facts, and at the same time accepts the authority of the Scriptures, of the really Œcumenical Councils, and of the traditions of the Universal Church—by observing the somewhat sweeping "eighteen centuries" of Mr. Allies's first chapter. To do Mr. Allies justice, he does not keep his reader long upon the tenterhooks. It seems that he has no new facts to bring nor even any new arguments to contribute as to the first three centuries. We are to jump certainly to the Council of Nicæa—apparently to the Council of Chalcedon, and to take for granted that a very dubious recognition of papal authority in the beginning of the fourth century, a more certain recognition of it in the middle of the fifth, at once sum up and prove the conclusions on the subject of the first, second, and third centuries. Now this, we own, is a little cold-waterish to our desire to "hear some argument." For, in the first place, if you may argue the consent of eighteen centuries and more by proving the consent, not by any means unanimous, of fourteen centuries and less, we do not quite see why you should give yourself the trouble to go back to Chalcedon. "Why need there five-and-twenty, ten, or five?" The Lateran will do to start from as summing up the consent of a dozen centuries, or the Tridentine as summing up the consent of sixteen, or why not save all trouble and start from 1870, pointing out that, as the Vatican Council represents and sums up the consent of the Church before it, that will do? For we need hardly say that it is just exactly this *crux* of the first three centuries that has got to be solved. And you cannot solve it by starting as if there were none. The eye of faith, of Roman faith, of course needs no proof. But we thought we were dealing not with faith but with history.

But this is not all. We cannot turn a page without seeing that Mr. Allies's notion of "history" is something absolutely different from ours. Assuming for a moment that the evidence showing that St. Peter was actually Bishop of Rome, and that he formally transmitted not merely episcopal but super-episcopal authority to his successors, is as certain as the evidence showing that Christ was crucified at Jerusalem, would it not, in a chapter where history is so ostentatiously cited, be just as well to quote the authorities which supply this evidence, their date and their words?—as well as for the delegation of patriarchal powers by St. Peter to St. Mark at Alexandria and for the assertion that, though St. Peter "held the see of Antioch for seven years" before he went to Rome, the sees are not only "coeval" (both these statements are made textually by Mr. Allies), but Rome is "the *first* see"? Again, Mr. Allies duly quotes at length the remarkable passage of St. Gregory the Great in which the triunity of the see of Peter—Antioch-Rome-Alexandria—and the derivation of the three patriarchates therefrom is recognized. He also tells us that Alexandria and Antioch "disappear" apparently under Divine ordinance for the greater glory of Rome. But he seems to have very partially seen one, and altogether to have missed another, serious *aporia* and something more than *aporia* which follows from these statements of his and of St. Gregory's. If, as the saint states with the utmost clearness, there was in Antioch and Alexandria as well as in Rome the *Cathedra Petri*, the see upon which "by divine authority three bishops now preside," how is it that *one* is to be regarded as having from the first been more than *primus inter pares*? This is the first; the second is much worse. The triple see, Antioch-Alexandria-Rome, is, says St. Gregory, the *Cathedra Petri*, the rock against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. According to Mr. Allies the gates of hell prevailed against two-thirds of it before a third part of the eighteen hundred years were over. Is not this a little awkward?

We trust that we shall be regarded as incapable—we, at any rate, make the most solemn assurance to Mr. Allies and all whom it may concern that we are incapable—of dealing with this question otherwise than dialectically, and on the grounds of history and logic only, the two grounds on which, we suppose, Mr. Allies wishes it to be discussed, inasmuch as otherwise his historical arguments seem to be altogether superfluous. We could subscribe with clear consciences, perhaps with consciences rather clearer than those of persons who accept the Vatican Council—the declaration on his sixth page, "I speak to those who believe." And we are equally safe from a later negative definition of "those who believe in no Church." But if Mr. Allies appeals to history and to reasoning, to reasoning and to history he shall go. And we are bound to say that, up to the Council of Chalcedon at least, his historical arguments are worth nothing. For they are not only subject to the formidable dilemmas which we have indicated above, but they also repose on no documentary evidence, and in the absence of documentary evidence they rest on a succession of unconscious *petitiones principii*. The Church of Rome was preserved when the Churches of Antioch and Alexandria fell because it was the See of Peter; and the Church of Rome is the See of Peter because it was preserved when the Sees of Antioch and Alexandria fell. The Councils acknowledged it because it was the constant tradition of the Church; and it was the constant tradition of the Church because the Councils acknowledged it. The shuttlecock goes backwards and forwards in this way continually, and it is a very pretty game, but not history nor logic. Mr. Allies does, indeed, refer to St. Clement, but it is noteworthy that he does not quote the passage at length, and he lays little stress on it.

With the opposite theory to his own, though he sometimes glances at parts of it, and shows that he is aware of its existence, he never deals fully. And especially he never attempts to meet the argument that this opposition theory explains the facts, the facts admitted by faith as well as the facts proved by history, not only as well as his own but a great deal better. That the very fact of the recognition by the early Church—a recognition crystallized once for all in his own unlucky quotation of St. Gregory as to the threefold representation of the Petrine rock in Asia, Africa, and Europe—is fatal to the absolute primacy of either see; that such primacy *inter pares*, as can be inferred rather than proved as having existed early, is a natural consequence of the fact of Rome being the unquestioned capital of the Christian world; that it ceased when Rome ceased to be such a capital; that the so-called heresies of the Greek Church are in no sound theological sense more heresies than the novelties decreed eighteen years ago at Rome; that the fissure, not of the Church which never can be divided even by its own faults, but of the political state of the Church, necessarily followed the further

* *The Throne of the Fisherman Built by the Carpenter's Son; the Root, the Bond, and the Crown of Christendom.* By T. W. Allies, K.C.S.G. London: Burns & Oates.

political division of Christendom; and that nothing can be held of universal authority except what was universally decreed:—these are the main propositions to which non-Roman Catholics pin their Catholicity. And the validity of them remains absolutely untouched by Mr. Allies's argument, while we mean nothing impolite when we say that it cannot be touched by his history, because his history is for the most part non-existent. The very word history must be an empty name to a man who can talk of the "uninterrupted testimony of the history of eighteen centuries," and then say, that you must certainly take the first three of the eighteen for granted, if not the first four and a half. And we fear we must add that logic must mean as little to a man who quotes the "text of constitution" as to the gates of hell, the "text of definition" given by St. Gregory, and the fact of the obliteration of the Antiochian and Alexandrine sees, as if the three together did not, on his principles, constitute a chain ruinous either to the inspiration of Scripture, the orthodoxy of St. Gregory, or the truth of that very undeniable and certain history which tells how the patriarchates of Alexandria and Antioch became the prey of the infidel.

THE GIPSY LANGUAGE.*

IT is a healthy sign that the number of "monarchs retired from business" is at present being rapidly equalled by those who are going into the business of literature. And we may place very prominently among the latter that genial gentleman and earnest scholar the Archduke Jósef of Hungary, who, if not literally a monarch, acts practically as one in Buda-Pest, *in absentia regis*. That he is glad to meet every stranger of note or culture, that he is as devoted to the chase as to books, and that he can even talk to all of his subjects in their twelve or fourteen languages, are facts which will probably be enumerated to the tourist by the hotel-keeper soon after his arrival in the city of the Huns; for the people are very proud indeed of their Duke, and rejoice in him after a good, old-fashioned, simple-hearted wise, such as is now becoming rare in the world.

Among the marvels related of his Highness, who has done a great deal of the romantic Haroun al Raschid wandering in his time, there is one to the effect that he has more than once passed months as a gipsy of the gipsies in tents among the wild Romany. That he speaks perfectly the half-dozen gipsy dialects of Austro-Hungary and Germany is proved by the book before us, entitled "*Czigány Nyelvtan*, irta Jósef Föherczeg, Budapest, 1888"—"The Gipsy Tongue, by Josef the Archduke"—in which a copious vocabulary and grammar of these forms are compared with the Indian languages on a scale and with a thoroughness which has never before been applied to the Romany of any country. By the Indian languages we mean here Sanskrit, Prakrit, Hindustani, Bengali, Sindi, Mahratta, Kashmirian, Malabar, and Tamil. And, to judge the author according to what he simply professes to have attempted to do, it must be admitted that the work is well done. It exhibits great industry guided by common sense, and it is free from any attempt to force facts into any far-reaching theory, which is the *ignis fatuus* which too generally misleads the greatest philologists. It is far superior to the great Thesaurus or *Die Zigeuner in Europa und Asien* of Pott, because the writer has not only a clearer style and simpler method, but because he has a more extensive and very much more familiar acquaintance with his subject. Pott in the pride of his book-learning actually boasted that he had never seen a gipsy more than two or three times in his life, while Archduke Josef, though he makes no mention of it in his book, can, on hearing a sentence, decide whether the speaker is a musician of the city, a wanderer of the roads, or one in transition between these social conditions.

If the Czigány Nyelvtan is not perfect as regards comparison with Oriental sources, it is due to the fact that as yet no one has mastered the mysterious *Bhât* or jargon of the roads, which is current among certain classes of gipsies who wander not only through Northern India but also Persia and even Syria, and which contains much of the corrupt slang of those countries. Among these there is one—apparently an offshoot from the common Dom or mountain Domar—whose members call themselves Rom or Romani, and whose language seems to be identical with that of Syrian gipsies proper. The late Professor E. H. Palmer, from his knowledge of English Romany, found it easy to converse with the latter. While the standard dictionaries of Indian languages make clear the origin of the great majority of European Romany words, it is evident that the last word of the enigma can never be perfectly solved until we have vocabularies of all these Indian jargons. But as we have not as yet mastered all the low dialects even of Great Britain, it is evident that we may have to wait for some time for those of India, notwithstanding the great and creditable efforts which are being made by Major Grierson to collect them. In this connexion we may state as a fact, which will interest many scholars, that we gather from a MS. dictionary, which was the result of many years' careful search, that the English-Romany dialect contains hundreds of words of Indian origin, mostly Hindi or Persian, which do not appear in any of the vocabularies of the Continental dialects. George Borrow, who declared that there are only twelve hundred words in English gipsy, had a very limited knowledge of its extent.

The second portion of the work, which is a full quarto, of 377 pages, is devoted to a very carefully written account of the works or papers which have been published relating to gipsies. As this part includes not only novels and tales, but even such operas as *Preziosa*, *Il Trovatore*, Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*, and *Carmen*, it cannot be said that effort has not been made to perfect it. It is true that several of the earlier and even later English writers on gipsy-lore are not mentioned. We do not observe the names of Crabbe, Hoyle, George Smith, Wilson, or any reference to an American book of 1863, *The Gipsies*, or the English versions of Grellman; and an index is, moreover, greatly to be desired; but such omissions are pardonable in a first edition of such a work, since, as regards all that is given as to Continental works on the subject, even the most learned "Tsiganologues" will probably learn much that is new. Take it for all in all, we may say that the best offspring of gipsy learning is its last.

It will gratify those who are interested in the subject to know that French and German versions of this, the Hungarian original, will soon appear. As regards paper and typography the book is all that can be desired. *A propos* of it, we may mention that a Gipsy-lore Society has very recently been established, which, as its title indicates, is to be devoted to investigating and collecting the language and legends of the Romany. It is to be hoped that supporters will not be wanting to so interesting a scheme.

* *Czigány Nyelvtan, Romano Csibákero Sziklaribe.* Irta Jósef Föherczeg, Budapest kiadja a Magyar tudományos Akademia. 1888.

NOVELS.*

THE World's Verdict is a pleasantly written and promising story, showing some signs of the 'prentice hand in the inequality of its construction and in the air of second-rate melodrama which surrounds its more serious characters and situations. It is probable that where Mr. Mark Hopkins has succeeded best he has given us the results of his experience, and that it is where he has relied on his imagination that he has failed. With the Hardings, the American family travelling in Europe, and their Irish maid Nora, our author is on safe ground; he is dealing with types he has met and understands. He is also thoroughly successful with his two pairs of lovers, and may be specially complimented on the character of the young Russian artist Serge Tolotski, whose enthusiasm for art is most happily free from priggishness. Mr. Hopkins's style is neat and pithy, and without being brilliant is bright and amusing. Take for instance the following:—

> When Mrs. Harding saw an antique treasure in the shape of old silver or embroidery, or even a copper pot, she said first, "It's lovely"; next, "I wish I had it"; next, "I can't afford it"; and finished with buying it.

And, again:—

> Mrs. Harding and Mrs. Gordon were congenial spirits who mutually disapproved of each other sufficiently to make occasional interviews necessary and interesting. "An incorrigible gossip and a vulgar woman," said Mrs. Harding in the bosom of her family. "A pushing thing and, I believe, a hypocrite," said Mrs. Gordon in the bosom of hers.

Unfortunately, in introducing the element of evil which for a time threatens the happiness of the young lovers the author is at his worst. The characters of the wicked Russian Prince Turgeoff and his accomplice and ex-valet Pietroff are conventional and artificial; and the episodes in which they figure have the air of being made to order to produce the required effect, and therefore fail to carry with them any conviction of reality. It is impossible to believe in the astute old intriguer Pietroff deceiving himself as to the fortune of a not particularly attractive young woman, and marrying her on her own unsupported assurance that she has money. Such mistakes show Mr. Hopkins to be a novice in the art of novel-writing; if experience mends these shortcomings, without robbing his style of its freshness, he should do well.

If we accept the title of Lady Watkin Williams's novel as correctly describing its contents, and hold that *Even Such is Life* as she therein depicts it, we shall have no difficulty in answering Mr. Mallock's familiar inquiry with an unhesitating and cheerful negative. The characters, one and all, hold with the walrus in Mr. Lewis Carroll's delightful story-book that "the time has come to talk of many things," and the reader is accordingly entertained with a succession of discourses on politics in general and Mr. Gladstone in particular, on whether domestic servants should be compelled to go to church, on "the amount of intelligence which dictates the votes of the masses," on "the quarrel between the Church and free thought," and so forth. There is no plot, the characters are so busy talking that they have no time to act; indeed, so lightly does the author regard the fortunes of her *dramatis personæ*, that towards the end of the third volume she despatches to the West Coast of Africa her hero (if a story which is all about nothing can be said to have a hero), a Radical Welsh Baronet, whom she represents as a paragon of all virtues—personal, domestic, and political—and then, after dwelling on the dangers of the climate and the possibility that the voyage may prove fatal to him, she brings her book to an abrupt termination without any further reference to him. The reader can scarcely be expected to feel interest in a story on the construction of which the author has expended so little care. There is more human interest about old Lord and Lady Hendon than about any one else in the book, and the old banker's struggles, his temporary

* *The World's Verdict.* By Mark Hopkins. Boston: Ticknor & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

Even Such is Life. By Lady Watkin Williams. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited.

failure, and ultimate success, are told in a way that encourages hopes that Lady Watkin Williams may yet write a readable novel, if she will realize the fact that mere talk on extraneous topics, however exalted they may be, does not constitute a work of fiction. There is one passage in this book which is open to the gravest objection; that in which Mr. Gladstone is mentioned by name—the introduction into the pages of a novel of the names of contemporary personages of eminence is much to be deprecated as an offence against all the rules of good taste; which in the present instance is aggravated by the extremely personal nature of the reference. If novel-writers are encouraged to make free with the names of living statesmen, they may soon begin to introduce them among their characters, and of such a new departure who could say what would be the end?

MEMOIRS OF BARON DE RIMINI.*

If these Memoirs are genuine, and the shamelessness and spite that they exhibit incline us to believe them to be so, the writer of them was or is—for it is doubtful whether he is still alive—a rascal of no ordinary kind. Griscelli, or the Baron de Rimini, as he calls himself, was—we prefer to believe that he is dead—a Corsican of low birth, who quarrelled with his first wife, and entered the French army in order to rid himself of her. While in that service he became, so he tells us, a splendid swordsman and a noted duellist, and on one occasion ran his sword through three fencing-masters, taking them one after another, and crying as the third fell "Now for another! Here's the butcher!" His first wife having died, he married again as soon as he was discharged, quarrelled with his second wife, and apparently married a certain Louise; for he was, he says, "sold" to the Commissary of Police, and was imprisoned for two years for bigamy. Meanwhile Louise died, after giving birth to a son, whom he left to be maintai ed by the family of his victim. Soon after the *coup d'état* he became a secret agent of the police, and had special charge of the person of Napoleon. By his own showing he was mixed up in some vile affairs, and assassinated at least one man for his master, and another, whom he stabbed in London, on his own account. After his patron Pietri lost his place as Prefect of the Police, Griscelli was dismissed, and in 1859 was hired by Cavour to promote the organization of revolutionary Committees, and served various masters in Italy as "agent" or spy. During the time that he was employed in Rome as a spy by Cavour, he also acted as a spy for Pius IX.; and, while receiving pay from the Pope and Cardinal Antonelli for secret service, sent reports of all he did to Turin. Among his exploits at Rome he got up a demonstration to "celebrate St. Joseph's, Garibaldi's, and Mazzini's birthdays," in order to enable Antonelli to detect the members of the revolutionary Committee—a bit of villainy which, he declares, was sanctioned by the Ministers of the King, and for which he was paid 600 francs when the men he had betrayed were arrested. While still in the employment of Cavour he hired himself to Francis II., King of Naples, was engaged by the Count of Trapani to assassinate Garibaldi, and betrayed the plot and the two assassins who were associated with him to the Piedmontese Ambassador. After Cavour's death he worked as a pamphleteer for the Papal party, stayed for some time at the house of Cardinal Wiseman, and received the title of Baron de Rimini from the ex-King of Naples. Then he did some jobs for Victor Emmanuel, and shortly afterwards was employed as a spy in the Austrian interest in Venetia and Florence. He disappeared, so his editor informs us, in 1867, his career probably being brought to some appropriate end, and left behind him these Memoirs, which remind us of the sulphurous stench that is supposed to infect the air after the disappearance of a more distinguished deceiver.

The first part of this volume, which relates Griscelli's experiences while serving as a secret agent of the French police, contains a large number of unpleasant stories; the second part is mainly concerned with political intrigues of the baser sort. It is not our purpose to enter on the writer's reminiscences of his life in Paris under Napoleon III.; they present a disgusting picture of chicanery, vice, suspicion, and violence. Many of them are utterly dull; some are no doubt more or less true; others are evidently mere repetitions of vulgar tattle. Any one who chooses to read this most unsavoury book must of course bear in mind that it is the production of a professional liar, who does not attempt to conceal his feelings of malice and revenge. An examination of one or two of his statements about his experiences in Italy will show what amount of credit ought to be given to his Memoirs generally. It will be observed that the editor, who conceals his name, has done his work with extreme carelessness. After a ludicrous description of Farini when Dictator of the Æmilian provinces as a "creature who faltered at no deed which might prove to Europe that Francis IV. [V.] had governed his subjects like a tyrant," Griscelli declares that he heard the Dictator give orders that Colonel Auviti [Anviti] should be "given up to the populace." In reality, Anviti, the agent of the tyranny of Charles III., was recognized at the railway-station at Parma when proceeding in custody to Piacenza, and was with some difficulty removed to the police-barracks. The mob forced its way into the barracks, overpowered the police, and murdered him. Farini issued a strongly-worded proclamation condemning the "hideous crime," and ordered a general disarmament of the citizens. A notice is given of the landing of Garibaldi at "Marseilles" [Marsala], and Griscelli goes on to say that the Neapolitan force at Catalafimi [Calatafimi] merely "pretended to resist him." As a matter of fact, some two hundred of Garibaldi's men were put *hors de combat*, his son Menotti being one of the wounded. The chapter ends with the remark, "We will leave Sicily, pillaged and sacked by the Dictator's hordes." The last chapter of the volume presents the conduct of the Archduke Albert previous to the battle of Custozza in a new light. After a description of the positions of the four Italian Army Corps, we are told that the Archduke "was staying quietly in his palace at Verona, contenting himself with gathering around the city about forty thousand men." He is represented as remaining in this careless and inactive state until the day before the battle, 23rd June, when he asked this ex-police-agent of Napoleon III. "to go to the Mincio, towards Vallegio, and find out what the Italians were doing." The "Baron" discovered that the enemy was crossing the river, though he remarks, "with a single battery of artillery the Austrians could have prevented their passage," only of course the Archduke, who was staying quietly in his palace, neglected to send the battery. "Some," he observes, "said that the Archduke preferred waiting under the walls of Verona that he might whip them more easily. Others affirmed that his Highness Prince Albert was waiting to be attacked on the Po." However this might be, the "Baron" returned with his news, and so, the reader is given to understand, enabled the Austrian commander to make arrangements that led to the victory of the following day, though, as it happens, the Archduke had ordered his army to concentrate on Verona the day before. Now we do not pretend to say what the "Baron" did or did not do, and, as it is certain that on the 23rd a reconnoissance from head-quarters reported the Italians in force near Vallegio, it is perfectly possible that, though a civilian, he was allowed to ride with the reconnoitring party. But what will strike every one who knows anything about the matter is, that the "Baron" was either utterly ignorant of the true state of affairs, or chose to conceal it from his readers to enhance his own importance. From the very beginning of the month the Archduke was convinced that the Italians would attempt the passage, and, as his army was far smaller than theirs, he knew that his only hope of success lay in preventing the junction of the King and Cialdini on the Adige. By taking up his position at Verona he hoped to be able to cut them off from each other, and whether the King crossed the Mincio to protect the march of Cialdini from this position on the Lower Po, or Cialdini began by crossing the Po in order to draw off the Austrians, and so enable the main army to pass both the Mincio and the Adige, in either case to fall unexpectedly on the King's army before it could be joined by the force under Cialdini, and thus defeat the enemy in divisions. The success of this masterly scheme entirely depended on his watchfulness. Accordingly, far from remaining content with gathering troops, he adopted probably the completest system of outposts ever known. These outposts effectually concealed his movements from the enemy, and at the same time brought him constant and complete information as to every movement on the part of the Italians. His plan of operations and the extraordinary skill which enabled him with a far inferior force to surprise and rout the Italian divisions are admirably described in General Clery's *Minor Tactics*, where the position and movements of the Austrian outposts are taken as a leading example "of outpost duty efficiently performed, and of the extreme importance that may attach to it." If the "Baron" had told us anything of all this, his reconnoitring adventure would have scarcely appeared to have contributed so largely to the success of the Austrians as the unwary reader will probably be led to suppose by his "entirely military chapter" on the battle of Custozza.

* *Memoirs of the Baron de Rimini (Griscelli de Vezzani), Secret Agent of Napoleon III.* (1850–53), *Cavour* (1859–61), *Antonelli* (1861–62), *Francis II.* (1862–64), *the Emperor of Austria* (1864–67). London: Remington & Co. 1888.

THE LAW RELATING TO DOGS.*

Mr. Lupton in his preface expresses a hope that his book will prove useful both to the profession and the general public; and, as the general public are owners of dogs almost to a man, the information that it contains, given as it is in a clear, concise, and practical way, technical expressions, as the author says, being as far as possible avoided, is of the utmost value. It is only surprising that no such work has appeared before. For the purpose of the book dogs are conveniently classed under four distinct heads—(1) ferocious, (2) dangerous, (3) mischievous, (4) harmless—and every dog is regarded as harmless in the eye of the law until the contrary has been proved. Most of the legislation relating to dogs has been the work of the reign of her present Majesty, and the wisdom of the Legislature has provided that cattle and sheep (including horses) are in a more favoured position in relation to dogs than human beings. The human being, if injured by a dog, must prove a *scienter* against the owner; he must prove that the owner knew, or ought to have known, the savage propensities of his dog, if he seek compensation for the damage done to him personally; whilst, in the case of cattle, &c., such proof is not required. The fact is, many harmless and well-disposed dogs, if temptation falls in their way, will yield to the impulse of the moment, and it is wonderful how small a dog will seriously injure and kill sheep. Sheep are the natural food of the dog, and it is a triumph of art, a notable example of the variation of animals under domestication, to have brought

* *The Law relating to Dogs.* By Frederick Lupton, Solicitor of the Supreme Court. London: Stevens & Sons. 1888.

him to be their chief protector. Sheep, moreover, are very delicate, and will die of a small bite inflicted when they are excited by fright.

The first five chapters of the book are devoted to the law protecting man against the dog, and the sixth, seventh, and eighth to the law protecting the dog and his owner against man. Chapter III., on the statutes relating to dangerous dogs, treats of the law concerning rabies, the most terrible of all the dangers that we run in our intimate association with dogs. There has been a well-founded alarm of late excited by the prevalence of rabies, probably by no means alleviated by the experiments of M. Pasteur, which have called attention to facts before not generally known, and have dissipated an ignorance that ought never to be bliss. The amending Act 49 & 50 Vict. c. 32 made the law more severe and more easily put in motion, and thousands of dogs, more especially in London, innocent and guilty alike, fell victims to the rabies scare. The innocent may be lamented, but the sacrifice was necessary, and not too great. The sentimental picture—"Nobody's Dog"—which appeared on the walls of the Royal Academy some few years ago feelingly represented one of these poor abandoned innocents, a type of the many who were executed according to law. Chapter IV. treats of trespassing and sporting, and of what a dog may and may not do by way of sport. W. Knox Wigram, in his *Justice's Note-book*, says:—"It is remarkable that 'hawk and hound,' those inseparable companions in the country life of our ancestors, should have been regarded with such widely different favour by the founders of the Common Law. To steal a reclaimed hawk has been felony from unrecorded time; while, until no very remote period, the owner of a stolen dog was left to the tame and expensive consolation of a civil action." In p. 59 of Mr. Lupton's book a note refers to the curious "forestal law relating to dogs, and the right to hamble and expeditate them." To expeditate a dog is the reverse of expediting him. The forester had a right to cut out his claw or the ball of his foot to prevent his chasing deer. Mr. Lupton says:—"It was formerly considered, and so held in several cases, that a person might justify hunting over the grounds of another, provided the governing motive was the extirpation of vermin, and not merely the pleasure of a run, and that he did no more than was necessary to kill the fox, otter, or other object of the chase." It is curious that the case quoted in support of this opinion is Nicholas *v.* Badger, in which Badger was the defendant, as he too often is. The fox has now been raised from the ranks of vermin, and has become a sort of semi-sacred beast in the eyes of the squire, and being no longer vermin, hounds commit a trespass if they pursue him upon the land of a person against his will. The landowner is, however, always assumed to be innocent of objecting to fox-hunting over his land until he has been proved to be guilty, and in this instance the law protects the guilty person. Dogs can be a nuisance, but the result of some cases "can scarcely be deemed satisfactory." Whether a dog may or may not bark and howl all night, disturbing the sleep of some and the studies of others, is not definitely decided. In London it has been held by magistrates to be and not to be a nuisance. The cock-crowing so irritating to Carlyle, superseded afterwards by the railway-whistle, according to Mrs. Carlyle, are instances. Decidedly no dogs could rival a railway in the nuisance of noise; but, as railways are not dogs, that is neither here nor there. In rural districts, it appears, a dog may make as much noise as he pleases, even if he interrupt the pursuits of a scientific gentleman who has erected a laboratory at great expense—Pearson, J. Huddlestone *v.* Boare.

The statutes for the prevention of cruelty to animals protect the dog, as he most woefully required protection. The dog is beloved of man, and returns his love with ardour; but the cruelty of man has also been lavished on the dog, next in profusion perhaps to his own race, the dog's intimacy and sympathy with man having given him a capacity to excite the human passions. When the Act, popularly known as Martin's Act, was passed 3 Geo. IV., Mr. Martin, an Irish country gentleman, in urging Parliament to pass it, gave such sickening descriptions of cruelties practised upon dogs that members could not sit in their places, and many were obliged to leave the House. The Act to amend the law relating to cruelty to animals, 39, 40 Vict. c. 77, constitutes the law regulating vivisection, in which dogs and cats are specially mentioned, and Mr. Lupton gives this Act in full in an appendix. He also gives in full the Act 28, 29 Vict. c. 60, to render owners of dogs liable for injuries to cattle and sheep; and the Act 34, 35 Vict. c. 56, to provide further protection against dogs—these three Acts being recent and very important additions to the law. Chapter X., and last, treats of proceedings in Courts of summary jurisdiction, in which most of the cases where dogs are to blame are heard before justices of the peace or stipendiary magistrates.

This is a handy, well-designed book, and can be recommended highly to all owners of dogs. There is a table of cases, an excellent index, and three important Acts printed in full. There is nothing but praise to be given to a small volume, excellently printed, and not burdened with an unnecessary word.

LIFE OF DR. WORDSWORTH.*

AMONG the numerous biographies which swell the literature of the present day it would be impossible that a life of the late Bishop of Lincoln should not find a place. Eminent as he was in ability, and by the various important positions he filled, he was perhaps more remarkable still for belonging to a type which is becoming rarer, as the lives of men become busier—that of the profound and polished scholar, combined with the practical and dignified Churchman. The nephew of William Wordsworth, and son of the Master of Trinity, brought up at Winchester, and having his home at Cambridge even before he became a member of the University, he lived in an atmosphere of culture and learning from his earliest years, and he and his brothers were endowed with just the natural gifts to make the most of these advantages. Probably never before or since did three brothers, all within the space of five years, carry off so many University honours and prizes as the Wordsworths did between 1825 and 1830. Learned as he afterwards became in patristic theology, this study never obliterated in him his love for the pursuits of his early life, and the classics were his delight and relaxation to the last. At Harrow he inculcated in his sermons that "there is no better preparation for the study of Christian morality than the thoughtful and wisely directed study of such writers as Horace, Juvenal, and Aristophanes"; and he practised what he preached. Theocritus is, however, the poet who is specially identified with his name, and the following statement by the present Archbishop of Canterbury, referring to a period when Bishop Wordsworth was seventy years old, is worth quotation:—

I was once sitting with the late Master of Trinity (Dr. Thompson) when he was speaking with great admiration of the Bishop's genius for scholarship. "A pity," he said, "that he took to divinity; he would have been the first scholar in Europe. Even now he is the only one almost of living men whom the Germans appreciate." He then went on to say that he had been re-reading Theocritus just lately with the utmost care, and "possessed myself of all the latest German editions up to this moment, and read them. Why, they are all made out of or based on Wordsworth's notes and texts which he published when he was quite young! It was a wonderful thing." When I next saw the Bishop I told him that the Master had said he had been re-reading his edition of Theocritus with great pleasure, and found the Germans so largely indebted to it, and that they had not gone beyond it. The Bishop smiled with a look of great amusement, and, with his eyes brightening, he said, "Did he say so? Did he really tell you that about the later editions? I know a good deal more about Theocritus now than I did then"; and with a smile he passed off to some other subject. The very next summer holidays which he had he looked up his accumulating notes, and brought out the beautiful new edition, which really was a great advance even on his own old one, with its exquisitely written Latin preface. It was the work, I believe, of a very few weeks, and by no means the only work.

After taking his degree and travelling for a time in Italy and Greece, the impressions of which he afterwards published in what still remains a standard work, Christopher Wordsworth became Classical Lecturer at Trinity; he was then ordained priest, made Public Orator, and in the same year Head-master of Harrow. This was the only unsuccessful epoch of his life, and it is not easy from the somewhat cursory way it is touched upon in the memoir to gather the reason. No doubt he set to work energetically in the path of reform, which our public schools at that period stood sadly in need of, and reforms are never popular either with masters or boys. They may also have been carried out with some want of tact and forbearance, as is hinted at; but there was so much in him of manliness and sympathy with boyish pursuits that it is difficult to see how he could have become permanently unpopular with the boys, and upon the masters his energy and uprightness must have told in the end. Probably had he stayed on he would have reaped the fruits of his labours instead of his successor; but, as it was, the offer of a Canonry of Westminster by Sir Robert Peel in 1844 was a welcome relief. His career as a prominent Churchman here begins, and so mixed up was he in all those efforts which have done so much to revivify the National Church, that more than the mere mention of them is beyond the scope of our short notice. It is true that, if the National Church was to continue to exist as such, it was a necessity that its organization should be extended; but to Christopher Wordsworth more than to any other man is due the fact that it was extended upon ancient principles, and not by new methods which would have had to be amended almost as soon as they were made. It was said of him that he was a primitive Christian dropped into the nineteenth century, and that was precisely what the Church of England wanted at the time. He felt as a Churchman what he afterwards expressed when he became a bishop; that he was not only a diocesan bishop of the national Church of England, but that he also belonged to the hierarchy of the Church Catholic. It was this feeling which prompted him to extend his warm instincts of fraternity to the dignitaries of the Greek Church on their visits to England, and to which we owe much of the friendly feeling of the Eastern Church at the present day; hence also arose his support of the Old Catholic movement, and his personal visits and speeches which animated their Conferences. On the other hand, the exclusive claims of the Church of Rome to be the Church Universal awoke his righteous wrath, and no more spirited protest than his *Responsio Anglicana* was ever put forth against the Infallible dogma of 1870. At home the Church of England owes to him in a greater or less degree the revival of Convocation, the restoration of Synods, Diocesan Conferences, the Pan-Anglican Synods, the renewal of Suffragan Bishoprics, and the extension of the Episcopate—any one of which would have conferred fame upon any man. As regards suffragan bishops, his treatment of the question was so characteristic of Dr. Wordsworth that it must be mentioned separately. It had been talked about for years; the necessity was acknowledged, but there the matter rested. Bishop Wordsworth simply did it.

* *Christopher Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln*, 1805–1885. By John Henry Overton and Elizabeth Wordsworth. London: Rivingtons. 1888.

In the very first year of his consecration as Bishop of Lincoln (1869) he prayed that he might have the assistance of a bishop suffragan, according to the ancient use of this realm before and after the Reformation. There was no real obstacle, as the statute of Henry VIII. was still unrepealed; and on February 2, 1870, a suffragan bishop of Nottingham was consecrated, the first of a long series. Before his death Bishop Wordsworth had carried his other great point, and his unwieldy diocese was divided by the consecration of the Bishop of Southwell.

As regards his opinions upon many subjects, it would have been interesting if they had been set forth a little more at length by the compilers of the memoir before us. They are to be found, of course, in the Bishop's published writings; but a few words or a short extract would have spared references almost as frequent as "Are they not written in the book of Jasher?" and, like that oft-quoted work, the special volume is not always to hand. His view of the Total Abstinence question is instructive:—

You will pardon me, I hope, for saying that it is very difficult to say who are "total abstainers"; some who are so nominally are not really. Besides, some who abstain from fermented liquors are remarkable for excess in eating and smoking. My travels in Greece brought me in contact with Turks who called themselves total abstainers, but were notorious for surfeiting and other licentiousness. I fear that many of our "Good Templars" would be found to be "bad Turks."

Nevertheless he recommended the Church of England Temperance Society, because "it did not enforce total abstinence on any, as a term of association with itself, and did not venture to condemn as evil any of God's creatures." No consideration of the unpopularity of any cause he thought right prevented him from lifting his voice in its favour; he deemed it his duty to protest against the appointments of Dean Stanley and Bishop Temple, but without a trace of rancour, and he remained firm friends with them to the end. He was energetic in his opposition to the Public Worship Regulation Act, though promoted by the two Archbishops, and in 1880 he fought almost alone, in the House of Lords, a hopeless battle against the Burials Bill on behalf of the vast majority of the clergy. He was of the stuff of which martyrs are made. "My dear friend," he said to the present Primate in 1870, when talking over the gloomy condition of the Church, "you have this great comfort before you, that probably you may be enabled to live to be a martyr." The Archbishop adds, "I believe that is the thing that he would himself have enjoyed more than anything else"; but he does not state how he relished the forecast of his own future.

LIFE AND TIMES OF QUEEN VICTORIA.*

THE second and concluding volume of Mr. Robert Wilson's chronicle of Her Majesty's reign is a record of the last nine-and-twenty years, 1858-87, a period of well-defined phases of depression and activity in our history, when political crisis at home was frequent and unusually acute. The commendation we were able to pronounce on Mr. Wilson's first volume cannot be withheld from this. Considering the comprehensive plan of a work designed for general reading, skill and discretion are visible in many directions where the latter quality was eminently desirable, though by no means to be anticipated with confidence. The history of our own times, for instance, can scarcely receive dispassionate treatment from the pen of the politician, who, if he should not incur the charge of partisanship, is almost certain to view things from a party standpoint. There is nothing of the inflexible politician in Mr. Wilson's comments on political movements and party tactics. Now and again dissent from his conclusions is unavoidable, but in such instances we are under no obligation to impugn the independence or the *bona fides* of the chronicler. It is open to any one to regard his judgment of Palmerstonian foreign policy as somewhat lacking in inclusiveness of vision. Patriotism in a statesman is a quality that ought not to be susceptible of any misconception to a candid mind, though it is notoriously apt to be somewhat elusive to contemporaries. The patriotism of Lord Palmerston ought at this date to be measurable enough. But Mr. Wilson hardly, we think, recognizes its true weight and value in Lord Palmerston. Again, it is perhaps a little excessive to look upon Lord Derby's resignation of office in 1878 as a saving grace worthy of the gratitude of the nation. It is doubtful if that act saved the country from war with Russia; it is still more doubtful if that war, which Mr. Wilson thinks was inevitable as well as threatened, would have proved the "direst calamity" to England. Then, again, the decisive election of 1880, which reinstated Mr. Gladstone, may, or may not, have proved that "the electors were more afraid of Lord Beaconsfield's foreign policy than of Mr. Gladstone's Irish Nationalist sympathies"; but it was incumbent upon Mr. Wilson to produce evidence of, and to define, Mr. Gladstone's Irish Nationalism in 1880, in order to justify his rejection of the more obvious conclusion that the majority of the electorate were influenced by the popular sentiment aroused by the Bulgarian agitation, and the crusade against the unspeakable Turk. These points, however, remain open matters to the open mind of the general reader, and, on the whole, Mr. Wilson's work shows creditable freedom from *parti pris* and a welcome individuality of tone. Excellent use is made of the literature of the period and official documents; and, with few exceptions, authorities are diligently referred to in notes when cited in the text. Events of domestic or social interest are properly dealt with prominently and with greater fulness than political history, while the woodcuts illustrative of the course of Her Majesty's life and her active interest in national progress are extremely well chosen, and for the most part well executed.

* *The Life and Times of Queen Victoria.* By Robert Wilson. Vol. II. London: Cassell & Co. 1888.

SPORTS AND RECREATIONS.*

MR. GALE'S new book might have a better name, but it could hardly be a better book in its way. The author delights in the style of "The Old Buffer," though there be buffers much more venerable extant; but his whole sympathy is with youth, courage, honesty, cricket, and English manliness. "The Old Buffer" is not merely the friend of times past. He laments the excesses of Mr. Arch, and the present condition of politics; but then he admits that, fifty years ago, the condition of England was very bad indeed. Rick-burning, shooting, hanging, gaol fever—these are old English institutions not regretted by Mr. Gale. He does lament the decline of village cricket, but surely this is the affair of the squires, farmers, and parsons. If they will read and learn from Mr. Gale, they will resist that dandified country cricket, which is not half such fun as the old village game, in which they should take their share in their parish. Centralization and swagger are the cause of this mischief. If England could be saved by village cricket, things would look a great deal more rosy than they appear at present. Of boxing Mr. Gale is a judicious friend. In an admirable essay on Tom Spring, he draws a full-length sketch of a respectable boxer, and censures Dickens's "Chicken," who, of course, is a mere diverting caricature. But Mr. Gale admits that the Ring is dead, and not to be revived nor regretted. He acknowledges that there is plenty of good boxing still with the gloves, and with the gloves you may still obtain the refreshment known to Mr. Gale as "a bellyful." Perhaps few modern amateurs are like the gentleman who backed a fighter and lost, through an upper-cut delivered by the opponent. That upper-cut so delighted the backer of the loser that it quite consoled him, and he "wished he had had it himself." Tom Spring told Mr. Gale what his sensations were when he fought. No one need be surprised that he did not feel blows when his blood was up; in battle, when sharper strokes are going, they are not felt, or are felt as mere touches, by men in hot blood. About real battles, about Quatre Bras and Waterloo, Mr. Gale has collected the memories of a veteran. Our men, or the men of that regiment at least, had no rations between the evening of June 15 and the end of the fight. A stray bit of biscuit was all they got to comfort them; but "the horses had a glorious time of it, as they ate as much standing corn as they pleased everywhere." Near Genappe the 1st Life Guards broke the French Lancers, who were mostly drunk, as they had sacked the liquor stores. We extract a few notes of the old soldier's:—

"Well, to go on to the Battle of Waterloo. We were on the Mont St. Jean side of Hougoumont on the morning, but we had been mostly on patrol duty and picket at night, as there were so few light cavalry, and the Belgians did not do what was expected of them, and we had to snatch a bit of sleep and get a bit of bread and biscuit and a drop of spirits as we could. The first shot, which reached us on the 18th, was a round shot, and I can see her now; my next man was a tailor, and a good soldier too, and he laughed and said, 'What do you think of that, Jim?' but the next shot took Sergeant Haslop's horse and thigh, and I asked him, 'What do you think of that, then?' As you know we did our bit that day, protecting the guns and supporting the first line, and when we made the last charge my horse was shot under me, and I caught a French horse and charged with the 18th Hussars, having lost my regiment, and we rested for that night near Belle Alliance, on the position the French held in the morning; and we got our first real meal early on the 19th. We afterwards moved on to Cambray and saw the reduction of the town, and then our fighting was over, and we marched on to Paris."

The narrator, Mr. James Simmons, was in the 7th Hussars.

Mr. Gale has plenty to say about schools. "Masters of large schools have now run up the costs as high as possible . . . and I think head-masters' conferences would be more valuable if paterfamilias had his hearing at them." Mr. Gale, in fact, though he has met good schoolmasters, does not seem very much to revere their wisdom. Nay, rather to hold Sir Walter Scott's opinion of that. The head-masters keep out "manly backward boys who want teaching," and who made our best officers, Mr. Gale thinks. And he is very hard on that competitive pot-hunting which, in the race for scholarships as well as for athletic prizes, harms the life of schools so much:—

One word about the big idle fellows. Hear what General Shute, V.C., an ardent Wykehamite, said at the Wykehamist dinner some few years back in the presence of Wardens, Masters, Judges, and Bishops. The general was returning thanks for the army, and claimed Winchester as his first teacher in military matters, as he was there grounded in punctuality, discipline, and obedience; and he added, almost in these words: "And if you would think less of the competitive examinations for the army, and let us have your strong, idle football-players and cricketers who cannot learn much Latin and Greek, and send them to us at seventeen years old, any good colonel or adjutant will either make good soldiers of them in twelve months, or return them on your hands, Queen's hard bargains."

Mr. Gale is not only fond of sport, but of every honest sport that is open to all men. Not merely dandy racing, dandy cricket, exquisite angling with the dry fly have their champion in him; but he describes with equal relish the lowly capture of roach and dace, and the matches where a peaceable umpire avoids offence by never giving any one out. He misses even the rat-hunting, he misses the simple times when there was less talk of distress, and we drank more cider and less champagne. But he has no bitterness

* *Sports and Recreations in Town and Country.* By Frederick Gale. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1888.

in his regrets, he does not despair of England and her people, nor need anybody despair if Mr. Gale's works were acted on as text-books. There would be more fun, less display, more sport, and much less gambling. This is the sort of volume that one would wish to see in every parish library and on the shelf in every schoolboy's study. It is full of delightful anecdotes, and is a model of everything good, except, perhaps, of style, which is unimportant.

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

MR. JOHN MORLEY, like a wise editor, has made no more attempt in his "English Statesmen" than in his "English Men of Letters" to impose a single mould or model on his contributors, and the results usually justify the policy of "giving them their head." Certainly that policy is justified in the present instance. Mr. Frederic Harrison's work is often wrongheaded, and still more often narrow-sighted; but it generally has distinction and literary quality. The writer, moreover, is here very well parted with a subject, owing to his possessing what may be called a "cross-bench mind" in reference to ordinary English politics. It is still very hard for a thoroughgoing Tory to do justice to Cromwell; it is not much easier for a thoroughgoing Liberal, who cannot forgive "Take away that bauble" and the Major-Generals, even to the inventor of the celebrated receipt for governing kings by garring them ken that they had a lith in their necks; while a person of the good old illogical Whig persuasion is equally weighted on the other side. Now, whatever harm the "French pedant" has done Mr. Harrison, it has not been the harm of making him a blind adherent of any of these sects. If he is in any respect politically "cracked" (we mean no incivility), the cracks run in directions not identical with the general cleavage of English politics; while the great-man aspect of the Humanity craze must dispose him to look favourably upon a person to whom many have denied the title of good, but to whom no one in his senses would refuse that of great. One thing, we own, does surprise us in Mr. Harrison's book. We can find no mention—and if there were any adequate mention we could hardly have failed to find it—of the work of Thomas Carlyle. Now, putting all questions of estimate of the literary value of that work aside, it is a fact not admitting of discussion that neither Mr. Harrison nor any one else can handle this subject without being indebted at every step to Carlyle for the provision and the arrangement of the most indispensable materials.

In almost every other respect Mr. Harrison's work is unexceptionable, and as a narrative it is of unusual excellence. Whether by casting it so decidedly in the narrative form Mr. Harrison wished to make it more generally acceptable to general readers; or whether, with something of the cunning of the serpent, he saw that in a much-debated life it is the easiest and safest plan to shun debate almost or altogether, we know not. But he has refrained almost entirely from "arguing the point" on the most disputed incidents of the Protector's life; and he has refrained, as it seems to us, still more pointedly from giving any formal summary or discussion of his character and career. This, as we have more than once remarked, in reviewing books of the same kind, seems to us a mistake; but we must suppose it in the case of a writer like Mr. Harrison to be a deliberate mistake. However this may be, it distinctly curtails the reviewer's power of dealing at length with the book, inasmuch as there is nothing to fight about. Everybody (except, perhaps, some unusually logical Gladstonians) will admit with Mr. Harrison that Oliver's foreign policy was the foreign policy of a great patriotic Englishman; very few people will object to Mr. Harrison's putting aside the old theory of constant and conscious hypocrisy. He says as little as he can about the points which are not, like these, points of pretty general agreement; and yet in only one instance, we think, can he be distinctly said to "shirk." This instance is the instance of the Self-denying Ordinance, where, indeed, the most ardent Cromwellian must find it difficult to reconcile his hero's conduct with common honesty. Something might perhaps be said about the exceedingly mild view which Mr. Harrison takes of the sheer tyranny of the Major-Generals; but his book is, on the whole, so studiously non-controversial that it is hardly worth while to say it. Some incidental digressions and *aperçus* deserve favourable notice. Such is the elaborate demonstration that what won the Civil War was not Right or Might (in the general sense), or fervour of conviction, or popular determination, or anything of that sort, but simple military discipline—that the side which first got its regiments properly drilled and its army properly regimented won. Such, again, and more novel, is the insistence on the fact that Charles was by no means the incompetent tyrant of Macaulayan imagination, but a ruler, a negotiator, and even to some extent a general of great ability, his ability being to no small extent the cause of his death, because it made him formidable. Such, yet again, is the reminder that what Cromwell in his quarrels with the Rump and his own pseudo-Parliaments was aiming at was something not wholly unlike the separation of Executive and Legislature which has, hitherto with a kind of success, been carried out in the American Constitution. But it may be repeated that the merit of the book lies in the fulness, fluency, and (on the whole) fairness of its narrative of facts, and that this merit is very considerable.

* *Twelve English Statesmen—Oliver Cromwell.* By Frederic Harrison. London: Macmillan & Co.

THE BOOK OF NOODLES.*

WHEN people ceased to regard idiots ("soft-headed ones," the Zulus call them) as inspired, they began to look on them as unconscious humourists. Mr. Clouston's pretty little *Book of Noodles* is a compendium of stories about the Wise Men of Gotham in all countries. Noodle stories are found by Mr. Clouston in the Buddhist *Jâtakas*, or "Birth Stories," and every one has been acquainted with the "Scholasticus" in the Greek Delectus. The Fabliaux also have anecdotes of noodles, especially of the noodle who can entertain but one idea at a time. Such a one is found in the traditions of two neighbouring South Sea Islands, on one of which the women only are tattooed, while the men alone are tattooed on the other. In the latter tattooing was not fashionable, and the local idiot was despatched for instructions to the island where tattooing prevailed. There he was told "Tattoo the women and not the men." He made for home, repeating "Tattoo the women but not the men"; but he tripped on a tree-root, his memory was shaken, and when he arrived among his people he said, "Tattoo the men but not the women." This noodle appears to have escaped Mr. Clouston's researches, also the Ananzi version of the punning story like "Nobody did it," and all the exploits of that heroic noodle Tangarva the Fool, of the Solomon Islands, who brought death into the world, and all our woe. Mr. Clouston begins with the Greek simpletons of Hierocles, the man who, having a house to sell, carried about a brick as a specimen, and our other friends, who were very ancient Joe Millers, no doubt, when Hierocles collected them. If the *Margites*, attributed to Homer, had not been lost, we might have found, in the *Margites*, the epic of heroic noodledom. In Greece, as in modern Europe, people of various places—Cumæ, Abdera, and others—had a reputation as Gothamites, a reputation probably given by their next-door neighbours. The Irishman of fable is, perhaps, only a hero created by the jealousy of England, and "bulls" may be one of the injuries which it is so difficult, alas! to redress. The exclamation of the old woman, the victim of a pedlar, "and his name was Stout," is as familiar to Persian as to British nurseries. Mr. Clouston might have given a reference to the epigram in the Anthology, where the blockhead puts out the candle that the fleas may not see to bite him. It is hard to have to hunt all through the Anthology for the origin of the tale of the Irishmen, the mosquitoes, and the fire-flies which came "looking for us wid' a lantern." Norfolk supplied England with Gothamism as early as the twelfth century, as may be read in a Latin poem, *Descriptio Norfolciensium*, by a monk of Peterborough. The oldest collection of actual Gotham jokes is thought by Mr. Halliwell Phillips to have been printed between 1556 and 1566, but the oldest extant copy is no later than 1630. There are Gothamites in Tamil, in Icelandic, in Gaelic, in Sanskrit, in Chinese, as well as in Germany, where the Schildburgers burned their village down, in the vain attempt to kill a cat, an adventure which had already occurred in Cashmere. The Arabs have similar stories of the extreme lack of imagination, the heroic literalness which is the chief characteristic of the noodle. Taylor, the Water Poet, has a Gothamism, about a country fellow who, wishing to throw a stone at a town dog, found the stone rammed or paved into the ground, and that tale occurs in the poems of Sadi (A.D. 1278). In Persian the stone was frozen to the ground. But whether the very feeble joke of the land where "they let loose the dogs and fasten the stones" is originally Persian or not, and how it made its way into England, who can discover? The Turks have a form of the dream of the Irishman, who, in a vision, was offered punch by the Pope, and who, preferring it hot, wakened before the liquor was brought, and regretted that he had not taken it cold. The Chinese story is still more like our version than the Turkish, the Chinese being great drinkers of negus. The Scotch "Barring of the Door" is found by Mr. Clouston, not only in Straparola's "Facetious Nights," but in "an Arabian tale," to which he gives no more precise reference, which is a pity. A party of noodles—not man and wife—are the heroes in Turkish. It is a moral tale; the noodles were eaters of bang or haschisch. Similar anecdotes are found in Cashmere, Ceylon, and Sicily. The kind of fool who, being told to make a certain remark on a certain occasion, uses it on all occasions, with disagreeable consequences, is found in Japan and among the Arabs, as well as in M. Charles Deulin's tales of French Flanders. A collection of tales turning on a pun as "Myself did it" or "Nobody did it" illustrates in a pleasant way the story of the Cyclops in the Odyssey, but has not much connexion with noodledom. Better, in this place, are the legends of laments over imaginary misfortunes to an unborn child, found in Sicily, Norway, India, and so forth. Mr. Clouston does not offer any theory of the origin and diffusion of noodle stories. From the examples of Tangarva the Fool and some Zulu cases they appear to exist in very remote and imperfectly civilized races. The Zulu noodle is usually a giant or cannibal; and indeed the giants of European tradition, and even the Devil, often behave like noodles when they are beguiled by the hero. The naturalness of most of the ideas in these *märchen* might suggest that they spring up spontaneously everywhere; but the close resemblance of minute details in many of Mr. Clouston's stories looks as if noodle stories had often been diffused from a single centre by word of mouth or in literature. The problem is but part of the general question of the diffusion of popular tales. Mr. Clouston's is a handy and amusing little volume, in which we only regret an

* *The Book of Noodles.* By W. A. Clouston. London: Elliot Stock. 1888.

occasional want of precision in references. On the whole, judging from a brief preface, Mr. Clouston is in favour of something like Benfey's general theory of an Indian origin and diffusion through national migrations and in course of commerce. More will be known about this when more noodle stories from savage races and from ancient Egypt have been discovered and published.

MARK TWAIN'S LIBRARY OF HUMOUR.*

THE reason for calling it Mark Twain's is sufficient, no doubt, though not immediately obvious, and this *Library of Humour* is readable when approached in the proper way, which is the way of dipping and skipping. Some people are so obtuse to the American joke that they find Josh Billings more than a little silly and much more than a little dull. Well, they can skip him. Then Seba Smith, author of *Jack Downing's Letters*, "which had immense vogue in their day," does not move to laughter much in this. Wherever he is met in the *Library* the resource is to get out of his road. A good many persons whose works had vogue "at the South" or elsewhere in their day are to be found represented in this volume. They are curious certainly now and again as showing how honestly many good Americans have laboured to be funny. Horseplay was a resource to them, and at times an old-world trick or two, which was as good as new in America apparently. Mr. Jack Downing, for one, was immensely proud of "ringing the changes," and nobody seems to have heard of that venerable fraud in Portland. This primitive kind of fun is, however, mixed with somewhat fresher matter. Of Mark Twain there is naturally a great deal, and he is an author who shows very well in extracts. In a page or two the reader has not time to become tired of his somewhat mechanical humour. The production of fun by cold and laborious exaggeration—which is often Mark Twain's too obvious trick—becomes very laborious to the reader at times. Where there is real fun in the idea, however, and you have a little at a time, the stuff is tolerable. The volume contains many old friends who need no introduction—"Truthful James" and "Uncle Remus" among them. Moreover, there are examples of the real fun of Mr. Lowell and the attenuated humour of Mr. Howells. Some of the specimens are so new that they have appeared in American magazines within the last year or so. New or old, good or poor, there is always this to be said for them—that they have a quality which is not English. Now it is always useful to look at something different from oneself, and not the less so when it can be got at through one's own language.

PRINCE EUGENE OF SAVOY.†

MOST educated people would be loth to admit that they did not know who Prince Eugene was; but, if they were set down with pen, ink, and paper before them, and ordered to write what they knew about him, their knowledge, we imagine, would be found to consist chiefly of a vague notion that he was an "Imperialist" general, that he somehow played second fiddle to Marlborough at Blenheim, and that "Old Caspar" calls him "Our good Prince Eugene." Some would bethink them that German students are wont to sing a song beginning with the words "Prinz Eugen, der edle Ritter"; but few indeed would be able to go beyond that first line; while readers of Carlyle might remember how much amusement the historian seems to derive from his habit of signing his name in three languages, "Eugenio von Savoye," and would quote the words put into old Friedrich Wilhelm's mouth when he reminds Eugene that the last time they met was on the morning of Malplaquet:—"'Slightly greyer your Highness has grown; I, too, am nothing like so nimble; the Duke, poor man, is dead.' Prince Eugenio von Savoye, we doubt not, took snuff, and answered in a sprightly appropriate manner."

Eugene Francis, the subject of Colonel Malleson's memoir, was born on the 18th of October, 1663. He was a younger son of a cadet branch of the House of Savoy, who had become by marriage Counts of Soissons, and consequently naturalized Frenchmen. Eugene's mother was Olympia Mancini, the most celebrated, if not the most beautiful, of Cardinal Mazarin's famous nieces. She was at first in high favour with Louis XIV., but was supplanted by Mmes. de la Vallière, de Montespan, and others, and was supposed to be implicated in the well-known affair of La Voisin. The refusal of her daughter-in-law to listen to Louis's declaration of passion brought about the final ruin of the family of Soissons; several of Eugene's brothers took service abroad, and he, the youngest, was informed by order of the King that he must prepare to take Holy Orders. This decided him; "the little Abbé," as he was called, fled to the Court of Vienna, where his brother Louis had already been graciously received, and was at once given a command in the Imperial army, then at death-grips with the Turks at the very gates of Vienna. From this time forth Eugene's life counted almost as many campaigns as years. His brother fell in his first battle, and Eugene's personal daring caused him seldom to escape without a wound; nevertheless, he fought against the Turks until the year 1689, during which time Buda and Belgrade were recovered, and the Hungarian insurrection put down. In July of the year 1689 he was on the Rhine, and, as usual, received a wound; in 1690 he met Catinat in Italy for the first time. Betrayed by his cousin, the reigning Duke of Savoy, the Imperial troops were at last forced to evacuate Italy, and soon afterwards Western Europe obtained a momentary respite by the Peace of Ryswick. In the very year, 1697, in which it was signed, Eugene was entrusted with the supreme command of the Army of the Empire, now threatened by Sultan Mustapha II. Eugene overthrew him with immense loss at Zenta on the Danube, and enabled the Emperor to conclude the Peace of Carlowitz, by which the Porte lost half its European dominions.

The war of the Spanish Succession found Eugene again in Italy, with Catinat for his opponent. By a daring flank march he outmanœuvred Catinat, beat him at Carpi, beat his successor Villeroi, and took him prisoner at Cremona, although failing in his audacious attempt to surprise that town, and with a vastly inferior force held his own in Northern Italy against the brilliant strategy of the Duke of Vendôme. The following year found Eugene at Blenheim, and Colonel Malleson does not hesitate (he does not say on what grounds) to claim for him the conception of Marlborough's famous march thither, as well as the chief credit of the victory. On his return from this successful campaign he was straightway despatched to Italy, where he beat Vendôme at Cassano, and then, always with an inferior force, made a wonderful march through the midst of his foes right across the north of Italy, fell upon the French lines before Turin, and by his victory there put an end to the hopes of the Bourbons in Italy. After an unsuccessful attempt on Toulon, in conjunction with Sir Cloudesley Shovel and the English fleet, he accompanied Marlborough to Oudenarde, Lille, and Malplaquet, and continued to fight the French long after we and the Dutch had arranged the Peace of Utrecht. Nor did even the Peace of Baden, between the Emperor and Louis XIV., bring him his well-earned rest. In 1716 he was sent with an army against the Turks, over whom he won a signal victory at Peterwaradein, retook Belgrade after a fierce battle with the relieving force, and enabled his master to conclude a peace by which the Turks were "finally shut out of Hungary, the Banat, Belgrade, part of Bosnia, Servia, and Wallachia."

The next sixteen years were years of peace, but Eugene very narrowly escaped ruin through the plots of jealous rivals. The chief of his enemies, his treacherous cousin the Duke of Savoy, was beyond his reach, but he had the satisfaction of seeing one of the most active of the conspirators against him condemned to be "placed for two hours in the pillory, in the open market-place, to receive thirty stripes on his bare back from a rod wielded by the public executioner, and then be banished the Imperial States." It is pleasant to think of him, full of years and honours, in the palace which he had built upon the ground occupied by the Turks at the siege of Vienna (now the Belvedere Museum), collecting books and MSS. for what became one of the finest private libraries in Europe, and animals for his curious menagerie in the gardens. His last campaigns, in 1733-4, are chiefly memorable to us from his having had the Crown Prince of Prussia serving under him as a pupil, and the audacious criticisms which the future Frederick the Great permitted himself to make upon the old warrior's cautious strategy. Probably Carlyle's explanation of his apparent want of enterprise is the real one:—"Prince Eugene, with an army little to his mind (Reichs Contingents not to be depended upon, thought Eugene), durst not venture; 'Seventeen victorious battles, and if we should be defeated in the eighteenth and last?'"

Colonel Malleson's book is plainly and rather drily written, and has, for an essentially military biography, a defect which almost destroys its value. The maps which it contains are the merest mockery of maps, and, instead of assisting, merely bewilder the reader. For example, in 1701 Eugene was at Roveredo, and we are told that "while he might enter Italy by any of the four roads leading to Bergamo, Brescia, Verona, or Vicenza, it was essential to deceive Catinat as to the one which he selected. . . . He chose the road to Vicenza." We look at the map, and find Bergamo, Brescia, and Verona, but no Vicenza! Again, how can the most eloquent description explain the great battle of Blenheim without a plan or sketch of any sort? Esmond himself, who had been present at that action, could not, as we know, explain it to his friend Mr. Addison without some such assistance. "Hac ibat Simois, here ran the little river Nebel; hic est Sigeia tellus, here are Tallard's headquarters, at the bowl of this pipe, at the attack of which Captain Esmond was present." Nor can any reader understand Eugene's great march to Turin, for the all-important Stradella Pass is not marked in the map. Moreover, most people possess atlases of some sort, which contain maps at least as good as these; but what they have not, and what they need for the comprehension of Eugene's battles, is a series of sketches of the ground on which they were fought, drawn on a large scale. The book abounds with misprints and misspellings; it is handsomely bound in the Imperial black and yellow; but, at the risk of appearing hypercritical, we must protest against the introduction of the arms of Lorraine into the Hapsburg escutcheon, for assuredly they were not there during Eugene's lifetime.

THE STORY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.*

THERE has doubtless been a good deal of history transacted in the city of New York between the perhaps a little doubtful, but by no means improbable, discovery of the bay by

* *Mark Twain's Library of Humour.* London: Chatto & Windus.

† *Prince Eugene of Savoy.* By Colonel G. B. Malleson. London: Chapman & Hall. 1888.

* *The Story of the City of New York.* By C. B. Todd. New York: Putnam's Sons.

Verrazano and the erection of Bartholdi's statue. It is like the history of the rest of the United States—a little too prosperous to be very good for literary purposes. Neither are the men who figure in it among the most picturesque or interesting of the human race. With an occasional flutter here and there, mostly in the earlier times, New York has gone on flourishing in very favourable circumstances, till at last it has attained to a most respectable degree of bigness. Mr. C. B. Todd has found its history inspiring enough to fill a volume of 464 pages, very copiously and nicely illustrated. Of Mr. Todd's style we have nothing worse to say than that we would there were less in it of the historic present and less effort to be brilliantly descriptive. When he wishes, for instance, to tell what the state of the colony was at the end of the Dutch period, he breaks out in this fashion:—

> Perhaps we can best depict the people's daily life by inviting the reader to join us in a stroll through the city—the time a clear, cool, September day in 1663. Shall we enter by this arched gateway at Broadway and Wall Street, or by the "Water Gate" at the point where Wall Street now meets the East River front? The latter.

Through the Water Gate Mr. Todd introduces the personally conducted reader to "a bevy of maidens with bare, dimpled arms," a pleasing spectacle; to "worthy Martin Cregier, President of the Burgomasters and Captain of the Burgher Guard"; and to many other things in what may be called the Cook's conductor style. There be who like it, and for them it is supplied, no doubt. In this or in other fashions Mr. Todd tells the history of the city—with no more patriotic feeling than is natural and proper. Of course a good American must necessarily hold, more or less openly, that English officers and soldiers were very sinister scoundrels, and Mr. Todd has a quiet leaning that way. On the whole, however, he speaks of the old times without obtrusive partisanship. The greater part of the volume is naturally devoted to colonial days and the War of Independence. Business prosperity is good to enjoy, but not enticing to write about; and there has not been much else in the later history of New York. Of what else there is—the Draft Riots and the Tammany Ring, for instance—Mr. Todd speaks at no undue length; and he does not attribute either of them to the wicked Europeans who trouble the peace of virtuous America. Finally, there is a chapter on "The Triumphs of Art," which turn out to be Brooklyn Bridge and Bartholdi's statue of Liberty—big things, both of them. Mr. Todd dismisses them in the style of a newspaper report, and so ends his book a little abruptly.

IRISH PAMPHLETS.*

In the compass of some eighty-six pages Mr. Canning has told the history of Ireland from Tudor days to the present time. It would be unreasonable to expect that his little book should add much to what is already known on the subject of which it treats. Indeed, all the author claims to do is to impartially examine familiar facts. His object is to set out fairly and without prejudice the causes of Irish discontent, and in many respects the attempt is successful. Mr. Canning writes with moderation, and though it is clear that he is in politics a Unionist, he keeps his opinions well under control. It is, perhaps, inevitable that impartial histories should be dull. Had Macaulay been less of a partisan his writings would be far less attractive, and the *Divided Irish* certainly suffers in interest from its studied fairness. On the other hand, Mr. Canning's book has many qualities. It is short, the style is clear and unaffected, and, if there are occasionally rather purposeless digressions, they are always brief. We could have wished that these same digressions had been replaced by rather more historical detail. On the whole, however, we have little fault to find save that we think that in his diagnosis of the diseases of Ireland Mr. Canning makes rather too much of the religious and too little of the economical troubles.

We have also another of those useful little pamphlets issued by the Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union. The present one gives an account of the operation of the Plan of Campaign on the Ponsonby, Kingston, Lansdowne, O'Grady, and Brooke estates. The object is to show how, quite apart from all theoretical dangers, in practice, a system which makes one of two parties to a quarrel the judge in his own cause does not work well. No doubt in Ireland, as elsewhere, some landlords have treated their tenants badly; but that is a poor consolation to those good landlords who, to suit the convenience of agitators, have been selected for spoliation. It is much like the old story of the barrister who was asked what he thought as to the justice of the law. "No doubt," said he, "some guilty men are acquitted, but, then, other innocent ones are convicted, so that, on the whole, justice is done."

An unobjectionable little pamphlet is that on *Irish Grievances*. They seem to be only four or five in number, and remediable with very little legislative exertion. Would that it were so! and that the Irish problem were not more than five times as difficult and complicated as Mr. Thomson Hankey appears to believe! According to his optimistic estimate, if we would but abolish the Lord-Lieutenancy and diminish the number of railway Companies in Ireland, little else would be needed to restore peace and prosperity to the Emerald Isle. Alas! the day for such gentle methods is over. Time was when much might have been done by these and similar reforms. An admirable opportunity for such a policy occurred in 1869. A less favourable chance was given us in 1881. But the Minister in power preferred to gratify his vanity by heroic legislation, and now it is too late. The English people must recognize that for the present "resolute government," and nothing else, can cure Irish disorder.

* *The Divided Irish.* By the Hon. Albert S. G. Canning. Newry: Warnock & Co. 1888.
The Plan of Campaign Illustrated. The Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union, Palace Chambers, Bridge Street, Westminster. 1888.
Irish Grievances. By Thomson Hankey. London: Effingham Wilson. 1888.

THE ORDERS OF CHIVALRY.*

On one of the oldest monuments in the world, that of a lady named Atet, who must have lived and died before the great pyramid was built, we are told that her husband, Nefermat, had received a decoration, a gold collar, apparently, from his grateful sovereign. We cannot go further back. Yet here, at a period which, *pace* Archbishop Ussher, cannot be placed much later than 4000 B.C., we find human nature, in that respect at least, much what it is now. Nefermat, K.G. or G.C., or whatever answered in those days to the sign of a modern "Order of Chivalry," was the earliest example we know of a decorated person. The hunger and thirst for decorations seems to have lasted unsatisfied ever since—namely, for some six thousand years; and it would be perfectly safe to prophesy that it will survive almost every institution on earth. Principalities and powers, empires and dynasties, all may disappear, but decorations will endure to the end. The recent scandals in France show how indispensable they are to the mind of the "Latin races." The Americans of the United States say they can do without them—but instead they must have their "Colonels" and "Honorables" and "Judges"—and the longing for titles is just as strong with them as it is with the French. Major Lawrence-Archer has nothing very new—except new orders—to offer us in the handsome quarto before us. He speaks of orders "of chivalry"; but there are very few now extant which date from the middle ages, and in those few chivalry, or anything like it, plays a very minor part. A straight vote in Parliament, a seat won from the Opposition, a successful mayoralty, a congratulatory address—these be the doughty deeds of the knights of our days, always excepting the decorations won on the battle-field by the officers and men of the regular army. Major Lawrence-Archer omits baronets; and it may be a question whether they are still to be reckoned as knights. Before the reign of George IV. they certainly could and constantly did claim knighthood.

The English Order of the Garter, or St. George, is the oldest of European "orders of chivalry," dating as it does almost certainly from the year 1348, or possibly a few years earlier. The Order of the Bath might be considered nearly as old, as we first hear of it in 1399, but it became obsolete and extinct from the time of the Great Rebellion, and was only revived by George I. in 1725. A great many new orders have been instituted in the present reign. Besides the Victoria Cross and the Albert Medal, and the Family Order, we have the Star of India, the enlargement of the Colonial Order of St. Michael and St. George, the Order of the Indian Empire, and the so far anonymous "distinguished service order." But foreign kings and states have multiplied their orders even more; and even the little Republic of San Marino has its Grand Officers, Commanders, Officers, and Chevaliers, who wear the effigy of St. Martin, according to Major Lawrence-Archer, and appropriate badges and stars. Even Hawaii has its orders, "the insignia of which draw attention to the rapid stride of that island kingdom in the march of civilization," says Major Lawrence-Archer. He places next in rank and antiquity to the Garter the Golden Fleece founded in 1429, and now divided into the Austrian and Spanish branches. Most previous authorities have assigned precedence next to the Garter to the Elephant of Denmark; but Major Lawrence-Archer does not mention it in his preface, which places next to the Garter the Golden Fleece, and in the third place the Italian Annunziata—"the Order of the Snares of Love," or the Collar, from its love-knots. But the Elephant was in existence in the time of Christian I. of Denmark, who began to reign in 1448, and it was even then accounted ancient. Danish authorities assert that King Christian restored it as "the Society and Fraternity of the Holy Virgin Mary." The famous Tower and Sword of Portugal is modern, though there is, or was, an old Portuguese Order of the Sword. The Swedish Seraphim claims great antiquity, but was revived in 1748. The most singular of all orders belongs to the same kingdom—that of Charles XIII., which "was founded by the monarch after whom it is named on the 17th May, 1811, for Freemasons of the higher degrees." In this respect it differs from all others. The Prince of Wales is a Knight of Charles XIII.

In the East the mania for orders has spread of late years with great rapidity. The Turks and Egyptians have numerous badges, some of which are well known among English officers, who, strange to say, covet and relish such honours very warmly. Japan has its Eastern Sun, for civil and military merit, and its Chrysanthemum, instituted in 1876, and so far only conferred on crowned

* *The Orders of Chivalry.* Compiled by Major J. H. Lawrence-Archer. London: Allen.

heads and princes of the blood, with two exceptions; Prince Sanjo Sanetomi and Prince Bismarck being the only knights of the Chrysanthemum of lower rank. In China, in 1862, the exceptional services of General Gordon suggested the foundation of an order for foreigners. It was at first called "Paou Sing," or the Precious Star, but has bloomed out into "the Imperial Order of the Double Dragon." After this it is hardly worth while to mention "the Liberian Humane Order of African Redemption," or the Malagasy "Silver Medal of Merit," instituted by King Radama II. before his assassination.

GERMAN SOCIALISM.*

SOCIALISM will probably not be found to be the answer to any problem, economic or political. It is, however, in its origin and character a historic problem, and as such deserving of careful study. Professing to be humanitarian and cosmopolitan—or, to use its own dialect, international—it is as varied as the countries and civilizations in which it has sprung up. It is essentially a creature of particular institutions, of natural conditions, of political and religious and ethnological traditions. French Socialism is one thing; English Socialism is another; German Socialism a third. The volume before us narrates the history and expounds the doctrines of German Socialism in a very clear and interesting fashion, connecting them with the individual influences which have been most powerful in the work of propagandism, with the philosophic ideas which have fostered them, and with the social and constitutional changes which have contributed to their development. Mr. Dawson writes not as a controversialist, but as an expositor, a historian, and a biographer. He has drawn from original sources; he is well acquainted, not only with the writings of the German Socialists, but with the contemporary history, literature, and philosophy of Germany; and so is enabled, while isolating his special topic for separate examination, yet at the same time to exhibit its connexion with the general influences which have acted upon it, and on which it has reacted. Mr. Dawson's book exhibits the results of thorough and conscientious study. His knowledge, though full, is assimilated and digested, and falls into its natural place in the course of his exposition and narrative. It is a staff which sustains him, and not a burden which presses him down.

The growth of Socialism in Germany during the past twenty years, and, more than its growth, its political organization, are remarkable. Of the significance of them no one probably is more sensible than the German Chancellor. In the election of 1887 to the German Reichstag, as Mr. Dawson points out, nearly eight hundred thousand votes were given for Socialist candidates—that is, one in ten, or thereabouts, of the whole voting population was Socialist. In 1871 the number of Socialist voters was 120,000, and the number of Socialists returned to the German Parliament was only two. Mr. Dawson contends that Socialist principles are more widely diffused than the Socialist party. "The State post, telegraph, railway, and bank, the free-school, the Poor-law system, the factory laws, sanitary legislation," all these things, he contends, are applications of Socialist doctrine. In saying this he speaks rather as a rhetorician or moralist than as a philosopher or economist. The action of the State for the advantage of the whole community, as in the case of the General Post Office, or for the relief and protection of particular classes, as in our factory legislation and Poor-laws, or in Prince Bismarck's Accident and Sickness Insurance Laws, and his Old Age and Indigence Insurance projects, may be called Socialistic in the sense in which a humane and philanthropic feeling and a sense of the social obligations of the State to its poorer subjects, as opposed to a narrow egotism and individualism, may be called Socialistic. But this has nothing to do with economic Socialism, the essence of which is the transfer of land and capital, the material and the instruments of production, from individual owners to the State. On the contrary, our Poor-law and Prince Bismarck's Insurance laws proceed on the assumption that land and capital are held in private hands, and that the accumulation and distribution of wealth are regulated by freedom of competition. They have for their object to alleviate some of the incidental hardships of this system, the existence of which they assume. They are the medicine of disease, and not the bread of life.

The two principal figures in the history of German Socialism during the present century are those of Karl Marx, its historian and economist, and Ferdinand Lassalle, its agitator, demagogue, and, as his followers call him, its Messiah—a Messiah of an inverse and demoniac, not to say diabolic, character. Karl Marx's chief contribution to the economical theory of Socialism is his doctrine of surplus value. Whether it originated with him, or whether he borrowed it from Rodbertus, is a controversy into which we need not enter. It has its counterpart in the history of every new doctrine, and of every doctrine claiming novelty. The principle may be briefly stated in order as briefly to expose the fallacy on which it rests. Labour, Marx contends, is the source of value; the labourer for wages receives only as much of that value as suffices for his subsistence and that of his family; what is over and above this—the surplus value, as Marx calls it—though really produced by the labourer, is intercepted by the capitalist, who gets it without paying for it, or, in other words, steals it. It is employed in further production, in glutting the market, by which prices are lowered and wages with them. The result is products in excess of the power of purchase, and a population of labourers for wages, which, rapidly multiplying, reduces by competition in its own ranks its earnings to the mere point of subsistence. The remedy is in the appropriation by the State of land and capital, and the organization of labour. The answer to all this is that, in speaking of labour as the source of production, Marx recognizes only the labour of the hands. He leaves out of account the labour of the head, invention, improvement of processes, the discovery of markets, the work of management and direction. The surplus value is the payment for this mental labour, and is fairly earned by it. As a matter of fact, in the majority of trades, the wages of labour are far above the level of subsistence, as is shown by Savings Bank returns, the shortened hours of work, and the greater expenditure of the working classes on articles of luxury and the pursuit of amusements, harmless and healthy or the reverse. Excessive or ill-directed production of material articles and multiplication of population are evils, the remedy of which must be left to intelligence and foresight.

The most popularly interesting chapters of Mr. Dawson's book are devoted to the career of Ferdinand Lassalle, to whose genius and force of character and to the extraordinary fascination he exercised over men and women alike, Heinrich Heine and Bismarck, Von Humboldt and Boeckh, have borne ungrudging testimony. The story of his death, and the infatuated passion which brought it about, has been told by Mr. George Meredith, in his *Tragic Comedians*, in, perhaps, too exclusive dependence on the truthfulness of the fair sinner whose confessions Mr. Meredith almost verbally transcribes. Lassalle united the profligacy and the power of work with the genius and the charm which gave Bolingbroke his ascendency over his contemporaries. His career, from his intrigue with the Countess von Hatzfeld and the celebrated theft of the casket, to the duel in which he met his death, seems to belong to another age than the nineteenth century. Under more favourable circumstances of race and time, there might have been in Lassalle the making, if not of a Bolingbroke, yet of an Alberoni or a Ripperda.

* *German Socialism and Ferdinand Lassalle: a Biographical History of German Socialistic Movements.* With Portrait. By William Harbutt Dawson. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1888.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. GASTON PARIS'S long-promised short treatise on old French literature (1) has appeared and may be welcomed almost *simpliciter*, in the first place as the work of the best qualified man now living, and in the second as thoroughly worthy, within its scale and scope, of its author's reputation. We need only add in a necessarily short notice two particular criticisms, one on each side. The bibliographical notes are beyond praise, as giving exactly the sources of amplification necessary to a short *précis* like this, and combining information which might be sought wearily and yet missed elsewhere. But we could just wish that M. Paris had been occasionally less dogmatic on points where, though no living opinion is more authoritative than his, dogmatic certainty is impossible. This positiveness is, perhaps, a less evil than mere vagueness; but it is not wholly a good.

It has always been recognized that mercantile language is in every country a language by itself, and perhaps this is even more the case in French than in English, because trade has never in France had so intimate a connexion with literature and with the general life of the nation as in England. At the same time, even the conservative formulas of trade vary a little from time to time, or at any rate require fresh adjustment to ordinary speech. Dr. Vogel's Manual, in two parts, French-English and English-French (2), is, we think, the fullest and most careful we have ever seen. Besides a varied letter-writer, it includes pattern forms of all sorts of commercial documents—such as invoices, waybills, dock-warrants, and what not—as well as two very complete commercial vocabularies.

Non-naval readers may have recently heard, from the name of a certain war-ship, of Admiral Baudin (3), and aloud or *sotto voce* have wondered who he was. It has given even the fluent pen of Admiral Jurien de la Gravière some trouble to spin the answer into a short volume. Baudin was, no doubt, a gallant and skilful officer; and we dare say that, if he had had more opportunities than the half-privateering "guerre de partisans," which was alone open to the French navy after Trafalgar, he would have taken them. But as it is, it is a case of "if the bridge had been stronger." We may add that we are a little surprised at a sailor and a gentleman like the Admiral apologizing for the "vivacity" of such a ruffian as Lieut. Moreau, who, by Baudin's own account, stabbed an English captain (James says a midshipman as well) after surrender, and then hustled him on board his own ship with such "brutality" that Baudin himself had to rescue him from being either drowned or crushed between the two vessels. It is a comfort to remember that "mon pauvre ami Moreau," as Baudin

(1) *La littérature française au moyen âge.* Par G. Paris. Paris: Hachette.

(2) *Manuel de correspondance commerciale.* In Two Parts. Par le Dr. Fr. Vogel. Paris and London: Hachette.

(3) *L'Amiral Baudin.* Par le Vice-amiral Jurien de la Gravière. Paris: Plon.

calls this commissioned pirate, afterwards threw himself overboard to escape the yardarm he so richly deserved when his ship was captured by the *San Fiorenzo*.

The collection in two stout volumes of miscellaneous and previously uncollected essays of the late M. Caro (4) exhibits the well-known features of his work—a sufficiently graceful but not very distinguished style, judicious if not very original thought, and a competent academical kind of general handling.

Something not wholly dissimilar, but less complimentary, may be said of the new instalment of M. Deschanel's Collège de France lectures (5), which are inferior in elegance both of style and judgment, but good in their way. The handling of Perrault is rather slight; as for Boileau, M. Deschanel has evidently remembered the caution that "ça porte malheur" to speak ill of Nicolas the ill-tempered. But the "reserves" of his favourable judgment amount to a pretty formidable indictment.

The two authors just noticed write sensible literary criticism in a sensible way. M. Larocque (6), after disclaiming such a task altogether in a preface which, we suppose, is meant to be *spirituel*, then goes and does it in a roundabout and indirect fashion; but, on the whole, with much the same result as other people's, only worse.

M. de Varigny's book (7) on Oceania is apparently based on personal experience as well as reading, but it would be improved if the results of the two were more clearly discriminated. Still, it is readable and sometimes instructive, despite its desultory composition and arrangement.

We have received the third volume of M. Bengesco's charming *Œuvres choisies de Voltaire* (Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles) containing *Candide*, the immortal, and *L'ingénu*; a very ambitious work on *L'évolution des mondes et des sociétés* (Paris: Alcan) by M. F. C. Dreyfus, deputy and deductive reasoner, wherein the reason of all things, past, present, and to come, is rattled off with a lively sciolism than which we can conceive nothing more repulsive to Mr. Darwin himself, and nothing more alien from his methods; and a *Morale de Socrate* (Paris: Alcan) by Mme. Jules Favre, in which translated extracts from Plato and Xenophon are grouped together under heads with short introductions to each batch.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

An agreeable diversion from the common round of galleries and churches prescribed to the tourist in Italy is suggested by Mr. Samuel Butler's *Ex Voto: an Account of the Sacro Monte at Varallo-Sesia* (Trübner & Co.) Thanks to the railway, the visitor to Milan may now, by way of Novara, easily gain the once almost inaccessible new Jerusalem of Varallo-Sesia, which Bernardino Caimi, the pious founder, lived only to view with the eye of faith; and, thanks to Mr. Butler, he may return from inspecting the frescoes and sculptures of Gaudenzio Ferrari and Tabachetti a sadder and a wiser man. If his artistic creed be in any way orthodox, we can promise him not a few novel sensations or shocks from reading *Ex Voto*. Mr. Butler must needs be atilting at what he conceives to be some current cant, born of tyrannical custom or blind opinion—Darwinism it may be, or it may be Raphaelism. He is equally entertaining in his characteristic vigour of style when exalting Tabachetti over Michael Angelo or insisting on the ineffable superiority of Gaudenzio compared with Raphael, as when he estimated the indebtedness of Darwin to Lamarck in a former volume. *Ex Voto* is something more than an admirable traveller's handbook. The graphic and doubtless valuable description of the forty and more chapels of the Sacro Monte will of course assist visitors greatly, as it is the result of careful and minute observation; but the author's ironical humour and extremely original criticism are what constitute the life of the book. The curious phase of sixteenth-century art represented at Varallo may not be of the importance assigned to it by Mr. Butler, yet its neglect by English writers must be admitted in some sort. In Sir Charles Eastlake's edition of Kugler we find no mention of Jean Baptiste Tabaquet, or Tabachetti, though Gaudenzio is referred to as a Luinesque painter of the Milanese school. Even in the "Lexicon" of Nagler there is only a meagre note on the sculptor, who is preferred by Mr. Butler before his associates Gaudenzio and Giovanni d'Enrico, while Sir A. H. Layard is visited with sundry not very gentle gibes on account of the few observations on Gaudenzio and Tabachetti in his edition of Kugler. We do not now propose to consider the art of Varallo from the æsthetic standpoint, though we think Mr. Butler betrays a strange misapprehension of what is meant by realism in art in his chapter on the aim and scope of the Varallo artists. Putting aside the special means employed, the application of paint to terracotta—not to speak of the horsehair and old garments—realism is the expressive quality of Tabachetti, and realism that is closely akin to that of Mr. George Tinworth's terracotta reliefs. Unless the "process" plates from reductions of photographs which illustrate this book misrepresent the originals even more than Mr. Butler admits, realism in facial expression and gesture is carried far beyond its legitimate aim—is, indeed, opposed to the very genius of sculpture. The pictorial power of the compositions is, indeed, clearly revealed in the illustrations. The reader of Mr. Butler's interesting book may settle the question himself, as prints from the negatives may be obtained at the Birkbeck Institution, and compared with the reductions.

Hildebrand and his Times (Longmans & Co.) is the title of the Rev. Prebendary Stephens's contribution to the "Epochs of Church History" series. The book is excellently lucid and well proportioned. The life of the great Pope who loved righteousness and hated iniquity forms naturally the substantial interest of the volume; but the author has, with sound judgment, not treated it as constituting in itself an epoch of ecclesiastical history. The aim of this series is admirably realized by the broader and more inclusive definition of the epoch of Papal and Imperial strife which ended with the Council of Worms in 1322.

Mr. W. Hastie's *Hymns and Thoughts on Religion* (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark) is a volume of translations from Novalis, intended for meditative readers rather than criticism. It is prefaced by Just's memoir, and a portrait which reveals, more than some portraits of Novalis, a curious resemblance to Shelley as he is represented, or misrepresented according to Peacock, in Mrs. Shelley's edition of the poet. Mr. Hastie's versified renderings of Novalis strike us as somewhat bald. The spiritual beauty of the prose originals is much more successfully preserved in the reflective passages "Thoughts on Religion." They suffice to show to the English reader that the "philosophy of religion" is no empty phrase, and that the transcendentalism of Novalis was not without concrete form.

Mary Stuart, by the late John Hosack (Blackwood & Sons), is a little volume dealing with the controversial points treated *in extenso* in the larger work on the subject by the lamented author. From the preface by Mr. James Hosack, we learn that this recapitulation of accusations and answers was not revised by Mr. Hosack, and is unhappily unfinished. It is none the less interesting summary and forcibly written.

Dickens's Dictionary of the Thames, 1888 (Macmillan & [illegible] with its capital sectional maps and ample, well-arranged i[illegible] tion, ought to be the favourite, as it is the necessary c[illegible] of all who voyage between Cricklade and the Chapma[illegible]

Mingled with much that is by no means brilliant, the[illegible] some good points in *Œdipus the Wreck* (Cambridge: Jo[illegible]), written by Owen Seaman, illustrated by Lance Speed and [illegible] Batten. The solution of the riddle is not a bad joke. Œdip[illegible] tosses coins with the twelfth man for the last plac[illegible] list, and, like a good Theban sportsman, discards t[illegible] "head" and "tail," shouting "Man!" as loud as [illegible]d. [illegible] "man" it was, to his surprise.

Alphonse Daudet's *Thirty Years of Paris* (Ro[illegible] & Sons)—the translation by Laura Ensor—appears in English, with the French illustrations by Bieler, Rossi, and others; type, paper, and outward guise corresponding to the comely original edition.

Of Mr. Punch's *Robert* (Bradbury, Agnew, & Co.[illegible] second series, with the inimitable illustrations of Cha[illegible]

There are several pieces th[illegible] ought to p[illegible] effective on the platform in *The Cithern: Poems for Recitati*[illegible], b[illegible] Aylmer Gowing (J. & R. Maxwell).

That Radical Parson, by "Hydra" (Walter Scott), is a mawkish story with a purpose, the purpose apparently being to show that Radicals, even when parsons, are beautiful souls, and Tories and Churchmen "bad men, my dears."

We have received a fourth edition of Messrs. Oliver & Boyd's *Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World*; Part I. of Vol. VII. of *The Encyclopædic Dictionary* (Cassell & Co.); *The Present Condition of Economic Science*, by Edward Clark Lunt (G. P. Putnam's Sons); *The Law of Tithes in England*, by G. Edwardes Jones (Clowes & Sons); *Examples in Arithmetic*, "Cambridge Mathematical Series," by Charles Pendlebury, M.A. (Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co.); *Democracy*, by J. Platt (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.); *Our Priests and their Tithes*, by a Priest of the Province of Canterbury (Kegan Paul & Co.); *The Necessity of Pain*, No. 19 of "Oxford Home Papers," by F. A. Dixey, M.A. (Rivingtons); the last volume of *Little Folks* (Cassell & Co.); and the *Advertiser's A B C Directory* (White & Co.)

In Saturday Review, *p.* 764, *"Mechanique Céleste of Lagrange" was, by a clerical error, printed for Mécanique Céleste of Laplace.*

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We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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